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## MGR. DUPANLOUP'S GREAT SERMON. ON BEHALF OF THE IRISH POOR.

(Continued.)  
CHAPTER IV.

I pause, gentlemen. I have prolonged too much this plea of pity. Forgive me for all I have just been saying: may God forgive me for all I have not said. For I must repeat it in concluding: How often have I not kept mastery over my tongue! Perhaps you may have thought me warm (*vif*); but were you to know all I know, and all that I smother in my *souvenirs*, and in the depths of my soul, you might yourselves bear me this testimony—that I have been moderate, aye, and with an extreme moderation. Ah! had I not been moderate! Had I said all that, perhaps, I should have said! Had I not restrained both my heart and my very voice! But no. In this discourse I have only aimed at two ends—to enlighten those who need to know all about this lamentable question, to awaken conscience, to appeal to justice, and to instill into every heart a feeling of compassion for Ireland, which may at least approximate to its griefs.

I require at this moment, after so many and so sorrowful details, to give my thoughts another direction, and to raise up my own spirits and yours, and to furnish you, in terminating this discourse, with all the sentiments that have inspired it; all the emotions that have decided me in mounting this pulpit to-day, all the wishes that I bring with me into it, and in fine, all the hopes that I here feel springing up in my heart, as son of the Church and of France, as Catholic and as bishop.

And, first of all, I have sought out in the English papers impartial proofs. Well, in closing this painful recital, I am bound to pay homage to the impartiality even of those against whom I have been enabled to say so many things, but which have been said by themselves. Yes! it is fair to proclaim it. No nation in the world unveils her evils with a frankness equal to that of England. She has a horror of that official self-laudatory tone which is the established style of the administrative documents of other countries—of that peculiar kind of flattering falsehood which it is the established rule to affect where the truth of facts should be found unalterable, even though it were to alter everywhere else. All that we know of the evils of England, it is herself, it is her Government proclaims it aloud. This Government is, so to speak, only a perpetual inquiry. Repentance is not far distant from so sincere a confession.—May it show itself at length.

I shall also say it; the economical excuses or pretences for a portion of the facts which England avows against herself, and which I deplore, have not escaped my observation. To enter into a few details: I know that in Ireland many a ruin stands in the place of a house; that holdings too small to be worked up with profit, have been amalgamated into farms more productive and more extensive; that even many poor Irish families, by dint of perseverance, privation and labor, have succeeded in realizing a decent competency. Still, let me be permitted to say it, we should not confine ourselves to viewing Ireland through the windows of a chateau, or to be content with judging of it, as men are often content to do, from the cottages in the neighborhood of Dublin. It is impossible we should forget that recent letter of the Very Rev. Archbishop of Dublin, lately addressing himself to the prime minister of England, and comparing his country to a land devastated with fire and sword.

I know, likewise, that by a bold act of legislation, encumbered properties have been redeemed or sold off at the hammer; that higher cesses, larger farms, more healthy dwellings, would, after some years, be a progress and a revolution which science would approve. But, in all good faith, are these slow ameliorations, which benefit only so very few, all that is required? No.—There are here deeply set evils which science alone can never reach. Is it not science that tells me that death or exile has established an equilibrium between them and their means of support? Ah! undoubtedly I would wish for the equilibrium, and I pray for it with all my heart; but I demand that it be established by means entirely different from exile and death.—Science, be what it may, can never freeze my heart; nor can I either see or recount with tranquillity all those things.

Be it well understood, there is in the heart and the bosom of a priest and a bishop something more than in the figures of science. In the account of battles, let others be for the victorious and triumphant; I am whole and entire for the wounded and dying. My place, allow me to say, is at the ambulance. Neither do laurels console me for the blood shed in the battles, nor do reasonings reconcile me to the cries of hunger and despair. I see those who are banished—I hear the cry of those that are outraged—I gather the tears—I stretch out my hand to the

poor and desolate. I am not a *savant*, an economist. I am a minister of Jesus Christ. Leave me entirely to my ministry, and, if I shock your theories, be not scandalised by my compassions. You shall reason to-morrow; but men suffer—men weep—men are hungry—men are dying to-day. I even hold forth my hand to those who reason, for those who weep. I do not blame science, but I feel pity. Science, I shall leave thee to theorize; but leave me to act, to speak, to intercede for those who suffer; leave me to infuse into the hearts of all, in favor of Ireland, pity, tender compassion, relieve of charity, which alone can excel and assure thy blessings. Allow me to send to Ireland, if not the millions which are not in my hands, at least the sympathies, the tenderesses, which every Christian heart feels for this unfortunate land.

Yes, dear Ireland—noble, Catholic soil—old land of saints—country rich in virtues and in sorrows—native land of faith, of honor, of courage—I am happy to say it of thee, the world regards thee with respect and love. It waits in thy misfortunes; it admires thy constancy; you hold as your own every noble heart. Ah! poor and unfortunate country! for thee I can do nothing; but, at least, I can say that thy name makes my heart beat with an ineffable emotion. Thou art high as dear to me as my native land. Ah! would that my accents could cross the seas, and reach thee, and not only thee, but all thy children in every land where exile may have flung them—in the forests of Australia, or at the foot of the Rocky Mountains, or in the islands of the mighty ocean, to tell them all my love, to bring them a consolation and an encouragement, and, at the same time, a hope. Yes, gentlemen, a hope! and by this word I wish to console your hearts also that I sadden so much!—Yes, I hope a future more favorable for Ireland; and already do I think I see in the distant horizon signs that portend better times and prophesy a deliverance.

And, first of all, is not this impartiality of writers who think with freedom, of the first-rank in England, unfolding thus the truth, and first happy sign, a first return to justice? When I hear arising from amid the very ranks of Ireland's oppressors, voices to plead her cause, when I behold her masters beginning to blush for their long iniquity towards her, and let fall from their hands, by little and little, the chains with which they had so long weighed her down—I say justice at length makes her appearance. She shall come, she shall soon come altogether. The conscience of the human race calls out for her; that conscience, we may betimes believe, which, as the Roman historian has said, men have thought to extinguish—"conscientiam generis humani arbitratur se posse extinguere";—but, in spite of fate, cometh the day when she awakes all-powerful and invincible.

I here have hopes still higher again. An entirely new order of things, a vast horizon comes up before my eyes. Yes; while saddened by the woes of this hapless nation, and not knowing the hidden ways of Providence, I raise my looks towards Heaven to seek there a light in sadness. I perceive I know not what mysterious rays, which dissipate the clouds and send me a light of consolation. The hand of misery is heavy on that poor land; but those whom God tries the most—the Scripture reveals to us these exalted secrets of the Divine dispensations towards individuals and towards peoples—are not those whom he loves the least; and those who bravely bear the trial, do not bear it for ever, nor without fruit, nor without glory. No. Ireland is not an accursed land. It is a land tried in the ordeal, but which did not yield in the trial, which in its misfortunes preserves its faith, its genius, its virtues; and hence have its sufferings not been without fruit. God has granted it the honor, so rare and so pure, of trials so fruitful! Must we not see here the design of God? Of this light of Catholic faith, which in the very face of Protestant England, Ireland continued to preserve so brilliant, irritated intolerance has said—"I shall extinguish thee—I shall extinguish thee for ever in the tomb of thy children." And, lo! that from this little isle intolerance itself has caused to spring up a Divine light on two immense continents—America and Australia—studied this day with Catholic churches, reared by the emigrants from Ireland. Who can tell the future of these churches? O depth which our poor eyes cannot fathom, but from which arises, however, a light which restores and consoles me! Ah! when man has thus co-operated with the designs of God, when he has displayed such unflinching honor, he may well be repaid for his sufferings; but the day approaches which never fails to come, when they enter at last into glory.—"Nonne hæc oportuit pati Christum et in gloria suam." Yes, the holy days on which we enter brings before my eyes this image; like Christ, scourged, crucified, lying in the tomb—thus does Ireland appear to me.—Christ remained three days in His Sepulchre,

then he arose. Ireland! thy three days have been three centuries; but the third century is fast closing.

What is required for this awakening—for this resurrection of a people? Let England wish it and this resurrection is accomplished. Can she continue to withhold that wish?

England! I cannot end this discourse without addressing myself to her. Proud, free, and great nation! Far from me be the thought of offering thee insult, far from me the vile pleasure of maliciously seeking to trumpet the faults of one of the most potent societies put together by the hand of man. But it is because thou art powerful for good that I reproach thee with not doing it as you ought—because thou art fertile in all kinds of grandeur, I grieve to see thee endure on the front, with Henry the VIII., a stain of mire, and on thy hands with Ireland, a stain of blood! Because the human race stands up to do honor to thy genius I am pained to see thee endure that sighs and moans and maledictions and cries of despair should so often mingle with this concert of thy glory.

England! favored nation, who has succeeded in reconciling monarchy with liberty, traditions with progress, privileges with natural right! Powerful nation, who peopled the earth, ruled the ocean, commanded the respect of Europe! Skilful nation, inventing, applying, reforming, extending enriching, and, until now, preserving so many blessings; sharing with France the first rank in every form of activity, science, industry, agriculture, commerce. Christian nation, in spite of thy sad errors, who lovest justice, abolishest slavery, protectest from afar the humblest of thy children! Well, to so many great qualities, add yet one more; to so many virtues, add yet another virtue.

And, once more, take not offence at my words. Do people address remonstrances to the King of Dahomey? Would they think him worthy of them? No, we thus accuse those only whom we esteem.

But, land of justice, of liberty and wealth, wilt thou drag after thee for ever, will thou forever trample under foot, a race odiously ill-treated, unjustly enslaved, cruelly impoverished?

No; this incongruity, this opprobrium, this iniquity, as thy most illustrious sons themselves call it, will not eternally rise up against thee before the nations. It will cease, it will cease at last; and when it has ceased—when beneficence, generous sympathy, just laws, and an equitable administration, have caused Ireland to bloom again, thou wilt only be the stronger, the more glorious; the prosperity of Ireland will be added to thine own, and another too—the only one that lasts, the only one that secures all others—the prosperity of justice. Thou readest the Scriptures: meditate upon this word—"Justitia elevat gentes—justice elevates nations; but when nations tread justice under foot, outraged justice rises again and revenges herself, and a day comes when iniquity renders them miserable, and ruins them forever, strong as they may be—*Miseros autem facit populus peccatum*." May this day never come for thee; such is my most earnest prayer.

Such are my wishes for Ireland and England; but I should desire something more for England and for the world.

Allow me, my brethren, here to pour forth my whole soul before you; let me unbosom to you my inmost thoughts.

Yes, I long for another reparation, another act of justice, another reconciliation yet more noble and more fruitful.

There is upon the brow of free England another stain, and upon the lips of all nations another accusation. That stain I would fain see effaced; that accusation I would fain see disappear. There are two names that I cannot separate, neither in my thoughts nor in this discourse—Rome and Ireland.

It is the unalterable attachment of Ireland to the Catholic faith and to the Holy Roman Church that has been for this generous nation the source of her long afflictions; and it must be said that bitter ill-will and inexorable animosity against Rome and the Apostolic See are still rife in England; and hence all those unconquerable prejudices, all those odious accusations which are hurled against this Catholic Church and her Pontiff. Well! I, a bishop of the Catholic Church, I would hold out to-day, to England, an invitation to peace in the name of liberty and justice. No; the time has gone by for these prejudices, these passions of another age, for this unjust, unmerited rancour, without grounds, without any real motive, impolitic even, and as often opposed to the true interests as to the honor of the English people.

The hour will come when they must vanish; for truth cannot be eternally eclipsed. Yes, the hour will come, but let it not delay. Is there not in this hostility, which separates two great influences that seem made for one another, too much bitterness and pain, not to cause them to feel a longing for pacification, and finally to sug-

gest kinder thought, peaceful words, and bring about a generous and welcome reconciliation?

Yes, the hour has come to understand one another, and to argue no longer with passion and bitterness, but with quiet confidence and mutual respect.

I shall, therefore, say to the English, when they have mastered themselves and their prejudices: Reflect, in the calm of your consciences, how strange were the prejudices which you have hitherto obeyed, and how glorious it would be for you to do justice at last both to Ireland and to that Church, who was your mother in the faith. In good truth, is Catholicism opposed to a single one of England's institutions, to her prosperity, to her love of liberty? Read over the pages of Lord Macaulay! In your two houses of parliament, at your bar, in your armies or your fleets, wherever a field is open to patriotism, to valor, to intellect, look and tell us if Catholics serve their country worse than others! Why should an English Catholic not be as faithful to his country as others? For my part, I cannot discover the shadow of reason.

I have long sought in vain for the wrongs of the Papacy towards England, for the grounds of the mistrust with which she regards it. What have the passions of Henry VIII, or of Elizabeth, to do with our age? In what has Rome directly, or indirectly, crossed the policy, or injured the interests of the English people? Well would it then be too much to ask of the English, to show at least to the august head of the Catholic Church the deference that they refuse to no one else upon earth? You may not have the happiness to acknowledge in the Pontiff the successor of the Prince of the Apostles, the Vicar of Christ upon Earth; but at least respect in the sovereign his virtues, his misfortunes, his unarmed old age, his weakness. Understand, at least that the rights of an ancient and venerable sovereignty, the unanimous sentiments of the Catholic world, the prayers and the sorrows of Ireland, the most honored recollections of your own history, and I shall add the very trials, the bitter portion which has befallen the gentle and holy Pontiff, and, finally, the indescribable grace that suffering lends to virtue, recommend him to your justice, your generosity, and your respect.

It was a great misfortune for herself and for the Church, when England severed the time-honored tie which bound her to unity. When Bossuet looked upon the cradle of the English Church, and recalled its glorious past, he could not believe that the days of delusion would last for ever, and that so learned a nation would ever remain blinded by error. He hoped and longed for the day when England would return from her wanderings. In these hopes, and in those longings I join with all my heart. Yes, already, I behold the dawn of this blessed day. Not to speak of the eminent members of her learned universities, whom, according to the prediction of Bossuet, their respect for the Fathers, their earnest and unwearied researches on antiquity, have brought back to the doctrines of the first ages, how many other great minds, though still attached to Anglicanism, protest against the inveterate and ungrateful animosity with which England has pursued the Roman Church, and speak of that Church in kindly and even grateful accents. How many other great minds, although still attached to Anglicanism, protest against that inveterate and ungrateful hatred with which England has pursued the Roman Church, and speak of that Church with feelings calmed down, and even in accents of reason?

The reconciliation would be the more happy, as the separation was sad. When two great powers at war cease from the conflict, they each become greater in peace; in their noble and extended sphere they freely develop their resources. The most precious resources—the most noble gifts of humanity—all that is high and fruitful within them, then find for their development wide and noble fields, where no obstacle can arrest their progress.

And what gain to the world, that quarrels only grow more bitter—that hatreds continue to the end (*s'eternisent*)—that reconciliations (*rapprochements*) are never to take place?

But eternal disunions between noble peoples is but a civil war in the bosom of humanity.—Alas! victories are as dear to the victors as to the vanquished!

Viewing poor human nature as it is, we well know what, in their turn, both victors and vanquished proved themselves to be.

England, alas! has known it better than any other nation. But is it not high time such things should cease?

Truly, at a time when so many links and so many fresh relations tend to bring men together everywhere, is not the moment at hand to accomplish the reconciliation of hearts and souls? We make commercial treaties: we shall soon perhaps have treaties of navigation. Would it not be still better to strike a new and grand treaty of faith and of charity for the propagation of the Gospel throughout the earth?

May our fervent aspirations and our prayers hasten the hour of Providence!

Christ on the cross, prayed for those who had crucified him. Irishmen, Catholics of all countries, let us offer up our fervent prayer for England.

O God! were this great nation to return at length to unity. What a glory for herself!—What a happiness for the world! The great standard of Christian unity, how well would it suit the hand of England to raise it aloft, and her vessels to carry it across every sea, into all the lands the most distant in the world.

O my brethren of England, I say to you with emotion and with love, and with these words I terminate this discourse; were your prejudices (*preventions*) only to cease—were your eyes to open to the light—were your hearts able to grow calm in the sweetness of the Gospel, in returning to the truth you had returned to justice. The past, blotted out, would only add lustre to your glory; you would bring to silence those millions of voices that never cease to raise against you formidable accusations, and delight in reproaching you with your selfishness. You would no longer have Ireland as a thorn in your side. It would be no longer pointed out to you as an eternal reproach and a shame. You would then be weighed in the scales of Europe with a weight more just and more powerful. O God! what could you not then do for the peace of the world! and what could you not do at this moment for the peace of Italy! Yes; France and you—what could you not effect, if just, at least towards the power the most friendly to this unfortunate country, and the most necessary to its real independence, you sought with us to rescue the Italian cause from the oppression of a fatal party, which at once throws Italy out of its proper paths, and agitates Europe to its deepest depths.

But what do I say? and shall I here allow my soul to indulge in the hopes and longing musings of an illusion that I love? Shall it be given us one day to see these wishes realized?—As for me, I hope for it fondly; and after the lapse of two centuries, I love to adopt the generous and distant provision of Bossuet:—"I dare believe, and I see wise men concur in this sentiment, that the days of blindness are running out, and that it is time for light to return."

My brethren, you will unite in these wishes as in those we have just formed for Ireland.

I thank you, in the name of this beautiful and unfortunate country, for the sympathy which you have come here to-day to manifest towards it by this immense concourse, and by the charitable and pious donations which, in a moment, you mean to drop from your hands and your hearts. I am proud at being able to plead, although ever so imperfectly, alas! a cause so dear and sacred, and at having pleaded it before you. And my heart shall feel a lively gratitude towards the goodness of God, if His penetrating grace, while it distils like a beneficent dew the gifts of your charity on the poor Irish, can bring to all Ireland an aid greater and more lasting, by at length bringing a great nation to the resolve of entering on the paths of compassion and of justice. Amen.

## ARTEMUS WARD IN THE SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY.

The show is confiscated. You have perhaps wondered whereabouts I was for these many days gone and past. Perhaps you sposed I'd gone to the tomb of the Cappylets, tho I don't know what those is. It's a popular noospaper frase.

Listen to my tail, and be silent that ye may here. I've been among the Sesebers, a sarnin my daily peck by my legitimt perfeshun, and havn't had no time to weeld my facile quill for 'the Grate Komic paper,' if you'll allow me to kuote from your truthful advertisement.

My success was skaly, and I likewise had a narrow escape of my life. If what I've been threw is 'Suthern hospitality,' I feel bound to observe that they made too much of me. They was altogether too lavish with their attentions.

I went among the Sesebers with no feelings of anermosity. I went in my porfeshernal capacity. I was actooated by one of the most Lof-tiest desires which can swell the human Boozum, viz., to give the people their moneys worth by showin them Sagashus Beests, and Wax Statoots which I venture to say are onsurpact by any other statoots anywheres. I will not call that man who sez my statoots are bumbugs a liar and hoss thief, but bring him be 4 me, and I'll wither him with one of my skornful trows.

But to proceed with my tail. In my travils threw the Sonny South I heard a heap of talk about Sesebin and busting up the Union, but I didn't think it mounted to nothin. The politicians in all the villages was swearin that Old Abe (sometimes called the Prayhayrie flower) should'n't never be noggerated. They also made fool's of themselves in vari's ways, but as they