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WITNESSES

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PROTESTANT RIGHTS.

(From the Tablet.)

The most oppressed class at all to be found in this country, or perhaps in all Europe, are the "loyal Protestant population." The English Government is absolutely stripping them of their last shred, and destroying their last hope. In spite of their devotedness to the "house of Brunswick," the countless flagons they have exhausted to the "glorious, pious, and immortal memory," and their magnanimous hatred of the Pope and the Archbishop of Tuam, there is every day some privilege of theirs invaded, and some indefeasible right abrogated or withheld, so that unless the reign of justice be restored by the repeal of the Emancipation Act, and the dethronement of Louis Napoleon, there is no saying or knowing where the miseries of Irish Protestantism will cease.

To understand the condition of our fellow-subjects well it must be remembered that their circumstances are of a peculiar kind. They have "staked their lives upon a cast, and must stand the hazard of the die." The real "true-blue"-thick-and-thin-"No-Surrender" descendants of the ancient race are, like their fathers, men whose "rights" are the only things valuable, or even intelligible. Such rights are "the whole of this world to them," and ninety-nine parts out of a hundred of the next world along with it. They have inherited a fair, rational view of Christianity, which is, to go to church for what it is worth, and serve the Crown for what it will pay; and therefore, as they leave the "immortality and all that" to people who are weak enough to expect it, they and all before them have logically concluded that this wretched sphere should be exclusively their possession. This equitable hope is every day "fitting away," to use a poetical illustration, absolutely "fitting away."

It would take a long time and much space to explain at length how much this amiable people have endured. After burthening themselves with countless Catholic estates in the reign of James the First, and doing their very utmost to extirpate James the Second, they loyally fought for "William the Conqueror," and made beasts of themselves drinking his "memory." If the "Charleses" had not had them to help the inquiry into "Catholic titles," there is no knowing how much of the country might have remained in the hands of "Papists;" and if they had not known how to use a rope and a pitchcap, many a "rebel's" offspring might have been urging claims to property which could not be established unless by justice. And so it happened that Protestants received a slight instalment of right and reward. They prescribed, for example, the privilege of robbing a man who would not go to "church;" of killing a man whose property required to be "confiscated;" of burning the houses of those whom they believed "disaffected;" of holding Catholic churches, though unable to fill a corner of them; of feeding Protestant Parsons and making Catholics pay for them; of monopolising education, and whipping Catholics for ignorance, and of holding all offices in the State as the only parties whom a "Protestant constitution" should recognise as capable of pocketing money out of other people's earning. Now all these little things were hardly proportionate to the merit of the true Blues, and only sharpened the appetite of their enormous capacity; only they fed occasionally on each other it is likely they would have eaten up the empire in their voracity.

It is quite remarkable what nationalists those injured people were while they had all their rights intact and vigorous. Nothing could equal their patriotism; the additional rights which Ireland had to acquire, and the countless wrongs under which she was bending. They speechified, and threatened, and conspired too; and they laid their hands upon their hearts and swore that "their country"—which meant their pockets—should have everything which ought to enrich it; and, moreover, they were serious. But unfortunately no process could stop the Irish from increasing, and no reasoning could convince them they should merely fatten the cattle for the "Protestant population," so that the crowd of natives came fast, and peremptory, and earnest, and the only way remaining for the true Blues to keep what they had, and get arms to fight the "Papists," was to become loyal beyond all bearing. If any "people" could merit their "rights" by unerring instinct and no conscience, it is the Protestants of "Parsondom," for it is only of this genus that we wish to discourse on every occasion. Many thousands of our non-Catholic people are Irish enough to appreciate them just as we do;—videlicet, as the "garrison" of bad government, and the enemy of all social order.

But we intended to speak of the maltreatment by England of those "loyal" creatures. It was not enough that Catholics were allowed the benefit of the "Protestant constitution"—allowed their lives and their limbs, and to go to school, and to acquire pro-

perty—all of which were flagrant injustices to Parsondom, and heavy blows at the stability of the empire, but absolutely they were called to the bar, and in the year of Our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and twenty-nine, they were admitted to Parliament. The dear old Lord Eldon said "the sun of England's glory had set" that time, and it was true for him, as, of course, England's glory was Irish Parsondom. But little he knew the fate which awaited this "Irish Protestant nation." He little imagined it—or he would have "set" himself on the occasion to illustrate his prophecy—that, in this present year 1856, the "Irish Protestant nation" would present such a worn and deplorable aspect. There are "Papists" allowed to purchase by their vulgar earnings the very lands which their ancestors forfeited for "treason;" they are allowed to accumulate money and to raise churches and places of education; they have the astounding impudence to be privy councillors, judges, barristers, and we know not what, and to pretend, too, that, because they are six millions out of seven of the people, they should have a fifteenth of the offices which they pay for. Now, if there be any nation so hard-hearted as not to sympathise with Parsondom in a conjuncture so afflicting, all we have to say is, they, the Parsons, ought to conquer it, and confiscate it, on the very earliest opportunity which presents itself.

Is it not self-evident that deception has been practised by a large body of the Irish Papists? In some counties they hold the mass of the property, and everywhere they hold the ringing metal in large quantities. There in Connaught we do not know how much they have paid of the two millions laid out on the purchase of estates; and in Meath, Limerick, Clare, Tipperary, &c., they are assuming airs that might become Lord Roden or Mr. Chambers. How did they get the money? Clearly by hoarding it up, and not handing it over to Parsondom, as they were bound to do—by an invasion of "Protestant rights," and a violation of the "Constitution." This is really intolerable, if honest Parsondom could help it, and might make loyal Protestants exclaim—

"O flesh! how art thou fished,"

in this generation.

Besides these domestic attacks upon the "rights" of Protestants, there are many foreign invasions of the same "rights," which are diabolical enough to be noted, only they are too numerous for our present dissertation. The "Austrian Concordat," for example, French victories in the Crimea, the institution of a festival called "Notre Dame de Malakoff" by the same nation, the persistency of Napoleon the Third in talking of Our Lady, and latterly, the Emperor's calling a council of war, to be held in Paris, as if he—Papist as he is—were to be recognised as the centre of European operations. When they, the Parsons, get Sir Colman O'Loughlen's appointment "cancelled" by Lord Carlisle, they intend immediately to pay some attention to our foreign relations, and unless the Emperor Napoleon abjure the Papacy, they intend to break with him.

We have called this article a "dissertation," but it is, more properly speaking, a "report." Some of our afflicted fellow-mortals of Parsondom have been this week pouring forth their lamentations in the Rotundo, and we have been endeavoring to do them the justice which they merit, by placing their complaints before the public. Very many venerable gentlemen at the above meeting wanted benefices, and one young gentleman, not venerable, wanted a stray fortune with an "annexed" young lady. All wanted the "Papists hanged, quartered, and beheaded," and honest members of Parliament to vote firmly in the premises, under the penalty of being thieves and burglars. We therefore give notice to all parties who are bound to the principles of 1690 to "get up" all manner of "cases" against Maynooth, and a goodly bundle of blasphemies and misrepresentations against the Pope, the Priests, and the Jesuits. Really, the poor Protestants are objects of commiseration.

The people of Parsondom have, however, a few "rights" still remaining. They have a right to believe the whole human race, themselves included—to count imaginary converts and collect real sovereigns—to go a-hiding in the chancels of our old churches and send us round the world for means to erect new ones—to profane the sanctity of the Gospel by defamation of their neighbors; to torment the souls and bodies of the poor by seduction, persecution, and misrepresentation; and every year, without giving us any thing but hatred, to pocket one million and a half of the produce of the land which they asperse without ceasing. These are "rights" which yet remain—but only for a season. The people of Ireland will pay their way, but they will not long give their money to pay Parsondom. The absurd tyranny which drags from the bowels of the island much wealth to support a principle of discord—and drags it at the

gun's muzzle and bayonet's point—is a disgrace to human nature; and non-resistance to such an impost, as long as it can be legitimately opposed, is a national infamy and degradation.

"THE BEAST."

(From the Dublin Tablet.)

If Mr. John Bull be not "the beast" of the Apocalypse, it is not the fault of the "Irish Church Missions' Society." They certainly give the old gentleman the "face of a lion" and the "feet of a bear," and fill his mouth with "blasphemies" enough to make him "the beast" ten times over, and to insure him a destruction as distinguished as that which is to befall the friend of Antichrist. It is perfectly astounding that men of common reason will tolerate the wicked course of these charlatans. The empire has multitudes of enemies, and few, if any, friends, and yet these men are paid thirty or forty thousand pounds a year for no other earthly purpose than that of teaching us that we are to expect neither peace, honesty, nor justice from England.

There is a certain respectability attached to sincerity which makes us respect a madman, if he be true. We pity him, and pacify him, and put him off, and won't get angry with him. But if we find a fellow lecturing us upon morality, whose own family are profligate, or on Christianity, while his own household is filled with infidels and atheists, we naturally conclude that his office towards us is simple malignity and insult, or that he wishes to assimilate us to his other friends. Why not spend the forty thousand a-year in England? Thirty millions annually of immoral publications require some antidote, and the murder, and arson, and countless abominations of the English shires demand some pious attention. We have no immoral publications. Even during the assize of a contested election we have not had in Meath, one of our largest counties, a trial for any kind of violation of the law. We have no infanticides, no slow poisonings, no domestic brothelism, no rowdy Evangelicisms, no pious adulterers, no sanctimonious cheats, no systematised vagabondism, which laughs at the Gospel as "grannyism," and overleaps the excesses of savages. If we are to have "English religion," the "pure Gospel," and so on, would it not be common decency to show us some of the fruits of it at home before it is sent over to disturb and pester us, and to prove that when England has no penal laws to rob us she will make collections to persecute us with Parsons?

From the days of Adam and Eve, "the beast" has had the selfsame job to do, and the selfsame way of doing it. He lies—lies without fear, or measure, or danger, or shame. He told our first parents that God kept them in ignorance, and that he was the fellow to enlighten them, and his friends, the Jews, he taught to say that Our Lord was disloyal to the throne. The old Pagans were convinced by him that the Catholics were opposed to civilisation, and should be got rid of; and the first Protestants, while they were going to ruin, like the "great people of England," preached the "pure Gospel," and "stood by the throne." Our worthies of the present day are plainly descended from his beastship, and have learned his language with becoming filial attention.—We are "benighted," and we are on the eve of being "converted," and great numbers have been looking for "the Word," and the Parsons, and their wives and children, are about to be "very much respected," and, after all this, we are to become as good as the English!—"the envy of surrounding nations, and the admiration of the world."

One of the most hopeless signs of our condition is that the Irish Parsons have no earthly or heavenly belief in what is said or promised by them. With their eyes open they could not have, and they never can have, unless as a vindictive justice of God.—Last week we had an announcement that a man's confession was revealed at Croom, and Croom turns out to have neither the Confessor nor the penitent. An old woman is excommunicated for an act of charity, and the old woman has not yet been born; and Father Mangan, of Kerry, regales himself with curses on stone and mortar which the Reverend gentleman has never seen. Now, all those things—and every other thing they say—are not only untrue, but impossible, and yet they will go on and say them to the end. People who know them to be false and absurd will circulate them, and pay money to manufacture more of them, and serve the cause of the "pure Gospel" by propagating them through "Babylon the Great." And the lion will roar, and gold, and silver, and precious stones will come down at the rate of forty thousand a-year, and the Parsons will cry "Who is like unto the beast?"

We lately told the people of Parsondom that we would extirpate all the Protestant Bibles in Europe, if we could, and we had the great happiness of "shocking their feelings" most deeply. We shall

always welcome legitimate opportunities of horrifying them by telling the truth, which is commonly said to shame "the beast," and we think they know as much. Now, if any of the things which they ventilate, and which we deny, had had a foundation, is it likely that for their sakes we should conceal them? If they were things which could and ought to be done, would we repudiate them? If they were things which should not be done, and had been done, would they or could they they be gainsaid in the face of the public, or, if denied, would not the whole locality become testimonies against the Clergyman? How could he meet his friends? How could he confront his enemies?—How, in fact, could he live in the neighborhood? The accusation is easily made. We may believe the defamer to have been deceived, or duped or humbugged. He can get out of his position even if questioned, and questioned he will not be, because 'tis all provender for "the beast," but for the Clergyman who performs the act publicly, and publicly disclaims it, there is no resource but infamy, and nothing for his people but humiliation. A denial of a public fact by a public man is a moral impossibility, because 'twould be morally his death, and therefore such denial, by any one retaining his character, is conclusive as to such fact being no fact whatever.—But no matter. This may be as true as the "boundless resources" of Mr. Bull, and as clear to him as that he leads Europe and owns India, but it does not serve the "pure Gospel," and the Parson's garrison" in Ireland don't admit it.

Now, we have a long catalogue of Parsondom lies, and we intend to print them. They are not only lies, but lies so patent—transparent—so like "the beast," that the hoof, skin, and horn, is on every one of them plainly and perfectly; yet they are patted, and petted, and snuggled in by the holiness of Exeter Hall as tenderly as relatives so near of kin ought to be. No one, even a Saint, can help seeing and knowing them; but they'll do for the propagation of the "pure Gospel." In fact, Mr. Bull believes them, and that's sufficient.

Ireland—nay, England—has no chance during the reign of Parsondom. Parsondom has tried the rope with us, and given us a taste of the cat-o'-nine tails. It has stripped us of our land and religious edifices, and starved us and shut the schoolhouse door in our faces. It has imprisoned and transported us, and otherwise, and in many ways, shown its love for teaching us the "pure gospel" of brotherhood and peace. It has now added the new idea of forty thousand a-year from England to buy some few of us, and fatten some few of its own, so that peace and quietness are out of the question. It will get the money, and blaspheme and belie us, and alienate and excite us, for such is its mission in this land.

We wish England were as clear-sighted on the subject of Irish Parsondom as she is on cotton, cutlery, and stocks. Parsondom is wasting a million and a half a-year of our resources, and is rotting the heart of the kingdom. Its sons and daughters want fortunes, and its fathers want claret and carriages, and its wives want silks and satins. They are hundreds and thousands. They must do work of some kind, or appear to do it, and so we shall have Ireland about to be "converted" as long as Parsondom exists. They will allow us no peace—they can't afford it. They must be aggressive upon us for their very food and raiment, and they must make us foes of England in order to make themselves England's friends. A time may be very near that will require something more wise than an English collection to disturb our peace and Protestant Parsons to alienate the people from the Crown.

THE OPINIONS OF THE SECTS ABOUT ONE ANOTHER.

(From the Pittsburg Catholic.)

It is some consolation to know that if the various sects that compose hydra-headed Protestantism, hate the Catholic Church, they also cordially hate one another. It is true, when the question is to persecute the Catholic Church, they are perfectly united, and forget and forgive their mutual grudges and grievances, as did Herod and Pontius Pilate, when the object was to punish Christ; and so likewise, to descend to the head-quarters of heretical malice;—the demons, however divided they are, and ready to tear one another to pieces, in other respects, yet, when the design to persecute Christ and his Church is once agitated among them, all differences cease, and their higher ambition is to try which can lie and sin the most against the devoted victims of their rage. We accord to Protestant sects a unity of this kind—but an infernal one—a unity of hate, a brotherhood of persecution and malice, quite antagonistic to the unity of God's true people, as described by the Apostle—"One faith, One Lord, One baptism." The first Christians impressed profoundly, nay, converted, their Pagan enemies by their won-