

celebration
In Scotland.

OLD LETTERS.

(By a Regular Contributor.)

In view of the length and importance of the manuscript which I am about to transcribe, I will leave for another issue all comment, biographical, or otherwise, on the writer of this prophetic production—the late Rev. Dr. D. W. Cahill. I will simply preface it with a brief extract from a letter to my mother.

Rome, N.Y.,
6th Dec., 1860.

"Dear C.—

"Since I had the pleasure of seeing you at Ottawa I have been preparing a memorandum which I will forward to the most conspicuous personage in Europe to-day. If you live ten or fifteen years longer, and I can see no reason, humanly speaking, why you should not, you will find that the warning conveyed in my address to Napoleon III. has been well founded.

Yours faithful friend,
"D. W. CAHILL, D.D."

Let it be remembered that the following (the manuscript is now before me) was written towards the end of 1860. It was in 1870—exactly ten years later—that Napoleon III. met his Waterloo, in Alsace and Lorraine. I cannot say whether Dr. Cahill ever sent his "memorandum" to the Emperor, or not; nor do I know whether the document in my possession is the original, or a mere copy. All I know is that it is in his own handwriting—a fact sufficient to enhance its value for me. It is a lengthy letter, and may now look like ancient history, but it is a classical piece of composition, and will pave the way for more concerning its author.

TO HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY,
NAPOLEON THE THIRD, PALACE OF THE TULERIES, PARIS.

Rome, Oneida Co., U. S., America,
December 3, 1860.

"O wad some power the giftie gie us
To see ourselves as ithers see us."

BURNS.

Imperial Sire,—

As Your Majesty is a Catholic monarch holding the garrison of Rome by your army, it is not out of place if a minister of the Gospel, and a devoted child of the Church, address a letter to you in the present disastrous persecution of the Pope. Besides, I am not unknown to you; and it is not from any silly conceit I say that I am intimately acquainted with some of the eminent statesmen of your nation. Neither am I a stranger to your cousin of "the Palais Royal," and when I recall to your recollection the time when you were the accomplished guest of Sir John Gerard, in England, when I was in correspondence with French Cabinet ministers, I humbly hope that, under all these circumstances, this communication from me to Your Imperial Majesty will not be considered either presumptuous or impertinent.

I have quoted the pastoral stanzas of Burns from no unbecoming feeling of familiarity; but from a conviction that even Napoleon the Third, the genius of the "coup-d'etat" of December, the hero of Solferino, appears to be utterly blind to the "vagaries, the heedless impulses, and the conflicting decisions of the Italian policy." Although it is not likely that an Italian priest can stop Napoleon in his course, yet as the smallest metal point lifted on high can arrest the wildest leap of the lightning, it might happen (as reported of Peter the Great) that one humble, earnest, argumentative voice, reaching your lofty consuming path, may perchance have the power to change your direction.

How can Your Majesty know the Catholic popular feeling of Europe against you, when your despotic policy has gagged the entire press of several surrounding Catholic nations? You have singularly silenced your former warmest friends, while you have strangely encouraged the malicious license of your deadliest unappeasable enemies. You have smothered the voice of the children of Bossuet, and Saint Louis in the French hall of Voltaire, and the spurious offspring of Diderot. Neither Italy, nor France, nor Spain, nor Belgium, dare publish the names of the Pope, or the great of the

Church in your Imperial domain; while you grant a willing audience to the thrilling infidelities of Geneva, and the bleeding sacrileges of Great Britain. As far as present appearances go, you are the friend of Garibaldi, while you chain the Head of the Church. You seem to oppress virtue, and to encourage vice. Your language and premises are all bland and assuring, while your conduct and conclusions are cruelty and plunder. One step farther and you are the most perfidious of civil rulers, the bitterest modern enemy of the Christian Church.

Let us understand you. How can you rule long over the French Church if you persecute or oppose the Hierarchy? How can you demand allegiance from hearts that must soon abhor your yoke? How can the persecutor of Pius IX. command the Catholic French army to spill their blood in defence of the enemy of Peter? How can you listen without fear to the "Te Deum" in the Church of Notre Dame, chanted by voices that would sooner entone your funeral service? The Catholic soldiers, the Catholic children of France will not endure the hypocrisy that would thus degrade and oppress the nation for "self-aggrandizement." This was the fault of the rule of Louis Philippe, namely, an organized hypocrisy under the name of sincerity, a cruel family despotism under the aspect of universal popular liberty. Your Majesty knows the result of this policy. Like your uncle, bound in English chains, and lingering slowly on a deserted rock towards a premature grave, the late King of France died a mendicant exile at the gates of London. Let the nations know who you are, and do not insult the feeling of mankind by assuming the appearance of a follower of Christ, while you put the vinegar sponge to His burning lips. In this honest, frank language of mine, I have not impudently ascended to your palace, it is you who have insultingly come down to mine. The friend of Cavour, the Champion of Exeter Hall, the correspondent of Garibaldi; you can no longer claim kindred with Catholicity; you are on the eve (unless you change your course) of taking your historic rank with Henry of England, with Frederick of Prussia, and with the most treacherous leaders of the ancient Lombard oppressors of the Papacy.

And I pray Your Majesty not to take lightly these remarks of mine. If I am unable to restore the Pope to his ancient patrimony, I can beyond all doubt raise a shout of horror against the robber. If I cannot myself take place amongst a faithful army in his defence, I can enlist bands of Christian heroes on every soil, more valiant than your Zouaves, to hunt down the perjurer who, with honor and truth on his lips, has stolen the sacred vessels from the temple, and has drunk sacrilege. I am amongst those who trusted, to the last point of belief, your verbal promises, your written declarations, your solemn averments made in repeated sworn allegations. You are pledged by documents (copies of which I hold in my possession) which would convict you as the veriest more criminal before any jury in Europe, if you now swerve from these your oaths before God and man.

There is yet time, Sire, for the fulfilment of these your solemn engagements. I pray God that you may return to the feeling which raised you to a throne; before the recent nobility of your blood was dazzled by a family alliance with ancient Savoy; and, above all, before you conceived the idea of juggling the kingly titles of the neighboring dynasties. This is the new fatal idea which has possessed you, in order to bring down Royalty to the level of a city mayor; in order to enable the grandson of a Corsican lawyer to stand in an equality with Charlemagne. Even the Pope must yield to this new idea; all laws, human and Divine, must be changed in order to give effect to this new theory, of dismembering Royalty, and of crowning Democracy.

Do not mistake me, Sire, I am a fonder of liberty than you are. I have long borne the galling yoke of oppression, and I have been trained in the school of the immortal O'Connell. And I have often, with my whole heart and soul, put forth and advocated the glorious proposition, namely—"The People, the source of all legitimate power." But I have never urged the doctrine of modern nations,—that violated oaths, plundered the Holy See, robbed the altar of the Sanctuary, robbery of national states, could ever be argued as the antecedents, the auxiliaries,

the adjuncts, or the results of a pure, spotless, heaven-born, ethical principle of true Liberty. When Judas is canonized by mankind, Christianity has failed; and when sacrilege and robbery are associated with glorious freedom, human liberty has fled from this accumulated infamy.

In reference to the Pope, Your Majesty's case of guilt, clearly stated, is brief:—

Firstly,—You make war upon Austria, not in defence of France, but in the aggression of Sardinia. In the viceroy which your brilliant genius, and noble, adventurous, enterprising French army gained, you have voluntarily and deliberately developed and committed two evils against the Holy See,—You removed Austria, the protector of the Papal States, and you advanced to the city of Rome, Sardinia, the avowed enemy of the Church. You have beaten off the guards of the garrison, and you have opened the gates to the enemy.

Secondly,—The next count of your peridy is, when you executed the meek peace articles of Villafranca. In this document you closed the arrangement, leaving the Duchies and Naples in possession of their rulers, and "appointing" the Pope the honorary "head" of five dynasties, then reigning in the Italian Peninsula. The honesty of this, your written appointment, is now tested in the sight of Europe by the usurpation of your ally, in seizing more than one-third of the dominions which you guaranteed to protect.

Thirdly,—The difference between the case of the Papal States and the case of Naples and the Duchies is this, viz:—The kingdoms under consideration had their boundaries arranged and policy settled by "local" conquest; and by "individual" rule; while the States of the Church have been bequeathed by the "united agreement" of all Catholic Europe. After the first territorial possession given by the family of Pepin, in the ninth century, succeeding princes have added provinces with the consent, the approbation, the legal contract of all Christendom, united and bound in one common, political legal, and constitutional document. Therefore, neither you, Sire, nor any "individual" of the contracting parties have a right, without the consent of all the others to alienate this European Catholic bequest. Your individual duty might be to invite a Congress of the contracting parties and to alter, or modify, or annul the political laws of these districts, or these provinces; but you have no right to alienate, or take away the leasehold property of Europe against the will of the original testators. Unless, therefore, you restore the provinces already usurped, you trample on all European law. You subvert the ancient statutes of your own nation, in this case, and you palpably rob the Head of the Church.

Sire, take care what you are doing. You have, by the clearest testimony of European law, by your own acts, by the evidence of your word and your writing, you have cancelled the united bargain of seven Catholic monarchs; you have betrayed the Pope; you have robbed the Church.

I also hold you responsible for the assassination of my brave countrymen in the breach of Spoleto, the pass of the modern Thermopylae. These courageous children of Ireland did not make war on Sardinia; they went legitimately to defend the Pope. The Sardinian attack, therefore, was murder without palliation. Your cherished ally has wofully spilled the blood of unoffending Ireland. You are an accomplice in this crime and you can never wipe away the stain. Your Majesty will learn soon that your Roman policy is built too high; it must fall.

Sire, you are treading in the footsteps of your uncle, and you are likely to meet the same fate. You know better than I do his former sway. Your uncle Joseph was King of Spain; your uncle by marriage was King of Naples; your more immediate relative was King of Holland. Your aunt (your uncle's second wife) was an Austrian princess; and your cousin, the Duke of Reichstadt (your uncle's only son) was King of Rome—appointed by your uncle in the place of the Pope! Alas! poor child, he lay in his little coffin, wearing his early shroud, and sunk in the premature grave before your uncle's insane ambition placed the kingly purple and the Roman crown on his puny fated head! Pray, Sire, have you as yet, in imitation of your uncle, appointed your little son, the adored little Prince Imperial, to the Papal crown, to the King of Rome! Ah, Sire, spare that beautiful boy; leave him longer to his fond mother; do not be the one to build his infant tomb.

Sire, have you ever reflected on the language of your uncle, when he was putting his foot on the English man-of-war, the Bellerophon, after Waterloo? Oh, God, his retreat, his

defeat at Waterloo! Alas, the hero of Marengo, and the genius of Austerlitz, how fallen! You have heard the words which were addressed by Pope Pius VII. to your uncle at Fontainebleau, in a small room, where your uncle had him confined? I was in that room, and I wrote a letter on a little table at the fireplace; where your uncle offered the Pope, through General Berthier, a cockade, as a French symbol and as a compliment! The Pope replied:—"Sire, I can accept no ornaments, except those with which the Church invests me—the pastoral staff and this little crown on my head. And remember, Sire, although you may at present throw down the monuments of the living and uproot the tombs of the dead, you will be soon confined in a narrow bed (the grave); and this little crook and this crown I wear, will govern all the universal earth, when your name and race, and power will be forgotten among men." Sire, these are words of warning that speak loudly from paper. It was after your uncle had imprisoned the Pope that he entered on his Russian campaign. He entered the Russian territory at the head of five hundred and thirty thousand men, and he returned to France with only seventy-two thousand broken invalids! It was more thrillingly awful than the angry vengeance of Senacherib.

Sire, I am not an unfriendly writer. You may, perhaps, change your policy before this letter will reach you. No one can calculate on your consistent policy a single day. If Russia forms an alliance with you, I despair of your ever returning to your former opinions. But if Russia holds aloof, or favors your enemies, another Waterloo awaits you from the same coalition as in 1815. I shall not presume, in concluding this letter, to bandy compliments, in the ordinary way, with an Emperor, I shall finish simply by recalling to your mind the exact words of your uncle, the day he started for his last exile: "Like Themistocles of old, I throw myself on the honor, the greatness, and the hospitality of the English people"—and the English people gave him an island prison and a grave. Should you continue, Sire, a few years longer, in the course you have lately followed, you may find it appropriate to repeat these same words, when your uncle's doom shall fall upon you. Will England afford you a prison, or a grave, or both? God, in His Infinite Wisdom, alone sees the future; but a priest of God warns you, in the person of your earnest well-wisher.

D. W. CAHILL, D.D.

Sedan, ten years later, was the Waterloo of Napoleon III., and England gave him an asylum and a grave at Chiselhurst. Was not the learned and eloquent priest a prophet in the true acceptance of the term?

Catholic Schools In France.

The "Journal des Debats," quoted in the "Univers," (December 18), gives the following statistics from a document communicated, it says, by the ministry. Combes closed 3,250 Catholic free schools, which had 200,225 pupils. About one-third of these pupils have entered the government schools. Another third are taught in 1,173 private Catholic schools directed by lay persons. The other third go nowhere—"they are in the street in spite of the law of obligatory education. No reasoning can undermine this brutal and uncontrollable fact."

The Society of Catholic Interests reports that in the diocese of Marseilles the Catholic schools opened by ladies have almost exactly the same number of pupils as when taught by religious. Fourteen schools remain closed. Of their 2,900 pupils, about a third have been received in other Catholic schools, a similar number in municipal schools, and a third attend no schools at all. The new teachers of the Catholic schools fulfil all the conditions required by the laws of France.

In various places the officials and other partisans, in an evidently illegal manner, are preventing the opening of Catholic schools. Attempts are being made to exact from Catholic societies the payment of the "Droit d'Accroissement," the iniquitous tax imposed upon the religious orders.

Some few municipal councils approve of the re-opening of Sisters' schools. The law courts of Brest have fined the official procurator for taking possession of the Jesuit College at Lorient, also in Brittany, the Government official has

been obliged to remove his seals from the Sisters' School, amidst the people's loud cheers. The school is about to be re-opened.

The "Bastille" states that the Catholic schools, supported by private contributions, saved for the State the sum of one hundred and thirty million francs; and Catholic charitable institutions, one hundred and ten millions. By the suppression of these, therefore, the national budget is increased by two hundred and forty millions annually.—Catholic Chronicle in the Messenger.

Catholic Notes And Gleanings.

POPE'S OLD NURSE DEAD.—Marianna Moroni, who proudly asserted that she carried the Pope in her arms when he was a boy, has just died in her 101st year, at Rome.

AGAINST CREMATION.—Public opinion in Hungary is decidedly against cremation, and the Hungarian Premier has refused to grant a license to a company formed to establish crematories in Hungary.

REQUESTS TO POOR.—Mr. John Fagan, a Blackhawk farmer, who died recently, left his entire estate, \$14,000, in trust with the Rev. M. Cooney, pastor of St. Joseph's Church, Waterloo, Iowa, to be distributed according to his judgment to the poor of that place.

HENRY AUSTIN ADAM ILL.—To those of our readers who have listened to this eloquent and forcible lecturer the news that he is seriously ill in England, will be read with deep regret. He is at present undergoing treatment in a sanitarium; and it is to be hoped that he may be speedily restored to health.

PAPAL COMMISSION.—The new Papal Commission for the reform of the Breviary held its first sitting in Rome on the 7th Jan., and decided upon inviting the co-operation of a number of scholars in various foreign countries.

A SIGN OF THE TIMES.—Catholic progress in the United States, continues unabated, says the Pittsburgh "Observer." Cambridge, Mass., has a Catholic Mayor again, Mr. McNamee having been re-elected. At his inauguration prayer was offered up by Father Glynn, of St. Peter's Church. This was the first time that a priest had officiated at a mayoral inauguration in the "hub" of Unitarianism. At Portland, Maine, too, at the opening of the Supreme Court a few days ago, a priest, Father Hurley, V. G., offered up prayer for the first time in its history.

BROKE HIS LEG.—Catholics of Montreal who have been in the habit of spending their vacation at Old Orchard, will remember the genial and zealous pastor of St. Margaret's Church of that place, and also of St. Mary's Church, Biddeford—Rev. T. P. Linehan. They will regret to learn that he recently met with a painful accident. While crossing the street near his home he fell on the ice breaking his leg. Father Linehan will be confined to the house for several weeks.

A PRINCE AS A NOVICE.—It is announced that Prince Rainer of the Two Sicilies, second son of the Count of Caserta, who is now in his 20th year, has resolved upon applying to be received as a novice in the Society of Jesus. He has had to go through a great amount of opposition on the part of his family, but has at length succeeded in obtaining, with difficulty, his father's consent to the proposed step.

A BISHOP AND LABOR.—Under the leadership of Bishop Korum, the Catholic labor unions of the diocese of Treves have formed a federation, which held its first convention of delegates recently. The federation comprises 50 societies, with 12,000 members.

ST. BRIDGET'S NIGHT REFUGE.—Report for week ending Sunday, 1st February, 1908.—Males 261, females 57. Irish 145, French 138, English 15, Scotch and other nationalities 11. Total 314.

A Striking Tribute.

(By An Occasional Contributor.)

There is a Protestant Episcopal organization in New York, known as the Church Club. On the occasion of a dinner given by its members, at Sherry's, on the 21st January last, Bishop Burgess, of Long Island, delivered himself of some pointed remarks on the subject of divorce. After affirming that he was not an advocate of the doctrine of Catholicity, the Bishop said:—

"But the Roman Catholic Church has stood like a bulwark against divorce. It has stood for the inviolability of the marriage tie and the unity of the home. Because of that it is in the world to-day one of the greatest forces for progress and for Christianity. It has got to such a pass that our young people grow up with the idea that there is nothing binding in the marriage tie and that it can be broken almost as soon as assumed.

"The children in our great schools no longer know where to go on their vacation. Their fathers have one home and their mothers another, and the children are distraught as to which home they shall seek.

"The time had come when, on the question of divorce, our Church should stand shoulder to shoulder with the Church at Rome. When our canons declare that communicants in our faith once married are married for life, then the Protestant Episcopal Church will have done what it ought to do for the cause of civilization and the cause of Christ. When canons and prayer books are harmonized on this subject the news will go out to the world like a trumpet peal, and we may then busy ourselves as much as we like over speculation and suggestion as to a change of name."

They had been discussing the advisability of changing the name of their Church. Bishop Burgess, very rightly considered that the divorce issue was of much more moment. At all events he paid a remarkable tribute to the Catholic Church. Not only was it an acknowledgment of the Church's moral and unchangeable attitude regarding marriage and divorce, but it was a powerful argument in favor of the unity of doctrine and practice that constitutes one of the great notes of the Catholic Church. We do not, for a moment, suppose that Bishop Burgess intended to adduce such evidence of the truth that the Church must necessarily contain, but his very words of praise, in connection with the divorce question, constitute a tribute to the perfection of doctrine, and accompanying discipline, that is one of the most tangible evidences of the Church's Divine Foundation, and of her infallibility. It does not need an essay to lay before the mind of the philosophically educated the chain of solid argument, in favor of the Church's claims to unerring doctrine, that these remarks of the Protestant Bishop have forged.

We have so many conclusions to draw from this one tribute that the good Bishop would probably be horrified were he to realize that he has been propagating Catholic doctrine with a vengeance. We have the Church's teaching that the marriage tie cannot be severed by any human power; this leads to the Church's doctrine of the sacramental dignity of matrimony; this brings us to the utility, necessity, and Divine origin of all the sacraments, and so on, step by step, (if we are logical) we ascend to the acceptance of each and all of the Church's doctrines—all of which harmonize with her unflinching practice.

Bishop Burgess has done us a good turn, we would gladly do him one, in making him realize the Church's Truth.

Whirlwind Overtakes a Train.

A curious railway accident is reported from India by Cosmos. About two kilometers (1 1/4 miles) from Rampore Hat, says that journal, "a train composed of an engine, thirteen passenger cars, and three other cars, was seized and overturned by a tornado. The phenomenon was absolutely local, since nothing was noticed at the station just left by the train, and except for the upsetting of a few native huts, there appears to have been no other damage done. The number of the wounded is not exactly known, for the Hindu passengers had panic-stricken in an instant. Thirteen persons were killed and fifteen wounded are known. Some of the cars were turned and for some minutes a whirlwind."

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