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TO THE PEOPLE OF IRELAND.

"A small spark sometimes kindleth a great flame."—Old Sayings. "The famine has placed Ireland at our mercy. For the first time these six hundred years we have Ireland in our power, and can deal with her as we please. The idle, lazy, ignorant, and bigoted population of Ireland must give place to the energetic and hard-working Anglo-Saxon race. These islands are now too closely connected to allow of the existence of a people whose habits and interests are so much at variance with ours. The population of Ireland must now be reduced to a healthy state, either by famine or emigration. At home the Irish are an incumbrance to us; but when they emigrate they will become industrious, and better able to consume our manufactures. The priests, too—the surpliced ruffians—will follow them, and thus, in any case, we shall gain, for abroad they cannot be more bitterly our enemies than at home."—The London Times Newspaper before the War.

Drummin House, County Kildare, 20th Oct., 1855.

Fellow-Countrymen—Very many of you are, perhaps, not aware that there is published in London a newspaper called the Times, which possesses more influence in England, and more fully and truly expresses the opinions of the English people, than all the other newspapers of England put together. It circulates in the year nearly twenty millions of copies. It has a staff of contributors comprising many hundreds of persons. It has agents and emissaries in every part of the United Kingdom, and in every part of the globe, by which it is informed of every change in the public mind. Of this information it artfully avails itself. As the breeze that, in the distance, ruffling the sea, announces to the experienced mariner the approaching storm, and enables him to provide against it, so the London Times, forewarned by its secret agents of the incipient driftings of public opinion, proclaims them, and recommends them, and then takes to itself the merit of being the first to advise and originate them.

Thus, by deceiving always, and pandering to the prejudices of the English people, it has at last acquired such unbounded influence, that it can make or unmake any Minister, and direct and control the legislation of the country. It is said of the Times, that it never forgets or forgives an insult, offered to it, and that no member of Parliament or other public man may dare set it at defiance. Devoid of all principle, and a forger of lies when they suit its purpose, or dealing in dark insinuations when the lie would be too monstrous to be credited, it daily repeats the same base and cowardly calumny, until the English people are persuaded of its truth, and the lie, no longer doubtfully affirmed, is received as a fact not to be denied.

In making these observations on the conduct and character of the London Times, my object is to explain the enormous influence that it can bring to bear on any public question, and to show you that the atrocious language of the Times, which I have prefixed to this address, is the language used by, and expresses the feelings of, ninety-nine out of every hundred of the entire English nation.

On this subject let there be no mistake. I charge the English people, with being influenced by an insane hatred of Ireland and Irishmen. Corrupt to their hearts' core, with immorality and crime, corroding the entire of their social system—idolrous worshippers of gold—fraudulent in their manufactures, when fraud is practicable—in their monetary transactions, pushing their sharpness of dealing to the very verge of swindling—and then cloaking all this by a hypocritical pretence to religion, coupled with an abhorrence of Popery, and a determination to uproot it from Ireland, they have rendered themselves not our joint fellow-subjects of the British Crown, not the protectors of this our land, but its bitter enemies, its most ruthless oppressors.

How can it be otherwise when jealousy, contempt, hatred, and fear of Ireland, predominate in the English mind, and give their livid coloring to all their dealings with us? If, writhing under their injustice, we harass and annoy them with our complaints, how are we answered? "Let the facetious Irish be made to submit to the law, and then we may see fit to alter it." We cease to murmur. Hoping against hope, we petition, and then it is said, "The Irish were never before so peaceable, therefore there is no need for any change." Again we agitate, and what do we again hear?—"I wish to God we could sink the entire island and all those cursed Irish under the sea for twenty-four hours, and then they would cease to trouble us." So said Sir Joseph Yorke, an admiral in the English navy; and loud and repeated were the shouts of applause with which the English House of Commons responded to the savage sentiments of the brutal pirate. But the end was not yet. Not many weeks after—for assuredly a myste-

rious power governs the affairs of men, and measures out to them its rewards and punishments even in this life—the wild waves of the sea overwhelmed the miscreant himself, and the brine filled his mouth and nostrils, and he gasped for breath, and he stretched out his hands imploringly, screaming for assistance—but in vain, he sank to rise no more, uttering, most probably in his death-struggle, and at the same moment, a curse and a prayer. His bones now lie deep in the sea—mud, uncoffined, unhonored, unblest. His name, indeed, survives, but it is rescued from oblivion only by the recollection imprinted on the memories of Irishmen of the nefarious expression that he uttered. His was a well-merited punishment; but England that cheered him then approves of the sentiment still. She still cherishes her old hatreds of us. In the same House of Commons one of the owners of the Times, half drunk, and scarcely able to keep his legs, after abusing us exclaimed—"The Irish are no better than black niggers, and should be treated as such." And the English members cheered him as they had previously cheered Admiral Yorke, and some of the Irish representation laughed exceedingly, and seemed greatly to enjoy the joke. Bad enough this; but more insult still remains. A royal duke at a public dinner, having gorged himself on a variety of highly seasoned dishes, and intending to indulge in a little jocularly, remarked "that he could not discover any want of food at the entertainment of which he had just partaken. To be sure, there was something said about a famine in Ireland, but he did not believe it, for an Irishman could live on anything—he could eat grass!"

With such teaching, and taunts such as these, tamely submitted to by us, instead of exciting our resentment, and compelling us to retaliate—is it to be wondered at that the English should regard us as a degraded race, fit only to be trampled upon? By no means. England taught thus, cherishes the more her old hatred of us. At this hour she hunts from parish to parish, and seizes and confines like criminals the wives and children of Irishmen, though born in England, and forcing them to embark for some Irish port; she lands them there to die, if not relieved by the over-taxed ratepayers whom she compels to support them. But this is not all. While the law in England enables her to drive from her country all Irish, or of Irish descent, and all wives and children of Irishmen, if in a state of destitution, the same law of England makes it imperative on the ratepayers of Dublin, Waterford, or Cork, in short, of every union in Ireland, to support ten thousand of her paupers if they should think fit to present themselves, and demand relief.

We protest against this iniquity—but in vain. England strikes us in the face—she flings her sword into the scale of justice, exclaiming with the Gaul of old—*Ve victis*—"Woe to the conquered. You Irish, have we not conquered you? Did you not betray your country when you had one—and do you not sell yourselves to us session after session? Of what do you dare to complain? Are you not ours, and can we not do what we like with our own?"

But enough of this. Were I to dwell on this subject, there would be no end to my writing. I merely refer to a few instances as examples of the rest, and I now beg of you seriously to consider what chance have we of obtaining from England "justice for Ireland," by any appeal addressed to the justice or generosity of Englishmen.

If, indeed, England were, as she pretends to be, religious and moral—if her merchants, manufacturers, and traders, were honest—her policy undisguised and honorable, her conduct towards other countries sincere, so that her political faith could be relied upon—then Ireland deferentially appealing to the English legislature, and stating her grievances, might reasonably expect their removal. But England is steeped to the lips in corruption and crime. With her all things are venal. The masses of her people, from the highest to the lowest grade, are actuated by one ruling principle which pervades them all—namely, excessive individual selfishness, leading to the grossest indulgences and the most frightful immoralities of every kind. It is the distinguishing feature of English nationality to care not if all the rest of the world perish, so that England shall prosper in her trade and manufactures. It is the policy of England to put down mercantile and manufacturing competition by every possible means—by exciting wars amongst nations; by promoting religious discord, by hatching conspiracies, by encouraging insurrections, ending invariably in the desertion and betrayal of all who were at any time fools enough to confide to her. Hence, by all other nations, England is designated "Perfidious England."

Considering these things—the prejudices of the superior, and the brutalised state of the lower classes—their child-murders, and husband-poisonings—their

selling of wives in the public markets—their herding together like cattle, indiscriminately—men, women, and children, in their factories—and in their mines, men and women, boys and girls, half-naked, yoked to trucks like beasts—without marriage—without Christian or surname—ignorant of the existence of a God—and, when invited in the slang of the day, "to come to Christ, and depend upon Him," asking who Christ was—was He a good employer, and would He give them higher wages? Considering these things, and believing it perfectly idle to reason with such a people, I can discern no earthly chance of obtaining justice from them but by placing ourselves in a position to enforce it.

Be not deceived, my friends. When it shall suit England's purposes, she will address to us smooth words, and meanly flatter us, hoping to cajole us into forgetfulness of the wrongs she has inflicted on us. I warn you of this. Be not deceived. The war with Russia—a war forced on Russia by the deliberate policy of the present ruler of the French, and by the duplicity of England—has annihilated the English army. The exposure to the world of her military incapacity and weakness has wounded her national vanity, humbled her pride, and filled her with serious apprehensions for the future. Accordingly the Times has changed its language. The Irish priests are no longer "surpliced ruffians." No, though in the opinion of the Times, they are "rather vulgar," still they may be preferable to those of more polished manners, whom the Pope shall, perhaps, cause to be educated at Rome, and indoctrinated with foreign principles. Then, as to the rest of us—Protestants and Catholics—the Times hopes we will long maintain our "distinct nationality;" and that the generous and warm-hearted natives of the "Sister Isle" will cultivate the many amiable qualities which they possess in so remarkable a degree, and which have endeared them to all who have the pleasure of their acquaintance.

To be sure, the Times thinks we have much to learn—especially in the breeding of pigs! a branch of trade in which England kindly promises to instruct us. A new era has commenced in Ireland. Hold up your heads Irishmen of every class and clique, clap your hands for joy Papists and Protestants, for lo! there has appeared amongst us a man, a worker of miracles, who has established in the "Province of Tipperary" a—Farming Society. Happy Tipperary. Tipperary is now "quite an English county," speaking Cockney with the purest accent! The inauguration of this society, composed of the astounding number of 120 members, paying the amazing sum of £1 each, is an event of which (so says the Times) every true man of Ireland and England ought to rejoice. A very millennium of universal happiness has arrived. The pulpit in Ireland preaches peace!—so says the Times. "The political platform is deserted—the turbulent orator silenced—the evils springing from ages of legal oppression and of lawless resistance are forgotten—and it would be useless now to revive such angry recollections"—so says the Times.

This from the Times is most flattering, but, like every thing else in the Times it is false. The Times does not believe one word of what it writes. It still hates all priests, and would blot out from the map of Europe the name of Ireland if it could. It denies us the possession of a single good quality. It well knows that the pulpit preaches, not peace but hatred—and that so long as this teaching shall continue a kindly feeling never can subsist between Catholics and Protestants. The platform is not deserted, nor is the orator silenced. The wrongs of ages shall not be forgotten. There are still those who will not permit them to pass away from your memories.

And why should we forget those wrongs? Is the experience of the past to be neglected and thrown aside as useless? I place no confidence in the smooth sayings of the Times. I tell the Times that I, as an Irishman, will not accept its proffered hand of pretended friendship; and through the Times, speaking to the people of England, I tell them that there shall be no cessation to political agitation in Ireland "until every grievance, every cause of just complaint, affecting the most humble and hitherto unprotected classes of my countrymen, shall be altogether removed."

To this principle I pledge myself. This shall be my policy henceforth, and I hope ere long to cause it to be adopted by every thinking and true man in Ireland. Clinging to this principle as the only one on which it seems to me possible to unite men of conflicting creeds, opposite political parties, and of all ranks and classes, I set the Times at defiance: I fling my glove in its face; and I now announce to it my resolve, instead of trying to appease its anger or conciliate its favor, to return insult for insult and blow for blow.

One word in conclusion. Preserve the paper in

which this letter shall be published, because in my future letters I may find occasion to refer to it. Read it over more than once, and read it to those who cannot read themselves. Exercise your own understandings. If you shall approve of what I may recommend, you will, of course, act upon my recommendation, and urge others to do so. If you shall disapprove of my views, you will reject my opinions, and adopt those of others, who, you may think are better qualified to instruct you.

RICHARD GRATTAN, M.D. EX J.P.

MINISTERS' MONEY.

(From the Nation.)

In eight cities or towns in Ireland, by an equitable act, passed in the days of King Charles, that black mail commonly called Ministers' money, is levied. In no other country, from Russia to Algeria, is there anything to approach it in injustice. In no free country could it last a day.

It is hard for us to open up this subject without feeling passionate and warm. As hard as it has been for us to listen to the cant about religious liberty, toleration, and equality in England, while we felt this fetter-rankle in our flesh. So must the Virginian slave hearken to the American boast of freedom, while the hickory is lacerating his back. Nevertheless, let us endeavor to review as dispassionately as possible under the circumstances the nature of this law. In doing so we shall confine ourselves to facts admitted or indisputable.

A fraction of the population of this country profess a creed opposed to that of the great body of the people. This they have a perfect right to do, as far as their duty as citizens is concerned. In Ireland the pious benefactions of Catholic hands had from time to time made ample provision for the support of the Ministers of God—for the poor, the sick, and the age-stricken. All over the face of the land, rose hospices and churches, asylums for the widow, schools for the young, and homes for the old. In other than Catholic countries we seek in vain for practical piety and charity like this. If all the endowments of Catholic benefactors were abolished in England tomorrow, a wail would ascend to Heaven from husbands of widows and orphans who eat the bread of those whom they are not taught to hate as enemies. Oxford itself would crumble, and many a good old Briton would leave a "home for seven old men," and eat a workhouse dinner all the rest of his life—many an old spinster of seventy would end her days in the parish hospital and die in peace curing the Pope. In Ireland we had those noble monuments of our forefathers' zeal, where they are now it is our object to point out.

The professors of the new faith struck upon a cheap plan of support for their system and themselves—aided by a foreign power, they possessed themselves of their neighbor's property. Thus they made their system cheap and comfortable, and on the walls of the temple thus acquired they wrote "Thou shalt not steal." The plunder was great—that which was designed for the wants of a nation was naturally more than a few could conveniently gorge. This led to the "inconvenience" of salaries where there were no duties—churches without congregations, and parishes without churches. We proceed to figures at once, least our readers should imagine we had none for proof, save figures of speech. Out of 2,584 parishes, from which splendid incomes are derived by the legal Clergymen, there are 155 where is neither a church nor a Protestant inhabitant. In 805 of them the number of Episcopal Protestants, man, woman, and child is under 50. There are 75 out of 300 prebends and dignities where there are no duties to perform. How are those poor laborers in the vineyard paid? Let us glance at their bitter portion in this land of persecuting Papists.—There are ten livings of from £2,000 to £2,600 a year; 20 of £1,500 to £2,000; 23 of from £1,200 to £1,600; 48 of from £1,000 to £1,200; and 74 of from £800 to £1,000. This, be it remembered, does not include the revenues of glebe lands. For them we shall account hereafter. Now for the amount of labor performed by those over-wrought gentlemen. Let us take five benefices:—

Table with 4 columns: No. of Protestant inhabitants, Clergy, Church, Tithe. Rows include Kilree, Gilbertstown, Mondelgo (union), Seckinade, Maboonagh.

Sixty pounds a head per annum paid in hard cash by the "Romanists" for their thirty-five neighbors to a clergyman who is never seen.

But what of the bishops? Do they sink into their graves weary with care, and without share of the