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REV. DR. CAHILL,  
ON THE POLITICAL, SOCIAL, AND RELIGIOUS  
RESULTS OF THE PAST YEAR.

The Paris Conferences have already introduced a new idea into the State-policy of Europe; and a policy too which surpasses in promptitude and efficiency all former similar State machinery, as much as steam and the telegraph have outstripped all the mechanical contrivances of former times. The meeting of "the Allies at London," the decisions of "the Holy Alliance at Vienna," the agreement of "the confederated Generals at Fontainebleau," were great facts in their day: no doubt these political and military re-unions settled old disputes, repaired old dynasties, turned, cleaned, and stitched afresh, old faded crowns; and strengthened several old tottering thrones. But all these improvements were done in a very old fashioned way: they moved on slowly like an old heavy stage coach in 1800, and they arrived at the conclusion after much labor and time.— But the Paris Conferences have a set of Commissioners who conduct their court in something of the same style as our "Incumbered Estates Court" carry on their business in Dublin: old monarchs like old bad Galway tenants are ejected: new kinglings are appointed: leases of dynasties are given, either during good conduct, or for lives renewable for ever: and all old Europe at this moment are sending proposals to these European, Asiatic, African (but not American!) Commissioners, claiming a renewal of their old titles: while several monarchial scions, such as young Orleans, Bourbon, Napoleon (cousin of the Emperor) Murat, Carlos, and Miguel, are already in the market offering themselves like candidates for rotten boroughs, to become the Potentates of Spain, or Portugal, or Greece: or bidding at a high figure for new crowns beyond the Danube, the Tigris, the Indus, the Ganges, and the Alps. This is quite a new political phase in consular policy, and cannot fail to provoke the interesting inquiry among the Irish Celts—namely, is there any likelihood of Hibernia being ever brought to the Parisian hammer: and a new Kingly tenant inducted beyond the Shannon?

Rather a startling, political corollary has been deduced from these Parisian premises. Republics seeing Monarchs dividing at pleasure, by protocols and messages, and conferences, the surrounding kingdoms, have united in their own defence, to save Republicanism from the fat of this incumbered thrones court: and America has extended her long arm across the Atlantic to Helvetia: and Chili, and the Alleghanies, and the rocky mountains, have nodded fidelity to the Swiss Alps, calling on them to resist the invasions of monarchy, with the same immovable firmness and unchanging solidity, with which they rest on their broad eternal foundations. In this stage of the quarrel, it is almost certain the Kingly power will give way; and in this case, the Republic which happens to be the most oppressive, the most bigoted, and the most iniquitous community in Europe, will triumph over its royal opponent. It would be a dangerous precedent to permit this union of republics against royalty; hence, England will exert all her power (even in opposition to the suitor of the Princess Royal), to avert from her neighborhood, this fatal experiment; and France, too, which already has felt the terrors of Republicanism, will omit nothing to stifle the first glimmerings of a quarrel that might spread conflagration through her own combustible capital and nation. Napoleon has, therefore, made preparations to concentrate on the frontiers an army of sixty thousand men! and as he has steam to the very spot, he will gain fresh glory, and new prestige by disarming the combatants, just when their coats are off for the fight: thus as it were governing the surrounding nations by his nod, and realizing the saying which in the time of Voltaire is reported to have been uttered by Frederick of Prussia—namely, "that if he were King of France, he would not permit a shot to be fired in Europe, without his permission."

One remarkable fact has grown out of these contentions, namely, the pitiable part which England has taken since the first symptom of the quarrel; she has retraced all her former steps towards Austria, seeks her lost friendship, endeavors to conceal her conduct in the Hungarian Revolution, has abandoned the Neapolitan Revolutionists, commends the wisdom of Ferdinand! and daily, hourly fawns beneath the feet of Napoleon. The bravado of Palmerston, his deceit to the Hungarians, the Neapolitans, the Spaniards, are the universal topic of Europe; and the union of England with Sardinia against Austria; and the scheme of the hundred guns, which England was to have placed on the walls of Allessandra! to defend Victor Emmanuel, has all now ended in a mean subserviency to the Emperor Joseph, thus licking the ground after the feet of the strong, and, as is her wont, breaking all her previous promises to her former but weak ally! These instances of treachery, these examples of perfidy, are the daily lessons read of England's character throughout the world; they diminish

into contempt her national character, reduce her to the position of a dependent, second-rate power, and lay the foundation, at no distant period, of a fatal disaster, whenever America on one hand, or Russia on the other, shall have cause to assault her foreign possessions. Alas! for poor Ireland, her entire history, from the moment the English set their feet on Irish soil, is one unbroken page of perfidy; our deserted harbors, our silent rivers, our blasted commerce, our ruined manufactures, our starved artizans, our expelled population, are all so many evidences of English perfidy to Ireland; and although we are not strong enough to enforce our claims to National justice; and although we are divided amongst ourselves to give weight to our legitimate remonstrances, yet it gives pleasure to the National mind, and mitigates the torture of the National heart to feel that this character of England is known to the whole world, and branded with universal execration.

An additional valuable fact has also, within the last year, resulted from the European knowledge, and now unceasing publicity of the proselyting schemes of England. The agents of their societies are everywhere scouted as fiends in human form: as revolutionists in politics, and infidels in religion. All Europe now understands that under the guise of the Gospel these emissaries have been preaching civil strife and the overthrow of recognised Christianity. The destruction of the throne and the altar, as in the first French revolution, was their incessant text; and the escape which some states have had from the results of the preaching of these societies, have warned Catholic Europe against all future permission to spread amongst them these English opinions.— The rotten Church, therefore, has been obliged to dismiss all her foreign correspondents, and the British public shall no longer hear her elaborate lies of foreign conversions to Protestantism; no longer be harangued with the calumnies of Exeter Hall: no longer be robbed by the iniquity of collecting subscriptions to support all over the world a band of hired revolutionists and infidels. Again, the wretched sowers being expelled from faithful Ireland, the Parliamentary creed at this moment can show no work, nor pretext of work, at home or abroad. Its English churches are empty, its flock wandering about like straying sheep; its authority not obeyed, its tenets doubted, or denied, or despised; it has no voice, no command: it is not heard or respected. In fact, its laws are as much rejected as the old Saxon heptarchy, as much abandoned as the old Druidical superstitions. It is a system without a principle, a Church without a congregation. It is worse; it is a palpable injustice, a public robbery, a legal lie; supported by the plunder of the poor, and preached by bloated insult into the unwilling ears of a few paid believers.

If the British Senate continue to sustain this enormity, called, in mockery, "religion," and if the British people, at the end of three hundred years of experiment, find that in place of having a pulpit, a clergy, a creed, and a moral, religious community, they, on the contrary, have retrograded in virtue, have fallen away from any fixed belief, and have become deluged with every species of brutal vice and licentious crime: if they are convinced that the thing called a Church is dumb, and deaf, and powerless, and dead; and if they continue, notwithstanding, to pay this wicked counterfeit of the Gospel the annual sum of eight and a half million pound sterling, it follows that the British Senate and people can worship an admitted lie, canonize a known injustice, transmit to their children's children a Magna Charta of infidelity, being still further saddled with the insane or stupid yearly incumbrance of eight millions and a half of British money.— Verily the year 1856 has published wide and far the details of England's national character: and it is more than probable that the year 1857 will witness her humiliation in foreign diplomatic policy, accompanied by the temporal downfall of an Establishment which has no parallel of injustice and creddlessness in the entire history of the Christian world.

Dec. 31, 1856.

D. W. C.

REV. DR. CAHILL,  
ON THE FOREIGN ENGLISH EMBASSIES.  
GOOD NEWS FOR IRELAND.

London, with its suburbs, contains a population not far short of three millions of souls: and that portion which may be called the old and new city of London may be fairly set down at the census of two millions of human beings. This is the metropolis of England, the heart of the British empire, the principal seat of the Court; here the Parliament assembles, laws are framed for territories on which the sun never sets: and between India East, India West, and our Islands and dependencies, and England, Ireland, and Scotland, the Government of this great centre of power extends its imperial rule over one hun-

dred and sixty millions of souls. In this vast town public libraries are established almost in every parish, galleries filled with works of the fine arts are built at enormous expense for public inspection and for the improvement of the public taste. Printing of every description is executed in London to fabulous perfection; the *Times* newspaper alone, between subscribers, and readers in hotels, taverns, &c., is calculated to pass through the hands of three millions of persons every day. The number of journals, histories, repertoires, pamphlets, magazines, manuals, travels, gazettes, lectures, exhibitions, are set down at thirty thousand publications *per week*, exclusive, of course, of the millions of the *daily* issue of all the metropolitan newspapers. Almost in every street there is a literary society, or a historical club, or a scientific reunion, or a self-improvement meeting, or some other assemblage having for its object the cultivation of the English London intellect. The wealth, too, of this emporium of arts, science, literature, and history is so great, that on the mere word of honor of the Government (national credit) the Ministry can borrow *tens and hundreds of millions* sterling, whenever any national necessity demands the money; and although this Government owes at the present moment to its own subjects the incredible sum of nine hundred and eighty-nine millions of money (exclusive of the expenses of the late war), still the nation, all classes are ready at a month's notice to lend double that amount, whenever the finances of the Empire, the prestige of Great Britain, or the honor of the throne, require their assistance. But the point in which this wonderful London surpasses all other cities and peoples is in the number of her Bibles, of her religious tracts, her Gospel fly-sheets. These productions are found in all the bookshops, all the bookstands; they are handed to you at corners of streets, wherever you turn, by shabby looking men; they are seen at several railway stations. They are sometimes in single leaves, like street ballads; sometimes nicely bound; and contain, besides the abuse of Popery, little stories of the wonders performed by the Bible Societies in distant countries. At one time you may read the pretty little story of a deaf girl converted from Popery *somewhere* in Spain, hearing what a righteous aunt of hers had said at the same moment in London; at another one may see an account of a blind girl, who, having conformed in *some place* in China, and having for the first time taken the English Bible in her hands, drew her tongue gently across the inspired print, and miraculously, as it were, tasting the words, suddenly read a whole chapter of Saint Paul to the Romans! There is no effort that human labor and ingenuity could accomplish which has not been tried to spread this Bible through all the masses of domestic and foreign society.

The Bishops who preach the doctrines of this Bible have seats in the House of Lords, in episcopal rotation; the rectors who descend on it from their pulpits are the sons, relatives, or friends of the English nobility; and the curates who recommend this Holy Volume, which cures the deaf and the dumb, have noble patrons who, at some period of their old age, will provide for them and their families. Between the Bishops, the Rectors, Curates, Universities, Colleges, &c., they have an annual income of eight millions and a-half pounds sterling to carry on this work of the Gospel. They have churches for teaching the people at every turn: they have organized Bible Societies wherever you go: they have Curates' Societies, Assistant Curates' Society: and they have Deputy-Assistant, Extra-Super-numerary Preachers in every village, and at every cross-road throughout England.

Besides this machinery at home, they begged through the British Empire for subscriptions for the conversion of the Jews in Constantinople; for the Pagans in Bagdad, for Indians under the Rocky Mountains in America, and for the Papists of Austria, Naples, and Italy, Spain and Portugal in Europe; always calling on the audience, in an especial manner, to give their help towards *defraying the expenses of the salvation* of the Catholics of Carrigaholt, Kells, and Conemara, in Ireland; and more particularly, for the benighted people of Meath street and the Coombe, in Dublin. These subscriptions have come up heretofore to the annual average of five millions two hundred thousand pounds—that is to say, the entire annual revenue of Bible Teachers in England and elsewhere has been up to the present time the enormous sum of thirteen and a-half millions pounds sterling!

Having thus, as it were *debuted* the people of London and England with some few of the items of the enormous capital laid out on their literary and spiritual improvement; having in a hurried report, glanced at the leading heads of the expenditure of *learning and morality and Christianity*, "placed to their account," let us now inquire what profits have the capitalists in Parliament, in the Universities, and in the Church, derived from their education, their labours, their

money, and their celestial inspirations. If there ever was a people learned, refined, moral, religious, and Christian, the English ought to be that nation; and if any city on earth should rise in pre-eminent public virtue and social works, London ought to be that city. Yet, strange anticipations! London is the most infidel, immoral, and criminal city in Europe; and the English lower orders are amongst the most ignorant and irreligious people of any Christian country in the whole world.

Firstly, from Government reports within the last ten years, it appears, "that one-half of the working "classes cannot read."

Secondly, Lord John Russell, at a late meeting at a mechanics' institute stated, "that one-third of the population was sunk in social barbarism."

Thirdly, the daily journals publish records of English vice and crime which have never been equalled in any Christian country; and which, without doubt, never was surpassed in moral turpitude amongst any corrupt people of Pagan antiquity.

And, fourthly, from statistical reports, only the one-third of the population attended any kind of worship on Sundays. In the city of London, fifty persons are the average audience in each church on Sundays. The cabmen, the tradesmen, the labourers, the shopmen, the servants, the children, *seldom or never enter the church*. The Methodist, the Presbyterian, the various denominations of the Wesleyans, have their conventicles full of attentive congregations, while the Church-of-England-Communions is deserted. The working classes, beyond doubt, are reared, grow up, and live in avowed ignorance and infidelity. Although the English character is proverbially kind, generous, religious, yet there are numerous recorded judicial instances where they blush at no vice, and are afraid of no crime: they live without conscience and they often die without remorse. They hate the Bishop, they depose the Parson, they mock the Bible. They know some of the tenets of Tom Payne, but they disbelieve Revelation, they have not even natural religion. When an Irish culprit commits crime, he is still so much afraid of God, he beholds in his crime such a depth of guilt, that he pauses and watches with fear, and walks on the terrible brink with caution. He guards before and after his every look and thought: and it is his very terror of crime, therefore, which surrounds the Irish assassin, and sometimes baffles detection. But the English murderer is so hardened, so reckless, so careless of responsibility, such a disbeliever in the Saviour, in future rewards and punishments, such an infidel, he takes small precaution, he sees comparatively small guilt in the act, and therefore he is easily detected. He is never at church; amongst his wicked companions murder and poisoning is almost an every day act: he is not shocked with blood: he never hears a sermon: he is off his guard: he is caught in an hour after the act. He will carry the reeking knife in his possession: walk home through crowded streets: keeps his bloody clothes on his person and the plunder in his pocket. Murder is a practice amongst his class: he is obturate in heart, infidel in idea: one glance from the Detective and he is known and arrested.

It would be too hard, perhaps, to charge the entire sun of this National crime to the Law-Church; but decidedly the genius of the Anglican Church, and the official character, and that neglect of its ministry, must ever bring about the melancholy results already stated. Heaven could have never intended to reform mankind, and to purify human nature by the mutilated dead letter of a dumb book: and as its first principle is the rule of every man's private judgment, it will be soon discovered that the one essential law must, by the common standard of the human character, soon change to all the varieties of each man's opinion, ending, perhaps, in total indifference or in obdurate infidelity. Again, a clergy who claim no distinct sacred stamp of character, no *exclusive* official power from God, no prerogative as an essential evidence of salvation to their flocks, beyond the Parliamentary license to preach, must stand before their congregation distinguished from laymen only by their learning and personal character: they hold no command over the laymen except what the law of the land gives them. In separating from such a minister, and reading his Bible at home, the layman does not violate any ordinance of God, or even any law of the land: and as he can go to heaven at home, without the presence or the preaching of the minister, he will soon begin to remain at home, firstly, on wet, or cold, or hot, or frosty, or snowy, or hazy Sundays: and next, he will stay in his own house on Sundays to settle neglected commercial accounts; and, lastly, he will arrive at the resolution of never entering a church at all. Again, the poor man cannot be made to believe that a man worth fifteen or twenty thousand a-year, living in a palace, and dying with two, three, and four hundred thousand pounds, is the real image of Christ upon

earth, and the undoubted successor of the apostles. The very sight of that Bishop makes the poor man shudder: the laws in the sacred volume from which he sometimes hears or reads, are at such variance with the Bishop's luxury, state, pomp, and palace, that the poor man looks on his office as a legal hypocrisy, an ordained deceit, a libel on God, a job, a lie, and he never will even look at the churches except in anger, and half-muttered curses. But if, perchance, the poor man attend a sermon in his church, he finds in nine cases out of ten, that the discourse is a violent tirade of calumny and palpable lies against Popery: and as he learns nothing of his own creed, but hears the abuse of others, he goes home without any faith of his own, but with an inextinguishable hatred of Pope and Popery, and the Blessed Virgin, and Nuns and Priests all over the world.

Again, the English aristocracy travelling on the continent of Europe, and seeing Catholic Kings and Queens, and nobility: learning on their tour Catholic doctrine, and observing Catholic morality and Christian piety, they return to England with their notions changed, their prejudices softened, their hearts transformed. When to this altered state of mind, they add the divisions of their own church, the constant shifting of doctrine, the numberless conversions of fellows of college, of members of Parliament, of persons of the first rank of nobility: and when they note the absence of a central authority to decide doctrine, all these items of observation, like converging rays of light, meet in one point of lucid conviction, and have within the last few years given to the Catholic church some of the brightest ornaments of the Protestant church and state. The poor have already left the Anglican Establishment: the aristocracy, the merchants, the traders are already at our doors: or indeed crowding the conventicles of the English Methodists. But, on all hands, the Law Church is deserted: it is, in fact, gone: its Gospel presents no commanding position on which the scholar in revelation can stand to defend himself: and its cold, naked, cheerless, fatherless formulae, have no link to bind the heart of the poor, no divine fire to enkindle and inflame his affections. Its creed is a dead body: no living spirit: it may exhibit the lifeless form as long as may be, even in the palace, in the senate, in the camp, but the spirit is not there, and never was, nor never will nor can be there: and the inanimate body may deceive the public eye for a time, but when nearly and narrowly viewed, mankind will in the end abandon the old frozen mummy of the sixteenth century, and fly to the ever buoyant, ever living, ever speaking, ever glowing, ever young, never dying Catholic Church. On all hands it is now admitted that the Anglican system has failed in England: and, indeed, without wishing the slightest injury, or the least discourtesy to the *indiverted* composing that church (of whom I desire to speak with respect), I pray that their inabilities and their persecutions of poor unhappy Ireland, may be soon removed from us.

This last point leads to that subject, which as shall appear in the sequel, will be good and glorious news for Ireland.

This moral condition of England, added to the revolutionary hypocrisy of the Bible Societies abroad, is now the universal topic in all the Catholic European Cabinets. The universal expulsion of these Biblical agents from the Continent has received the willing ratification of not less than six courts; and hence a long-wished-for result has been obtained which will put a final termination to an organised scheme of calumny and dissension such as has never been known heretofore at any period of human society. The late war has developed the crying defects in our naval and military policy: the sailor and the soldier were perfect in courage and in endurance, while the officers, the commissariat, the transport were all deficient; these are at this moment assuming a new form of better arrangement for our future organization. But the department, which of all others had degenerated into total abuse—namely, the Church department—is at this moment under serious consideration in the highest quarter, with a view of putting a stop to its criminal conduct on the Continent, and of remedying at home scandals, neglects, and an amount of vicious ignorance which has brought the country to the verge of the denial of Christianity and the very extinction of the Ten Commandments. Hence in the opening of the next session of Parliament a Circular will be dispatched to all our foreign embassies, with a command to *discontinue all interference with the religion of Catholic States for the future*: and to this command will be added an injunction to cultivate the most friendly relations with Austria! Naples! Tuscany! Bavaria! Spain and Portugal! Poor Ireland will, of course, come in for her share of this agreeable new feeling of the Court of St. James's: and like a stream issuing from a source, and fertilising the country through which it passes on, to the ocean, this kindness, or caution, or both, proceeding from the Palace will, I trust, soften and amelio-