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THE IDEAS OF A CATHOLIC AS TO WHAT SHOULD BE DONE.

Translated from the French of Abbé Martinet, for the True Witness.

(Continued from our last.)

ANSWER TO ONE HERETICAL OBJECTION.—GLORY INHERENT IN THE NAME OF CATHOLIC.

Heresy tells us: "How simple you are! we have long ago told you that the infernal secret of the power of Rome is in the extreme tenacity with which she maintains and defends what she has once fixed and defined. She has ever understood better than any other power that they who will can always succeed in subduing the multitude, too light and volatile to make any persevering resistance. Liberty is a heavy burden for weak minds; fatigued, and alarmed by its eccentric motions, they come sooner or later to repose on the downy couch of authority. Rome has, we must admit, a profound knowledge of man, and knows how to make the most of her knowledge. This is at the same time her glory and her shame."

We answer: Ye men of genius, whose sight is so long, why are your arms so short? Ye who know so well how to cultivate a religion and bind man to it, how is it that you suffer men and religions to slip through your fingers? Why would not ye do for the promotion of pure evangelical religion what Rome does for the promotion of error?

We know that you love not to have the past recalled, or to be told: Your German fathers won over Hesse by a brevet of polygamy, and the Northern principalities by the disgraceful sale of crosiers, delivering them up to princes, together with spiritual authority and political immunities. Your fathers beyond the sea acquired England by allowing Henry to have a troop of queens, and by giving up to his boy-son, his daughter Elizabeth and their successors, the sceptre of religious thought. Never has prince been refused who said to you: "Give up to me that principle, and I will give up to you my people." These memories you would fain bury in oblivion, and you are so far right. Let us, therefore, speak of the present.

Is the traffic in dogmas and principles abolished, or rather is it not now at its height? Instead of the long and sour negotiations of former days, for the exchange or abrogation of some confessional articles, what do we see in your projects of reunion, discussed by the press and solemnly wrought out in your general synods? Is it not the primary article, and the only one on which you all agree, that each shall teach what he thinks it his duty to teach, administer as he understands, and that you all, nevertheless, from the Methodist who believes in Christ as God, to the Straussian who believes Christ to be a fabulous person, will consider yourselves as brethren and disciples of the pure Gospel?

Whilst that you, to save Protestantism, degrade common christianity, and say: Let us hold fast to our positions, our men, our notions, and give up these principles which are in fact our own, since they are of us, what does that Rome, so greedy, according to you, for wealth and power? Rome, to preserve her principles, gives up her treasures, and risks her dominion in Russia and in Poland, where she sees the best blood of her children flow. It is, again, on a question of principles, that she has lost her temporal authority in Spain and in Portugal, and beheld her religious, men and women, slaughtered, banished, while the three-fourths of the bishoprics were deprived of their pastors, or given up to intrusion.

These, it must be owned, are calculations which men have never known how to make. Were you not blinded by prejudice, you would see above the men who hold the helm of the Catholic Church, the divine Pilot who says to them: "Fear nothing! for one who deserts you, I will give you four. I have overcome the world; sooner or later the world shall come to you."

And so the world is coming—flocking out from the temple-marts, where the dealers in religion say: "Only stay, and we shall put Christ aside, if you wish it; you shall be free to believe all, or to deny all, just as you please!" They throng in crowds into that Church which tells them: "Enter not while you doubt one single point of my doctrine!"

You say, the slaves shall be always more numerous than the free. Children of Wesley, who, in your tracts (thrown almost on our altars,) are pleased to call us the slaves of the great prostitute, accept in return for so many insults, a word of truth from brethren who love you in Jesus Christ, and are grieved to see you dabbling for ever in the trough of Calvinism.

You, who make every effort to perpetuate what the greater part of your co-religionists have the good sense to drop; you, who are the most forward champions of that Protestantism, which is condemned to all the disgrace of slavery, because it is born of the fury of revolt—of that Protestantism whose

brow has been perpetually branded by the iron heel of princes, and the wooden shoe of the artisan turned prophet—to you we would say—take our word for it, you had better be more modest—speak amongst yourselves of religious liberty, and welcome; the word is a very fine one, indeed, and we have retained it in the European vocabulary in spite of your fathers.

But beware of preaching that word to the children of the Church, made free by Christ, to those Catholics who, from Nero to the Czar Nicholas, have seen, and still see, millions of their brethren people the prisons of the persecutors, covering the roads to exile, and reddening the scaffolds with their blood, for liberty of conscience! To those Catholics who, in order to maintain religious equality, the mother of all liberty, have constantly said to the greatest potentates, and the most distinguished men: "In religion, you shall neither believe, nor do, nor can do any more or less than the humblest citizen. Before Jesus Christ, we are all men—all kings!"

Yes, noble children of the universal Church, we can never estimate, too highly, the privilege of belonging to that great family, which has ever walked on the glorious line of liberty between the muddy depths of slavery and license. The name of Catholic, if we only comprehend its full meaning, should be ever our proudest boast.

What are we as Frenchmen, Italians, Spaniards, Englishmen, Swiss, Germans, &c.? The children of fathers more or less distinguished by their deeds, and whose greatest glories are Catholic; we are citizens of a country more or less great and powerful. Let us honor, and cherish the country, but we must not give it the first place; that precedence would but degrade it and ourselves with it.

What are we as Catholics? Children of God, brethren, and co-heirs of the man-God; citizens of heaven, and while expecting heaven, citizens of the world. For us there are neither Alps nor Pyrenees, nor Ocean. There are neither Greeks nor Barbarians, nor aliens, nor enemies, nor masters, nor slaves; we every where see but brothers.

No glory can ever equal that of the Catholic name; but to that glory God has given, as a counterpoise, a terrible responsibility.

OBLIGATION ATTACHED TO THE TITLE OF CATHOLIC—MORAL CONQUEST OF THE UNIVERSE—REFLECTIONS ON THE MILITARY STATE.

To be a Catholic, is to have in the mind that true light which enlighteneth every man that cometh into this world: it is to have within the heart a spark of that divine fire which should purify, refine, and fructify all hearts. Wo to the mind which, from being a candlestick, becomes a bushel! Wo to the selfish heart which concentrates within the life which ought to radiate without!

To be a Catholic, is to enjoy the celestial inheritance devolved on mankind. Wo to him who would engross to himself that which belongs to all! He is an usurper.

It is now eighteen centuries since, by our submission to the divine law, we rent asunder the degrading bonds of thought and of human will; this is our glory. Four-fifths of our brethren still await their deliverance; this is our shame and our condemnation.

Let us not indulge in idle complaints, as to the fearful indifference of our fathers, for the true greatness of the European family: God has judged them; and his justice has so far scourged them here below, that we may hope that they now repose in the arms of His mercy.

Let us attend to ourselves, and consider the means of evading the warrant of death fulminated against the barren tree, and against the useless servant who hid the divine talent confided to him.

What are we to do in order to arouse Europe and draw her forth from the abject ways wherein she squanders strength and capacity that, if rightly directed and applied, might produce wondrous effects? What are the means to be used for re-instating Christian thought in Europe?

By three springs are men actuated, especially the restless race of Japhet: these are glory, wealth, and pleasure.

Let us dazzle the eyes of all our brethren of the Old World and the New with the sight of this truth; even in a human point of view, the summit of glory, of riches, and of pleasure, both moral and material, is the conquest of the world to Christianity; and that conquest is henceforward the only one which a sound and enlightened policy can promise itself.

What now remains to Europe of the immense moral and material force which she has expended since the time of the Crusades—the innumerable millions of lives sacrificed to her glory, and the aggrandisement of her states? Take away the battle of Navas of Tolosa, the defence of Rhodes, of Malta, the battle of Lepanto, the exploits of Scanderberg, of the Huniades, of the Sobieskis, and of Prince Eugene,

against the Turks, battles and actions whose memory shall ever live in Europe, because they were its salvation, and what is all the rest, if not the sanguinary play of blind and guilty passions?

Doubtless, amid these horrible butcheries, commanded by a disastrous policy, there appear some great and pure illustrations, admirable facts, real national treasures to which we ought to cling; but they are national, not European.

Honor to the princes, honor to the great citizens, who, seeing their country menaced in its political existence, told her: "You have a name amongst the nations; it is now at stake; come on to conquer or die with us!"

Honor, too, to the soldiers who have distinguished themselves by their valor and their fidelity to the national banner, even when it was hoisted by ambitious leaders!

God forbid that while exalting that master-work—the Christian mind—we should depreciate one of its finest creations, the character of the modern warrior.

To make us respect a soldier, there is no need of reading his name in a bulletin, or seeing his bosom garnished with decorations—the rewards of valor.—It suffices to know that he is a man who lives, suffers, and dies to secure to his fellow-citizens peace, and freedom, and the many social advantages of which he deprives himself. Our hearts are always touched when we meet (and where do we not meet) the grave of one of these obscure martyrs to that which is greatest and noblest after the love of God and man—the love of country, and of countrymen.

The soldier may be without religion; it is often less his own fault than that of the state, but he is not irreligious, or if he be he is but the exception. Having a sense of uprightness and integrity all the greater for being, in most cases, unperverted by pseudo-learning, formed to the love of order, disinterested, devoted to all that is great and glorious, the brave and generous soldier is, as it were, by nature a Christian. Surely there is nothing more like unto the kingdom of heaven than a veteran soldier returning to his home.

Honor, then, and glory to these victims of the public safety! and as man cannot live altogether on honor, let us hail with satisfaction every legislative enactment which, distributing with equity this heaviest of the public taxes, shall ameliorate the condition of him who devotes to the defence of the state those years of youth which others employ in creating or building up a fortune for themselves.

But if gratitude and honors are due to the man who lives and dies for the safety of his fellow-citizens, are they not also the meed of him who lives and dies for the salvation of common humanity?

REV. DR. CAHILL'S SECOND LETTER.

TO THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF DERBY.

"Midway, and exactly in front of the central or President's pavilion, and about one-third distance between it and the bridge of Jena, rose a chapel, seventy-five feet from the base to the summit; and on a platform, twenty-three feet high, was built the altar.—Four pilasters, with superincumbent arches corresponding to the four sides of the Champ de Mars, and surmounted by cornices, supported the dome, which was covered with gilded scale work; and high over all those emblems of peace or war rose the cross. When the gun gave the signal, the Archbishop, arrayed in full canonic, commenced the Mass of the Holy Ghost. At the moment of the Elevation another salute was fired; the drums beat to arms; the trumpets sounded the advance; sixty thousand men presented arms, the whole of the infantry kneeling, and the officers in command bent on one knee to the earth, with head uncovered. The multitude on the mounds took off their hats. When Mass was over the Archbishop, surrounded by the officiating Clergy, proceeded to where the eagles were arrayed round the altar. He raised his voice to chant the prayer, 'Adjutorium nostrum in nomine Domini,' and the Clergy responded, 'Amen.' After the 'Oremus Omnipotens sempiternus Deus,' the Prelate sprinkled the flags with holy water, and blessed them, and then took his seat on a throne, and assumed the mitre. When the prayer was ended the Archbishop blessed the standards, and gave for the whole army the kiss of peace, with the words, 'Pax tibi;' and the foremost standing bearer, rising from the ground, pressed to his lips the Pontifical ring, and then resumed his place. One hundred salutes from the cannon of the bridge of Jena accompanied the blessing of the eagles. The Prelate then stood erect, arrayed in mitre and in cope, and holding the crosier raised his hand aloft, and gave a universal blessing to the army and the people, and another salute announced that the religious ceremony was over." (Extract from account of the "Parisian fetes," May 10th, 1852.)

May 17th, 1852, Dublin.

My Lord Earl—The extract just quoted is a satisfactory and significant refutation of all the calumnious bigotry which, during the last two years, has been unceasingly directed against the Catholic Church

by the leaders of the British parliament. But when your lordship glances at the first paragraph above, and sees the chapel, the altar, and the cross in front of the President's pavilion, and the army, it is not difficult, I presume, to read in the picture before you the decision of glorious France, uttered in favor of Catholicity, and expressed in haughty defiance of the late tyrannical legislation of bigoted England—and when, in the second paragraph, you gaze on the Archbishop of Paris, in full Pontificals, commencing the Mass of the Holy Ghost; and when trumpets sound, and drums beat, and officers in command uncovered bend the knee to the earth; and when sixty thousand men present arms as the Host is raised beneath the blue vault of Heaven, hear, my lord, hear, amidst the discharge of one hundred pieces of artillery, hear the proud answer of ancient Gallia (published from the brazen throats of the guns of Marengo) to the insolence of Truro, the baseness of Russell, the perfidy of Minto, the filth of Drummond, and the obscenity of your own Spooner. My lord, will you do yourself the justice to take a farewell look at this scene in the third paragraph, and as you behold the Catholic Bishop standing erect, arrayed in mitre, holding the crosier, with his hand raised aloft, giving a universal blessing to the people and the army, will you understand, at last, the stupid folly of the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill. See the difference between the low buffoonery of the English Chancellor and the grave respect of the President of the French Republic.—Look at the blasphemous impostors of Exeter Hall, and the crested warriors of the Champ de Mars on bended knee. Compare your London ferocious mob with the crimson, glittering legions of France, presenting arms to the God of battles in the Eucharistic Host. Compare St. James's with the Tuileries.—Look on this picture and on that; and, from the example of France, and from every page of ancient and modern Christian history, leave for once the insane policy of deciding the Gospel by parliamentary majorities—the settling Faith by "trial by jury"—reforming the world by unbelieving statesmen—binding the conscience with chains of Swedish iron, and subjecting the doctrines of grace to the decisions of the Old Bailey.

For two centuries after the fatal era of what is called "the Reformation," the history of Ireland, in reference to the Catholics, had but one page of spoliation, persecution, and death. The growing civilization of the last century, and the forgetfulness of national injuries, relaxed somewhat the tyranny of our oppressors, and for the last hundred years we have been receiving some social and political favors from the state, subject, however, to occasional transports of governmental insult and religious calumny. Whenever there was a chance of social union or commercial progress your nation always raised the red flag of religious discord to weaken our strength, to divide our energies, and to beggar our trade. Your legislation furnished the cup, mixed the draught, and kept the wretched Irish in distraction, delirium, and poverty. England stands before Heaven charged with the plunder and the death of Ireland, by a guilt as clear as that of the footpad who robs the unprotected traveller, or as much as the assassin who administers the poison to his victim. Our history, according to the testimony of some of your best statesmen, is an unbroken record of tyrannical conquest, licentious spoliation, merciless persecution, and religious intolerance. But, during the period of which I speak, your official English ancestors divided us by covert stratagem—never by open avowed declaration; they moved their subordinates by secret springs, and these again re-acted upon other secondary schemes of state machinery—and our rivers became idle, and our harbors deserted, and our factories ruined, and our cities reduced by the silent but infallible laws of state robbery and state perfidy; and Ireland became exhausted of almost all her national resources with as much mechanical certainty as the turning of the course of an old river dries up the original bed, and carries the waters into a different channel. Your nation perpetrated these wrongs on my country, and inflicted deliberate injustices on Ireland which the most brilliant pen of the most learned patriotic Irish historian never can depict in all the inhuman horrors of their just realities. Your nation has done all this, my lord, with a refinement of cruelty that has never been surpassed; and your blood-stained laws have sent us, in hundreds of thousands, naked, and starving, and friendless exiles to mark the mariner's track over the ocean, as the putrid dead sink in the moaning deep—to fall exhausted by suffering on the highways of the stranger, the poor forlorn outcasts of Ireland—and to publish through the world, wherever your English tongue is spoken, the tyrannies of your country and the unmitigated cruelties of your rule. But the former statesmen had decency in their injustice, and they had decorum in their language—former parliaments evinced discretion in their