

THE CHURCH ESTABLISHMENT—LETTER OF HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF TUAM.

To the Editor of the Tablet.

St. Jarlath's, Tuam, Feast of the Epiphany, 1852.

Dear Sir—Will you allow me, with your wonted kindness, publicly to acknowledge my gratitude for the following recent contributions, forwarded for the protection of the Faith of the people against the agents of fraud and violence—the most notorious disturbers of the public peace—under the hypocritical disguise of Evangelical readers? To counteract the mischievous efforts of the mercenary speculators who, more than twenty years ago, bought a farm in Achill, and planted themselves there to drive a lucrative trade on English credulity, Mr. Dan. Lee, of Manchester, had the generosity and zeal to subscribe £10 yearly, of which he forwarded a few weeks since

The second annuity	£10 0 0
Thomas Peat, Esq., Dublin	10 0 0
Wm. Henry, Esq., Bedford square, London	5 0 0
P. M. Elmail, Esq., Paisley	2 0 0
James O'Ferrall, Esq., from Paris	10 0 0
Very Rev. Dr. Flanagan, Dublin	5 0 0

I should insert, too, another very liberal remittance for this, as well as some other dioceses in Ireland, from the Bishop of Nantes, were it not that I deemed it right, in the first instance, to convey our grateful acknowledgments to the good Prelate, through a French channel.

The public, and especially the English portion, from which they derive the wages of their imposture, may judge what credit the Achill questors may take for zeal for education, when it is informed that some of those colonists had violently and illegally seized heaps of stones, which were purchased for the purpose of erecting a monastery and schools for the young, during the coming seasons of spring and summer.—Independently of annoying the Clergy, and illegally depriving one, at least, of the men of his liberty for some time, these emissaries of religious impiety and social discord scrupled not to put us to an amount of expense in vindicating our legal rights, which would have considerably helped to forward those institutions. Their zeal for education is of a piece with their affected charity, carefully selecting prices for the sordid tempting of their soup, and thus refusing to dispense the one or the other, unless on the execrable condition of wounding the consciences of the poor.

And yet, notwithstanding their long residence in the island, and the volumes of lies and calumnies they have circulated, and the heaps, amounting to thousands, of England's mammon which they have received, and the six years of an excruciating famine with which the country has been afflicted, they have made no inroad on the Catholicity of the natives.—Their Missionaries are generally the strange off-scourings of society, who fly thither for refuge from the just forfeit of their misdeeds, and whose lives are an antidote against the blasphemy of their teachings. The scholars of the little colony are imported vagrants—orphans or the orphaned children of negligent parents, whom, like gypsies, they contrive to gather from other quarters, two of whom, interesting female children, we met some years ago in Westport from Kingston, on their way to the colony, and whom one of the Clergy snatched from an incarceration from which they probably never could escape. And thus the Achill colony is a detached and isolated thing of long, legal standing amidst a Catholic population, without hold on the hearts of the people or sympathy with their affections; such another concern as the Established Church itself in Ireland—a hostile garrison planted and maintained by fraud and force, and known to the people only by the incessant annoyance of which it is productive.

But is this incessant annoyance from the Establishment a thing to be quietly and slavishly endured by the people of Ireland? Instead of enjoying with gratitude, or at least with a decent quiet, the long immunity from aggression which they have experienced from the people, the monopolisers of the Church property of Ireland appear now so infatuated as to be determined to rush upon their fate by provoking a great and just retribution for having so long oppressed, and for still continuing to oppress, a most forbearing people. The fatuity of this hostile spirit on the part of the parliamentary Establishment, and its too-highly favored functionaries, is now become a subject of the most offensive notoriety. It has nowhere, perhaps, been exhibited more to its discomfiture, and to the ignominy of the aggressors, as well as to the triumph of the Catholic religion and its faithful followers, than in the recent hot and long-continued crusade, which, with the usual kind and indulgent sympathy from higher quarters, has been carried on against the peaceful inhabitants of Tuam. With the same cool determination with which the impostors were here met, inspired by Christian zeal and tempered by Christian prudence, and guided by a constitutional knowledge of the law, not to be violated under provocations the most exasperating, they will be met all over the diocese and the province wherever they think of making a hostile settlement. With the last remnants of the famins are disappearing fast the wretched remnants of the necessitous and transient proselytism of which it was productive; and though the enemy are loud and clamorous in their efforts to seduce, they are beginning to find that as hunger and weakness were the only arguments by which they assailed the Faith of the people, the strength, and courage, and indignant spirit that are fast returning will prove the most effectual arguments by which that sacred treasure is to be defended. The infatuated proprietors who, in an evil hour, made common cause with the establishment, to their own ruin, by driving tenants from their estates who refused the ministry of the Parsons, will, it is to be hoped, open their eyes to the folly into which they have been betrayed. If they but confine themselves to the physical wants of their tenants, enabling them to live, and, leaving the care of their souls to their legitimate Pastors, the offenders against the rights of conscience and the quiet of this country must soon desist from their unhalloved and insulting mission; and those who are running such a strange career, to become seized of a larger amount of the Episcopal plunder of the ancient Church, will, doubtless, think themselves fortunate if they can retain what they already possess, against the indignant remonstrances of a whole people, who cannot endure to be first sacrilegiously despoiled of the treasures of a nation's piety, and next to have their Faith continually blasphemed and their Pastors outraged by their despoilers. I remain, your faithful servant,

† JOHN Archbishop of Tuam.

undertake to assert that I have here detailed the facts and circumstances of the whole case.

And now, Sir, since you have (however ignominiously to yourself) dismissed and expelled the ministerial Captain Rock of Europe, I must say that the Queen can have no loss in his expulsion. He never represented either the Queen or your lordship. No; he represented himself. He was neither the minister of the Queen nor of Lord John Russell. No, no; he was his own minister, and merely represented himself. He was perfectly independent. He revolutionised, he un-Catholicised, he infidelised Europe on his own private account. He was responsible to no one, not even the Queen. He was the incarnate personification of a true political Protestant—that is, he respected no law, either human or divine, except as it happened to agree with the unrestricted illegalities of his religious and political notions. He never executed punctually either the will of the Queen or your will. He followed only his own will. He quarrelled with Prussia because he could not agree with Baron de Cormitz. He had a misunderstanding with Austria because he disputed some political question with Prince Metternich, and was defeated. He would sacrifice France, because he envied the talents of Guizot. He would burn Italy, and execute the King of Naples, because he abhors Catholic monarchs and the Pope. In a word, Lord Palmerston substituted his own religious and political likings for his official duties, and he has made the Queen of England endorse all the intolerance, and all the bigotry, which is more the feeling of the individual than of the nation which he happened to represent.—His dismissal, therefore, will tend to appease offended Europe for the political disasters which he has inflicted, and it will, in some measure, be an atonement to injured Catholicity for the libels and the atrocious calumnies which he has ordered to be uttered against our doctrine and our name.

The infidel spirit which has been suppressed throughout Europe within the last year received its most powerful support from your cabinet; and the humiliating position in which England is avowedly placed at this moment has, without any doubt, arisen from her hereditary bigotry and her undying hatred of Catholicity. It is a melancholy reflection to think that the hitherto most powerful nation in the world, so distinguished for the supremacy of the arts and the sciences, should be branded, by common consent at this moment, as the most fanatical and the most intolerant country in the entire civilised world; and it is quite true to state that the hatred which Europe openly bears towards England does not arise so much from the superiority of your commerce, or the unrivalled advance of your triumphant arms, as from the detestation and the abhorrence which all men must feel towards a state professing religious rancor and enacting an exploded persecution. England stands alone in the world at present as the sole advocate of a legal intolerance; and, whatever may be the result of the present indignation of Europe against her, the future historian must admit that her hatred of Catholicity has been the basis of her international policy; and, moreover, that it may happen very soon to turn out, perhaps, the immediate cause of her national ruin. To the close observer of the English character there is one feature which is very remarkable—it is the total difference between the natural feelings of Englishmen and the official sentiments of the cabinet. The feelings of Englishmen, as a nation, are certainly most generous, and honest, and even noble, in reference to the justice of law, its impartial administration, and the equality of liberty amongst the universal subjects of Great Britain. I have never met an Englishman, who, when correctly informed on the cruelty and oppression practised towards Ireland, did not blush for England, and express his manly and generous indignation against the burning wrongs of my country.—Yes, it is not England, as a nation, which stands in degraded intolerance before God and man; no, but the official clique, whose venal heartless policy is built on the ruin of foreign nations; and whose insatiable bigotry must be daily fed by religious persecution.—During the last three hundred years Cabinet after Cabinet has tried this sanguinary policy; and your history, during these three centuries, has but one page—viz., bigotry, persecution, chains, exile, and death. The persecution of Catholicity has been the end and the aim of all your legislation; and the records of the whole world have never produced a parallel of the relentless and unappeasable cruelty of your laws against the ancient religion of our country, and against the descendants of those men who, by their learning and piety, have shed a lustre on the early character of your nation. Bigotry is written on every inch of the soil of ancient England. You can read it in the crumbled churches; you see it in the demolished abbeys; you trace it in the ruins which everywhere meet the traveller's eye; and the reclaimed bogs, the arable hills now attached to such noble mansions as Woburn Abbey, are afflicting evidences of the successful ravages of national plunder and religious spoliation! Churches, colleges, abbeys, hospitals, convent, houses of refuge, orphanages, widows' asylums—all have fallen, beneath the ruthless progress of what your lordship has been taught to call "the Reformation;" and the history of Atila (the scourge of God) was the model which your ancestors in England seemed to copy in their ferocious seizure of the accumulated charities of ages, and in their demoniacal erasure of all the former vestiges of moral and religious perfection. But, alas! what pen can tell the ruin which, like a molten flood of persecution, you have spread from your national furnace over the fair form of invincible but unfortunate Ireland? Ah, Sir, you glutted the axe, you blunted the sword, you flooded the reeking scaffold, and you exhausted the strength of the hangman's rope in the persecution of my Irish ancestors, and in the attempt to annihilate the entire Irish race.—The old oak trees still bear the mark of the English executioner's rope, and the

cross roads are still red with the blood of your victims.—Your laws, your power, your armies, your resources, your entire national strength have been exerted for three centuries for the destruction of Ireland. You changed our family names—you confiscated our properties—you proscribed our religion, our education, our name, our race—you banished us to the woods and to the bogs, and you set a price on our heads, as the head of a wolf; and the wild deer and the fox had a home and a refuge, which you denied to us on the rich soil of our fathers. You cut down the population of centuries—you have made a desert of our country; and you left nothing behind except the soil, and the crimsoned traces of England's remorseless cruelties.

This was the early character of your rule and your laws three hundred years ago towards the Catholic name. And from that hour to this your cruelty is unchanged in every country where you could develop your sanguinary persecution. Whig and Tory is all the same to us when Catholicity is to be proscribed; and although upwards of three hundred years have elapsed since you erected your gibbets against us, your heart is as unchanged in the career of religious rancor as in the first hour of its bloodstained existence. But the hour is come, Sir, when the world will no longer permit your ruthless advance. All nations seem to be confederating and combining against the universal enemy of order and religion; and the voice of indignant mankind demands at this moment, in smothered revenge, the dissolution of your antagonist empire. The name of the English cabinet is written in letters of fire in the history of Portugal and Spain during the last twenty years. Under pretext of aiding by your alliance those two kingdoms, you have, on the contrary, contributed to erect into a number of small and weak republics, their American independencies. You have, by your sole influence, changed the succession to the throne in those two countries. You have called into existence an English party there, which is the advocate of revolution in politics, and of starknaked infidelity in religion. You have demolished their mechanical machinery and ruined their commerce; and, finally, you have in both countries lent money and guaranteed war resources, on condition of being repaid from the confiscation of the Universal Catholic Church property! You developed there your favourite policy, heretofore practised in ancient England and Ireland; and, consequently, in those two fine Catholic countries there is at this moment only one convent standing, and hundreds of thousands of pounds sterling, which went to feed the hungry, and to clothe the naked, and support the orphan have been wrested from their ancient and consecrated objects, and have passed, by England's stratagem, and state deceit, and relentless bigotry, from the hand of charity to repay the services of the very executioners of those countries.—In a word, turn over your entire history all over the world, and the same unbroken narrative exists in all your legislative conduct. Ask India—ask Canada—America—ask Europe—ask universal mankind—ask the most polished as well as the most savage nations, and all, all the world with one voice will exclaim that the annals of Roman tyranny furnish no parallel with English persecution; and that while all the nations of the earth have abandoned this odious policy of the present age, England alone has resumed her instruments of terror, and has alone whetted her national axe for renewed oppression.

But if a European or foreign war should unfold its crimson banners on your shores and threaten your commerce or your national pre-eminence, pray, Sir, what do you think would be the result? Men of as much political wisdom as your lordship gravely say, that in that fatal hour England might disappear from the map of the world. Even the very Duke of Wellington favors that opinion; and others of nearly equal renown venture to say that in that fatal hour you might feel the simultaneous loss of India, Canada, and Ireland. In that hour you will have to meet not only the foreign foe, but still worse, you must conquer the millions in England who will no longer bear further taxation in order to pay for your political blunders, and who will not surrender cheap bread and cheap meat and cheap clothing and cheap light and cheap air, but with their lives. But, Sir, you must not mistake me. I am no rebel or revolutionist; I inherit the dutiful loyalty which belongs to my profession with an unstained pre-eminence through all the countries. No, Sir, I am a pilot on board your state-ship; I am clinging to the helm to "steer clear of the rocks," where your recklessness has placed her; and surely the captain must be mad not to thank me for saving the crew and her passengers. No, Sir, I am no revolutionist: and if on to-morrow the state were threatened, I would be found in the front of the battle, where my duty and the principles of my profession would place me; while you, Sir, in your hereditary treason to your ancient unfortunate kings, would be found to act the part of a true Whig in the battle-field, as you have already done in the senate; that is, to "desert your friends and join the ranks of the enemy."

The present state of Ireland is in exact keeping with your stereotyped legislation; and religion is insulted in all public placards of the cities; a swarm of infamous tracts issue every day from your press to slander our creed; your military commanders, up to a late period, had a hebdomadal quarrel on every Sabbath with the unflinching and uncompromising priest (the real, not the sham minister)—your magistrates on the bench, with the cognisance of the Chancellor, have patronised the reverend journeymen who infest the cabins of the poor starving Catholic, in order to watch his dying moments to kill his soul, and to rob him of his faith, the only valuable remnant he possesses, while struggling in helplessness, in the last agonies of his flickering existence. Those men remind me of the brutal assassins who follow the track of two contending armies; they sharply smell on the tainted air the blood of the wounded; and their keen

sense of slaughter bears on the mournful breeze the lessening groans of the dying; and with the stealthy stop of the assassin's art, they plunge their crimsoned daggers into the hearts of the brave fellows who lie bleeding for their commander in helpless agony; and with a cruelty harder than the edge of their murderous steel, they assassinate the last moments of the life which was devoted to the service of their country. Your lordship knows this state of things better than I do, and I ask, have you given instructions to your chancellor, or your bishops, or your Spanish lieutenant here, to put an end to an insult, which, unless checked, must end in lessening the respect due to the Queen, and in forcing the Irish, more than ever, to regard the administration of law as another name for national injustice and deliberate slander. Being quite convinced, my lord, that you cannot hold your place much longer than a few weeks—perhaps a few days—this letter is likely to conclude my correspondence with you. And hoping that Ireland may never again behold five years of such political deceit and treachery as those which are just passed, I have the honor to be, my lord, your obedient servant,

D. W. CAHILL, D.D.

CATHOLIC INTELLIGENCE.

The regular clergy of the Convent Chapel of St. Francis, in this city, by direction of the General of the Order, have assumed the proper monastic costume of a long steel grey habit and hood, with a white girdle about the waist.—*Limerick Chronicle.*

The Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster is being entertained at Dancesfield, Great Marlow, the seat of C. K., Scott Murray, Esq., where a distinguished party have been invited to meet his Eminence.

In all the churches the Feast of the Circumcision was solemnly observed on Tuesday, last. In St. John's, Salford, High Mass was celebrated by the Very Rev. Dr. Roskill, and Vespers were sung in the evening by a full choir. So it was also at St. Patrick's, where the Rev. Edward Cantwell, the zealous and eloquent Rector, preached a very effective sermon. The Lord Bishop of Salford officiated in Granby-row at his Lordship's private chapel.—*Tablet.*

The Catholic Defence Association of Manchester and Salford has issued an "address" to the Catholic people of these districts.—*Ibid.*

ISLINGTON.—The devotions to the Infant Jesus are performed every evening at Saint John's, Islington, by the different Brothers attached to this church, among whom we are happy to see Mr. Weale again resume his meritorious labors, after his imprisonment for the Faith. We are glad to see that the Rev. Mr. Oakely has recovered from his indisposition, and officiates as usual.—*Cor. of Tablet.*

SOUTHWARK.—The Lord Bishop of Southwark has officiated and preached at his cathedral on all the festivals of this holy season. His Lordship last week visited Gravesend and Woolwich, in which latter place, a few weeks since, he administered Confirmation to eighty-eight persons, many of whom were converts. On the evening of the same day a procession of the Blessed Sacrament took place in the church, the Bishop carrying the Holy of Holies.—*Ib.*

The Very Rev. F. G. Gibara has arrived in Glasgow for the purpose of collecting funds for rebuilding the churches destroyed during the late civil war in Syria. This distinguished Ecclesiastic is furnished with certificates from the Secretary of the Propaganda, Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, and various foreign Prelates, who bear testimony to his personal worthiness, and the meritorious object of his mission.—*Glasgow Free Press.*

NEW BISHOP.—Letters from Rome render it probable that the Rev. John Nepomucene Neumann, Rector of the Church of St. Alphonsus, Baltimore, will be the next Bishop of Philadelphia. The reverend gentleman is greatly esteemed by all who know him, and is distinguished for his learning, piety, and many estimable qualities. The appointment, we are sure, will give general satisfaction, and from none will he receive a more cordial welcome, than from the present administrator of the diocese.—*Catholic Instructor.*

The Most Rev. Archbishop of Baltimore, administered the Sacrament of Confirmation to 170 persons, of whom 40 were converts, in St. Matthew's Church, Washington City.

CONVERSION AT ADEN.—The following letter appears in the *Bombay Catholic Examiner*, addressed to the Very Rev. F. Ignatius:—"Very Rev. Sir—By the present opportunity I have the pleasure to inform you that on the 14th instant I received into the bosom of the Catholic Church a gentleman named Henry Johnson, a captain of a ship. He had performed three voyages to Aden from the Mauritius, each time bringing Catholic missionaries free of charge. Through the instrumentality of three priests, seventeen of Captain Johnson's sailors were converted to the faith and baptised. He conveyed to the island of Leichelly a Capuchin, named F. Leone, who, during the time he resided there, that is seventeen days, baptised 3,000 persons, who though they had been Catholics by birth, were totally destitute of any Catholic priest whatsoever for the space of about 60 years.—Captain Johnson was an eye-witness to the persecution to which F. Leone was subjected, and of his charity and resignation to God's will. The captain having again returned to Aden, expressed himself to me in the following terms:—'I can no longer offer resistance; I must become a Catholic.' He was so rejoiced on becoming a Catholic that, listening to a Protestant at my residence boasting of the religion he professed, said to him, 'I also was yesterday a Protestant, but to-day I am a Catholic, and I rejoice at it; and, turning to me, requested that I would not forget to write to Bombay, and to have his conversion recorded in the journals of that place.—I remain, very rev. Sir, yours obediently, LEWIS STUARLA, R.C., chaplain.—Aden, October, 1851."