



CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

VOL. XXIV.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, MARCH 13, 1874.

NO. 30

ILLUSTRIOUS SONS OF IRELAND. JUST PUBLISHED.

A New and Beautiful Engraving, "The Illustrious Sons of Ireland," from a Painting by J. Donaghy. This magnificent picture is a work of many years. It comprises the Patriots of Ireland, from Brian Boru to the present time.

In the background of the picture may be seen the Round Tower, Irish Bard, the old Irish House of Parliament, the Maid of Erin, Irish Harp, the Famous Siege of Limerick, and the beautiful scenery of the Lakes of Killarney, with many emblems of Irish Antiquities.

This beautiful picture is printed on heavy plate paper, 24x32 inches, and will frame 22x28 inches. Price, only \$1.00. A liberal discount will be allowed to canvassers and those purchasing in quantities.

Address, D. & J. SADLER & CO., Cor. Notre Dame and St. Francois Xavier Sts., Montreal.

Every man who loves Ireland should possess one of those beautiful Engravings.

THE PROTESTANT RIOTS OF 1780.

(From the Dublin Review, July, 1873.) (CONTINUED FROM OUR LAST.)

The idea of inflicting some severe punishment, not only upon the Papists themselves, but also upon every conspicuous abettor of the Catholic Relief Bill, was a familiar one to the great mass of the followers of Lord George Gordon, as well as to every friend of the Protestant Association. For nearly twelve months they had been accustomed to hear the most savage denunciations uttered with perfect impunity.

Before the rising of the House, the mob, which to all appearance had dispersed, was already speedily reorganizing evidently in obedience to a preconcerted plan. By ten o'clock at night it was advancing in three great divisions to the work of spoliation and vengeance specially marked out to it.

But though thus scattered for the moment by the military the real power of the mob to reassemble whenever it should choose, for the

enticing pastime of destruction and plunder, was not in the least degree affected; and so impressed were the rioters themselves with a sense of the complete security under which they acted, that, as they hurried along in disorderly groups, they proclaimed aloud through the dark streets the tidings of their first vengeance, and with many an oath and imprecation hinted at the more direful things to come. So closed the first day and night of the Gordon Riots.

Saturday, June 3rd, seems to have been deliberately set aside by the leaders of the Association, as a day of rest preparatory for greater outrages. With the exception of a concourse of people in and around Covent Garden, for the purpose of seeing and cheering the men who had been apprehended on the previous evening, and who were to be brought from the Savoy to Bow Street, there was no tumultuous assemblage; and, beyond a deal of groaning and hissing, and a little harmless stone-throwing at the Life Guards, as they passed along with their prisoners, there was no attempt that day at open violence.

But the "authors" and "abettors," as well as their "instruments," seemed equally to have vanished out of sight, and there can be no doubt that had the most ordinary amount of resolution and energy been displayed at this critical juncture, either by the Government, or the magistracy, or even by the well-disposed and peaceable amongst the citizens, all the after misery and crime would have been averted. Unhappily, however, the Government was criminally asleep. The justices, with one exception (that of Sir John Fielding) spoke openly of the great hazard that would be incurred, if any but conciliatory measures were adopted, in the then irritated state of the Protestant mind—Kennet, the Lord Mayor, was notably an unprincipled, dissolute poltroon, and supposed by many to have actually sided with the rioters, while the timorous though well-meaning merchants and shopkeepers (with a selfishness for which they afterwards paid dearly) prudently shrank out of sight, and satisfied their consciences with hoping that nobody might suffer much, but that even if the worst befel, it would not be themselves, but only a few of the most conspicuous members of a rather obnoxious sect that would be made to feel the popular indignation.

On the afternoon of Sunday, as if by necromancy, the mob again rose in different parts of the City at once, and in far greater numbers than before; and proceeded to commence in full earnest that work of devastation, ruin, and revenge, for which the principles inculcated by the Association had afforded the fittest training, and to the complete carrying out of which the timidity or the recklessness of the authorities lent a deadly sanction. From this day, Sunday, June 4, until the following Friday, the great metropolis remained almost entirely in the hands of the vilest and most desperate portion of its population. Plunder, wanton destruction of property, drunken riot, private vengeance, and the rage of irreligious zeal, swept on in one mad career unstayd, almost unopposed. What London became, while left to these human demons, it is now our duty to relate.

At Moorfields the chapel and schools, as well as several houses were attacked and levelled to the ground. The altar, pews, benches, ornaments, crucifixes, and vestments were carried by the mob to the adjacent fields, and there burnt. At Charles Square, Hoxton, the schools were pulled down. All this took place in the presence of large companies of both horse and foot soldiery, who, though marched to the various scenes of pillage, received no orders to act, and looked on like interested spectators. At the half destroyed residences of the Catholic Ambassadors, a better fortune prevailed; for the Guards from Somerset House, who were on duty there all day and night, succeeded, by their resolute manner, in dispersing a third party of the rioters, bent upon completing the havoc of the previous Friday.—

But no offensive measures were as yet adopted, either by the Government or the local magis tray, and the mob, now thoroughly convinced of the security with which they might proceed, began to contemplate and to prepare for a more general destruction.

The appearance on the Monday morning of a proclamation offering "the reward of £500 for the apprehension of any one concerned in setting fire to or pillaging the Sardinian and Bavarian Chapels," merely had the effect of convincing the leaders of the rioters of the necessity of putting more method into their violence for the future. They accordingly announced that especial vengeance would be taken both upon the person and property of all informers and witnesses, and to add weight to this threat, they resolved at once to make examples of those who had already come forward with evidence against any of their body. This was the more easy, as the names of several who had appeared at Bow Street had with great imprudence been given in the newspapers. In a few hours the houses of Rainsforth, in Stanhope Street, of Maberley, in Little Queen Street, and of Sir George Saville, in Leicester Fields, were in flames. This done, the mob proceeded to East Smithfield and Wapping, where they destroyed several chapels, schools, and private dwellings; they likewise began to pull down the Protestant Church of St. Catherine, because, as they declared, "it was built in the times of Popery." In this, however, they were prevented, by the timely arrival of an armed body of "the gentlemen of the London Association," whereupon collecting their spoils, they marched in drunken disorder to the residence of Lord George, in Welbeck Street, and from thence to Marylebone Fields, where they kindled huge fires, round which they danced and howled, and drank, until, mad with excitement and liquor, they rushed away ready for new atrocities.

By this time the alarm throughout the City was becoming real, and the supremacy of the mob was so generally recognized that men the most opposed to Gordon and his seditious followers put on the blue cockade, in the hope to propitiate the ruling power. To add to the confusion and terror, the wildest rumors were circulated and believed. Some reported that the New River water had been cut off; that the soldiers attempting to convey prisoners to Newgate had been set upon and obliged to fly; that the magistrates would not use the civil power; that the Government was about to treat with the rioters, and to accept their own terms. The conduct of the legislature indeed was such as to afford ground for the most ridiculous surmises, and, what was far more serious, to infuse fresh spirit into every disturber of the public tranquility. It will be hardly credited at the present day, but it is the sober truth that up to Monday evening the action of the guardians of life and property against sedition and lawlessness, was confined to the singular resolution of placing some companies of the Light Dragoons at Kennington and Newington Butts, for the purpose, they said, of preventing any second attempt to hold a meeting in St. George's Fields! This novel method of quelling a serious riot in one place, by stationing the protectors of order and law in another, was equalled in folly, and surpassed in audacity by a circumstance for which this truly terrible time will be memorable. We allude to the circulation of a handbill, by the Committee of the Protestant Association, which made its appearance just at this opportune moment, in which the rioters and all connected with them, were disavowed, the perpetration of all that had hitherto taken place being charged upon the Catholic body. In the language of this precious document, the riots were said to be:—

A preconcerted scheme devised to bring odium upon the Protestant Association. The Papists have destroyed the Sardinian and Bavarian Chapels, and have committed various other outrages, so as to be able to charge innocent persons with this crime, therefore all Protestants are requested to be patient, and above all things not to resort to any measures of retaliation.

This was the very triumph, the crowning deed of unscrupulous iniquity, but, as is generally the case with imbecile malice, failed in its purpose from very excess. Blinded and bigoted as the men of the period were, this calumny, the invention of the fertile brain of Wesley, was too monstrous to be accepted.—For in order to believe it it was necessary to suppose that the 40,000 men who had assembled under the leadership of Lord George Gordon on the previous Friday, who had marched with every sign of sedition to the Houses of Parliament, who had maltreated the members, and who had threatened that very violence which a few hours had seen realized, were, after all, innocent, harmless, peaceable Protestants; but that no sooner were they retired to the quiet of their homes, than another mob of infuriated Papists, and numbering some hundred thousand, instantly took their place and assumed their blue cockades, and adopted their

language, and forthwith proceeded to demolish their own places of worship and to destroy their own houses and scatter their own property, for the very insufficient reason of "bringing odium upon the Protestant Association!" But if any further contradiction of this most injurious falsehood were necessary, we may mention that it was proved in the after trials of the rioters that the men who carried the banner before Lord George at Westminster were among the most conspicuous on the subsequent Wednesday at the burning of the Fleet prison. Bate-man also who was executed some weeks later in Coleman Street for destroying the house of Charlton, a Catholic druggist, went to the scaffold in his blue cockade, and boasted that he died a martyr to the cause of Protestantism. But what can be said to the evidence of the following few lines called a "Protection," which was sworn to on Gordon's trial, as being in his own handwriting, and which he never attempted to deny:—

All true friends to Protestantism will be particular, and do no injury to the property of any true Protestant, as I am assured the proprietor of this house is. He is a staunch good friend to the Cause. All men should spare his house. Given to Richard Pound.

(Signed) GEORGE GORDON.

It has been strangely put forward as an argument in defence of the statement circulated by the Association, that "among the wounded rioters who were conveyed to the hospitals, were several Roman Catholics." But if this can be of any force in support of the assertion that the mob was a Catholic one, then this other fact (perfectly undeniable), namely, that amongst the wounded and those also condemned to death were found several negroes, will of course satisfactorily prove that the mob was composed of Africans. To argue seriously upon such a point is to trifle with the reader's patience—let us rather resume our narrative.

On Tuesday (June 6th) the Government began to exhibit some slight symptoms of returning energy. At the Tower, the Houses of Parliament, St. George's Fields, St. James's Palace, large bodies of troops were under arms; all the avenues leading to the House of Commons were lined with Foot Guards, while parties of Light Horse patrolled from Palace Yard to Abingdon Street, no person, except members, being allowed to pass. Orders were also despatched to the provinces that every soldier who could be spared should march forthwith to the defence of the metropolis, and the incessant beating of drums throughout the City, told that the various companies of the train bands and volunteers were being called to quarters. This was certainly a movement in the right direction, but unfortunately it went no further for the present, and the mob by this time had reached such a pitch of exaltation and frenzy, as to care nothing for a mere show of strength. A terrible and deadly reprisal alone, on the part of the outraged law, can ever obtain from sedition, when rampant, the recognition of a power higher than its own.—And from the responsibility of such a supreme but necessary measure the members of the Government shrank as yet, leaving, as a consequence, the demon of disorder and riot still in the ascendant. Indeed, so little importance was attached to the presence of the military, that, on this very morning, though protected in the manner described above, the members of the House of Commons, (if we except a few who, to propitiate the mob, had taken care to inscribe the words "No Popery" on the panels of their carriages) did not escape without insult and in some cases, outrage. The First Lord of the Admiralty (Sandwich) was no sooner recognized than he was dragged from his coach and severely wounded, and with the greatest difficulty rescued alive out of the rioters' hands, by the intrepidity of Justice Hyde at the head of a small body of Light Horse.—Upon this, by way of revenge, a party was instantly despatched to Hyde's house in Leicester Fields, to which they set fire.

In the Commons, Mr. Buller moved, firstly, that this House do assert its privilege of which the present insults are a gross breach: secondly, that a commission be appointed to discover the authors of all this outrage; thirdly, that an address be presented to his Majesty, urging the immediate prosecution of the rioters already in custody; fourthly, that Parliament shall provide for the reimbursement of the sufferers. All these proposals were carried unanimously, and he was about to continue his address, when he was suddenly interrupted by Mr. Herbert, who, rising to his feet, exclaimed, pointing to Lord George Gordon (who had entered the House with the blue cockade in his hat), "Shall we suffer that conspirator to flaunt his ensign of riot and contempt of Parliament before our very eyes?" To which Burke replied sarcastically, "Why not? His bludgeons are allowed to wait for you in the streets, although you are surrounded by a military force with fixed bayonets to preserve your freedom of debate." Great uproar ensued, in the midst of which Gordon, attempting to leave the

House, was forcibly detained by some of the members, and compelled to remove the obnoxious cockade. A messenger arriving, however, at this moment with the intelligence that the city, in several places, was in flames, and that the mob was everywhere triumphant, the instinct of self-preservation banished all other thought, and the House hastily adjourned until the following Thursday.

On quitting the Commons, the President of the Protestant Association betook himself to Bridge Street, where he knew that a great concourse of his adherents was awaiting his arrival. He attempted once or twice to address them, with the intention, as his friends affirmed afterwards, of imploring them to carry their violation of the law no further. But if so, it only proved that he knew little of the savage nature which he had gathered together, and to whom he himself had given the first lessons in sedition. After a few moments of impatient listening, the crowd, raising a ferocious yell, pressed upon his carriage, and having removed the horses, dragged him in ignominious triumph first to his residence in Welbeck Street, and then to the house of his friend and seconder, Alderman Bull, in Leadenhall Street. By this time the glare of many fires reflected in the evening summer sky, told that elsewhere the rioters had not been idle. In fact early in the afternoon, one division of their body furnished by some traitor with a list of the Catholics in Devonshire Street, Red Lion Square, and the immediate neighborhood, had been busy plundering and demolishing without meeting the slightest resistance. A second party had proceeded to the houses of Justice Cox, Sir John Fielding, and Mr. Rous, which they wrecked and fired, finishing up with the destruction of the Ship Tavern in the "Turnstile," "because," as they swore (and truly), "mass was sometimes said there in secret."

But in greater numbers still, had the crowd poured into Bloomsbury Square, in which stood the mansion of Lord Mansfield. This nobleman, one of the most generous defenders of the oppressed Catholics, had been from the first a marked and a doomed man in the black list of the heroes of the Association. Indeed he possessed in an eminent degree, every possible quality that could render him obnoxious either to fanaticism, ignorance, or crime. To a calm and unerring judgment, to learning the most profound, and to a reputation that was spotless, were added a great fearlessness and a keen sense of wrong, so that by natural impulse alone, Lord Mansfield was the shelter of the innocent weak, and the scourge of every cowardly oppressor. The ill-will that was borne him by the rioters was so well known that for several days his residence had been guarded by soldiers, and a couple of fire-engines, with their men, were in readiness to meet the worst. It was not long delayed. Headed by a fellow who carried a rope with which he proclaimed it was their intention to hang their great enemy, the mob pressed on to the attack. By a happy chance Lord and Lady Mansfield had effected their escape only a few moments before the arrival of the rioters, and thus the latter were hindered from the perpetration of the greater crime which they had contemplated. Nevertheless they were unhindered until they had achieved an amount of destruction which is a cause of regret even to the present day to that profession of which their victim was a chief and leader. In addition to much costly furniture and a perfect gallery of invaluable pictures, all of which, piled recklessly together, and, and in sheer wantonness, were soon blazing in one monster bonfire, more than a thousand volumes of rare books, many important mortgages, 30,000 choice manuscripts, and 200 note books in his lordship's own handwriting, were lost beyond recovery,—an irreparable misfortune to the whole legal body. In the midst of this horrible confusion and ruin, a strong detachment of the Guards, attended by Justice Addington, came suddenly upon the spot, the Riot Act was read (for the first time), and the soldiers fired.—Some half-dozen of the rioters were killed, and many more desperately wounded; but this, so far from intimidating their comrades, seemed but to add to their daring and frenzy. A woman was seen to cover her hands with the blood of the wretches who had fallen and to smear the faces of those about her, shrieking out, "By the blood of these martyrs of Protestantism, tear down and burn till not a papist is left in England." With a sort of fiendish inspiration the raving thousands (they had found their way to the wine-cellar and were all drunk) took up the cry, and reeling along Holborn, shouted to all whom they met that they should join them, for they were on their way to Newgate to rescue their friends who were confined there.

The prison at Newgate had but just been rebuilt at a cost of £150,000. Of more than the ordinary strength of such places, it did not seem possible that it would yield to the irregular attack of a mere rabble however numer-