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ON THE GENIUS AND PRACTICES OF PROTESTANTISM.

Tamlaght O'Crilly, Co. Derry, September 3, 1856.

Like "the essentially evil principle," Protestantism has ever been the same iniquity since its first institution, and must ever continue to exhibit the same infamy to its final extinction. The letter of the Rev. Mr. O'Connor, written to a magistrate and Deputy Lieutenant, will convince any reasonable man, except the Irish Chancellor, of the class of men appointed in Ireland to sit on the magisterial bench of our country. This guardian of the peace will produce more discord, in his district, by the lies and malignity of his Bible readers; and by his own deliberate insult to the faithful conscience of his poor laborers, than can be calmed or allayed in a whole life of retraction. The public will peruse with pride and with pleasure the fearless production of a talented young priest of the Diocese of Elphin; and neither the spirited Catholics of Croghan, nor their incomparable Bishop, Dr. Brown, nor the honor of the Blessed Virgin, have anything to fear from the Souper magistrate, and the persecuting Deputy Lieutenant, as long as Father O'Connor commands the lightning of his flashing, consuming pen. The Catholics of Croghan should, in the meantime, forward a memorial to the Lord Lieutenant, proving the facts stated in the letter; and if he be not dismissed, they will at all events have the satisfaction of branding him before the world as a vile Souper, and an aggressor of the conscientious convictions of his honest poor Catholic workmen. This letter exposes with triumphant precision, the mean artifices of the Irish Chancellor's magistrates to prop up the falling, rotten fabric of Protestantism.

It has been the same tyranny, the same cruelty, the same blasphemy from the year 1833 to the present time—commenced in lust, rapine, confiscation, torture, murder, death; it has run its flagitious course through upwards of three centuries; and its waters, red with the blood of hundreds of thousands of Irishmen, are now introduced to the children of their martyred ancestors, our fathers, as the pure stream of life, emanating from beneath the throne of God, and carrying life and sanctification to the unborn generations. This is the greatest blasphemy of all, ascribing the works of the devil to God; and endeavoring, by bribery and threats, to palm on the innocent, persecuted, orphaned poor, the most thrilling crimes of England's red history for the eternal Gospel of Christ. Such men as the magistrate of Croghan keep alive the bleeding recollections of the past; such Deputy Lieutenants, by their bigotry, will call into active retaliation all the religious acrimony of former forgotten hostile party spirit; and if the Queen's Government will not, by a fixed principle, supersede such men in the commission of the peace, Ireland will always exhibit a scene of riot, or of smothered revenge, which will end in murders, martial law, transportation, and the rope. And I firmly believe that in almost all cases of weighty outrage, agrarian disturbances, secret societies, and savage retaliating crimes, the Government, by their bigoted subordinates, their clerical slanderers, and their anti-Catholic, exterminating landlords are more culpable before God for these Irish crimes, than the maddened, persecuted, and down-trodden wretches who suffer the last penalties of the law. If even-handed justice were administered, it is the cruel, anti-Catholic aristocrat, who goads the houseless, starved peasant into outrage, who should atone on the scaffold for the crime which his sectarian animosity towards the peasant has cruelly fomented, and demonically urged to a fatal and final execution.

Although a system of National Education has conferred manifold advantages on Ireland, yet the fact of the Irish children being educated without a knowledge of the history of their country is an evil of much magnitude. The Irish people would anxiously forget the past grievances of their political and religious persecutions; but the slanders of the Protestant church ever recall the past, and force the memory back to trace the undying malignity with which, since the beginning of her infamous career, she has persecuted our fathers, plundered our properties, and belied our creed. And when she thus employs her old weapons of slander and extermination, our children must have recourse to the history of the last three centuries to trace the origin of the robber's den; and to visit the gibbet where their ancestors suffered, and to stand on the crimsoned graves in the ired church-yard where their martyred remains lie in forgotten dust. This is the triumphant weapon in the hands of the Irish Catholic child against the bloodstained gospel of Protestantism; and hence I repeat with perfect confidence in my statement, that the British Government, through a bigoted magistracy, and through a malignant church, are covering Ireland with a net-work of irremediable discord and laying the foundation of a future crisis which may end, if not in ruin, at least in the weakness of England. And what

advantage does the Crown derive from this eternal bigotry; the reply is, that it maintains a church without a fixed creed, without a consistent discipline; without unity, without faith, without a name: a church from which the most eminent men are every day flying as from a plague, and in which the thinned ranks are now sought to be recruited in Ireland by the agency of the vilest miscreants of society, and by an open bribery and an unblushing perjury hitherto unknown and unheard of in the most blasphemous records of either ancient or modern history.

Every plan which human fancy could invent, and human wickedness execute, has been adopted, during the last three hundred years, in order to establish, strengthen and perpetuate Protestantism; and yet with all additional aid of money, power, name, learning, station, nobility and law, it has failed everywhere, or has changed into some cognate creed, and disappeared in its original form of belief. While Catholicity, plundered three times by a national spoliation, its professors banished, martyred; its ministers proclaimed by law outcasts; a price set on their heads; their churches demolished by cannon shot; still this Catholicity lives, thrives, grows strong; yes and it will survive the malignity of the Lloyds of Croghan, the Keanes of Carrigaholt, the Jacksons and Cramptons of the Four Courts, and the D'Arcys, and the Clancarthys of the West; and will be followed in Ireland and Boyle as long as there are Father O'Connors to defend it against the vituperative slime of the Soupers.

Henry attempted to uproot it (himself a nominal Catholic) by spoliation, confiscation and banishment.

Edward tried to abolish it by proscribing the ancient creed and by inventing a new faith sanctioned by Parliament.

Elizabeth spent forty-five years endeavoring to uproot it; employed the knife, the sword, the rack to extinguish it, and banished seventy-five thousand Irish during her calamitous reign. The levelled churches, the old ruins in the grey Irish church-yards, still stand as witnesses of the fate of the mouldering dead, who fell victims of tyranny in those terrible days. It is here the Irish priest should preach to the present generation: it is here a spirit would rise from the whitened martyred remains of our brave fathers to inspire with a renewed and warm energy against the Anglican iniquities of our own times; it is on the green waving grass of these forgotten Irish graves the child should be taught his catechism, and to swear on these tombless records of his country, never to yield to the oppression of England, and never to endure the creedless Gospel of the odious, the opprobrious, the blasphemous Reformation.

Elizabeth swept away all Catholic property in her time. Cromwell, in 1649, by a second spoliation, seized the savings of the few who had retrieved their circumstances after the death of Elizabeth: and William, in 1688, made a third spoliation, and cleared out the last farthing of the poor Catholic, in his perfidious reign. And when, in the reigns of George the First and Second and Third, the sword was laid aside, then came the slow oppression of exclusion and insult; and in those days, too, came founding houses, and charter schools, and Erasmus Smith's schools, in order to increase the number of professing Protestants; and still all this stratagem failed; even the mothers of the illegitimate children of Ireland would die sooner than give their offspring to the persecuting Anglican creed.

Next came the grinding exactions of the Tithes, and in their train appeared all the secret societies of Ireland—namely, "The Hearts of Oak," "The Peep of Day Boys," "The Terryalts," "The White Feet," "The Black Feet," "The Ribbonmen."

Next the English Government, through Castlereagh, and others, inaugurated the Orange lodges of Ireland, and planned and fomented the rebellion of '98; and then burning villages, the gibbet, the rope, marked the track of the Irish Reformation, and renewed for a time the old history of Elizabeth.

After this the Kildare Street Society renewed their attacks on the religion of Ireland, and all have signally failed.

Lastly, England established not less than fifty-two Bible Societies, with the annual revenue of five millions sterling; and this sum being added to eight millions and a half, the annual income of the Protestant church, it was supposed this vast machinery would accomplish what past ages had failed to execute!! In the train of this conspiracy we behold the Soupers of the present time, with the Lloyds at their head, and still the poor Irish, in imitation of their fathers, retain their faith and are multiplied in the land, in spite of all the power, learning, gold, and station of England. The poor Irish Catholics read the past history of their iniquitous church; and seeing the amount of her plunder, her perjuries, her blasphemies, her infidelities; and remembering the cruel persecutions and martyred death of their fathers, they never have, they never will, they never can, unite with the plunderers of their

property, the tyrants of their nation, the oppressors of their race, and the executioners of their fathers.

The Protestant church is now on her last legs; Mr. Miall, at the next general election will form a party of two hundred "Voluntaries" in the House of Commons; and the interests of the Crown, the prosperity of England, the peace of society, and the maintenance of Christianity, all loudly demand the extinction of an establishment which has corrupted mankind by its crimes, and whose infidelities have nearly extirpated the Gospel of Christ in every nation subject to her control.

D. W. C.

CORONATION OF THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA.

(From the Times special correspondent.)

Moscow, Sept. 1.

Yesterday there was little to be seen or done—the Emperor being still in retirement at Count Cheremetieff's chateau, close to the city. At 2 o'clock there was a procession of the clergy through the streets, but for what purpose it was intended I could not discover. It was obvious enough, however, in its course, that the population of Russia consists religiously of two classes believers and unbelievers, and that these classes are continuous with poor and rich. Every man who had a bad hat, a beard, or a dirty coat seemed suddenly convulsed as the procession passed, and began to bow like a supplejack—not one of your formal stiff inclinations of the dorsal column, but a smart movement of the whole body, from the base of the spine to the head till it is at right angle with the legs, as though the person were going to throw himself prostrate, and then a quick jerk back at an upright position. The man all the while he rapidly repeats this performance holds his head-covering in one hand and with the other keeps crossing himself, his long locks of hair flying over his face and back again at every bob. The well dressed people do not make a pretence even of noticing the ceremonial, which is, however, supported by all the force of the administration, inasmuch as the gendarmes and police prevent any carriages or horses passing its course till the very last priest and relic has gone by. The procession to-day consisted of an infinity of large glaring banners, carried by citizens of the lower orders, who were clad in some rather seedy church clothing, of pictures of saints and angels, whose faces and hands alone were visible in the coats of silver and gold in which they were clad, of crosses and sacred emblems, and then of an infinite number of Greek priests, walking two and two, each in a long robe of white silk or satin, covered all over with gold, which reached from his neck to his heels. A variety of head dress is visible among these reverend gentlemen, but they all wear their hair long, like a woman's, and combed behind their ears in great flocks of fuzzy and not very clean looking texture. There was a great religious ceremonial at the Donkoi Monastery, and also a fair near it, of both of which I shall have something to say on a future occasion, and had the time permitted I could have wished to attempt a description of Moscow as seen from Sparrow-hill, an elevation some miles distant, from which Napoleon is said to have got his first view of the Kremlin, but one's day is spent in running after tickets.

MILITARY DISPLAY.

The great event of the day was a review of all the Guard and of some regiments of the Corps of Grenadiers by the Emperor, which certainly was the grandest military spectacle I ever saw in times of peace. About three miles to the north-west of the town an immense plain, sparsely covered with grass, extends for a great distance in front of the Palace of Petrofsky. It is quite level—a strip of veritable steppe—and as there is not even a shrub upon it there can be no better parade ground. Thither the whole population of Moscow, gentle and simple, began to flock soon after 10 o'clock, and by 11 an immense crowd of persons, which at a little distance suggested thoughts of distant Epsom or Remotest Phoenix were assembled in front of the prodigious masses of troops which stood like blocks of granite on the plain. The Infantry were drawn up in columns of companies in four divisions, their front extending over a space of a mile and a-half, their depth being half-a-mile. The Cavalry were on the right flank, the Artillery on the right and centre. They took up their ground at 10.30, and many of the regiments had to march a considerable distance in order to reach the field, but the greater number of the troops came from the vast camp close at hand, of which I shall have more to say hereafter in a future letter. The day was rather unfavorable, inasmuch as the wind was high and rather cold, and clouds of dust were driven all day over the dusty steppe; nor was it always that the sun could force his beams through the gray dull clouds which menaced us with rain all day. There were several hundred carriages and droskies on the field, and of course the ladies, who dearly love such sights, and who are not at

all averse even to their little bit of bloodshedding, were in great force. A large green marquee, lined with red and open in front, was erected for the use of the Empress and of the Imperial family, and a space was kept clear before and behind it by a line of very obliging and civil gendarmes. This was the favorite spot for the crowd of nobles and mujiks, and all day it was a perfect coruscation of uniforms and Paris bonnets. It was near 1 o'clock ere the Emperor made his appearance on the right of the line. He was followed by a very large staff of General officers, by a numerous Etat-Major, and by a suite of foreign officers and strangers who were invited to be present, and who were mounted on horses from the imperial stables. The Emperor wore the uniform of a general officer—a helmet with plumes of cocks' feathers, white, yellow, and black; a dark green frock-coat, with gold lace collar and cuffs, shoulder-straps, the red riband (of St. George?), and a star and cross on his breast, and scarlet pantaloons with gold stripe. He rode a horse of great symmetry and grace, which moved with paces as regular as those of a veteran soldier. As His Majesty approached the line he quickened his pace into a gallop and rode from the proper left to right at full speed, followed by a way cloud of plumes, flashing steel, gold and silver, and hazy dust, all down the line, the troops presenting arms, the standards and eagles being lowered, and each regiment cheering as the Emperor passed. Turning up to the left again the brilliant staff rode at an equally rapid pace along the second line, and in like manner passed the front of all the divisions. The cheers were measured, and the sound of so many voices crying out "Long live the Czar," mingled with the strains of the national anthem had a very fine effect. The Emperor then rode to the front of the marquee, and dropping his sword, saluted the Empress; his staff, Aides-de-Camp, Generals, Aides-de-Camp, and the foreign officers placed themselves on the left of the marquee, and the march past began from the right of the line. First there came a squadron of Gendarmes a Cheval in light blue, with white facings and helmets, mounted on very fine horses. Then came the Circassian escort of the Emperor, the same showy handsome cavaliers, with surcoats of fine chain armour, of whom I spoke in a former letter. The art of manufacturing this very flexible armour is said to be extinct, and most of the head and breast pieces worn by these wild horsemen are of great antiquity. Nor are reasons wanting for the belief that some of them belong to the time of the Crusades. The corps of cadets, three battalions strong, next passed, and it was interesting to observe how these young soldiers, consisting for the most part of the sons of the noblest families in Russia, seemed emulous of the bearing and sternness of hardened warriors. Every one is armed and clad and carries his pack like a common soldier; and in their ranks marched two of the Imperial Princes. The anxiety of the crowd to see the review was so great that the gendarmes had difficulty in keeping the line, and old generals might be seen struggling to get to the front with as much eagerness as if they had never seen a regiment in their lives. On arriving before the Emperor and the marquee in which the Empress was placed, each company of infantry cheered loudly, and the Circassians, with wild hurrahs, suddenly put their horses into a gallop and dashed past at full speed, checking them as quickly at the other side. The eagles and standards were carried on the right flank of each battalion by non-commissioned officers and a guard, and as they passed every officer and soldier in the crowd saluted them. The Emperor also dropped his sword and raised his hand to his helmet when they came before him. With pointed toes, depressed at a sharp angle to the ground, and measured tread, the Guard began to march past amid the admiring attention of the vast assembly of spectators. As well as I could ascertain, the companies were 65 file in front, but the order was so close it was difficult to count them with accuracy. The Preobrajenski regiment is the senior regiment of the Russian army, and owes its origin to a band of the youthful companions of Peter the Great, while he was as yet a little boy at the village of Preobrajenski (or of the Assumption), in the neighborhood of Moscow. They played at mock soldiers together, and as the future Emperor grew up the boyards sent their sons to join this military confraternity, which was known by the name of the village at which Peter lived. From 30 or 40 their numbers increased to hundreds, and the Emperor, even then intent on making Russia great, gave the young warriors such privileges that it soon became an object of ambition to join them. At length they were formally embodied, and enlarged by enlistment and conscription, and the idea of forming regular regiments having once been popularized, the disorderly Strelitzes were broken up, and the Preobrajenski Regiment was made the unit of that huge military notation which has so long puzzled and dismayed the astutest political arithmeticians of Europe. It so happened, that

on the 18th of last August the Preobrajenski Regiment was, for the first time since its original formation, stationed in the neighborhood of the village from which it derives its name, and the inhabitants seized on the occasion to give the men a grand feast: and much military rejoicing at night and great civic repentance in the morning were the natural results. The men are on an average six feet and half-an-inch in height, but the effect of their stature is increased by a high casque of black patent leather, with brass plaque-plate and spike, from which waves a flowing crest of black horse hair; they wear a tunic of dark green with red facings and double breast, white side belts, and white trousers, and they carry a cowhair knapsack, patent leather cartridge-box and brass mountings, and tin canteen. Each man is armed with a short thick sword in addition to his bayonet. The band is richly and fantastically dressed, and in front of them there marches a giant of a drum-major, upwards of seven feet high. Many of the soldiers are 6 feet 3, and they are nearly all stout, well-proportioned, and athletic men. One of the few English officers on the ground was of opinion that they did not march as well as the Guards, the corps to which he belongs.

A SINGULAR CORPS.

The Pavlofsky, or the Regiment of Paul, presents an appearance which would be grotesque if it were not imposing. All the men—pray do not laugh—have cocked noses. Every soldier with a *nez retroussé*, who is of the proper height, is sent to this regiment, which was formed by Paul in one of his eccentric freaks, and a very determined pug is eligible if it be accompanied by sunken eyes and high cheek bones. But more than this. The men, clean shaven, like all Russian soldiers, except on the lip, wear their moustaches brushed upwards towards the ears, which gives them a strange and savage aspect. This bizarre and ferocious appearance is increased by the shape of their head-dress, which is like a sugar-loaf with one side cut away—an angular section of a cone, with the round side to the front. On this side the shako, or whatever it is, consists of a brass plate; at the back it is of bright-red cloth. From the top there is a curious tuft, or pompon, sticking out horizontally, so as to be parallel with the lower part of the wearer's nose. The brass front is religiously preserved should it have been pierced by a ball, and is worn only by deserving soldiers. Some of them have been perforated in two, three, or four places in the days of Catherine II., and in Suwaroff's campaign, where the regiment greatly distinguished itself, and on the under part of each plate is engraved the name of the soldier who wore it when the ball of the enemy came in such unpleasant proximity to him. Should one of these plates be worn out with age its form is scrupulously imitated, and the holes renewed with the greatest care. The regiment when at the march past always carries bayonet at the charge. Altogether the look of these four thousand and odd men, all of whom are over six feet, is very novel and striking, and if they are half as ugly in the fight as they are on parade, they must prove most formidable antagonists. They are dressed like the other regiments of the Guards with the exception of the helmet. The Marines of the Guard were much admired, but the greatest amount of interest was excited by the battalions of the Militia of the Imperial family, which are raised entirely from the serfs on the Romanoff estates. They are all sharpshooters, and are armed with excellent rifles. Their dress consists of a dark green frock, cut in the old Russian fashion, loose trousers, and boots coming up to the knees, into which the trousers are tucked.

Wonderful stories are told of the skill of some of these men in the use of their arms, and of their excellent shooting, which is accounted for by the circumstance of their being generally from districts where the pursuits of the chase are still common, and where animals of fine fur are sought by the hunter. The Finland Regiment, which lost very heavily from sickness while it was quartered in Poland, has now recovered its strength, and the men, shorter but more squarely built than the Russians, exhibit a marked difference in face and expression from their conquerors; they are ruddy and bright-eyed, and look very cheerful and contented. Their officers are Finns, and the words of command are given in the Swedish tongue. The stream of men which poured past was so continuous and so dense that one might think all the armies of the world were present. After the Guard came the splendid regiments of the corps of Grenadiers. It should be mentioned that among the finest battalions of the former are the newly-organised Chasseurs, armed with a new rifle, and the Sapeurs, who are a well equipped useful-looking body. The march past of the Guard lasted one hour and seven minutes—that of the Regiments of the Grenadier Corps occupied nearly half an hour. Each corps was followed by its field batteries, all brass guns mounted on the well-known green carriages. Each