



CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

VOL. I.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, AUGUST 8, 1851.

NO. 52.

DR. NEWMAN'S THIRD LECTURE.

(From the Birmingham Correspondent of the Tablet.)
Birmingham, July 15.

Last evening Dr. Newman delivered his third lecture to a highly respectable audience in the Corn Exchange. Amongst those present were the Right Rev. Dr. Ullathorne, and upwards of twenty of the Clergy of the town and neighborhood; George Altwood, Esq., William Mathews, Esq., George Dawson, Esq., and a great number of other influential Protestants. The lecture occupied upwards of an hour and a-half in the delivery, and was received throughout with repeated bursts of applause. He resumed his views of Protestant tradition, and after giving satirical specimens of the tradition of literature and wealth, including the well-known monstrous tergiversations of the *Times* newspaper, proceeded to notice the tradition of Guille, in the foul calumny lately uttered in the House of Commons, by Mr. R. Spooner, M. P. for North Warwickshire, as follows:—"He was proceeding to the legislature of the nation, and would give an instance of the operation of Protestant tradition. Its fountain springs up in this case, as it were, under our very feet, and we shall have no difficulty at all of judging of its quality. Its history is as follows: Coaches, omnibuses, carriages and cars, day after day, drive up and down the Hagley-road; passengers lounge to and fro on the footpath; and close alongside of it are discovered one day the nascent foundation and rudiments of a considerable building. On inquiring, it is found to be intended for a Catholic, nay, even for a monastic establishment. This leads to a good deal of talk, especially when the bricks begin to show above the surface. Meantime, the unsuspecting architect is taking his measurements, and ascertains that the ground is far from lying level; and then, since there is a prejudice among Catholics, in favor of horizontal floors, he comes to the conclusion that the bricks of the basement must rise above the surface higher at one end of the building than the other; in fact, that whether he will or no, there must be some construction of the nature of a vault or cellar at the extremity in question, a circumstance not at all inconvenient, considering it also happens to be the kitchen end of the building. Accordingly, he turns his necessity into a gain, and by the excavation of a few feet of earth, he forms a number of chambers convenient for various purposes, partly beneath, partly above the line of the ground. While he is thus intent on his work, gossipers, loungers, alarmists, are busy at theirs too. They go round the building, they peep into the under-ground brick-works, and are curious about the drains; they moralise about Popery, and its spread; at length they trespass upon the enclosure, they dive into the half-finished shell, and they take their fill of seeing what is to be seen, and imagining what is not. Every house is built on an idea; you do not build a mansion like a public office, or a palace like a prison, or a factory like a shooting-box, or a church like a barn. Religious houses in like manner have their own idea; they have certain indispensable peculiarities of form and internal arrangement. Doubtless there was much in the very idea of an Oratory, perplexing to the Protestant intellect, and inconsistent with Protestant notions of comfort and utility. Why should so large a room be here?—why so small a room there?—why a passage so long and wide?—and why so long a wall without a window? The very size of the house needed explanation. Judgments which had employed themselves on the high subject of a Catholic Hierarchy and its need, found no difficulty in dogmatising on bed-rooms and closets. There was much to suggest matter of suspicion, and to predispose the trespasser to doubt, whether he had yet got to the bottom of the subject. At length one question flashed upon his mind; what can such a house have to do with cellars?—cellars and Monks, what can be their mutual relation? Monks, to what possible use can they put pits, and holes, and corners and sheds? A sensation was created; it brought other visitors; it spread; it became an impression, a belief; the truth lay bare; a tradition was born; a fact was elicited which thenceforth had many witnesses. Those cellars were cells. How obvious when once stated; and every one who entered the building, every one who passed by, became, I say, in some sort, ocular vouchers for what had often been read of in books, but for many generations had happily been unknown in England, for the incarcerations, the torturings, the starvings, the immurings, the murderings proper to a monastic establishment. Now, I am tempted to stop for a while, in order to improve (as the Evangelical pulpits call it) this most memorable discovery. I will therefore briefly consider it under the heads of—1. The Accusation. 2. Its Grounds. 3. The Accusers. 4. The Accused. First, the accusation; it is this—that the Catholics building the house in question, were in the practice of committing murder. This was so strictly the charge, that, had the platform selected for making it been other

than it is said to have been, I suppose the speaker might have been indicted for libel. Secondly, the grounds of the accusation. They are simple; behold them—1. That the house is built level. 2. That the plot of earth upon which it is built is higher at one end than at the other. Thirdly, the accusers: this, too, throws light upon the character of Protestant traditions. Not weak and ignorant people only, not people at a distance—but educated men, gentlemen well connected, high in position, men of business, men of character, members of the legislature, men familiar with the locality, men who know the accused by name—such are the men who deliberately, reiterated, in spite of being set right, charge certain persons with pitiless, savage practices; of beating and imprisoning, of starving, of murdering their dependents. Fourthly, the accused: I feel ashamed, my brothers, of bringing my own matters before you, when far better persons have suffered worse imputations; but bear with me. I, then, am the accused. A gentleman of blameless character, a county member, with whose near relatives I have been on terms of almost fraternal intimacy for a quarter of a century, who knows me by repute far more familiarly (I suppose) than any one in this room, putting aside my personal friends; he it is who charges me, and others like me, with delighting in blood, in the shrieks and groans of agony and despair; with presiding at a banquet of dislocated limbs, quivering muscles, and wild countenances. Oh, what a world is this! Could he look into our eyes and say it? Would he have the heart to say it if he recollected to whom he said it? For who are we? Have we lived in a corner? Have we come to light suddenly out of the earth? We have been nourished, for the greater part of our lives, in the bosom of the great schools and Universities of Protestant England; we have been the foster sons of the Edwards and Henries, the Wykelhams and Wolseys, of whom Englishmen are wont to make much; we have grown up amid hundreds of cotemporaries, scattered at present all over the country, in those special ranks of society which are the very walk of a member of the legislature. Such is that manner of life, in which nothing, I may say, can be hid—where no treat of character or peculiarity of conduct but comes to broad day; such is the life I myself led for above a quarter of a century, under the eyes of numbers who are familiarly known to my accusers; and this being so, considering the charge and the evidence, and the accused and the accused, could we Catholics desire a more apposite illustration of the formation and value of a Protestant tradition? But men are all the creatures of circumstances; they are hurried on to a ruin which they see themselves, but cannot evade; so has it been with the Edgbaston tradition. It spoke on the house-tops when it should have been whispered in closets, and it expired in the effort. But it might have been allotted, let us never forget, a happier destiny. It might have smouldered and spread through a portion of our Birmingham population; it might have rested obscurely on their memories, and now and then risen upon their tongues; there might have been fitting notions, misgivings, rumors, voices, that the horrors of the Inquisition were, from time to time, renewed in our subterranean chambers; and fifty years hence, in some sudden frenzy of the hour, roused the anti-Catholic jealousy still lingering in the place, a mob might have swarmed about our innocent dwelling, to rescue certain legs of mutton, and pots of butter from imprisonment, and to hold an inquest over a dozen packing cases, some old hampers, a knife board, and a range of empty blacking bottles. Thus I close my third instance of the sort of evidence commonly adducible for the great Protestant tradition; not the least significant circumstance about them being this, that, though in the case of all these, that evidence is disproved, in not one of the three is the charge founded on it withdrawn.

REV. DR. CAHILL'S LETTER—No. IV. TO THE PEOPLE OF IRELAND.

New Brighton, England, July 12th, 1851.

Beloved Fellow-Countrymen—Many a sad national remembrance is connected with the date of this letter, and amidst the scenes of religious persecution which the month of July forces on the heart of the Irish historian, there is not one so galling as the late ferocious triumph of the English cabinet over the inalienable rights of the Irish nation, and over the inherent and indestructible liberty of conscience. When I broke off my European narrative in my last letter to you, I left the Swiss monasteries ransacked, the convents demolished, the Priests butchered, the Nuns insulted and banished: I placed before you eighty thousand armed men of the free corps, combined with all the malignity of religious bigotry, moving on the Sonderbund with all the frenzy of anti-Catholic revenge, and commanded by Ochsenbein, (the companion and the idol of Sir Robert Peel.)

one of the most atrocious villains and flagitious wretches that the demon of sanguinary revolution ever evoked from the abyss of infamy. And I asked the question—"Where were the foreign powers which guaranteed the federal compact of 1815?" Where was England during this invasion of the dearest rights and liberties of the nation which she swore to protect in 1815?

In order to exhibit the character of perfidious England in this national catastrophe, I must go back to the date when Lord Aberdeen was in the Foreign Office, and examine the conduct of the English cabinet during his administration under similar circumstances. During the official pre-eminence of Lord Aberdeen one Henry Druey inaugurated a Socialist club in the canton of Vaud, in Switzerland; and so shocking were his blasphemies that he proscribed matrimony as an abominable slavery; denounced any man who kept a servant as a robber; openly declared wealth to be a felony, and deserving of death; marked Calvinist Ministers as the emissaries of the devil, and objects of just assassination; and, to crown his insane blasphemy with the last coloring of perdition, he exhibited the picture of our Lord with the head of an ass! Now, this was a case which distracted only one canton, and clearly could be easily remedied by the powers of the republic; yet, because the religion of the Calvinists was threatened by a vast combination of Socialists—because Protestantism was somewhat endangered—Mr. Morier, the English ambassador at Berne, communicated to the Radicals and the Socialists the following note from Lord Aberdeen:—

"The government of her Britannic Majesty cannot comprehend how the laws and the position of the canton of Vaud could justify the violation of the elementary principles of civil and religious liberty; principles of which the maintenance forms the characteristic basis of civilised states.....Her Majesty's government therefore declares, with profound regret, that if the opponents of civil and religious liberty persevere in their conduct, it will produce a serious complication of diplomatic difficulties, as it will affect the federal compact and the national independence of the Swiss people."

Fellow-countrymen, you see with what scrupulous care England protects liberty of conscience in a foreign state, when Calvinism (a half-Protestantism) is threatened; you see how freely, and liberally, and frequently, the name of "her Majesty" is introduced in the despatch, in order to sanction the demand of the ambassador to cease all annoyance to the Calvinist religion. You see "the complication of diplomatic difficulties" which is produced, unless the Radicals forthwith abandon their present conduct at the peremptory demand of England. You clearly see in the despatch cited the ambassador, Morier, the minister, Aberdeen—the entire government—the Majesty of the Queen, and all the power of Great Britain concentrated in one document—in order to crush any attempt to disturb liberty of conscience in the Protestant canton of Vaud.

Now, let us examine the conduct of England when eighty thousand armed men, breathing destruction against the civil and religious liberties of the entire Catholic population of Switzerland, move on the Sonderbund like a swarm of locusts from the bottomless pit. At this conjuncture of affairs, April, 1847, Nehaus, Straus, Treichler, Victor, and a confederated band of infidels, published through Sonderbund in periodicals, pamphlets, tracts, ballads, prints, all the anti-Catholic abominations which a polluted imagination and a demon heart could devise and execute; Catholics were beaten for praying in their own houses; men were assassinated in the noon-day; rape, pillage, murder, were committed as ordinary occurrences; and history, has never recorded in any country scenes of such thrilling terror as were enacted by the rapacity, the lust, the brutality, and the vengeance of this inhuman free corps and their adherents.

Fellow-countrymen, it will be a new paragraph in the history of English bigotry when I inform you that the funds which went to defray the expenses of these pamphlets, periodicals, prints, &c., came from the contributions of the Bible Society in London!—and it is a notorious fact, that the name of Robert Peel has been written on the cheques for the Swiss disbursements. Hear on this subject an eye-witness, and a man of unquestionable integrity and experience:—"The property of the convents and the contributions of the Bible Societies, and principally the London Bible Society, were expended on these publications."

"La on devorait la fortune des couvents, et les subsides fournis par les sociétés bibliques; et par celle de Londres, principalement." Good God, can anything exceed the deadly hatred, the inextinguishable enmity, which England bears to the name of Catholic all over the world, from the Ranters of Connemara to the ambassadors of Florence, Turin, Naples, and Berne? Yet it is perfectly true, that from the thread-

bare, steel-skinned, lemon-colored, bible-readers of Connaught, to the aristocratic names of Abercrombie, and Palmerston, and the illustrious name of Peel, all, all, all, is one combined, perfidious, hostile, rancorous, Anglican, apostate confederation, to rob the world of faith, to slice away human liberty, and to annihilate the Catholic name. Oh lie! on the English cabinet, to become soup-distributors at Turin, bible-readers at Florence, Paddy McKews in Rome, cheque clerks at Berne, Sir Lucius O'Trigger in Madrid, Bob Acres in Washington, Jack Pudding in Petersburg, Jefferies in Australia, Joanna Southcott in London, Pontius Pilate in Dublin, and Oliver Cromwell in Ballinrobe, and throughout all Ireland. Oh shame! on the renown of England—"reformed" England!—to see her ambassadors become swaddling preachers all over the world, and to dare to sanction, by the name of our illustrious Queen, this ranting diplomacy, this praise-God bare-bones legislation; but the day may come when England's ambassadors may have heavier work than rocking the cradle of Joanna Southcott.

Now, it is time to inquire where was Sir Robert Peel all this time? Where was this pink of a British envoy? Where was this "scented fop" during this universal plunder, this insane riot, this extirpation of Catholic, civil, and religious liberty? I answer, he was seen prominently attending the military reviews of this infernal free corps. He was seen the speaking flatterer of Ochsenbein—the hanger-on at his table! The son of Peel was seen the constant associate of the officers of the free corps; and by his official presence he was clearly, and decidedly, and unmistakably the encourager and the advocate of their excesses.

And where was Lord Palmerston during these orgies of the Swiss infidels, and during the diplomatic ovations offered to Ochsenbein by his "young man" at Berne? I shall leave both Sir Robert Peel and Lord Palmerston to answer for themselves in the despatches which follow, and which I challenge them to deny if they dare. At the period of which I now speak, France and Austria sent two armies of an imposing force to the frontiers of Switzerland, and a despatch from Prince Metternich was received in Berne as follows:—"France and Austria, feeling themselves threatened on their frontiers, take military measures in consequence—they judge it fit to defend themselves; and more fit, to inspire the Catholics with hope that the cabinets of Paris and Vienna, cannot permit the oppression of the ancient Helvetia; they have, therefore, given orders to their armies to enter Switzerland the moment Berne gives the signal of hostilities against the Sonderbund." At this time Count de Bois Le Comte was sent to Berne as the French ambassador, and at a conference with the Swiss minister he said—"The independence of the cantons is a part of your present organization, and it is accepted by Europe; hence if you violate it we shall compel you to retrace your steps."

England at once opposed this arrangement; and as the revolutionists of France and Austria were on the eve of insurrection, Prince Metternich and M. Guizot yielded to the diplomacy of England, of not interfering in the internal affairs of the Swiss. At this passage who does not see the inconsistency and the perfidy of the English cabinet? At one time they interfere, when Protestantism is threatened in one canton; and now, when the whole Catholic population is menaced with an overwhelming army, and when France and Austria have concentrated their forces on the frontiers, England refuses her sanction, and thus clearly aids the infidels in crushing Catholic liberty and extinguishing the Catholic religion. At this time England saw (because she fomented) the revolutions which were prepared in Naples, Rome, Austria, France, &c.; and it was clearly her policy not to crush the Swiss Radicals, but, on the contrary, to increase their power, and thus swell the European convulsion for her own commercial advantages.—This fact is well understood in the various European capitals; and sooner or later will be retaliated like a tornado of vengeance on the guilty head of England. So far from agreeing to an armed intervention in order to overcome the outrages of the free corps, Lord Palmerston wrote the following despatch to Mr. Peel:—"Lord Palmerston completes his position by charging Mr. Peel to go directly and in his name to wait on Mr. Ochsenbein; and the English envoy has instructions to read him an official despatch, in which Lord Palmerston begs to express to the ancient chief of the free corps the confidence and the satisfaction! which Lord Palmerston has felt at his nomination, as the Director of the Vorort and the leader of the free corps." There can be, therefore, no doubt at all on the mind of any man that Lord Palmerston aided in fomenting the disturbances in Switzerland through his diplomatic agents. He had employed Lord Minto in three diplomatic missions—to Berne, Pal-