

Catholic vs. Protestant Scotland.

A LECTURE DELIVERED BY FATHER GRAHAM AT ST. RAFAEL'S CHURCH, ALEXANDRIA, GLENAGARRY.

(Continued from TRUE WITNESS of October 20.)

He was a man of the people, this Sir William Wallace. But the nobles—ah! the nobles! The exclusives, the "privileged class," the hereditary traitors to God and native land, they, the cowardly do-nothings, grew jealous of the hero, and soon his head blackened and rotted where London's cockney mob might jeer and insult.

Was the cause of Scotland lost when Wallace died? No! Her Catholic era never wanted heroes and patriots.

Robert Bruce came to the front. He was crowned at Scone by Bishop Lamberton, and saluted King of Scotland. Brave old Catholic bishop! to dare the vengeance of the haughty English tyrant, even while he was gathering his legions for the onset. He entered Scotland at the head of 100,000 men, the greatest army that had ever crossed the border. He had divided Scotland into districts; he had named the most cruel and unscrupulous of his courtiers and generals as governors; fire and sword was the watchword, and the land was doomed. But take care, Edward of England; man proposes and God disposes. "By Me Kings reign!"

It was a beautiful June day, in the year of our Lord, 1314, when 30,000 Scottish men, with their clergy and their good King Robert at their head, took up a position near Bannockburn. In the distance the Grampian hills lay soft and indistinct in the morning haze. To right and left the country stretched away, dotted here and there with villages or monasteries, whose Gothic steeples and towers glittered in the morning rays. At different points on the field, the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass was being offered to the Most High, and from time to time, the grand old hymns, even then consecrated by ages of faith, arose in harmonies that swelled on the air and died away in soft echoes down the neighboring valleys.

Presently a distant murmuring as of many waters falls on the ear of the Scottish host. They stretch forward and gaze anxiously upon the point whence they know the enemy must emerge. They have not to wait long, like a river foaming over the shallows, ere it is lost in the broad bosom of the ocean, rolls out upon the plain the mighty power of Edward. Host after host it moves in solid phalanxes until the green sward and barren summit are covered from sight. It flashes gold and silver, copper and burnished steel, banners, gay plumes, richly caparisoned horses, pennants and spears. There come the Peirces, the Howards, De Bohuns, De Wintons, the Salehairs, and the other proud representatives of that Norman nobility—the more skillful the thief the greater the booty—William of Normandy, and supplemented their beggarly patches of barren Normandy vineyards with the rich acres and pleasant meadows of England. There impudently plunges and carrels that superb cavalry, whose iron hoofs had tramped down some of the bloodiest fields of Christendom, and victory from the very jaws of defeat. And courtier churchmen were there, with golden mace and brilliant casque, who would have been better employed at home praying Heaven to forgive the felon king who was trying to rob a gallant nation of its freedom. There were sycophant clerics there who flattered the dishonorable monarch, and remotely paved the way for the base, cowardly apostasy of the English hierarchy—glorious Fisher excepted—when another tyrant threatened. And there were gyes and chains too to bind King Robert and his faithful clergy and barons.

Gradually, slowly but surely, the English army rolled, coil upon coil, towards the right and left flanks of the Scottish army. As if by some invisible word of command, the foe stood still. "How now?" cried King Edward. "Look! look! your majesty!—the rebels kneel!" "It's for mercy!" shouts the exulting tyrant. And an old man, bent with age, blind and feeble, who sat upon a mule near the king, uplifted his sightless eyes, and, with impassioned gesture, cried: "No, no, Edward of England—the Scots kneel to their God, but not to you!" It was Wishart, who had been forty years Bishop of Glasgow, who spoke. England had held him a prisoner for years in a damp dungeon, had maltreated the saintly old patriot, and now had brought him back, compelled by the menaces of the Pope only, as they imagined, to learn the ruin of his people before his heart should break forever.

The venerable Maurice, Abbot of Inchappery, the crucifix held aloft in his left hand, moved along the front of the patriot host, exhorting the men, with impassioned eloquence, to fight faithfully that day for God and fatherland.

The gallant King Robert Bruce advances to reconnoitre the foe when the Baron de Bohun dashes forward from the English van straight toward the Scottish monarch. Bruce avoids the furious lance, raises his battle-axe and, in an instant, de Bohun lies, helmet and skull broken through, dead on the field. Then commenced one of the most desperate battles the sun had ever looked down upon.

Hour after hour the dread conflict went on. The English cavalry fell into confusion amid the spiked cathrops and pits which the foresight of King Robert had prepared for them. They were slaughtered in thousands. Ordering his generals to stand upon the wings and keep the enemy's flank in check, the Scotch monarch sprang upon the English centre. His battle-axe flashed in the front of battle, and his heroic hand made his soldiers heroes. He pierced the army of his foe. His right and left wing charged impetuously upon the enemy's flank. At this critical moment thousands of camp-followers, witnessing the probable fate of the day, poured down from the neighboring hills with frantic cries and fierce gestures. The English, imagining them to be a fresh army, completely lost heart. They threw down their arms and fled from the field. In vain the haughty King Edward called upon them to stand; in vain the proud ohivality of England entreat; in vain did some heroic captain rally a few hundred to his standard, and attempt to stay the torrent of defeat; the English fugitives still kept on. Behind thunders Bruce with his maddened warriors, their axed swords dripping with the blood of their inveterate foes. The sun, ere it sank behind the mountain that day, revealed the thousands of dead and dying and the scattered fugitives of what had been that morning the greatest and most efficient army the English king had ever led.

So Scotland's freedom was won!

Before I conclude I shall introduce you, my friends, to another king and another army. Upon a day, when not only Scotland's liberties

but Scotland's honor was a stake. In witnessing the contrast between this latter army and that which good King Robert Bruce led, you will easily understand with what justice I have said that Scotland was more glorious for national spirit and honor in the old Catholic times than she has been since the introduction of the pretended reformation into the land. PROTESTANT SCOTLAND.

There is a physical agent which, when it appears upon this planet, fills peoples and nations with a great fear. It is but a vapor, but despair goes before and death follows its steps. It is merciless, relentless and sure. The world and its thoughtless millions some day hear that a breath has arisen in the far East where the red, fiery sun is casting his rays down upon dusky races, golden rivers and glittering minarets. The world continues its enjoyments, remote death is merely a shadowy anxiety. But it passes the rivers and plains upon the bosom of the simoon, and behold! its hastily white ribbed form is seen creeping stealthily along the pleasant shores of the great sea embelmed in classic song and story. By the Pillars of Hercules it glides along the vine-covered coasts of south lands. Over Alps and Appennines it is wafted into the bosom of Europe. Across the ocean in great ships it comes, as well as borne upon the wings of the sultry winds from the East. Across the continent of America the victor marches, until, standing upon that shore which divides the endless calm of the plains from the sublime quiet of the Pacific it sheathes the avenging sword, amid the sobbing of the waters and the world. Its allotted task is done.

But more awful than the pestilence which destroys the body only for a time, is that moral death which the sins of men have brought upon the human race at intervals, ever since the origin of man. The great God gives to man some mighty boon on certain conditions. After a time the conditions are neglected or despised, and Heaven's favors forgotten. A true and ordinary way to happiness in this world and the next was given to man in the Catholic Church. Keeping the commandments, self-denial, humility, chastity mortification of the will, justice, love of God, etc., were and are the conditions of being a real Catholic. From time to time certain men fall away from the Catholic Church, because their lives are out of harmony with her requirements. In order to quiet, in some degree, their troubled consciences, they talk of the vices they saw in the church, forgetting that when they saw such vices they belonged to bad men and unworthy Catholics like themselves. The Catholic church makes saints; sinners are of their own making. As the biggest thief abuses the law most, so your greatest rascal is the noisiest ratter at the church.

A breath of poison arose in Germany from the lips of a blackguard monk. He would have been silenced in one hour had the times been worthy of the Catholic Church. But they were not. Men had gone after their own map, as in the days of Noah. The crowd was mad for pleasure, and princes were ruffians. If any one of you, my friends, wish to learn the cause—besides the ordinary corruption of human nature—which led up to the so-called Reformation, you must read the history of the holy Roman Empire, which, as Valerio very well said, was neither holy, nor Roman, nor imperial. It was the old, old Roman, the church strengthening the legitimate authority of Cesar, and Cesar, when consolidated of State and strong of throne, turning the weapon which the Church had placed in his hands against his benefactors. Of course, the people followed; they would follow the devil and cheer him to the skies if his satanic majesty would only promise to loosen the shoe that immediately pinches them. Feudalism was eminently a producer of *gobemouches*.

The Catholic Church has been from the beginning a divine abolitionist. She will prudently tolerate the relation of master and slave, when any other course would cause greater evils than that which exists. She is for real freedom instinctively. Not that false freedom which is anarchy and which the world applauds, but that freedom which is true, for the truth makes us free.

The rebellion of Luther was based upon spiritual anarchy. All that was vile and corrupt in human nature instantly sympathized with his teaching. No more restraints, no more confession, no more restriction, no more obligation of being present at the holy sacrifice of the new law, no more accountability to any God-appointed authority. The crowd, with their leaders, plunged into the abyss of darkness whence they have never been able to emerge since. Abyss called to abyss, and Calvin appeared. He was a Frenchman who fled from his native land, literally branded on the back for an infamous crime. His leading idea of religion is to hate; his sinister figure of Scotland's miserable apostasy, added to Calvin's hate, that abject cowardice which makes hatred really formidable.

It took forty or fifty years to introduce heresy among the lowlands and part of the highlands of Scotland; three hundred and fifty years have failed to stain your faithful gallant Highlanders of Glenagarry! Praise be to God! you can look back to Scotland's most glorious era, and feel every fibre of your hearts in harmony with those holier times; you can gaze upon the perfidy of her betrayers and feel no blush of shame mantle your cheeks that one of your ancestors stood in the ranks of the Judases who sold their faith, their honor and their God!

Before saying one word more, let me, my friends, compare the agents that introduced Catholicity into those who introduced Protestantism into Scotland. What a contrast! Sts. Ninian, Columba, Kentigern, Regulus, Guthbert, and their like; holy, pure, peaceful, meek and humble apostles of all gentleness, charity and faith before the people. They loved God and justice, served the poor, uplifted humanity into the most savage bosoms, and stayed the hand of cruelty and revenge. In short, they were saints because they were true Catholics, imbued with the spirit of God's holy church. Let us look upon the other picture.

Henry VIII, murderer of his wives; Somerset, murderer of his brother; Elizabeth, murderer of her cousin; Hertford, Sir Ralph Sadler, Earls of Angus, Cassilis, Glencairn, Marshall, Sir George Douglas, George Wishart, Crichton, Brunston, Kinkaidy of Grange, Norman Leslie, and James Melville, the murderers of Cardinal Beaton. John Knox, accessory after the fact, and eulogist of the crime—John Knox, who, though a priest, wandered through Scotland, England, and Switzerland with a woman who had fled from her husband with her eldest daughter—John Knox, a galley slave for eighteen months in France; Murray, Argyle, Lennox, Glencairn, Lethington, Grange, Ochiltree, Ruthven and Lindsay, the murderers of David Riccio and Father Black; Bothwell, Murray, Martin, Argyle, Mar, the murderers of Darnley.

Does the Divine Founder of Christianity reform his own work, or could religion, descended from heaven, inspire such champions

as those latter wretches? I leave the answer to impartial reason and common sense.

There is nothing finer in history than the whole manner in which James the Fifth, the father of Mary Queen of Scots, and the last Catholic King of Scotland, withstood the base overtures of his infamous uncle, Henry VIII, tempting him to apostatize. The English king coaxed, intrigued, flattered, promised, calumniated and lied. At last, finding every effort vain, he declared war, and sent an army against Scotland. James, unterrified, collected his troops and hastened to oppose the entry of the enemy into his kingdom. By skillful generalship he drove the English commander into a bad position. Victory for Scotland was assured, when the lordly traitors and villains of Scotland, who had been bought by Henry's gold as the grazier purchases swine on the market, refused to obey him and deserted the standard of their church, their king and country, and the offspring of these miserable poltroons talk to-day of "our privileges" and expect the children of honest men to bow down before an empty title, "My Lord," "His Grace" and the rest. Their day is nearly ended. In every age the "nobles," in general, have been the same. Oppressing their native land in peace; selling it in war.

It is not necessary, my friends, nor would it allow me, to enter into details of the establishment of Protestantism in Scotland. It is sufficient to say, that wherever a noble cathedral stood, frantic, blaspheming mobs, led by fanatics, at whose head was the escaped felon, John Knox, sprang upon the sanctuary of the Most High and levelled it with the ground. Monks and nuns, for ages the benefactors of Scotland, were driven across the seas or brutally murdered within their own gates. The monasteries and convents, which had been refuges of the poor and unhappy for centuries, were burnt or pulled down by mobs the most idiotic and brutal that the world ever heard of. And this was done in the poorest country in Europe, comparatively speaking, which could never hope to be able to rebuild the magnificent piles destroyed. Indeed, since that time, Scotland has not built a church that could compare, for one moment, with the poorest edifice that John Knox and his "rascaille multitude" dragged to the earth. Of course, the pure light of the new gospel, ascending to the branded apostle of Geneva, enabled the Scotch apostates to see the "awful scawndaal" of majestic architecture and art.

(To be Continued.)

CHATEAUBRIAND AND ROBESPIERRE OF IRISH DESCENT.—It is a fact, not generally known, remarks an exchange, that Chateaubriand, the eminent French writer and statesman, and Robespierre, the famous revolutionist, were both of Irish origin. The root of the name Chateaubriand is Brian, and the family can be traced back to an Irish source, akin probably to MacMahon's. Dumas, in one of his historical romances, says: "The Robespierres were Irish. Their ancestors, it may be, formed part of those Irish colonies which in the sixteenth century came to people the seminaries and monasteries of our southern coasts."

YOU CAN BE HAPPY

If you will stop all your extravagant and wrong notions by doctoring yourself and families with expensive doctors or humbug cure-alls, that do harm always, and use only nature's simple remedies for all your ailments—you will be wise, well and happy, and save great expense. The greatest remedy for this, the great, wise and good will tell you, is *Hop Bitters*—believe it. See "Proverbs" in another column.

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—The position of a colonial forces in Basantoland is said to be growing exceedingly precarious.

THE EMPEROR TO THE ARMY.

The following is the full text of the proclamation of Emperor Wilhelm to his army as published in the *Army Gazette* of the 1st of September.

Soldiers of the German Army.—I deeply feel it to be a necessity to me to unite with you in the celebration of this day, on which, by the Grace of Almighty God, one of the most glorious victories known in history vouchsafed to the German arms. To those who then already formed part of the army I call to mind the great sensations with which we went to war against an army known to us as possessing excellent qualities; as also the general enthusiasm and the exalting feelings, by means of which all German princes and peoples stood united as one for the honour of the German fatherland. I call to remembrance the first days of anxious expectations, the first news of victories, such as Weissenburg, Worth, Spicheren, the days before Metz, Beaumont, and when, finally, the decision before Sedan was cast in a manner far exceeding our most sanguine hopes and our greatest expectations. I call to mind also, mingled with feelings of gratefulness, those highly meritorious men who led you in those times of glory, and I finally call to remembrance the heavy, deeply mourned sacrifices with which we gain our victories. It was a great time indeed through which we passed ten years ago: the remembrance of which makes our hearts beat to the last throbb, and the deeds of their forefathers will in remote after years fill our descendants with pride. To what degree the feelings of deepest gratitude to the benign grace of God, and the highest appreciation—especially as regards those who at that time, distinguished themselves both by counsel and deed—live in me, I have often expressed, and you all appreciate the heart of your Emperor sufficiently to know that those feelings will remain unchanged in me as long as God may permit me to live, and that my last thoughts will be a blessing to the army. May the army, however, whilst conscious of that gratitude and the warm love of the Emperor, and also in the just pride of its great successes ten years ago, at all times bear in mind that it can only accomplish great successes when it retains its reputation as a model in performing all demands for honour and duty: when it adheres under all circumstances to the rules of strict discipline; when the diligence in preparing for war never tires, and when even the minutest part is not disregarded so as to form a sure and safe basis for perfection. May these, my words, be taken to heart at all times—even when I shall be no more—then shall the German army in after-times of strife, which God may long keep away from us, be the firm safeguard of the fatherland as it was ten years ago.

JAMES STEPHENS STARVING

Pitiable Destination of the Founder of Fenianism.

From the New York Truth. News was brought to *Truth* that James Stephens, the founder of Fenianism, and for whose person the English Government offers a reward of £5,000, was in a destitute and starving condition at No. 44 Stuyvesant Place, in this city. It seems incredible that a man who had been so prominent, and who had been so intimately connected with the inception and progress of the Fenian movement, should be now overcome by poverty and want, that a reporter was dispatched to investigate the case.

At No. 44 Stuyvesant Place the reporter was ushered into a square room, the floor of which was covered by untacked strips of carpet, which showed by their various colors that they had come from different looms. Large patches of bare floor peered out brazenly here and there, and matched well the naked walls which stood up in grim ghastliness, and seemed to mock the poor bed and few chairs completing the furniture of the apartment. An empty grate, in which there was no sign of fire, added to the cheerlessness of the place, the dampness and chilliness of which sent an involuntary shiver through the visitor.

Half buried in an arm chair sat the only occupant of these cheerless quarters. His form was bent, and his face, peering out anxiously and haggardly at the stranger, displayed in every line of deep care, if not disappointment. The top of the head was bald, but the edges were fringed with long, white hair, which fell in straggling ringlets upon his neck. The lower part of his face was covered with a bushy, gray beard, while the eyes looked out from hollow sockets and from under furrowed brows with a weariness that was pitiable.

As the reporter entered and introduced himself, the old man arose with evident pain, and, steadying his bent and tottering form by holding to a chair, said, in a voice that wavered with infirmity.

"You will excuse me, sir, but I have been very ill, and I—I do not think that I am able to talk. Indeed, sir, my physician has prohibited me from speaking of any public matter."

"Pardon me, sir," said the reporter, "but it seemed so strange that you, the chief organizer of the Fenian movement, should be here in New York alone and in want, that I have called to be assured of your identity and condition."

"There is no doubt of my being James Stephens, and I regret to say that I have at present no money."

"Are you still connected with the Fenian movement?"

"There is no Fenian movement in this country. It is broken into factions, resolved into parties, of which none have proved worthy of trust. Petty ambitions of insignificant men have killed the movement in America, where the great troubles and drawbacks to the prosperity of Fenianism have always come from. Even the so-called skirmishing fund has become rent with dissension. In Ireland I stand just as well as I ever did, but on this side I have been shelved. But, sir, I beg you to excuse me, I am so weak," and Mr. Stephens' voice was drowned in an attack of coughing.

The reporter saw that the old man was too weak to talk and withdrew, having been assured that infirmity was the only cause of the interview being ended.

Reporting the case to the office, the reporter was ordered to go to Mr. Stephens and relieve his immediate wants. On the way back, the reporter called on Dr. Vincent Zolnowski, of No. 33 West Sixteenth street, and, stating the facts, that gentleman volunteered his services, and the two repaired to Mr. Stephens' quarters.

When the reporter returned he found that the room had been put in order, and presented a much more comfortable appearance, although it was still far from cheerful. Mr. Stephens said that he had no money, and owed his landlord for twelve weeks' board and lodging. Concerning medical attendance, he stated that he was under the charge of Dr. Barry, of Twenty-first street. Stephens' immediate wants, for which the old gentleman appeared very thankful.

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