



CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

VOL. VI.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, APRIL 18, 1856.

NO. 36.

DR. CAHILL IN LIMERICK.

(From the Limerick Reporter and Tipperary Vindicator.)

ST. PATRICK'S EVENING IN THE AUGUSTINIAN CHURCH.

Last evening (Monday, March 17) one of the most crowded congregations we have ever witnessed assembled in the Augustinian Church to hear the promised panegyric of our national saint by the Very Rev. Dr. Cahill. The church from an early hour was thronged, and at the time the distinguished preacher appeared on the altar, accompanied by several of the clergy of the city, it was impossible to obtain standing room within the precincts of the building. The galleries, as well as the sanctuary, were occupied by an immense concourse, including many Protestants, who, throughout the Lenten lectures of the Very Rev. Gentleman, have been most assiduous in their attention to his preachings. It would be impossible in the short space which we can afford to-day to give anything like a full report of the extended historical view which the Doctor gave of the social and religious condition of Ireland from the time of St. Patrick up to the present moment. After having pointed out the conversion of Ireland by St. Patrick, he rapidly glanced at the learning and sanctity of our island up to the time of Henry II.—the twelfth century. He clearly proved that Ireland upon the one hand was the seminary where a great portion of Europe studied letters—while, on the other hand, her ordained missionaries spread religion throughout the neighboring nations. He interested and entranced his audience by his manly indignation at the tyranny of the English conquest from the end of the twelfth to the middle of the sixteenth century; and he proved that while all the surrounding nations were advancing in commerce and national power, Ireland was bleeding under the foreign lash of English domination. He added, it is but justice to say that this was Catholic cruelty, and it rivalled in point of national despotism, the Protestant tyranny of later years. It was impossible not to feel like himself whilst he sketched the persecution of Elizabeth, the rebellion of Cromwell, and the usurpation of William; and, having dwelt on those three topics as an eloquent historian, he concluded by saying that no other country in the world except Ireland could maintain her liberties and her religion during the last seven hundred years of national spoliation, national persecution, and national slavery. He continued to say—They branded us with ignorance, while they made education a felony; they branded us with the charge of poverty and want of industry, while they left to each Catholic but one acre of land; and they have continually ridiculed our national disorders, while they deprived us of the benefits of civilisation, and goaded our ancestors in self-defence into acts of desperate retaliation. He pointed out the fidelity of Ireland as contrasted with Denmark, Sweden, Norway, Russia, Germany, Holland, and Switzerland. He sketched the terrors of infidelity which raged over the fairest portion of Europe; and in an apostrophe to Ireland, by which every heart was moved, he passed a eulogium on her unparalleled fidelity in the maintenance of liberty and religion, in the most disastrous struggle which has ever been recorded by the pen of the historian. He dwelt considerably on the topic of foreign infidelity; and adduced the example of France to show that, in the death of their King and in the number of their clergy, they succeeded for a while in lowering the Cross of Charlemagne and substituting the Goddess of Reason for the genius of the Gospel. And the reverend gentleman continued to say:—And the storm soon reached our own shores in terror; they could not seduce her heart or corrupt her faith, but in their vengeance they reddened the scaffold with the young blood of her sons, and they laid waste their country. The men of those days are gone—the grave worm has long since slept in their brain, and brought out their young in their cold hearts; but they are illustrious dead; they were an invincible band; they had lion hearts; they could not free the cross, but they could die in the struggle; their spirit could not be subdued, and sooner than permit innovation to taint their ancient faith, they fell fighting at the foot of the symbol of salvation. The gospel was not stained in their hands; they left it to their descendants, surrounded with the additional lustre of martyred purity. Rome was astonished at the courage of Ireland, equalling her own unrivalled intrepidity under Nero and Caligula; but her martyrs fought under the eye of the head of the Church, and met death in the single stroke of the axe of executioner, whereas the Irish died inch by inch in the lengthened torture and slow agony of political exclusion, withering poverty, and national insult. The names of these poor fellows are not graven on any national monument; there is no stone on their graves; their bones lie forgotten; but their death is honored with a nation's sympathy, and the history of their lives is carved on the hearts

of their descendants in fond national remembrance. It is not from the instructions of the living that the Irish heart receives its most exalted devotion: no, it is from the tombs of the dead; the Irish grave is more eloquent than the Irish pulpit; a spirit rises up from the old church yard which melts the soul of the living heart more than the burning fire from the orator's lip. Many a tongue of fire, many a glowing heart, many a master mind that once defended Ireland's liberty and faith, lie buried beneath the forgotten clay. Many a heroic priest, surrounded by a faithful flock, lies asleep there together: he led them in life, and he sleeps with them in death; he fed them in the faith from his own hand, and now he stands before God, a witness of their imperishable merit. Oh, if these tombs could speak, what a thrilling flood would issue from them to move the living; if the past centuries could utter their scarlet history, how would the recital nerve the present age to stand firm and maintain its place without dishonor to the past, cowardice to the present, or treachery to the future. The ecclesiastical history of other countries is contained in resolutions, conferences, synods—ours, in chains, exile, death; their glory is published in books and parchments; ours is proclaimed from the uprooted altar, the martyr's grave.—Books are a cold chronicle to tell Ireland's faith.—No! the lonely mountain, the unfrequented valley, the dark cavern—these are burning records; here the priest lay hid—here the flock was fed—these are, therefore, our family titles. Aye, and the beaten spot where the trembling parishioner placed the annual garland over the fallen pastor, these are the inspiring sources from whence the Irish heart must drink its lessons of Ireland's invincible courage and imperishable faith. No, not books—our national seminary—no, but the mouldering heart that lived, and bled, and died, for God's unfading gospel! Oh, since the first time when last I had the pleasure of addressing you in this city, what a black page does not Ireland exhibit: in these years she has lived a century of woe—since that time she has lost her sons in hundreds of thousands, and the wild wail of lamentation is still heard above the dead as they hourly perish by mysterious visitation. If the Lord of the universe were to summon a jury of the nations of the earth to try the case of Ireland's national character, all mankind would bear testimony that no country under the blue vault of his boundless empire stands so pure as Ireland before the throne of His Omnipotent Majesty; and if a statement of all her sufferings during the last ten years were drawn up by the angels of His imperial court, the records of heaven have no parallel of the afflictions of Ireland in the same period. Thousands of her able-bodied sons dying of starvation on the soil of their forefathers—the children of forty generations biting the ground in the agony of hunger—tens of thousands flying in terror from the home of their ancestors to seek with the stranger the shelter denied them on the green hills of their ancient country. Heaven! tell us what we have done to merit the triple affliction of universal famine, universal expulsion, and universal sickness? Lord of the universe, why have you commanded the rot of our food? Why have you sent the angel of death to breathe red pestilence on the blast to waste and wither your own children? Oh! who can describe our Irish mother, herself wild in raging fever, lying by the side of her dead children—dead a week—putrid dead—and the stoutest men afraid to enter that cabin to bury the dead children, or give a drop of water to the poor mother to cool her raging thirst?—who can paint the case of another Irish mother, carrying her whole family, five in number, one after the other, on her back to the grave, and Irish hearts afraid to cross her path to lend a hand to the poor broken hearted victim to dig a grave for her children, while she with her hands raised the fresh clay to consign the last of her offspring to the friendly grave? No other place would receive them, the tomb alone harbored them. And who can describe the crowded dead that lie shrouded and coffinless in several churchyards of Ireland, shovelled in putrid masses into one common pit, fallen under the fatal stroke, as the leaves are rent in October tempest?—The faithful priest sat at their head when the whole world fled from them; he breathed the fatal pestilence, and perished by their side, and every dead congregation has its dead priest lying before them in death as he addressed them when living. And, as if to cover the country with pitchy darkness—as if to heighten the terrors of this universal procession accompanying Ireland to the grave, the brightest star that shone over our horizon during all the past centuries of our national fame—the star that for half a century lighted our path through many a night of tempest and peril—that star has set, making the years that are gone black in heaven and on earth—appalling to the living and mysterious to the dead.—Religion in tears bewails his loss, and liberty wears mourning for his death. Whenever either was at-

tacked—the country he loved or the altar where he knelt—his just anger was aroused and he filled the whole world with the crushing defiance of his burning indignation. The resistless voice that made St. Stephen's tremble was heard rolling along the Rocky Mountains, encouraging universal liberty—pierced the prisons of taskmasters—giving hope to the bleeding slave, and shook the thrones of the despot and the bigot all over the world. With a loud menace his anger encircled the very globe, and the tongue, which we shall never hear again, combined the mind of Ireland in one united feeling—the strength of Ireland in one simultaneous effort. He gave dignity to our decisions, power to our will, and commanded the respect of the whole world. Alas, alas, with his life our liberty died, our world wide name has ceased, our strength has departed, and Ireland (like Sampson shorn of his hair) crawls like an infant—childish, peevish, feeble, and powerless; unserviceable to her friends, contemptible to her enemies: that voice that concentrated the scorn of the earth on the injustice of Irish wrong is hushed: the million hearts that clung to him with national fidelity are dead, and hence there is no people; there is now no leader; and the silence, loneliness, and desolation of a universal desert, a cheerless wilderness, have fallen like the black mantle of night upon Ireland's happiness, and have almost extinguished Ireland's hopes. After a few remarks in continuation of this subject, the rev. doctor observed—Of all the phases which Protestantism has assumed to crush Catholicity, the late Soup and Bacon Theology is the most preposterous weapon they have ever heretofore employed. If I may be allowed the phrase, he said, it is the sublime of the ridiculous; it goes down as far below contempt as any human action ever rose above it. Of course it has signally failed in its object, after having expended about £86,000 a year since the year 1847.—What must be thought of men calling themselves the preachers of the Gospel, who kidnap little children in the lanes—steal beggars out of cellars, and rob the garret of the famished wretch in order to recruit the fallen ranks of cruel Protestantism. What must be the theology of such a Church, when they make the first step of the perverted wretch who joins their ranks to commence with perjury. The poor, destitute, starving Catholic whom they seduce by bribery, already commits perjury to God and man the day he enters their conventicle; and with perjury upon his lips and a crushed conscience for his apostacy, he begins the sanctified life of Protestantism. During my residence in London, in the year 1852, I anxiously watched the workings of the Protestant Alliance there. They infest the lanes of St. Giles—they frequent the cellars of the starving Irish, and bribe them with clothes and food and daily work to fill their deserted churches. But the history of London proves that all their teaching ends in infidelity. Their poor dupes are aware of their treachery—conscious of their bribery—their hypocrisy is palpable—their scarlet malignity is transparent, and they grow up in hatred and horror of their clerical character at the time even when they are growing fat on their apostate pudding. But when they arrive at independence and maturity the history of London bears infallible testimony to the stark naked infidelity of this perverted class—and the historian of England may yet have to record scenes like the history of France in the last century when infidelity deluged the throne with blood, and reddened the altar with massacre.—And the English statesman may yet take warning in time to confine their malice, and the unchristian teaching of the Protestant Church of England may yet tell a story of an altered dynasty and a blood-stained capital. (Great sensation.) After some further observations the reverend gentleman concluded by saying—The Irish people and the Irish priest, like the Spartans of old, have sworn fidelity to each other, to stand or fall together, to perish or conquer on the same field, or to prefer freedom, accompanied with death in its most thrilling form, to the longest life of guided slavery. Liberty of conscience or death was the motto of our fathers, and these words are echoed at this moment from millions of responding hearts in Ireland. We have worn our chains together—the priest and the people—through many a day of trial—and hence, till the people are perfectly free, the priest in honor never can accept his personal liberty: traitor, if he would stand under the banner of the foe while his companions wore an ignominious chain; false leader, if he would desert the tried companions of his life and perils; coward, if he would desert from the camp of his faithful countrymen; and degraded fool, if he think that the chain of gold is less grievous than one of iron. The metal may shine with richer polish, but the slavery is the same; a chain of gold can bind the limbs as firmly as iron fetters—the metal, not the bondage, is changed—and as pure liberty can bear no chain, it follows that the draught of slavery must be always bitter to the free soul—even though drunk from cups of gold.

During the delivery of his splendid discourse, Dr. Cahill was listened to by a vast assemblage as if he were alone in the church, and as if the audience were afraid to breathe, and lose one syllable which fell from his lips.

THE PROSELYTISERS AND THEIR DUPES.

(From the Weekly Register.)

We mentioned in our summary of last week that all the London newspapers have carefully suppressed the report of an important trial at Limerick on Tuesday, the 8th of March; because that report would have illustrated the systematic lying by which the proselytising societies obtain the money of their dupes. The trial itself, however, is so important that we must again call attention to it. The libel was a positive, minute, and particular statement in all its details and circumstances; that, at a Station which took place at the house of William Crowe, of Cooga, in the Parish of Doon, in the middle of December, 1854, the Rev. P. Hickie, the Parish Priest, publicly proclaimed to the assembled parish the substance of the confession of a man named Jas. Moylan, and that Moylan in consequence turned Protestant, making "a declaration" (it is not said before whom) to the truth of this monstrous and impossible fiction. The story at once became a most profitable part of the stock-in-trade of Dr. Whateley's Society "for Protecting the Rights of Conscience."—So it was for a year. How much money the Society made of it we cannot say; more, we fear, than it at last cost them. Catholics are so much accustomed to such calumnies that they are slower than they ought to be in prosecuting them. A year passed before this was publicly contradicted. Most likely it never would have been contradicted at all if the Rev. Cadwalader Wolseley, the Secretary of the Society, had not read it out, with all the names and details, at a public meeting held by Dr. Whateley at Cork. When it was publicly contradicted, he took a high and insolent tone, declared that he had "abundant and unquestionable evidence" to its truth, and published two letters in succession, ridiculing in the most contemptuous manner those who came forward to contradict it, and repeating—

"The man himself is still forthcoming, and since my visit to Cork I have had the pleasure of learning by a letter from the Rev. William Fitzpatrick, of Doon, that he administered the Holy Communion in both kinds to him (Moylan) on last Christmas Day. I believe that the Rev. Fathers Hickie and Dwyer are also connected with the same parish."

This deserves especial notice. Dr. Whateley and his myrmidons cannot now treat this as an unimportant case, in which Mr. Wolseley gave incautious belief to a charge which turns out to be unfounded. They selected the case as a strong one; they held to it when contradicted; they insulted those who contradicted it; they pledged themselves to the strength of the evidence to it. Even when it at last came into court, Mr. Wolseley was not without a plea.—He was obliged to admit that the whole story was a simple and absolute invention. But his Counsel pleaded on his behalf:—"Whatever Mr. Wolseley said, it should be borne in mind, he did not say it of his own authority; he merely stated, not for himself but as the organ of the Society to which he is attached as Secretary, what he was justly entitled to say; he read from statements and documents, and he had no particular acquaintance with the plaintiff"—a valid defence this for him as an individual, and so considered by the jury when they let him off with £200 damages. The libel was not his, but that of Dr. Whateley and his Society. What he gains in character by the plea, they lose. This instance shows how little their statements can be trusted, when they suppress names, as they do in almost every instance, and when we have nothing to rely upon except their assertions. Thus we have a glimpse of another Proselytising Society. It was founded by Dr. Whateley, who holds the revenue given by Catholics of old to Catholic Archbishops of Dublin. Its professed object is not to proselytise, but to protect all, whatever be their belief, who are sufferers for their conscientious convictions. In practice, it spends its money chiefly in grants to such Protestant Clergy as are most active in Proselytism. Thus we have more clue to the manner in which this money is spent, than we have as to the much larger revenues of the "Irish Church Missions Society," of which we know neither who receives them, nor in what places the respective sums are spent. In this case we know the latter fact, though not the former. The pretence is that Catholic farmers will not employ those who have become Protestants, and that the Society is compelled to feed them, or they would starve. This statement imposes on Englishmen, who, not knowing Ireland, judge of it by what they see here. They imagine a country village in Ireland with its Catho-