

How your lordship could venture upon such a representation of Catholic principles, and still hope to retain a character for truth, far exceeds my comprehension. When able men have recourse to such means, to sustain their cause, it must needs be, in their opinion, in a sad plight.

Your picture of Protestant converts is somewhat fanciful. What others in had taste call "Soupers," you paint as sages, philosophers, in fact, who, giving up the trade of mendicancy, have turned themselves to the investigation of truth. "They set themselves seriously (you aver) to inquire. They are looking out for the food of the mind, not for the food of the body; "not (to quote your words) for what is most acceptable to the taste, but for what is true." They have diligently examined and reflected according to the best of their powers."

It is really afflicting to see a man of your lordship's powers so bewildered. Bigotry, or something else, has closed your eyes to what is occurring around you every day. I thought that this style of foolish misrepresentation was confined to the tract shop, to the low uneducated Orange coteries. Alas, poor human nature!

Your Establishment, my lord, will gather no laurels from contrasting those who have gone into it during a few years of famine and national distress, with those who have gone out of it for ever. Turning from your philosophic fancies, what is the real state of the case?

On the one side, stand a body of men, of glorious name, lately the *dux et tutamen* of the universities, of the first order of minds, of deep research, of your own standing, my lord, to whom the succession of the richest sees in the world, and other dignities, was no distant prospect. These men knew your Church, as well as it could be known; its merit or its deficiencies could not be concealed from their searching gaze; they walked within its sanctuary; they studied its history, they saw its corrupt origin, and its mammon-life existence; they learned its philosophy and theology, in which they were distinguished above their fellows; they partook of its good things, and had the strongest inducements to think favorably of it—yet, my lord, they abjured it: having weighed it and found it wanting, they abandoned it after much reflection and fervent prayer in seeking the will of heaven. They condemned it as not affording the means of salvation appointed by Christ. They threw up its wealth and its honors, and have, in many instances, encountered poverty, and immense difficulties; but none of them have thought of going back to the flesh pots of the Establishments. These are the men whom your lordship, forgetting what is due to your station and to truth, ventures to represent as having no more reason than Pagans for the hope that is in them. Their conversion is clearly the work of Divine Grace, bringing souls that are to be saved out of heresy, despite of its wealth and allurements, into the house of the living God.

"Converts to Catholicity were led, and consider it right to be led, by a craving for the beautiful, the splendid, the picturesque." Alas! my lord, too much learning affects the intellect, as too much wealth corrupts the heart. To what straits are men of acknowledged ability driven who leave the path of truth! Is there nothing beautiful to captivate the imagination in a rich rectory, domestic endearments, with £1,000 a-year, and a prospect of the See of Dublin or Derry, with city and country palaces. Catholic converts were led—yes, my lord, by Divine Grace, and yielding to its gentle, yet powerful and sustaining, influence, they entered upon the rugged road of penance, self-denial, and in many instances of voluntary poverty, to escape the lot of Dives in the world to come. Nothing in this life could have afforded them so many opportunities for the beautiful and picturesque, for the gratification of taste, and fancy, and feeling, as the richly-endowed Anglican heresy; but the fire of hell was too visible in the distance, and they turned from it.

Survey, then, my lord, the men who, going out of the Establishment in great numbers, on the one hand, testify in favor of the ancient Church which their ancestors sacrilegiously plundered, and in the spoils of which your Protestant Episcopacy still revels; and, on the other, the famished peasant going into it the victim of cruel landlordism, and poorhouse economy, without employment, reduced in most instances to the awful alternative of death by starvation, or apostasy from the faith of his fathers. Your heresy feeds as long as they trample on the Cross and blaspheme the Mother of God. But if they return to implore her intercession, you withhold the supplies and starve them into submission. Having joined heresy to save the life of the body, you see them, poor creatures, every day, on escaping to America, or when death draws near, seeking to return to the Catholic Church, avowing at the foot of our altars their guilt and hypocrisy, as a public atonement for the scandal they had given. Whilst they remain with you, they are filled with remorse, and curse the tyranny in secret which oppresses them. Their poor children, alas! you infect with fatal heresy, teaching them to hate their neighbors, to revile nuns and priests, not to love God or adore the blessed Trinity, to abjure the religion of their fathers without giving them one in its stead. You toss to them the Bible to find for themselves, exclaiming, that now they are free, and verily they are so—from the law of God and the sweet yoke of the Gospel. Such converts! For all the wealth which your mitre has brought you in this impoverished land, added to the gold of California, I would not have to answer to God for one such.

Having disposed of this topic, we now come to your public vindication against the charge of slandering the Nuns.

Your defence is a very simple one, but most injudicious and unsuccessful. It is this, "I never (you say) brought any charge at all against any institution

whatsoever, or against any religious communion." You never brought a charge! My lord, I would respectfully suggest the propriety of your amending this plea. The country will not admit it. The imputations cast upon the Nunneries by your grace are still too fresh on its memory. Every one recollects your fable of the Protestant lady, whose appearance had in it something so mysterious; and the story of a little boy in the service of a certain institution, whom you pathetically described as being so dreadfully mangled and lacerated, as to make one's blood curdle at the thought thereof. Your plea, therefore, my lord, is clearly inadmissible. Far better to make a clean breast of it; and boldly and recklessly deny at once that you ever spoke at all on the subject in the Lords, for as long as the report of the *Times* remains, and is uncontradicted, it will be impossible to disprove the charge of your having wantonly, perversely, and without a shadow of reason, assailed the most disinterested and sanctified of God's people.

What, my lord, but your speech, and that of Mr. Chambers in parliament, have caused all the journals of England, within the last month, to asperse the honor, the character, the virtue of our religious institutions? What set the foul tongue of slander in motion everywhere, and raised the terrific storm, whereby it is now sought to overwhelm innocence, and crush the best and safest educational establishments in the empire? Have not the parsons under your jurisdiction, since you opened the campaign, assailed religious communities from the pulpit and in their advertisements with every foul epithet which a polluted imagination can supply? Are not their sacred homes represented as prison, and even worse; and whilst these scenes are being enacted, you, my lord, who began the work, venture to proclaim in the face of day, before Protestants and Catholics, that you had nothing to do in the business. Having flung the spark upon the powder magazine, you declare yourself guiltless of the destruction of life and limb which follows the explosion.

It is true that you did not bring a distinct specific charge against any nun or nuns by name, or against any convent either in Dublin or elsewhere. If you had acted so honorably we should have been obliged to you; for such calumnies could be met and refuted at once, and the libeller held responsible. But you did your business much better: you dealt in vague insinuations—you "beat your bow," to use the language of inspiration, "to shoot in secret the undiluted;" you spoke of the possibility—nay, the probability, of incarceration in conventual establishments—of the destruction of personal liberty—of spiriting away her Majesty's subjects; and you know well, no one better, the effect of such a speech, coming from the Lords, upon the people of England; and having done the work, of which you are now ashamed, and for which, assuredly, my lord, you will answer to God at no distant day, you come out to tell Ireland, at your annual visitations, that you never brought a charge against any institution whatsoever, or against any religious communion." Pilate's disclaimer of participation in the crime of Judea had some show of plausibility, but the disclaimer which I am now considering is without parallel in any history.

In the olden time, when there was less of hypocrisy among men, bills were brought in and passed through the Lords and Commons, "to check the growth of Popery." Now the same end is sought, under your lordship's management, indirectly; in accordance with the hypocritical spirit of the age, the petitions against Maynooth, the speeches in both houses against convents, the Papal Aggression movement, the Titles Ecclesiastical Act, the Exeter-Hall gatherings, and No-Popery agitation over the whole country, have all the same object in view, "to check the growth of Popery." You never oppose infidelity, in its desolating progress through your towns and cities—your creed freely combines and harmonises with the rejection of divine revelation: it is of Christianity only you are afraid—your church is a shameless mockery, your legislation in its favor a vulgar farce!

But why, my lord, is it necessary to legislate against Catholicity, rather than any other form of belief? This is an important question, and one which deserves to be answered at some length.

The case is simply this. Your Church, my lord, from which, without advantage to the people, you derive an immense income, is a grievance, in magnitude, duration, and intensity without parallel in the world. There is nothing like it elsewhere. It is at the root of every evil; every oppression which Ireland endures. It is, my lord, the appropriation of public funds, intended for all the people, to the aggrandisement of a few; intended for the poor, monopolised by the rich, whilst the poor, whose inheritance it is, are left to starve. It is the endowment of your lordship and other such persons, with hundreds of thousands annually, to teach our poor people self-denial, and contempt of riches—a people, too, who, all but a fractional part, reject and have ever rejected, your teaching. The Scriptural type of this ecclesiastical enormity is Dives, my lord, fasting sumptuously every day, whilst the people too faithfully typified by Lazarus covered with sores at the gate, are denied even the crumbs which fall from the table of the Establishment.

Now, this institution, such as it is, has enormous wealth and all who have a pecuniary interest in it, either actually or prospectively—and 'their name is legion—have resolved to sustain it, and the first step to be taken for that purpose is to divert, if possible, public attention from its flagrant injustice, and as that cannot be well done, the next best thing to do is constantly to exhibit the people who are to be the victims of this injustice, so degraded by their vices and superstitions as to be wholly unworthy of human sympathy. Acting on this policy the friends of the Establishment deem it a duty, at all times, to represent Catholics, and all their institutions, as opposed

to liberty, to progress, to enlightenment; as opposed to Scriptural religion, and everything else upon which our happiness here and hereafter depends.

Having established this tradition, which must be carefully preserved in the senate, at the court, on the bench, throughout the country, the Church is safe, no matter how flagrant its abuses; for whilst it confers benefits upon the children of grace and freedom, it is only unjust and cruel to the Papists, enemies of God and man.

This established rule of action affords the clue, without which it is impossible satisfactorily to account for the terrific agitation which is got up every now and then against Popery; for the unceasing reviling, misrepresentations and slanders of the press in every form of publication—in stories for children, histories for men, romances for ladies, charges for parsons, in monthly and quarterly reviews, in cheap newspapers, in ponderous folios. No matter what subject engages your attention, whether at the bar or on the bench, in either house of parliament, or on the committees, or in the pulpit—strike at Popery and it will be well received. For the sustinment, then, of your establishment in all its vicious integrity, Catholics must be immolated. They must not be left, whether priests, bishops, or nuns, a shred of character—place them, as it were beyond the pale of humanity, and then the Church is safe. This is the solution of the difficulty.

In 1851, a charge of enormous peculation was brought against the heads of the Established Church. You recollect it, my lord. It will serve to establish the theory upon which I am insisting. It was proved, according to their showing, that the bishops had abstracted from the revenues of the Church, several hundred thousand pounds over and above their fair and proper income. Three of them had taken £211,083. The Bishop of Durham, one of the parties, pocketed, according to the *Times*, "£74,000 more than the legislature assigned for him, and more than what the rules of morality and honor would allow to him." What was to be done when this case of shameless peculation was made out? A *coup d'état* was clearly required to save the Establishment. Here was a fraud exceeding in amount the aggregate of all the petty larcenies of the empire in five years, and differing, as it appears to me, in nothing from common robbery, save in the magnitude of the scale on which it has been committed, and in the character of the right reverend parties concerned in the transaction. "No comment of ours" (said the *Times*) can aggravate the disgrace of the facts which we have exposed." The mitres took counsel together, and one, wiser than the rest, said—Let us effect a diversion; it is the only possible thing to save us. Accordingly their lordships, ably seconded by Lord John Russell, got up, by a grand manoeuvre in that year, an agitation which far surpassed anything of the kind since Titus Oates was on the stage. They availed themselves, with great adroitness, of the establishment of the ancient hierarchy to cover the delinquency of the State Church. The heat and excitement of that period, so artfully fomented by addresses from the clergy and episcopal responses, the boiling-over of all the bad passions which characterised the year 1851, rendered it wholly impossible ever since quietly to ask their lordships "What did they do with the public money?" This, my lord, is the Establishment which you call a Church, and this the policy by which it has always been sustained. Before I leave this portion of my subject, may I venture to ask, what motive induced your lordship's parliamentary attack upon the conventual system? Was it, my lord, because it had seized upon, and squandered in luxuries, the property of the nation? because it had ground down the people to the dust, by the weight of its injustice and iniquity? Was it because the Mother Abbesses had monopolised for their own purpose, the sacred funds which should have been employed in the works of Charity? No, my lord—emphatically, no. You have assailed nuns on other grounds, and with a view to temporal interests it will always be necessary to assail them. Their lives of prayer and self-denial—their love of the poor whom your Church plunders—their disengagement of heart from all earthly things, their voluntary poverty, with a view to a closer resemblance of the Divine Model, are the bitterest reproaches upon the mammonism, the pride and pomp and worldly-mindedness of the episcopal bench. If nuns, my lord, be not constantly decieved, and defamed, and railed at by you and your clergy, in season and out of season, they will, assuredly, convince the world that your Establishment, founded on sacrilege and robbery of the poor, has nothing whatsoever to do with the Gospel of Christ. Nay, they have proved it already to all, except those who have a money interest in the Parliamentary creed.

You have laid it down, my lord, in your charge as a principle that those who shrink from investigation, raise unfavorable suspicions against themselves. This rule you apply to nuns, who, without cost to Church or State, do all the good they can, and seek the rewards of the other life. But let us respectfully apply it to your own high and expensive office.

A strong, a very general suspicion prevails that your lordship believes not in the doctrines of the Church whose pay you receive: you reject, it is said, the doctrine of the three distinct persons, the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, in the blessed Trinity—the apostolic succession of bishops as understood by the Christian Church—the remission of sin, as taught in your own Book of Common Prayer, at the visitation of the sick. If these suspicions be true, you have deceived the Protestant people of Ireland, and received an enormous amount of funds on false pretences. You know, my lord, the consequence of refusing a full and satisfactory explanation on the subject.—I have the honor to be,

JAMES MAHER, P.F., Carlow,
June 21, 1853.

CATHOLIC INTELLIGENCE.

KILLARNEY, 5th July.—It is stated here that our venerable Bishop intends having, at the approaching annual meeting of the Priests, an election for a coadjutor. The Very Rev. Dr. Moriarty, the pious and gifted President of Allhallows College, is the person spoken of. The Priests of Kerry will do themselves honor in this selection, for in him they will have a pious, humble, and zealous priest, a man of spotless life, one whom Rome will accept with joy—an accomplished scholar and a refined gentleman.

THE NEWMAN DEFENCE FUND.—Two hundred pounds of the surplus of this fund have been devoted to paying off the legal expenses incurred by the Norwood Nuns against their vile Protestant calumniators.

His Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster has lately been making a tour in Scotland.—His Eminence was every where well received.

THE CAMP AT CHOBHAM.—The first Sunday after the camp had been settled at Chobham, the Lord Bishop of Southwark, with that care and thought which he so incessantly manifests for every portion of his Lordship's extensive district, in which are situated many of the most important military depots in the kingdom, went down to the camp, accompanied by the Rev. Father Ferrara, and said Mass for the Catholic soldiers. We understand that arrangements are being made for the better accommodation of his Lordship, which were of the roughest kind on his first visit.

THE NEW GENERAL OF THE JESUITS.—We learn from *L'Ami de la Religion* that the Very Rev. Father Beck, Provincial of the Province of Austria, has been elected Superior-General of the illustrious Society of Jesus, in place of the late lamented Father Roothan. The present Superior is the twenty-second General of the Order since its foundation by St. Ignatius of Loyola.—*Catholic Standard*.

CONVERSIONS.—On Wednesday, the 15th of June, Barret Wadden, Esq., was received into the true Church by the Right Rev. the Bishop of Southwark, at St. George's. Barret Wadden is now advanced in years, but must still be well remembered by the master-reavers of Spitalfields, among whom he was in many ways distinguished.—*Jb*.

On the 7th of the present month, Miss Sarmon, late of Notting-hill, publicly in the Church of St. Peter, Rue de Chaillot, Paris, abjured Protestantism, and was admitted into the one fold of the One Shepherd.—*Jb*.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

CLARE ELECTION.—The Clare election has terminated in the return of Mr. O'Brien, and Sir J. F. Fitzgerald: the numbers, at the close of the poll being, Mr. O'Brien, 1,376; Sir J. F. Fitzgerald, 1,251; Colonel Vandeleur, 1,299.

SLIGO ELECTION.—Mr. Sadleir has been returned for Sligo, by a majority of 4, the numbers being:—Sadleir 145, Somers 141.

At this election a very riotous scene occurred.—The Rev. Mr. O'Connor, whilst addressing the electors was struck on the back of the head, by (it is said) Mr. Hanley the Protestant candidate. Then ensued a scene that almost baffles description. The following account is from the *Freeman's Journal*:

"Mr. Hanley was seized by the neck and pressed backwards over a railing behind him; he was struck and kicked severely. The reporters, amid the confusion, could see Mr. Somers, who was much excited, shaking his clenched fist in his face, and heard him exclaim, 'It's well for you, you cowardly ruffian, that Somers hasn't you elsewhere, you poltroon.' The police in the body of the court rushed on the bench across the reporters' desk, scattering their papers, and endeavoring, by thrusting the muzzles of their muskets between the numerous beligerent parties, to separate them. Two or three of them seized Mr. Hanley by the collar, and dragged him into a room behind the bench. As he was falling in he was struck in the face and knocked over a chair; his hat was kicked and trampled into pieces, and, were it not for the police, who handled him pretty roughly themselves, he must have been seriously injured. During the riot, the Mayor had jumped from the bench on the desk underneath, and was giving repeated and vehement directions to the police officer, Captain Gibbons, to remove the Rev. Mr. O'Connor. Some delay having occurred, the Mayor stated he would report the officer if he did not obey his orders. He directed that Father O'Connor should be treated as a gentleman, and removed without violence. The Rev. gentleman, in the course of a few moments, left the court at the solicitation of his friends. All this time the body of the court-house presented a frightful aspect. The people were endeavoring apparently to force their way to the bench, but were stoutly and successfully resisted by a strong array of the constabulary who, in some instances, used the butt ends of their muskets, though not with much force or injury. Some of the electors about the bench, Captain Gibbons, and one of the reporters of the Dublin press, were struck by stones flung from the gallery at the left. The Mayor immediately ordered the court and galleries to be cleared. The execution of this order caused intense confusion and excitement in court, so much so that a serious collision was several times apprehended. The clearance was effected in about half an hour, but from the cheering and shouting outside, it was evident that there was great commotion. Captain Gibbons reported to the Mayor that several parties had been taken by his men with pistols loaded and capped. The Mayor ordered them to be detained in custody. He then stated to his audience, consisting of the candidates, their agents, his assessor, the reporters, and a few policemen, that he had taken a show of hands, and that it was in favor of Mr. Sadleir.

A poll was then demanded for Mr. Somers and also for Mr. Hanley.

TRALEE ELECTION.—The nomination of candidates for this borough took place on Monday morning the 4th inst. Shortly after ten o'clock the immediate friends and supporters of the candidates were admitted.