

jesty's faithful British subjects, and still, as it always has been, the religion of the enlightened, the great, and the good of universal Christendom, he blushes not authoritatively to denounce, as a tissue of "superstitious humbug," a system that "enslaves the soul" and "fetters the intellect," and its chief pastor, the successor of St. Peter, and, at the same time, immeasurably the most learned, wise, and legitimate of existing potentates—he, with matchless delicacy and good taste, designates as both "insolent and insidious," and lest there should be any mistake about his lordship's *bienveillance* in our regard, he, for five long months, harasses the legislature, and embroils the empire by his efforts to devise pains and penalties for such Catholic bishops as shall assume ecclesiastical titles, which no government can bestow, and can as little take away.

Here are a few of the plain unvarnished reasons which lead me to the very reluctant and painful conclusion that no sympathy, no friendship can be expected by us from the present British ministry, where the interests of Catholicity are solely or mainly concerned, and hence, as well as for other far higher considerations, my resolute and unchanged opposition to its pompously paraded scheme of mixed collegiate education, which I look upon as the most wily, insidious, and "ingenious device" of any yet contrived, for the immediate corruption and final overthrow of that precious deposit, the sainted faith of our fathers. If I must needs offer an apology for reverting to the discussion of this unhappy question, I trust that apology will be found in the duty which I owe to the Catholic youth of my diocese, and whereby I am bound emphatically to caution them and their parents against the acceptance of those lures and bribes now so profusely proffered, and laid almost at their very thresholds.

Mixed Education for Ireland is now the all-absorbing topic of conversation with almost every club and coterie; in fact, it has degenerated into the mere slang and cant of the day. Mr. Conway, of the *Evening Post* (a respected and honored name) pre-eminently champions the cause. He even oracularly tells us that, whether in its normal or more advanced degree, no other will do for this country—why or wherefore, I do not think he has satisfactorily, or indeed in any way, made out. If mixed education be such a pure unmixed boon, may I ask has it been introduced into happy England, or does it prevail there? If not, I would be glad to learn the reason why—at the same time that I shrewdly suspect it—in Protestant England Catholic youth enjoy the invaluable blessing of pure Catholic teaching in all their literary institutions, and the liberality of government fosters such. Why not extend the like rule and practice to Catholic Ireland? Oh, no, replies Mr. Conway, the teaching of your Christian Brothers may be admirable, and their series of publications most excellent, but it is a point ruled, *nam sic volumus, sic jubemus*—you shall have no other than mixed education. It would be idle to combat this reasoning—it is too irresistibly conclusive.

While I am, no unqualified panegyrist, so neither am I a wholesale denouncer of the system of Irish national education. Like all other productions of mere human creation, it has its blended perfections and defects. If I can fairly avail of the former and mitigate the latter, I have no scruple in doing so; and this exercise of discretion I hold to have been contemplated by the Holy See while conceding to every individual bishop the right and privilege of adopting or rejecting the system, as the peculiar condition of his diocese may suggest; for what may work innocuously or even beneficially at one time, owing to altered circumstances, may prove destructive at another, and equally so in different localities. Hence, in pronouncing on the merits or demerits of the system, every prelate must be careful not to extend the applicability of his judgments beyond the sphere of his own jurisdiction. If due attention be paid to this just and reasonable reserve, the unseemly and disedifying practices so frequently resorted to by secular men, of quoting one bishop as an authority against another, shall be altogether avoided. With one requirement of the Commissioners of National Education, I must say, I shall never comply, nor sanction compliances as far as my influence extends—I mean the absolute surrender to their chartered body of those schools, towards the erection of which I and my people have so largely contributed, and without whose co-operation they never would have existed. If the real honest object of the corporation be, as avowed—namely, to keep the schools in better repair and order, most assuredly we shall never prevent them; on the contrary, we shall feel most grateful for their consideration and kindness.

The ignorant and dishonest, and they number legion, declaim with equal vehemence against the barbarous Irish and their want of mental culture—this is a favorite topic of expatriation with the perfumed Cockney and the still more contemptible indigenous sycophant. I am almost tempted to cry shame on these creatures, for who does not know that the infamous penal code, while proclaiming death to the apostle of religion, also marked out the teacher of literature and science as a prey for its ferocity.

Among the thousand and one calumnies so industriously propagated against the Catholic religion, whether by her avowed enemies or her own viper children, none more foul or unfounded than that she is adverse to the widest diffusion, and spread of all legitimate knowledge. Catholicity never appears more glorious than when cultivated genius and refined taste become her heralds or handmaids; she teaches the almost unlimited perfectibility of the human mind, and in evidence of this teaching witness the magnificent universities and splendid endowments she has founded in every land where her power or influence could be exercised. "Learning," says the devout A Kempis, "is not to be blamed, nor the

mere knowledge of anything which is good in itself and ordained of God." The Catholic church has never interdicted the cultivation of any art or science, or other branch of knowledge, which was auxiliary and referable to the great end of man being, which is, to know, and serve, and love God here, and be happy with Him hereafter. Any education prosecuted without a reference to or irrespective of this end, instead of conferring a blessing, inflict a curse; for its fruits are pride, presumption, arrogance, and a self-sufficiency that prompts to question every truth and resist every authority. Such was the learning of the Scribes and Pharisees of old—of the Manicheans and other early heretics—of modern Socinians and more modern infidel philosophers; all of whom have one common aim and object—namely, to weaken and subvert the authority of the Catholic church, which St. Paul calls the "pillar and ground of truth," and without which, that splendid luminary and distinguished master of all human and divine learning (St. Austin) declares, he would not believe the four gospels—"I go vero Evangelio non crederem, nisi me Catholicæ Ecclesiæ commoveret autoritas." Such, likewise, seems the scope of all those schemes of secular education which governments and princes are now obtruding with overweening solicitude on their Catholic subjects.

The apostle teaches that "charity thinketh not evil," and, mindful of this admonition, we are bound to give every individual, and more especially the powers that rule over us, credit for good faith and upright intentions unless their professions and acts otherwise coerce us—let us for a moment apply this test to the government of England in its relation to the Catholic religion.

In India and throughout her colonies her officials and functionaries throw every obstacle in the way of Catholic worship, and, above all, of Catholic conversion. It is a melancholy, though still an incontestable fact, that they would rather the natives should continue Pagans than become Catholics; and surely thus far they do not act inconsistently, as they believe, and are prepared to swear, that our creed is "idolrous and damnable."

Let us next come to the military and naval services. By their respective articles the Catholic sailor and soldier are guaranteed, or at all events, promised freedom of religious worship and unrestricted liberty of conscience. May I ask are these privileges enjoyed either by themselves or their tender offspring? I broadly answer not; for in the regimental school the child of the Catholic soldier must read the Protestant Bible—aye, and learn the Protestant catechism—in utter disregard of the wishes of his father, or the remonstrance of his own pastor.

Ah! how often has the brave soldier, who was ready to face every danger, and for whom death had no terrors when engaged in the cause of his Queen and country, told me that his heart was rent with agony and remorse because of his unmanly criminal compromise in this particular; he would, at once resolutely encounter death, but he had not the moral courage to bear up against the every-day annoyances and persecutions to which he would be subject from the splenetic zeal of some twaddling, saintly, Calvinistic subaltern. Believe me, Sir, the melo-drama lately enacted at *Birr* is no isolated farce. Indeed, I may venture to say it constitutes the rule in all our rural military stations.

I, myself, more than once remonstrated with our local military authorities against this unchristian injustice—this monstrous violation of parental authority and religious right, but to no purpose. I even took the liberty addressing his Grace Field Marshal the Duke of Wellington on the subject, and respectfully proposed that the system of Irish national education should be introduced into regimental schools. To this proposal I could scarcely anticipate any serious objection, as the system was one approved and supported by the government of the country, and one, moreover, markedly favored by her most gracious Majesty while requesting a set of the national books to be used in the elementary instruction of the royal children. This last application of mine met with the fate of all previous ones—it was altogether unheeded. Hence, I will not dissemble my utter scepticism as to the liberality of those intentions and the merit of that zeal that would fain force its sovereign panacea upon us, mixed education. Here, if ever, do the words of classic Timpico appositely suggest and apply themselves "*Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes*."

However inclined to think favorably of the theory of mixed collegiate education in the abstract, yet while steadily keeping in view these undeniable antecedents, and coupling therewith the present tone, temper, and bearing of Protestant society in these countries, our liveliest fears and apprehensions are naturally awakened. I am free to admit that the particular system propounded through the Queen's Colleges in Ireland, has a variety of material elements to recommend it to public favor; Catholic parents and guardians feel sensibly and highly prize the happiness of having youth live under the parental roof, and thus preserve the family circle unbroken—the moderate cost of this education, together with the large premiums offered, are also items of no minor importance. These, if I mistake not, are the chief considerations that induce most Catholic parents to declare a preference for these solemnly denounced institutions. Beyond a doubt, these reasons carry much weight with them; the secular advantages are neither denied nor underrated, and should never be interfered with, were the system otherwise sound and harmless on the score of Catholic faith and morals. On this point the prelates of Ireland long and deeply deliberated, and eventually differed, just as Bossuet and Fenelon, those bright constellations of the church of France, did on the subject of quietism. In both instances, the regular course was adopted—the case

were submitted to the sovereign judgment of the Holy See, as the voice issuing from that centre of unity was to be necessarily decisive.

In the controversy between the French prelates, the successor of Peter declared the illustrious Fenelon to be in error, on learning which, the meek and venerable archbishop, with his characteristic humility, and submissiveness, insisted that he himself should be the first to make proclamation of the fact to his flock—yes, he announced that Rome had condemned his book, and he therefore commanded it should at once be consigned to utter oblivion. Oh! what a sublime triumph was this, achieved in the person of the immortal archbishop of Cambray through the combined nobility of grace and nature—how refreshing, in such disastrous days as we have fallen on, to meditate on such examples, heroic faith and virtue.

In reference to the appeal of the Irish prelates, the same Holy See, after the mature, patient, and laborious examination of two full years, solemnly pronounced the system of teaching to be pursued in the Queen's Colleges in Ireland to be fraught with grievous and intrinsic dangers to faith and morals—these are the cardinal words never to be lost sight of—this the authoritative judgment which, "rebus in eodem statu manentibus," can never be qualified, much less reversed. No Catholic as such, be he layman, bishop, archbishop, or cardinal, can dissent from it, or conscientiously act in regard of it; "nam locuta est Roma," ergo, "finita est causa"—it unquestionably is the privilege of the laity to examine and estimate the secular advantages of the system; but to the church of God it exclusively and inalienably belongs to decide on its moral and religious tendency. So consonant to reason is this distinction, that we find even the Protestant President of Galway College subscribing to it. "In matters of faith (says he) I should defer to the opinion of the authorities of my church with the most implicit and profound respect." It is of the last consequence that this distinction should be clearly and unmistakably laid down, as the knowledge and observance of it will spare us a world of mischievous and paralogistic declamation.

Let us now pause for a moment, that in a calm unprejudiced frame of mind we may examine into the actual danger to which Catholic youth is exposed in attending the Queen's Colleges—that danger I take to be two-fold, arising from the character of the students and the principles of the professors.

First, as to the students. They consist of young men of an age ranging from 16 to 20 years—they are of all religious persuasions, and have this one feature in common—namely, that Catholicity is an object of ridicule, contempt, and hatred with all, save and except those who profess it. It is morally impossible it could be otherwise, when we take into account the hideous caricature invariably drawn of that religion, and the baleful prejudices with which the mind of the Protestant youth of this country is so sedulously indoctrinated against it. Shall I be challenged to the proof? If so, I refer to those odious and unchristian sentiments uttered in our regard by the episcopal bench during the late session of parliament—I refer to those words of world-wide notoriety, put on record by my Lord John Russell, that our religion was a medley of the "nummeries of superstition"—a system contrived "to confine the intellect and enslave the soul." Shall it be necessary for me to descend and notice the vile abominable teachings of the parsonage or conventicle, where the Catholic worship of the ever adorable Eucharist, together with the veneration paid by us to the Virgin Mother of God, are made constant themes of the most ribaldrous and horrifying blasphemy. This teaching has produced its fruit; of it we have had a lamentable development on a late memorable occasion in the acts and expressions of a majority of our parliamentary representatives, as well as in the infuriate rage which swayed the Protestant populace of the empire, who, not content with burning the poor Pope in effigy, must cap the climax by offering a similar irreverence to the image of the Virgin Mother—an indignity which would be spared those of Mahomet or Confucius. Never was the execrable Voltarian watchword "*ceasez l'infame*" shouted with greater intensity than lately in England against Catholicity and its professors.—Thus from the cradle to the grave the grim spectre of Popery is held up to the affrighted imagination of the Protestant, and hence his unceasing execrations with his undying hatred of it. This is no fanciful sketching. No, it unhappily is a too sad reality, and knowing this, we Catholics do dread a too early intercommunion of our youth with their Protestant fellows. We do not dread the power of Protestant argument, or the blaze of knowledge, but we candidly confess we dread the shafts of Protestant rallery and abuse. Full-grown, educated men, no matter how violent their prejudices, whether religious or political, will yet be restrained by the courtesies of life and refinements of society, from giving wanton offence to one another, while a parcel of wild inexperienced boys will be strangers to, or in all probability will pay but slender regard to, those conventional observances. No, the Protestant tyro will boldly assert his privilege, which Doctor Watson, the late Bishop of Llandaff, pitifully defined in the words of the classic annalist—"Et sentire quæ vellet et quæ sentiat loqui"—yes he will insist on his having his *Cheshire cheese*, which Sterne calls the *abuse of Popery*, such a zest does it impart to every topic; he will laugh at the timidity and scruples of his Catholic companion who abstains on Friday—he will ridicule his practices of confession and holy communion, and his absence on holidays from the lecture-hall. Such an ordeal will prove an overmatch for ordinary virtue, and without any breach of clarity we may easily anticipate the inevitable consequences, of which sacred writ thus distinctly forewarns us—"Evil communica-

tion corrupts good morals;" and again, "he that loves the danger will perish therein," consequences, alas! which a woeful experience has too frequently compelled us to sigh over and bitterly bewail.

Next as to professors. They may be men of any religion, or of no religion!! Even the old man of Ferney—Voltaire himself—would not be ineligible because of his infidelity. Well he recommends one of his most promising neophytes, "*un des Elus*," to fill, for instance, the chair of history, which, we are somewhere told, is *philosophy teaching by example*. The young professor is duly installed; he is possessed of all those graces of person and accomplishments of mind which are calculated to win popular favor; through the music of his voice, the elegance of his delivery, and the beauty of his diction, he soon becomes the idol of his pupils; to his every word they listen with throbbing delight, and from an admiration of his genius, they are led by an easy and natural transition to an unbounded affection for his person—in short, in all noble attributes, they look upon him as a "nonpareil." Thus far, thus good.

The history of the 15th and 16th centuries—those most eventful epochs of the Christian era—turn out to be the subject for lecture. Our professor acquiesces himself to a certain extent with consummate ability; his critical disquisitions are profound and discriminating—his expositions measured and elaborate—he states facts, and refers to dates, with mathematical precision; but there is still a something more wanted, for history, as Lord Plunket has said, is not to be read "like an old almanac." Facts must be compared and concatenated, and from them are the seeds of subsequent events to be fairly evolved without partiality or prejudice.—Our lecturer is pressed to further delight his auditory by drawing the conclusion which is sure to flow from his brilliant premises. Here he pauses, and respectfully refuses, as his doing so, in the class hall, or lecture room, would certainly give offence to some of his hearers, and, at the same time, peril his own tenure of office. However, he whispers that he happens to be engaged in his private study, in writing a book on this particular subject, which book must be consulted by all those who have any desire to ascertain his individual opinion—"verbum sat." The longing of the pupils is intensely awakened, curiosity is fixed, the book is sought after, met with, and purchased, being powerfully drugged, but skilfully spiced, with baleful poison. It is copiously drunk in by the unsuspecting youth, till it pervades the very marrow of his being, wastes his heart, and perverts his head. Thus have Voltaire and his miserable imitators, Eugene Sue and *Michelet*, practised, and thus also in due time, it is much to be feared, will men of kindred views and feelings disport themselves.

In the name, then, of all that is dear in nature, I would implore Catholic parents, and in the name of all that is holy in religion, I would obtest them, to keep away their tender offspring from these grievously dangerous institutions. I would further pray their attention to the deliberate declaration of a most distinguished gentleman, a member of their own communion—I mean the grave, the learned, and truly Catholic Mr. Sergeant Shree, who says:—"I am prepared to express my belief, it is impossible for any Catholic who knows his duty, to send his children to the Queen's Colleges;" and again, "I had rather see my children dead at my feet, than see them come home from college expressing infidel opinions, or see them apostates from the faith for which our ancestors suffered for so many years."

While I loudly decry those most obnoxious seminaries, it will be naturally asked what substitute do I propose? I unhesitatingly answer—the new Catholic University, which, with the blessing of God, and the co-operation of men of good-will, will soon start into life—aye, and with a strength and vigor that will at once silence and confound its assailants. Here, again, we have to encounter the fierce and concentrated hostility of Mr. Conway, who in my humble judgment, most gratuitously steps out his way to foster chism and dissension among us. Formidable as this gentleman is in the extent of his argumentative powers, yet I believe it is generally conceded that ridicule is the weapon he most effectively wields, and, in all conscience, his expenditure of this commodity is neither scant nor niggard. The idea of a Catholic University in Catholic Ireland he laughs to scorn; in short, he treats it as an imposture, an arrant humbug. Though our Holy Father has recommended it, and though the Catholic hierarchy and faithful of Ireland, cheered by the sympathy and aided by the contributions of the Catholic world, are now earnestly engaged in it, still Mr. Conway vows it must not be; in fact, he looks upon and declares us to be laboring under a delusion; and lest the consequences may prove fatal were the spell too abruptly broken, our whilom friend and patron will generously allow us to amuse ourselves for a season by building in the moon, or should we prefer an experiment, in the clouds, or, as he himself classically terms it, "in nubibus," he will even tolerate that; but as to think of approaching this neither planet, or getting a footing upon earth, he almost swears we must not. All this, no doubt, is mightily discouraging. However, let it pass, we have surmounted greater difficulties. Events will soon prove that in this, as in many other instances, Mr. Conway vaticinates without inspiration.

I have the honor to remain, Sir, your obedient servant,

† T. MURPHY, Bishop of Cloyne.

CATHOLIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE IRISH CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY.—The Rev. Dr. Cooper has received a letter from the Earl of Shrewsbury, enclosing the magnificent subscription of £150 towards the funds of the Catholic University; one hundred pounds of that amount being in the name