# บ (uTu <br> 4 

## CATHOLIC CHRONICLE

VOL. XIV
OLIVER PLUNKETT.
 It is commonly said of us, by ithe writers of neighboring country, , , wat we Irsh are always
looking back; that we are worshiphers of tio past ; whereas the nation agansst whom and
whom we are thus disparagingly compared, is re markable for looking closely atter the present.mentary to those who utter it than they them selves very probably percelve. Virtue can af
ford to look back. Those for whom 'all is los but honor" can afford to look back. We kuo fain would wipe out the past. Che uneass con
science finds torture in retrospect. Those who have thrisen well by meaus that will r.ot bea scrutiny,
ing bata, and on the wisdom of forgetting ther
ever was a yesterday or ever will be a tomor rown. Yell they may. The present may be embittered ipon troed. If stipped of all else, we bare, a
least, the heritage of glorious examples. The least, the heritage of glorious examples. The sordid people-if we were a selifish or a grovel ling race- with no loftier ambino plasure would unavaihng struggle, unending suffering. It might be eridence of a perniciohs chroucles of deeds which aggrandised them-to a past that hoarded
acquisilions, luxuries, and weallh for enjogmen sn the present. But none sare a noble race
worid love to dwell upon and glory in records o sacrifice, ruin, loss, so disastrous as ours. course, 1 am aware there is a character wilh weak, spiritless, and abject ; compounding
the miserable cowardice of the present, by trad ing upon references to the bravery of ancesto
who lived rery long ago, or to the heroism of sacrifices really repented, or which would not be day. But ours is not suct a case. As a peo ple we are full of energy, actirity, and ambition
and out of lreland, where our energies hare free scope, we rise to positions or wealither. On all the battle-fiedds of the world hish valor is present as of the past. The Irish are bravest of
the brare, whether they serve beneath the French tricolor, the American standard, or the
Union Jack. Whether they fight for a good or ards. In arms, as in literature, art, science, our own day have no superiors. Yet it is only
abroud that all this avails us. Here in Ireland, we are poor, oppressed, broken, because our fa-
thers stood up for what the world would call "a failing cause," and because we, their children,
though unable to cope in strength with the power that cramps our energies and binds our freecom, are inveterately averse to acceptigg acof final surrender. Will all our ambition and
desire for wealth and power, we Irish of the present day prefer our loss of wealth, property, by the forfeiture of manhood and conscience;our fathers, that we bave not proved ourselres
teady to emulate to-day. It is on a chapter in ready to emulate to-day. It is on a chapter ia
those records I purpose to fix attention more particularly just now. I mean deliberately to offend against this canon of "Progress;" in
midst of the busy turmoil and strife of our mo material ambitions to arrest you for a moment
by one of those lessons which serve to balance us in the giddy race, and show us bow noble it 10 suffer ; how man, fortified by faith; car soar at misfortunes, and triumph in death. That Oliver Plum 1 read OLe Lie and Mar sidom glorious episodes; but many considerations sug-
gested this one to me as best illustrating one of the most instructire and memorable chapters in our bistory. Plunkett's career lay within Nu
midde period of the serenteenth century. middle period of the serenteenth century
merous of the events which I shall have 10 notice in that career, require, that I should fix
strongly your attention on the circumstances o the country - of the Church, and of the people cessary to extend our retrospect beyond the be ginniag of the century an which Plunket lived most nearly successful attempt or native Iris authority to overthrow the English power in Ire land. That attempt falled. It is do part of
our purpose here to disciuss how or why. Wha
we have to do with is the bistorical fact that
struggle, shich, with varring fortune, had been
intermitungly prolonged for 420 years-the intermittungly prolonged for 420 years-the gle againstinasion and subjugation recorded re referring burst for th into an effort which, for military skull in its direction, bravery in its pro secution, and promise of success, surpassed al others, and showed a passionate lore of nationa but disastrous endearor were unable to appal t failed, howerer; and, at the beginning of th ing claimed and exeressed practically, undis puted soveregnty over all that remained of Ire
land. Alas! what a spectacle of ruin was there is fair earth was sight like it seen. Four bun red years of war tells a great deal; but it is a undred years of war, at the rery best, and eve supposing it carried on according to the usage est to most minds a frightsul result. But fou undred years of a war of extermination-a war oy-a war which outlawed a whole people and rermin of the lar.d-nay, classed wild deer-thongs to to thunted and hounded trapped, smoked oul, starred, shot, and slan!-
Yet, this was not all. An agency of desolation, ge most awful, that ever warred impiousl
gainst Heaven's goodness itself, was resorte o. The fruiffuiness of the earth was sought to extungulsied, that existence maght beeon nothing of human life to slay, to kill the living
bounty of God's hand; to hunt out growing orn, and trample it to mud; :o waste and bur vay, lest they might bear therr bitter wild fruit apable of ministering to famished bumanity,
In a word, readiog the accounts the spoiler ings-perusing the records written by the actor hemselres-it is obvious that if they could but bey would lave blasted at a stroke the fecunbarrenness, upon which liring thing could no crawl-rather than that the seed of their victims Centuries of a war like this, what must the magine in order to contemplate the scene Plunkett's hife and labors. That is what muss
be understood in order to tnow what Iretan To all this was aded another species of war more direful still-which sprung from, and a
companied the other; one whish had for its e and result a fate more terrible than any dea barbarity could impose-tiee war that assailed
the Irish the attributes given by God to man die rist the atributes glven by God to man
distinguise bim from the beast of the fieid-th war that sought to quench the soul-that sought to make us fellows with
or lower than, the brute species-that sought to make us a race of things hateful to ourselv
and to each other, ablorrent to all mankindthat sought to extinguisl intelligence, intellec and give us the thatits, the deformits the $r$ pulsiveness, ignorauce, and ferocity of the brute creation. What was 10 come of ant
What sort of a race mas likely to spring fro
the beings depicted in the despatcias and the beings depicted in the despatcies and
ports of Carew- the memoirs and writings burman species were lisely to affrigit posterit in their progeny? "Creeping and crawling o
their bellies out of cares and holes in the eartl whither we had driven them"-say these chrondigging up and eating widd roots and carrion; they looked not like unto mankind at -pale, ike ghouls or animals of some hideous sphere. we smoked them like rats." Yes, those were the dajs when mothers brought forth their young eared them in some earth or care, shared wit che badger or the fox. What was likely t
come of all this? Were all the laws of pature to ect might and reversed, so that cause and out circumstances llike these the Irish race should
arise with none of ihe brows, upon their souls-should arise, not de based, but erect-not be equal with all the ivorld in the mental and physical features which peace, security, Xes ; in our own days this, expectation of iniracie our poor people that they lack these features, a
if a half a century could remore the effects
Shundred tervis could describe, mas the described, or endearored Oliver Plunkett commenced life. I hare divet ras produced, and whicis precaild most largely not entirely, around the Pale, because, unfor unately, the story of bis fate repeals but too ion and debasement. They are revealed in th wituesses who came forwat to swear biur to
whe scafold, amidst the shuddering ablorrenc ven of their hirers; and I have desired to anticipate, by ample explanation, the ignorant re-
proach-" Were not the perjurers who were
procured to betray lim Irisbmen and Catholics -aye, friars and priests
 that name, which, throughout those days of pro-
scrptoon, beld, and down to our owa have held ast by the ancient Faith-Plunkets, Earls nessed the rise of the celebrated Confederation sce by side for the nrst time) to coniront sue duly confiscation dand the organised plunder parcelled out to the very refuse and dregs o
English society. Into the bistory or detals of that memorable struggle it is as litle my present
purpose to enter as it was into that of the Grea parpose to enter as it was into that of the Great
Hugh, the Lion of Ulster. The results alone oncern us. The Irish and Anglo-Irish Con
derates, with fatal credulity, were duped the weak King Cbarles into beliering that hi vercome bis Puritan enemies. The unhapps Irish flung themselves to bic side and staked
Beir last hope for lis cause. Beterly and ter rbly they paid for it. Well had it been fo omener it might fare with them in the judgmen
on the world, had they displayed less of that de of the world, had they displayed less of that de-
cotel filelity, and more of the self-concer through which the Julases of his own bation,
he Lowland or Anglo-Scots, sold for a price he bend of their king-sold for a price
lood of bim who had ited amongst them conlid ngly for sanctuary. The rery year of dolor
that saw Oliver Cromweil, the apostle of crime
and bloodshed, land in Ireland, beheld joung and bloodshed, land in Ireland, beheld soung
Oliser Plunkett, the disciple of religion and

## is called, the Irish College. What a pregnan

## breshold of lus career! In that day Irelan

struggling against invadng hordes, pouring
her with boly words and cries of "Liberty", heir lips-rapne and defiance of God in their hose who coreted or seized ber rights, the phonto rule; while every odious slory wa
by her foes to brand her with infamy. hat terrible time she found a friend-one who he darker grew her misfortunes, but her ssmpa lig, gase her prayers, gave her material aid 11 when her pecple were doomed to brutification and forbidden education at home, raised tor the Yes; Crod is great and just-Rome was that riend of friends to Ireland; and to-day, whe
s:nilar misfortunes threaten the Chair of Peter reland is found the foremost in grateful fidelity o-day the Pope is prostrale and; plundered;
0. day it is his armies who weakly struggat gainst insading hordes with hypocritical cries of ibberty on their lips is to tapy it is the Pope
who is defamed to Europe by those who covet or seize his possessions, the plunderers proclaming that he knows not hows to gorern. Ah-
here is something wonderful in this parallel Let emperors and kiags forget lherr dald
hey will ; let the cold and faithless shun their ather because bis cause seems failing and lis Des prevail. Ireland knows that hos hot shrink rom her side; the more lier foes prevailed, the
nore bis generous aid was giren. Hail, Pontift lorified by many sorrows, wounded by many in-ratitudes-ONE nation, at least, of the maly
then succored by the bounties of the apostolic hand, in this thy hour of tribulation, scorns
laseness of those who desert thee. Behold th chill'ren of faithful Erin-bebold her gratef fiermgs-bear her roic

When the proud and great atood of thee,
Noue dared thy rigbta to spard;
nd when now they falsely Ay thee;
Shall I too basely to tan ?
Shall I too basely tusn ?
1 Whater' the fires that try

