



# CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

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## PAPAL AGGRESSION.

(From the Tablet.)

The comical English agitation still continues, and the Papal aggression also continues, with an openness and audacity that would make a person of weak nerves shudder, and his blood run cold. We have two facts to relate this week, which mark in the clearest manner the very slight paroxysm of terror with which the long troop of country meetings, and the shadow of the penal laws that are to come, has struck the breast of the Holy Father.

First, the Bishop of Cloyne and Ross, Dr. Murphy, of whom, after what we are going to relate, we hardly know in what terms to speak—not having the fear of English county meetings before his eyes, taking no thought of the *Times*, or Father Prout, or the *Standard*, turning up his nose at Lord John Russell, and holding, it would seem, in utter contempt the Anglican (so called) Bishops, and their hypothetical Clergy—has done what? While the thunder has been rolling in the heavens, and Jove's stout oak has been rifted with his own fire, while Dr. Murray, and others in his threatened condition, ought, in common modesty, to have taken alarm and have been ready

To dive like buckets in concealed wells,  
To crouch in litter of the stable planks,  
To lie like favns locked up in chests and trunks,  
..... to seek sweet safety out  
In vaults and prisons; and to thrill and shake  
Even at the

braying of an English ass—his Lordship has marvellously preserved his composure of mind, and, indeed, has been following the example of Benjamin Franklin. Instead of being frightened by the storm, the Bishop has been making experiments in electricity. The American philosopher, as we all know, flew a kite into a thunder-cloud, and brought down the electric fluid to a key fastened to the lower end of the string. Dr. Murphy has been sending up his winged messengers into the firmament, now charged with storms; and if he has not succeeded in bringing down a blast of English lightning upon the keys of St. Peter, all we can say is, that there has been a great deal of noise on the other side of the Channel to very little purpose.

For what has his Lordship done? While Lord John was writing, and Lord Palmerston diplomatising, and Sir Edward Sugden raking up old statutes, and Exeter Hall exhibiting symptoms of an approaching demand for strait-waistcoats, and all England rushing round innumerable platforms to repel Papal aggressions of English territory, Dr. Murphy has been earnestly supplicating the Pope to make a further Papal aggression; to sever two united Sees into two disunited Sees; to unmake a Bishopric that was two bodies with one head, and give each body a head to itself in future; to circumscribe British territory, and uncircumscribe it, and mould it, and cut it, and patch it, and darn it just as he pleases; to remodel a great part of the county of Cork; and to plant a new Bishop where, in the memory of man, there has never been a distinct and separate territorial Episcopal jurisdiction. What is more, the Pope has granted this unheard of request. He has actually made the new territorial demarcation. He has drawn a sort of dyke between Cloyne and Ross; has left Cloyne to Dr. Murphy, and erected Ross into a separate Bishopric, of which the Right Rev. Dr. Keane, late Parish Priest of Middleton, is to be the future Bishop, his Bulls—(oh, horror!)—being at this very moment lodged with the Metropolitan of the province.

How these Bulls got entrance, no one knows. There was a rumor that a pair of fine, fat, flourishing animals were landed a few weeks ago, under pretence of being driven up to the great London cattle show in Baker-street, and that these are the same which are now grazing at Thurles, in the pastures of the Archbishop of Cashel. But this is only a conjecture. Under the existing laws, and especially since Sir Robert Peel's tariff, the Custom House has no means of ascertaining at what place the foreign cattle that arrive at an English port began their pilgrimage. They sailed from Calais, it may be, or Hamburgh, or Ostend; but they may have travelled all through France or Rhenish Germany, and have crossed the Simplon, for anything that can be guessed to the contrary. Next session, indeed, it will be different, by reason of the legislative precautions that will be taken. A law will be passed forbidding Italian Bulls to be landed in England under any pretence, unless their horns are garnished with a wisp of hay, at once to warn the official, and to protect the public. Who is to place this wisp of hay, and how the people at the Custom-house are to know on what cattle the wisp ought, and on what it ought not, to be placed, in case there should be foul play among the drovers, is a point not yet maturely considered; but it is generally believed that some such act will be enacted, and that Lord John Russell will make a practice, whether he sits in Downing-street, or drives down to the House

of Commons, to have a hay band tied round his waist, ready for all possible emergencies of danger. When any real difficulty arises, through the intolerable spirit of aggression of the Supreme Pontiff, his lordship, with his accustomed intrepidity, will take the bull by the horns with one hand, ungird his loins with the other, and slip a noose over the armed head of the intruder, before the dumb animal can say "Jack Robinson." But, however this may be, it is certain that for the present the deed is done. The Bulls are safe at Thurles, and Dr. Keane holds over his parish for speedy consecration as the new Bishop of Ross.

Another fact, almost as audacious, has not yet seen the light. We are not deeply skilled in comparative anatomy, and decline to pronounce as to the specific difference between Bulls and some other kinds of horned cattle: but there lies before us another document, recently despatched through the Flaminian or some other gate, and evidently provided with as sturdy weapons of annoyance as any Bull that ever lived. It is headed "Decretum," and after several lines of Latin, we come to a line and a half of English, which reads thus:—

"Historical Analysis of Christian Civilisation.  
"By Professor de Vericour."

In one word, it is a decree of the Congregation of the Index, dated 19th December, 1850; confirmed by the Holy Father on the 29th December; and affixed at St. Mary Major's, St. Peter's, and other public places in Rome, on the 2nd of this present January. Her Majesty's Ministers representing the Royal supremacy have appointed M. de Vericour as a fit and proper person to be employed in teaching the Catholic youth of Cork; and the Pope, representing the supremacy of Almighty God, places the same Professor in a list with "Mysteries of the Inquisition," "Stories of the Inquisition," "Revelations of Jesuitical Cruelty," and other delectable matter of a life character; declares that he condemns the work of M. de Vericour, proscribes it, and places it on the Index; forbids those whom the decree concerns to read it or keep it; and commands those who have copies in their possession to hand them in to the Ordinary or Bishop of the diocese in which they happen to live.

All this while, what is to be the nature of the new Penal Laws? The *Morning Chronicle* strives to console the friends of toleration and the sane part of the Protestant public by the following hesitating assurance:—

Notwithstanding the positive and definite form which the reports of the intended measure for resisting the Papal usurpation have assumed, we still entertain some doubts whether the project of law has been finally adopted, or has obtained the assent of the entire Cabinet. It is possible that the semi-official intimations of a supposed Ministerial decision which have been published, may have been intended to serve the purpose of feelers, and, at the same time, to overbear the opposition of dissentient or reluctant colleagues. We long since reminded the Government that it was impossible to bring forward any penal law, with a chance of success, unless it was evidently calculated to be nugatory. Parliament, and the less zealous Protestants in the Cabinet, may possibly consent to an enactment for rendering penal the assumption of territorial titles by a foreign Hierarchy; but neither the House of Commons, nor the tolerant part of the Ministry, will consent by anticipation to any prosecution under the statute to be provided for the purpose. The battery which is to shatter the walls of Babylon will be armed with the species of artillery which is technically called "a Quaker"—a peaceable gun, mounted on an ordinary carriage, and deficient only in a touch-hole and a chamber for the powder. How far the party which has urged on the attack may be satisfied with this harmless species of hostility, it is not our business to inquire; but certainly the first trumpet which announced the onslaught seemed the prelude to more serious warfare. Yet even for the mock battle which is preparing, there will be a difficulty in uniting the commanders.

In the meantime we beg our readers not to forget the official announcement of the information that was to be communicated to the English Legation in Switzerland, and of which we gave the particulars last week. The real meaning of these diplomatic inquiries were very frankly explained about six weeks ago in the *London Examiner*, in an article which attracted at the time very much less attention than it deserved. The *Examiner*, we believe, unquestionably speaks the sentiments of the persecuting portion of the Cabinet; and particularly of that dear Lord Palmerston, for whom so many Catholic members voted last summer, who is Lord John Russell's staunchest ally, and through whose underlings investigations are being made at foreign Courts with a view to enact a veto upon Bishops and the interception of Papal Bulls. The meaning of these investigations is to be found in the following article, which saw the light on the 30th of last November:—

The prevalent opinion seems to be for the suppression of the titles.  
But what will the suppression do, the suppression of

a mere symptom, not a jot abating the disease! The spiritual authority remains untouched in the minds of those who yield a willing obedience to it. The names are dealt with, not the thing or the abuses of the thing.

The sway of the obnoxious foreign authority will not be controlled, diminished, or in any way affected, by the suppression of the nominal signs of it. Dr. Wiseman will not be less looked up to and obeyed by the Catholics, lay and Ecclesiastical, or certain districts, if the name of Bishop of Westminster be taken from him. His title to authority lies not in the name, but in the Catholic conscience. A real power comes clothed with a spurious title; what will the law do by pulling down the figment, leaving untouched the reality? What we have seriously to apprehend is the abuse of the spiritual authority, under foreign direction, turned to the defeat of temporal objects proposed by law. The proceedings of the Synod of Thurles furnish the ready example. We cannot but think that the Legislature might and ought to provide against such an intrusion of foreign authority and perversion of sacerdotal influence as that setting at naught a design of the State of the highest import to the dearest interests of the community. Taking away the titles would not prevent abuses of this kind; the authority would work without the designations. It is action that must be controlled by forbidding the spiritual influence under foreign direction to presume to set itself in opposition to the declared intentions of the Legislature. We would not meddle with the spiritual concerns of the Catholics; but on the other hand, we deny their right to trouble our temporal affairs with their spiritual intrigues, directed by a foreign Prince. It is not for the Pope to lay the education of Ireland under an interdict, and to put a veto and a brand of infamy on an act of the Imperial Legislature; and whoever, exercising an authority derived from Rome, lends himself to such a proceeding, or becomes instrumental to it, should incur pains and penalties. We are for the fullest toleration of the Catholic religion, but for no toleration of an *imperium in imperio*. Let there be no meddling with Catholic Priests in their strictly spiritual functions, and let there be no meddling on their part with the nation's strictly secular concerns. The Catholics have their legitimate place and voice in the Legislature for the discussion of temporal matters, and to propose and oppose measures as may seem fitting to them; but it is not to be endured that their Priesthood, under the direction of the Pope, shall set themselves up to thwart the counsels of Parliament, and nullify its enactments. This is the sort of substantial wrong we have to grapple with; and we deprecate losing sight of it in fighting the wind of empty titles, or of resting content with a victory over names, while things of real danger escape correction.

We are not so ignorant, however, of the character of our countrymen as not to be aware how strongly their pride is moved by affronts, and how implacable is their demand for vindication. And that the assumption of Episcopal titles in Great Britain is an insult, we shall certainly not deny. And it is their very emptiness that makes them an insult; and therefore it is that in Ireland and certain colonies where the titles of the Romish Hierarchy are realities, they have never been felt or reasonably complained of as affronts. So, in law, the needfulness of a thing takes it out of the category of nuisance, as one of our old lawyers explains in the instance of tallow-melting in these delectable terms:—"Parce que le needfulness del chose dispenser a vece le noisiness del smell." On the contrary, where uses cannot be pleaded, and obnoxious thing appears to have no other object than sheer offence. On Gesler's head Gesler's hat might have required the homage of a bow without any degradation; but Gesler's hat without Gesler's head, Gesler's hat on a pole requiring homage, was an intolerable arrogance and insult. The manifest purpose was solely to offend.

The modesty of this writing is its smallest merit. "Our temporal affairs." The souls of the people of Ireland are "our temporal affairs;" the temporal affairs of a red tapist in Downing-street, or of a journalist of the Strand; which, being interpreted, means that the aforesaid gentlemen consider Heaven and Hell, especially for their Irish neighbors, to be their own "temporal affairs," and think they have a patent from him "whom they still have served," to make merchandise of the souls which they despise.

But what is more important is, to direct the special attention of our Irish readers to the spirit and the language of this article. They will there see plainly avowed what we last week demonstrated, that however penal legislation may halt in the next session, however strictly it may be confined to England, whatever special exception may be made of Ireland, it is, after all, not England but Ireland for which the whole stir is made; it is the Synod of Thurles which has set all this agitation afloat; it is the Catholic conscience of Ireland against which penal legislation is required; and if Ireland be now exempted from the torture of the law, the concession will be in the spirit of that made by Polyphemus to Ulysses, that she shall be the last devoured.

## BE NOT SELF-DECEIVERS.

(From *Tait's Magazine* for January.)

Since we are in a plain-speaking mood, we shall say that the spirit and language in which this misdirected and exaggerated (No-Popery) agitation has been carried on, have been discreditable and injurious

to our character as Englishmen, whose motto is fair play, and as Protestants, whose doctrine is toleration. Protestants have got so thoroughly possessed with the idea that they are very liberal and tolerant, that they are never restrained by any fear of transgressing in the other direction; and so thoroughly imbued with the conviction that Papists are always intolerant, that facts to the contrary receive neither belief nor attention. Brethren, let us not be self-deceivers. All the liberality is not on one side, nor all the illiberality on the other. For one moment look and listen. Protestants often cry, "No-Popery!" Do we ever hear our Popish fellow-countrymen crying, "No Protestantism?" The whole political or ordinary press of England has every morning for months been coming out with the strongest and most sneering abuse of the Roman Catholic religion; what would be thought if the press of Ireland came out every morning in the same style on the Protestant religion? The mobs of English towns have been amusing themselves with burning effigies of the Pope and Archbishop Wiseman; what would be thought of the mobs of Irish towns amusing themselves by burning the Archbishop of Canterbury, or any other personage whom Protestants regard with even one-hundredth part of the reverence with which the Papists regard their spiritual head? What do you think of the fact that these things are done by Protestants, and are not done by Papists? To glance at another class of facts—Irish constituencies, nineteen in twenty Roman Catholics, return Protestants to Parliament, without a word about their religion, if their politics accord; we scarcely know a single popular constituency in Britain where a Roman Catholic, though in all other respects qualified and acceptable, would have the ghost of a chance! Four or five years ago, on a vacancy occurring in the representation of perhaps the most Liberal county constituency in Scotland, Kirkcubright, a Roman Catholic gentleman (Mr. Constable Maxwell), of large possessions, high character, and great personal popularity, started as the Whig candidate, but found he might as well have started for the "Primate'ship of all England." Now, good Protestant reader, if the counterpart of this had happened, even in the most thoroughly Popish county of Ireland—if a candidate otherwise welcomed had been repudiated because he was a Protestant—would we not all have shouted—"What vile bigots those Papists are!" And if Mr. Maxwell had slipped in for Kirkcubright, would we not all have shouted—"How liberal we Protestants are!" But then, look how things have happened. The Protestant Mr. Herbert (we take the first instance that occurs in our mind) is made member for Popish Kerry, without a word about his religion; and Mr. Maxwell, solely on account of his religion, will never be member for Kirkcubright! What should we cry at this? Ah! "The case being altered, that alters the case." One instance more. At the very time (a few weeks ago) when we were all crying out about Popish bigotry, and heaping on the Roman Catholic religion every epithet of opprobrium and abhorrence, the Town Council of Dublin, five-sixths Roman Catholics, were unanimously electing a Protestant Lord Mayor. Are we likely soon to see a Roman Catholic Lord Provost of Edinburgh or Glasgow? And, finally (we only finish for want of sufficient space), if a Popish Prime Minister wrote an official letter denouncing Protestantism as "slavery," "degradation," "superstition," and "mummery," he would scarcely succeed in keeping his head on his shoulders. Yet, when a Protestant Prime Minister so denounces Popery, he gets "three cheers" at a thousand meetings; and never did the Guildhall of London hear such thumping of tables and jingling of glasses! These are facts: look at them, think of them, and think especially if, in the face of them, we ought to regard ourselves as superabundantly stocked with that Christian virtue which speaketh no evil, vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up.

## WESLEYAN INTOLERANCE.

(From the *Catholic Miscellany*.)

The Wesleyans are the only sect of English Dissenters, who have, as a body, taken part in the late anti-Catholic excitement. By their meetings, speeches, and addresses, they have contributed to keep up the no-Popery fever, and even spread its infection among the lower classes. Forgetting, that they owe their own emancipation to Catholic influence, they are willing to aid in forging new chains for those of their fellow bondsmen, by whose exertions their own fetters were stricken off.

On all these occasions the Wesleyan ministers have, as might have been expected, declaimed furiously against Papal tyranny, and threatened their audience with the probable dangers of Catholic ascendancy, the re-establishment of the Inquisition, Papal despotism, and similar horrors. Now, all mention of