

# THE CATHOLIC.

QUOD SEMPER, QUOD UBIQUE, QUOD AB OMNIBUS CREDITUM EST.—WHAT ALWAYS, AND EVERY WHERE, AND BY ALL IS BELIEVED.

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## THE CATHOLIC CATHEDRALS.

Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house—THE TENTH COMMANDMENT.

It is now more than a century ago when some "stern and uncompromising Protestant," complaining to Swift of the dilapidation of the Protestant places of worship, entreated him to suggest a remedy for the scandal. "You shall have one said Swift on the instant; 'allow these Papists to build churches, and as soon as they are finished, turn them out and seize them for yourselves.'"

It was said in sarcasm—but, nevertheless, it was good Protestant advice—advice which had been acted upon only the century before by wholesale.

But, your "stern and uncompromising Protestant" of the eighteenth century did not take the good Dean's advice. He would not suffer the Papists to build temples, or to repair those going into decay. On the contrary, he hunted the priests like wild beasts; he made a law to rob Papists on the high way of their horses; he also enacted in "the Legion Club"—he was a very "stern" fellow, your Protestant of this day—that there were no Papists in Ireland; and it was one Jocelyn, we believe, who was imported as a Chancellor, that maintained on some affair in his court, that the law did not recognize the existence of any. Whether this Jocelyn was an ancestor of the Bishop of Clogher, and other great heroes of that ilk, we do not know. But, it appears that his law was held good.—And yet our "stern Protestant" was not convinced.—For, though this high authority declared from the bench, there was not a single Papist man, woman, or child, in Ireland, yet not only one law, but a whole code, was enacted against these men in *nubibus* which code obtained the epithet of Popery or Penal.

Notwithstanding all these efforts to protect the souls, and augment the contents of Protestant purses—notwithstanding the anxiety for holy religion, and, as the *Mail*, sweet edifying Protestant—calls it, for God almighty's own church, your stern Protestants of the eighteenth century forgot, somehow or other, to keep the churches which they had taken from the Papists in repair, or to build others. Indeed they were not much wanted in those days, so that it came to pass in the close of the last century, some of them were turned into stables, and others into barns—these we have seen; and in some—even in the Protestant North—they made *putteen*—that is to say, English reader, unlawful—but good Protestant whiskey. But we must say the Protestant churches, in those days, were only useful for such pious purposes. Provided the sabbath was gathered that was all that was required, and it was enough.

We speak of the interior; but how was it in the cities and great towns? Wherever there was an old cathedral was cubbled up for established worship; and, as we Protestants are all gentlemen and ladies, divided, most aristocratically, into pews or closets for the benefit of the fashionable elect; while your poor, though stern, Protestants (where there were any,) were compelled to go into owners and crawl into the aisles, to admire the quality enclosed and cut off from vulgar contamination. But, although they endeavored, with all their might, to be snug and genteel within the church—although, when there was a congregation, as in Dublin, for instance, they had pews, and cushions, and fine gilt prayer-books, it never occurred to them to keep the exterior of their building in

proper order—much less did they dream of decoration or architectural ornament. As it is, at this day, the Protestant churches in Dublin, built by Protestants, are a positive disgrace and eye-sore. There is in no city in Europe such an utter shame in regard to religious edifices, for Protestant worship, as this is. We talk not of St. Mark's or St. Paul's—these are not erected in your fashionable localities; but look at St. Ann's and St. Peter's, which are. Are they not the ugliest barn or caravansara things ever seen? The income of St. Peter's is between two and three thousand a year. There are also sundry taxes levied at the Easter vestries for various purposes. But it never occurred to our most excellent establishment to build a steeple, or a tower, a decent front to this, the church of the wealthiest parish in Dublin. Ah, no. The income is only sufficient for a gentleman who, we assure you, good reader, "moves in the first circles."

But while, until very recently (for we are not blind to what is now attempting to be done in the latter days of our establishment, nor to the effects on church building of the £40,000 a year, presently at the disposal of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners,) we good Protestants neglected our good church, that is to say, the walls thereof, and the roof—the Catholics have been building at a prodigious rate.—There have been cathedrals built, or in the course of building, in most of the dioceses and sees of Ireland. And these cathedrals are not of your ordinary brick and mortar, run up by a builder at the cheapest and most reasonable rate, according to contract, but really magnificent edifices, upon the best Gothic or Anglo-Norman principles—nay, upon the Greek models, as the beautiful cathedral of the Virgin in Marlborough street. But it is not on these alone that the Catholics of Ireland have shown the glories of their art. Their parish churches, generally speaking, in this city, are beyond all comparison superior—what are we going to say?—there can be no comparison between things so utterly dissimilar. You might as well compare Bull's Bank, as a building, to the Bank of Ireland.

Now, these stately edifices have not cost the State a single stiver, nor a single sapphire, we will venture to say, came from a Protestant purse, except our own, for, be it known to all and sundry of our fellow-Protestants, we did subscribe to the Catholic Church in our parish. In a word, in this regard, or, indeed, in any, the Catholics owe nothing but forgiveness to the Established Church or to the State. What they have is their own, and they will keep it with the blessing of God!

O, no, quoth the *Mail*, God forbid! And, it so happens, that to a certain *obiter dictum* of our contemporary—thrown out, as it were, by chance—the reader is indebted for this excellent article.

He is abusing the Catholic clergy as heartily as if—in- stead of being, as he is, a good Protestant bred and born, and no mistake, he were a renegade and apostate, telling them that if they continue Repeal agitation, the thing will eventuate it—

"Nothing but a re-conquest of Ireland, attended probably with confiscation of property, a transfer to the Established Church of the gorgeous cathedrals and monasteries now devoted to their worship, and the just extirpation of their religion from the land."

Hah! and you have cast your covetous eyes, good Protestant, as you are, at the gorgeous cathedrals and monasteries dedicated to Catholic worship. You would—would you?—play the games of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

You would seize the Popish churches, and convert them to Protestant uses. But where would you find the congregations, you devil, you? No matter, if we could get rid of the present, and we will, you say, we shall extirpate their religion from the land. That is to say, you will extirpate the people.

Why, is it an unseemly and disgusting monster; but, like all preternatural things, it is little better than a cloud. It hath ferocity, indeed, and would delight in rivers of blood—but, then, it is thoroughly impotent in mind and body. If it were not the thing it is—if it were not impotent to a scene of shame, as it is to a feeling of conscience—if it were not a "beast that knows no discourse of reason"—we might, perhaps, visit with stripes the guilty thing. But what impression could you make upon such a hide?

Yet, a short word to the persons to whom these innumerable atrocities are addressed.

You may believe us, good folk, when we assert that the seventeenth century is not the nineteenth.

You may take our word for it, that Sir Robert Peel is not Oliver Cromwell.

You may believe us, too, that there was not a million of people in Ireland in the days of the latter, while she numbers her population now at eight millions and a half.

You may rest assured, that come what may, there will be no confiscation of property. England, we know, but too well, of all nations, has been infamous for this species of policy. In all the Continental wars—nay, in the terrible war of the French Revolution, there was no interference in the descent of property, by reason of the political offences of the holders. It was only during the vicissitudes of the French Revolution, when a set of hungry ruffians seized on the estates of the nobles—and in Ireland, when a banditti possessed themselves of the land, that confiscation was a policy. The difference, however, was in favor of France. The lands in that country were made public property and sold. In this country the lands were given for nothing to adventurers and Proletarians.

But that game, we assure you, will never be played again. England would not suffer it, Scotland would not suffer it—nor would Ireland.

Still, we can suppose the three kingdoms mad. For history teems with such examples. But all the rest of Europe will not be mad. And if any fanatic or ruffian should have the power to commence such a campaign in Ireland, as this wretched being recommends, he would be caught, and caged and executed.

Prince Hohenlohe is stated, in a letter from Inspruck, to have performed by prayer some new miracles there during the last month. Amongst the persons stated to have been cured were the daughter of a counsellor of the Court of Appeal of the Tyrol, after a painful illness of three years, and a woman of 55, who had been for seven years afflicted with paralysis.

DIVORCE IN NEW JERSEY.—Mary Ann F. Randolph from her husband Stelle F. Randolph. He was a Baptist preacher, but took it into his head one day, having a family of several children to travel off with another woman. He wrote back a letter, stating that it was not his intention to return.—*Irish Citizen*.

The sang froid with which these things are done is frightful.—*Cath. Herald*.