



CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

VOL. VII.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, AUGUST 15, 1856.

No. 1.

LETTER OF THE REV. DR. CAHILL. TO HIS EXCELLENCY THE EARL OF CARLISLE. Nor can I wholly suppress the wish (both because the reproach which it may be thought to imply, attaches impartially to all parties, and still more because the presence of two Right Reverend Prelates, which I hail with much cordial pleasure, gives me the hope that any such reproach would attach with comparatively little weight here) : but the wish to which I return, that all sides would feel rather more disposed to employ that religious zeal which is the glory of human character, more in adorning their own faith than in impugning that of their neighbors. (Loud and long-continued cheering.)—Speech of the Earl of Carlisle at the late Limerick Banquet. Ballyroan Cottage, Rathfarham, Wednesday July 16, 1856. MY LORD—On reading over the extract of the speech (just quoted) which your Excellency is reported to have delivered at the late Limerick banquet, I have been exceedingly puzzled in trying to ascertain the meaning of your words. Nor am I, as yet, quite satisfied with the result of my labours in unravelling the mind of the speaker, while he delivered himself of a sentence where each succeeding idea is contradictory or deceptive; and where a huge parenthesis is spread through nearly all the period: thus giving a proof of the greatest contradiction of the entire extract, namely—making "a part greater than the whole." I have taken leave to mark some of the words of this strange sentence in Italics, as I intend merely as a Professor of Rhetoric) to make some brief remarks on it. I have never before been so forcibly struck (as in the sentence referred to) with the accuracy of the saying of Talleyrand, where being asked on one occasion what was the greatest advantage conferred by the perfect use of language?—he is said to have replied—"The perfect use of language enables an imperfect statesman to conceal his ideas." Firstly, then, I shall take the liberty to inquire of your Excellency what do you mean?—and if an ordinary person spoke that sentence I would say to him—"What are you driving at?" You clearly wish to see something attained: and yet you have no wish, since you have almost wholly suppressed it. Again, only a small part, or a fraction of the wish, remains behind in your mind, as the whole of the wish is nearly suppressed: that is to say my Lord, when we reduce this most singular wish to an Algebraic equation, it will stand thus—viz., nine-tenths of a Vice-regal wish suppressed, added to the tenth of this wish expressed at a banquet, is equal to the original Vice-regal wish under consideration: an odd kind of mind is this decimal mode of thinking and wishing!

late occasion I copied a Dublin placard, where you were said to be the patron of the insulting proselytising schools of Dublin: your Chief Secretary contradicted, in something like your own style, the placard in his place in the House of Commons. On a still later occasion—viz., on last Saturday week—I charged your Excellency with being enrolled as one of the association who sent Soupers to the Crimea to proselytise our Catholic soldiers, to pervert the Sardinian troops and to calumniate our faith: you have not since then, condescended to reply to me, and to contradict the statements made, in the printed circular of the Association referred to. I now charge, you, on this day, with being a subscriber since your Excellency came to Dublin, to the most insulting proselytising Society in the city, and thus patronizing a band of calumniators, who every day, in the Orange press, designate, as liars, perjurers, idolators, rebels, robbers, murderers, the entire Catholic population over whom you have been placed by the Queen, our Most Gracious Sovereign, to administer the laws of the realm with impartial justice, and with a kind and sovereign protection. I do not charge you with advocating this insult to our race and our creed, as the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland: I feel assured, the Queen who sent you to Ireland would not tolerate an insult to her faithful loyal Irish subjects: I charge you in your personal character, as the Earl of Carlisle, and I now denigrate your conduct, in Exeter Hall and in this country, as patronizing the most palpable misrepresentations of Creed, paying a vile Society of Apostates and Infidels to harass us, giving the weight of your name and place to men who are depopulating the Kingdom, sowing national discord, and laying the foundation at home and abroad of revolution and infidelity. The charge which I now make, and to which I call the indignant attention of my Catholic fellow-countrymen, is contained in the following Circular:— APPEAL ON BEHALF OF A NEW BUILDING FOR THE COOMBERGAGED SCHOOL. Patrons and Patronesses.—Hon. and Very Rev. the Dean of St. Patrick, Lady Maria Forrester, Hon. Mrs. Pakenham, Mrs. Whately, Mrs. Wolsley. Committee.—Mrs. Kincaid, Mrs. J. Smyly, Mrs. Maddock, Mrs. Marks, Mrs. Wm. Bourne, Rev. E. Marks, D.D., Rev. H. R. Halahan, Rev. L. H. Bolton, Rev. C. F. McCarthy, Mrs. Wm. Marable, Miss M. Whately, Miss Ball, Miss Eastwood Taylor, Miss Foster, Miss Warren, Miss A. Warren, Rev. C. M. Fleury, Rev. J. O'Carroll, John Hayes, Esq., Joseph Kincaid, Esq. Secretaries.—Mrs. H. L. Bolton, 70, Camden-street; Mrs. Geoghegan, 7, Merrion-square, East. Treasurer of the Building Fund.—Joseph Kincaid, Esq., 3, Herbert-Street. In the year 1855, these schools were first opened in a room in the Weavers' Hall under the patronage of and in connection with the Irish Church Missions; and so great was the interest created among the population of the neighborhood, that the members in attendance increased, within the first two years from 50 to 500. This large increase of members rendered it necessary for the managers to seek for increased accommodation, and a house in New Row was rented for the purpose, into which the female children were removed, and where for the last year, the schools for girls and infants have been carried on, leaving the room in Weavers' Hall for the week-day boys' schools, and for the use of boys and adults on Sunday. A plot of ground in the Coombe, in the immediate vicinity of Weavers' Hall, has been liberally granted for the purpose by the Earl of Meath, at a very low rent, on which it is proposed to erect a large and suitable building, capable of containing from 700 to 800 children and adults, and divided in such a manner as to admit of proper classification, and constructed with a view of its being used for lecture rooms and controversial classes. The cost of the building will be about £1,200, and the object of this appeal is to obtain from the Christian public, and from those interested in the establishment of Ragged Schools and in the promotion of Scriptural instruction, assistance towards the attainment of these objects, and contributions in aid of the fund for the erection of the proposed building. The almost total absence of respectable residents in the district precludes the possibility of funds being raised locally, while the denseness and extreme poverty of the population demand largely increased liberality and exertion on the part of others. The necessity for the expenditure has been shown, the interest and importance of the work will not be denied, while a considerable saving will be effected in the annual grant. The Committee, therefore, while they cast the case in faith upon the Lord, whose is the silver, and the gold, and who disposes the hearts of His people for his own work and glory, appeal with confidence to their friends and the Christian public for procuring aid; and while they invite them to visit the schools and judge for themselves, both as to the value of the work, and the absolute necessity of providing proper school-rooms they pledge themselves that every care and attention shall be given in order that the funds may be disbursed with economy, and that the best accommodation shall be provided which the funds entrusted to them may admit of. Contributions already received.—His Excellency the Lord Lieutenant, £1; William Wilson, Esq., 25s; Mrs. Carmichael, 20s; Miss E. Foster, 20s; James Vere, Esq., 1s; Mrs. Vere, per Miss Foster, 20s; The Misses Thompson, 20s; The Lord Chief Justice, 5s; Josiah Smyly, Esq., 10s; Atkinson, Esq., 10s; Mrs. Francis Gascoigne, 5s; Anonymous, 5s; J. H., 5s; James R. Stewart, Esq., 5s; Joseph Kincaid, Esq., 5s; Thomas J. Barton, Esq., 5s; R. J. Foster, Esq., 5s; W. Harvey Pim, Esq., 5s; The Hon. Judge Crampton, 2s; Mrs. George Banks, 2s; Rev. W., and Mrs. Marable, 2s; Colonel and Mrs. Rose, 2s; Lady Bateson,

3s; J. H. Gurney, Esq., 2s; James Barton, Esq., 2s; Lady H. Kavanagh, 1s; E. Batty, Esq., 2s; G. Woods, Esq., 2s; Rt. Hon. J. Wynne, M.P., 1s; R. Wilson, Esq., 2s; Miss Adair (collected) 2s; J. Maguire, Esq., 1s; H. Maguire, Esq., 1s; P. Doyle, Esq., 1s; Rev. Dr. Wall, 1s. Your speech at Limerick might pass unnoticed, or even appear rather an expression of liberality, if the public did not see other evidences of your feelings in the late fanatical movement in England and Ireland: but when we couple with your late speech your former expressed zeal at Exeter Hall: your patronage of thy insulting mission to the Crimea, and your advocacy of a system of tormenting the "dense, poor, wretched population," about Weaver's-hall, we have the true commentary on your deceptive oration at the Limerick banquet. And if the Irish people wanted a further confirmation of the views, and of the frame of mind (in reference to Catholicity), of the Earl of Carlisle, we have it in your own Diary in "Greek Waters," in the following extract:—"COLOONE, June 4.—Went to the Cathedral at ten, and attended at High Mass, which was celebrated with every adjunct—"To swell the pomp of dreadful sacrifice—"The music to-day was Mozart's Fourth Mass, and sounded very beautiful to my unskilled ears. I hope that I estimate this gorgeous ritual, as I ought: I recognise the undoubted hold which the combination of picturesque spectacle, glorious architecture, and delicious harmony must have on the imagination of many: I still more appreciate the ever-open door, the mixture of classes, and the fervent prayers offered up from obscure recesses and before solitary shrines: but the incessant genuflection, the parrot-chanting of the legends of the priests; and, above all, the foreign tongue persuade me, there must often be much that is hollow in the service, as well as false in the doctrine." I have marked some words in Italics from this extract, in order to point the illogical conclusion, in fact, the absurd deduction, which Lord Carlisle has here drawn from the premises of the extract just quoted. But, my Lord, as an illustrious relative of your Excellency has once said of you, "Your heart is so gentle and so benevolent, you always yield to the last impression." I do firmly believe every word of this character of you: and hence you are a half-impressed absurd English Protestant critic at Cologne; you are a rabid fanatic (ex pramissis) at Exeter Hall: you are a Puseyite in Belgium; you are everything at the Limerick Banquet, and a Souper beyond all doubt in the Crimea, and Weaver's Hall. My object here, my Lord, is not to condemn you: you have an undoubted right to be anything and everything you think proper in religious matters. But I also have a right to inform my Catholic countrymen of your Souper movements; to tell them, that amongst all the Lord Lieutenant's we have had since the famous and infamous year 1795 we have not had even one who has encouraged such an insult on our race, our creed, and our feelings, as the present Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. I have also a right to command my countrymen to pay to you, whenever you go through Ireland, the most profound respect, and palpable, public, constitutional duty, as the representative of the majesty of the Queen of England: but, at the same time, tell them that they need not burst their lungs, rupture a blood-vessel, break their necks, or crush each other to death, running to behold you, to throw themselves under your feet, and to shake the firmament and make the mountains nod with their wild Irish cheers, and their rapturous shouts of welcome for you. It is come to this, My Lord—We recognise your Excellency as the Viceroy of Ireland: and we regard you at the same time as the supreme head of the Connemara and the Weaver's Hall Souper schools. And in bidding you farewell in this, my last communication to your Excellency, I undertake to foretell that the most unfortunate incident of your life is the fact of having allied yourself to a society, which lives by religious lying, by social discord, and by scattering the abundant seeds of revolution and infidelity wherever they appear. If your Excellency had given the five pounds, stated in the Souper circular, to clothe the orphans, to feed the widows, and to shelter the poor, houseless children of the abandoned tradesmen of Weaver's Hall, instead of supplying funds to foster their creed, to perjure their conscience, to learn hypocrisy and to foster malignity, you would do an act of munificence dear to the wounded, the bleeding heart of Ireland, honorable to yourself and consistent with your high position; as the representative of the King, the father of the whole people, the supreme judge of the entire nation and the faithful opponent of oppression and injustice, from whatever quarter it may proceed. In future you will be known, as standing with the Castle-reaghs, the Beresfords, the persecutors, the bigots of Ireland, forfeiting for a band of calumniators and impostors the warm-hearted affection of a people who have long honored and loved you. Mine, my Lord, is a humble pen; but depend on it, it can breathe a sentiment and elicit a spark which can combine and inflame the hearts of millions of men in my cause, at home and abroad. I have the honour to be, my Lord, Your Excellency's obedient servant, D. W. CAHILL, D.D.

LEGENDS AND TALES FROM IRISH HISTORY. (From a Work in preparation, by Mrs. J. Sadlier.) EXPULSION OF THE DRUIDS FROM IONA, BY ST. COLUMBKILLE, A.D. 563. About sixty years had passed since the foundation of the Scottish monarchy by Fergus, son of Erc. The throne of Albania was filled by Connal, a descendant of that monarch, and Dermot swayed the imperial sceptre of Ireland. Then it was that the great Columbkille, a scion of the princely tribe of the Hy-Nials, shed lustre on the Irish Church. Up to this time he had built an incredible number of churches and monasteries; and from his favorite retreat of Derry Calgach, had watched with paternal care over the ecclesiastical affairs of Ireland. But the time had come when St. Columbkille was to leave his native land in order to preach the Gospel amongst the Caledonian Picts, who were still sunk in heathen darkness. It is true the Albanian Scots were chiefly Christians, and their king a relative and friend of Columbkille; but the Hebrides, or Western Isles, though subject to Connal, were as yet unconverted, and had become, as it were, the last stronghold of Druidism, from their remote, and all but inaccessible position. On one of these islands, called Inish Druinish (the island of Druids) St. Columbkille landed; and thence proceeded to the court of his kinsman Connal. The prince was well pleased to see his world-renowned relative, and declared himself willing to further his views in any way that he possibly could. "You have within your dominions," said the Saint, "a small but famous island called Iona, where, I am told, the Druids have taken up their abode on being driven forth from Ireland and Albania. Will you give me that island, Connal, that I may retire thither from the storms of the world? Ireland has become too noisy for me, and I am weary of the continual strife of our royal kinsmen and their dependants. I want a quiet spot whereon to build a monastery for myself and those twelve monks who are with me. Shut in by the roaring sea, I shall find peace in Iona.—Will thou give it to me, Connal?" "But the Druids, Columba—how wilt thou get rid of them?" "Oh! leave that to me," said the Saint, with an arch smile; "I know how to manage the Druids." "Well!" said the monarch, "if thou wilt e'en venture into the charmed circle of their incantations, thou shalt have the island and welcome, and I would send some of my kinsmen to escort your party thither; but I may as well tell you, Columba, that not one of them would set foot on that island without the permission of the Druids, if I were to offer them half my kingdom. They have never got over their fear of the Druids." "It matters not," said Columbkille; "I require no human aid or escort. Armed with the holy cross, and confiding in the powerful protection of Mary, I will march to victory, and these heathens shall fly before me as chaff before the wind. A boat and some little matter of provisions, is all I require at thy hands. My friends and I will do the rest." Provided with a boat and what other things the party stood in need of, the Saint and his twelve companions set sail for Iona, the monarch himself wishing them a God-speed from the shore, and commending himself and his family to their pious prayers. The sea was rough and almost tempestuous, as it generally is in those narrow channels intersecting that portion of the Scottish Archipelago.—But St. Columbkille and his friends had no fear, and plied the oars with stout arms and lightsome hearts, beguiling the way, and, as it were, lulling the tempest with the solemn music of their sacred songs. As they neared the island, the wind fell almost to a calm, and then did the full swell of the sacred chant rise higher and higher on the air till the Druid-grove echoed back the sound, and the ancient oaks quivered as the demon, so long worshipped there, trembled and shrank away from the advancing choristers. The Druids were all hastily brought together within the great circular temple, open to the sky, whose ruins are still to be seen. Arrayed in white garments peculiar to their order, each belted with a cincture emblazoned with strange and mystic characters, their heads wreathed with the sacred mistletoe, while on that of the Arch-Druid himself shone the crescent of fine gold, the distinctive badge of his high office. It was a vision of the past, and would have furnished an unrivalled scene for a painter. Columbkille's mind was naturally of a poetical cast, and the grand old picture of departed ages was not without its effect on his imagination. As he looked on the lonely isle, with its countless graves, where many a prince and many a hero of his own race slept; on the strangely-formed pagan temples with their heavy Cyclopaean architecture, the ministers of the old religion, vested as for the altar, the ancient Druid-grove which had witnessed the bloody rites of that dark system for many and many an age; he might have said with Ossian—

"I stand in the cloud of years; few are its openings toward the past;... my soul returns like a breeze, which the sun brings back to the vale, where dwelt the lazy mist." For a moment the son of Niall revelled in the ancient glories of his pagan ancestors, recalled to his mind by this passing glimpse of their now obsolete religion; but it was only for a moment;—quick as thought did the vision melt away, obedient to the strong will, and Columba was again the Christian missionary with the cross uplifted in his right hand to wage war on the evil spirits who had for ages possessed the beautiful isle—still lovely in its loneliness and desolation. Leaving his companions a little behind, Columbkille advanced alone towards the Druids, till he stood at the open portal of their rude temple. There he stopped, and in a loud voice commanded the Druids to quit the island. Dark as midnight was the jowling brow of the Arch-Druid, as, motioning to his subordinates to restrain their wrath, he, in his turn, moved a step or two forward. "And who art thou," he asked, trembling with rage, yet endeavoring to preserve that composure which became his fancied rank—"who art thou, O man of evil words, who thus darest to address the Arch-Druid of Iona? Thou art a Christian, I perceive by that emblem," pointing to the cross, "and as such I command thee to keep back; cross not the threshold of this sacred edifice, or I nail thee to the spot." Columbkille laughed, and so did his companions. "Keep your temper, Dunrommath," said the Saint calmly, but with sly humor. "I am a prince of the royal house of Dalriada"—it was, perhaps, the only time he ever boasted of his birth—"and my kinsman, Connal, who, as thou well knowest, is a Christian, has sent me to take possession of this his island of Iona, in the name and for the service of the Most High God. He has hitherto permitted you to harbor here, but the time has come when the Lord will not suffer a Christian prince to connive at your heathen practices, therefore, Dunrommath, I say to thee, either become a Christian and adore the true God, or instantly quit this island." "Nay, prince," said the Druid, in a more respectful tone, "if prince thou art, thou seest that we are much the stronger party; my brothers will fight as desperate men, for we will not give up this sacred island and these holy places, without a fierce struggle. Bel and Samhin will shield us with their divine power, and we will slay you—yea, as we would the wild boars of the forest. Be warned; quit the island while you may in safety." Now all this was but empty bravado, for the Druids were well aware of the supernatural power sometimes manifested by the Christian missionaries, and Dunrommath knew, though he would not own it, that the great Columbkille stood before him. His soul was troubled within him, and a great fear came over him when he beheld Columba raise the dreaded Cross in a menacing attitude. The assumed sternness of his countenance gave way, and he turned to fly. One of his brother Druids caught him by the arm, crying—"Shame! shame! shall the last Arch-Druid of Iona fly before a pitiful Christian priest? Stand, or I pierce thee with this knife!" drawing the large knife with which each Druid was provided for the use of the altar. "Hush! Cairbre, hush!" cried the agitated chief, "thou knowest not what thou sayest. It is Columbkille, the great builder of churches—he can do what he will, Cairbre; so there is nothing left for us but to do what he tells us." This was spoken in a whisper, but it reached the ears of most of the Druids, and the news ran quickly from mouth to mouth. Columba waited patiently to see the effect of his demonstration, and Dunrommath, making a violent effort to shake off the sudden terror which had, as it were, paralysed his faculties, put on the boldest air he could command, and said: "As to our becoming Christians, O man! that is impossible; sooner mightst thou tame yonder stormy sea in its wildest fury than make Christians of us, the privileged sons of the oak—talk not of thy mushroom religion to us whose faith is ancient as the world itself; Druids we are, and Druids we remain, while yonder glorious orb lights our earthly way. But if we agree to leave Iona, whither shall we go?" He paused, then added with bitter emphasis: "Erin of streams is closed against us. The sacred flame is quenched on Uisneach's holy mount. Our groves are felled, and our temples desecrated all over the southern part of Britain. The Christians' rule in Albania—whither shall we go?" "The country north of the Grampians is still in a heathen state; there go, and tell Brude, the king of that region, that Columba will speedily visit his dominions, bearing with him the glad tidings of salvation. Are all the Druids of Iona here present?" "Yea, all; but we must take with us our wives and children!" "Then go, and see that ye are clear of the