

the convents, and committed such excesses of brutality, debauchery, assassination, and plunder as make human nature blush. Hear, now, the diplomatic flirtation of young Master Peel with those Swiss demons:—

"This young man, this scented fop, started and stiffened like the quilled collars of Queen Elizabeth, became an easy tool in acting the part assigned to him; it was his duty to be the recognised tool of Oehsenbein, the leader of the infidel corps—to be seen in public paying him court—the laudable dignity of England even meekly succumbed to applaud the delirious orgies of the 'free corps' (i. e. the plunderers, and infidels and assassins)—to take as it were a part in their military evolutions at all their public reviews—to take off his hat in passing their 'colors'—to have a bow and a scrape for every one he met—and to convince them by his conduct, more than by his declarations or his official notes, that they might calculate with certainty on the moral support of England!"

Fellow countrymen—I have this young man, "this scented fop," and all his confederates throughout Europe, in my power: and believe me before I shall quit my subject, I shall make the English cabinet (humble as I am) feel the terrors which can be evoked by a Pagan Irish Priest. I had first intended to convey to you the information which has been put into my hands through a pamphlet, but such a vehicle would place the facts of my case beyond the reach of the people; hence I shall write a series of letters in the newspapers till I shall exhaust the subject, and by this means, I hope to be able in a few weeks to awaken every man in Ireland and in England to the treacherous conduct of our deadly enemies. I shall write a letter once a week, I should suppose on every Wednesday morning; and I have one humble request to make of the friends of Ireland, of the press, that they will kindly give publicity to the communications to you, my suffering, persecuted, exiled, but brave countrymen.

Believe me, beloved fellow-countrymen, your faithful and devoted Irish Priest.

D. W. CAHILL, D.D.

March 31, 1851.

P. S.—I have been consulting some friends on the essential necessity of preparing for an aggregate meeting of the Catholics of Ireland about the first week after Easter.

THE BLASPHEMIES IN THE BRITISH HOUSE OF COMMONS.

On the evening of the 25th of March, the Rev. Dr. Cahill delivered an eloquent discourse to a most crowded audience, in the church of St. Michan, Dublin, an extract of which we feel great pleasure in placing before the public at the present moment. Its allusions to the Blessed Virgin, and to the convents, in answer to certain speeches and attacks made in the House of Commons, will be found to possess a thrilling interest:

"If a Jew, writhing under the curse of Heaven, had declared eternal hatred against Christianity: if, on his crimson hands, reminding him of his crime on Calvary, he vowed remorseless revenge against the crucified Nazarene and his followers: if, in his mysterious banishment a deserted wanderer through scorching ages and nations, he swore by the Temple that he would never eat, or never drink, or never sleep, or never pray, or never live with the hated race of Christians—if in derision he called Christ 'Baal'—if he spat on the cross, polluted the holy sepulchre, and in insane phrenzy swore by the God of Abraham that his wounded nation and expelled race would yet take blood for blood, and erase the Bible, the hated record of the Jewish scorn. If in frantic delirium he uttered blasphemies against God the Father, jeered the Holy Ghost, and mocked the Son of Mary, I could, oh! yes, I could understand the Jew—to utter blasphemy, to make heaven weep, to terrify the dead, to convulse creation, and to awake hell, is part of the creed of his nation—it is his morning and evening prayer—it is his adoration, it is his worship, because the blood of the Messiah is upon him, and he bears on his forehead the red mark of decide: but for a Christian (if the report of the newspapers be true) and an Englishman, and a legislator, and, it is said, a scholar and a gentleman, to be hurried away by intolerance so far as to surpass the treachery of Judas—to see the Blessed Virgin dragged before the Pharisees of the senate house—to convert Parliament into the Jewish rabble—to behold the Speaker sitting in the chair of Pilate—to hear the Premier, like Caiaphas, quoting and misinterpreting scripture—to see the scene in the hall of Annas reenacted on the treasury benches—to hear a Christian aristocracy re-echo the shout of condemnation against 'Blessed Mary full of grace'—and to behold the member for Surrey! glory in assuming the character of Barrabas, and bowing to the cheers of the Sadducees—all this, oh! Lord of the universe—all this, oh! God of angels and men—all this, oh! thou Judge of the living and the dead—all this, all this, all this terrifying mockery, this religious ferocity, this wild frenzy, this delirious extravagance is very like the fatal sign—the mysterious handwriting on the walls of Belsazzar's banquetting-room, predicting that the days of England are numbered, that the God of Justice will soon break upon her brazen gates, and in the midst of her delirium and drunkenness, will send an unknown and unexpected enemy to place the sword of vengeance on the throats of this persecuting and anti-Christian people.

"And need we wonder at the profane rudeness, the debauched utterance with which the Catholic purity of our consecrated virgins is assailed, when 'Blessed Mary' could not escape the slime of educated intolerance. Oh! when one enters the solemn enclosure of a professed sisterhood, what a commentary on the late speeches of our mortal enemies. The moment you enter—there is a soothing, peaceful silence, a calm serenity, which speaks more eloquently than words, to say that the busy tongue of the gay world must be at rest here, that here there is a compact made by the lips against the distractions and disquietudes of the world; the mute matted halls, the unpretending retiring furniture, the modest colors that meet the eye at every turn, the solemn silence, the noiseless step, produce an instinctive reserve in the most incautious observer, which makes the visitor speak in bated breath, and whispering timidity, fearing to let one loud word escape to disturb the holy harmony and the suggestive

stillness of the place; the very windows, muffled, disrobe the sun of half his splendor; the gay light of the skies is reduced to discreet sobriety; and the day puts on, as it were, an air of gravity to suit the chaste solemnity of the virgin's vow; and all things round about, and every object in view proclaim the lesson of seclusion and retirement. And when the mind follows the whole sisterhood, from the break of day to the late hour of retirement—to night prayer, through even one day of their heaven-born duties, one is at a loss to know whether God is more pleased with their silent adoration in his own immediate presence at the tabernacle, or with their tender care of the little children of the poor, whom they teach, and feed, and clothe, like angels in the desert, sent from God to soothe the despair, to cheer the afflictions, and to raise the hopes of the abandoned, poor and broken-hearted stranger. No gentleman, no man of feeling ever visited one of these God-like institutions, who did not, on retiring from the sacred enclosure, express the admiration of his generous and manly heart by applauding the invincible heroism of faith which could give strength to the delicacy and the timidity of the weaker sex, to leave father and mother, and kindred, and family, and home, and to bring their fortune, and their youth, and their education, and their accomplishments, and their virtues, to place them all in a common fund, for the sake of God, to be distributed amongst the children of the poor, to supply the deficiencies caused in these poor children from the position to which fate and circumstances have consigned them in this world. These ladies have braved the terrors of sea and land, in every part of the Christian world, to carry out the religious idea of their vocation. You will find them and their modest vesper bell amidst the snows of Canada, the pestilence of Mexico, and the burning sands of India—you will find them ministering angels at the bed of sickness—in the cabins of the destitute poor, and when the levelling ravages of the awful cholera shook the stoutest heart, and made the bravest man tremble, and his intellect reel, the Sisters of Charity and Mercy, like a sunbeam shining in loveliness over the gore and the slain of the battle field, they moved amidst the dead and the dying, like living light from the skies, and their courage and their sacrifices, and their untiring care have bound up their names and their devotion with our dearest affections, and with the undying gratitude of the whole Christian world. I call 350 millions of Catholics all over the world to bear witness to this my feeble testimony of the virtues of the consecrated virgins of Christendom.

"Ah, but little did Europe, and Asia, and America, dream a few weeks ago, a few days ago, that a British legislator—a lawgiver for Ireland, and for Irish education—would, in his place in parliament, brand these ladies of devotion and of God with the foul epithet which no gentleman can utter, and which I dare not here name in this presence. He has uttered language which is only heard in the vilest haunts of London profligacy and pollution, where the mouth is red with blasphemy—where the heart is black with unnatural crime, and where iniquity so steeply the whole being in perdition, that nothing further can be added to damnation. From this unholy region he has borrowed his utterance, in order to offer the last imaginable insult to the sisters, the daughters, the relatives of the first Catholic families in ancient and modern Europe.—Catholics of Dublin! will you bear this? The time is come when we must take our stand in defiance of the vile cabinet, which could patronise and applaud an insult to Catholicity, which the humblest father in the Christian world would die to revenge if offered to one of his daughters. We will not endure this most grievous and unwarrantable insult; but we must resent it like Christians. We are the followers of the prince of suffering, and we must strive to imitate him—he is our legitimate king. The legal power of this world is seen in diadem, set with precious stones; but the royalty of the cross is only recognised when surmounted with a crown of thorns."

The *Dublin Freeman*, from which paper we extract the above, says, that during the delivery of this brilliant discourse the vast congregation evinced an emotion and an excitement which it would be impossible to describe, and which they with difficulty suppressed. At several passages of the sermon they rocked to and fro (as the rev. preacher proceeded) in a smothered murmuring rage against the insult offered to their religion and their country. There was no mistaking the fixed and universal anger.—*Boston Pilot*.

ADDRESS OF THE CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY COMMITTEE TO THE CLERGY AND PEOPLE OF IRELAND.

(From the *Tablet*.)

It is with feelings of unmixed delight we discharge the grateful and consoling duty of thanking you, in the name of your religion and your country, for the prompt and noble generosity with which you responded to our appeal in behalf of the Catholic University, by your liberal contributions on Sunday, the 16th ultimo, the eve of St. Patrick's festival—contributions, which, notwithstanding the unavoidable postponement of the collection in many important districts, have realised a very large amount, as will appear from the returns when published. Emulating the conduct of those primitive Christians, so warmly eulogised by the Apostle, who drew, even from the depths of their indigence, the means of ministering to the cause of charity, your zeal has found abundant resources for promoting the interests of religion and of literature, amid the poverty and desolation entailed by a series of public calamities unparalleled in the annals of modern history.

And yet, fellow-countrymen, however laudable the generosity you have exhibited, and great the sacrifices you have made on this occasion, they were imperatively required by the inestimable value of the object to which they were directed—an object which throws into the shade every human interest and temporal advantage, which is as exalted above the things of this world as the heavens are above the earth; but which blends, nevertheless, with its eternal benefits and blessings all that is elevating and ennobling to the spirit of man, even in this world. Such an object is the establishment of a Catholic University—an institution, which, independent of its great literary advantages, has now become a measure of vital importance for the defence and preservation of our Holy Faith. To Ireland the preservation of that Faith must be

doubly dear; for, not only did she part, like the merchant mentioned in the Gospel, with all that she possessed to purchase the priceless pearl, but, proud of the acquisition, she has borne it unshrinkingly on her brow through all the vicissitudes of her eventful history, in its darkest as well as in its brightest hour, deriving from it, in her deepest sorrows and humiliations, a moral grandeur, which neither the wreath of conquest, nor the diadem of empire, could bestow. Hence the zeal and devotedness by which she ought to be animated in the establishment of an institution for its preservation and defence against the numberless and powerful adversaries by which it is assailed. Against it are arrayed the most munificently-endowed educational establishments in the world—from the gorgeous university to the humbler grammar school, all directly antagonistic in their principles; a literature the most comprehensive and various, adapted to every taste and capacity, yet from the most serious essay to the lightest ebullition of fancy, from the sentimental to the comic—all thoroughly imbued with the anti-Catholic leaven; a political press unrivalled in its circulation and influence, but, with a few exceptions, devoted to the cause of bigotry and intolerance; and not only by far the greatest proportion of the mature and cultivated intellect of the sister country, but an overbearing tide of popular prejudice, the force and fury of which we never would have been able to estimate were it not for the moral storm by which it was lately roused into action. As, then, we behold Divine Providence continually adapting the means to the end in the exercise of its moral government, and rigorously exacting our co-operation with the supernatural aid it affords for the attainment of eternal life, so it invariably demands from the Faithful the human efforts and sacrifices necessary to encounter the trials and temptations that beset them; and hence the different phases presented by the Church through the medium of her ever-varying institutions according to the wants or requirements of the age, though always revolving herself in the same orbit of light and glory.

A glance at the Parliamentary debates on the penal bill which now occupies the attention of the Legislature, would be sufficient to show the necessity of an institution such as we here contemplate. To behold an assembly that represents the intellect, rank, and property of the three kingdoms rivalling the lowest arena of polemic controversy in its fanaticism and acrimony; echoing the ravings of Exeter Hall as the maxims of political sagacity; citing as historical facts what all the great critics of modern times have long since exploded as false and untenable; libelling the noblest characters that ever adorned the page of history, though already vindicated by the most distinguished Protestant scholars of the age; heaping up the pyramid of calumny in the face of all that can give weight to human testimony our solemn oaths and declarations—to behold such a spectacle, in such an age, must arouse the coldest and most apathetic to a sense of the obligations we are under of providing, in defence of our holy religion, every intellectual bulwark which an enlightened zeal can suggest. Against such a host of opponents, is it not absolutely necessary that we should have a Catholic institution where the cause of truth may be upheld and defended by all the resources of learning—where a literature may be created free from the alloy of sectarian prejudice or calumny—and where the Catholic youth of the country, who may be hereafter destined to represent her interests or maintain her rights, may receive that higher species of religious instruction—that not merely elementary and catechetical, but scientific, literary, and historical knowledge of religion, which would enable them hereafter, when the occasion might call for it, to vindicate the truth of its dogmas, and the purity of its doctrine?

But such an institution is not only necessary as a measure of self-defence—it is imperatively required to give completeness and perfection to the system of Catholic education. You behold the educational systems of other religious denominations in these countries perfect and harmonious, each according to its respective creed. The Protestant, Presbyterian, and Dissenting portion of our fellow-subjects have each a uniform and peculiar system, from the elementary school to the university. In the whole course of their educational training, all is characteristic, harmonious, and accordant; and in the vast majority of instances, where the State has made such ample provision for these institutions, care has been taken to consult not only the spirit, but the letter, of their respective tenets. But, of course, "the numeries of superstition" demanded no such fostering care. These it must be not only the dictate of policy, but the duty of conscience, to destroy and eradicate, and that too in the most ingenious and efficacious manner. Hence, as soon as our Catholic youth have completed their elementary education in science and literature—when the powers of reflection have been first developed, and the mind, naturally eager to try its strength, prepares to grapple with the most momentous questions that ever tested its capacity, or stirred its feelings—when its natural love of independence has been strengthened by the consciousness of its newly awakened power—when the imagination is warm and the passions are strong—and the youthful aspirant, not content with an isolated chapter in the book of knowledge, seeks to unroll and master all its glowing pages—at such a period of life he is to be sent, not to an institution where the Church which hallowed and directed his early studies will continue to be the honored guide of his future inquiries—not where the pure and sacred associations that linked the principles of science with the truths of revelation may be strengthened and confirmed—not where the feelings that glowed and trembled before the altar of religion may be taught to respond in the same spirit of adoration to every harmony of nature and of art—to recognise the Deity in all His works throughout the vast

temple of creation, as well as in those surpassing revelations of the sanctuary—those still more sublime and touching emanations of the infinitely good and beautiful that filled his soul with awe and tenderness—but to an institution where the first lesson to be learned at its threshold is to trample on the authority of that Church which had hitherto been the object of his fondest and deepest veneration—to substitute a cold and prayerless rationalism for the reverent spirit of inquiry by which he was previously actuated—to look upon the sacred associations of the past as fetters on the freedom of the intellect—and to substitute the fiery emanations of his own pride and passion for the guidance of that heavenly monitor, who had descended to him from the Father of Lights, and who sought to conduct him to the goal of his eternal destiny—the living fountain of all knowledge. It is the action of such institutions on the higher classes on the Continent which communicated to them the irreligion and infidelity that, by a necessary consequence, penetrated to the subordinate grades of society, until the masses of the population became tainted by the moral corruption. And unless we are prepared to witness the same direful effect, commencing with the wholesome immolation of our youth, we must strain every energy, and make every sacrifice for the establishment of the only institution capable of neutralising their influence—a Catholic University. But, thanks be to God, there is no one possessing the name of Catholic who can question the expediency and advantages of such a measure. You, beloved countrymen, have nobly and practically refuted by your generous contributions what your magnificent institutions in behalf of charity and religion ought to have disproved by anticipation; the only plausible objection against it, what some deemed the insurmountable difficulty of its execution, though to refuse co-operation in the good work on such a ground was evidently to adopt a foregone conclusion, to prejudge the question at issue, to obstruct its progress by damping the zeal and the energies necessary for its accomplishment, and thus to realise as much as possible the impracticability it predicted. The munificent tribute you have just rendered under such extraordinary disadvantages demonstrates to the world the truth of the statement made by the assembled Bishops of Ireland in the Synodical Address, that we possess in our own body ample resources for the realisation of this great and glorious undertaking.

It is not necessary for us to exhort the Faithful in those districts where, owing to local circumstances, the collection has been unavoidably postponed, to come forward with their characteristic zeal and generosity on the days appointed for their contributions—to emulate the bright example of their fellow-Catholics and countrymen who have preceded them in the good work, and to demonstrate to Christian Europe that the country which in former days contributed most to its civilisation, which not only then opened the doors of her own educational establishments to the youth who flocked to her from other countries, but, with the creative spirit and redeeming hand of Christian charity, raised up throughout the Continent those monuments of learning and civilisation, whose eloquent ruins still record the name of their benefactress—that this country has lost nothing of the enlightened zeal and self-devoting energy by which she was distinguished in former days, but that, unbroken by her past sufferings and undaunted by her present difficulties and afflictions, she is ready once more to vindicate for herself the high position she once held in the literary world, and to which her own instinct and capabilities, the peculiarity of her social position, and the directing hand of Providence, appear to destine her.

Signed on behalf of the Catholic University Committee,

† PAUL CULLEN, Archbishop of Armagh,
Primate of all Ireland,

Catholic University Chairman.

Committee-Rooms, Lower Ormond-quay,
Dublin, March 28th, 1851.

ADDRESS OF THE CATHOLIC CONFRATERNITIES AND CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE SOCIETIES OF THE CITY OF DUBLIN.

To the Most Eminent and Illustrious Nicholas, Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster and Bishop Administrator of Southwark.

May it please your Eminence—We, the members of the different Confraternities and Christian Doctrine Societies of this city, approach your Eminence with sentiments of the most profound respect and sincere attachment.

Our warmest thanks are due, and are hereby most reverentially offered, through your Eminence, to our Holy Father Pope Pius IX., for the restoration of the Hierarchy to England, and for the selection of your Eminence to carry that great work into effect; thereby restoring to our Catholic brethren of that country the high privilege of which they have been deprived for the last 300 years.

And we deeply deplore that this most solemn act could have called forth such foul calumny and abuse of our holy religion, and such unprovoked insult to our venerated Pontiff, and to your Eminence, from the interested and misguided in that country, and have drawn, too, a threat from her Majesty's First Minister of the Crown to renew the penal laws, in order to restrict your Eminence in carrying out so glorious an undertaking.

We beg to assure your Eminence that, as Irish subjects, we yield to none in loyalty and attachment to our most gracious Sovereign; and we fully rely on her Majesty's most gracious promise, that she will continue to all her subjects the full liberty of conscience.

Should the vile threat to which we allude be put into operation, we beg to assure your Eminence that you may fully rely on the sympathy of all Irish Catholics in aiding, by every constitutional means in their power, to make common cause with their brethren in England.