

lordship the precise criminality which justifies you in making this grave charge through your subordinate, and to pronounce the verdict of guilt, by visiting you with the penalty of £30,000 a year. Your lordship has, no doubt, your parliament at your back to defend you; but we, too, have our parliament to support us. You have bigoted England, rancorous Scotland, and Orange Ireland on your side; but we have all Catholic Europe and all glorious America on ours. You shall have your verdict at home, and we shall have ours abroad; and great as is the Earl of Derby in Downing street, it may happen that the Irish Priesthood may be more respected at Washington, and that the shouts of your triumphant, base, bigoted majority in your venal house may be drowned in the loud, angry cry of shame and scorn which we shall raise against you all over the civilised world. As your lordship is about to put us on our trial, we shall demand your evidence; and if you are determined to pack your jury, we shall publish to all mankind the lies and perjury of your witnesses; and then your verdict will be national dishonor, and your victory will be royal disgrace.

Pray, then, Sir, what crime have we committed to justify your judicial "Praise-God-Barebones" in insulting one-third of the empire by the words "Popish error," and "the inroads of the Papacy?" And will your lordship condescend to inform us in what manner has Maynooth forfeited the confidence of your cabinet to deserve to be ejected on the "crowbar" principle? We, the Priests of Ireland, have never, within my recollection, even in one instance, opposed the administration of the laws. We have never, in any one instance, encouraged insubordination to the constituted authorities. There is not a stain on our conscientious allegiance. We are the avowed abettors of order, and the public advocates of peace. Our fault, if we have any, is our slavish submission to the most grinding tyranny that ever the world saw—a tyranny that has ejected the aged, banished the youthful, starved the survivors, and dishonored the dead. If your lordship, therefore, persevere in your determination of repealing the act of '45, you will be guilty of a palpable injustice, which has no parallel even in English legislation, save the perjury of Limerick, and the murder of Mullaghmast. If you succeed in this injustice and insult, we shall publish your lordship throughout Europe as descending to a mean trick, practising a low deceit, and guilty of a dishonorable injustice.

When your official ancestors (for the ends of state policy) first endowed Maynooth, the Irish Clergy had forty-six friendly Colleges on the Continent of Europe, having funds appropriated for the education of the regular and secular Clergy of Ireland, Portugal, Spain, France, Italy, Austria, Holland, Belgium, and Germany, opened their seminaries to the Irish student, when the racks and gibbets, and the ropes and the scaffolds of your Evangelical government were reeking with human Irish blood in honor of God. And if you have left the Irish Priesthood to continue their educational course on the Continent ever since, these forty-six colleges would now be supplied with superabundant additional funds from the charity and the zeal of Catholic Europe in favor of persecuted Ireland, and we should be now spared the galling insult of your Tory fanatical Solicitor, and of your lordship's known bigotry. Why did you take us on board your state ship against our will in '95, and then leave us into the ocean in '52? Why did you encourage us to build our houses over your political magazine, in order to blow us up at a given moment? Why did you dry up the Catholic charity of Europe in our favor, in order that, upwards of half a century, of suspended charity, you might cast us, abandoned and friendless, on the world? Why did you flatter us in order to throw us off our guard for our ruin? But, above all, why do you slander and malign us, eject us, banish us, starve us, put us to death? But in the name of the honor of your nation do not believe us—do not forge calumnies on our coffins, or print perjury on our tombs—break our bones, as your ancestor Wentworth did—banish us, as did your predecessor Somerset—let your Solicitor hang us without a jury, as his countryman Jefferies has formerly practised his profession at the bar of the ancient Lord Turo; but, Sir, leave us our name—our zeal—our honor—our patriotism. Earl Derby! let not your hatred of Ireland or your insatiable rancor against the Catholic creed, make you forget the dictates of conscience, the principles of honor, and the laws of justice. Do not, in imitation of some infamous landlords in Ireland, eject the Priesthood with their rent paid. Do not brand the honor of the Queen, by associating royalty with the Crowbar Brigade. Give us due notice to quit, till we can have time to secure a collegiate home on the continents of Europe and America; and if your lordship is the person selected to act the part of Tom Cromwell in Ireland, you may, like your predecessor, be approaching a near abyss of personal humiliation. At all events, our case is clear—namely, that without a shadow of a fault against the laws of our country, against our allegiance to the throne, and against the honor due to the Queen, you have, in the face of God and man, opened your ministerial career with a threat of persecution, which, if carried into execution against us, has never been surpassed, even in our country, for trick, insult, falsehood, treachery, deceit, and injustice. But believe me, the time is fast approaching when the Methodists, the Presbyterians, and the Chartists will force you or your successors to repeat the same experiment towards the Protestant Church which you now practice to Maynooth; and a breach once made in the old walls of the Establishment, not all the artillery of your lordships eloquence can repel the assailants or defend the rotten, tottering citadel.

What your cabinet will do next, no one can tell; one mistake often leads to another more fatal error,

and it may happen that "the errors of Popery," with which your solicitor seems so well acquainted, may bear no comparison in point of number and magnitude with the errors of the Derby administration. But while we are partly ignorant of the precise line of your persecuting policy, our course is clear and decided—namely, to combine together legally and constitutionally, as one man, throughout your empire; and if it appear that your instructions are decided on new penalties and on increased injustice, we must be equally determined to raise a shout of contempt at your policy, and boldly set you at defiance.

When Lord Stanley purchased liberty, in 1833, for a handful of slaves in Jamaica, he gave seven years' notice to their masters for fear of injuring the feelings of 240 slave drivers; surely, then, when the Earl of Derby (related somehow to that Lord Stanley) inflicts slavery on the millions of Catholic Ireland, and on the spotless Priesthood of their nation, he should give a proportionate notice to the Ministers of God. But the rage against Popery and the Papacy is the present cry of bigotry; and from the Premier to the village sexton all are inoculated with the virus of this insane distemper, and all look delirious when the name of the benevolent inoffensive Pope is uttered. And one should think your lordship has had a salutary warning against this shameful trick in the downfall of Lord Palmerston and in the defeat of Lord John Russell. Europe is now perfectly aware of their unholy machinations, and alive to the danger of trusting English fanatical diplomacy. An Englishman is now watched all over the Continent as if his presence were the signal of treachery, and his correspondence deceit. Your Biblical societies have been expelled from all the Catholic and Protestant countries of Europe at fifteen days' notice, and the letters of the English correspondents to the London journals are stopped and opened in all the post offices with the same terror as if they contained treason against the monarchs of those countries. And I think I speak the exact feeling of those nations when I assert that while they hold the name of English Whig in contemptuous detestation, they view the name of English Tory in irreconcilable abhorrence. The universal voice of mankind at this moment brands England as standing alone in the civilised world, the perfidious advocate of religious persecution; and the conduct of the Sultan, standing uncovered while a Catholic Bishop in last August married, at Constantinople, the daughter of a Greek functionary of the court, to an Italian Roman Catholic (Signor Fotaldi) stands in reproaching contrast to the audacious bigotry of the Queen's Chamberlain in the late case of Monsignore Searle; and it proves that we can expect more courtesy and higher consideration from a royal Mahomedan and a royal Turk abroad, than we can hope for at home from the Christian monarch, for whose honor, name, and throne our fathers in arms have died, and for whom we ourselves are prepared, from conscience and duty, to spill our heart's blood. There is no one department of your empire, social, naval, military, forensic, religious, political, in which we Catholics are not now met by studied insult and ribald slander. The word "Popery" (as you insultingly call our faith) is the universal watchword of reproach—the combining signal of persecution; and if the Catholics who fight your battles on the banks of the Suttlej, and win your victories, are subject to your degrading insult, even while leaning on their bleeding arms, the trophies of their courage and your dominion, how can we expect your truth, or your sympathy, or your friendship at home? Although my poor Catholic countrymen pour out their life's blood for you on the burning sands of India, you refuse them the happiness of a Chaplain of their own creed, in all the internal stations of the country; and when the poor Italian Priest, Father Francis, followed the 50th Regiment to the battle of the Moodkee, and was killed, while in the heat of the fight among the dying, your Christian government refused to give him a mule to carry himself and his slender baggage—you refused him the common necessities of life—you would not give him one penny to console the dying Catholic brave soldier. And hear it Robespierre, hear it elder Napoleon in your grave, hear it French guards of Marengo, hear it thou Irish Commander of our Forces at the Horse Guards—when poor Father Francis lay dead on the field, with two sabre cuts on his neck, no British hand bore him to a foreign grave—no British honor saluted the fallen Priest over an honored tomb—two poor Catholic privates laid him in a rude coffin made from the remains of two tea chests, and the abandoned fate and the cruel neglect of poor Father Francis, at Moodkee, is the whole history of England to Catholic Ireland, from the first moment when their red gibbet was erected in 1543, to the late epistolary insult of your lordship's fanatical Solicitor. I shall take the liberty of occasionally coming into your presence, and publishing my humble views of your policy to Ireland; and I wish to inform you that these letters of mine will be read in every city in Europe, and in every village and hamlet of America.—I have the honor to be, my lord earl, with profound respect, your lordships obedient servant,

D. W. CAHILL, D. D.

PROSELYTISM IN THE WEST OF IRELAND—LECTURE BY REV. THOMAS HARDIMAN, P. P., BALLINROBE.

(From the *Liverpool Citizen*.)

On last Monday evening, Father Hardiman delivered his third lecture on the subject of "pecuniary proselytism in Ireland" to a most crowded meeting at Holyross. The Rev. Father Welsh, one of the respected local Clergy, occupied the chair. He opened the business of the evening by a very impressive address, in the course of which he, in the kindest manner, and in the most flattering terms, introduced the Rev. Mr. Hardiman to the meeting, after which Mr. Hardiman presented himself, and was received

with repeated bursts of applause and true Irish welcome from his countrymen.

After some pertinent prefatory remarks, the Rev. gentleman entered into the depths of the subject which he had undertaken to expose. And it must be admitted that seldom was a lecturer more successful in fully convincing his audience, and fully satisfying their expectations, than was Father Hardiman on this occasion. The best proof of the effect produced by his able discourse is found in this, that although the room was crowded to inconvenience, and that he spoke for two hours, not one left the place—nay, all seemed sorry when he had concluded. He commenced by demonstrating by most cogent arguments, that the system of pecuniary proselytism, which confessedly depends entirely for success on the state of the stomach and the utter destitution of the subject, must, from the very nature of things, be based on fallacy, deceit, and lies. He pointedly said that it reminded him of those mountebank mesmerisers, who hold forth in different parts of the country, pretending that they can operate on any person in the assembly by the mighty power of their art, provided only the subject or individual be disposed for their operation; or, in other words, if the person be mesmerisable, they will undertake to make him laugh and cry, and speak any or every language; or even they will go so far as to play any tune on his cranium, by touching the tuneful bumps with their fingers. But this can only be done when the subject is fit to be operated upon—that is to say, when he is prepared to play the game of humbug with the great operator in the play. Such is literally the case with those evangelical mesmerisers. They can, by the force of their spiritual weapons—i.e., money and meal—convert any man within a given period, short or long, according to the state of his stomach and belly, provided the individual belongs to that class whom the Lord has called to the light of Faith. And this can, they say, be ascertained at once by examining the cheeks—if the cheek wears the rose of health, and if hunger has not yet spread a deadly palor over the face, that is a positive sign that grace has not yet prepared that subject for hearing the Word!!

Now, he would ask the honest English Protestants to reflect on this, and say how can they, with all their fine common sense and cleverness, ever be so imposed upon—so degraded in the scale of civilisation as to give their support and countenance to such a system as this. Did ever any man hear of such a mode of making proselytes before? Did ever, even the wildest of the Pagans, propound such monstrous morality as this? Diogenes, in his tub, strove to convince the world he was right, and he of course, used his best endeavors to make converts or proselytes to his system of philosophy; so did Epicurus, and Pythagoras, and every founder of a system. That is what might be expected from any man who was in earnest or sincere in what he inculcated. But all these men strove to make proselytes by the force of reason and argument. But did any of them ever degrade his system and himself by openly declaring (and acting up to what he said), "My system is right; all others are wrong; but I cannot convince any person of the truth of my doctrine, unless that man is reduced to the lowest ebb of hunger and want of all the common necessities of life!" Yet, strange to say, what the Pagans would blush at and shrink from with horror, is taught and practised by those apostles who have undertaken to convert the wild Irish to the true gospel. Yes, give the Irish Parson or Jumper-maker first plenty of money—that is the first requisite. Of course he will feel himself bound in conscience to put the biggest half into his own pocket. Then give him a starving subject to operate upon; then supply him with a few bags of yellow meal, some old clothes, and new Bibles, and a thermometer to ascertain exactly the degrees of hunger, and in the fulness of his zeal and the plenitude of the spirit he will engage to recruit the ranks of the Established Church with hordes of true believers. He laid a variety of shocking and astounding facts as regarded the abominable system of proselytism carried on by the Jumpers, before his audience. He proved by documentary evidence as well as from personal observation, that the whole system is nothing but a monstrous piece of robbery, hypocrisy and lies!! Among other documents, he read extracts from a so-called catechism, published in the Irish language by the Jumper-makers. The Rev. lecturer read out, in the Irish language, those blasphemous expressions which many of those present were unable to understand. But when he translated those flowers of proselytism into English, a thrill, nay, a shriek of horror, ran round the crowded room. Yes, said he, such is the dose prepared for those wretched children whom those wicked men succeed in luring into those caverns of horror—the "colonies," as the proselytising camps are very appropriately designated by the Jumper-makers themselves. The lecturer, after dissecting the infernal subject he had taken in hand, boldly tore away the cloak which craft and hypocrisy had so cunningly folded round it, and after dragging the hideous monster from the dark pit in which it had hitherto concealed its deformity, he invited the honest Protestants of Liverpool to come and see and examine it with open and impartial eyes.—Then would they see how shamefully they were imposed upon by those lying Irish Parsons, who so often had consigned their goods—i.e., their huge lies—to the salesmasters in Liverpool and Exeter Hall, or, in other words, to the English Parsons, who, like themselves, live by propagating ill will and lies—that those lies might be sold to the best advantage in the English market, by wholesale or retail, as opportunity should offer!

He humorously and graphically described a certain Bishop in the west of Ireland, who was well known, it appears, to the votaries of the jolly god, before he had received the summons from the spirit, to lay aside his flask, and powder-horn, and shot-bag, and fowling-piece, and fishing-rod, which up to that time were his lordship's evangelical weapons, as now he was called to be "a fisher of men," or Jumper-maker, like a real Apostle, for the remainder of his days, or at least as long as John Bull could be humbugged of his cash.

The Rev. gentleman, intends to continue those excellent lectures, as we understand, in other parts of the town, and we feel confident it is unnecessary for us to urge upon the patriotic and spirited Catholics of Liverpool that they are imperatively called upon to sustain such a man, and to respond generously to the call he is making on them for funds to erect suitable schools in his depopulated parish, wherein those angel guardians of the poor, the "Sisters of Mercy," may be enabled to impart the blessings of a religious education to the little children of the district now exposed to the temptations of hunger, the Devil, and the Jumpers.

CATHOLIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE NEW CARDINAL—ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN.—I believe there is no doubt whatever that the selection of Dr. Cullen will be approved of by the Pope. At present, as Roman Catholic Archbishop of Armagh and Primate, that Prelate exercises the functions of delegate-apostolic from the Court of Rome; but it is understood that soon after his translation to the diocese of Dublin, which is inferior in rank to Armagh, he will be raised to the dignity of a Cardinal, with the powers of legate from the Pope in Ireland.—*Morning Chronicle's Correspondent*.

CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY.—There was a collection for the University in Lawrence on Sunday last. The congregation of the new Church contributed \$158, which includes Rev. Mr. O'Donnell's subscription. In the afternoon Father Hearne received \$14 50 and \$10 from Rev. Mr. Taafe, his first subscription, at the small church of the Conception.—*Boston Pilot*.

CONFIRMATION.—The Most Rev. Archbishop of New York confirmed, on Wednesday morning, the 5th inst., at the Church of the Nativity, 227 persons. Among these we happened to notice several converts of our acquaintance. The Archbishop made a beautiful address on the occasion.—*N. Y. Freeman's Journal*.

The Rt. Rev. Bishop Odin, of Galveston, Texas, reached this port in the Steamer Pacific, on Sunday, afternoon, 2d inst. The Bishop has obtained for his Diocese six Priests, and sixteen young men preparing for the Priesthood, who sailed from Havre in the latter part of March for New Orleans.—*Id.*

DIocese OF HARTFORD.—A correspondent of the *American Celt* gives a very gratifying statement of the progress of Catholicity at Birmingham, in Connecticut. Five or six years ago, Catholics were so few there, that they could assist at the Holy Sacrifice in a small private room, whenever they were favored by a visit from the Rev. Mr. Smith, of New Haven. When not more than fifty in number, they commenced the erection of a Church. This Church has since been considerably enlarged, and the congregation now outnumbers the members of three Protestant Churches in the town.

THE REV. E. DAYMAN.—The *Gazette de Midi*, states that an ex-Minister of the Protestant Church, the Rev. Alfred Dayman of the University of Oxford, said Mass on Easter Sunday at the Church of Notre-Dame-du-Mont, at Marseilles, and afterwards preached a sermon in French, in which he explained the causes of his conversion to the Catholic Church. He concluded by imploring his auditors to offer up prayers for the speedy conversion of the Protestants of England. The same journal states that Mr. Dayman was only ordained the day before by the Bishop of Marseilles, and that this was the first time of officiating as a Roman Catholic Priest.

The Roman news is chiefly taken up with the details of the ceremonies of Holy Week. The following is abridged from the letter of the correspondent of the *Chronicle*:—The services of Palm Sunday were numerously attended, principally by strangers from all nations, and speaking all tongues, though a not inconsiderable crowd of Romans also thronged the vast Basilica of St. Peter's. The faithful made the round of the building twice in procession, with his Holiness borne aloft on his throne, preceded by the Cardinals and Bishops, and surrounded by the noble guard, all bearing palm branches in their hands. Amongst the foreigners bringing up the rear we observed Lords Campden and Fielding, Mr. Varasseur, and other English Catholics. The building was thronged by military, both French and Roman, not to mention the large body of the Pontifical guards.

A Retreat, which will terminate on Sunday (25th April) has been held in St. Patrick's Chapel for the last fortnight by the Rev. Messrs. Lockhart and Rinolfi, and the sacred edifice has been crowded during the whole time, and I am enabled to say that, particularly at the evening service, a vast number of Protestants were present. The sermon on Monday evening was one of unusual interest—"The Real Presence"—and I have never heard, amongst all the convincing Catholic proofs on this most important of all subjects, so triumphant and unanswerable arguments. There were many Protestants present; and the result of the mission is the conversion of about thirty Protestants, some of whom have been baptised, and the remainder will receive the Sacrament immediately, when all will be publicly received into the bosom of the Church. The converts are all highly respectable persons in their sphere of life.—*Liverpool Correspondent of Tablet*.

On Sunday last, the Rev. Mr. Grant, a convert from Oxford, delivered a very eloquent and impressive discourse in St. Francis Xavier's Church, to a large and respectable congregation.—*Id.*

CONVERSION.—Prince Paul of Wurtemberg, brother of the reigning King, and brother-in-law of Prince Jerome Bonaparte, died in Paris at his Hotel, place Vendome, on the 16th ult., at the age of sixty-seven. Although he and all the royal family of Wurtemberg profess the Protestant religion, he abjured his heresy in January last, and was received into the bosom of the Catholic Church. During his last moments, as he was surrounded by several members of his family, the Pope's Nuncio was announced. The arrival of the Romish legate created no small sensation among the Protestants. A priest of the Madeleine, brought by the Nuncio, then administered to the dying Prince the last Sacraments of the Church.

We are glad to hear that two ladies of the name of Young, and also Mrs. Langdon, wife of Henry Langdon, Esq., have been received into the Church at Boulogne-sur-Mer; as also, that a young lady arrived last week at Bruges for the purpose of being received into the Church.