



# CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

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## THE ARCHBISHOP OF TUAM.

TO THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF DERBY.

St. Jarlath's, Tuam, Feast of St. Leo, '58.

My Lord.—The striking contrast between the fate of your former and that of your present administration is a subject of just dismay to some, of overweening confidence to others, and of unqualified wonder to all. The surprise which your continued tenure of office has excited is not less felt among several of your early staunch adherents than among the numerous parliamentary recruits whom an utter despair of the effete fortunes of the three last governments is gradually drawing round your banners. The sudden blow, by many deemed a Providential one, which smote the last of these ministries that strove to disguise the deepest hatred of our faith and nation by the small boons with which they laboured to seduce some few easy Catholic gentlemen from the earnest and efficient service of both, fell on them all with a withering influence. Still there was hope, and so sanguine were the members of the displaced government in their expectation of a speedy restoration to power that the daily letters from beyond the Channel were in the habit of fixing the joyous advent with something of a mathematical precision. Never were the bulletins regarding the convalescence of a royal patient issued with more regularity and confidence than were the prophecies of the returning vitality of the fallen ministers to reassure the despondence of their followers; yet, like the same loyal but mendacious bulletins, "*mieux, mieux, mort!*" they have ended in the assurance of the utter dissolution of that huge Whig fabric, which so many strange influences had so long kept together.

Considering the vast influence which Ireland has uniformly exercised on the councils of the nation in forming, or dissolving, or modifying its successive ministries, and will continue to exercise, nothing appears to me more strange than the delusion of those political partisans who believed, or affected to believe, that the Catholic people would respond to those lamentations which so pathetically deplored the fall of the Whigs, and as earnestly deprecated the misfortunes of entrusting power to any other hands. Though six long years have since elapsed, they seem to have mistaken 1858 for 1852, and to imagine that the disastrous riots of Stockport are still as fresh and vivid, standing out in the same prominent relief as they were when, through their multiplied echoes over Ireland, its people rose, resolved that your lordship's administration should be made the first constitutional victim for the injuries they suffered from it and the preceding occupants of power. The same Stockport riots, no less fatal to the stability of your lordship's administration than they were to the best interests of the Catholics of Ireland, came as the most reasonable screen to intercept the recent misdeeds of the Russell ministry, and to create an impression that all the execration which they had evoked was chiefly owing to the enthusiastic confidence which your lordship's political opponents had commanded. Nothing was more at variance with the fact. The Catholic freeholders of Ireland, asserting their just rights, first broke the ranks of him who was supposed to inflict the latest and the keenest wrong; and, had not the Stockport scenes been unfortunately acted, the Durham letter and the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill would have been as loudly rung, and as deeply echoed, and as fraught with the legitimate manifestations of the people's feelings against the Whigs as they happened to be against your lordship's brief administration. The deep aversion which their cruel neglect of a starving people, and their hatred of the Catholic Hierarchy inspired, they dexterously sought to elude by a comparison with others, and by an artifice not uncommon, they would fain persuade us that, because the Tories were hated, they themselves were loved.

Such was your lordship's relative position in '52, and such were the difficulties with which you had to struggle, and which you found it impossible to subdue. But in '58 those comparative difficulties have vanished, or if aught of them is remembered, it is to bring the effects of contrast to your aid. If Stockport be yet a dark spot to contemplate, the Liberals of the late ministries have furnished us with recollections dreary and humiliating beyond measure to Ireland and its confiding people; and in the varied annals of treachery by which nations have been deceived, and in the varied biographies of public men who made violated pledges the ladder by which they rose to elevation, there is not to be found a more melancholy or instructive episode or chapter than the record of that sweeping system of flagrant deceit and imposition which has been flaunting before the world during those latter years, to the pecuniary ruin of thousands, and to the utter depreciation of public and private morality.

But what considerably aggravated the evil was, that not only did those practices not call

forth the general reprobation which they merited, but many were found to glory in their shame, and to encounter, with the reckless front of vicious habits, the exposure from which a more sensitive virtue should have recoiled. These are things that have, it appears, sunk into the public mind, and of which their perpetrators, as if they were the only strangers in Ireland, appeared until now to be unconscious. These scenes, far sadder in their influence on Catholic interests than the ebullitions of fanaticism in England, will account not only for the patience with which Lord Derby's administration has been hitherto borne, but for the active support recently given in several parts of Ireland to men, the avowed opponents of Whigs, and such motley Liberals, and for no other reason but because they are resolved, in the face of the world, to resent the perfidy with which they have been treated. These are strange things in Ireland, and instructive as they are strange. But the more strange and unaccountable they appear to the selfish, who so long traded on the generosity of the Irish people, or to the superficial, who gauge not the depth of the sagacity that lies under the more impulsive qualities, the more it will be evident to the disinterested and the discerning that the Irish people are pondering over the lessons of treachery they have learned to their cost, and that they will not again be duped by the names or pretensions of any particular political faction. Had your lordship gone to the country, as it is called, there went some precursors at the recent elections to announce what reception your friends and those of the discarded ministry would meet with. There is, too, this other contrast between the two periods of '52 and 1858, that, whilst the results of the one were supposed to be effects of a wide-spread agitation, the others spring from the quiet and spontaneous convictions of the people. No magic wand has been lately wielded to sway what is termed their wayward feelings. The iron dominion of a war administration was justly deemed unsuited to the constitutional struggles which distinguish times of peace. And yet the people of Ireland never appeared more enlightened, more discriminating, more determined, or more disdainful and impatient of the schemes of political impostors than at present—so much so, that if Stockport were to be uttered at an election, it would find a counter cry in some recent scenes equally tragic, and its name would be drowned in the louder execration of that infamy which has been brought upon the land by political swindlers.

The impatience of the country to endure any longer the yoke of the treacherous Whigs and their congenial allies affords a fine opportunity to any great statesman to inaugurate and develop an enlarged and beneficial scheme of policy.—The National system, unsound from the beginning, but which still found its way on the principle that air, however impure, must rush into a vacuum, has been filling some of the empty places out of which the machinery of penal laws had forced the vitality of Catholic education. It has, however, of late become so noisome in several localities that, like the waters of your own river, it is becoming unsupportable by threatening a general infection, and will require no less attention and energy than the Thames itself to effect its salutary purgation. The Queen's Colleges, forbidden to flourish because struck with a blighting interdict, drag on the brief term of their doomed existence without any accessible substitutes to supply their place. But, above all, the fruits of the tenant's labor, legally liable to seizure, are still actually and unjustly seized without compensation, and the use of the franchise, destined to be his shield, turned into a constructive crime to effect his ruin. Our most sacred and awful religious solemnities are still exposed to insult from men to whom, if lost to a sense of propriety, ordinary prudence should teach a lesson of quiet forbearance, and your Church Temporalities Bill is still imperfect whilst it leaves whole towns and cities, as is the case in Tuam, to languish under the incubus of the oppressive laws by which the enormous temporalities of the Establishment are supported. All those questions, intimately connected with the public weal as well as the public peace, will afford ample scope for salutary legislation.

To any wise enactments you may propose regarding those subjects you need not apprehend any obstruction from the faithful remnant of the Independent Opposition members, or from the remonstrances of their constituents. Like the late Sir Robert Peel, your lordship is no doubt animated with the impulse of an honorable ambition, that disdains to give to the importunities of party what it owes to the wider interests of country and of mankind. But in doing so you must beware of the insidious influences that beset his path, especially in legislating for Ireland.—The interested suggestions of a few, whose sole object is place at any price, are to be unheeded in comparison to the manifest interests of the mass of the people. From the Whigs we got, in the shape of bribes, small places for the few,

in lieu of protection to the tenants and the emancipation of our Hierarchy. From the Conservatives we got indifference to individual claims, with large measures of relief to the mass of the Irish nation. In justice, we are entitled to a fair participation of both, and we will not fail to assert it; but if we are still, from a want of union, doomed for a time to the alternative, welcome the advent of that party, in preference to all others, which disregards the subordinate claims of the individual, and applies itself to redressing the wrongs and promoting the happiness of the great body of the people.

Of your lordship's disposition to do justice we have already a pledge in the provision recently made for Catholic Chaplains in the army—a provision which, as long as they could flatter and deceive by individual favors, the Whigs, or the false Liberals, would not grant to doomsday.—This is not a hazardous conjecture. It is founded on their own authentic testimony; and when the poor Irish soldiers were pouring out their life-blood in the late war their Bishops received from the then Prime Minister the chilling assurance of an utter indifference to the prayer of their memorial and the just claims of their own spiritual children. Such has long been our fate, and such still would it continue if a few Catholics who may flatter round the precincts of the Vice-regal court were enabled to persuade its occupant that it is only necessary for the purpose of good government to comply with their selfish demands, and that in meeting them you satisfy all the just requirements of the distant provinces. Yet this ministry, composed of several hostile sections, which disregarded the memorial of the Bishops, and denied to the dying soldier the consolations of his faith, was eulogised as most liberal and useful by the venal recipients of its patronage; and, like those substances separately poisonous, which become wholesome from their mixture, the hostile elements of the Aberdeen cabinet were converted into the most friendly government by their chemical amalgamation.

There are certain days approaching near which, I trust, will pass over without any suffering to your ministry. The month of July comes laden with many remembrances of a conflicting nature, and it should be the duty of a wise statesman to pluck the sting out of all such anniversaries.—The 1st and 12th of July, with their historical events, would have brought no recollections fatal to the charities of after times if some of the men of after times were not strangers to the spirit of charity. If it were not for such recent sanguinary exhibitions as have periodically disturbed the peace of the north of Ireland, the battle of the seventh century would do now but little harm. Suffer not, then, the repetition of the savage scenes of Belfast or Dolly's Brae to become a just apology for endangering the stability of your administration. With such contemptible factions—become formidable only through excessive indulgence—no wise or vigorous government should fear to grapple; and if their unhallowed spirit were effectually laid, the names of the Boyne or of Aughrim would be as powerless in arming against each other the children of the same soil as is now the name of Culloden in exciting to deadly conflict the peaceful borders of England and of Scotland.—I have the honor to be, your lordship's obedient servant,  
† JOHN, Archbishop of Tuam.

## REV. DR. CAHILL

ON ENGLAND AND FRANCE.

(From the Dublin Catholic Telegraph.)

All those who have taken the trouble of studying the political career of Lord John Russell and Lord Palmerston, during the last twelve years, must recollect the remarkable diplomatic prophecy, published in reference to them, by several eminent statesmen—namely, that these two Ministers would involve Europe in universal insurrection; and in the end that they would plunge their own country in inextricable ruin. The first part of this political vaticination has been literally fulfilled; and the accomplishment of the second part seems, under all the circumstances, not very far distant. Who does not remember the year 1847, when Naples, Rome, Florence, Paris, and Vienna were so many stations where English conspirators resided, as official rebels, to fan the flame of Revolution, and to communicate to London, by a daily correspondence, the progress of the anti-Catholic scheme? Switzerland was the depot where sections of all the cutthroats of Europe, as partners in this conspiracy, were congregated. Here, as in a political Hell, were assembled all those whom social crime, want, treason, or assassination had expelled from their own country; here, like the fallen spirits, they planned their fiendish stratagems, in demoniac council; and prepared, under given leaders, the insurrections which afterwards shook the surrounding countries, menaced several ancient thrones, and well-nigh ended in a general massacre. London was the head-quarters, whence were issued the general orders for this sanguinary and infidel combination. The names of the lead-

ers are familiar through all Europe; and if a benevolent and protecting Providence had not in a favorable time defeated these execrable machinations, the most crimsoned page of European history would have been written in the year '47.

The palpable misrepresentations, the notorious lies of these English Correspondents, in every department of foreign, religious and political history; in the every-day public transactions, and the domestic privacies of these various countries, are amongst the most singular moral phenomena of malignant, aggravated slander of which there is any known record in the whole world. At one time these hired writers would send a report to the *Times* that thousands were immured in the dungeons of Naples, several feet below the level of the sea; at another time they would state that the Inquisitors at Rome seized, in the dead of night, several persons, and hurried them, without trial or judgment, to the Castle of St. Angelo, there to be imprisoned during their lives, for no other crime except for having had in their possession a copy of the Protestant Scriptures! At one time these English Delegates have represented the Italian Nunneries as the seats of immorality, the College of Cardinals as a corporation of a graduated iniquity, and the Vatican as the centre of a hated, superstitious tyranny. Who has not read these daily articles in the London press? At another time the Queen of Spain is represented as giving an audience to her Ministers, while the very obscenities of language were outraged in expressing the indecencies of the Spanish Court. There is no epithet of ignorance, superstition, or despotism which has not been applied to the Emperor of Austria; and thus England, her Cabinets, her Correspondents, her Ambassadors, her hired Press have spread over Europe, a calumnious literature and a revolutionary policy which has cost millions and tens of millions of pounds sterling; and which for moral turpitude and criminal design has no parallel in the history of modern times. In the midst of all this English calumny on Catholic Europe, France always was represented as a race—a mongrel race—of Atheists and fanatics, a mixture of monarchy and Red Republicanism which only required one bold leader and a decided step for the universal overthrow of the ancient monarchy and the ancient creed. The English Cabinets—the Whig Cabinets—had two objects in view in this expensive conspiracy—namely, to advance their commerce during the surrounding political disorder and social panic; and again to propagate their Biblical creed, by the suppression of Catholicity.

The English anticipations, so nearly realised, were almost in one hour disappointed; the successful nomination of Napoleon as the President of the French Republic; and again by his accession, by the *coup de main*, to the Imperial throne of his uncle, presented Europe, in a few hours, under a different aspect. It was a kind of national dissolving view which, in a moment, surprised all mankind. In this altered position of affairs France at once resumed her original imperial pre-eminence; the surrounding countries acquired strength and confidence from French central power; rebellion was crushed, order and religion lifted their drooping heads; the English intrigue, defeated and exposed, shrunk back within Exeter Hall and St. Stephens, to expend in ineffectual invective and malice the feelings of that desperate conspiracy which she had planned for the political and moral subjugation of the neighboring states. Diplomats, military men, tourists, Biblical emissaries were located in all the cities and towns of southern Europe; and by a malignant industry, which would now appear incredible, they filled the English mind, otherwise honestly and honorably disposed, with continued narratives of social, political, and religious statistics, every word of which was studied falsehood and opprobrious invention. As a specimen of the style with which these emissaries misrepresented the Catholic Continent, I shall republish a singular *morceaux* written in the same spirit in reference to Ireland, and published in England by an itinerant Biblical from our own Kingstown. The stunning monstrous mis-statement of this paragraph has, I dare say, by its unblushing hardihood of details, deceived the Leeds folk; but this kind of *preaching*, so far from doing an injury to Catholicity, advances it considerably; and that, too, in something of the same ratio by which it covers with contempt the declining cause of lying itinerant Souperism. I feel quite convinced that there is not even one respectable Protestant, lay or cleric, in Ireland, who will not blush in burning shame on reading the following part of a *sermon* at Leeds delivered there by our Kingstown Biblical:—

"LECTURE ON IRELAND.—On Wednesday evening, a lecture was delivered in Harrison-road (Independent) chapel, 'On Ireland,' by the Rev. Denham Smith, of Kingstown. The Rev. J. C. Mc. Michael took the chair. The lecturer entered into a lengthened account of the Ireland of twenty years ago, in contrast with the Ireland of to-day. He himself was an Englishman; but after study for the ministry, he entered on his labors as a Christian Protestant missionary twenty years since, and spent many years

itinerating that country, preaching as often as opportunity afforded. At that time nine-tenths of the inhabitants were Roman Catholic; but now only one-half of them are so. The one and fifty islands (of which but little is yet known) were then tenanted by races wild almost to barbarism; but at the present time, civilisation is seen to have advanced rapidly. Mr. Smith stated the pleasing fact that at the present moment *three millions* of the children of the country are in schools, and being well educated by the different sects. These would shortly be sent into the world, and others take their places, so that in a very short period it was anticipated that three millions of the youthful population would be educated. The lecture was both instructive and amusing. Mr. Smith brought before the congregation the condition of the *church* at Kingstown over which he ministered. There was a debt of £500 upon the place, and his object in visiting this country, in addition to giving information as to the state of Ireland, was to solicit information as to the state of the *church*. A collection was made."

So late even, as fifteen or twenty years ago, the Correspondence from the Continent, published in the *Times* and in other journals in England, were never copied into the Continental papers. The various countries and thrones which were then grossly maligned preferred to remain silent under the most iniquitous charges, rather than incur the displeasure of the British Ambassadors residing at their Courts, or to add to the agitation by which their respective Kingdoms were already too much distracted. In those days, therefore, England was the sole Arbitrer of the policy of Europe; her own statements of her own institutions were published without contradiction; and she appeared, from the laudations of her own Press, as the mistress of the world, the seat of liberty, and the centre of true Christianity. It was in those days that the two ex-Premiers, whose names appear at the head of this article, necessitated by their disastrous policy that new alliance with Catholic countries, which is now the permanent basis of European security; and it was during this period of English rampant bigotry and political perfidy, that Great Britain has earned that universal hatred which has already shaken her power, and which in coming time is likely to utterly crush her invidious pre-eminence.

How altered is her present position and name will become evident to any one who wishes to examine the present Continental journals. The lies of her Correspondents are now openly gibed in the daily Continental Press; her military renown ridiculed; her social crimes are abhorred; her creed is lampooned; and her power is scoffed. France asks where are the million of Bibles which Exeter-hall asserts have been distributed throughout Gaul? Spain makes the same inquiry? Naples demands a reply to the same question, and wishes to know where are the Converts to Anglicanism so often referred to in the *Two Sicilies*? Austria rallies Hungary and Lombardy in bitter sarcasm, when she now asks the Hungarians where are the British men-of-war which were to cover the Grecian Archipelago in their support? and again she makes Lombardy writhe in shame when she reminds the Italian rebels there of the promise which perfidious England made to them of blockading Venice and shutting up the Adriatic till the rebels defeated the Austrians! Where now, the Continent asks, is Palmerston? where are the English fleets? where are the British armies? The answer to these cutting, wounding questions is plain. Palmerston is buried for ever in dishonored oblivion; and the British, Naval, and Military power is taxed to its utmost limit in endeavoring to recover the position amongst her own subjects, which she has lost through an insolent domestic tyranny and an insane bigotry. All Europe now asks—What has become of Palmerston's promises, and where are the English Bible Societies for reforming Southern Europe? and thus, in the course of about ten years, a loud shout of contemptuous defiance against England is heard from Algiers to Cherbourg, from the Tagus to the Volga.

Even poor Ireland asks in her turn what has happened to all the million tracts and Bibles scattered all over Erin during the last twenty-five years, as stated in the *Rotunda*, in the annual reports of the Bible Societies? The writer of this article asks, on this point only, one simple question, namely—"Has any one ever seen, taken in his hand and read, in any one Catholic house, cabin, or hotel in Ireland, at any time, year, or month, *any one* tract, Bible, or Protestant book said to be distributed by the soupers amongst the Catholic people of Ireland?" If any one were to believe the annual statements of the speakers at the *Rotunda*, the millions of tracts and Bibles said to be distributed amongst the Catholics during the last thirty years would be sufficiently numerous to cover the territorial surface of all Ireland, to reach the very cabins of the poor, and to have still a large supply for all spiritual purposes. Whereas I hereby now challenge any one (excepting the few perverted perjured soupers) to name *one* man, woman, or child in Catholic Ireland, who has ever received *even one* copy of any one of these millions, tens