



CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

VOL. XXIII.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, DEC. 20, 1872.

NO. 19

BOOKS FOR DECEMBER.

- Sadler's New Uniform and Complete Edition of LOVER'S WORKS, Comprising Rory O'Moore, Handy Andy, Treasure Trove, Legends and Stories of Ireland; Poetical Works, 5 vols. in Box. Per vol. 1 00
THE LIFE OF FATHER MATHEW, the People's Soggarth Aroon. By Sister Mary Frances Clare, Author of Life of St. Patrick, etc. 75
THE HEART OF MYRRHA LAKE; or, Into the Light of Christianity. By Minnie Mary Lee. 1 00
THE LIFE AND TIMES OF PONSIXTUS THE FIFTH. By Baron Hubner, Late Ambassador of Austria at Paris and at Rome. Translated from the original French by James F. Molino. 1 00
FLEURANGE. By Madame Augustus Craven Author of "A Sister's Story," etc. 1 50
ALL-HALLOW'S EVE; or, The Test of Futurity, and other Stories. 2 00
THE HISTORY OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY. Translated from the French of Orsini, by Very Rev. F. C. Hussenbath. 2 00
THE ILLUSTRATED CATHOLIC FAMILY ALMANAC for 1873. 25
THE CATHOLIC WORLD. Contents:—The Spirit of Protestantism; Fleurange; Sayings of John Chicasus; Dante's Purgatorio; Sanscrit and the Vedas; The House that Jack Built; St. Peter's Roman Pontificate; Sayings: The Progressionists; Christian Art of the Catacombs; Bating the Air; A Retrospect; The Russian Clergy; The Cross Through Love and Love Through the Cross; Odd Stories; Signs of the Times; New Publications, etc. Terms, per annum. 4 50
Single Copies 45
Sont free by Mail on receipt of price. D. & J. SADLER & CO., Montreal.

FATHER BURKE'S LECTURE ON "Grattan and the Volunteers."

THE FOURTH LECTURE IN ANSWER TO MR. FROUDE.

THE SYMPATHY BETWEEN IRELAND AND AMERICA.

CAUSES OF THE FAILURE OF IRISH SELF GOVERNMENT UNDER GRATTAN.

(From the New York Irish American.)

The audience which filled the Academy of Music, on the occasion of Father Burke's fourth lecture, on the evening of the 21st ult., was not inferior in numbers or brilliancy to that which greeted him on the previous Tuesday evening, while in fervid enthusiasm it exceeded any before which the Reverend gentleman has as yet appeared.

As usual there was a large attendance of the clergy; and among the audience were many distinguished Americans. The Irish patriot, John Mitchel, with his family, occupied one of the proscenium boxes, and on being recognized by the audience, was greeted with a round of enthusiastic cheers, which were heartily renewed when Father Burke, in the course of his lecture, alluded to his name.

The Rev. Father Burke, on coming forward, addressed the audience as follows:—

Ladies and Gentlemen:—I perceive, from the public papers, that Mr. Froude seems to be somewhat irritated by remarks that have been made as to his accuracy as a historian. Lest any word of mine might hurt, in the least degree, the just susceptibilities of an honorable man, I beg, beforehand, to say that nothing was further from my thoughts than the slightest word either of personality or disrespect for one who has won for himself so high a name as the English historian (applause).—And, therefore, I sincerely hope that it is not any word of mine,—which may have fallen from me, even in the heat of our amicable controversy,—that can have given the least offence to that gentleman. Just as I would expect to receive from him, or from any other learned and educated man, the treatment which one gentleman is supposed to show to another, so do I also wish to give him that treatment (applause).

And now, my friends, we come to the matter in hand. On the last evening, I had to traverse a large portion of my country's history in reviewing the statements of the English historian; and I was obliged to leave almost untouched one portion of that sad story; namely, the period which covers the reign of Queen Anne. This estimable lady, of whom history records the unwomanly vice of an overfondness for eating—(laughter)—came to the English throne, on the demise of William of Orange, in 1702; and on that throne she sat until 1714. As I before remarked, it was, perhaps, natural that the Irish people,—the Catholics of Ireland,—trodden into the very dust,—that they should have expected some quarter from the daughter of the man for whom they had shed their blood, and from the grand-daughter of the other Stuart king, for whom they

had fought with so much bravery in 1649.—The return that the Irish people got from this good lady was quite of another kind from what they might have expected. Not content with the atrocious laws that had been already enacted against the Catholics of Ireland; not content with the flagrant breach of the articles of Limerick, of which her royal brother-in-law, William, was guilty;—no sooner does Anne come to the throne, and send the Duke of Ormonde, as Lord-Lieutenant to Ireland, than the Irish Ascendency,—that is to say the Protestant faction in Ireland,—got upon their knees to the new Lord-Lieutenant to beg of him, for the honor of the Lord, to save them from these desperate Catholics (laughter). Great God!—a people, robbed, persecuted, and slain, until only a miserable remnant of them were left;—without a voice in the nation's councils;—without a vote, even at the humblest board that sat to transact the meanest parochial business; these were the men against whom the strong Protestant Ascendency of Ireland made their complaints, in 1703. And so well were these complaints heard, my friends, that we find edict after edict coming out, declaring that no papist should be allowed to inherit or possess land, or to buy land, or have it even under a lease: declaring that if a Catholic child wished to become Protestant, that moment that child became the owner and the master of his father's estate; and his father remained only his pensioner, or a tenant for life upon the bounty of his apostate son; declaring that, if a child, no matter how young,—even an infant,—conformed and became Protestant,—that moment that child was to be removed from the guardianship and custody of the father, and was to be handed over to some Protestant relation. Every enactment that the misguided ingenuity of the tyrannical mind of man could suggest was adopted and put in force. "One might be inclined," says Mr. Mitchel, "to suppose that Popery had been sufficiently discouraged; seeing that the Bishops and clergy had been banished, that Catholics were excluded, by law, from all honorable or lucrative employments; carefully disarmed, and plundered of almost every acre of their ancient inheritance." But enough had not yet been done to make the Protestant interest feel secure; consequently these laws came in, and clauses were added, under this "good Queen Anne," declaring that Papist or Catholic could live in a walled town, especially in the towns of Limerick or Galway; that no Catholic could even come into the suburbs of these towns; they were obliged to remain several miles outside the town, as if they were lepers, whose presence would contaminate their sleek and pampered Protestant fellow-citizens of the land (hisses).

The persecution went on. In 1711, we find them enacting new laws; and later on, to the very last day of Queen Anne's reign, we find them enacting their laws, hounding on the magistrates and the police of the country, and the informers of the country,—offering them bribes and premiums to execute these atrocious laws, and to hunt the Catholic people and the Catholic priesthood of Ireland, as if they were ferocious and untamable wolves. And, my friends, Mr. Froude justifies all this on two grounds.—Not a single word has he of compassion for the people who were thus treated. Not a single word has he of manly protest against the shedding of that people's blood (A Voice—"He is too mean!")—by unjust persecutions, as well as their robbery by legal enactment. But, he says, there were two reasons which, in his mind, seemed to justify the atrocious action of the English Government. The first of these was that, after all, these laws were only retaliation, upon the Catholics of Ireland, for the terrible persecutions that were suffered by the Huguenots, or Protestants of France. And, he says, that the Protestants of Ireland were only following the example of King Louis the Fourteenth who revoked the Edict of Nantes. Let me explain this somewhat to you. The Edict of Nantes was a law that gave religious liberty to the French Protestants as well as to the French Catholics. It was a law founded on justice. It was a law founded on the sacred rights that belong to man (applause). And this law was revoked; consequently the Protestants of France were laid open to persecution. But, there is this difference between the French Protestants and the Catholics of Ireland.—The French Protestants had never had their liberty guaranteed to them by treaty; the Irish Catholics had their liberties guaranteed by the Treaty of Limerick,—the treaty they won by their own brave hands and swords (great applause). The Edict of Nantes was revoked; but that revocation was no breach of any royal word pledged to them. The Treaty of Limerick was broken with the Catholics of Ireland, and in the breach of it, the King of England, the Parliament of England, the aristocracy of England, as well as the miserable Irish Protestant faction at home, became perjurers before history and the world (applause). Here are the words of

the celebrated Edmund Burke on this very subject of the revocation of this edict:—

"This act of injustice" (says the great Irish statesman)—"which let loose on that monarch, Louis the Fourteenth, such a torrent of invective and reproach, and which threw such a dark cloud over the splendor of such an illustrious reign,—falls far short of the case of Ireland."

Remember, he is an English statesman,—though of Irish birth,—and a Protestant, who speaks:—

"The privileges which the Protestants of France enjoyed, antecedent to this revocation were far greater than the Roman Catholics of Ireland ever aspired to, under the Protestant establishment. The number of their sufferers, if considered absolutely, is not half of ours; and, if considered relatively to the body of the community, it is perhaps not a twentieth part. Then the penalties and incapacities which grow from that revocation, are not so grievous in their nature, or so certain in their execution, nor so ruinous, by a great deal, to the people's prosperity in that state, as those which were established for a perpetual law in the unhappy country of Ireland."

In fact, what did the revocation of the Edict of Nantes do? It condemned those who relapsed into the Protestant faith, after having renounced it,—it condemned them; not, indeed, to the confiscation of their goods,—there was no confiscation, except in cases of relapse, and in cases of quitting the country. There was nothing at all of that complicated machinery which we have described in referring to Ireland's persecutions: there was nothing at all beggaring one portion of the population, and giving its spoils to the other part; while, side by side, with this, we find the Irish people ruined, beggared, persecuted, and hunted to the death; and the English historian comes, and says: "Oh, we were only serving you as your people, and your own fellow-religionists in France, were serving us!"

The other reason that he gives to justify these persecutions, was that "the Irish Catholics were in favor of the Pretender,"—that is to say—of the son of James the Second;—"and, consequently, were hostile to the government." Now, to that statement I can give, and do give, a most emphatic denial (applause). The Irish Catholics had had quite enough of the Stuarts; they had shed quite enough of their blood for that treacherous and shameless race; they had no interest whatever in the succession; nor cared they one iota whether the Elector of Hanover, or the son of James the Second, succeeded to the throne of England. For well they knew, whether it was Hanoverian, or Stuart, that ruled in England, the faction at home in Ireland and the prejudices of the English people would make him, whoever he was, a tyrant over them and over their nation (applause). And thus the persecution went on, and law after law was passed to make perfect the beggary and the ruin of the Irish people: until at length Ireland was reduced to such a state of misery, that the very name of Irishman was a reproach. And at length a small number of the glorious race had the miserable weakness to change their faith and to deny the religion of their fathers and their ancient race. The name of an Irishman was a reproach! My friends, Dean Swift was born in Ireland; Dean Swift is looked upon as a patriotic Irishman; yet Dean Swift said—"I no more consider myself an Irishman, because I happened to be born in Ireland, any more than an Englishman, chancing to be born in Calcutta, would consider himself a Hindoo!" Of the degradation of the Irish, and their utter prostration, he went so far as to say, he would not think of taking them into account, on any matter of importance, "any more than he would of consulting the swine." Lord Macaulay gloats over the state of the Catholics in Ireland, thus; and Mr. Froude views,—perhaps not without some complacency,—their misery. Lord Macaulay calls them "Pariahs," and says that they had no liberty even to breathe in the land, and that land their own! And we find this very view emphasized, by Lord Chancellor Bowles, in the middle of the century, rising in an Irish court, laying down the law quite coolly and calmly, and saying that, "The law did not presume a Papist to exist in the Kingdom, nor could they breathe without the connivance of Government!" Chief Justice Robinson made a similar declaration. Here are the words of his Lordship, the Chief Justice:—"It appears" (he says) "plain, that the law does not suppose any such person to exist, as an Irish Roman Catholic." And yet, at that very time, we find Irishmen proclaiming their loyalty, and saying "Look at the Catholics of Ireland, how loyal they are!" Mr. Froude says that they favored the Pretender at the very time when the Government itself was attributing the quietude of the people in Ireland, not to their prostration, not to their ruin,—as was the real state of the case,—but to their devoted loyalty to the Crown of

England! Well did that brave Irish gentleman, John Mitchel, reject that idea (applause). "They were," he says, "as degraded as England could make them; but there was another degradation that could only come through themselves, that they were not guilty of;—and that would be the degradation of loyalty" (applause).

Now, my friends, we have at this very time an Irishman of the name of Phelim O'Neill,—one of the glorious old line of Tyrone,—one in whose veins flowed the blood of the great and the heroic "Red Hugh," who struck the Saxon at the "Yellow Ford," and purged the stream of the Blackwater with his blood (great applause); one in whose veins flowed the, perhaps, still nobler blood of the immortal Owen Roe O'Neill, the glorious victor of Benburb (renewed applause). And this good Phelim O'Neill changed his religion and became a Protestant. But it seemed to him a strange and unnatural thing that a man of the name of O'Neill should be a Protestant; so he changed his name from Phelim O'Neill, and called himself "Felix Neale" (laughter). There has been a good deal said lately about the pronunciation of proper names, and what they rhyme with. This man made his name rhyme with eel,—the slippery eel (laughter). Now, on this change of the gentleman's name and religion, an old parish priest wrote some Latin verses, which were translated by Clarence Mangan. I will read them just to let you see how things were in Ireland at that time:—

"All things has Felix changed. He changed his name; Yet, in himself, he it no more the same. Scorning to spend his days where he was reared, To drag out life among the vulgar herd, And trudge his way through bogs, in tracks and brogues. He changed his creed; and joined the Saxon rogues By whom his sires were robbed; and laid aside The arms they bore, for centuries with pride— The 'ship,' the 'salmon,' and the famed 'Red Hand.' And blushed when called O'Neill in his own land. Poor, paltry, skulker, from thy noble race! Infelix Felix, weep for thy disgrace!" —(applause and laughter).

But, my friends, the English Ascendency,—or the Protestant Ascendency in Ireland, if you will,—seeing, now, that they had got every penal law that they could ask for; seeing that the only thing that remained for them was to utterly exterminate the Irish race,—and this they had nearly accomplished; for they had driven them into the wilds and wastes of Connaught; and they would have killed them all, only that the work was too much, and that there was a certain something in the old blood, and in the old race, that still terrified them when they approached them (applause): they had so far subdued the Catholics, that they thought, now, at last, their hands were free, and nothing remained for them but to make Ireland, as Mr. Froude says, "a garden." They were to have every indulgence and every privilege. Accordingly, they set to work.—They had their own Parliament. No Catholic could come near them, or come into their towns: they were forbidden to present themselves at all. They were greatly surprised to find that, now the Catholics were crushed into the very earth, England began to regard the very Cromwellians themselves with fear and hatred. What! They, the sons of the Puritans! They, the brave men that had slaughtered so many of the Irish, and of the Catholic religion! Are they to be treated unjustly? Is their trade, or their commerce, or their Parliament to be interfered with? Ah! now, indeed, Mr. Froude finds tears, and weeps them over the folly of England, because England interfered with the commerce and with the trade of the Protestant Ascendency in Ireland. They made a law;—these Protestant tradesmen were first-class woolen weavers; they made splendid cloth, which took the very best prices in all the markets of Europe, because the wool of the Irish sheep was so fine (applause). The English Parliament made a law that the Irish traders were not to sell any more cloth; they were not to go into any of the foreign markets to rival their English fellow-merchants. They were to stay at home; they had the island, and they might make the most of it; but, any trade, any freedom; anything that would enrich Ireland,—that the English Parliament denied. Mr. Froude attributes this, in his lecture, to the accident that England at that time, happened to be under the dominion of a paltry, pitiful-hearted lot of selfish money-jobbers: "mere accident" according to him; but an accident which he confesses so discontented the Orange faction in Ireland, that many hundreds of them emigrated, and came over to America, to settle in the New England States. There, as he asserts, with some truth, they carried their hatred with them, that was one day to break up the British Empire (applause). I have another theory on this great question. I hold that it was no accident of the hour, at all, that made England place her restrictive laws on the Irish woolen trade. I hold that it was the settled policy of England. These

men, who were now in the ascendancy in Ireland, imagined that, because they had ruined and beggared the ancient faith, therefore they were friends, and they would be regarded as friends by England. I hold that it was at that time, and in a great measure as is to-day, the fixed policy of England to keep Ireland poor, to keep Ireland down, to be hostile to Ireland, no matter who lives in it,—whether he be Catholic or Protestant, whether he be Norman, Cromwellian, or Celt (applause). "Your ancestors," says Curran, speaking to the men of his time, a hundred years afterwards—"your ancestors thought themselves the oppressors of their fellow-subjects, but they were only their jailors; and the justice of Providence would have been frustrated if their own slavery had not been the punishment for their vice and their folly." That slavery came, and it fell on commerce. The Protestant inhabitants of Ireland, the Protestant traders of Ireland, the "planters" were beggared by the hostile legislation of England, simply because they were now in Ireland and had an interest in the Irish soil, and in the welfare of the country. The inimitable Swift, speaking on this subject, makes use of the following quaint fable of Ovid. He says: "The fable which Ovid relates of Arachne and Pallas is to this purpose. The goddess had heard of a certain Arachne, a young virgin who was famous for spinning and weaving. They both met upon a trial of skill, and Pallas, the goddess, hiding herself almost equalled in her own art, stung with rage, after knocking her rival down, turned her into a spider, enjoining her to weave forever out of her own bowels and in a very narrow compass." "I confess," the Dean goes on, "that from a boy, I always pitied poor Arachne, and never could heartily love the goddess, on account of so cruel and unjust a sentence, which, however, is fully executed upon us by England; with the further addition that while she requires the greatest part of our bowels, eventually, they are extracted without leaving us the liberty of either spinning or weaving." He alludes in this to a strange piece of legislation, which Mr. Froude acknowledges. The Irish wool was famous for its superior fineness, and the English were outbid for it by the French manufacturers. The French were willing to give three shillings a pound for the wool; and the English passed a law that the Irish people,—the farmers,—could not sell their wool anywhere but in England; so they fixed their own price on it; and they took the wool, made cloth, and, as the Dean says, poor Ireland—Arachne,—had to give her vitals without the pleasure of spinning or weaving. (Laughter.) Then the Dean goes on to say:—"The Scripture tells us that oppression makes the wise man mad; therefore the reason that some men in Ireland are not mad is because they are not wise men." (Laughter.) "However, it were to be wished that oppression would in time teach a little wisdom to fools." Well, we call Dean Swift a patriot. How little did he ever think,—as great a man as he was,—of that oppression, compared with which the restriction upon the wool trade was nothing,—the oppression that beggared and ruined a whole people; that drove them from their land; that drove them from every pleasure in life; that drove them from their country; that maddened them to desperation; and all because they had Irish names and Irish blood, and because they would not give up the faith which their conscience told them was the true one. (Applause.)

And now, my friends, Mr. Froude, in his lecture, comes at once to consider the consequences of that Protestant emigration from Ireland; and he says: "The manufacturers of Ireland and the workmen were discontented, and they shipped off and came to America." And then he begins to enlist the sympathies of America upon the side of the Protestant men who came over from Ireland. If he stopped here, I would not have a word to say to the learned historian. When an Englishman claims the sympathy of this, or any other land, for the men of his blood and of his religion,—if they are deserving of that sympathy, I, an Irishman, am always ready, and the first to grant it to them, with all my heart. (Applause.) And, therefore, I do not find the slightest fault with this learned Englishman, when he challenges the sympathy of America for the Orangemen of Ireland, and the Protestants who came to this country. If those men were deserving of American sympathy, why not let them have it? But, Mr. Froude went on to say, that, whilst he claimed sympathy for the Protestant emigrants from Ireland, as staunch Republicans and lovers of American liberty, the Catholics of Ireland, on the other hand, were clamoring at the foot of the throne,—telling King George III. that they would be only too happy to go out at his command, and to shed American blood in his cause. Was that statement true or not? My friends, the learned gentleman quoted a petition that was presented to Sir John Blaquiere, in 1775, the