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BOOKS.

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evening's lecture, for one reason out of many, namely, that the subject I propose for your consideration and attention has been already put before you, and before the world by one of Ireland's best and noble sons, the late John Francis Maguire (loud applause).

JOHN FRANCIS MAGUIRE,

Because at the time that his death brought grief to every Irish heart both here and in America, at that very time my lectures in America were drawing to a close, and I had no opportunity given to me to express in the Western land the feelings of my heart, which found an echo in every Irishman's bosom in America, concerning our distinguished fellow-citizen (hear, hear).

THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA

By Christopher Columbus in 1492, and about the self-same time the birth of Ignatius Loyola. Never, perhaps, since the flag of Christianity was unfurled, never were there three men who exercised greater influence upon their age by either mind or discovery, than those three.

When the vociferous cheering with which he was greeted had concluded, the distinguished lecturer said—Ladies and gentlemen, it is now several months since I returned from the great land of the West. Whilst I was in America, I was in the habit of addressing very large audiences of my fellow-countrymen, and gradually they made me very brave by the kindness of their reception; but now having spent some time either in retirement, or in purely preaching as a priest, I feel coming over me this evening somewhat of the nervousness and timidity which I felt when first I had the honor to address an Irish audience in America as a lecturer.

Christopher Columbus a high and glorious purpose—a splendid light of faith. He did not seek the discovery of a strange country for the mere purpose of enriching himself, but with a high and chivalrous and romantic faith that was in him.

IF EVER THERE WAS A LAND

That owes its discovery to Catholic faith, to Catholic ardor, to Catholic instinct, that land is America (loud cheers). If over there was a land that may be said to have sprung into its acknowledged existence from out the mind and heart of a man who was the very type of the Catholic Church, that land is America (continued cheering), and whilst crossing the trackless ocean, still turning his prow to the West, keeping his eye on the setting sun, he held a firm hand on the helm, and whilst the eye tracked the long line of light that the setting sun flung over the placid waves, the mind of the great mariner was exalted to Heaven by hope, and a prayer went forth from his lips, and thus in constant hope, in constant prayer, in constant supplication to be persevered, whilst the stoutest mariner in the ship's company, seeing no sign of land, and beholding themselves going farther and farther into the untravelled, unknown waters of the waste of sea, over which no barque of man had ever sailed—the stoutest of his mariners lost courage, and said, "Let us return to our homes and kindred."

THE CATHOLIC FAITH SPREAD

To the northern shores of the Gulf of Mexico, and two hundred and more years ago we read that a Spanish Bishop landed on the coast of Florida, approached the present town of St. Augustine, founded the first Bishopric in northern America, and shortly afterwards sealed his faith by the shedding of his blood at the hands of the natives.

charge he makes against them, that they were the first to introduce religious persecution into America. Shortly after the proclamation of Protestantism in England, this religion, as it is called, broke itself into various sects. It did so naturally and necessarily. The fundamental principle on which it was based was, that there was no certain acknowledged religious truth revealed to man—that there were certain truths laid down in a certain book, that every man that had that book had a right to read it, and then, according to the reasoning of his own intelligence and mind, according to his private judgment, he was to select his own religion.

A HISTORICAL FACT.

I know that large-minded and liberal-minded Protestants of the present day detest and abhor the acts of their forefathers as much as any right-minded man can detest what is called persecution. I know very well if history were to be re-written, and that if these men of whom I speak—our large-minded, noble-minded Protestant fellow-citizens in Ireland, in England, and in America—had the writing of it, that the blood that stained the page would not be there. But history is history, and fact is fact.

LIKE THE FELLOW IN GALWAY

that was eating a goose — he first took off one wing, and then one leg off one side, and then said he to himself—"It's a pity to have it out of proportion: I might as well take off the other wing and leg too" (great laughter. "And

every woman Quaker (laughter) that shall presume to come into this jurisdiction shall be severely whipped (more laughter), and that every Quaker, he or she, (laughter), who shall be found a third time therein, they shall have their tongues bored through with a hot iron" (roars of laughter). These are the laws of Connecticut. And what do you think they said about Catholics? The game laws that these men instituted were very severe. They declared that it was not lawful for any man, under a fine or penalty, to shoot game of any kind, but it was lawful for any man wherever he found a priest to take at once and do whatever he liked with him (oh)! And listen to their treatment of the Indian: "Be it ordained" (mind these are the very words of the law) "Be it ordained that it shall not be lawful for any man to fire off a gun at any kind of game unless it be a wolf or an Indian" (oh! and great laughter). They were strict men in their way (roars of laughter). Here are more of their laws for you—I want to show you what spirit animated them: "The Court, taking notice of the great abuse committed by persons profaning the Sabbath of the Lord, do ordain that if any one do any unnecessary servile work or unnecessary travelling, or by sports and recreations—they don't even allow them recreation—" If they so transgress, they shall forfeit for each such default 40 shillings, and be publicly whipped: or if it really appear that such person with pride and presumption and with a high hand committed such offence against the known command of the Lord, such person, therein despising the command of the Lord, shall be put to death, or be otherwise punished at the discretion of the court."

WE READ FOR INSTANCE that in the year 1770, the English soldiers who then held New York received a commission, and on that commission they massacred a holy and venerable priest, and his colleagues were driven away, and had to fly through the country. The same legislation held all through the States, which were then British colonies. The very last of the English in 1778, which was a memorable year—the American Revolution was in full swing at the time—all America was up in arms—they said "No more tyranny—we shall have our own laws for ourselves" (tremendous cheering)—in that glorious year of 1778 the English soldiers were obliged to make a speedy and inglorious retreat from New York—the spot is still pointed out, the place called the Battery—they nailed the British flag to the top of a big flag-staff, and greased the pole so that no person might be able to climb up to pull it down, but there was a little American lad who was so strong with his knees and hands that he was able to climb up the pole, greased as it was, and pull down the British flag before the British ships had left the Harbor of New York (great applause). The last act of these men in New York was to take a Catholic priest, a Frenchman, and fling him into prison because he was guilty of the atrocious crime of saying Mass (applause). Well, my friends, as it was in the Eastern States, so it was farther south. The State of Virginia, when it was colonized, was the stronghold of the Church of England, as distinguished from the Dissenters and Non-conformists. There was a society called a "Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts," and they were so anxious for the Propagation of the Gospel, that the first principle they went in for was, that if they found a Catholic priest anywhere, they would be doing a holy and wholesome thing for God to put him into prison, or to put him to death. There were some Catholics—some English and Irish Catholics in that State of Virginia—they were there in the year 1632, and among them there was a noble English house, the head of

FATHER BURKE'S ADDRESS IN CORK.

TRIUMPH OF IRELAND'S FAITH.

THE WORK OF THE MEN OF IRELAND IN AMERICA — LAYING THE FOUNDATION OF THE CHURCH, DRIP AND MASSIVE — THE IMPRESS OF THEIR FAITH ON AMERICAN SOCIETY.

AN HISTORICAL REVIEW.

On the evening of Aug. 19, the Very Rev. Father Thomas N. Burke, the illustrious Dominican orator, lectured in the Munster Hall, on "The Catholic Church in America," with the object of defraying the expense of erecting a tower and spire on the Monkstown Catholic Church. The audience was one of the greatest ever assembled in Cork. Though the prices of admission were high, the doors were besieged the moment they were opened by thick crowds of the highest and best of our Catholic citizens, and at half-past seven the orchestra behind the platform, and the vast area in front, swarmed with people, among whom the bright toilettes of the ladies were in all directions conspicuous. The galleries were filled also, but the audience was essentially composed of the higher and middle classes, who assembled in numbers and spirit seldom witnessed, to welcome the great Irish and Catholic orator. About eight o'clock Father Burke, accompanied by the Mayor, appeared on the platform, clad in his Dominican robes, and immediately a storm of cheers rose from every quarter of the house. By one impulse the audience rose en masse, and waving hats and handkerchiefs, shouted an enthusiastic applause. The great Dominican was visibly affected, and stood with downcast eyes while the cheers echoed again and again over the house. His reception was a magnificent one. When Father Burke spoke his voice rolled with ease to the farthest limits of the hall, and all through the discourse he held his audience enchanted with the spell of his thrilling eloquence. The Mayor of Cork occupied the chair. The platform was occupied by a great crowd of the distinguished lay and clerical gentlemen of the South of Ireland.

When the vociferous cheering with which he was greeted had concluded, the distinguished lecturer said—Ladies and gentlemen, it is now several months since I returned from the great land of the West. Whilst I was in America, I was in the habit of addressing very large audiences of my fellow-countrymen, and gradually they made me very brave by the kindness of their reception; but now having spent some time either in retirement, or in purely preaching as a priest, I feel coming over me this evening somewhat of the nervousness and timidity which I felt when first I had the honor to address an Irish audience in America as a lecturer. The kindness, however, of your reception has somewhat calmed and toned down my nervous system. I beg to thank you for the cheers with which you have greeted me this evening. I know that that kind welcome is given to me, not at all as an individual—for as such I would not value it—but that it is given to me, first of all as an Irish priest, and secondly as a man to whom Almighty God gave the high grace and the high privilege to have the opportunity of speaking in vindication of the glorious land that bore him (enthusiastic cheering). I feel, ladies and gentlemen, somewhat nervous in approaching the subject of this