

THE LATE REV. DR. CAHILL.

SKETCH OF HIS CAREER.
London University, March 14.

The Guion steamer Wyoming, having on board the remains of the late Rev. Dr. Cahill, and which left New York early last week, was signalled all right off Broadhead at twenty-five minutes to eleven o'clock last night, and shortly after two o'clock this morning the tug Lord Bandon left Messrs. Scott's pier to meet the vessel. The Dublin deputation, the Queens-town Commissioners and press representatives also proceeded by the tug to meet the steamer. The Wyoming arrived safely at Queenstown at half-past three this morning, and after landing the remains of Dr. Cahill, proceeded immediately for Liverpool.

At such a moment it may not be out of place to give a short sketch of the distinguished man whose dying wish it was to be buried in the soil of his native land, and who for the last twenty years has reposed peacefully across the Atlantic, and around whose grave in a few days a grateful and affectionate people will pay the last tribute of affection to one of their most distinguished countrymen. We take the following account of Dr. Cahill from the *University* of Nov. 10th, 1864, published a few days after his death.

"A great and good man has departed from earth; a patriot and benefactor rests from his labor; a Christian hero has ceased from his conflict here and gone to his reward. Rev. Dr. W. Cahill, the profound scholar, the eloquent orator, the devoted priest, is dead. These brief words will stir the feelings of thousands, tens of thousands, in this country, Ireland, and America with profound emotions of sadness and regret. Not sadness for him who sleeps—not regret for him who has entered upon a new and noble sphere—but because of their great loss, and the loss that the Church, and the Irish cause, to which his soul was devoted, sustain in his death. They mourn that they shall see his face no more, who has so often aroused their patriotism as he has dwelt with unapproachable eloquence upon the dear land of Erin; their indignation, as he has portrayed her wrongs, and their resolution never to forget her or lose hope for her when he has pointed, as though a prophet spoke, to the possible modes of working out the redemption of Ireland, so that she may once more stand redeemed and disenthralled in the beauty and dignity of a regenerated nationality. They mourn, also, that the lips which have so often spoken often spoken of their religious teacher and guide, confirmed and soothed their faith, and led them as they bowed reverently before the sacred altar, in their devotions, are now silent in the grave. To these mourners the loss is irreparable—the visitation of his death is inscrutable—but they submit in humble adoration, and bow to the Almighty God that has thus afflicted them."

The sad event took place on the 28th ult., at the other side of the Atlantic in the city of Boston, where, though far from the pleasant fields of his youth, it is a satisfaction to know that he was surrounded by a teeming colony of his own compatriots, who performed his dying couch with their prayers and soothed his passage to another world with all the kindly attention that admiration, based upon affection, could suggest.

During the past year Dr. Cahill had resided in Brooklyn, New York. Previously he had made Rome, in the western part of that State, his resting place and home. At the urgent request of the Rev. Daniel Heane, of Limerick, the doctor was induced to visit that city to deliver a lecture. Although in feeble health he did not feel at liberty to decline the invitation. On reaching Taunton, he was so prostrated as to be unable to preach, and after a few days he came to Boston, followed and accompanied by the prayers of his friends, who knew his condition, that medical aid would soon restore him to strength and usefulness. But, alas! all was in vain. He was removed to the Carney Hospital on the 15th of October, where he died on the 28th, at four o'clock in the morning, aged 67 years.

The body was embalmed under the supervision of Dr. Blake, the visiting physician of the hospital, and placed in a metallic coffin.

During Dr. Cahill's sickness everything that human skill could devise was done for the beloved sufferer. The good Sisters of Charity were constant in their attendance upon him. But all availed nothing. The word had been spoken; the fiat had gone forth; his time had come, and he delivered up his soul to him who gave it.

THE LAYING IN STATE.
The remains were placed in a handsome casket, and were laid in the chapel of the hospital. On Sunday hundreds gathered around the hospital to view the corpse, which looked as if the doctor "was not dead, but sleeping." A large concourse followed the removal of the remains to the church, which were deposited there at five o'clock; shortly after the church was thrown open for the people, who flocked in crowds to view the remains of him who was their great champion. From five o'clock until eleven, no less than 10,000 persons—men, women, and children—passed by the corpse to take a last fond lingering look at the great departed. Sorrow was depicted in every countenance. Early in the evening the Right Rev. Bishop imparted the benediction.

THE SERVICES IN THE CHURCH.
The Requiem Mass commenced at half-past ten o'clock, and at the usual time Father O'Reilly ascended the pulpit, and delivered a very impressive discourse. At the conclusion of the Mass, absolution was imparted, and the corpse afterwards removed to the hearse, which was tastefully decorated with black horses. The funeral cortege moved slowly through the principal streets to the Roxbury and Brookline line, where the procession filed off and returned to the city. The Brookline Hibernian Association here met the corpse, and accompanied it to the cemetery in Holyrood, where, after the usual ceremonies, it was deposited in the vault.

SEARCH OF HIS CAREER.
Dr. Cahill was born at Graigue, on the Queen's County side of Carlow, on the 29th of November, 1797. He was an

ecclesiastic subject of the diocese of Kildare and Leighlin, over which presided, when he was young, on the celebrated Dr. Doyle, the "J. K. L." of the pre-eminent period. He was the son of a gentleman well known in the midland and southern portions of Ireland as an eminent engineer and surveyor. By the maternal side he was of Spanish descent. His patronymic is Celtic, and the temperament and habits of the man manifested in an extraordinary degree the striking characteristics of both these ancient races. Father Cahill was a man of commanding personal appearance. His stature—tall, massive, and yet of graceful proportions, not less than six feet five inches in height—was always sure to call more than ordinary attention to him, while his deeply thoughtful and expressive countenance, stamped with the royal signet of intellectual superiority, gave assurance that a mind of power inhabited there.

In his younger days of ardent feelings and ambitious promptings, the future priest and orator was destined for the army. Fortunately for him, the Church, and the poor, who always shared his nearest and dearest sympathies, a nobler career awaited him, and he was led to enter upon a warfare more glorious, where he achieved conquests more enduring, and from which Christianity has reaped most incalculable benefits. The intended soldier rejected, like St. Ignatius, the colours, the war-steed, and the cannon, to enlist under the banner of the cross, and while yet a youth, he entered upon those duties which qualify the man to become the minister of God and the servant of the human race. He became a student of the law at Carlow College, after which he studied for some time under the Jesuits. Here, having entered somewhat upon those studies more appropriate to the profession he had chosen, he became distinguished as a scholar.

Due time he entered Maynooth, where he read a full course of theology and natural philosophy. He became a proficient in Hebrew, and mastered the German, French, and Italian languages. His scholarship was so conspicuous that it placed him among the most proficient of his college. On the completion of his minor studies, Mr. Cahill received Orders, and was selected to the Dunboyne establishment of Maynooth, where he passed additional years in reading, more advanced course of theology and ecclesiastical history. In due time he was taken into full orders in the Church. He was selected for the Professorship of Natural Philosophy in Carlow, and as a proof that his talents were recognized beyond the sphere in which they were exercised with such efficiency, the degree of doctor in divinity was conferred upon him by the Pope. Dr. Cahill continued in Carlow College for some years, after which he transferred the sphere of his operations to Dublin and for many years subsequently had a seminary at Seapoint, near Blackrock, which became eminent and celebrated.

During all this time Dr. Cahill was known as a preacher of singular force and clearness, and of great, yet simple and commanding eloquence. His eloquence, and superior acquirements were in constant demand, and his industry and energy, which knew no abatement, prompted him to respond to invitations to preach in many and distant portions of Ireland and in England upon important occasions; and finally a voice from the United States reached him, and he obeyed the call. Among some of his most important productions at this period of his life are his controversial sermons, spoken to crowded congregations, which embraced the learning of the places where they were delivered; his lectures on the social condition of Ireland, and his letters to Lord Palmerston, the Earl of Derby, Lord John Russell, and the Earl of Carlisle, upon topics connected with the condition, politics, the sufferings of Ireland, and the policy of the British Government towards it, and his replies to Protestant clergymen. An eloquent and interesting period of Dr. Cahill's career.

"His manly voice and pen have, like the bursting thunderbolt, cast dismay and confusion among the ranks of his country's oppressors and persecutors—when pestilence, plague, and famine, and an unfeeling and tyrannical Government and its subservient agents, had swept Ireland of millions of its bravest sons and daughters, and levelled their humble habitations to the earth—when annihilation would seem inevitable—then in Ireland's supposed weakness, degradation and humility, her heartless despots would feign respect and enact a new edition of the desecrated 'Penal Laws,' which have crimsoned Ireland's verdant soil with blood, and consigned many a holy divine and scholar to the scaffold, or banishment for life from an ancestral inheritance. To meet and counteract in embryo these contemptible devil designs of the Government, and an intriguing Cabinet, we find this invincible and unconquering champion of the Church, the philanthropic, patriotic, and eloquent orator, pen in hand, in the field, confronting the degenerate 'Iron Duke,' or upstaging the vile schemes of a Palmerston or a Russell, and awaking from their lethargic slumbers the Courts of Europe, which would soon have fallen victims to English intrigues, and deceitful and designing miseries, with bland faces and craven and hollow hearts, who, with a smile of deception and a tongue of stavity, were plotting destruction wherever they went."

HIS CAREER IN AMERICA.
At the urgent solicitation of many friends, Dr. Cahill was induced to visit the new world. He had long expressed an ardent desire to visit the land of Washington, and had actually delivered a farewell address in Dublin in 1853, but circumstances arose on the eve of his intended departure to alter his determination. At this distance we are not positive as to the actual cause, but we believe it was a prostrating attack of rheumatism, to which he was a great martyr for many years past. A period of six years elapsed now before he carried out his desire to visit what were then, in fact as in name, the United States. He arrived in the city of New York on the 24th of December, 1859, where he was warmly received. It was in the great commercial metropolis where he commenced his public labors, which have since been so abundant, so acceptable, and so beneficial. He delivered there a course of astronomical lectures to crowded and

delighted audiences, and afterwards lectured in various other parts of the country. In December and January, 1860-61, he visited Boston, and gave a course of lectures in several of the towns and cities in the State of Massachusetts. Ever actively engaged in doing good, lectures for charitable purposes now engaged his time, and he lectured and preached in various places in the United States and Canada. It is estimated that over one hundred thousand dollars were thus realized from his sermons in Catholic and non-Catholic charitable institutions. This kind of labor was always dear to the doctor; it was congenial employment to be laboring for the good of others. He was always prodigal of his means; his large heart responded with pleased alacrity to the calls of his countrymen, and no one ever went hungry from his door, or turned from his kindly presence empty-handed.

It was evident, however, and to none more so than those who loved him most, that the doctor's powers were failing. The toil and turmoil and travel of over a quarter of a century of public life began to tell even on his giant frame. Our New York contemporary, the *Tribune*, thus touches on this circumstance, at the same time that it pays him the honest tribute of its admiration:

"For the last two years or more of his life, like our own beloved and lamented late Archbishop Hughes, Dr. Cahill's friends and the Catholic public generally were painfully sensible that his brilliant and versatile mind was becoming hazy and dulled; yet, endeared as he was to the Irish Catholic population everywhere, and heard him with as deep and rapt attention as though he were still the Dr. Cahill whose powerful voice and trenchant logic used to electrify hearers 'ten years ago.' Catholics loved the man because of what he had been, because of the great things he had done for all Catholic charities wherever he went, and because the powers of mind and body were with God had singularly endowed him, and for many years honestly devoted to the service of religion and the promotion of Catholic interests. Therefore, they bore with him when the strength of his noble manhood was gone, and with it the vigor and clearness of his mind; they applauded him as gently as ever when of late he had without being made sensible by the Catholic public, for whom he had laboured, of the painful fact that he was fast sinking into the dull vacuum of imbecile old age. Thank God he was spared that sore trial and died, as he still honestly believed, in the fulness of his old renown. Peace be to his soul for ever in the mansion of eternal rest! The time had come when it was well for him to go hence, but he will long be remembered with grateful affection amongst the people to whose best interests he was so honestly and sincerely devoted, and we are sure that the next generation of American Irish will grow up cherishing his memory as their fathers and mothers do."

It is sad to think that the warm-hearted, kindly old man, whom we all knew in the simple garb of advanced age, and in the waning light of his spirit's brightness, and who much endeared himself to his own people in his wanderings here and at home, is gone for ever from amongst us that we shall see his face or hear his voice no more. Truly, man a greater man could be better spared, and would be less missed from the world's stage than our worthy and well-esteemed old friend, Dr. Cahill. But he is gone whither we must all follow, and in all sincerity we beg of God, while praying for the eternal repose of his soul, that his last end may be serene as his, with as fair a record on the book of time."

Few men of the public papers, or so to say, made more noise in the world, than Dr. Cahill, and few have had more enthusiastic admirers. Very able and versatile he was, and variously accomplished—a man, indeed, "of many gifts," of rare endowments, and of rich and varied attainments. There was, too, a high degree of polish in Dr. Cahill's manner, with a natural suavity which, joined to the simplicity and plainness of his dress, and the earnestness of his mission, and a dignity that was the consciousness of mental power, made him altogether one of the most finished gentlemen of the day. Who can ever forget the effect of his first appearance on an audience—the lofty height from which he seemed ever to look down—the imposing dignity, we had almost said grandeur, of his bearing, and the bland, yet cordial courtesy of his manner when he proceeded to open his discourse.

Dr. Cahill was just the man to captivate an Irish audience, and to wield an influence amongst Irish people. That he did so is well known, and it has been truly said that no man of our time could draw such audiences together as this magnificent specimen of the Iberian Celts, half Spanish Hidalgo, half Irish gentleman, stately and grand, yet cordial, frank, and humorous, to a degree rarely exceeded. Those who best knew Dr. Cahill can bear witness to the many and great virtues which adorned his character, and the few and very trivial failings, which were rather amusing than in any way offensive. Faults, serious blemishes, there were none—none whatever in the genial, courteous gentleman—the faithful, zealous priest that Dr. Cahill was—profusely hospitable ever, yet temperate, nay, even abstemious, in his own personal habits.

We are not at present in a position to say what result will be adopted with regard to Dr. Cahill's final sepulture, whether his remains shall be allowed to rest as they lie, or shall be conveyed to Ireland, and have actually delivered a farewell address in Dublin in 1853, but circumstances arose on the eve of his intended departure to alter his determination. At this distance we are not positive as to the actual cause, but we believe it was a prostrating attack of rheumatism, to which he was a great martyr for many years past. A period of six years elapsed now before he carried out his desire to visit what were then, in fact as in name, the United States. He arrived in the city of New York on the 24th of December, 1859, where he was warmly received. It was in the great commercial metropolis where he commenced his public labors, which have since been so abundant, so acceptable, and so beneficial. He delivered there a course of astronomical lectures to crowded and

If you have catarrh, use the surest remedy—Dr. Sage's.

Correspondence of the Catholic Record.
ANECDOTE OF THE LATE REV. DR. CAHILL.

The removal of the remains of the late Very Rev. Dr. W. Cahill from Boston to the final resting-place in Glasnevin cemetery, Dublin, recalls to mind an incident that occurred during my residence in New York about twenty-five years ago. If my memory serves me right it was in the spring of 1860.

The rev. gentleman was announced to give a lecture in the Church of the Holy Cross, Forty-second street, between Eighth and Ninth Avenues, then under the pastoral care of the Rev. Father McCarthy, lectures were well attended I went early in order to obtain a good seat. While waiting for the doors to open, a carriage drove up to the priest's house and Dr. Cahill alighted. He walked with difficulty and used a stick. There were about a dozen persons, including myself, who were anxious to get a glimpse at the celebrated divine. After leaving the carriage he chatted familiarly with those around him, the children coming in for no small share of his attention, patting them on the cheek and talking in his kind winning manner that endeared him to all.

Among those assembled was a young woman with a child about a year old in her arms. The great man came up, took the child's hand and asked its name. On being told it was Mary, he said he hoped she would always do honor to her name. He liked the good old Irish names, and he was sorry to see some Irishmen and women alter their names, so as to deprive them in a greater or less degree of their Irish character, and to give their children names not at all consistent with Catholic teachings. He then related an incident that occurred to him in his travels through the Western States.

A man called on him, giving his name as Mahare. He was from a town in Ireland well known to Dr. Cahill. The Dr., however, told him he never knew a man of his name. "I have never known a man of his name," replied the visitor, "my name is Meagher, but I am living among a lot of Yankees, and they call me nothing else but Mahare, and I got so used to it that I go by nothing else now." At this juncture Father McCarthy appeared and helped the doctor up the steps, who as he ascended warned his auditors against the practice of departing from the good old Irish names of their ancestors. I forget the subject of the lecture on the occasion, but the church was crowded as was indeed every lecture he delivered in New York.

This incident goes to show the kind, unassuming nature of this great and good man. The poor and the lowly were as dear to him as those in the higher walks of life. It is indeed a great pleasure to the Irish people throughout the world to know that the remains of one of Ireland's most illustrious sons is laid to rest in the dear old land he loved so well.

"Not in the land of the stranger,
Nor in the land of the cold alien loan,
But in the land of his birth, and his home,
When laid in his own island home."
L. K.
Wingham, St. Patrick's Day, 1885.

A Remarkable Incident.

(From the Ave Maria.)
A few days before his death, the late lamented Monsignor Benoit, of Fort Wayne, told Bishop Dwenger of a beautiful and edifying incident, illustrating the powerful intercession of the Blessed Virgin, that occurred during his early missionary labors in the then wild West. Being sent by Bishop Brute to the foot of Lake Michigan, to attend to the few scattered Catholics in the neighborhood of what is now the great city of Chicago, Father Benoit started on horseback.

Large part of the journey lay through trackless forests and prairies, and the missionary lost his way. It was late in the evening, and Father Benoit, tired and way-worn, came to a lonely dwelling in the night, and begged a lodging for the night, stating that it was then impossible for him to go farther. The owner said: "Stranger, it is hardly possible I have but a poor hut; I have no bed to offer." "Only let me have shelter for my horse," the Father replied; "I will lie down on the floor or in the hayloft—any place at all." "Stranger," was the answer, "if you are so easily satisfied you are welcome. Put up your horse; but I cannot well entertain you, for my wife is on her death-bed." Entering the house, Father Benoit was astonished to see some few Catholic pictures. He addressed the sick woman with words of sympathy, remarking, "It appears to me you are a Catholic!" "I am," said the poor woman. "Now, would you not wish before you die to see a priest?" "Oh! that has been my prayer since many years. I have asked that I might see a priest before I die. It is many and many a year since I have seen one. I have had no opportunity for receiving the Sacraments." Father Benoit then said: "Your prayer has been heard, for I am a Catholic priest. I am lost in the woods, and it is God who has brought me here." The children were found to be perfectly instructed in their Catechism. The missionary remained up nearly the whole night and the next day to prepare the mother and children, and the second day he gave the last Sacraments to the mother, and first Communion to the children. While Father Benoit was taking a cup of coffee preparatory to leaving, the poor woman calmly passed away.

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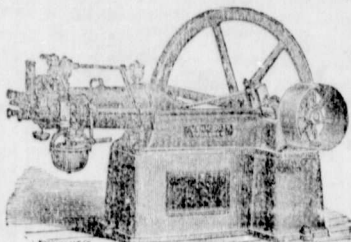
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