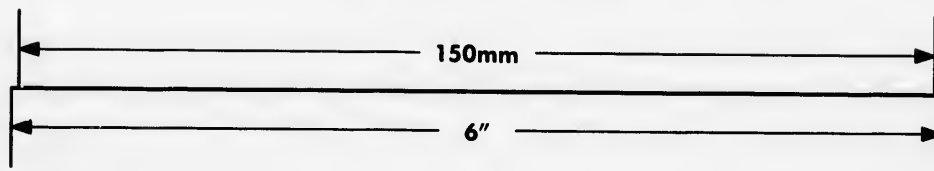
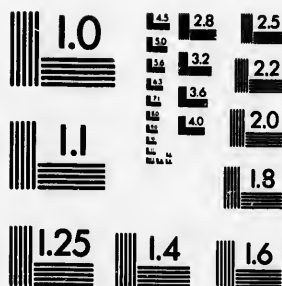
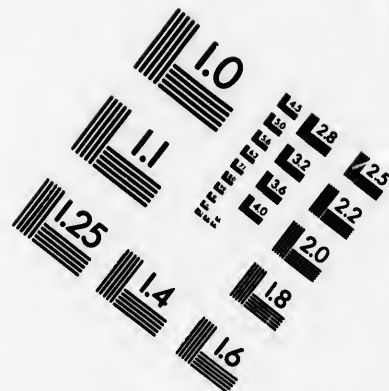
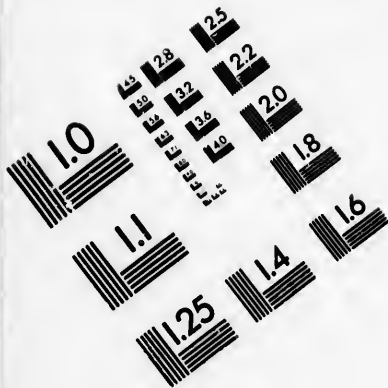


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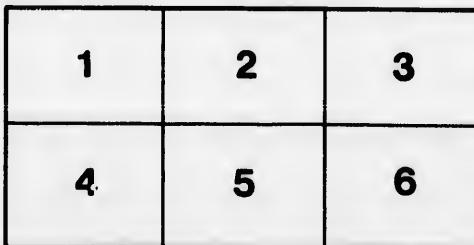
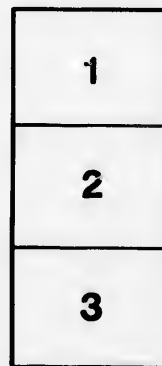
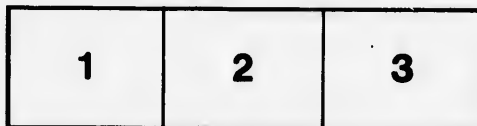
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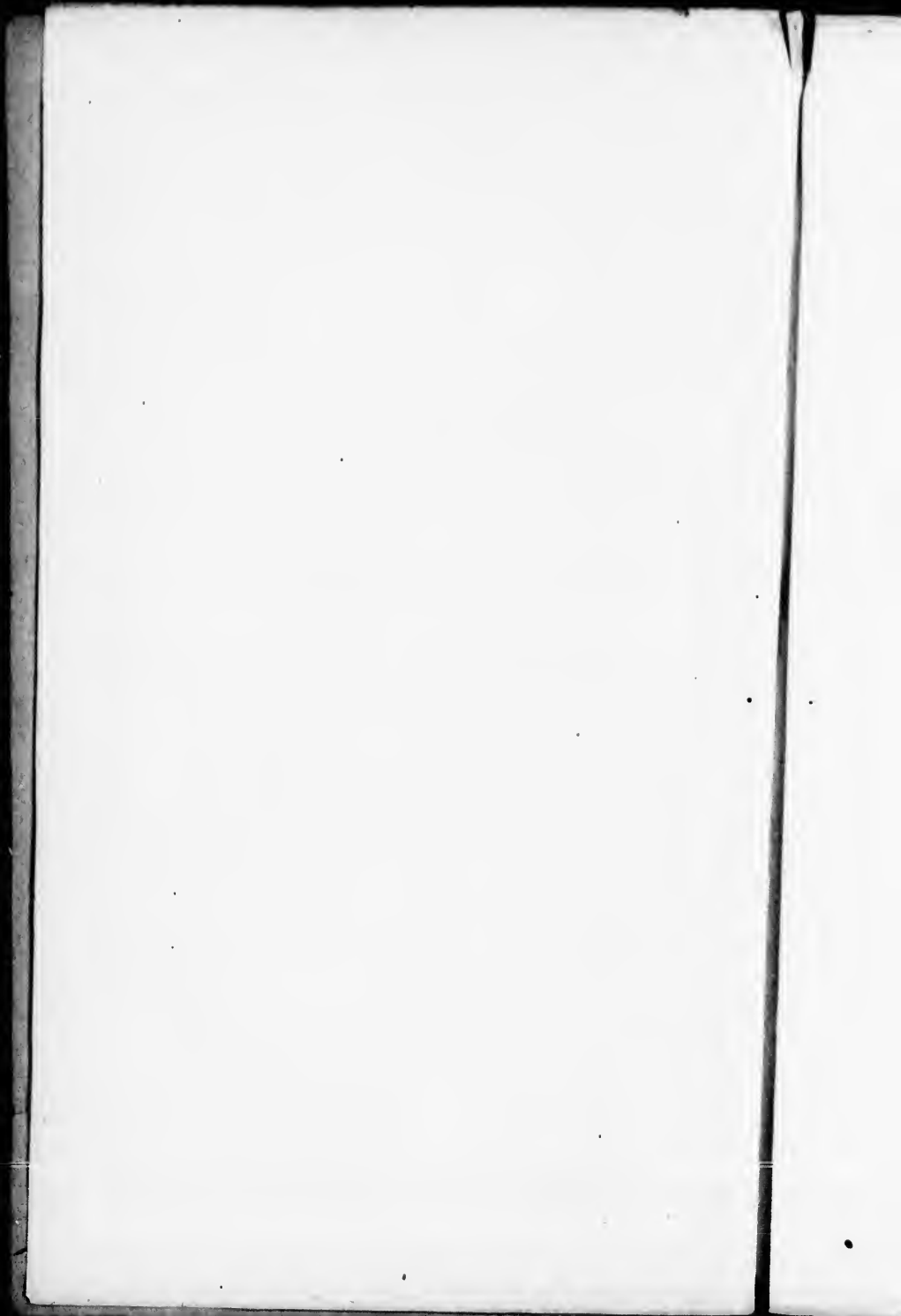
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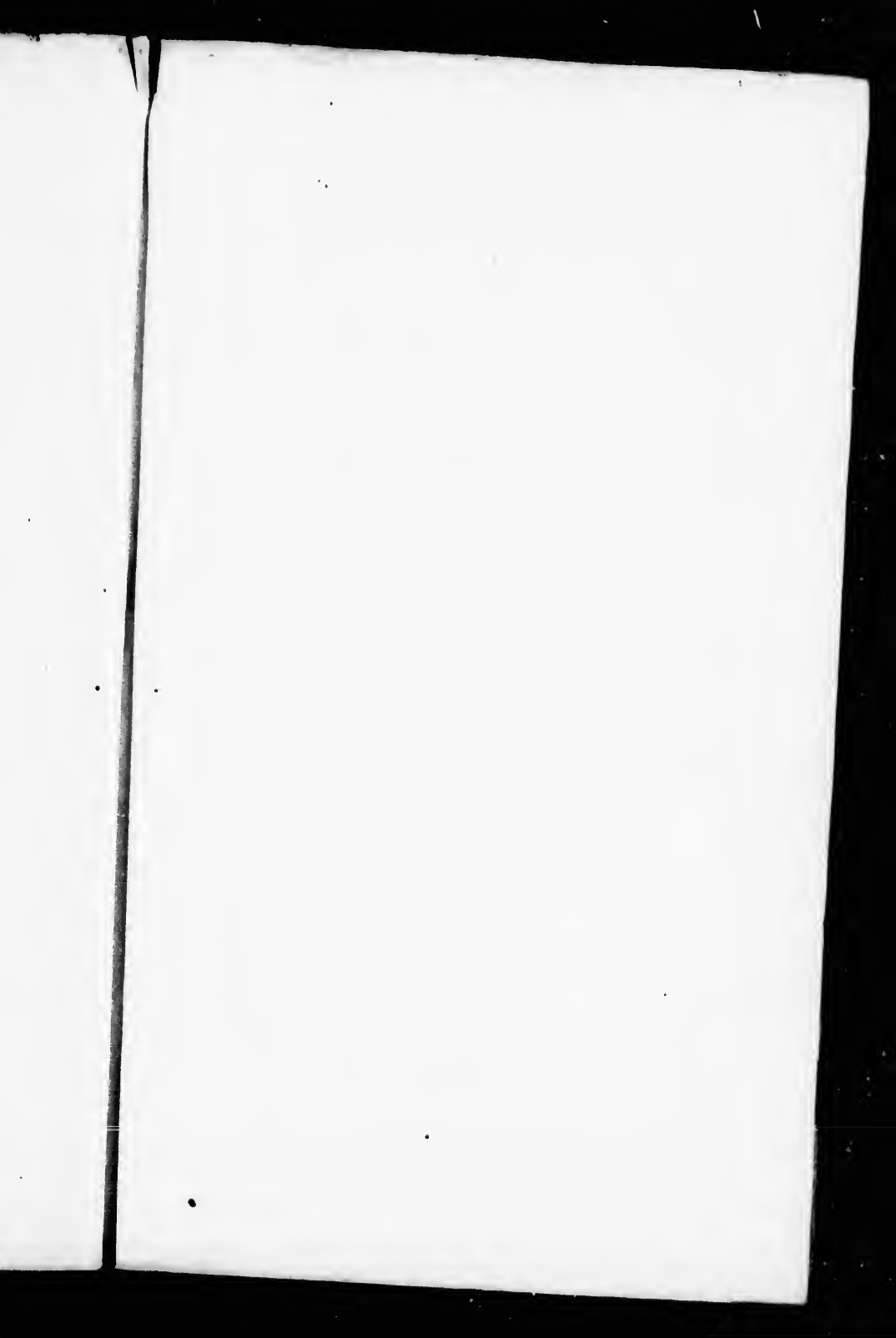
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REV. D. W. CAHILL, D. D.

THE
LECTURES, SERMONS,

ADMONITIONS AND LETTERS

REV. DR. D. W. CAHILL.

REPRINTED FROM THE
BOSTON HERALD

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH BY THE EDITOR.

NEW YORK:
D. & J. SADLER & CO., PUBLISHERS,
21 BROADWAY STREET.

MONTREAL:
No. 1669 NOTRE DAME STREET.



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OF

REV. DR. D. W. CAHILL.

COMPILED AND EDITED

BY J. C. CURTIN, ESQ.

WITH A

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH BY THE EDITOR.

HALLOWELL
MAINE

NEW YORK:

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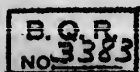
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PREFACE.

IN giving to the public, in book form, a biography of the Rev. D. W. Cahill, with nearly all the rich literary legacy he has left in the form of lecture, sermon, letter, and public address, we hope that we shall earn the gratitude of all who love what is transcendently valuable, grand, and racy in the English language.

Here especially do we look for the reward of our labor, in point of esteem and patronage from his countrymen, by whom he was so deeply and deservedly beloved, and whose affection he returned with all the fervor of his ardent temperament and kindly nature. In his great devotion to that faith to which he was a model in practice as well as in exposition, every good priest will find a stimulant to his piety and zeal.

In his ardent patriotism, so often displayed in action, as well as in his own burning, eloquent words, every Irishman and lover of literature will find something to be proud of, to admire, and to imitate; and in the charity and blameless record of his life every Christian can read a profitable lesson. As he was a giant in intellect and a hero in the moral beauty of his life, it would require a pen of surpassing power to draw his literary portrait. But as it is none of the purpose of a preface to assume the work of the essayist or reviewer, we will confine ourself to indicating a few of our reasons for undertaking this literary task, and a few of the most salient points of its purpose and utility.

As a preacher and a lecturer, Dr. Cahill has ever been classed among the most eloquent and profound of his age, whilst in the abstract mathematics, he had few if any rivals. Even English journals, notably the *London Times*, that abhorred his faith and detested his political creed and writings, and dreaded and admired his controversial powers, admitted that no light from any of the Universities

so clearly and satisfactorily revealed the mysteries of the starry heavens, of chemistry, and the whole range of natural philosophy.

So thoroughly did he exhaust every subject he undertook to elucidate, that few would wish to venture on the same track. There is a treasure of solid information to be acquired from the perusal of his lectures and letters, and there are few minds that will not feel the smouldering embers of faith rekindle at the vivid light in which he portrays everything relating to God and His providential beneficence.

The collection and arrangement of his literary labors will form a volume in which the scholar, who will have a thorough insight of their depth and beauty, will revel with delight, and which those who are simply intelligent and well-informed will read with pleasure and instruction. Sidney Smith is said to have possessed the faculty of throwing the charm of romantic story over the dryest and most uninviting subjects. Dr. Cahill, in his style of treating the most abstruse and erudite themes, combines the art of the literary wizard with the power of the orator, and the fascinating beauty of the poet.

In many of the sermons, public speeches, and lectures, the professor of rhetoric will find a better illustration of his noble art, and a broader scope for displaying its beauties, than can be found in the choicest selections from the Greek or Roman orators, or even the intellectual giants of the British bar or Senate.

To the scholar, then, we shall have the proud privilege of devoting, in a well-arranged and acceptable form, a rich and rare treasure from a prince of their class. To the patriot we present some of the finest specimens that ever appeared in any language, or at any time, of those soul-stirring appeals that enkindle the spirit of love for native land, and enthusiasm and manly daring in its cause. To the ordinary reader we give literary viands, rich, indeed, and luxurious, but served with such exquisite simplicity, and in a style so admirably suited to various tastes, that none, we conceive, can grow tired of their relish, or palled with the pleasures they afford.

A few critics may be found so precise, rigid, even cynical, in their judgment, as to regard some of the sermons, the public lectures, and addresses as too gorgeous, and at times somewhat too turgid and verbose; but we would remind such readers of what has been frequently observed by the most intimate friends of the Doctor, and those most competent to judge of his mental calibre, that wherever

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PREFACE.

an occasion for finding such a fault occurs, it springs from a flood of eloquence too strong to be confined and channelled in its course within the ordinary barriers of lingual precision.

As for the lectures, in development of subject, in acumen and skill in treatment, in beauty, exactness, and elegance of language, they have won the unreserved and highly-merited praise of all who are competent to form a judgment.

His life, like that of every ecclesiastic, either in the humble obscurity of the daily routine of his religious duties, or in the more exciting arena of polemical and controversial struggle, is uneventful as regards variety of incident. We would and could not wish it to be otherwise. But there will be sufficient variety in the brief biography we prepend to the rich and noble productions of his mind to unfold that sphere of usefulness in which the priestly character develops itself in the uniform tenor of its beauty and sanctity.

In the day of Ireland's terrible visitation and hopeless aspiration after a remedy for her sufferings, Dr. Cahill ascended the pulpit and platform like a consoling prophet, and poured balm on the hearts of the despairing and the dying. You have clung, he was wont to say, with unparalleled attachment to the inheritance of the faith—you know of what infinite value that is in the sight of Heaven—surely you will not now exchange it for the gold and flesh-pots of England.

He crossed the Atlantic, and in his sermons and lectures never missed an occasion to elevate historically and socially the character of the race he so dearly and devotedly loved. He raised in the opinion of this nation their worth and sincerity by a bold and honest exposition of the treachery and cruelty with which they had been treated at home. As a scholar, on any subject that he undertook to elucidate, he was brilliant, accurate, and profound; as a patriot no man ever doubted his fervor or sincerity; as a priest he was an honor to the Church in holiness of life and depth of erudition.

We hope that the brief sketch we give of him, with an accurate arrangement of his principal productions in sequence and detail, will be received in the spirit in which they are presented, namely, that of national pride, admiration, and gratitude.

J. C. C.

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A BRIEF BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF THE REV. DR. CAHILL.

THE lives of some of the most eminent literary men, especially of ecclesiastics, will be found barren of events that give zest and interest to the ordinary reader. The biography of Dr. Cahill differs but little from those other distinguished men who moved in the same sphere, possessed the same literary bias, and had the same routine of duties to perform. In short, as we observed in our preface, the life of a priest can have no romantic interest, and must necessarily be devoid of that variety in incident and adventure which are encountered in the busy world.

Dr. Cahill was the son of an eminent engineer and surveyor, who was born and resided in a midland county of Ireland. From his earliest years he studied with earnestness and marked ability the pure mathematics, as well as the popular sciences.

It would appear that his father intended him either for his own profession or for the army. And, indeed, as regards physique, spirit, and nobility of presence, it would not be easy to find better material for a soldier. He was of Irish and Spanish origin, and in his bearing, temperament, and splendid bodily development, combined the prominent characteristics of both races. As he humorously remarked in one of his lectures in Montreal, he was as tall sitting as most men standing. He was six feet five inches in stature, of majestic and graceful proportions, and every movement denoted grace, energy, and power. His head was like that of Canova's best masterpieces, a model which a phrenologist would select as a specimen of perfect development, and when he became animated in the course of a lecture, sermon, or public address, the great intellectual power of the man beamed from his countenance, and especially from his dark, deep eye—the reflex of his genius.

And the triumphant success of his eloquence attended him in the broader arena of religious controversy, of polemical and political tilting, in historical analysis and research; in short, in every

department of literature in which he took the field, he was a general in tactics, as well as a giant in combat. Naturally gifted with uncommon fluency of speech, he cultivated it into a style of unsurpassed clearness, flexibility, and power. In this style are presented throughout his career some of the noblest productions of genius, whether we regard poetical inspiration, logical acumen, depth of erudition, or power of elucidation.

Strength of conviction, strength of principle, strength of purpose, combined with a child-like simplicity and singular benevolence, seemed to be the ruling traits of his character. He invariably seemed to possess a most powerful conception of whatever he propounded to the public, and having this conception, he always sustained it with heroic and invincible fortitude. The strength, as well as the beauty of his character, appear from whatever direction we consider them. They appear in his private and public life—as pupil, student, priest, and teacher; as speaker and writer; as patriot and politician; and this singular union of moral, intellectual, and attractive force gave the stamp of uniqueness to a character which has gained a conspicuous niche in this century of celebrities. His conscience and his moral wisdom made his mental balance too steady to be warped by bigotry and intolerance.

He was a scholar who had scarce an equal in physical science, a theologian who had probed the very depth of history and his own peculiar science, and studied, with a mind unvenomed by the gall which too prejudiced systems of education are ready and apt to evoke.

He talked to the public with the copious fluency and elegance of a Burke, combined with the welded logic and plain-spoken energy of a Brownson. All who listened to him were charmed by the genius of the man. O'Connell was unequalled in addressing a public meeting when the interest and elevation of the masses were his purpose; Cahill was no less grand in the sphere of tribune, and in the yet holier one of priest and teacher. In truth, it might almost be said of him, as a Presbyterian clergyman observed of O'Connell, "He ought to be King of Ireland."

The numberless episodes of Irish trial and suffering would reflect the sagacity, almost prophetic, of the sermons, lectures, and speeches of Cahill during the famine period, with all its attendant horrors and disappointments.

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city, and peering in the quaintness of its civilization through the scattered foliage that surrounds the clearing in the forest; the national hate, as incurable as that of Juno toward Carthage; the aims, however futile, yet still promising and sanguine, and the undying resolve to do or die—all have been more than verified in the sequel of that disastrous story.

When the Irish nation was emerging from the horrible nightmare, that weighed her down for years, of unparalleled misery and degradation, the Doctor passed over to England, and spent four years, from 1851 to 1855, almost wholly in that country.

Never did man vindicate the high tone of the Irish people and the manly, lovable traits of their character, in direct opposition to those of their enemies, with more eloquence, more sincerity, and greater effect.

In controversy and polemical jousting, he strode with seven-league boots over all his pigmy opponents. His rough handling of the reverend gentlemen in whom vanity and presumption supplied the place of humility and scholarship may be summarized in the manner wherein he treated the Rev. Mr. Burns, who wished to "convert" him, and in fact all Catholics, and bring about the salvation of their souls. The aforesaid Mr. Burns weighed all religion, all things material and immaterial, in the scale of common sense; but the Doctor showed him that by so doing, he lacked the precious faculty he so much boasted of, and accordingly would be a very unsafe medium for the instruction of others.

Powerful in the comprehension of his subject, he clothed it in language which possessed such native grace and freedom, that it found an intelligent home in the minds of the most uninformed listeners. He was very adversely situated as a writer, a lecturer, a public speaker, and even as a preacher. He had all the sorrow and despair of the most sensitive people in the world to soothe and to dissipate. He had all that venom and malice could suggest, and bigotry could develop, to combat and to conquer. The ghastly aspect of his stricken country was spitefully represented in colors that portrayed, as far as cultivated art could accomplish, the anger of Heaven and the determined enmity of man.

The giants of the press, the giants of the pulpit, and the lords of the senate were arrayed in rank and order against him; and to oppose them all he had only the weapons of his own eloquence, his zeal and patriotism, combined with the unquenchable faith of the Irish people.

Standing in the pulpit and platform, by that combination of two of the greatest beauties in the Christian code, unwavering fidelity to God's truth, and unflinching reliance on His benevolence, he raised the patience of a confiding people to a level that we might, without irreverence, compare to that which Moses attained in his own inspired mission.

We have already alluded to all that he accomplished, in order to strip the magpie feathers from the pragmatism of the jackdaws of the pulpit and the press. We have also directed the attention of the reader to the fact that he bearded the English lion in his proudest lair, and, Irish Samson as he was, tore the honey from his savage and gluttonous jaws. What was that honey? as it was flippantly called by the sowers, and lyingly expounded by them: the Gospel, as preached by Cahill, in all its native simplicity and imperishable beauty. But he was not content with crushing the religious intolerance of Russell, the disdain and mockery of Derby, and the whole ocean of irreligious foam raised on the bosom of British bigotry. He shamed them into silence; his words inspired the many hearts of the officers of the British army, and a Captain of that force declared in a Kilkenny court-house, that the hue-and-cry raised by the then un-Christian vituperation against the Mother of God enkindled such obscene blasphemy in the minds of certain soldiers in his command, that their language was too horrible for the pen to trace or the tongue to utter.

"Shame on you, Lord John Russell!"—these words were the opening ones of many sentences in his letters to the infamous representative of Whiggery, as that politico-religious code appeared through the imbecile medium of his cramped and spiteful mind, at once the disgrace of the British Empire and the scorn of the civilized world. Dr. Cahill showed the nations that the upholders of bigotry and their following had nothing to stand on, save the vacancy and absence of historic and religious truth. "Lord, what have we done?" he was wont to exclaim, "to deserve this semblance of Your anger; but we know You, and we hope." You are a people doomed, said Lord John and his following, and the people must necessarily suffer for their crimes. Now, Lord John and satellites, why did you not refuse the bread that America and Ireland sent you over in your defenceless hour? Why did you not, and claim to be martyrs of principle? Such was the prophetic warning implied in the language of Cahill, and how soon England realized its truth, let history tell.

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It is not difficult to draw a fair inference from the kindly and thankful manner in which the money of Dublin, Belfast, Cork, and Limerick was received in the famine-stricken regions of England, when the people who were too quick to re-echo the impious and inhuman shout of "Gone with a vengeance," were glad to receive alms from those whom their base and unfeeling rulers had contrived to expatriate. Irishmen did not forget suffering humanity in the midst of those from whom human feeling was all but banished by the un-Christian prejudice and hate of teachers in high places, who should win the sympathy as well as command the respect of the masses. After administering a sedative to the bad feeling engendered by such teaching in England, by his eloquence, liberality, and erudition, he came to America, to elevate in public estimation the character which his countrymen had already earned by their unwavering attachment to the Faith of their fathers and their stainless allegiance to that flag under which they found a friendly refuge.

We need not follow with biographical accuracy his career in America. It is painted in colors too marked and beautiful in the sequel of his magnificent productions, to bear much closeness of criticism in review or detail.

We only append a passing glance, lest the reader may lose the slightest interest in the rich literary banquet we have prepared from one whom we may term the prodigal host of intellectual hospitality.

The representatives of the press, the most enlightened and influential in the United States and Canada, recommended to the people his lectures, sermons, and speeches, as models to be studied and followed. One of the greatest scholars in the episcopacy, the late lamented Archbishop Hughes, after hearing his first lecture on astronomy, declared that if the duties of his office permitted, he would be willing to travel the whole area of the United States to have the pleasure of attending the series on the same subject. The opinion of that master-mind was thoroughly endorsed by the greatest intellects here and among our Northern neighbors.

Such was the prestige and popularity of his name, that the simple idea of his vindicating Irish character seemed to have the effect of removing those odious stigmas wherewith a false and spurious literature sought to stain it. He took the most dignified and appropriate stand for a Catholic priest in the midst of the terrible civil war that desolated the nation at the time I speak of.

He came as the friend of America, the lover of the freedom she

cherished and upheld, and like his noble countryman—Smith O'Brien—when he saw that he was powerless to heal dissensions, he refrained from a single comment that would add to their bitterness. He thought that the children who were rocked in the same cradle of liberty would in time view their dispute as a true lovers' quarrel, and embrace again, with an affection chastened by adversity.

He went about in America doing good: the people recognized his beneficent intention, and highly appreciated the glorious intellect through whose medium it was lavishly communicated. When he succumbed to disease, and the kindly Sisters of Carey's Hospital undertook to administer to the comfort of the great Pilgrim of literature and piety, a sympathy as genial as it was sincere was evinced by the American people.

When the intelligence of his death was published, it was universally conceded that a great star had fallen from the world of letters, and the Catholic nations especially mourned as for a Godfrey among the clerical champions. He sleeps in American soil, that which next to his native land he loved the best. He came hither to enliven the old race with the glories of their history and the prestige of their faith, and his dust mingles with that of many of the truest sons of Ireland, who have always cast a glance of hope, of pride, and triumph to the glorious Land of the West. Whether, as a token of friendship and gratitude, his remains be ever conveyed to Erin, is a fact to be determined by the judgment of his countrymen; but let what was mortal of him sleep where it will, the immortal, the unrivalled intellect, the unquenchable fire of patriotism and piety, will live forever in the memory of all who are the friends of justice and humanity.

J. C. C.

Preface
Brief History
Lecture
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SOCIAL CONDITION OF IRELAND.

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REV. DR. CAHILL'S
LECTURES, SERMONS, ADDRESSES AND LETTERS.

SOCIAL CONDITION OF IRELAND.

*A LECTURE DELIVERED BY THE REV. DR. CAHILL, IN CONCERT HALL,
LIVERPOOL.*

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—I have again to repeat my sincere thanks to you for this most ardent reception which you have given me. Though somewhat accustomed to receive these hearty demonstrations, yet, I must confess, that on this occasion you have outdone yourselves. Several nations are very remarkable for music, others for drawing, others for sculpture, others for eloquence; but I don't think there is a nation in the world able to shout with the Irish.

I assure you, ladies and gentlemen, I have a most difficult office to discharge to-night. The statement of lecture is worded in this way—"The Social Condition of Ireland." There never was a heavier or more responsible task; yet, to an Irishman, it is a somewhat easy task, as it is his constant study. I don't appear here to-night to inflame your feelings with animosity, to introduce amongst you national feelings. No, I appear here to-night as counsel for Ireland, and you shall stand over me as a jury.

In the present instance, I have a two-fold object in view—I wish to inform the Irish about our country, and to the Englishmen, to give a clear and impartial apology for the condition in which my country is placed, on account of the

constant and horrid discord into which misgovernment has plunged it; and the terrible poverty consequent upon this misgovernment, which so pressed the yoke upon the finest country and the finest people in the world. The charges brought against us, are: That we are lazy and won't work; that we are improvident, and won't accumulate capital; that we have no enterprise, and would not engage in commerce; that we are discontented, and would not be propitiated; that we are rebellious, and would not submit to the laws; that we are disloyal, and would not be content with the throne.

Now, my business here to-night is not to make a speech, for my language would be unable to do justice to the subject: but, as a Reverend Counsellor, to lay bare and uncover the wounds of Ireland. And, as I know that several wounds have been inflicted upon the body of Ireland since I was born; and my father said deep wounds had been inflicted upon the body of Ireland since he was born; and my grandfather told him wounds deep and ghastly had been inflicted in his days; my great-grandfather had said the same, I found myself taking off the bandages for the last three hours before I came here. I only point out to you the grievous distress our poor country has suffered. I have to go back, not for a century, nor for two centuries, but very near seven hundred years, before I can do justice to this most distressing case of Ireland, which I promise to lay before you. I should be exceedingly sorry if any English gentleman should think that I was guilty of stirring up any anti-national feeling, or giving any expression unbecoming the sacred profession which I hold.

First: Therefore, I begin with the years 1172-7, when Henry II. conquered Ireland through the dissension and treachery of our own countrymen; and from this time down to 1570, for nearly four hundred years, there was continued struggling between England and Ireland; and during these four hundred years, they could never conquer Ireland—never able to pass Leinster, so that three other Provinces were never conquered. And in these times the most bar-

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barous cruelties were practised on the people. It is scarcely sinful to say, that never was the Protestant cruelty of England surpassed by its Catholic cruelty in Ireland. Amongst other instances, I would mention that the English soldiers were not allowed to deal with us—not to spread even what “civilization” they might boast. Never were the conquered treated with greater cruelty than from the reign of Henry II. to that of Henry VIII. The execution of Clare I would allude to, when the British soldiers outraged the wives and daughters of the Irish before their faces, and shot them, or tossed them over the rocks if they complained. Five hundred lashes was the punishment if a British soldier married an Irish girl; and I am happy to say to you, to the credit of the gallantry and taste of some of those men, the beauty of the lasses of Limerick tempted them, in spite of five hundred lashes. I could point out to you, if I pleased, several instances of the most blackened cruelty; but it is not necessary, since I look upon them as dreadful stories; and it is more to the credit of a lecturer to moralize on facts of history, than merely recount them.

Now, I ask, what agriculture could have been successfully pursued in a country like ours, which, during the four hundred years we have now in view, was a scene of perpetual struggles between the oppressing conqueror and the poor conquered? How could commerce be entered into, while the enemy's camp was at their gates, and they were nearly all occupied in repelling the invaders? Every honest Englishman will bear me out in these conclusions. In England, at the very time commerce was beginning, the crusades had begun, and all their opening and kindling influences of chivalry. During these four hundred years England was cultivating learning and the arts and sciences, with the most important characteristic—combination amongst themselves; while poor Ireland was learning war, and feeling its fury, which made it a theatre of animosity and dissension. To you, Ladies and Gentleman, my Jury, I now appeal, and ask whose fault was it that our country was so wretched? Was it the fault of the Irish? No, Gentlemen, it was the fault

of fate; a strong and foreign enemy was against us, and pressed us down. And after this, next came the disastrous period of Henry VIII. He found fault with his queen; dismissed her; quarrelled with the Pope, because he condemned him; and married a subject in 1553. He was succeeded by two or three young princes, whose career lasted, including Elizabeth, until 1603.

Those years were the most disastrous in Irish history. England had changed her national faith, but failed in changing the Irish. The conquerors took every acre of land, as the law said: "An Irishman must only have an acre of arable land, and half an acre of bog." The laws of Elizabeth were levelled against the three most important things in a nation's welfare—property, education, and the religion of the people (the Catholic faith.) During the seventy years we have now in review, persecution raged to the greatest extent; and Elizabeth contemplated the entire subjugation of Ireland. About the end of her reign, by dint of the cruelest warfare, and the banishment of 70,000 Irish, she subjugated that country, leaving behind her the most withering, burning destruction, and heart-rending cruelty that have ever been recorded against any nation.

Look, now, at the position of our poor country—no agriculture, no commerce, no learning, no education, no homes, no property, no position! And don't you think, now, that succeeding historians behave very wrongly, when they charge and upbraid the Irish with want of education, when all education in it was by law extinguished? And don't you think that the English historian is a villain to so charge them? But I will say, to the credit of the generous frankness of the English, that I never sat with an Englishman for an hour, that would let me go on with my statements, before his generous disposition swelled with indignation at the injustice and iniquity of the treatment of my country. To the glory of my country I tell it, though so persecuted, even the seventy thousand banished Irishmen never gave up their faith. England gave it up—but all Ireland remained faithful. She

never flinched, but perished at the block sooner than forswear one shred of her ancient faith.

I give you an idea of the fidelity of Ireland. I will give an instance: In 1654 nineteen Catholics were seized in old Leighlin, on account of their faith. They were promised extensive landed property, if they would change their faith. Three days were allowed them in prison to think upon the subject; but when asked on the first day, they all replied, "No." The second day, and again the same answer. On the third, when told to prepare for the block, they all answered as one man, "The sooner the better." One of the company, a young lad of eighteen, when brought before the executioner, requested to see the Governor; his request was granted, as something important was expected. He humbly asked pardon for being so bold in soliciting the Governor's presence, and then begged that he might be beheaded first, as his father was among the others, and he could not bear to see him put to death. The youth's request was granted, and then followed the decapitating of the rest, the nineteen heads being cut off upon the block, sooner than say they surrendered the faith of their fathers! And so terribly was the persecution carried on in these days, that to shoot an Irishman was only £5 penalty. I will give you an instance: Some soldiers were passing an hotel, into which they entered. In some difference or frolic they shot the waiter dead. The landlord, deep in grief, made a statement of the grievous murder to the colonel. This gentleman treated the matter quite coolly, saying that he must have given some reason, and jocosely said, "Oh, never mind; put him in the bill; I'll make it all right." So, Gentlemen, the waiter was put in the bill, which ran as follows: "Breakfast, 1s. 6d.; dinner, 2s. 6d.; shooting a waiter, £5." And shooting a waiter was only £5!

And now, as I have gone over the events of these seventy years, will you allow me again to moralize? How do you think Irishmen could preserve their property, be educated, and maintain their faith, under such trying circumstances? Their heroic conduct under these oppressing times was far

better and more glorious than was that of the noble Greeks under Leonidas, at the pass of Thermopylæ; for they stood bravely under it for seventy years. It was in these times that the Irish priest and the Irish people became first perfectly acquainted with each other. The people only knew us before as the heads of the Church; knew us in our rich vestments, gorgeous ceremonials, golden croziers—the Irish Church being rich and powerful in these times. The people knew the Priest only by the great superiority of his learning, by his religious counsel.

But the days of persecution came; the Priest had to put off his vestments and assume the frieze coat: had to leave his altars, and preach by the hedges; had to roll about himself the chains that bound the people, live in the forest with them, and descend with them into caves: and still more, if necessary, to perish with them. And from that hour to this, the people venerate the place called the “Mass bush,” or the “Mass rock.” For the poor Priest, at the risk of his life, would privately attend at these places; and perhaps, as the morning sun arose, he would uncover the Host of Salvation to the people and to God.

You know that I am acquainted with the inmost chords of an Irishman's heart, and can touch them when I like; and none but an Irishman can know how to speak to you. No persecution, no events since, not the most refined tyranny, have been able to break these bonds of sympathy between the Clergy and the people, which will go on and strengthen in Ireland to the very end of time.

And now, we go on to the third period of Irish history, from the reign of James I., 1603, until the beheading of Charles I., in 1649; and how did we fare now? Worse. Poor Ireland was conquered; and now we might naturally suppose that there would be an end to it. But no; we were again subjected to the fresh evils and cruel persecution by our conquerors under the Scotch Monarch. And again, I ask, how is it possible, with such evils to contend against, for Ireland to have advanced in those arts which would make her happy, prosperous, and free?

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In the troublesome time of Charles I., we fought for our King, the King of England; and yet, the English historian calls the Irish rebels, because we did fight for Charles I., and the same historian calls the English loyal, though they fought against him. But it is one of those cases which the Catholic historian puts forward as a proof of Irish loyalty. Catholicism is eminently monarchical; the loyal Catholic throughout the world has ever died at the foot of the throne; and it is the only religion in the world which stands without a stain as the tried friend of monarchy. We now arrive at 1649, when Charles was beheaded.

And what sort of a period now follows? If the devil himself ever came upon earth, he came in the shape of Cromwell. He came to Ireland, wrote to the ancestor of the present Marquis of Ormond to the following effect: "Ormond, I command you, under the penalty of death, to surrender to Cromwell; and if you surrender, you shall have £30,000, and do so, I advise." I saw the manuscript of this letter in Trinity College, Dublin. Ormond did surrender; but the Irish Catholics, to the last man, fought for their King. And when the greatest persecutor that ever lived came to our country, we resisted him, and yet we got the name of rebels. Tipperary was the most violent in the defence of their King. Tipperary previously had been very wealthy, and the most religious people in Ireland. They had more to lose, more to fight for. These two things taken from them—their property and their religion—have made them the most violent of all Ireland from that day to this. Cromwell, in order to curb them, made a plantation here; yet, not a man would volunteer to face the Tipperary boys, excepting the most reckless and depraved. So, the earliest settlers were the wickedest of the troops; and these, becoming landlords, had been the most tyrannical; whilst the people had been the most furious in opposition to them.

Now, it is pleasing to me to read the history of the struggle, as it shows how nobly they fought for the defence of their country and their faith. As an instance of the con-

dition of Ireland, and the opinion formed of us at this time by the English, there was in 1654 a wonderful bear exhibited in London, which could tell the age of the moon, tell what o'clock it was, and could tell who was the biggest rogue in the room. It was so clever that the whole audience took it to be a Tipperary man. And, one day, the population actually came to the theatre, to insist that the manager should bring out the bear, to show it was a bear, and not a Tipperary man. Such were the results of misgovernment. And while I look upon the government of England as being the most diabolical and the most infernal on God's earth, I look upon the English people as the most honest and the most noble. I have travelled Europe over, and I must say, if the English people were Roman Catholics, there never would be a finer people upon earth. I have only just to mention their earnest exertions in having fifty-three Bible Societies, and spending one and a half million a year in religious works, which may be regarded by them as exponents of their deep religious feeling, although I differ from those societies.

Again, in reviewing the last period—sixty years of cruel war—I ask what could we do? Could we carry on agriculture? advance in science? engage in commerce? Don't you see I am going on, year by year, and minute by minute, to lay bare to you, as my jury, the deep wounds I have alluded to? Was there a moment for Ireland to breathe in the midst of all this? Some people would ask, how do you account for the remaining at all, under these violent persecutions, of any Irish in Ireland? I will tell you. When James I. made his first plantation in Ireland, he said to his men, "You must take as much land as you can keep." So these soldiers and adventurers invited the poor Catholics from their hiding-places, and let them small parcels of land by the year, at high rents; and, by this means, from a desire to make the Irish subservient to his aggrandizement, the Irish people and Irish religion were preserved in Ireland. From this began the idea of tenure in Ireland. Notwithstanding the gross misrepresentation of the English

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historian, they could see that the only two faults of Ireland are the defence of her political rights to the very death.

To this day, you will hear men talk, how the Irish hated the English. And why not? Would any man smile if a dagger was stuck in his bosom? How could a nation respect laws which deprived the people of their lands, robbed them of their religion, and deprived them of education? Yet, I am not depreciating the English of the present day. I am proud when abroad of being addressed as an Englishman. Much as I love France, I would rather live in England a thousand times than in France. If England would only give us laws, as she has herself, we would do well. There never were any such laws before, or elsewhere. But Ireland was subject to every persecution, and from none did she suffer more than from Orange Irishmen. We have a story in Ireland about one of these Irish Orangemen, called Tom Smith, a bailiff of Leinster. He was a remarkable man, being blind of one eye and lame. Nature closed one of his lights, and he could not see much with the other, which he always kept half-shut, as if afraid to see, or to be seen. He was also an appraiser, in connection with Orange authorities; and as persons would not pay tithes, Tom Smith was called in to take the goods in payment. He was so excessively conscientious, that when called upon to testify that he had only taken goods to the value required, he would put his little finger through his waistcoat button-hole, and declare upon oath that it was *through* (true.)

Another instance of legal justice. A man was tried for murder; and after the jury had found a verdict of guilty, and the Judge had put on his black cap, to pronounce sentence—the man alleged to have been murdered walked into court. The Judge thereupon took off his cap, and, addressing the foreman of the jury, said they must reconsider their verdict, as the circumstances of the case had been altered. The jury did retire, and after a long deliberation, returned with a verdict of guilty. The Judge, in astonishment, asked how that was, when he was told, “the prisoner at the bar stole an old gray mare eight years ago from one

of the jurymen, for which he was not caught, and so we'll let the verdict stand as it is." Now, all such abuses were carried out under sanction of law.

The Reverend Lecturer again reviewed the historical period down to William III., Prince of Orange, who overcame James II. at the battle of the Boyne. He is usually taken as the representative of Orange principles, but he was far from any such low character. This king was a most worthy man—he had many excellent qualities. He was very imperfectly appreciated and misunderstood in Ireland. He was a man of wide and tolerant principles, and Orangemen did him much injustice. However, the moment he succeeded in his conquest, his party were let loose upon Ireland, and the people never suffered such tyranny.

From George I., 1714, to George III., 1760, Ireland was still persecuted. The Catholics were deprived of all their rights, except what was given to them by stealth. But George III. was a good man; but a stubborn old fellow. He sat on the throne for fifty-three years, with his judgment matured, but he never could spell the word emancipation without the letter "s" instead of "c." When George IV. and the Duke of York were boys, under tuition, the old king heard them crying. He asked what was the matter, when the master said, it was the Latin Grammar they were averse to. "Pho, pho," said his Majesty. "What do they want with Latin? There's plenty of fellows about them that will know plenty of Latin for what they will want." The year 1760 is a most important period.

George III. came to the throne in perfect peace, and, having nothing to do, they were determined to tax the American people. The Americans remonstrated, and sent Washington to London to state their grievance. He waited on the Prime Minister several times in the Court, to get a hearing. He was treated so lightly that at last he said to the Minister: "I call here frequently, and yet I get no conclusive answer; what shall I do?" The Minister laughed at him; and when Washington got into the street, with his hat off he vowed vengeance before God against England. He returned home, fired the zeal of his countrymen. In battle after battle, he was victorious over the English, and in 1782 he lifted the flag of American independence.

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After these reverses, you never saw anything in your life so agreeable as England became to Ireland. Again, the French Revolution began in 1789, in which she overturned her altar and her throne; and England, in terror, then gave us the privileges we now enjoy, and which gave us leave to worship God. Maynooth College was founded about this time, 1795. Carlow College, 1799. And we also got leave to vote at elections. England yielded through fear what she would not give to justice; and the heads of our party said they did not thank England for what she had done. England gave a paltry £9,000 for the College of Maynooth, and £30,000 to the Lock Hospital in Dublin, for the encouragement of vice. In the language of those great men, Shiel and O'Connell, England's difficulty is Ireland's opportunity. As Shiel said in one of his parliamentary speeches—"Ireland is like a convicted felon in a convict ship; his only hope of escape and relief is the wreck of the ship."

From the year 1793 to 1830, when the Irish were allowed to have property and vote at elections, they acquired two twenty-fifths of the whole property of Ireland, by which the industry of the country was encouraged; a clear proof that, if we had accomplished so much under a tolerant Government in a few years, we should have done very much under a propitious Government. There is no other nation under heaven that has accumulated more money with more honesty, more industry, and more frugality than the Irish. Again, look at the illustrious names that, like stars, burst forth in the firmament of literature, when the ban upon education was removed. We have Milner, Lingard, Shiel, O'Connell, Dr. Doyle, and many others who stand before all Europe as the most eminent men who have graced the annals of any country. On the contrary, from 1622 to 1793, we had not a single individual to write in our favor, and represent our grievous case, in opposition to the lies of English historians, which, like the pediments of a bridge, are the foundations upon which succeeding historians have built their bridges; so that there are lies lying beneath the very depths of the structure.

The 40s. freeholders were created about this time, to carry out a deep-laid plan for the destruction of our National Parliament. In eight years, by bribery and intimidation, England succeeded in taking away from us our National Parliament. It was a remarkable time; it was on a first a day of a first week, of a first month, of a first year, in a new century; on a Monday, January 1st, 1801. They succeeded, by spending four and a half millions, and have left Ireland without a Parliament from that day to this. Our Parliament gone in 1801, what more did England do? She took away our linen trade, by putting a duty upon them: she discouraged our trade, beggared our commerce, and made that verdant, beautiful island a desert. Yes, it was the Irish landlords sold our birthright, and by their treacherous conduct has come upon us the greatest curse Ireland has ever sustained. Between the years 1793 and 1815, land rose cent. per cent. in Ireland; provision rose in equal proportion; the wealthy left it; clothes became dearer, and the young men entered the army; so that the Irish could live no longer in their own country; they had to leave Ireland, come to England, and go abroad. The gentry lived upon their incomes, in luxury and waste, so that they sank Ireland into still greater depths of poverty—fourteen twenty-fifths of the landed property being mortgaged.

We now come to 1830, and look at our position. We have cruel middlemen upon our lands, exacting the highest prices, and the poor tenantry rent-racked, the landlords spending their money, and living out of the country; corn cheap and no money; no manufacture, not a chimney in Ireland except in Belfast. Catholics then got the Emancipation Bill, but what did that do? It introduced elections, but yet, when they elected Roman Catholic friends, they were ejected and turned out of their homes the next day. Awful times followed. Mr. O'Connell began to agitate for another Parliament, but his professions were doubted; as it was alleged, they wanted to separate Ireland from England. A new spirit arose amongst the young men of Cambridge

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and Oxford, the nursery of statesmen, to look with suspicion upon the movements of Ireland. The press headed the outcry, and scarcely a newspaper in England but what contained something to the discredit of Ireland. The Protestant Church in Ireland was consolidated by law. English feeling was never more jealously manifested. So what did we get by Emancipation? Thus we see we have only had about twenty-three years in which it may be said Ireland could advance in improvement.

And now for the charges brought against us. We are idle. Idle! Where is the work to do? There is no work. We are improvident and beggarly. Yes, like a story I heard the other day of a poor fellow that was going to America, by one of the emigrant ships at the Waterloo Dock, when he was accosted by a German, who sold boxes, with—"Buy a box, sir." "What for?" said our friend. "To put your clothes in," replied the German. "Bedad, if I do, then I'll have to go naked on deck." We have no enterprise, and not a single chimney or manufactory. We are dirty—but give us the price of razors and soap, and we will show you that we are clean.

I'll tell you a story of a party of Cromwell's soldiers, who went into a cabin in Ireland, and demanded the second-best bed in the house. "That's bad news for Morgan, sir," replied a poor fellow, sitting at the fire. "Who the deuce is Morgan?" asked one of the party. "Morgan, sir," answered the owner, "is no other than the pig." Not contented; when able-bodied men are laboring for 4*d.* a day, and some girls, young women, for 1 1-2*d.* a day. I dined with a Scotchman lately, near Limerick, who recently invested much money in Ireland, and this gentlemen said, speaking of laborers, "I never saw such men; I had no idea of them before I came. I will give them 1*s.* 1*d.* a day, with a kind word, and they will lay down their lives for me. I never saw such men." Idle they are called, when there is no work to do. What! Lazy upon 1 1-2*d.* a day! Would it not be better to starve by a ditch rather than work for 1 1-2*d.* a day?

And now, will you allow me to ask you, as my jury, who is to be blamed for all these evils? I don't want to blame the English solely. We call upon the Irish landlords to open the rich and varied mines that are beneath our feet; to open manufactories; to amend their laws of land-letting and stimulate Irish commerce. Look at our kindred in America; don't we see them there, free from the vices attributed to them here? We have been much maligned by the press and Protestant Church during late years, when our only crime has been, we have fought for our political privileges and our religious creed. But yet, he was proud, notwithstanding, of the English character. Just look at a company of ten gentlemen—none speaks before the other is finished; how bland, how graceful, each listens, and none obtrudes. Get ten Irish gentlemen, just as well bred, and you will hear them a mile off, all speaking at once at the top of their voices, and each beginning his speech ten minutes before the other ends, so that he may come in at the finish; but if you get into the company of ten Irish ladies, you would hear them two miles off. But I must certainly say, that the English are always grumbling because they have too much to eat, and an Irishman grumbles because he can't get enough to eat. There was a fine little fellow lived down in the west of England; he was the son of a nobleman, and one day he was sitting on the garden wall enjoying himself with a large piece of plum-cake; when all of a sudden, he alarmed the whole household by most heart-rending and piteous moans. His poor mother flew to him and clasped him to her bosom, inquired most anxiously, "Johnny, dear, what is the matter?" Johnny, with big tears in his eyes, exclaimed, "Oh, mammy, I can't eat any more!"

I will now sum up as counsel for Ireland. I only wish I might have a week's discussion with Lord John Russell or Lord Palmerston, and you know you would have the better side of the question. You that are in England, I would charge you not to think of returning to Ireland, but identify yourselves with this country, and try to place your-

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selves in respectable positions. There is no work for you in Ireland; there is in England. I congratulate you upon the good use you have made of my letter of counsel to you from Scotland, last July. It has saved you from many broken heads, and breaking the peace. I wrote to Sir George Grey, who thought I was a firebrand. But I was no firebrand, but a peacemaker. The only fiery trick I ever did was to bring the blush into Lord John Russell's face. I am in correspondence with every Court in the whole world. I have just had a letter from Vienna, which says there will be no war, though Russia depends upon the perfidy of England. By this right hand, and by my influence with you, I have laid the basis of permanent peace in this city, and when I come to Liverpool, the merchants of Liverpool ought to acknowledge the debt they owe me. At your *soiree*—at my *soiree*—you did not mention the name of Dr. Cahill, then in Scotland. I did not forget it, and I do not forgive it.

I will conclude with the year 1847, when the potato-rot famine and fever staggered the living and scourged the land. The poor priests lived by your side at the time; they did not neglect you. In Liverpool, thirteen priests, in their black shrouds, lie buried under your feet. Then came the cholera. The poor tenantry, turned off their farms, and under the burning heat of July, might have been seen without shelter—290 persons living in the fields, lying dying in all the horrors of wretchedness. The famine and plague were not sufficient, but the exterminating landlord levelled the cottages of his poor tenantry to the earth, and sent them out in emigrant ships, packed so that it became almost a floating funeral hearse over the broad waters of the deep. Ten thousand of these poor persons perished in America, and others perished through ague. But Ireland, now, is getting better; she is getting free from all her poverty and ailments. The green grave is closing over her wounds; labor now begins to look up in Ireland. Manufactories are springing up in large towns, the people are spreading over the earth to improve their condition, and in America, in every village may be found an Irish

home. Irish abound from the shores of Canada to the forests of Mexico.

A lamentable scene was mentioned a few days ago, of a poor Irish woman in New Orleans. In one of the chief streets was to be seen at noonday a poor woman, raving in sorrow, with her hands to her eyes, and clinging to her on each side was a child. Before her, in a cart, driven by a negro, was the corpse of her husband, carried off in the yellow fever. She pitifully exclaimed, "Oh, Jack, dear, was it for this I came to America, to lose my poor husband! Oh, that I had never crossed the salt seas! Here I am, and nothing to eat and nowhere to go." A gentleman, over-hearing her, kindly gave her a sovereign, but her grief was so heavy that she scarcely recognized the gift.

Such were the hardships our people pass through. I perceive now there is no slander or articles against us in the *Times*. And do you know why? Because Napoleon III. stands at the head of 150,000 men. The Emperor and Empress lately attended a review in France, where 100,000 men were present. They attended High Mass in the field, and in the sight of the whole troops, knelt down humbly before the priest. One hundred and ten cannons were discharged when the priest lifted the Sacred Host to the blue vault of heaven, and 100,000 men bent upon their knees and adored their Lord and God. When Prince Albert was in Dublin, I thought to write a letter to him upon the grievances of Ireland. I shall do so yet. The governments of Europe are beginning to stir. Austria has turned the *Times* newspaper out of her dominions; the Queen of Spain has prohibited it also. Bulwer was turned out at forty-eight hours' notice from Spain, in consequence of his interference with the Catholic worship. We have now seven Catholic thrones; and when Leopold dies, his son having married into a Catholic family, we may expect an eighth. So, as God is just, we may expect the triumph of the true Faith. And, as all nations come to an end, there may be a time when England shall fall, and receive that retribution attending all injustices. To use the words of Macaulay, whom I don't like to

quote, there may be a time when a New Zealander will stand upon London Bridge, sketching the ruins of that great city. Nineveh, with all her beauty, perished; Palmyra, the great seat of learning and architectural splendor, is now crumbling into dust. Babylon, the great terror of her time, is now punished for her cruelties. Scarcely a vestige of ancient Rome is now standing—all gone—ruined; and I wish England to take my warning in time, and beware of the wrath of God, in persecuting His Church and the faithful Irish people, for, in the words of the Scotch poet—

“By oppression’s woes and pains,
By our sons in servile chains,
We shall drain our dearest veins,
But we shall be free.”

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SPEECH ON O'CONNELL,

DELIVERED BY DR. CAHILL, AT A MEETING OF THE IRISH RESIDENTS OF LIVERPOOL, ENGLAND, TO EXPRESS THEIR SYMPATHY FOR MR. JOHN O'CONNELL, AS THE SON OF THE LIBERATOR, AND TO OPEN A SUBSCRIPTION FOR HIM.

MR. CHAIRMAN, Ladies and Gentlemen,—There is not a nation under the sun able to shout with the Irish Catholics. Being bound hand and foot so long in national chains and penal servitude, and being prevented from speaking by the Attorney-General—the eternal, undying Attorney-General—of Ireland, there was no way left to express our feelings, except by national shouting; and hence, there is an eloquence, a poetry, a patriotism in the Irish cheer, which is more tragic than Shakespeare, more burning than Demosthenes, more inspiring than Milton—and if ever that cheer rose up into the regions of divine fancy itself, it is when the Irish soul is stirred up from its deepest recesses of feeling by the magic sound of the immortal O'Connell.

When, in the beginning of the present century, he commenced his political career, he could procure only thirteen persons to attend a meeting in Dublin, to petition for Catholic Emancipation. He was then, if I may so speak, a mere ensign in politics; but he rose from rank to rank with a brilliant name, and with unexampled success, till he took, by universal consent, the supreme command of the national force, and in numberless skirmishes and one hundred battles, he met the foes of Ireland foot to foot, and shoulder to shoulder, and by courage that never quailed, a perseverance unsubdued, and a genius without a comparison, he struck off our national chains, conquered ancient oppression, and won the Emancipation of Ireland. And when we throw ourselves into his mind and examine his heart, we learn that the injustice inflicted on his country did not rouse the great ener-

gies of his being in half the mightiness as when he concentrated his power against the wrongs perpetrated on his creed.

No one ever heard him address a jury who did not find his feelings enlisted for his client: it was impossible to listen to him for five minutes in an assembly of his countrymen, as he poured forth from his burning bosom his own flood of melting eloquence over the woes of Ireland, without resentment for our national degradation; but when the insults to his religion awoke his passion into legitimate anger, his whole soul glowed with brilliant fire, and as he directed the flashing torrents against the opponents of his Church, his consuming words resembled the rapidity and terrors of the lightning.

He was the impersonification of Ireland's own child; he was the son of Ireland's own heart: he possessed the tongue and the soul of the true genius of his country. Other men have had an evening in life, he had none; other great characters were seen to ascend to the horizon of their career and gradually set, his sun stood fixed in the meridian in full dazzling splendor, without a motion to the west; and when he departed from us, it was the whole span from midday to night, leaving his country covered with a sudden darkness and mourning, after burning skies, during half a century of patriotism that never has been surpassed, and a national fame that perhaps never can be equalled. But if ever a memory could be said to be palpable, it was his—and if ever the instructions of a master could assume a living form, his lessons are still breathing and alive all over the world. He was not merely the teacher of Ireland and of his own age—he was the master of all ages, the patriot of every distinguished nation.

When the present representatives of Ireland defend our country and our creed in the British Senate, I think I hear his words in their mouths. They are children, to be sure, compared with the aged father of Ireland; but when they speak with energy, and honor, and patriotism, I think I recognize the accent, hear the voice, and feel the enthusi-

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TO OPEN A SUB.

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asm of the ancient orator of my country. I fancy he is still alive in Ireland, when I read in the newspapers the success of the poor Irish tenantry to return to Parliament a friend to the poor; when I dwell on the speeches at elections, the orations at the public dinners, given to the tried advocates of our national rights, I recollect well that they are only repeating the language they once heard from him, retailing his arguments which he once flung from his great mind, and rekindling the fire which once blazed on his electric lips.

And the fire burns in America at this moment with a brilliancy that will yet send its glorious illuminating beams back again across the Atlantic, to the poor old mother land—many a fervid heart along the rapid St. Lawrence and the swollen Mississippi, who have learned patriotism at the feet of Ireland's orator—many a patriot out there who has been trained in the lessons of national independence in our popular assemblies in poor Ireland—and many a thousand hearts in time to come will be ready, when necessary, to lend a suitable aid (when Ireland shall most need their succors) to the cradle of their faith, the scene of their patriotism, and the theatre of their national struggles.

Wherever an Irishman is placed, all the world over, he boasts of the name of O'Connell; that name is raised higher in our own national history than the eternal mountains of our country, and it will last as long in imperishable existence; and when the Romans talk of their Cicero, and the Greeks of their Demosthenes, we point to the Irish forum and the British Senate, to a name that has rivalled the one in classic eloquence, that has equalled the other in patriot fire, and that has surpassed both in national virtues.

And not alone has Ireland learned from him the science of freedom, and the art of national independence; he has taught all the nations of the earth, by the science of reform, by a moral and peaceful combination. He placed himself at the head of ideas—not soldiers; he took the command—not cannon; and by the triumph of reason, he gained victories such as no conqueror ever achieved by

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the flashing sword, or the thunders of the artillery. Twenty-three French peers, with Count Montalembert at their head, presented to him an humble address, in which, after offering to him their homage, they acknowledged that he had invented a new political strategy; that he was the author of a new principle of national reform; that he had discovered a mighty plan, by which the greatest advantages to man could eventually be acquired by the steady application of the primary laws of God, and that, by carrying out his ideas, the combination of men's hearts would be in the end more successful than the united terrors of the sanguinary steel.

From Ireland, as from a professor's chair, he delivered his lessons to universal mankind—all the nations of the earth were his people; and his voice was heard from East to West, from North to South, and for half a century, along the boundless horizon. No man can ever again take his place. He filled the whole world with his fame—he was the light of our skies, the undying creation of our age, the ornament of our race, and the imperishable monument to the name and character of Ireland. There can be no doubt that he has placed all mankind under an obligation to him which they never can repay; and his name will go down through each successive generation of his countrymen, gathering accumulated honor, as it is heard through coming time. The poor Irish did endeavor to give their devotion to him while living; the poor man contributed his mite, in his yearly duty to the national gratitude.

But whatever the nation gave, the nation received back again; their national devotion was annually repaid; what they bestowed on the patriot, the generous patriot refunded the same year; and thus our nation stands at this moment charged with the whole debt due to the imperishable success of O'Connell. If Ireland purchased an estate in fee for O'Connell, and that his children's children inherited it, and lived on it, I could place a graven plate on the gate of the family mansion, to commemorate the sciences of the departed orator, and the honor of my grateful country. But

I protest, when I consider the disinterestedness which returned the gift each year to the poor who bestowed it, I place the nobility, the honor, the pride of this act alone, the highest point of the patriot's fame; and his memory stands before me unsullied in its purity, by retaining for himself not one penny of the money of the nation. Mr. O'Connell died without being indebted one shilling to our nation; and consequently we still owe to him the full amount of her services. He lived in comparative poverty on our account, and we therefore stand indebted to him for his sacrifices. Not one of his sons or family wear a single glove or ribbon purchased from the donation from Ireland; and hence, while I value his success, while I am grateful for his sacrifices, while I venerate his patriotism, while I admire his genius, and worship his eloquence, there is one point higher than all, and that is the lofty pride of his heart, by which he descended to his honored tomb without one nail in his illustrious coffin purchased with the money of Ireland. The only act of his glorious life with which the future historian will find fault, is that he deprived his family of the large resources of his profession, and that in fact he robbed his sons of their just hopes, their expected fortune and merited position, in order to devote his whole life and resources to the services of Ireland. But when Ireland has followed his example for fifty years, there is one part of his character in which our nation will not take part in his career, and that is, Ireland will not rob John O'Connell of that just debt which Ireland owes him. No, I thank you for this rapturous enthusiasm. No, no, Ireland is too honest, too grateful, to rob John O'Connell, on his own account—and on this evening, and in this place, shall begin our instalment of the debt which Ireland will certainly discharge.

John O'Connell need not point to the statues of his ancestors to prove his claims on his country; he can show his own achievements in the field, already the tried champion of nineteen years. In every battle for Ireland during this eventful period, he stood by his father's side, and

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whenever the heat of the fight raged most violently, there might be seen the unflinching, fearless son, with his sword drawn, standing in front of the lofty plumage and glittering armor of the giant father, as he repelled the advance of the enemy. I am delighted to find that you are in such good humor. They tell a tale of an Irishman once in France, and being asked by a Frenchman what kind of a looking man was the great O'Connell. The Irishman paused for a moment, and then said: "Why, then, I'll tell you that he is, for all the world, like the Lakes of Killarney!"

Now, if any one here has not seen my friend Mr. O'Connell, I must tell them that he is descended of the Lakes of Killarney; and that if you remove the father out of view, while you are looking at him, his political honesty and national fidelity will not suffer by a close comparison with any one of his age or standing. Since he commenced his political career, many a recreant betrayed our cause—John O'Connell never; many a man left our ranks and sold Ireland for gold, but John O'Connell never: and if the creed of St. Patrick, and if the religion of Ireland be maligned, listen to the rising voice, observe the boiling anger, and look in his face and see his passion, as it mantles his indignant brow, while with all his mind, and with the whole of his father's heart, he defends his country's faith against the malignant assaults of its continued enemies.

But this meeting is not a political assembly; if it were political I should not have attended, lest one word might escape my lips that could give offence to any one of the advocates for the rights and the liberties of Ireland. I like every one who struggles for Ireland; I love all who maintain the political interests, and defend the religious creed of Ireland. One man may labor to advance the civil rights of my country, another person may strive to strike off the chains that bind the Cross of Christ, but give me the man who labors for both; I respect all the others—but I love with my whole heart, and all my sympathies are with the poor—the poor, abandoned, persecuted Irish peasant.

When I go on board your emigrant ships (which I do whenever I am in your city), and when I see the poor old grandfather, with his worn frame and haggard look, and white, scattered locks of tangled hair, carrying his little granddaughter on his back; and when I behold the poor tottering old grandmother, without a bonnet or a cap, with her little grandson on her back; when I look at them carrying the children to the ship, my heart melts to see the miserable looks of our poor Irish children, their little bare legs hanging in front, in the pelting snow and the biting frost—I weep for those poor little exiles, when I think of their being wrenched at such a tender age from the fostering care of a mother and kind home. It is a heart-rending sight to see three generations, the grandfather, the son, and the grandchild, crawling in hunger on the gangways of the emigrant ship, doomed never again to kiss the Irish primrose, and lay their feet on the green turf of their country. I always bid these poor exiles a last farewell, with my eyes full of tears, and my heart bursting with unmingled feelings of Irish sympathy and legitimate political anger; and when I take my place on the shore, and see the ships weighing their anchors, swell their canvas, and move slowly on through the foaming deep, I hear my heart foretelling, as she clears the river, that she is a large ocean hearse, and that before the sun sets twice, she will bury her living cargo in the foundations of the sea, amidst the crashing horrors of the yawning abyss, and the moaning terrors of the midnight tempest.

How grateful I felt, on reading the speech of Mr. John O'Connell, to see the feelings he entertains for his poor countrymen. It is what I expected from his generous heart, and gives an additional credence, if such were wanted, of his devotion to his country. But I must say that, as all my sympathies are with the poor, banished, persecuted, exterminated tenantry, I feel all my soul engaged in the plan that can give to Ireland such a law of tenant-right, as will protect her poor from the cruel law of wholesale extermination; and the men who struggle to procure such a law for the poor,

deserve the admiration of their country, and the gratitude of posterity ; and I feel great pleasure in stating here, that in a communication I have had in London with one of the first (I may say the first Catholic Irishman) of our present Irish party in the House of Commons, he stated to me that if a national testimonial of ten thousand pounds were decided on for Mr. John O'Connell, he would be found at the head of the list, and, by his fortune and exertions, carry out the work to its fulfilment. I did not name Mr. Moore, but I suppose as I said he was the first, you have selected him. Well, as you have named him, I shall leave it so, from my respect for your opinions.

You all recollect the tale of the Queen having, during her stay at Balmoral, asked a Scotch girl what o'clock it was ! The girl replied, "Whatever you please, Ma'am." Now, I say to you, in reference to Mr. Moore, "Whatever you please ;" but when I have a good thing to say between friends, I like to say it. I wish I could make up the breach in the ranks of our gallant Irishmen ; I would willingly go on my knees to implore all our friends to bury private opinions, and unite in one compact body for the protection of the poor.

I have only one more word to say—namely, that Dr. Yore, the Vicar-General of Dublin, is the treasurer of this O'Connell tribute—an additional reason why I am here this night ; and as I act under Dr. Yore, and Dr. Yore under his Grace the Delegate Archbishop, and so on, you have a regular pyramid of living ecclesiastics as a model for your conduct in this national testimonial. Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen, I am now done ; I thank you exceedingly for your overwhelming kindness, and your warm enthusiasm. We shall reward Mr. O'Connell for his past honest political career and his faithful services in the cause of Ireland, and we shall do an act of justice which we owe to a tried patriot, which we owe to the cause of our country, and which we owe to the feelings of our own hearts. I thank you on my own part as the private friend of the O'Connell family, I thank you on the part of John O'Connell, and I thank you with all my heart on the part of my country.

REV. DR. CAHILL'S ADDRESS

DELIVERED AT GLASGOW, AT THE ANNIVERSARY DINNER ON
ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

MR. CHAIRMAN and beloved fellow-countrymen,—I do believe there is no nation in the world able to shout with the Irish. Our countryman, Dean Swift, counselled the Irish people in his day not to make speeches at public meetings, for fear of the Attorney-General. "Do not speak," said he, "when you meet, as the law may punish you; but there is no law against shouting—hence, groan and shout." And from that day to this, we can groan and shout better than any people in the whole world. Till I came here on this evening, I thought I could never forgive either Lord J. Russell or Lord Palmerston; but the speakers who have preceded me have inflicted such a castigation on them, that, with your kind permission, I will forgive them—not in this world—but in the next. For this purpose, I must have the key of the Kingdom of Heaven, and also the key of the other place, in order that, when I first let them out, I can next let them in.

Mr. Chairman, you have exaggerated my small services in reference to the public letters which I have written. Whatever merit I may have, consisted in my knowing well the history of Ireland. The history of other countries is learned from the cool pen of the historian, but that of Ireland is learned from the crimsoned tombs of the dead. The history of other nations is collected from the growing population and successful commerce, but the sad story of Ireland is gathered from the deserted village, the crowded poor-house, and the mournful swelling canvas of the emigrant ship. You gave me too much credit for those slender productions of mine, and perhaps you are not aware that it was on the

graves of the starved and shroudless victims of English misrule I stood when I indited the epistles. I dated them from the grave-pits of Sligo and the fever-sheds of Skibbereen. If I seemed to weep, it was because I followed to coffinless tombs tens of thousands of my poor, persecuted fellow-countrymen; and if my descriptions appeared tinged with red, it was because I dipped my pen in their fresh bleeding graves, in order to give suitable coloring to the terrific page on which a cruel fate has traced the destinies of Ireland. It was not my mind but my bosom that dictated; it was not my pen but my heart that wrote the record.

And where is the Irishman who would not feel an involuntary impulse of national pride, in asserting, the invincible genius of our own creed, while he gazes on the crumbling walls of our ancient churches, which, even in their old age, lift their hoary heads as faithful witnesses of the past struggles of our faith, and still stand in their massive framework, resisting to the last the power of the despoiler, and scarcely yielding to the inevitable stroke of time? And where is the heart so cold, that would not pour forth a boiling torrent of national anger at seeing the children of forty generations consigned to a premature grave, or banished by cruel laws to seek amongst the strangers the protection they are refused at home?

Nature does not deny a home to the untutored savage that wanders naked over her boundless domain: even the maternal genius of the inhospitable forest gives a welcome asylum to her young; she brings them forth from her bare womb, suckles them on her stormy bosom, and feeds them at her desert streams. She teaches them to kneel beneath the dark canopy with which she shrouds the majesty of her inaccessible rocks: she warns them to flee from danger, in the moaning voice of the unchained tempests, and she clothes her kingdom in verdure and sunlight to cheer them in their trackless home. Well has the divine heart of Campbell given a preference to the savage beast over the ill-fated lot of the exiled Irishman, in these immortal lines which express the history of our nation:

ADDRESS AT GLASGOW.

"Where is my cabin-door fast by the wildwood,
 Where is my sire that wept for its fall?
 Where is the mother that watched o'er my childhood?
 Where is my bosom friend, dearer than all?
 'Sad is my fate,' said the heart-broken stranger,
 'The wild deer and wolf to a covert can flee;
 But I have no refuge from famine and danger,
 A home and a country remain not for me.'"

Oh! if St. Patrick were now to visit Ireland, what changes could not the historian recount to him since he first set his Apostolic foot on the soil? For many centuries after he died Ireland enjoyed a profound peace and a national prosperity. While, on the fall of the Roman Empire, most of the kingdoms of Europe rose up in vindication of their national rights, and all the neighboring nations were filled with the disastrous accompaniments and results of war, Ireland cultivated the arts and sciences, and practised the sublime precepts of the Gospel to perfection. She was the seminary where Europe was then educated, and whatever progress has been made by them in letters and religion, they must own that they lighted the torch of Science and Faith at the sacred fires which burned on the altars of Ireland. No doubt, a storm has in later days been evoked from the abyss by the emissaries of Satan against this ancient creed. It has burst over Ireland with an awful violence, and in its devastating passage over our fine country it has blown down the venerable institutions of past ages; it has rent the monarch oak, which crowned the forest with its lofty majesty—but the trunk and the roots were too strong to be torn by the rage of the hurricane; and here we are, the new growth of the flourishing branches sprung from the old stock, and likely to rise higher, and to spread farther than the parent-tree, which, three centuries ago, reached to the skies over Ireland.

In fact, Catholicity, if I may so speak, is almost natural to an Irishman. He is, as it were, a Christian before he is baptized; he inherits faith, by a kind of freehold grace, which St. Patrick has bequeathed to the most remote posterity of Ireland. You can efface every feeling from his

heart but Catholicity ; you can crush out every sentiment from his mind but the love of his altars ; you may break him into pieces, and crush him into dust, but like the diamond in fragments, faith shines in him to the last. The smallest particle of the Irish nature—the poorest, the most abandoned of Ireland's sons, reveals the sparkling inheritance as well as the most noble and lordly possessor ; in fact, the darkness of the night is more favorable for seeing the native light of the fragment, than the golden hours of noonday sunshine ; and thus the midnight of national trial is the best time to behold the effulgence of Ireland's creed, and to test the essential splendor of her national faith. Or, as our own bard has it :—

The gem may be broke by many a stroke,
 "But nothing can cloud its native ray,
 Each fragment will cast a light to the last ;
 And thus Erin, my country, though broken thou art,
 There's a lustre within thee that ne'er can decay,
 A spirit that breathes through each suffering part,
 And smiles at thy pain on St. Patrick's Day."

No doubt, you have heard the amusing fact of the Irish in a certain town in England, when, in 1850, they proceeded there to burn the Blessed Virgin in effigy. When all was ready for the idolatrous conflagration, the Irish were seen collecting in patches of tens and twenties, in the square where the fagots were prepared. The police observed that each Irishman had a short, thick stick thrust up the sleeve of his jacket ; and on asking what use they intended to make of these dangerous weapons in the present instance, one of the Irish said—"Why then, your honor, we were afraid you might not have wood enough to burn the Virgin out and out, and we brought these few *kippeens*, *asthore*, to keep up the blaze." It is unnecessary to say that the Virgin was not burned on that day ; and the Irish on returning home, were heard saying to each other—*na bocklish, avick*.

As your chairman has given me credit for having some knowledge of astronomy, I must take the liberty of inform-

ing the people of Scotland that the length of the day and night in Ireland is twenty-four hours, and that it was twelve o'clock noon, in our colonies in the east, at about four o'clock this morning in Ireland; and again, that about this present hour, while we are filling our sparkling glasses, the Irish are just going to Mass, with the shamrocks in their hats, at twelve o'clock in America. The Irish soldier, therefore, on this morning, at four o'clock, saluted the glorious memory of St. Patrick at the mouth of the Ganges; he began the shout in the east as the sun culminated over Peking; and as the day advanced, and that shout rolled along the foot of Himalaya, it swept across the Indus, passed over the track of Alexander the Great, was heard in ancient Byzantium, disturbed the slumber of the sleeping brave in the gray field of Marathon, reverberated along the Seven Hills of Rome, and almost awoke, about ten o'clock this morning, old Romulus on the banks of the Tiber.

Owing to the mysterious destinies of Ireland and of our scattered race, there is not a spot, from the Yellow Sea to the Pillars of Hercules, from Garryowen to Melbourne, in which some merry Irishman does not on this day fix the green shamrock in his cap, and, with overflowing soul and wild transports of native joy, sing the inspiring airs of his country, and chant aloud the magical tune of "St. Patrick's Day in the morning." But the commemorating voice of this day through primæval Asia and old Europe is weak in comparison to the power it attains when it has crossed the Atlantic, and reached the friendly crowded shores of young and vigorous America. There many a fond Irish heart welcomes the well-known cheers, as they burst in the patriot skies of Bunker's Hill: there the shout assumes the majesty of thunder as it rolls in peals, again and again repeated, over the boundless prairies that skirt the Mississippi, and is echoed and re-echoed along the chiselled Alleghanies, until it dies away into silence about two o'clock to-night, as it re-echoes the placid boundless bosom of the Pacific.

Thus round and round the globe is the voice of Ireland this day heard by all mankind—thus her scattered and fated

children sing the wild song of their native land to the stranger—thus they pour forth the patriot strains of their beloved country to the idolatrous Tartar, to the polished European, and the savage Indian; thus they stretch their united hands to each other on this day, and round the entire world they form a girdle of national love and patriotism, which reaches from the east to the west, and we couple the north and the south poles within the wide circle of our exiled but glorious affections. He proceeded—Listen for a moment, about twelve o'clock to-night, and you will hear our own harp pour forth its Irish, plaintive voice from New York, across the broad enraptured waters of the Atlantic. Even now, if you will be quiet, you can audibly distinguish the shout of joy raised by seven millions of our blood, our race, and our Faith, along the free shores of glorious, hospitable America.

Oh! America, how I love your green fields, because they are now the resting-place of the wandering children of our country! I worship your lofty mountains and your rich valleys, because they afford an asylum and a barrier against the storms of adversity, which have swept away and withered the ancient homesteads of Ireland. I bless your majestic rivers, your magnificent lakes, because I behold the friendly canvas of your marine spread on their joyous waters, conveying my forlorn countrymen to a peaceful and plentiful home. Oh! America, I could die for your generous people, because they have opened their arms to welcome the ejected sons of St. Patrick!—I long to stand in the presence of the patriot, the accomplished Mrs. Tyler, and the incomparable ladies of America, that I may offer to them the deep homage of my grateful heart—that I may present to them the respect and the enthusiasm of the people of Ireland, for the withering chastisement they have inflicted on the sainted cruelty of the Duchess of Sutherland, and for the grateful dignity with which they have exposed the well-meaning hypocrisy of her noble committee. And I long to behold the country where the broken heart of Ireland is bound for, her daughters protected, her sons adopted: where conscience is free, where

religion is not hypocrisy, where liberty is a reality, and where the Gospel is a holy profession of Divine love, and not a profligate trade of national vengeance.

How long, O Lord, wilt Thou hold Thy omnipotent scourge over Ireland, the most faithful nation of all the kingdoms that possess the Divine revelations from Heaven? But till Providence is pleased to staunch the flowing blood of Ireland, and to heal the wound, we, her persecuted sons, are bound to raise the cry of horror against our relentless oppressors; to keep up through each coming year and each century, the watchword of our sires for freedom, till the happy day of our deliverance. It is glorious to struggle for the redemption of *our*'s country; it is base tamely to submit to the tyrant's frown—liberty, and then death, is preferable to slavery and life. Oh! eternal liberty—inher-
itance of the soul!

"Better to bleed for an age at thy shrine,
Than to sleep for one moment in chains."

Beloved fellow-countrymen, of late years I have had more opportunities of seeing the sufferings of the Irish than many others. I meet them at the seaport towns; I hear their complaints; I am familiar with their hard trials, and feel intensely their dire fate; and, in the midst of all their misfortunes, they never lose the native affections of their warm Irish hearts.

About the year 1849 I went on board an emigrant ship at the custom-house in Dublin, in order to see the accommodation of the poor emigrants. While walking on the deck, I saw a decent poor man from the County Meath, with the ugliest dog I ever beheld in his arms. He seemed to be keeping up a kind of private conversation with this dog, and occasionally he kissed him so affectionately, that I was led to speak to him, and made some inquiry about him. He told me that the dog's name was Brandy, that he and his mother were in his family for several years, and that he was the same age as his youngest child. He continued to say, that on the day he was ejected, and his house thrown down,

Brandy's house was thrown down, too; in fact, that the poor dog was exterminated as well as himself. That he took pity on him, brought him to Dublin, paid fifteen shillings for his passage to America, and that he would support him with his children as long as he lived. While we were speaking, the dog began to bark; on which I inquired what he was barking at. "Oh! sir," said he, "he knows we are talking about the landlord. He knows his name as well as I do, and the creature always cries and roars when he hears his name mentioned."

Oh, many a trial the poor Irish have endured during the last six years! Many a volume could be filled with the cruel persecution of the faithful Irish. From Galway to America, the track of the ship is marked by the whitened bones of the murdered Irish that lie along the bottom of the abysses of the moaning ocean. And yet those that have reached the friendly shore still drag a heavy chain which binds them to their native land; still they long to see their own beloved hills, and lay their bones with the ancient dead of their Faith and their kindred. And if death summons them beyond the Mississippi, or amidst the snows of Canada, or the pestilence of Mexico, they turn their fading eyes towards the day-star that rises over Ireland, and their last prayer is offered to Heaven for the liberty of their country—the last sigh to God is made for the freedom of her altars.

REV. DR. CAHILL'S ADDRESS

TO THE CATHOLICS OF GLASGOW.

THE Catholics of Glasgow, numbering between two and three thousand persons, entertained the Rev. Dr. Cahill at a public Soirée in that city. The Rev. J. Danaher occupied the chair, and delivered the following introductory address:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—It now becomes my pleasing duty to call upon you for a demonstration of respect towards the distinguished individual whom we have the honor of entertaining this evening. (Great demonstrations of applause, which continued for several minutes.) After the cheering had subsided, the Rev. Gentleman in the course of his eloquent observations said: As a priest, a patriot, and a scholar, Dr. Cahill is entitled to our respect, esteem, and admiration. (Loud cheers.) In this threefold capacity, he has now for years occupied a high position in the affections of the people. He has made his vast scientific acquirements subserve the cause of religion, and by his golden eloquence has caused the learned, and the wealthy, and the great, to respect a creed which they were in the habit of regarding as a folly. (Cheers.) During his stay amongst us, you have all become acquainted with his aptitude to illustrate Faith by the mysteries of nature. But, ladies and gentlemen, Dr. Cahill has established other claims on our admiration, to which it is impossible not to advert on the present occasion. When on a recent occasion a tremendous deluge of woe swept over our country, prostrating the energies of a nation; when our countrymen became the victims of famine, and pestilence, and law; when men, and women, and children were sheltering in the damp ditches, and rotting off the earth one by one; when the work-house doors were crowded with gaunt, naked, and hunger-stricken human beings, old women with the bones protruding through their skin, and children with the hideous fur of famine thick over their fleshless limbs; when the loud but unavailing wailing of famine rang from shore to shore, a surer index of a more indiscriminating slaughter than was ever effected by the hand of the Destroying Angel; when desolation thus hung over the country like a pestilential pall, eager to embrace within its deadly folds the wasted remnants of a devoted nation—this was the time above all others selected by a British Ministry to proclaim war against our Church, and this was the time above all others, that the champions of a free constitution showed their zeal for civil toleration by branding bishops, insulting priests, mobbing nuns, pull-

ing down churches, and preaching up infidelity; then it was that Dr. Cahill, in those powerful letters with which you are all acquainted, published to the world his indignation at the criminals and the crime, and inspired a universal hatred; or rather gave expression to a universal hatred, already inspired against enormities detested by God and execrated by man.

At the conclusion of his brilliant speech, the Rev. Chairman read the following address from the Catholics of Glasgow to the Rev. Dr. Cahill. It was printed on white satin with golden letters.

ADDRESS TO REV. DR. CAHILL.

REV. DOCTOR.—The Catholic inhabitants of Glasgow beg leave to offer you on this festive evening their united expression of profound respect and affectionate regard. They unanimously hailed your visit to this city with feelings of joy and exultation, and they now bid you farewell with sentiments of increased admiration. We are proud of you as an Irishman—we value you as a patriot—and we venerate you as a priest

When a hostile Government planned and abetted the overthrow of Catholic monarchy on the Continent of Europe, the cause of truth and justice was indebted to you for those letters which have unmasked the hidden treachery of our deadly enemies—which, in their wide circulation throughout the nations of the earth, have awakened a universal feeling of execration against this infidel conspiracy; and which have ultimately resulted in the final overthrow of this infamous scheme against civil and religious liberty.

There is no Catholic mind or Catholic heart in this Empire which does not feel an involuntary impulse of gratitude towards the name of Dr. Cahill, when we recollect the burning invectives which burst from your pen against England's cruelties during the famine and pestilence that afflicted your country. These noble appeals in favor of your poor countrymen are written in all hearts, and are pronounced by every Irish tongue.

Whilst they consoled the poor victim in the wasting poor-house, and cheered the broken-hearted emigrant on his melancholy banishment from the home of his fathers, they will remain forever in Ireland an imperishable monument of the melting generosity of your heart, and the unquenchable love you bore your ill-fated country.

We confess here, publicly, that we thank a kind Providence for having raised up such a man in Ireland to defend our name and our faith. We are proud to feel that the man who at this moment possesses the affections of the whole heart of Ireland, by his patriotism—who takes his place next to the Liberator in the public confidence—has wrung, at the same time, from our bitterest foes the expression of their admiration for the extent of those literary and scientific attainments which the public voice now willingly concedes to you, almost without a rival in this age of letters.

At one time the public listen with ecstasy to your lectures on Astronomy—at another, we hear of your brilliant dissertations on Chemistry; again the press

refers to the crowded audiences of the learned who attend you on Geology, Mineralogy, and the whole round of the varied branches of Natural Philosophy. But the most astonishing fact yet remains to be told—that is, while you are thus lecturing on different subjects, the churches are, immediately after, everywhere filled with thousands, hanging on words of almost inspired eloquence, and the press is filled with these splendid letters, which start into existence almost in an hour.

Any of your avocations would be more than sufficient work for the most learned amongst us, and hence the aggregate of these labors can only be executed by the man whose surprising attainments we are endeavoring to describe.

When we heard, through the public prints, that in Liverpool, Manchester, London, and elsewhere, you attracted whole cities after you wherever you went, we could never understand the circumstance, till we have been honored by your present visit to Glasgow. We now understand it, and we behold a tide of human beings—in fact, the whole Catholic population, following you, wherever you go.

The result, is, that an amount of moral good has been effected in this city, through your discourses, which cannot be sufficiently appreciated. Reformatations and conversions have been made in several instances, and in the short space of five weeks, since you commenced your lectures in our churches, we have collected several thousands of pounds for the various charities of the town.

We therefore beg leave to thank you—we are all desirous from our hearts to honor you—and with the united voice and prayer of the thousands who are assembled here this evening to bid you farewell. We join in a heartfelt, universal prayer, that God may long preserve you, the ornament of the priesthood and the fearless, invincible champion of your creed and your country.

The Chairman was frequently cheered during the reading of the address, and on Dr. Cahill presenting himself he was received with unbounded enthusiasm.

REV. DR. CAHILL'S ADDRESS.

MR. CHAIRMAN, Ladies and Gentlemen,—I am laboring on the present occasion under a deficiency, for which I am convinced you will pardon me, namely, I am afraid you will not understand me, in consequence of my Irish accent. I now beg to tell you, with the deepest feeling of a lasting gratitude, that, although I have received many marks of public favor heretofore in Ireland and in England, I have never found myself placed in a position of such exalted distinction as on the present occasion. Surrounded as I am, not by hundreds but by thousands of gentlemen and ladies, by priests and people, I return my

homage for your advocacy, on this evening, of a great principle in thus honoring the individual who now addresses you.

Your eloquent and valued address, written on satin in golden letters, shall be preserved by me as long as I live; it is a model of exquisite taste, and conveys impressions of affection which I shall carefully bind up with the most cherished feelings of my life; but there is an eloquence of soul which the golden ink could not express; and that silent thrilling language must be read in the merry faces, the sparkling looks, and ardent bosoms which reveal to my inmost heart the sincerity and the intensity of your feeling towards me.

In associating me in the most remote connection with the great O'Connell, you do me an honor which would raise even a great man to imperishable fame: as you illumine me with a ray from that immortal name which sheds unfading lustre on the records of Ireland's saddest and brightest history, and which will live in the burning affections of the remotest posterity of a grateful country. I am like a jolly-boat following a line of battle-ships, as I move in the foaming track of this leviathan guardship of Ireland. Large as I am, I am lost in the spray of the rudder; and no one who has ever witnessed the discharge of his broadside against the enemy, heard the thunder of his command, or saw the fatal precision of his aim, will ever think of comparing any living man to the great departed Irish champion. And it was not the fault of our old commander if his invincible barque did not convey the liberties of his country to a successful issue—he sailed in shallow water, he was stranded by necessity; but no one has ever dared to say, that either he or his gallant crew ever quailed before danger, or struck their colors to the enemy. And when the returning tide rises and the breeze freshens, the old noble ship shall again set her sails before the wind; and, changing her name from Repeal to National Equality, her fearless crew shall again shout for freedom, and, with some future O'Connell at the helm, she will and shall again face the storm, and ride the swollen flood in pride and triumph.

Whenever I go to Dublin, I pay a sorrowing visit to the tomb of our old commander, where I shed a tear over his ashes, and plant a flower on his grave. I mourn for the lip of fire which was wont to kindle into resistless flame our universal patriotism; I grieve for the melting tongue that could dissolve the whole national will into a flood of resistless combination: and as I gaze on the dark vault that spans the horizon of Ireland, and see pretty stars shining in the Irish skies, I weep as I think on the brilliant sun that once careered in these skies in peerless splendor; the luminary which guided our destinies for upwards of half a century, but which now, alas! has set forever below the saddening west of time, leaving the crimsoned clouds, like funeral drapery, to shroud the fading twilight that hangs over his departed memory.

Oh, if he had lived to stand on the heights of Ireland, as the churchyards during the last seven years sent their united wail of woe across our stricken land: oh! if he had lived to gaze on the red waves of the Atlantic, and heard the wild sinking shriek of Irish despair, wafted from the moaning abysses of the deep, as our kindred perished on their exiled voyage—he, and he alone, could raise a cry of horror, which would be heard in the ends of the earth—could shake the foundation of the nations, and wrench justice from even the iron bosoms of our cruel oppressors. None but he could pronounce the funeral oration of the Irish, for he had a voice that could fill the world, and enchain the attention of mankind; and he alone had a heart to express the greatness, the perfection, the fidelity, the sufferings, and the death-struggles of his unfortunate country. He was Ireland's own son, the impersonation of her own heart—and he alone could sit at her bedside and speak words of consolation for the extermination and the massacre of her defenceless children.

Your allusion to my public letters makes me very happy. There can be no doubt that England has endeavored, since the year 1815, to bring to a successful issue the largest conspiracy ever perhaps known in the whole world. When

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she placed Louis XVIII. on the throne of France, after the battle of Waterloo, she found herself for the first time, for the last seven hundred years, virtually directing the politics and practically planning the counsels of France. This was a bright opening to her intrigues and ambition; and from this period may be dated the commencement of a scheme, which for hypocrisy, anarchy, deceit, and infidelity, has no parallel in the history of the civilized world.

Secure in organizing an English party in France, she next proceeded to enslave to her views poor Spain, already demoralized, plundered, weakened, and exhausted by the presence of two contending armies. England, therefore, first planned the separation of her South American dependencies and allies, and hence she revolutionized all that territory into petty republics, and located a powerful, designing party in the Republics of Guatemala, Chili, Peru, Colombia, La Plata, and Monte Video. Spain herself thus became an easy prey to her perfidious diplomacy; and hence, in the year 1832, she changed the succession to the throne, divided the nation into two hostile factions, and raised up at the Court an English party, which governs there at the present moment. She even made a bargain, which I am able to prove from undisputed documents, to lend money to the Queen's party, on condition of guaranteeing to her the repayment of the funds so given from the confiscation of all the Church property of the nation.

In the year 1833 she carried out the same design precisely in Portugal; placed the daughter of a rebel son on the throne, advanced money for the execution of this palpable rebellion, on the condition of being repaid in the same way—namely, the confiscation of all the Church property in Portugal. Here again she planted her English party, who rule to this day the kingdom of Portugal. And with such desperate fidelity did England carry out her plans, that, within two years, she sold the churches in both countries, and converted them into theatres: she took possession of all the convents in Spain, both male and female; she seized all the large convents in Portugal: she banished

from their cloisters one hundred and fifteen thousand monks, friars, and nuns, who perished of hunger, affliction, and a broken heart. The debt due to England by Spain has been already paid; but I am in a position to prove that the wretched Portuguese have not as yet cleared off their unholy national mortgage to the English bankers, who, twenty years ago, advanced the money on English Government security.

The Duke of Wellington has received many Protestant laurels from his campaign in Spain, and the partial historian pronounces glowing panegyrics on his honor and character in the Peninsular War. True, he paid, in gold principally, for the food of the English army there; but he inflicted a thousand times more injury on that country than the plundering army of the French. Under pretence of depriving the French of any point of attack on the English, he threw down the Spanish factories, burned their machinery, beggared their merchants, ruined their commerce from that day to this, and has thus been a greater enemy to Spain than the most savage Hun that ever spread death and desolation over that fine country.

I must tell you an anecdote of Wellington. About the year 1816, there was a tavern in old Barrack street, having over the door "the sign of the old goat." The tavern-keeper made a fortune by the call of the County Meath graziers, who frequented his house. He gave his daughter in marriage to a young man on the opposite side of the street, who, seeing the good luck of his father-in-law, set up a public house in opposition to the old man, and he, too, placed "the sign of the goat" over his door, to deceive the customers. The old man then, in retaliation, wrote, in large printed letters, under his sign, "the real old goat." But soon changing his mind, as the Battle of Waterloo had taken place the year before, he ordered a painter to draw out the Duke of Wellington in full military costume, in place of the old goat. The painter did execute the work, but he forgot to efface the words of the old sign; and there the Duke of Wellington appeared with the General's trun-

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cheon in his hand, and having the words, "the real old goat," written under him. I tell you, now, that the real old goat was the most persecuting foe, the most deadly enemy, that Spain ever saw.

The English conspirators being now secure in the principal thrones of Europe, proceeded to Austria, where they encouraged the civil war which has reddened the soil in human gore, and has eventuated in the most disastrous results to that great Catholic country. Not a city, town, village, in Austria or Hungary, in which an English agent was not found working like the devil in his vocation of civil strife and national revolution: and it is an admitted fact, that the English party had become very powerful through every part of the empire. But Switzerland was the great focus, where the English party openly avowed their sentiments, and publicly threatened the Catholic powers of Europe with immediate civil revolution.

The world will be surprised to hear that the English party and their confederates amounted in that country alone to the astounding number of seventy-three thousand sworn enemies of Catholic monarchy. I here pledge myself before this assembly, to prove the perfect accuracy of this statement: They next spread themselves into Naples, where the King, unaware of this English conspiracy, admitted them into his confidence, and gave them official places in his public schools. They ultimately succeeded in forming a perfect network over the whole surface of Europe; and while they were laboring to lay the materials of a universal explosion beneath all the Catholic thrones, they were confederating all the Protestant powers to act with one simultaneous effort when the day of their matured plans should have arrived.

During all this time England appeared kind to Ireland: spoke largely of the Catholic Monarchy in the Queen's speeches, and talked of honor and international law. But under this exterior of good feelings she preserved feelings of the bitterest private rancor towards universal Catholic policy.

This conduct reminds me of an old Tory grand juror,

from the hanging town of Trim, in Ireland, during the judicial reign of Lord Norbury. It was in the year 1818, when O'Connell was working for Emancipation. This old gentleman had dined with Norbury, heard him speak against Catholic Emancipation—took too much champagne, and fell in a ditch on his way home. He wore a fashionable red waistcoat, and a turkeycock seeing the red color, flew to him in the ditch, and commenced blubbering over the head of the juror. He fancied it was Lord Norbury who was still inveighing against Emancipation; and whenever the turkeycock paused in his blubbering elocution the old juror would exclaim "Quite true, my lord; these are noble sentiments, worthy of your Lordship, and highly honorable to the Crown." Here the turkeycock would again resume, and cry out "blubber, blubber, blubber," to which the old Brunswicker would reply—"I agree with your lordship; your remarks proceed from true Protestant principles worthy of a Bishop; and they eloquently defend our Holy Church; I always admired your language as the ornament of the bench, and we both shall die sooner than retract one word of your brilliant speech, or emancipate these Catholic rebels." Now, here was an old fellow so drunk that he could not distinguish between Lord Norbury and a turkeycock, and yet the devilment of bigotry was so much in him that he would not agree to unchain the very men, who, perhaps, sat by his side on that day, and for whom he had pretended to entertain feelings of friendship and toleration.

Up to the year 1846, the office of a British Minister seemed to be revolutionizing the neighboring States, and making royal matches. They have attempted to place a Coburg in all the royal palaces of Europe, and to transfuse the influence of England into the blood of several royal houses. Not a revolutionist in Europe, who was not the intimate friend and correspondent of the English Foreign Secretary. The very men most abhorred in their own country were received at all the English embassies; and there could be no mistake that England advocated their cause, approved their schemes, and assisted their machinations. Every rebel foreigner ap-

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pealed to England for advice, and in his difficulty flew to her for protection.

Concomitantly with this political scheme, the English Bible Societies, under the protection of England, sent their emissaries into all these countries; and by misrepresentation of the Catholic doctrine, by lies of the grossest invention, and by bribery, they opened a campaign of proselytism in every Catholic city in Europe, and united their efforts against Catholicity with three resident conspirators against monarchy. The lodging-houses, the hotels, and the watering places, were everywhere filled with a swarm of scupers, and biblemen, tourists, novelists, naval officers, military men, young lords, correspondents of the London press, were to be found at every town of the European continent, all pressing forward to carry one point—namely, the slander of the Catholic priesthood. Stories about convents, lies about priests, anecdotes of monks, filled thousands of nicely bound small volumes, and sold at all the railway stations in England; and no less a sum than five million pounds were annually expended by these societies through Europe in this flagitious work of calumny, lies, profanation, and perjury.

Not an ambassador, an *attaché*, a *chargé d'affaires*, a messenger, was employed in our diplomatic circles who was not as unprincipled a writer as Sir Francis Head, as conceited a historical libeller as Macaulay, as great a hypocrite as Sir Stratford Canning, as ridiculous a Souper as young Peel, and as mean a bigot as Sir Henry Bulwer. Not a man would be accredited to any Court who had not the kidney of Shaftesbury, the rancor of Palmerston, and the intolerance of Russell. It was a strange sight, indeed, to behold other names, which I shall not mention, teaching sanctity by corruption, publishing faith by infidelity, propagating truth by lies, enforcing purity by profligacy, and really worshipping God by the devil.

Fortunately for the cause of religion and of order, this doubly infamous conspiracy has been wholly detected and laid before the gaze of mankind: most propitiously, Louis Napoleon has succeeded in rescuing France from an abyss of

national disaster, and most providentially every Catholic country has escaped an awful catastrophe; and they all now, by a united reaction, have detected England's perfidy; have banished her spies from their respective territories; have degraded her diplomatists; insulted her name; banished her from their international councils; and at this moment, she hangs her head like a convict, in the presence of foreign courts—the detected assassin, the perfidious enemy of the religion and the liberties of Catholic Europe.

All these men are now defeated and degraded; Russell is a discarded hanger-on, waiting at St. Stephen's behind the chair of a successful rival: Palmerston, like an ill-conducted servant, has been reduced from Foreign Secretary, to a detective superintendent of police; and like an old jaded actor, who once took a first part in the performance, but being ultimately unable to act, still clings to the stage, and earns his bread in a minor office, we behold in pity the Foreign Minister, once the terror of Louis Philippe—once sweeping the Mediterranean with an invincible fleet, now reduced to be a crown prosecutor, against his former companions at Old Bailey by day, while at night he receives a precarious employment, snuffing the candles behind the scenes at Lord Aberdeen's benefit.

Lord Palmerston's fate reminds me of a man in the County Leitrim—a terrible bigot—who, during one of the paroxysms of a brain fever, fancied that one of his legs turned Catholic. In his indignation at seeing Popery contaminating his Protestant person, he jumped out of a window to kill the Catholic leg, but he unfortunately fell on the Protestant leg, and he limped on the Protestant leg all the days of his life after, Poor Palmerston, I think, will have an unbecoming halt during his life on his Protestant leg.

In what a proud contrast does not Lord Aberdeen appear in reference to his Whig predecessors. The friend of the Catholics, the advocate of justice, the enlightened and consistent supporter of toleration, he has won our willing veneration, and has earned the respect of Christian Europe. No bigot, no hypocrite, no persecutor, he has already gone far

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to heal the wounds of former administrations; and by perseverance in his honorable career, he will succeed in due time, in removing the contempt, and suspicion, and the hatred, in which the British Government and the Protestant creed have been held during the last few years, by the Catholic Sovereigns and people of Europe. Many a million of money this British fanaticism will yet cost England in the maintenance of an army to defend her shores against the numerous enemies she has made: and the Protestant Church will soon learn to her cost, that her lies and infidelities will yet concentrate upon her the just indignation of mankind, and, at no distant period, will sweep her tenets and her name from the map of Christian Europe.

When I use the word "England," I do not mean the noble, generous people of England; no, I mean the mean, the perfidious, the persecuting Government of England. And all Europe now understands this distinction as well as we do; we thank God that England is at length detected, convicted, and degraded all over the world. At this moment, whenever she speaks of civil liberty, all the world calls her liar, tyrant, assassin; whenever she talks of liberty of conscience, all Europe scouts her as a persecutor, a hypocrite, an unblushing slanderer; whenever she attempts to introduce the name of God, and to talk of sanctity, and of English Christianity, all Europe bursts out into an immoderate fit of laughter, and cries shame at her, and points to her treachery, her scandals, her murders, her suicides, her blasphemies, her infidelities, her crimes, her enormities; and mankind considers Sodom and Gomorrah, and Babylon, as so many earthly paradises in comparison of the multitudinous sinfulness of England.

She is met in every market-place in Europe at this moment, and called liar, and demon; her ambassadors are jibed at this moment at every court in Europe, and called hypocrites, sowers, infidels; and her travellers, tourists, correspondents, are watched in every corner of Europe, as so many burglars, assassins, and demons of naked infidelity. The Lord be praised, she is caught at last. Yes, Ireland shall soon be

free from English persecution, and from the oppression of the Protestant establishment.

Two curses have been inflicted on Ireland—namely, the rackrenting landlords, and the accursed tithes. These two embodiments of malediction have bent Ireland to the earth, and have crushed her, body and soul; and, like a swarm of locusts, they ate up every green and living thing, and left nothing behind but the flint of the land. After centuries of this oppression, it suddenly pleases our rulers to wake the law of Free Trade. No one, more than I do, advocates the principle of cheap bread for the workingman, and of employment for his children in the mechanical arts of commerce. But the principle has introduced a scene of woe, which no pencil can paint. The poor are exterminated, the ditches are crowded with the weak and aged; the poor-houses are charnel-places of pestilence and death: and the emigrant ship, like an ocean hearse, is sailing with her flag of distress hoisted, moving slowly through the waves, as she throws out her putrid dead; and, like the telegraph company laying down their submarine wires, the crews of the emigrant ships have learned, by long practice, to tell off a line of the Irish dead along the bottom of the deep, and, at the same time to sail six or seven knots an hour. England has practised them in this ocean sepulture, so that, before the end of the year 1849, they could smoke, tell off the winding sheets, and sail, all at the same time, from this dexterous, nautical, cholera practice.

Men there are, who assert that the Government could not avoid this catastrophe. I answer, it is a cruel lie. If there must be a change in the laws of trade, well, then, let it be made; but let the law-makers bear the responsibility. If they must have a new law, well, then, let them pay for their whims; let them make compensation for the damaging results of their own free, deliberate acts. They say the law is good in principle; I answer, but bad in detail. They say it has healthy premises; I reply yes, and a deadly conclusion. They say, it is perfect in argument; but I assert, it is murder in practice. They assert, it is the law; but I

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resume, and say, so much the worse—it legalizes and authorizes the public massacre of the people. This is a legal mockery, to hear the legislators tell the dying, starving, rotting peasant, that he ought to be quite content with his lot, since he dies a constitutional death, he will be buried according to law, in a Parliamentary churchyard, and will sleep till the day of judgment in a logical grave.

I am no politician; all I know is, that the English laws have killed the people; and what care I for the principle of Protection, or the logic of Free Trade, if the triumph of either party murder the poor. And I reply to the free-trader and to the merchant, and to the Cobden's school, by saying, if you will and must have your way, then be prepared for the consequences, meet the consequences, pay for the consequences—if there is to be suffering, then let the guilty suffer—punish the landlords—afflict the money-lenders—exterminate the House of Commons—murder the English Cabinets—extirpate the Protestant church—yes, punish the guilty who produced the catastrophe: if there will be a famine, then buy bread for the dying, give them the twenty millions of gold you have in the Treasury; add twenty millions more to the national debt if necessary—treat the Irish with the same justice as you have treated the slaves of Jamaica—do pay for your own acts—do punish the guilty—but in the name of honor, truth, justice, humanity, and in the sacred name of oaths pledged and ratified at the foot of the throne, do not punish the innocent poor—spare the unoffending peasantry—shield the defenceless tenantry who trusted you; do not massacre the millions who confided in your former laws, and as you have done it—and massacred all Ireland trusting in you, I swear, before high Heaven, that you have mixed up a curse with your bread, which will eat into the marrow of your bones; and you have awakened in the swelling bosom of Irishmen, a flame of legitimate anger which will never be quenched, till you shall have made satisfaction for the sufferings, the extermination, the expatriation, the death, and, I shall add, the massacre of the unoffending children of Ireland.

ABSTRACT OF REV. DR. CAHILL'S SPEECH

DELIVERED AT A GREAT MEETING IN LIVERPOOL, AUGUST 30, 1852.

THE Rev. Doctor said:—He could assure them, that in the whole course of his life, he never beheld a more important and influential meeting—none but an Irishman could understand it. And what was he to say to that great meeting? He had it. He was a “chip of the old block” himself, and as such he stood before them. He was glad to hear them praise him so, for he was sure he must deserve something when they did so, for if he did not, such applause would not come from that great meeting. He would, if he could, contradict them in what they had said, but, if he did so, he would be contradicting himself. If he were anything in their sight, it was they who made him so—they had created him something. They had given him strength in Liverpool, and that proved their own power. He had something to tell them—he had got a new suit of clothes since he last saw them. He wished to appear before them as respectable as he could; and who did they think was his tailor? Why no less a personage than Lord Derby. It was a fact. Lord Derby had made the coat he wore; and he believed they would think it a good fit. He begged of them also to look at his vest. It was cut precisely after the fashion of the fourth Victoria—the Processions Act—by Lord Derby, who had become tailor and general barber to the Pope. Yes, it was Lord Derby who made his clothes; and as that noble lord had turned tailor and barber to the Pope, and as he (Dr. Cahill) was a Popish priest, he thought it right to patronize Lord Derby; and so now he appeared before the meeting in his new parliamentary dress, and if any one in that meeting had garments to make, he would

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advise them to take such, for manufacturing, to Downing Street. He had been writing a letter to Lord Derby, and they would find it in the Dublin papers of Saturday next. It was that letter which made the clothes he now wore. When he looked on that great meeting, and saw such a number of people present, his point was gained in Liverpool. What could he say, or how could he thank them? They had followed the advice which he had given them, to observe peace, law, and order, and if they wished to continue in that brilliant course for the future, he would ask them to hold up their hands as a pledge for the future. Before he quitted the subject of Lord Derby's tailoring, he must observe that although he was long aware of the dexterity exhibited on the thimbles by that noble lord, yet he was not aware that his lordship was so expert at the needle as he proved himself to be. They had told him that it was he who instructed and guided them on the late occasion of their having given up their annual procession. Well, if he were their guide and instructor, he would do something in return for them for their obedience; he would therefore tell them some news—news from the Continent, and even other places in the world, and he was much mistaken if they would not be pleased with what he had to tell them. He would begin with Austria. When it trembled and shook with revolution—when Hungary raised up Kossuth in order to free his native land, that miscreant committed suicide on his country. Yes, he did, but who were the prime levers in that murder?—the English Government.

Mark, not the English people, for it should be always borne in mind that he made the most emphatic difference between the English Government and the English people. To illustrate that, he had never yet met an Englishman who did not cry over the misfortunes and the misgovernment of Ireland—sigh for the advancement of the trade and commerce of that country, and longed to see her free and happy. Therefore, let no one connect the English Government with the English people. It was now on record, that the English Government were the engines which deluged the

Continent with blood, and made the whole fabric of European kingdoms tremble with revolution. It was by the machinations of that Government that Lombardy, Sardinia, and other countries were left tottering on their unsteady foundations. He need only refer them to the manner in which poor Charles Albert was treated and betrayed by one Howard—they were all pretty well aware of that, and now that unfortunate monarch was rotting in his grave, the victim of English perfidy. Let them again look at Rome—Rome, that belonged to the Popes—a few Italian States, about half the size of Connaught in Ireland.

These States were given as presents by the emperors and kings of Europe to the Popes, and no power in Europe had a right to interfere with the Government or management of these States. In fact, they were private property given to the Popes, but England's Government cast its eyes towards Italy, and sent a Lord Minto there. They had heard of Lord Minto. He (Lord Minto) said he was asked to go to Rome, but he was not; yet he did go, and by his vile conduct he involved the whole country in a state of frightful confusion, and attempted to upset the very foundation of the Vatican itself. The King of Naples trusted in the English Government, and the English Ambassador at that court supplied a torch that nearly destroyed that poor country. Let them go to Spain, and look at the English work there in 1832. The English Government promised to place a usurper on the throne of that kingdom, provided they got in return the Church property of Spain—and they did get it, and placed the usurper on the throne. They demolished the convents and nunneries—turned out the monks on 1s. 3d. a day, and the nuns on 10 1-2d.—they left but one convent standing in the kingdom—broke down the religious establishments—destroyed the dynasty of that country, and committed the most awful acts the world ever beheld—and were guilty of the most perfidious cruelty ever heard of in any country on the face of the earth.

Again, let them look at Portugal—the English Government entered into a conspiracy there, against the Catholic

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Church property, and in that country there was another instance of the murderous hand of England in the spoliation of Church property. He now came to France. The revolution of 1830 (he saw it, for he was there at the time) was fomented and got up by the English Government. The English Government was at the beginning and end of the revolutions that had taken place on the Continent, and which shook the foundations of the empires. They almost annihilated Catholic education in those countries he had mentioned. The Cross—the emblem of man's salvation—was trodden under foot. Morality ceased, and all these horrors were committed by a clique of the English Government for the purpose of extinguishing the Catholic Church. However, he was glad to tell them that the aspect of affairs had lately changed, and that Austria, Sardinia, and Naples were not now cursed with such iniquity.

And as for France, just now she had it all her own way. Austria, Italy, and France had seen the machinations practised towards them; and they had driven the usurpers from their territories; and these countries were now free in religion, politics, and Catholic education. The English Government had fired the Church with the torch of infidelity; but he (Dr. Cahill) had come to tell them, that the Catholic Church had recovered part of its property on the Continent. In Austria, the Emperor had placed the Catholic schools under the Jesuits—and could the youth of any country have such perfect instructors? The King of Prussia had given a full and fair extension to Catholic education. Rome had maintained her ancient name for religion and education. The King of Naples had discovered his mistake; and now all the schools in Naples were under the control and vigilance of the Catholic clergy. The best of all remained to be told—France—glorious France—had recovered her long-lost rights, and now enjoyed the blessings of Catholic education. He then alluded to the College of France at a former period, when the students were ordered to read the Catechism, but so far had infidelity worked there, that they refused, ran out of the College into the streets, shouting out,

"Long live the Devil, but no Catechism for us!" Look at France now—the oldest daughter of the Catholic Church, which can date as far back as the renowned Charlemagne—at least one thousand years.

He next alluded to the conduct of France, who drove seventy-three thousand plotting miscreants from Switzerland—fellows who were bribed to foment rebellion and revolution all over the Continent; but the Prince President soon made them walk about their business. In 1846 and 1847 the Catholic colleges, the monasteries, and nunneries in Switzerland were overthrown by the miscreants whom he had spoken of. And they even penetrated so far as the Monastery of Mount St. Bernard, and committed ravages wherever they went. No country on the earth presented such scenes of murder and bloodshed.

He would now tell them the object he had in these matters, in order to contrast such horrible atrocities with peace, law and order. The workings, which he had mentioned were the workings of the British Government, but Ireland, amidst surrounding nations, preserved peace, law and order, and loyalty to the throne of England. But Lord John Russell was not satisfied with that; he sent out his missive to create a revolution—he did not succeed. How has he been answered? He (the Rev. Dr. Cahill) would tell them how Louis Napoleon had answered him.

The other day, at the ceremony of blessing the eagles, the imperial eagles of France, which belonged to his uncle, Prince Louis Napoleon, with an army of three hundred thousand fighting-men—in presence of the Archbishop of Paris, had a throne raised for that celebrated prelate seventy-two feet high, and above that throne a cross one hundred and forty-four feet high. The Archbishop celebrated solemn High Mass, in the presence of three hundred thousand French soldiers, armed in steel—and at the elevation of the Sacred Host, one hundred pieces of French ordinance were discharged in thanksgiving to God.

That was not all; the three hundred thousand soldiers of France drew their swords, knelt on one knee (as is the cus-

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tom in all Catholic countries for soldiers), and amidst the clang of three hundred thousand swords, and the thunder of one hundred cannons, the Holy Host was lifted to heaven—the grandest spectacle ever witnessed in Paris, since the days of Charlemagne. That was the answer given by Louis Napoleon to Lord John Russell, who incited the people of this country to trample on the Cross, and burn the effigy of the Blessed Virgin Mary. It was a good reply on the part of Louis Napoleon. When his (the Rev. Dr. Cahill's) tailor, Lord Derby, issued his proclamation against a religious procession which took place at Ballinasloe—the Irish name of that place was "*Kylena Spithogue*,"—he liked the Irish names—Louis Napoleon answered him as follows:—Riding in his carriage the other day along the Boulevards, the Prince saw a religious procession headed by a number of clergy, who carried a Cross, and when he saw it he bowed to the priests, raised his hat, and when the Cross appeared, he stood up in the coach, took off his hat, and remained uncovered, bowing his head all the time until the procession passed on. That was the answer he gave Lord Derby. He answered John Russell one way, and he replied to Mr. tailor Derby in another.

The Reverend Gentleman went on to detail the proceedings which had recently taken place on the Continent, in reference to the expulsion of English incendiaries; and attributed such to the firmness, good sense, and determination of Louis Napoleon, who was a good Catholic, and loved the religion in which he was educated, and in which he would die. He (the Rev. Dr.) would call another witness, in the shape of America; and the Sultan of Constantinople, who assisted a short time ago at the marriage of a Catholic lady and Greek gentleman in that city, the ceremony being performed by a Catholic Bishop. The Sultan attended and remained uncovered, and expressed himself in terms of admiration for the Catholic Church; and observed that no man should stand covered in the presence of God, and while assisting at a most sacred rite of the Catholic religion.

He then summed up his observations, and said he had

thrown them out for the consideration of the English Government, if they still wished to pursue the persecution of the Catholic Church. He then referred to Greece—the late intended quarrel, which arose about the loss of some Englishman's breeches and a cabbage-garden; and after dwelling in a happy strain on the return of an English fleet crowned with victory from Greece (after making the above conquest), he went on to state the difficulties of England with America, China, India, Kaffirland, etc., and said that England was not at present able to fight an American tom-cat. And as to prevent the Americans from going where they pleased, he was sure so far as any opposition that England could give to America, the boats of the latter might sail into the Bay of Galway, and catch as much fish as they could. China, the Burmese Empire in India, Kaffirland, America, Canada, the latter only waiting for a favorable opportunity to shake off the English yoke. France, with nearly a million of soldiers—but no one could tell what France would do yet; and they should remember that in England alone there were two millions of Chartists only wanting to put their hands to their staves, for they all had staves; and the Manchester factory people, who if deprived of cheap bread, and the import of eleven million of pounds' worth of cotton from America, would assuredly starve if the supplies were stopped—they would have nothing to eat unless they devoured brick or the Established Church. The latter, he thought, would be more agreeable picking than baked clay. All those things were pressing on England at the present moment, and yet she was the only country in the whole world that persecuted her subjects for their religious opinions. Yes, the Government of England was the solitary one on the earth's surface that persecuted her own people for the sake and in the name of religion. Let him again not lay this crime on the people of England—it was the Government. If England only knew her duty, she would hold out the right hand of fellowship to her subjects in Ireland, and that hand would be met in affection and harmony.

He drew a picture of the desolation to which Ireland had

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been reduced, and gave, amongst others, an instance of where a poor widow woman in Mayo (her name was Byrne) had to carry her seven sons to the grave, which she dug with her own hands, and when the last of her boys was deposited there, she died herself, and was buried in the same grave, shroudless and coffinless; two poor women having borne the body, wrapped in hay, to its final resting-place. All this, while there was nineteen million of money in the Exchequer of England, a great portion of it having been plundered from Ireland. He gave several instances of where the dead bodies of the people were dragged from the holes, into which they had been thrown, by dogs.

He knew an educated man in Dublin, an apothecary, who had to go into the South Union Workhouse. The poor of Ireland had sunk into the grave—the middle classes had descended to the vacant place of the poor, and the landlords had been swallowed up by the infernal law made by themselves and the Government. Emigration was now sweeping away the bone and sinew of Ireland, and whatever money was left in it. And was it for hatred of the country the people were flying to glorious America? No, it was hatred of the English Government; and who could tell, in the course of a short time, what that hatred might not eventuate in? In the midst of all Ireland's misfortunes, she lost one of the greatest patriots that the world ever saw—the burning flood of whose eloquence made tyrants tremble. Oh! if he were alive now, with what a meteor voice would he not fly through the country, comforting the afflicted, and seeking redress for the people of his glorious native land!

He need not tell that meeting that he alluded to the immortal O'Connell. Oh! when he was called to the reward of a well-spent life—liberty gave a departing sigh in Ireland, and patriotism's sun set in the land of his nativity. Such a time did the enemies of the country take upon them to renew persecution. And yet during seven centuries there was not one act of disloyalty ever proved against the faithful clergy of Ireland. On the contrary, the people of Ire-

land had suffered and died in defence of the English throne.

He then went on to show how the Irish had acted in the case of Charles I., and from him down to King James—that they had suffered for their loyalty; and the only return they got was persecution, insult, and death. He then proceeded to thank the Irish people in Liverpool for their cheerful obedience to his request, and the request of the venerated Bishop and clergy of the town and district, with whose co-operation he had been successful in preventing a procession on St. Patrick's Day last.

The Reverend Speaker then drew a comparison between the adventures of Lord John Russell, Lord Derby, and others, and the travels of Gulliver, in which he was most happy, and loudly applauded. He then impressed on the assembly the necessity of their strictly adhering to the principles of peace, law, and order, and to continue in the good resolve they had formed—to abide by the advice of their excellent clergy, and that they would be happy in this world and the next. He next alluded to the determination of the Irish members, and said, although the Government might vapor under their weakness, yet the resolution of a steady band in St. Stephen's would soon wring justice from them. He implored all to be united in bonds of peace and charity, and to take the hand of the English and Scotch, and identify themselves with these people; and for their cheerful acquiescence to his request last year he promised them an excursion to Wales next May, when they would renew their friendship, and invite even their enemies to accompany them, in order to show that they were the preservers of peace, law, and order. It was by such conduct as this that they could conquer their persecutors, and defy the world. He then passed a well-merited compliment on the Chairman, for his honesty, patriotism, and love of religion; and said, while the people had the wise counsel of such a man and the clergy, they need not doubt of their success. He sat down amidst the most rapturous and prolonged cheering.

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DR. CAHILL'S FIRST APPEARANCE IN AMERICA.

*HIS INTRODUCTION BY ARCHBISHOP HUGHES—GRAND RECEPTION BY
OVER SIX THOUSAND CITIZENS OF NEW YORK—"THE INSUFFICIENCY
OF HUMAN REASON TO ACQUIRE CHRISTIAN FAITH."*

WHEN the Rev. Dr. Cahill made his first public appearance in America, at the New York Academy of Music, in the early part of 1860, his reception by over six thousand of our fellow-citizens might be called a national manifestation of respect for the distinguished Priest, Irishman, and Orator, who had recently arrived upon our shores. On entering the vast building, which was filled to overflowing, from base to roof-tree, rang with enthusiastic applause. Some of our most distinguished citizens were present, among whom were the Most Rev. Archbishop Hughes, Bishops Laughlin, Bayley, and Timon, the Rev. Dr. Starrs, Vicar-General, Archdeacon McCarron, and all the Catholic clergy of the city and some from Brooklyn, Judge Daly, etc.

The Most Rev. Archbishop Hughes, whose appearance was hailed with loud applause, introduced Dr. Cahill to the audience. In doing so his Grace said that it was his privilege and his pleasure to have been deputed as fit to introduce to them the distinguished and eminent gentleman who had lately landed on their shores—the Rev. Dr. Cahill. Of the distinguished character of Dr. Cahill they need not be reminded—that was unnecessary. He was known in America, he was known in Great Britain, he was known in Ireland, he was known in Asia, and he was known in Africa—that is, if there were people there who understood science—if not, perhaps Dr. Cahill was not known. Dr. Cahill had come to America, and in doing so he came to a country where there was a large portion of his own and his Grace's countrymen. He did not come among strangers. He came, as he (the Archbishop) under-

stood, in a spirit of large and enlightened science, to diffuse among them that knowledge which he had acquired, and that enlightenment which God had endowed him with. Dr. Cahill was a man of science, and the Catholic Church had never a frown against science, no matter who said the contrary; and if science came to them at all, and that they were always willing to welcome it, they would welcome it especially coming from such a man as Dr. Cahill. He had little more to say, than that he thought Dr. Cahill had, in the benevolence of his heart and of his charity, inaugurated his advent to their shores in a manner noble and worthy, worthy of his priesthood and worthy of himself, by offering spontaneously the benefit of his labors to a charity dear to him (the Archbishop), and he had no doubt that that first act of Dr. Cahill's, so characterized by noble disinterestedness, would conciliate every good heart in his favor. As he had already remarked, Dr. Cahill did not come among them as a stranger. He (the Archbishop) had known him—though not personally—for twenty-four years; and he had watched him as he would a star in the firmament of science—nothing less bright—if he (the Archbishop) were an astronomer. Dr. Cahill had come to their country to know what manner of people the Americans were, and especially those of his own countrymen. In doing so, he came invested with the confidence of the hierarchy of Ireland, of Scotland, and of England. And wherever the cause of charity stood in need of his assistance, there was Dr. Cahill as a man who made no account of his labors. His Grace, who seemed to be laboring under a severe cold, concluded by asking the audience to excuse the brevity of his introduction of their distinguished visitor, and resumed his seat amid great applause.

The storm of applause having at length subsided, the Rev. Doctor said—My Lord Archbishop, Ladies and Gentlemen, if I received no other reward in coming to America, the high compliments which I have received from you would amply repay my crossing the Atlantic. I have never in the whole course of my life received a compliment which makes me more happy, and I beg to offer to you, my Lord Arch-

bishop, ladies and gentlemen, my warmest acknowledgments. Now, my Lord, ladies and gentlemen, I protest in all sincerity I never have witnessed such a scene as this. You know very well that I have been engaged in a great number of cities in my own country, and I have travelled a good deal of Europe. I have lectured in London and other cities, at the special request of that great man, Cardinal Wiseman, and I am free to acknowledge that I never witnessed in my public life such a scene as is now presented before me. If I were a younger man than I am, I am sure I would be quite overcome by what I to-night see before me. I am not among strangers. I am in Ireland, not in a foreign country. I am not in New York. I am in Dublin. I am not in a strange land—I am not a stranger—as the Archbishop so affectingly said; I am at home. You know it is not the hills or mountains, or roads or valleys, make home. Oh! no; it is meeting the warm hearts of our countrymen, our dear countrymen. And, therefore, when I see myself surrounded by, what I have been told, some six thousand persons, giving me such a welcome, so warm, so cordial, so kind, I protest I am quite at home. You distinguish me. You lift me above myself. You put a crown upon my head this evening. I am grateful to you, and my acknowledgments shall never cease; and I shall make it a part of my duty through life to try and merit even a portion of this grand demonstration you have given me. The Archbishop has kindly alluded to my services in the cause of charity. I had not been here more than a few days when the Sisters of Mercy had requested me to deliver a lecture in aid of their mission. I said at once I would do so, and that the first accents of my Irish tongue in New York would be for them. But the question was what would be the subject of the lecture. I remembered it was Sunday, and I knew that a scientific subject was not suitable or decorous for such a day. I therefore considered, partly out of a respect for the sisterhood, and especially out of respect for the day, that a religious subject would be the most suitable; but I have made it, that, surrounded as I may possibly be by the various re-

ligious denominations of your city, not a word should escape my lips calculated to offend a single individual amongst this vast audience. And after consideration, and after a consultation with others, perhaps more prudent than myself, I have selected a religious subject for my lecture; and although I know you can cheer me very well, I ask you not to make the slightest manifestation during the subject of my lecture. My subject then is: "The Insufficiency of Human Reason to Acquire Christian Faith." And it is so. Human reason cannot acquire Christian faith. No doubt human reason is very efficacious in its own small sphere. It is pre-eminent in its own domain; but it is limited in reference to the soul. It can do something upon this earth—considerable things, but beyond the tomb it can scarcely do anything. In this territory where we live we know a great deal, but beyond the grave it is all darkness to human reason. Whatever knowledge that is received from that country must come from the Almighty, from the Great Imperial Ruler Himself. But reason without such light is dark. It can do something in this world. All the arts are indebted to it. It can chain the lightning in the skies; it can sound the abyss of the deep; but is limited. The poet lights up his fancy, and we admire him. The author is great in his own way. The painter makes the canvas speak. The sculptor makes the stone breathe.

Human reason can do all this; but it can go no farther. Beyond those few limited things it cannot travel. And the man who knows all that, thinks foolishly that because he can make iron he can make religion, and because he can spin cotton he can manufacture a creed, and because silks can be wrought the decalogue can be lengthened or shortened. Reason does not go beyond this. Ask reason what does this earth come from. It is a question belonging to its own territory, and it is obliged to answer, it does not know. What does it come from? From the will of God's Providence. The question cannot be argued. What do we come from? From nothing. Human reason cannot tell us. Reason is silent even in its own domain upon such a subject. I ask,

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will you account to me why the crust of the earth in some places is three miles thick, and in others nine miles. The king and the peasant, the philosopher and the poor ignorant man, all do drink and are supported by that which is manufactured from the earth under our feet. So, while we give human reason its praise, and have seen its power, we at the same time can mark its weakness. But if I ask reason, what has this earth come from, these are questions which belong to the same authority to answer. Is the earth as old as God? No. Then is it created? Yes. What did it come from—from out of God's person? No. Spirit cannot produce matter. The unorganized spirit cannot be the product of the living God. Not from Him? No. It is not as old as He. If it were so, it would be one of His attributes. What did it come from? From nothing. So that human reason, in the human body, has only to stamp on the earth to have that reason levelled into its first existence. This fact appears not only above logic, but, at the first blush, contrary to logic. How can something come from nothing? How premises of nothing produce a conclusion of something. Thus you will see that human reason is a most dangerous faculty, while most valuable; that it has a limited scope, and it is exceedingly foolish and perfect insanity to employ it in any country where it has no light from the effect of which it can be raised above the capacity of itself.

When the philosopher reflects upon the fact that the earth is revolving under his feet, and himself with it, if he reasons judicially and logically he would be obliged to say, I have only to look at myself or a grain of sand beneath my feet, to say that my reason even in this instance is demolished, and levelled in the dust. But the moment reason approaches to God the Father and leaves this earth, it becomes perfectly silent. How can it know a being that had no beginning, and can have no end? Let fancy begin now to travel towards the beginning of His being at the rate of even sextillions of miles every second, and for sextillions of years, and when it grows tired upon that long journey, as it contemplates its progress, it finds that it has not travelled one

inch beyond the line of God's creation. How can reason, therefore, presume to enter into this sphere, or to know anything at all except what is communicated to it. Then I ask reason, is God a spirit? Yes. Existing everywhere? Of course. Can he be divided? No. That cannot be. Such a thing, a half, or a tenth of God, is an idea monstrous. Then he is whole and entire in every part? Certainly. And then we begin to learn as we approach Him, that whatever we learn about Him must be communicated, though we do not even understand, but believe it when we hear it. Upon general principles, is not reason finite, and is not God infinite? How can finite embrace the infinite? How can the limited take in the unlimited? How can the part contain the whole? It is impossible. An individual says to me, I will believe nothing that I cannot understand. Have you no faith? Certainly, none. You are guided solely by human reason? Yes, sir. And believe nothing but what you can understand? Yes, sir. Therefore you have left out God. Therefore your system can no more save you than Euclid's Geometry, or Blackstone's Commentaries. If you leave everything supernatural out of it, it is proving a new system. The greatest scholar, the most distinguished philosopher is, of all other men, the most likely to go astray by looking for God through his reason, for he looks for Him where he cannot be found, and the farther he pursues in that direction the farther he goes astray. Therefore, the great scholar is the most dangerous man in the world. Such a man will drop into the deepest depths of doubt and infidelity, while the poor servant boy or girl walks securely beneath the glory of revelation.

As we pass on this subject, two propositions present themselves. The moment we approach toward Christianity, leaving these abstract questions, then the difficulty becomes more and more enlarged. If I ask human reason what is original sin, the answer is, I do not know, I am sure. Do you think man committed an original fault against the Supreme Ruler? I cannot say. Well, I will give you a little information. We will look at the mineral kingdom. Give

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me any mineral, if I know its specific gravity, its hardness, cleave it, know its medicinal qualities, I have not to go over millions of specimens, for, knowing that, I know the whole. So, if I know the geographical character of a plant, its parentage, the curvature of its leaves, I know it will be the same a thousand years hence. I go into the animal kingdom, and I find that among the seven hundred families of fish each family follows its instincts. They are taught by the invisible hand of their Maker, who has written their constitutional character, and they all follow literally the original instinctual law. But man, I find, is never twenty-four hours in the same way. He has reason. Man kills his father, presents the dagger to the breast of his nearest friend, commits suicide. God never made him that way. He brought that upon himself. He must have committed some great original fault which has caused him to vanish from his father. Who knows when he committed the crime? Can human reason tell that, or what the crime was? No. But I have learned a long time ago, from the olden Book of Revelation, that the crime under, which this unfortunate being staggers in the world was that of eating an apple, contrary to the command of his Master, the Ruler, God. Reason asks if eating an apple was such a crime as to be punished with so large a punishment. Yes, decidedly. God cannot allow man to live a moment in a state of irresponsibility. He must give him a command, that there might be merit in his use of liberty. Human reason smiles. I say to human reason, what command would you have given Adam? One more important than that? Will you tell me what it is? I am the Lord thy God? He knew that every day. Do not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain? Of course, he would not. You might as well tell a child fourteen years of age not to kill his father. Keep the holy Sabbath day? Every day was a Sabbath day. Honor thy father and thy mother? He hadn't any. Thou shalt not kill? There was nobody to kill. Thou shalt not commit adultery? Woman was not created. Thou shalt not steal? He owned the whole world himself. Do not

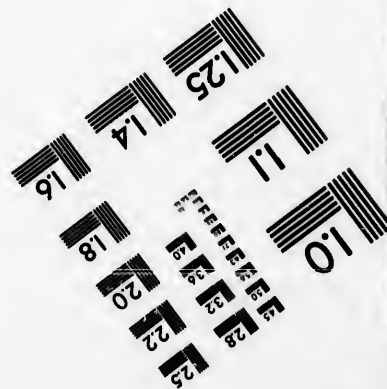
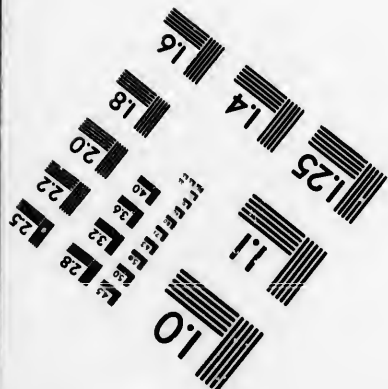
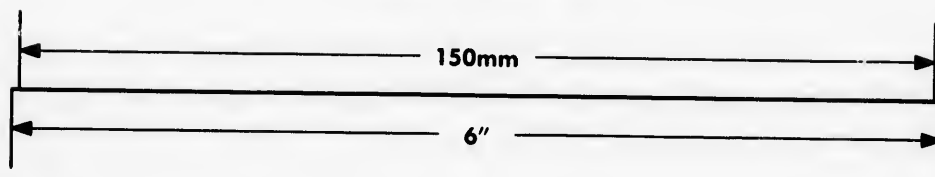
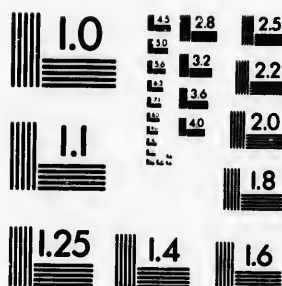
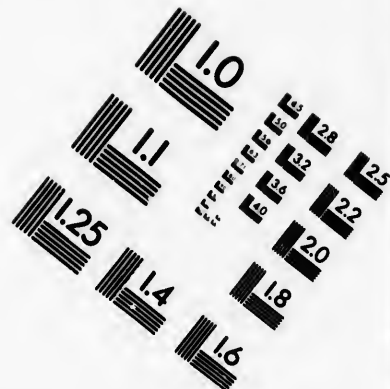
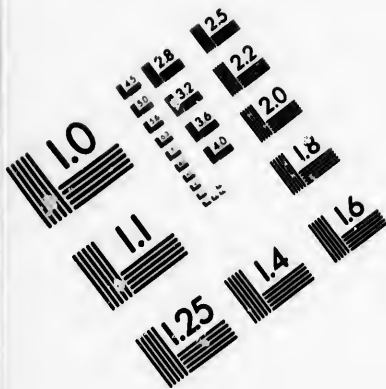
bear false witness against thy neighbor? He was the only man in the world himself, and had no neighbor. Do not covet thy neighbor's wife? He had neither neighbor nor wife. Thus you see how foolish is reason, and therefore God gave to Adam the only command He could. It would have been scandalous if he had given some of the commands that I have alluded to. It is remarkable that the command which was given referred to tasting, to his palate, was a command for fasting, and Adam, when he broke the command, broke the ten commandments. He did all that man could do against a ruler, a subject against a legislator. He committed rebellion, doing all that he could do then. How could reason tell that? Does it even comprehend the question how he was to restore himself? No. Sin itself can never produce sanctity, darkness can never produce light, death can never produce life. Adam could not be restored except by a third person. What kind of a person? A person who could make compensation? For what? For the mortal crime that he had committed. But what is a mortal crime? A crime levelled against the infinite majesty of God. Therefore, anything against infinite majesty can only be atoned for by the infinite. The foundations are laid for the Son of God to exhibit the omnipotence and infinity of His mercy. He went before the throne of His Father, saying, Fallen man can never work himself into Your favor. You must have infinite compensation, and I stand before Your throne in the flesh and blood and bones of the guilty men. I am able to pay the debt. I am determined to do it. Therefore, bring forth the vial of Thine omnipotent anger and pour it forth on my head. How could reason know anything of that? Reason could not learn of such a fact. It is beyond its power. It is too limited. The very thing I am speaking about is illimitable. Man is too small a creature to attempt to appear in the presence of God and his debt, covered with chains and crime. How can we know what He knows, or understand what He cannot reveal! Reason being exceedingly weak and limited in its own domain, it is foolish, demented, and insane when it *per se* makes the attempt to

form a religion for its own salvation. Therefore, as I advance in my programme from point to point, we shall learn the whole character, I hope, of this thing called human reason.

I assure you this human reason, under the circumstances described, is much more extensively employed than you are aware of, but as we come closer to Christianity, its incompetency becomes more and more apparent. When we come to look and see what is to protect man against the difficulties which I have just now described, we will find that nothing will protect him but faith. What is faith? When our Lord executed the compact between Himself and the Father to redeem us from perdition, He addressed all men, saying—I can now save you, and I am willing, but if I save you it must be on these two conditions—that you are to believe what I tell you, and that you will practise what I command. I save your whole being; of course I demand the allegiance of your whole being in return. If you are wanting in faith or practice, you are then in a position as if I never came, as if I had never disarmed my Father's anger, as if I never unfolded heaven. For I will make a compact with my Father that I will always call upon Him to grant me what I want for the world, and if you call upon me I will ask Him for it, and He will give it. The conditions of your salvation are faith in me, and practice in accordance with your faith. I want to identify your intellect with mine. The father will not sit at the table with the son if they quarrel about their various positions. Our heavenly Father cannot put me with Himself on His throne if my intellect is not identified with His, and I therefore call upon you, as the first condition of my saving power in your behalf, that I shall have your whole intellect, not running mad by theories of the world, but governed by a set of truths which I shall draw up for you. Therefore, I put upon you certain commandments, and demand that while your intellect belongs to me, and is impregnated by mine, that you shall at the same time practise such principles as will prove to the world that you belong to my Father.



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This faith that the Son of God became a man, was made flesh : how can human reason know that ? The death of the Son of God : how could reason know the Son of God died by the hands of those He loved best ? Men ? Yes. They called Him a malefactor, tried Him as a blasphemer, put Him to death as an insurrectionist. Tried by human reason ! Never ask me what is human reason after that. That act stamps its character forever.

The resurrection from the dead of Christ, the resurrection of the God-man from the tomb in the twinkling of an eye, the immortality of the soul to places in the world to come of eternal bliss ? Who can do that ? Can reason tell you facts like those I have just submitted to you ? But salvation is on the right, perdition on the left—what more ? On the 25th of December, I shall suppose that I am with reason at the crib where the Saviour was born—the God-man—I believe it. Reason says that is a contradiction. How could God be a creature ? He is ; and I will give you authority you cannot dispute. I said God-man ; I believe it. That is a contradiction—it looks like it. But look. Infinite riches is there poverty. Infinite majesty is there a slave. And, more than all, immortality is there. But while faith and reason are thus discussing the plain facts, an army of angels spread their wings over Bethlehem, saying it is He. I turn to reason. I do not know how it is any more than you do ; but I know it is so. I believe it. How can I resist the testimony overhead. But I say to reason, why are you governed by your eye in this case ? Why do you reject the authority of the ear ? I take the ear. Paul says that faith comes by hearing. I look up to the skies, and I hear the whole host of Heaven sing it is He. And there is the whole of our authority, the whole truth of Christianity, in a nutshell ;—believing facts which we cannot comprehend, upon testimony which we cannot deny.

This, therefore, is what is called revelation. A communication made to us on earth of things which we cannot understand, but coming from authority which cannot be denied. That and the commandments are the two conditions of the

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salvation of man by the Cross of Christ. And this revelation cannot be changed; never. The laws of natural philosophy have never changed. The heavenly bodies never go wrong in their glorious paths; the tides never come later than they should. The world that we live in is as good as it could be made from the materials from which it is made. But let the world be republican or monarchical, or have what institutions it thinks proper, the laws of nature are the same. I should expect that when Christ gave us legislation it would be at least as good as that; that it could not change, and that it would be always the same. If I were to speak ever so long, I could not say as much as Paul in the different parts of his works, which we continuously meet, in which he alludes to the fact that we are all brethren from the same parent, the same stamp of countenance, the same class of feelings, the same hopes of reward in eternity.

Surely we ought to have but one doctrine. The same Father ought to publish the same kind of law. How did Paul express it? He was a scholar and knew how to write. He looked through all the universality of his acquired knowledge. He examined the very depths of his inspired knowledge, and he could get nothing better to compare it to than God himself. And what does he say—"One Lord, one Faith, and one Baptism." There is nothing in the world to compare this faith to in oneness except God himself. He is the same yesterday, to-day, to-morrow—the same God, unchangeable—faith unchangeable—no contradiction in the attributes of God, no contradiction in the principles of faith, above all Governments, faith like God, holy like God, exalting and not depressing the human intellect, as God's grace. Did you ever see anything so beautiful as those words, "One Lord, one Faith, one Baptism." But Paul's logic is this, "One Lord, one Faith;" not two Lords and two Faiths. It is just as absurd to maintain the existence of two Gods as the existence of two conflicting faiths. You will never forget that. Now, I want to conclude that point, and ask you where you get that. I should like to be very logical with you; and I say that as you could not get it out

of your own head you must have got it somewhere else. If it is not natural, it must be supernatural; as it leads to heaven, to see and enjoy God our Father, and embraces Christ our Brother, it must be a gift of Christ—He will always give it to mortal man that asks it. But He will not give it to a man who is persevering in mortal sin, for did He do so, He would be countenancing him unfairly. He will give it to mortal man who asks it as the gratuitous gift of His own hand. That is the way to make faith.

Without advancing on this subject it is clearly a thing which is not within the reach of human reason, and can only be got from a supernatural source—from Christ Himself. You, therefore, must have concluded long before this that faith and good works are two conditions without which man cannot be saved. The two enemies of Christianity, then, are the men who follow human reason—what we call modern philosophers, who reason against revelation—or the wicked men who practise against the commandments. You read the pamphlets of the philosophers, and you glean from that that he raises his judgment and his puny intellect to knock down revelation. Of course all he wants is to throw it all down and strangle you; and the wicked man overturns the commandments. Would you not think a Supreme Ruler, knowing everything, ought to meet this case? I expect He will. I expect that my Father will place some landmark before his erring children, that they may not be carried away by these disastrous principles. He has done so. He has given us the most exquisite programme, the most finished piece of legislation that ever mortal eye beheld, no one, by any possibility, being able to understand it except it comes from the Divine imperial lips. Yes, the whole volume of the New Law is nothing more than a draft to carry out these two principles, and keep reason within its proper boundary; and a most magnificent boundary it has got; but no one is more determined than I am to resist it from passing one inch beyond. It reduces the human intellect to its proper position, and then sanctifies the human heart. If it steps beyond, human reason is annihilated in the first page of the

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Bible, and if it is not able to read the first page, how can it read the second? If it cannot read the alphabet, how can it read the whole work? Intellect is annihilated even in nature. What next? To purify the human heart forty days were passed in fasting. Forty days! an immense space in the life on earth of the Saviour. Christ lived on earth thirty-three years, and only three years of that time were passed in preaching. Before He began His mission, the turrets of which were built upon a foundation sunk into the earth by thirty years of humility, He spent forty days in fasting. A miracle! For himself? No; for us; telling us how to subdue the passions of others by beginning to subdue our own.

After He had given to you the generous and imperishable example to purify yourself, He became transfigured;—for what? For the poor. Everybody knows what a precious part of his flock is the poor man. The rich man, too, he loves. The rich man can employ his means and education and influence for the purposes of furthering the interests of religion, as the cherished friend of Christ: but the poor man walks poorly clad on the thorny paths of poverty and misfortune, amid the scorn of society. But he is dressed in Christ's own livery—walks in His path, speaks His language, the noble poor man,—and ultimately reaches the heights of immortal glory. What next? Every moment the Son of God was performing His miracles, curing the blind and the lame, restoring the dead to life; none ever asked His aid that it was not given. We have not an instance recorded where He was called upon to give relief to the poor man that He did not do it. And when the populace desired to stone the adulteress, He said to them, let him who is without sin cast the first stone. Hypocrites they were. He looked into their hearts and saw their wickedness: and He said unto the woman, Woman, is there none who will accuse thee? then neither will I. Was there ever such a phrase of mercy, giving hope to the sinner, and teaching you to subdue the passions of the human heart? And when He came to His death He made His will. And for what purpose? What did he leave to us, to his followers throughout all

time? Kingdoms, empires? No such thing. These are all too finite, too limited to be worthy of the majesty of Him who created all things: besides, has He not said His kingdom was not of this world. What was it then? He left us something of infinite value, for He left us Himself forever, until His Father stops the pendulum of time in its motion. And He says: "Do this in commemoration of Me." It is not a thing to be thought of, nor a thing to reflect. It is not a thing of meditation. It is an axiom—a fact. And when I see a priest performing the duties of his office, I try to relieve my heart to know if there is anything in the world like it. In my own puny estimation, I say I have got some illustration. A little child of four years of age, with a spark upon the palm of his hand, weakened, powerless himself, he proceeds to throw that spark upon a magazine of powder, and in an instant he awakens a power stronger than himself, and beyond his own control. When the priest goes to do what he is commanded to do, when he opens his lips, I know there is a spark upon his tongue; that the moment he pronounces the sacred words he calls Christ from heaven to stand upon our altars, between man's crimes and Omnipotent vengeance.

Did He do anything more? By the judgment of human reason, He was crucified on Calvary between two thieves. When they laid Him upon the Cross on that awful day, and began to tie His sacred body with ropes, the holy host of heaven stood before God the Father in amazement. But when the stroke of the hammer was heard in heaven, and they began to drive the nails into His hands, the court of heaven wept in agony, and, in His own words, they said: "If it be possible, let this bitter chalice pass!" "No," said God. Then took place that mystery—no, those millions of mysteries, concentrated and combined in one great mystery—the Son of God suffering for a lost world, crucified by the men whom He had come to save. But hardly had He expired when the earth began to reel in convulsions—graves were opened, the heavens wept, the sun grew dark, and for three hours all creation mourned over His

death, showing for all coming time that nothing but the death of the Son of God could cause such a terror throughout the whole kingdom of God: And what next? The resurrection. Who ever rose before? We have heard of it, we have read of it. Revelation teaches that, in accordance with His compact, He ascended before His Apostles into the skies, and was seen by them until the clouds obscured Him from their sight. Our resurrection shall be the same. Like the sluggish vapor that rises from the deep, and floats higher and higher, until at length it soars in gilded majesty: so the soul, when called from the grave, rises from the tomb and soars aloft into glory, into the regions of eternal bliss. And when he has entered the Divine presence, he takes a position higher than any spirit which the Father has created, for the cherubims and seraphims are but mere creatures, while the saved soul is marked with the blood of Christ, one drop of which is infinitely more precious than the whole host of heaven. But reason again asks, what guarantee have I that all this will continue, that the Omnipotent Ruler will not change His mind and undo all that He has done? I know that but a few years ago there was nothing of all that exists, that the earth and the heavens, and all they contain, were called out of nothing by the word of God.

How do I know that He may not, in the same way, at any moment, destroy all this, and, at a single stroke, annihilate the glorious picture He has created? Ah, there is Christ, our Brother, clothed in our very flesh and blood, seated at the right hand of His Father, in His place—*our* place—which he has purchased for all eternity by His blood. Christ is our Brother, and we approach Him, and lean on His bosom, for has He not redeemed us? For whom did Christ do all this? The Jewish nation. Surely any one of those facts ought to have converted the whole nation. Now we come to test human reason. Instead of calling Him the Lord of the Universe, they denounced Him as Beelzebub, the prince of devils. There is human reason. Though they saw Him perform all these miracles, they tried Him as a

malefactor, and found Him guilty of blasphemy. Human reason, will you ever again go out of your boundary? Will you follow reason and crucify Christ, or will you follow faith and adore Him? Have I not my facts? Am I dealing with theories? And who tried him? Pontius Pilate, a man educated in the school of Rome, under Tiberius, the most powerful monarch the world ever saw. He had come over with all the Roman literature fully understood by him, than which eighteen centuries has produced nothing better in style, and which is now a model of perfection in our colleges, like the stars shining brilliantly as they did eighteen centuries ago. Pontius Pilate questioned Him; he saw His lips move, and though a Roman Governor, guided by the light of human reason, he could not know Christ. But the blind beggar knew Him, who did not see Him at all. Jesus of Nazareth, said he, have mercy upon me. O throw me in His way, said he, that I may speak to Him. Reason could not know the Saviour, faith did. And Caiphas, who prosecuted Him, was the High Priest of the Jews, a man learned in the Scriptures, and one of those whom Christ denounced as a generation of serpents, hypocrites, as whited sepulchres full of rottenness and putrefaction within. Caiphas examined Him, and asked Him the question, "Are you Christ?" He said, "I am." He looked at Him, but in place of being converted, he tore His garments, and gave Him over to be crucified. Mary Magdalene, the penitent sinner, recognized Him, and He forgave her on the spot; but the impenitent criminal had not faith.

And has He not given us any plan by which we may escape these two difficulties? He has given us the most splendid legislations that ever came from His own tongue. He said to the Apostles, as My Father sent me, so do I send you; with the same mediatorial power that I have executed the great work, the same power I give to you; and He commanded them to go unto all the world and preach the Gospel, that they had all the knowledge which was necessary to teach all the nations; and He commanded that so long as there was a single creature or nation to be taught, they

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should never be silent ; and to show the value that I set upon your teaching, preach that he who believes and is baptized shall be saved, and he who believeth not shall be damned. I attach to the denial of those two words eternal perdition. Here was important matter to be taught ; and it must be evident that their mission was one of great importance. He said to them, for fear you may think that you have not all the knowledge necessary to assure, I will send the Holy Ghost to you, who will bring to your recollection all the things I have told you. And you have all My aid to the consummation of My work, My authority, My meditorial knowledge and power ; My Father and Myself and the Holy Ghost will be with you, and perdition can never prevail against you. Did you ever hear such legislation as that?—completely cutting the ground from under human reason. A man possessing all the virtues of good citizenship, kindness, charity ; a man who never harbored a wrong thought, who never injured or wished to injure his neighbor—whose conscience is as clear as the midday sun, or as the most cloudless sky, on which nought is visible save the indelible word, God—this man, destitute of Christian faith, but confiding in the power of human finite reason, asks me, if he have not faith cannot he be saved on the grounds of his obedience to natural moral law. If he have not faith, will he be lost ? I dare not answer that he cannot be saved, for to Omnipotence nothing is impossible. But I dare affirm, I dare assert that without faith he will be lost. Christ says distinctly, I gave you certain conditions on which you should base your hope of salvation. If you are outside of those conditions, if you disregard them—you defy Me, you distrust Me, you despise Me, you are lost.

This is the legislation of the God-man, who shed His blood on the Cross of Calvary for the redemption of sinful human nature.

According to this legislation, on which I put my hand (touching a copy of the New Testament), and my view of this law, as an authorized barrister in this court—one of the legitimately-appointed interpreters of this law—your mor-

ally pure but unbelieving man is not a Christian, but a Pagan—is not a follower of Christ, but a disciple of Plato, and is therefore not more perfect, not more sure of heaven, than the Roman Governor or the Jewish High Priest, who, in all the pride of richly-cultivated intellect, all the audacity of finite reason, without the virtue of implicit faith, denied the divinity of Christ, and condemned Him to death. The Redeemer has declared: "He who believeth not shall be damned." Supposing your moral but unbelieving man, on the day of judgment, at the gate of heaven, meets his Creator—suppose, in His infinite mercy, God is inclined to admit his soul to the mansions of eternal bliss—what do you imagine will be the decision of a crucified Saviour in the case of a man who led an innocent, harmless life, but who doubted the divine mission and the divine law of the Redeemer on earth? Why, He would say to God: I am Your equal in heaven, equal in divinity, in power, and in majesty to You. I am, as much as You are, Lord of all created things. I shed My blood on the Cross of Calvary for this man's redemption, and affixed to the compact certain conditions, to which he should voluntarily submit, to have any share in the atonement. This man could not, with his finite, weak intellect, comprehend this; he therefore denied the power, discredited My origin, and disbelieved in My mission among the children of men; he refused to obey My law, because he could not understand it; and, falling back in his invincible ignorance, claims the benefit of that which he distrusted and despised. I cannot, therefore, grant him salvation, because such mercy would belie My divinity, ignore My authority, degrade My power. I cannot permit My creature to make Me a liar; I cannot allow him to deny Me on earth, and to enjoy the bliss of My company in heaven. You are God with Me in unity of divinity, in unity of authority, and in unity of decision. I told this man on earth: "He who believeth not shall be damned." He did not trust Me; he refused to believe Me; he depended on his reason, not on his Creator, not on his Redeemer. To the kingdom of heaven he forfeited all claim. My presence he can never

enjoy. I died for his redemption. He refused to accept it. He can never obtain that which is the promised reward of Christian faith.

Having, throughout a brilliant discourse, clearly, fully, and convincingly demonstrated the insufficiency of human reason to arrive at Christian Faith, and having shown that every event in the life of Christ was calculated to confound human judgment, he concluded by a reference to the beautiful and Christian mission of the holy Sisters of Mercy, for whose benefit he had that night delivered his lecture. Noble, indeed (he added), was the mission practised by those angels of piety and mercy, who not only ministered to the spiritual, but temporal wants of suffering humanity.

REV. DR. CAHILL'S LECTURE.

DELIVERED AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, NEW YORK, MARCH 17TH 1860.—
"THE FIDELITY OF IRELAND IN DEFENCE OF HER LIBERTIES AND
HER ANCIENT RELIGION."

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—I assure you, though I have had the pleasure of meeting you here before, I never was so completely overpowered in my life as upon the present occasion. I have made a bow to you as gracefully as I could, endeavoring to acknowledge the compliment you have paid me, but that was with the front of my head. As there are a great many of my friends at my back, and as I am not able to make a bow with the back of my head, permit me to turn about and make a bow to the ladies and gentlemen behind me. I am endeavoring to take in breath to give myself voice to fill this most extensive hall. Since I have had the pleasure of being here with you, I have addressed large assemblies in the city of New York and elsewhere; but whether it is the height of the hall, or whether it is my excitement, I think this is the largest assembly I have ever seen in the whole course of my life. I never shall forget the compliment paid to me to come here this day. It is not so much the delight of meeting you here as the delight I experienced in witnessing your glorious procession. I came from the city of Troy yesterday. (A voice—Where were you?) I like to see you all up to concert pitch, and I would be a bad performer, indeed, if we don't have abundance of melody this evening. I little thought of the glorious satisfaction that awaited me in looking at your procession. I assure you I never felt more proud of Irishmen than on this day. I have been told that if I had been present at the Cathedral this morning I would have learned

eloquence from the most beautiful and polished discourse of the gentleman who preached there to-day. I am sorry I could not be there. It is a loss I shall regret as long as I live.

When I went out to look at the procession I was delighted to see the number of banners, the cap of liberty over the harp of Ireland; and what I was very glad to see was the American flag side by side with every banner as it passed my hotel. The stars and stripes went, if I may use the phrase, hand in hand with the harp of Ireland. How I longed to be a great man, as I saw every one uncover his head as he passed the statue of Washington. I was delighted to see such worship, if I may so speak, offered to the memory of the dead. Thousands of men taking off their hats and bending themselves in humble posture as they passed by the "Father of his Country." I was delighted to see one man drive six horses, but my astonishment was drowned when eight horses came afterwards, to see the crowded reins in the hands of the skilful driver. Then I beheld the men clad in armor passing along, and I saw the forest of steel lifted above the harp of Ireland. A suggestive idea presented itself to my mind as I saw brave men, in regular military step, with their muskets lifted, their bayonets fixed, and there, going before, beside, and after, the glorious harp of Ireland.

I saw the cavalry, the soldiers mounted on their beautiful horses, and they held their swords so much to my taste, and they moved so regular, and the whole procession was so orderly. There were Ireland and America joined in the two emblems, the Irish harp and the American stripes and stars. But I was greatly astonished when I saw a man driving twelve horses. The horses seemed to go by the same kind of sense as if they were twelve human beings. When I saw the driver with the bundle of reins in his hand, and the horses moving with such regularity and precision, I said, I would like to know the name of that driver. That man must be from Tipperary, and his name O'Connell, for that is just the way O'Connell

used to drive a coach and four through every act of Parliament.

So you see I have been looking sharply; and my weakness was such, if you so call it, that, as the whole scene passed before me, and my heart upon Ireland, tears, Irish tears, stood in my eyes. Perhaps these tears made the men look bigger and finer, but I thought they were the finest men I ever saw. I have seen the French, Austrian, and English armies; I have seen two hundred and fifty thousand men under arms; but somehow or other, knowing that the greater part of those passing before me were my countrymen, I took it into my head, from magnifying them in my heart, that they were the largest men I ever saw. My feelings were more than excited when I heard the beautiful band. Will you give me leave humbly to say that I am a musician, and that I have heard in this city about the best instrumental music I ever heard in my life. To-day the tunes were all Irish—"St. Patrick's Day," "Garryowen," "Nancy Dawson," the "Young May Moon," the "Sprig of Shillelah," but the tune that quite astonished me—I don't know what you call it here—and that reminded me of my boyhood, was "Tatter Jack Welch." I listened to them all with the greatest pleasure; I was delighted with them. A thousand thoughts passed through my mind. My mind on that occasion was like a postman's letter-bag; everything was in it. I did not laugh; I had to cry. Had I been by accident or otherwise in the back room when the procession passed, I should have lost a glorious scene, which I shall tell of many a time when I return to my own country.

We are all here to celebrate the great festival of St. Patrick. I am sure everybody will agree in saying that this is a great day for Ireland, as well as for the entire Christian world. It is certainly a great day for Ireland—the greatest we have. But if you only reflect for a moment and read history, you will find that it is equally true to say that it is a great day for the whole Christian world.

I suppose you do not forget that I have the shamrocks here next to my heart. When I was coming from Ireland,

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I intended to get a flower-pot made out of the clay of the County of Meath, and a sprig of shamrock from the same soil, and put it in my trunk, and bring the real shamrock to you; but I have replaced it by an excellent American shamrock, whose leaves are broader than those of the Irish.

Men meet in America upon stated occasions to celebrate the memory of their great politicians; if I may so speak, to worship the heroes of their country. From the time of the Grecian empire to the present period, this has been customary in all nations. Men meet together to celebrate the memory of the man who struck off a link from the chain of his country—the memory of the poet who elevated the genius of his nation by his divine poetical creation—or the memory of the artist, whatever art he may be engaged in; and all mankind rejoice, and feel pleasure and enthusiasm as they go forward to point to the genius of one of their countrymen. But what signify art, and sculpture, and poetry, and patriotism, compared with Christianity?

When we celebrate the memory of a saint, a universal joy is felt in his country. Poets, sculptors, and politicians, and historians, and painters—they certainly generate a feeling peculiar to the various departments for which they excel. Men celebrate the principle, but do not imitate the men. We not only celebrate the principles of St. Patrick, but try to imitate him in practice. The Christian's anniversary is superior to every other, because mankind not only worship the principle for which a saint or martyr died, but being a saint and Christian, his memory is calculated to awaken an idea and enthusiasm, not only to respect his principles, but to follow his example in practice. Therefore, the anniversary of St. Patrick surpasses in that regard every other anniversary which can be brought to public notice.

St. Patrick rose over Ireland like a star in the west, and, like the stars fixed in the blue vault of heaven, there he has remained from that hour to this, not obscured by the storms of that country, and not lessened in his lustre by all the efforts of man to disturb the seed which he planted; and there he remains unobscured in the clear Irish skies (clear

in religion); and as far as human forethought can go, and human sagacity can calculate, it is highly probable that Patrick's star will never set in that west. This anniversary is therefore a glorious day for Ireland. What a trifling incident laid the foundation for the conversion and future character of Ireland! A small boy on the coast of France, a lad sixteen years of age, was captured by the Irish. I do not really like to call them Irish pirates, but some historians say they were; but whatever they were, they captured Patrick at the age of sixteen, and carried him to Ireland. He attended swine on the mountains of Antrim and elsewhere for seven years. His capture broke his father's and his mother's heart. All his kindred bewailed him. His uncle, a bishop, was inconsolable. He was a beautiful, fine young man, guileless, and while upon the sea-shore was captured by Irish pirates, torn from his home, and subjected to a vassalage so low that he was commanded to attend swine in the north of Ireland. We all say how unprofitable, how unhappy, how unfortunate! Yes, that is our logic; but let us look at the logic of the skies, and we shall see how fortunate, how happy, how glorious, how consoling to Patrick himself and all his friends, and to the entire Christian world. The logic of God is very different from the logic of men.

When the people of old, about the year 1800 of the world, that is about 2200 years before the birth of our Saviour, went to build the tower of Babel, and built it very high as a place of refuge in order to protect their kings and themselves in case of another universal deluge, there was man's logic. God saw them building it; the men went to their work, and he confounded all their languages. The mason called for mortar, the hodman brought up stone; called for brick, the hodman brought up wood, and they were so confounded they had to give up the work. You say, how trifling that is. Could He not have shaken it down by an earthquake? Could He not strike it with lightning? Could He not send His spirits and scatter it to the winds? Yes, He could, but He has a particular way of His own.

Twenty-two hundred years after that, St. Peter preached

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his first sermon in the streets of Jerusalem, a poor fisherman, an humble man, illiterate; and everybody said, "What, this is the poor fisherman speaking all our languages from the Black Sea, from Byzantium, from Mesopotamia, and all the neighboring countries. Here is this poor fisherman speaking all our languages," and three thousand men became converted in a day.

Now, if God had not confounded their languages, they would all have spoken one language, and Peter could not have performed that miracle, and, therefore, the thing that we regard so foolish in the year 1800 of the world, turned out to be the most glorious fact after the death of our Lord, and after the sermon of Peter. Hence, the thing that looked so foolish in the eyes of man was glorious in the eyes of God, a fact which ought not to be forgotten. So the little incident of St. Patrick being captured and brought into Ireland, in place of being unfortunate, is the most glorious fact related in the entire history of the Christian world. In our logic, we lay our premises in the morning and draw our conclusions in the evening. We lay down our premises, for example, at twelve o'clock, and draw our conclusions at two or three, but God often lays down His premises thousands of years back, and He will draw His conclusions twenty centuries afterwards; slow, but certain, like all great works; and as invincible, and as imperturbable, and certain as His own existence.

After having remained in the country seven years, by the same miraculous guidance by which he was brought into Ireland, Patrick escaped; but having escaped, and recollecting the condition of the Irish, he was so moved that he determined to devote himself to the Church; and he spent about twenty-two years preparing himself for the priesthood by study; and after twenty-two years, a long time preparing for the priesthood, and preparing for the bishopric, he presented himself to one of our greatest Popes, Pope Celestine, who gave him authority to go to Ireland. Accompanied by twenty fellow-laborers he landed in Ireland with the Cross, about the end of the fourth century. Some say it

was about the middle, but all admit that it was the middle or the end of the fourth century, about 372.

Thus, from the simple incident of being captured and carried to Ireland came his idea of becoming a priest and bishop, and afterward the great Apostle for the conversion of our country. St Patrick, therefore, carried out his labor like a true Apostle, and there is no instance related in history of such success, and such extents of territory traversed. The number of bishops he ordained is miraculous; the number of churches, religious houses, he established is wonderful. After converting the whole country, and after making it into a garden of Christianity, he died, full of years, one of the most remarkable men of whom any account is given on the page of ecclesiastical history. He died about the year 441, near the middle of the fifth century. Ireland, after its conversion, became the seminary of Europe. The arts and sciences were taught there.

The churches that were built, and the colleges that were constructed, and the entire number of schools and seminaries, rendered Ireland beyond dispute the unrivalled seminary of Europe; and we were so happy. There was never so happy a nation as Ireland at that time. Ireland was then engaged in trade with all the countries around the Mediterranean. We traded with Egypt, with old Pagan Carthage, and with Spain. I assure you that, while some writers represent us as very ignorant from the fifth century up to the invasion by the Danes, yet the Irish were as civilized, independent of religion, as perhaps any northern nation of Europe; and some go so far as to state that the best of our poetry, and the highest of our musical compositions, are borrowed from that time. Other musicians dispute that, but do not deny that Ireland was very high in the arts and sciences, as well as being unrivalled in her religious profession, from the middle of the fifth to the end of the eighth century. But, oh! the baneful effects of national divisions! As your historian and fellow-countryman, delivering a lecture for you, I can conceal nothing from you. I may say something that will hurt myself; but beyond all dispute it is an unfortunate national

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character, from that period to this, that Ireland has had multiplied divisions. We have had five kings in those days, all rivals—kings envy kings—kings quarrelling about their territory, and in various disputes, which tarnished very much, indeed, the reign of religion. These five kings made five divisions, which, I firmly believe, laid the foundation of our national disputes. We are all cousins of a king. There being five kings, and there being a very limited territory for each, each Irishman was a cousin of the king, or the king's wife. We are a royal race, and will not admit that anybody in the world has better blood in his veins than ours. Along with the divisions created by a hostile country, I say positively that these five kings laid that deep foundation of national discontent which has been the greatest misfortune of our race. This chronic dissension is not in the nature of the people; it is in the soil; the people are good, are very good; but to be born in Ireland is to be an agitator. "I knew," said a certain person, "of a man's going to where two factions were going to fight. 'What brings you here?' said the parish priest; 'you don't belong to the Gowans or the Murphys.' 'No,' says he, 'I don't.' 'What brings you here?' 'I come here to fight on my own account.'"

Another enemy of ours, to show that the quarrelsomeness of the Irish is due to the soil, says, "You may see in the Liverpool market all the cattle of England together, the Berkshire, Devonshire, and all the shires; there they all are. They lay down with their legs like the four legs of a table; but bring in one Irish cow, and there's a battle for the whole of them."

I have a problem in history to propose. You know I have been a long time a professor of history. What a pity it is that, when Julius Cæsar came to England, seventy-five years before the birth of our Lord, he didn't conquer Ireland as well as England, and teach us unity. If we had been conquered in those days we should have been united, we should have had the English principle in us, and we should have avoided the disaster of being chained for more than ten centuries. Another problem is, what is the reason that the

Irish, who are so faithful to one religious principle all over the world, cannot be united in politics? I answer, because their religious leaders never betrayed them, and the others always did. It would have been, therefore, advantageous decidedly if that problem of history had been carried out, and if Rome, in the year 75 B. C., having conquered Great Britain, had also conquered Ireland, and taught us unity. That would have kept us together, instead of our being chained and persecuted by a foreign, hostile nation. I have other problems in history that I will leave you to answer yourselves; I will not answer them.

Christianity was known in Rome early in the first century, where Paul preached it. It was known in France at the end of the first and the beginning of the second century. It was known in Ireland in the year 372 (St. Patrick); it was known in England 596 (Augustine); it was known in America 1492 (Columbus and his followers); it is not yet known in Tartary, and had it been, with the electric telegraph as we now have it, we would have heard of it in three weeks.

God does everything by human means, guided supernaturally, of course. We have got the Gospel in our mouths, and *we* have to be the heralds, and not angels, for it is spread all over the world, and we have to carry the Cross, not upon the wings of the lightning, but upon our own shoulders. I will give you a fact: Christianity took fifteen centuries to travel here, and it is not yet known in Tartary, where it would have been known if there had been civilization the same as here, showing that civilization aids materially in the propagation of the Gospel, a point not to be forgotten. Now we have passed over, if I may so call it, the early history of Ireland. From the fifth to the eighth century we were very happy, with the exception of those divisions which invited the Danes to invade us. I begin at the foundation-stone of the history of Ireland, and I will bring my beloved countrymen, step by step, but briefly, from the foundation up to the present moment.

Divided by our kings, we were invaded by the Danes, and were persecuted for over two centuries by them. Our churches

and libraries were burned, and our best records destroyed. It was only in the eleventh century that they were finally conquered by Brian Boromhe at Clontarf. During the invasion, religion, education, civilization, literature, and our history all suffered, and we were thrown into a state of barbarism from which we afterwards emerged with great difficulty.

The Roman Empire fell in the fifth century. Its downfall commenced in the second century. The Romans left England in the year 441, about the time St. Patrick died; they were called home to defend Italy, under Valentine, their Emperor. They fell shortly after that, about thirty years; that is, about the year 475. Spain, France, Barbary, in Africa, and Asia Minor, all formerly dependants, mere provinces of Rome, now assumed their independence. There was one universal war from about the year 475 up to the eleventh century; and all the dependent nations recovered their liberty from the great tyrannical power, which held sixty millions of slaves. "Will you say you are accurate?" I am. There were sixty millions of slaves in that one empire, comprising half of Asia, half of Africa, and almost the whole of Europe. These slaves were among the chief agents who afterward conquered that country. When Rome was overturned all the dependent countries went to war. What was the consequence? Ireland, being far from the seat of war, cultivated and taught the arts and sciences; and foreign nations sent their children to Ireland to be educated. France and Spain were at war defending their liberty, while we were undisturbed. We had, therefore, a large number of foreign children with us, cultivating the sciences. It was in the times of these disturbances among foreign nations that very many entered the monasteries. That was God's logic. He saw that all these countries would be deluged with blood, that carnage would deface the fields of Europe. He saw that, perhaps, religion might fall temporarily under these sad catastrophes of national disturbance, and therefore he inspired thousands of men to go into the monastery. They were freed from the services of war; and they preserved the light of litera-

ture and the blaze of religion that otherwise would have become extinct. We preserved it in Ireland in the same way. The monks preserved it in those various ages called the Dark Ages—dark ages of the military laity, but not of the Church. Ireland was not subject to these difficulties, and was then the seminary of Europe. I can count no less than eight nations who would be obliged to acknowledge that it was upon the altar of religion in Ireland that they lighted their torches, and brought back faith and learning from our own country to their own.

I now come to the worst page of Irish history. It is not a page, it is a book, a book of national woe. Irish division, Irish royal rivalry, and Irish want of trust in each other betrayed Ireland into the hands of England. Dermott McMurrough, an Irish king, being beaten by one of his peers, went over to England and called for assistance from England; and he got it. Then were forged the chains which we have been dragging from that hour to this: and then were formed the fetters and the manacles which we have had upon our feet and hands from that awful hour to the present moment—when Ireland sold Ireland unto a hostile neighboring country; and Henry II. came over to enjoy the triumph on that occasion, with about four hundred sail, in the year 1172. We were given over, bound hand and foot, to a powerful, hostile, united nation; and is it a wonder that our country, weak and divided, fell a victim to this powerful and formidable confederacy? Then were forged the chains which from that hour to this have held us in subjection to a country hostile to our liberty. "Is there no one," said Henry II., "to rid me of this man?" meaning Thomas à Becket, the Archbishop of Canturbury. And to Henry II. has been laid the guilt of instigating the murder of that man. He has been accused from that hour to this of instigating the death of the Bishop; and he came over to Ireland with his hands red with the innocent blood of a Roman Catholic prelate.

What could be expected of his successor? John began to reign in 1199, and died 1216. He reigned seventeen years,

and he was the greatest tyrant our religion and our country ever had. His soldiers with their swords cut down the corn, and left the people to perish. He was the first man that forced the Irish to eat the grass of the field. Remember what I say, and may you never be subject to it, that when one man gets power over another man, he will never part with his grasp but with his life. The most terrible thing in the world is to give one man power over another man; for when he gets the power he will never part with it. John had that power, and he persecuted us. He restrained our bishop and persecuted our priest, thinking to seduce our bishops. John was a Catholic; but there is nobody in the world a greater enemy to his Church than a bad Catholic, I will not say a nominal Catholic. But a bad man a Catholic is the worst man in the world. He is a coward, knave, that man; he is a base impostor, that man; he is an infidel, hypocrite, that man. I could point out a powerful king at this moment who has been persecuting us during these last seven years, who is continual in his persecution; and among all the enemies of our faith in Europe, that man is decidedly without exception one of the most dreadful, diabolical, and formidable enemies of the Catholic Church.

To give you an idea of John's hatred of our race, I will state a fact of history. When his army was quartered in Kilkenny, where the young women were as they are now the most beautiful in Ireland, a regulation was made that every soldier that married a Kilkenny lady should get fifty lashes. Out of a regiment of 700 men, 699 of them got the lashes. If there are any Kilkenny ladies here to-night, they ought to show forth their gratitude by giving a cheer for the 699. Now, omitting any intermediate points, I will pass on down to the times of Elizabeth, 1558. As I do not want to talk bitter politics, in this religious lecture, I will pass on through the reigns of the Johns and the Henrys until I come to 1558. No Catholic man could occupy but an acre of arable land and a half acre of bog. How could they live upon an acre of arable land and a half acre of bog? They did, however. The monasteries were

all thrown down. The churches to this day have the marks of the cannon-balls in them, and many a time have I got out of my gig or from my horse and gone into those churches and surveyed the walls, and taken off my hat for every stone in the wall. I have often stood beside these broken and shattered walls, and musing said, "Here are these old walls broken and tottering on their foundation and covered with ivy. They look like old fellows of a hundred years of age, trying to stand to tell their grandchildren what they saw when they were young men. Tottering on their foundation, persisting against storm and tide, striving to stand as long as they can, as it were to tell the unborn generations what they suffered for the Faith." How often have I pulled off the ivy which clung to the stones found about these old churches. I have often taken the ivy and put it in my pocket-book, and said, "You mantled these towers heretofore in their original pride and glory; and now, faithful ivy, you cling to them with fidelity when their fragments lie upon the ground in forgotten ruin." I have made out the altar and the priest's grave. How often have I stood where the altar was, and how often have I stood where the priest's grave was, and said: "O God, if I could wish to make a speech, this is the place. I would like to stand on the martyred ashes of this poor fellow. I would like to stand here at night when the moon is setting, and when she casts her pale light above the horizon. I would like to be in this old church." And I have said: "O martyred priest, will you send some of the warmth of the spirit you had when alive to teach me to speak with your spirit in defence of my country and my religion."

I remember the history of the poor priests in those days. With a reward of £5 for their heads, they went from house to house, and no one ever betrayed them. I remember a visit some time ago to Donegal, with Dr. McKenney, who pointed out to me the Mass-rocks and the slated points where the poor priests used to meet their flocks at night; and many a time on a Sunday and a Monday the sun rose on their familiar devotions, and at daybreak the priest was

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breaking the bread of life to the poor children. They celebrated the Mass under the broad canopy of the skies, in the sight of God and the angels in heaven. I said to him: "These were the days when the priest entered the hearts of his people, and he has remained there from that day to this; a spot from whence we are never dislodged unless we cease to do our duty." He showed me the place where one priest, McDonald, used to meet his flock. "Ah," said he at one time to his flock, "I cannot meet you in the daylight, but I will come out at night. I am the shepherd, and I will whistle in the dark, and then the sheep will know that the shepherd is present, and it will repel the approach of the wolf. I will hold the whistle in my mouth, and at night I will whistle, and my flock will hear it; it will keep them together; it will repel the hostile step of the wolf." It was upon those days that we used to meet the congregation at the cross-roads, and from the practice of putting money in his hand to keep him from starvation has come that glorious habit of giving a shilling to the priest, when he met his flock. I do not like it now, but I would keep it up forever, in memory of those days. In those days of persecution we never flinched, and such courage and intrepidity as were exhibited by the priests and the people of Ireland during several centuries cannot be produced from any other portion of history. For five centuries, Catholics and Protestants, one for conquest and the other for bigotry, opposed our faith, and an Irishman never flinched. We lost scarcely a man from our ranks. We stood together hand and foot, neck and shoulder, and we have preserved to this day the very faith which we now advocate.

To give you an idea of the hatred in Ireland of a country which oppressed us so long—I do not like to mention names; but a most eminent convert in Ireland, an Englishman, has been preaching in Ireland what has been called a crusade for the conversion of England, and asking every one to pay a certain sum and to be participants in the crusade with him; and he thought to get us into this crusade. Preaching this crusade at a certain parish, he thought he had them

all converted. When the congregation came around him in the yard to see what kind of a man he was, he said, "Well, boys, I hope you listened to me." "We did, indeed." "Won't you pray for England?" "Bedad, sir, if it does not displease you, we would rather not." "But don't you like to see the English all saved?" "Well, to tell you the truth, we would as soon see them as they are." "You would not like to see them go to heaven?" "We would rather see them going the way they are going." "But it is your duty, since they are your enemies, to heap coals of fire on their head." "Oh, faith, we'll do that; we will heap them on as long as you like."

On those days, the Irish had to quit the country and go to the mountains. Seventy thousand were banished, and the rest quit the soil and went to the mountains, and they remained there, and when Elizabeth died the possessors of the soil had it all to themselves. And they said, "All this soil will do so very little good unless it is cultivated, and we might as well bring them poor fellows down from the mountains to cultivate the soil." And that was the first possession in Ireland, coming down from the mountains, taking a miserable cottage or house, and cultivating the soil for the masters. And that became the rule for a number of years after. After the death of Elizabeth, we took into our head that her successor would be very kind; but it was far worse in a certain way. He even thought to change our names. He was the first, you know, that thought to change our names, and he sought, in some cases, to make our names like the English names.

And, therefore, all the McNeils in the north of Ireland, and the McGuires, the O'Donnells, and the O'Neils, and all the other great names in the north of Ireland, he undertook to change into Baker, Smith, Grayson, Mason, Birch, Salmon, Pike, Herring, Brown, Steele. He did not succeed to a great extent, and he banished them out of the country. You can scarcely believe all that we suffered in the time of James. We suffered a great deal from him, but after him we came to the worst of all, Cromwell.

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[Dr. Cahill here related an anecdote of an Irishman going into the west of England to apply for a day's work. The Englishman replied, "I will not give it." "Why?" "A countryman of yours came here last year, was six weeks sick, which cost me a good deal, and his coffin and his burial cost me more." "Ah," replied the Irishman, "if that is the only trouble, I will settle that with you directly. I will get a character from nine English gentlemen to show you I never died anywhere yet."]

I do not like to tell you what was done by his army in Drogheda and Wexford. The young men had their brains beaten out against the wall, and the babes were hurled into the air and caught upon their pikes when coming down. There never was such a scene as the daily intercourse of Ireland presented for four or five centuries. When I have related our sufferings to the French, they could not believe it. Said they, "How could you endure it? It was beyond endurance." We have endured it, however, from that day to this. There was no reign in which cruelty, tyranny, and barbarity were more in requisition, for the purpose of changing the faith of the people, than that of Cromwell; and yet not a single man abandoned our ranks, or flinched from his duty. After Cromwell was removed in 1660 (he reigned eleven years), we came into the reign of William and Mary, and instead of that being to our advantage, it was a reign of greater persecution than any before it, and put Irish fidelity to a greater test in those days, than, perhaps, any other reign. It was a persecution under a different aspect, to be sure, but still a cruel persecution. Shiel, our great Irish orator, once, in talking of that, said, "What a shame that any government should permit this continual assault upon the Catholic faith. Surely every man would go for the overthrow of such a government as that." Shiel worked his way as an Irish orator of great power, and he aided very materially in advancing the cause of emancipation.

Next came the reign of the Georges. We were then promised education, and fair trial by jury; but when the educa-

tion came, it was offered to us like a cup of poison, and the boon which was boasted of all over Europe was such that we were unable to accept it. We were unable to make use of our most elementary books. Trial by jury was offered us, it is true, but it was made a real mockery. We have one instance upon record of a certain trial being got up in the reign of George III. A man was accused of murder, and put in the dock; witnesses were called, and a verdict of "Guilty" having been brought in, the judge was putting on his black cap to pronounce the sentence, when the man that was supposed to be dead walked into the court. The counsel for the prisoner said, "Here is the dead man; he is alive, and, of course, the verdict is wrong." The judge took off his cap and addressed the jury. "Gentlemen," said he, "this is a most remarkable case. The man that was supposed to be murdered is here, and is certainly alive. Your verdict is, at the same time, quite correct. The testimony of the witnesses gave you what is called moral evidence, and you pronounced what is called a moral verdict; that is, a thing that is morally true, but not metaphysically true. It is possible that you could make a mistake, but there is no possibility of a mistake being made here. The man is alive. So, while your verdict is before me as a moral verdict, the man being alive stands before me as a metaphysical verdict. One will admit of a mistake, but this cannot. You will have to go back and reconsider your verdict." They did so, and in about ten minutes they returned with a verdict of "Guilty." Said the judge, "How can that be?" "Why, we will tell you. He stole a gray mare from one of us about ten years ago." So they brought him in guilty of murder for stealing a horse. If this were told of in any other part of the world, persons would say that this was a fable. But the bigotry was so great, the hostility was so great, that when we were about to hope for emancipation, they were anxious to extinguish that hope: and every enormity that seemed necessary for the purpose was readily resorted to.

We come now to a late period of our history. Begin at the old Babylonian Empire, the Persian Empire, the

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Egyptian, and Persian, and Roman Empires, go through all the older Empires, and come down all along through history, and I appeal to you as your historian and countryman whether there is an instance on record of a nation suffering so much. Is it not astonishing to every scholar all over the world, and yet, here we are as hearty as ever, as if nothing had ever happened? You look as merry to me and you laugh as hearty as if I were addressing you in the town of Clonmel, and you look better, I think. You are even heartier fellows than then, and you are all laughing together at the misfortunes of seven hundred years. Do you recollect that beautiful passage of Moore?

"Let Fate do her worst, there are relics of joy,
Bright dreams of the past, which she cannot destroy;
Which come in the night-time of sorrow and care,
And bring back the features that joy used to wear.
Long, long be my heart with such memories filled!
Like the vase, in which roses have once been distilled;
You may break, you may shatter the vase, if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still."

We are not broken, and here we are as hearty as ever, as if nothing had ever happened. It is not our fidelity that is so remarkable as the buoyant spirit which follows us through the world.

I come now to our own times. You did not see that, though I did perhaps; a great number of you have seen it and heard of it, though none of you have seen it as I have—I allude to the famine and fever, when men went into their houses and sat upon their beds and died of hunger, and women went in and sat in their beds with their little children, and died also of hunger. Men would be talking to you as I now do, and die in a half minute. A cousin of mine, a priest by the name of Brennan, who attended the Charity Hospital in Dublin, used to carry a coffin from bed to bed and say, "Now, recollect that you will be in this in half an hour." They used to ask him to turn back and come again, but if he turned back they would be dead. Men would be walking along the road staggering; you ask them what was the matter, they would reply, "We have the famine fever." "Where

are you going?" "To the fever hospital." It was a sleepy fever that seized upon the heart as if a clockmaker took the pendulum and made its oscillations less and less until it stopped entirely. The blood grew less and less rapid in circulation, and the poor fellows, as if their legs were of a ton's weight, staggered along from their homes to the hospital. Their lands were given up and they were sold in those days for the taxes, and many a man made a fortune at that time. I know several lands in the west of Ireland that were sold for the taxes. Men would give them up for a trifle in order to get away, giving up the holding of sixty, seventy, and a hundred acres. The potatoes failed, and that was the heaviest curse that ever fell upon Ireland—I will not say the heaviest curse, but the heaviest trial. The churchyards are yet red with the blood of the dead, buried without coffins. Can a man describe hell to please the fancy? How can a man walk over the graveyard of the uncoffined dead and speak with politeness? Whenever I took my pen in hand to write upon these horrors, I found my blood run quick and my Irish mind rise high and bitter in enthusiasm, and I was obliged almost to dip my pen in blood in order to express the anguish which agitated my very soul. We lost two and one-half millions of our people. There is many a woman here before me, and many a young man here who, if he told me his own case, would equal my history. Notwithstanding the famine fever, the priest of your Church never left you. We walked into the houses of our flock, we put our mouths upon your ear, and your mouth upon our ear, and have we ever left you as long as the breath was in you, have we ever neglected to stand by your side? It is not therefore wonderful that I assume a tone of command over you, and dare to speak to you with the command I now use, and insist upon your good conduct; we who would have died with your father, your mother, and your children, who are prepared to spill our blood on every fitting occasion for the purpose of maintaining the liberty of our country and the freedom of our altars. I saw this famine and looked at it. Of those that left the country 10,000 alone perished at Grosse Isle.

Two thousand perished with famine and scarlet fever, and those two thousand lay in Sligo field for two days without an awning over them, and yet there were 24,000,000 pounds of gold in the British Treasury. Who can paint that but an Irishman, and who could tell in it such language as an Irishman, with an Irish tongue in his mouth? If I were the best orator in the world and spoke the English language with the English accent, why it would not do at all. It must be in the native Irish tongue. There were two and a half millions of our people gone by the famine, and soupism, and extermination. What was the next? Soup! striving to change our religion for a bowl of soup. They came over to instruct us in their religion, to change our faith, and who were they who came? They were old discarded policemen from England, weavers from Manchester, cabmen from London, and these are the men that came over to teach us religion. One of them who was teaching us religion assumed the strong accent upon which they spoke, and said whenever you mention the name of the Lord "mahk a boo;" meaning, of course, *make a bow*. A droll Irishman said, "These men deserve to be encouraged. I'll tell you what they are going to give us" (they used to give us food, and clothes, and employment, and money). This droll fellow said, "They really do give a good deal; the fellows that join them will be well off; they will have employment, food, 10s. a week in this world, and coals for all eternity." Another fellow who came over to teach us religion always, when he said "upon his conscience," laid his hand upon his stomach. These were the men who came over to tempt us from our faith, but they left work after thousands and tens of thousand of pounds were expended. These were called soupists, and we heard several instances where they passed by the door of the cabin of a poor man and said, "Now we can give you food and work, if you will join us;" and the poor fellow said, "Ah, no, no, I will never clothe my children in perjury; I will never fatten my wife by hypocrisy; I will never clothe my children with the wages of perjury, and no man might give me to drink though presented in a cup of gold. It shall never

touch my lips, when the price of it is the betrayal of the Cross of Christ." They spent thousands and tens and hundreds of thousands, and not a man was ever converted. They said they came to give us the Bible, and they said that they gave out a million of Bibles. I said, according to that, every man, woman and child among the Catholics ought to have three Bibles, the child on the breast ought to have three Bibles, and I gave a challenge to produce me any one man who ever received one from any one of them. We had our own Bible; we did not want their Bible. I also gave a challenge to produce any other man who ever saw them read a Bible got from them, or to produce another man who ever saw any other man that ever read of any other man that read a Bible got from them. Yet, according to their statement, the child at the breast would have three Bibles. After the soupists came the exterminationists. Depth below depth, precipice below precipice, a bottomless hell below a hell,—is it not a wonder that we are alive?

No man could believe, going through Clare, the extermination that took place in those days. There were miles of the road, and no one in it. During the famine fever, I saw little children perfectly well, except wanting food, with not a smile on their face. The little children starving, and fever in their house, their father or mother dead, and the little things sat by the walls, and crept about without a smile in their faces. Lamentation covered the country like a cloud. Did you ever hear the case of the widow Burns? Her first boy died, and the neighbors came and dug the grave very deep. He died of famine fever. Then the second boy died, and she carried him on her back, and with a common shovel she lifted the fresh clay, and deposited the second son over the first. The third son died, and she carried the third upon her back, and deposited him in the grave over the second, and the fourth and fifth died, and the coffin came near to the surface, and finally the poor widow died. Two women came to bury her,—grateful woman. She will go after her husband through seas and seas, through fire and water. And when the men quailed and were afraid to enter

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the door of the dead, two women came, and they laid the handle of the shovel along her dead body and surrounded her with wisps of grass, and they carried the poor woman, one taking hold of one end of the shovel and the other taking the other end, and laid her on the coffins of her five sons. There is famine fever for you, and there is extermination. There were two and a half millions of our people lost. Many a man driven out at that time has come to this country. If I could coin my heart into gratitude, I would do so, and give it to the American people, to express my gratitude for their giving to my countrymen a home. I never meet with an American gentleman but that I wish to express my heartfelt gratitude to him for the hospitality, for the home which his country gave to my poor expatriated countrymen.

Now, when I go to the cattle-shows in Ireland and hear them extolled, I am compelled to say, Why don't you tell the whole truth? We have two ways of talking. A man that suppresses the truth is one kind of liar, and a man that suggests falsehood is another kind of liar. Why don't you express the whole truth? You say that your country is prosperous. Yes, it is the prosperity of the beehive, when part of the bees are killed off to make room for the rest. The country is prosperous by the murder of two million and a half of Irish inhabitants! Why do you praise that bullock? Don't you know that he is the representative of a murdered family. I cannot bear to look at him, because I know that he occupies the place of a poor Irishman, and his wife, and his children. These abominable cattle-shows! I cannot endure them. Besides, they are not the property of the people, but of the aristocracy; they don't represent the property of the farmers. They have been fattened upon the land of the poor. The cattle-shows are said to represent the prosperity of the people. They represent the prosperity of the aristocracy. You may as well say that the aristocracy, with their richly-dressed wives and servants in livery, represent the people. They have nothing to do with the people of Ireland. The people of Ireland have

been banished to make way for these cattle. Two and a half millions of our people have been murdered. Don't call this the policy of amelioration; it is the policy of exterminating one-half of the beehive that the remainder may the better live.

Now, you have nearly the whole case of Ireland from the beginning. It is getting late, and I must close. I am sorry that when this meeting was called, they did not tell you to bring your night-caps.

Not a man abandoned his faith; no man flinched under 800 years of persecution for the purpose of overturning our faith. Therefore it is just to say that no other nation has borne persecution so long, and that no other nation has ever stood the trial with such invincible faithfulness. I therefore ask you, as my Irish fellow-countrymen, to look at the logic of God. Who knows but your expatriation and lodge in this country has been the logic of God? Who knows but that there is a great logic in this case? Every man who comes to this country comes as a minister of God. He maintains his faith; and when he comes here under favorable circumstances, he gives his money for the building of a little chapel. An Irishman has some faults, to be sure; but whenever called upon to subscribe for his religion, his hand and his heart are always ready to answer the call. The Irishman with his penny built all the churches of Liverpool. The Irishman with his penny built all the churches of London. I do not know whether I am correct, but I venture the assertion that the Irishmen of New York have built most of your churches here. The Irishman, faithful to his instinct and to his national faith, never flinches in any part of the world. Religion lives in him as it were fire in the flint. As you have only to strike the flint with the steel and the spark will fly from it; so, though you may not see his religion, it will be manifested at once as soon as you subject him to temptation. Everywhere I have gone I have called upon bishops and priests, and when I have asked them, "What is the main stay of your religion?" they have always replied, "The Irish girls." Who knows but there is

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a great logic in our expatriation? If you and I were always at home in prosperity and happiness, and we had money in the treasury, and we had armies and conquest before us, do you think we would have more saints from Ireland than now in our national adversity? If the secrets of Heaven were known, if we could consult His books, He would say to us, remain as you are; the lessons of adversity which he preacheth are lessons of salvation. Look at our Lord as He sits by the side of His Father. What was His position? He walked with His bare feet, with the crown of thorns upon His head. Has He not put His own coat of suffering and humiliation upon your backs? Does it not show you to be more His child when dressed in His own livery? Do not complain of your position. The logic of God is to gather more from adversity than from national prosperity. And recollect, the crown of Christ is not known by being set in precious stones. The majesty of Christ is not recognized by a crown set with precious stones, but by the crown of thorns. Who knows, if we were to know the logic of God, that it would not be in our favor; and while temporal difficulties may pursue us, and while we are outcasts in certain quarters, who knows but that in God's mind our present position is one of the highest He can give us? Wherever we go, let us recollect two points: the first, to preserve our nationality, the union of the race: and the second, never to flinch from the faithful profession of our national religion.

THE OFFICE OF THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

A LECTURE BY THE VERY REV. D. W. CAHILL, D.D., DELIVERED IN THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, NEW YORK, FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE HOUSE OF THE GOOD SHEPHERD IN NINETEENTH STREET, MAY 3, 1884.

[Dr. Cahill having read the fifteenth chapter of St. Luke, on "The Lost Sheep," continued :]

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—The subject of the Magdalen Asylum of the Good Shepherd, for which we are here assembled, and the entire circumstances of the occasion that brought us together, have induced me to select the text I have read for you, and to place it in the very front of my address. The good nuns who with so much charity conduct the establishment of the Good Shepherd, the numerous accomplished ladies of New York who form our efficient working committee, and the thousands of all classes of the community who now fill this great hall, present a proud, living testimony of the generosity and religious zeal of your city. The reformed creatures, whom we seek to relieve, will offer their grateful, fervent prayers and thanks for our great pecuniary success on this evening; and the penitent crowd who stand outside the door begging admission within our asylum walls, will shed burning tears of joy at the happy news of being rescued from sin, received by the Sisters to-morrow, and placed in security and peace with God.

Ladies and gentlemen, the highest of all studies is the study of Theology, because it treats of God: beyond all dispute, the science that discusses the history of the Supreme Ruler (as far as man can know it), the infinitude of His power and mercy, is as far above all other subjects of knowledge as the Divinity is above man and matter. God can

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create any class of beings He pleases : He can form all spirit, or all matter, or a combination of both. Heaven is filled with the first class, the countless angels or ministers that surround His throne : the skies are studded up to the seventh firmament with the second class, the myriad spheres that burn above us like islands of light in a violet, ethereal sea : and man is the third rational creation inhabiting the earth. And this creature, man, was so singularly created, so beautifully formed, so highly destined : his body made of clay, his soul a spiritual essence, burst forth from the very heart of God, a living, immortal being : like a flower with its roots fed from the soil, while its leaves drank the dews and the sunlight from the skies, the body took its food from the earth, but the soul received its eternal nutriment from heaven. In Adam's creation there was no death ; death had no part in his formation. Essential life in God produced in immortal man nothing but life. In the same breath God did not give life and death to the same being the same time. A certain time was therefore allotted for man's residence on earth, and his term having expired, the soul and body were intended to ascend up like a living spark, and to return to the heart of God whence they came—His own *proved* and perfect child. Death is not, therefore, the arrangement of God, nor was it the primeval destiny of man. Man must have committed a primeval *capital* transgression, and death was the capital punishment. The painful extinction in death of such a Godlike favor as the life breathed from the heart of God must have been a punishment inflicted by Omnipotent anger ; the suppression of a *guileless, guiltless* life could never proceed from the justice of God ; there must be a capital crime to justify capital penalty on the code of justice. Man must, therefore, have been guilty of a mortal offence ; God never made him in his present fallen moral condition. This sin is clearly his own act, and the enormity of the fault is measured by his present punishment of death ; like a planet swung from its orbit by violence, the difference of the old and the new course tells the amount of the disturbance ;—the condition, therefore, between glorious life and

painful death explains the enormity of Adam's crime and God's anger.

Who that has ever seen the *baptized* child of a day old lying dead in its baby coffin, with its little breastplate, and its funeral pall, who did not ask his own naked heart what crime had this spotless infant committed against the sovereignty of God? How can this young innocent heart deserve the agony of death, the rot of the clay, the stench of the grave? Wherefore is the anger of God roused to puff out the kindling spark of life in His own angelic child, pure as the sunbeam, and free from sin by baptism as the Holy Ghost can make it. The answer to these questions involves the primeval history of Adam and his early disobedience. The anger of God for sin is like a burning lake of pitch: repentance and penance alone can extinguish it; and hence the posterity of Adam, which before their father's fall would have partaken his glorious, undying inheritance of life, are now doomed, as the rebel's children, since his sin, to share his death and seclusion under the impartial justice of God. From that fatal hour to the present moment, death rules the world "in disastrous terror;" the grave is the mute, but terrible eloquence of God's anger, and He holds His infallible scourge over all the race of men, the sinner and the saint, the old and the young, in every circumstance and condition, where the traces of humanity are discoverable. The atonement of the Saviour on the cross has infinitely more than paid the debt due to God by Adam's guilt; but the open grave still remains an unmistakable evidence that the wound on the sanctity of God, although healed, demands, as a future guarantee and a precautionary warning, that the terrors of death shall still remain, as a temporal punishment on all the children of men.

Ladies and gentlemen, this is a terrible exponent of the stern, unchanging rigor of eternal justice against sin. The disastrous remains of that first crime still cover the earth. This world is an invisible battle-field, where mankind are engaged with the appalling enemy of our salvation: and the voice of the Holy Ghost assures us that Satan, our own flesh,

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and the living world about us (the passing throng) are the *three great divisions* of hostile assault that imperil, wound, or kill the soul, now and through all coming time.

Satan, the arch-enemy of man, ravages our nature by his wiles and temptations, and fills the abyss with innumerable souls. Once the highest of the angelic host, he fell by pride from his lofty destiny: and without a *moment* given for repentance, he was flung, with his countless associates, over the wall of heaven into the eternal lake of fire. Being once a spirit of the highest celestial power, he still retains the elementary outlines of his primeval splendor; his brightness obscured, but not totally destroyed, one can see the elevated point on which he once stood from the immeasurable depth into which he has fallen. Knowing who God is, although he never saw Him, it is *supposed* that his hopes of relief from eternal fire are founded on the number of human souls he can make the partners of his punishment: and that in some distant point of futurity, some power will release from that deep, tempestuous ocean the burning and tortured population of fallen angels and men. This idea might account for the unappeasable raging malice with which the devil pursues his victims, till he leads them in chains to his kingdom of damnation. On this point of the duration of hell, the Catholic creed is, however, clear, namely, that on the last day "the just are rewarded with eternal glory, while the wicked go into never-ending fire." The malice of the devil has a greater range of crime than crowding hell with souls, and thus trying to excite the sympathy of God. It is *vengeance* and *blasphemy* to God, as well as *envy* to man, that rouses the fury of the malice of the devil. Being a spirit of such incredible power, and being immortal, he wishes to disturb God by an empire of eternal blasphemy; and as God knows and sees all things, even in hell, Satan thinks that the loud wail and the chains of the damned will diminish the peace and happiness of heaven: and thus he seeks eternal revenge for his fate. St. Peter must have been looking at him when he warned mankind against him in the memorable words, "that he goes about

like a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour." Modern knowledge can well make us understand how he and his associates can occupy *every inch* of this globe. The modern science of electricity and galvanism can become so perfect that it is within its power to travel round the earth *twelve times* in one second: this fluid has about the velocity of light, or, 250,000 miles in a second! If, therefore, a *material* agent like electricity possess such velocity, what must be the almost infinitely superior rapidity of movement of a spirit like Satan? He must travel like thought. Therefore, the whole globe, or all creation, may be said to lie within familiar communication of such a ubiquitous spirit as Lucifer; he, therefore, and his *multitudinous associates* can fill the whole surface of the earth like the blades of grass that cover the domain of Nature. From the nature of spirit, and from the pre-eminence of Lucifer—though fallen—this statement must be literally true. For our trial and merit, God permits his free range, but will not allow his temptation beyond our strength.

Satan is, therefore, everywhere amongst us. He is in the gambling-house, in the heart of the unnatural father or the reckless husband, sending the confiding wife, or the helpless, perhaps the unborn child to the poor-house. He risks the bread, the very life of himself and family, on the chance of the dice, while the devil holds the box. The life of such a man is a course of shame; his fireside is the unmistakable haunt of grief, tears, crimination, and beggary; and if a broken heart does not terminate his wretched life, his death is too often the violent wrench of arsenic, the lonely splash of the midnight river, the razor, or the revolver: Satan the while corrupting the heart, deranging the mind, and damning the soul.

The devil is in the company of the blasphemer, teaches his own diabolical language to all who sit in that society, and his victim rears his children in the accomplished insults to the three persons of the Blessed Trinity. The mouth of the swearer is a furnace where balls of blasphemy are cast and forged, as on the anvils of hell, for the overthrow of religion and the conquest of salvation.

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Lucifer is in the cup of the drunkard: he distorts his face, makes his tongue scarlet with imprecation, and his voice hoarse with insane fury: the devil maddens the whole being, sends him an ungovernable maniac through the midnight streets, puts the secret, concealed knife into his sleeve or boots, and, like a tiger that kills his prey to drink blood as well as to eat flesh, the drunken man is doubly ferocious: he kills his enemy, his friend, his wife, his child. From four or five years' residence in your cities, I think I am gazing on the facts I am now reporting, and my flesh creeps and my bones seem to creak and jar like disjointed machinery, at the thrilling murders of drunkenness which I have known, almost witnessed, under the temptations of whiskey and the power of the devil.

Mankind must be perfectly aware of the reckless hardihood of the devil, when he tempted our Lord himself: and we are astounded at the length of time he was permitted to propose his varied temptations.

He first tempted our Lord's power—"If thou be the Son of God," said he, "command that these stones be made bread."

Our Lord replied: "Not in bread alone doth man live, but in every word that proceedeth from the mouth of God."

Then the devil took Him into the holy city and set Him on the pinnacle of the temple, and tempted His very Godhead, saying: "If thou be the Son of God, cast Thyself down, for it is written that He has given His angels care over Thee, and in their hands shall they bear Thee up, lest perhaps, Thou dash Thy foot against a stone."

Our Lord again replied: "Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God."

Then the devil tempted His pride, his own fatal weakness; he led Him up to a very high mountain and showed Him all the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them, and said to Him, "All these will I give Thee, if, falling down, Thou wilt adore me."

Our Lord again replied: "Begone, Satan, for it is written, The Lord thy God shalt thou adore, and Him only shalt thou serve."

This remarkable scene shows the recklessness of Satan's temptation, and it demonstrates the amount of permission allowed to him by God, in addressing men, arguing with them, quoting Scripture for them, and leading them from place to place through singular difficulties, in order to accomplish his designs, to overcome their resistance, and to effect their final perdition. It is a clear case, therefore, that the devil ranges through all ranks of society, and that he is permitted to employ all means, short of force, to represent, to urge, to persuade, to follow, to accompany, to lie, to boast, to assume, by turns, the Historian, the Logician, the Theologian, in order to attract, to move, and ultimately to lead his victim from the obedience due to God to the mournful service of the devil. This single passage of the temptation of Christ is a volume in the logical malice and the theological stratagems of Satan. We know there is no high mountain in the neighborhood of Jerusalem—we know every inch of the country. But if Satan could place the body of our Lord on the pinnacle of the temple, he could, of course, transport it to the highest mountain in Asia. The power of *creating* belongs to God alone; hence he did not create the mountain: he transported the body of our Lord, as he did in the case of the temple, so great is the power allowed to him by Christ.

And if he be thus permitted to represent images of objects and descriptions of things, he can equally present the attractions of dangerous thinking, of sinful desires, and of wicked passions. And if he have the power to tempt, to persuade, and to argue, it is evident he can fill the memory with new ideas of crime, till the heart consents, till the whole soul becomes prostrate, overpowered, and finally yields, the resistless victim of demoniacal temptation and perdition. This process is Satan's art and power for the ruin of the soul: and can only be overcome by constant prayer to God, by the unceasing assistance of the saints, and by unremitting petition for grace from the Holy Ghost.

On the same principle by which Satan strengthens passions, he weakens faith. If he be allowed to persuade

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and to argue, he can fill the mind, too, with doubt in faith. If his victims listen to his reasonings, they necessarily fall into misguided opinions, are carried into wrong conclusions, and adopt a wrong faith, or reject all faith. In the present day of disbelief or unbelief, faith means mere *opinion*; any received opinion, or no fixed or defined opinion, in reference to God, Heaven, Hell, Eternity. This kind of faith, or opinion, has about the same kind of hold upon the mind as our opinion of "Moore's Almanac" on the weather. But whatever it is, it is blown away like a cobweb in a second by the devil's temptations. And thus, amongst certain classes of this country, God must and can, forsooth, be adored by any faith, or by no faith! Also, morals, in these days, signify any received set of practices, though at variance with Christian definitions, creeds, and commandments! Surely, as in the case of thoughts, desires, and passions, it is the same temptation in reference to morals and social delicacies, etc.; and here again, prayer alone, and the grace of God, can secure the moral sense of the Christian against being assaulted, weakened, and lost, by the stratagems, logic, familiar intercourse, and power of the devil. "Hence, the few that will be saved on the last day are like the few ears of corn that stand on the field after the sickle of the reaper."

When man, from mere observation, understands who God is, as far as He can be known by mortals, it passes all credibility how the whole world does not love Him with intense adoration. Nay, more, it is inconceivable how any intelligent human being could be prevented, even by *force*, from the spontaneous, unceasing homage of God. When we know and believe that He had no beginning; that, like two and two, being always four, His real, essential, palpable existence had no beginning, and can have no end, our whole nature must be fixed in prostrate wonder at the stunning character of His being. Eternity is then His age, without a mark in the endless line of imperishable life. Oh! how great He is in this, His first, eternal property, necessary self-existence! And yet it is only one infinity (if I may so speak) in the midst of several omnipotencies. Wisdom, sanc-

tity, justice, power, mercy, are like His age, beginningless, endless : and each is infinite. Who can conceive a Being made up of infinities ? He thinks, and firmaments roll out like maps : He speaks, and creations are formed : His ideas turn into solid bodies : His wishes become sparkling suns : and tens of billions of myriad spheres burn in the blue boundless vault at His imperial command. Oh, how great are His creative thoughts ! Golden arches span His skies when He pleases ; and He scatters creations and worlds like grains of sand all along His Godlike domain. Oh, what can He not do ?

Now, when we remember who we are, namely, His principal work, in this universality, how great ought to be our pretensions ! how grand to call Him Our Father ! what genealogy can equal the title of being the Son of God ! And we feel within us the soul He gave us : it is His own breath within us, and His breath must be immortal. And when we behold the eastern and western gates of our earthly kingdom here : when we see our own sun rise into our own territory in the East, and set, far away in the twilight, below the crimson seas of the West—surely from our standpoint of view here we can well imagine the gorgeous gates that open their dazzling passages to the future thrones He has prepared for His own children in the happy world to come. We are clearly the sons of a King, and the children of an Omnipotent Father. Now, looking at God in His works, and gazing at ourselves, raised from nothing into life, immortality and eternal happiness with God, it is inconceivable how any living human creature would not be proud, even to ecstasy, to adore this great God : to give Him homage incessantly for His wonders, His wisdom, His power, His eternity, His astounding consideration of man ; His spontaneous gift to him of immortal life, and his eternal share with God in His imperishable kingdom. One should rather think that, as a matter of necessity, man would adore God day and night, in all circumstances, beyond all things, and above all other thoughts, desires, and passions ; and that, like the thirsty stag flying to the sparkling fountain, or the wings of

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the lightning, flashing from the skies to the earth, the soul of man would burn with a necessary, ceaseless, inextinguishable desire to love God and to adore Him alone. One should think, too, that there is nothing to impede this homage; it is so easy, so natural, so agreeable, so honorable, so exalting, and so consonant to the very pride we feel for ourselves.

When we add to these ideas of God the Father one glance at the Crucifix and God the Son, it is impossible to comprehend why the whole Christian world do not burn with a necessary, irradicable love more than we bear in our own hearts. And the work of God the Father in creation is so small compared with the work of Christ on the cross, that the value and power of the one almost disappears in the measurelessness of the other. What signifies *nothing* becoming in one second suns and firmaments, when compared with the *Son of God becoming man*? The very roof of heaven covered with golden spheres of the best product of the Father's omnipotence is a mere nothing when compared with redeemed man, made by the cross the *brother of Christ*! All the work of the Father in the skies is still left matter, in its original nature, the same inert mass; but man, by the redeeming word of the Saviour, is made into an everlasting relationship of consanguinity and grace with the eternal Son of God! All the work of the Father, in his own boundless domain, is no more than a midge floating in the sunbeam compared with the eternal Word made Flesh, with the redemption of fallen man. One word of power built the skies, but one word of mercy satisfied God's anger—a word infinitely greater. The crucifix presents the shorthand infinitudes of Christ, where heaven is unbolted hell closed, the earth emancipated, and Almighty vengeance disarmed—that is justice infinite overcome by mercy infinite; that is, Infinity beyond Infinity, God beyond God! Now, the character of the Saviour is so far above even Heaven's conception in greatness, and man being raised beyond angelic fancy, would not one necessarily suppose this condition of things would force all mankind by an infallible feeling into an invincible necessity and a most pleasing duty of burning love to walk in His

footsteps, one after the other; to fulfil His injunctions to the letter; and never to leave Him for one second of our lives, no more than our shadow can quit us in a sunlit passage! This homage is so honorable: it is so wonderful to see clay made into living flesh, and into a relationship with the Son of God, the redeemed brother of the Saviour of the world. Would not one think that these titles are so grand, so incomparable, so unexpected, that a human being would never forget for one moment of his existence the glorious name of the Son of God, and the transcendent title of the brother of Christ?

When, therefore, we see this created man, this redeemed creature, blaspheme God the Father and deny God the Son: when we find him sinking into a depth of infidelity, as far below hell as heaven is above it: when we gaze at him in the sight of the skies and the crucifix, walking in scarlet crimes and scandals: when he publishes, in open day, libels and lies against the very Trinity and the Christian law, surely we must call on St. Peter to explain this senseless iniquity, this insane infidelity, that corrupts society, damns themselves, and deluges mankind with undeniable perdition. St. Peter is clear on this point, who assures us, on the authority of the Holy Ghost, that this is the "work of the devil, who goes about like a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour." No doubt God is infinitely powerful; but Satan, we see, is powerful, too; knowledge gives strength; but ignorance gives strength, too. Christianity, under God, is followed by tens of millions of faithful adherents; but infidelity, through the admitted agency of the devil, is creeping through the world, too, assuming the name of Christianity, while concealing the character of the Pagan. The devil is thus daily and hourly unchristianizing a large dividend of the human race.

By what name are we to call the Polytheism of a *class* who adores every passion but God: professes to follow Christ, but never goes an inch of the road: declares their readiness to belong to some church, but never did or never will belong to any religious society? This is not an uncom-

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mon faith or practice in this country! This is clearly the logic and the temptation of the devil. It is the doctrine of the Nothingism of Religion, and might be styled the joke of the Gospel, the mockery of prayer, the farce of faith, the juggle of the new law. One must live for some time in different countries before one can believe that such a system is in existence or can be possible. But observation amongst mankind will soon demonstrate that the power of Satan is, on this point, great and widely spread. In fact, the *modern advance* of a Gospel without a faith, a profession of a Christ without a religion, renders the new law a mere sound without a meaning: the same as if Christ never came, the Gospel never was preached, or the anger of God the Father for sin never understood or believed. How truly, therefore, did the apostle Peter describe "Satan going about like a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour." A person without faith is like a man incased in a rock: he is shut out from all the surrounding objects and facts of religion: the lightnings may flash and the thunders may roar, he sees nothing, he hears nothing, all Nature is a blank to him: and it is only in the hour of death, when that rock is rent, and the poor captive is released from his dark prison of Infidelity, that he casts one parting glance at the gorgeous creations of grace and *faith*, which now he gazes on for the first time, to bid farewell forever to God and eternal bliss.

But while the temptations of Satan are admittedly disastrous, and while our own nature breathes destruction to the soul, not protected against its influence, there is a third source of assault, perhaps more fatal than the other two. And this is, our mutual dangers from each other: an endemic mortal disease, by which we infect each other with a sort of moral leprosy, which is caught in the glance and kills in the touch. The pitiable class for whom I make a fervent appeal on this evening present a practical instance of this melancholy sin and shame, which one portion of society inflicts on the other. Man, sometimes pitiless or cruel to degraded man, is always so to fallen woman: and woman, so kind, never conceals the faults, and seldom forgives an erring sister.

These forlorn creatures, once so pure, so innocent, or happy, speak to your hearts on this evening through me, to give them a morsel of food in these pressing times, a rag to cover them: and they beg your generous protection from the cruel world while with a breaking heart, and with tears in their eyes, they return to God their Father. And they are not wholly in fault: man is principally to blame in these cases of mutual crime: the treacherous promises of perfidious man have, in the comparison of sinfulness, by far a larger share of this guilt than the foolish, proverbial reliance of confiding woman. Examine any one of the unhappy class under consideration, and compare her early character with her present condition, and who could fancy the innumerable depths of infamy into which she has fallen. Remember her youth, her innocence, how cheerful, how light-hearted. Perhaps well brought up, educated, of respectable parents, and an honorable home. Her poor father and fond mother had long entertained cherished hopes of their adored child, from the hour she played at their knees till she grew into womanhood. Who is there before me who has not witnessed, at some time, similar charming scenes of domestic peace? who has not heard in family circles some past tales of those dreams of bliss? who could ever foresee that these bright anticipations would be ever disappointed in this girl of promise, this child of God? Religion gave her prudence: and her purity neither knew nor saw evil in the world; and innocence and modesty are, in the opinion of the wisest, the most experienced moral authority, the best safeguard for the training and defence of female virtue. In this case, unconsciousness of vice is a stronger protection than premonitory warning.

Even the daughter of *the poor man* seems educated and refined in this attractive simplicity: so much artless charm comes from the grace of God and practical piety. Who can teach like God? what can exalt the feelings of the heart like the grace of the Saviour? what can enlighten the soul like the inspiring gifts of the Holy Ghost? The pious poor girl, under the tuition of the Trinity, is really educated: looks the lady, and has the unbroken light step of the woman of

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breeding. Such a person cannot have, of course, the costly finery of silk, and gold, and jewelry, 'tut God, her Father, paints with His own pencil, in His choicest coloring, on her virgin cheek the winning features of modesty, woman's true ornament. The child of grace and of God, she would have carried her artless, light, guileless heart to the grave, her bosom, the seat of truth and virtue, till the accomplished seducer, the murderer of the soul, who is to be found in all the ranks of society, breathes in her unsuspecting ear his words of poison and his tainted breath: and, like the temptation of the serpent, innocence instantly disappears and perdition begins. The love of God soon tastes bitter, innocence is changed into guilt, and Paradise becomes a place of banishment. All the world knows the rest; the child of God falls into unhappiness, into crime, into shame; descends into deeper and deeper iniquity, and it is astonishing how rapidly the corrupted woman drops into utter, and sometimes irrecoverable debasement, under the threefold assault mentioned by St. Peter, namely, the devil, the flesh, and the world.

And in this case there is a precipice below a precipice, a hell below a hell. After personal degradation has once begun, there is a city infamy that sinks lower into fouler and blacker crime; a crime that blasphemes God in fun, sells mortal sin in the market-place, hawks moral turpitude through the lanes, earns the wages of perdition in midday opprobriousness, so that the woman is soon forgotten in the fierceness of the demon—like glaring and showy spots on the serpent's skin, attracting in order to sting and kill, her looks and appearance warn the traveller that poison and death are in his path. And the creature that, in innocence like Lucifer, could be an angel and make home a heaven, is in guilt and fallen a monster of terror, hateful to God, and formidable to man. One step further and she ends her terrible life in one of the "*slaughter-houses*" of the city, where unhappy souls are like herself, bought and killed, to feed the appetite of perdition. It is in these putrid dens of moral corruption where the devil riots in diabolical guilt,

and where the lowest stages of woman's shame and crime become developed and revealed. Within three years, in the average, she sinks through the various stages of the outcast, the drunkard, the perjurer, the robber, the beast, the murderer. Her career is here ended. She must perish; terrible crime is like a mortal disease; there are cases beyond recovery, beyond hope. How can sunshine restore vigor to the withered bough? who can heal the wounds of the bleeding soul? what can bind the broken heart? She can scarcely be made to believe that God will or could forgive her. Her wretched existence leans more to death than to life. Suicide appears her only relief from the agonies and terrors of thought. Prussic acid or morphine finish often this terrible tragedy of the once innocent, artless girl.

On the day following her death, her cruel first seducer puts his red hands in his pockets, strolls through the town in search of another victim, pursuing his murderous calling, while his late accomplice, the child of early virtue, lies cold in her crimson grave in the *bloody fields*. Even the dead are not *permitted* to touch the ashes of the suicide. The Christian corpses are not allowed to mingle their rotting bones with the degraded flesh of the suicidal, abandoned woman: so terrible is the thrilling fate that waits a profession of public, shuddering shame—the suicidal death of impenitence and despair. Of all the forms of crying distress in which deplorable humanity can clothe itself, the most pitiable claim is presented to our hearts in the petition and reclamation of the penitent, unfortunate girl—crushed with poverty, without a friend, begging to return to God from loathsome vice, on her knees, she knocks at the door of our asylum. In this one cry is contained her own appeal for body and soul: and the urgent solicitation of Christ, to save the souls of her accomplices from ruin, and religion from burning scandals.

Oh, ladies of New York, open your hands, as wide as day, for the protection of these children of misfortune. The value of your name, the attractions of your character, and the public admiration felt towards you, will be increased one hundred

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fold when you are known to carry in your very bosom one of these wounded lambs to the fold of the Good Shepherd. Heal their wounds, restore these children to themselves and to God : pour your looks of sunshine into the dark heart—and bring the pardon of God and the grace of the Holy Ghost within the prison of their despair. It is not precisely your subscription we want. We want your patronage, your protection. The most unhappy beings in this world are the melancholy wretches who believe that there is not one on earth who cares for them : not one on earth to remember them : not one on earth to spend one thought on them : they are like the desert stream, they rise and flow on to the end unseen and uncared for by a human being. Their hearts are like a dungeon, where not one ray can reach or pierce the darkness of the sad existence. Ladies, give us your protection—come to see these children—make them happy by one visit. The sound of your voices, your light step, your words of friendliness will be like sunlight to the drooping plant. They will see that some one cares for them : and they will pray that your spotless innocence may be, through life, like a cloudless sunny sky, and that you may never know the scalding agony of one tear of silent grief.

Gentlemen, we thank you for the kindness of your presence here on this evening. You have given us what we value exceedingly, namely, the great weight and influence of your moral character. Your numbers, your zeal, your position, make the Gospel alive in your persons : it speaks through you, here in this vast assembly. Practice is the eloquence of the Gospel. The tongue is the mere alphabet and words, and may vanish in a breath : but practice is the deep chiselled pyramid that defies time and the tempest, and perpetuates the history and the work of religion. Gentlemen, we all thank you : you make the precepts of our faith look brighter ; you convince the world that what we preach can be practised : and that in the most fashionable ranks of society charity can be seen, like the woodbine around the oak, adding the attractions of name to the solidity of wealth and station to encourage the support of our public religious institu-

tions. Gentlemen, religion owes you a great deal. You encourage virtue in an eminent degree, and you strike vice a deadly blow. This example will spread: the acorn, when planted, is a small seed, but when grown the hurricane cannot bend its branches. Scandal will diminish and virtue and public decorum will prosper under the fostering care and protection of the friends of the Good Shepherd.

Ladies of the Convent of the Good Shepherd, in your holy office of saving the lost sheep, you are walking in the very footsteps of our Lord. Wherever He heard the cry of distress He was there; His looks fell like sunshine on the path of the unfortunate; and He left the ninety-nine in the fold, and He searched the mountains till He found and carried home on His shoulders the poor strayed one lamb, till He restored it to the flock. No one ever asked a favor which He did not grant. He heard the poor widow cry going to the grave with her child: the widow's tears moved His Godlike heart, and, without being asked, He stopped the funeral, touched the bier, and gave the dead boy to his mother. When He commanded the tomb, the grave knew His voice, and the dead arose. When He checked the winds, the tempest ceased and breathed like an infant on its mother's bosom. When He looked on the swollen sea, it grew calm, and the billows hid in the deep recesses of the deep. And yet, while all Nature obeyed His words of love, the mountains could tremble and smoke in the terrors of His angry glance. Yet all His actions of love and sympathy dwindle into nothing when compared with His omnipotent mercy to the woman caught in sin. Ladies, this is an apt illustration. A woman being caught in sin, the Jews came to Him, stated the fact, and, according to the Jewish law, they called on Him for His reply, to have her stoned to death. He bent Himself down on the ground, and began to write in the dust, clearly showing He did not wish to hear the complaint. Then raising Himself up, He said: "Let the man without sin cast the first stone at her." And again stooping down, He continued to write in the dust. Then the Jews went away one by one, and left the woman alone with Christ. Again raising Himself up, He asked her: "Where

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are those who accused you?—is there no one to condemn you?" "No, Lord," she replied. He answered: "*Neither will I.*" This is the finest passage of His mercy in His whole life. I think I hear the bland tone of His voice in these great words: "*Neither will I.*" These words of mercy go right through the intellect, and make the very heart weep with gratitude. Ladies, these words are to be your motto in your heavenly office of divine charity. Ladies, the world expect prodigies of charity from you. You must be great in your feelings of kindness. You must surpass others, as you more intimately resemble Him. You must be like a tropical sun; you must be brilliant, and you must melt, too. And when the cold, treacherous world condemn these children of misfortune; and when the forlorn outcasts, surrounded by their enemies, look to you for pitiable protection, oh, ladies, will you not *thus* reply to their trembling hearts, like the Saviour: "The world may accuse, may condemn you, but our doors and our hearts are open to you here: here you can be happy; repent of your transgressions, and our dear Lord will forgive you: here you shall have friends to the last, and (if we can) a permanent home. We have followed you into the mountains searching for you till we found you; and we have carried you home on our shoulders to the fold, and our friends and neighbors have come here, rejoicing that we have found the sheep that was lost."

THE INFLUENCE OF RELIGION ON MANKIND.

A LECTURE DELIVERED BY REV. DR. CAHILL UPON HIS DEPARTURE FROM MONTREAL.

[The Rev. Dr. Cahill, at the request of the congregation of St. Patrick's, delivered his farewell lecture in the Bonaventure Hall, Montreal, on the evening of the 30th December, 1860. He was greeted with loud and repeated cheers, on making his appearance, by a crowded and highly influential audience, and proceeded to speak as follows:]

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—I am highly complimented by this repeated mark of your kindness; and an acquaintance with your cheers since the first week of last October has enabled me to set the highest value on the friendship of your city. At the close of my Religious Lecture at St. Patrick's, I believe it to be appropriate to present to you a view of the nature and condition of Religion amongst Mankind, and to mark the destiny, if I may so speak, of true faith upon earth.

I am surrounded by so many old friends, as such I may call them, I am thus reminded that this is my farewell lecture, in which we can bid each other a mutual adieu till our next happy meeting. I am sure I have delivered a lecture in Ireland on *nearly the same* subject; but, like old wine, perhaps it is improved by age and the agitation of my sea-voyage across the Atlantic. My subject is a large one, and must be presented in the strict order of time and circumstances.

In order to understand the case of religion, it is necessary to go back far into the past history of nations, and study its laws through the past records of the race of men. There is a Magna Charta published from Heaven by the Supreme Ruler of the world, which is not written on parchment nor published from the judicial seat of earthly majesty,

but an imperial law, which may be read in mouldering tombs, crumbled thrones, ruins of cities, withered dynasties, forgotten tongues, and which is promulgated in the silent but eloquent voice of passing generations and the ruling majesty of time. This is the legislation of religion. From its nature it imposes a legal restraint on the passions of men. Natural feelings since the fall of Adam are opposed to the laws of grace, and are even at variance with the clearest maxims of reason. Humanly speaking, then, religion becomes a difficult profession, since the natural bent must be first overcome, and the strongest emotions of nature resisted and changed in their direction. From this admitted description it is evident that the professors of religion must be men who will adopt the will of God in opposition to nature, and who will be prepared to mortify, to silence, and to pluck out from the heart any rebellious tendencies, refusing submission to spiritual law. On general principles, therefore, one might expect that individuals, moving in the humble walks of life, subject to trial, accustomed to obedience, and content with many wants, would be the most likely persons chosen by Heaven to take a lead in a position which enforces an entire submission of will and a total subjugation of natural inclinations.

Accordingly, we read in the oldest book in the world, that seven such men were selected from the fall of Adam down to the time of Moses; and that these seven patriarchs (as such they are called) have been placed on earth at stated distances along the path of time; that like the revolving stars of the firmament at night they shone over the succeeding races of men in brilliant succession; that when one of these luminaries descended in circling years and set in the western horizon of time, another luminary appeared in the east of life, and rose in the skies, the burning beacon to direct succeeding generations; and thus we have a record, published in the lives of seven men, and spread over twenty-five centuries, demonstrating that humility not pride, obedience not opposition, endurance not gratification, simplicity of life and station, not elevation of rank, not power of position, are the

main primary elements which the Lord of the Universe, the Almighty. Maker of men, selects for the regeneration of his fallen children, and for the restoration of the soul to its glorious and eternal destiny. And when the patriarchs had died, and a new discipline was introduced by the law and the prophets, we see nation after nation rise up against the chosen race of Israel. This was a race taken from the humblest ranks of despised shepherds, from the persecuted bondsmen of Egypt, and led by the all-ruling Providence through fifteen hundred years of trials, victories, worldly happiness, disasters, freedom, slavery, but still unbroken in kindred, country, and faith, in the midst of scenes of historic vicissitude, which were unknown in any other nation, or age, or people. The wisdom of their Solomon, the piety of their David, had no parallel in the world; while the treasures of their kingdom and the religion of their temple surpassed the destiny of the rest of mankind.

Yet again the treachery of their leaders, the ingratitude of the people, the apostasy of whole tribes, and the crimes of the entire nation were such as to raise Heaven in vengeance; so that between the killing of the prophets, the idolatry of the wicked, provoking fire from the skies, the ruins of Sodom, the combination of hostile peoples, ending in the captivity of their race, there is presented to the reader such a varied, yet unperishable destiny, that no one can read the whole record without being convinced that it is a deep lesson of instruction carved by Almighty Wisdom on fifteen generations of men, in order to show that the chosen people of Heaven are in this world born in trial, nursed in affliction, matured in persecution, and finishing in their declining years in shedding their blood, or in lingering captivity. And when He himself came, in the fulness of ages, to teach the last lesson to men, he selected the deserted cave as the royal couch of His nativity; was rocked in the ox's crib as the couch of the young King of Judea; He took the coarse seamless coat as the royal robe of the Son of David; He climbed the heights of Heaven up the rude rocks of this world: and in the Godlike triumph which He won upon

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Calvary, He wears the crown of thorns as the mark of His royalty, and as the imperial sign, to be carried forever through this world by his faithful and lion-hearted followers. And while the law He published with a loud voice from the crimson throne of Calvary has been, and is, and ever shall be, imperishable as the tongue that proclaimed it, yet still we behold men and nations rising and sinking; we see kingdoms and tongues withering and advancing, and, like the furrowed realms of the deep, swelling and depressing.

We are obliged to form new maps of the Christian world, in order to mark the decline or recovery of this law, as it is conveyed through revolving centuries. When we examine the first sacred spot of the Earth on which the footprints of the Messiah were made, we are astounded to learn that in place of walking here over the flowers of Paradise, we are startled to meet the emblems of infidelity; and instead of joining the worshippers of a crucified Saviour, we behold throughout all Judea the exact copies of the men who mocked Him in the hall of Pilate, flogged Him at the pillar, and plunged the spear in His side at the hill of Calvary. The seven churches of Asia Minor are only remembered as facts of past history; Bethlehem is like a small rock above the surface of an ocean of Mohammedanism; Tabor is an elevated mound venerated by the Christian pilgrim in the midst of a desert of infidelity; and the hill of Calvary, which eighteen hundred years ago beheld the mouldering dead of past ages rise from the tomb, which saw the Temple rent, which heard the rocks split, which felt the earth reel, which saw Hell moan and Heaven weep, and which was covered with darkness for three hours, as God the Father covered his face while the Saviour died—even that hill, which should burn like a sun forever on earth, is shadowed round by the darkness of Mohammedanism, and the mystic remembrance of Calvary only tolerated in the sight of the Heaven which he propitiated, the kingdom he gained, the victories he won, and the nations and the ages he redeemed. And when we travel in the ships which carried the epistles of St. Paul to Corinth, to Thessalonica, to Philippi, and when we

stray through the streets of Ephesus, we are astonished to discover few traces of the Cross which Paul preached, and to hear the little children pray in a strange worship, and be ignorant of the message which ten thousand times one hundred thousand angels published, on outstretched wings, over Bethlehem, when at twelve o'clock at night they rent the blue vault of the imperial skies with one loud acclaiming voice, that He had come.

The antiquary in religion, as well as the scholar in history, are equally astounded in passing through the streets of Athens, to learn that the venerable faith of the Apostles, as well as the spotless genius of an ancient liberty, have both disappeared from this land of patriotism and Gospel inspiration. Thermopylæ is a rude cleft in a hill-pass, and speaks not one word of the three hundred brave who poured out their honored blood in defence of their country; Marathon is a barren field, and dare not bear witness, under its new masters, to the free-born bravery of the heroes that raised the Grecian shields, like a wall of polished steel, before the enemy, and who crimsoned that eternal field with the blood of the invincible Greek, born and bred to conquer or die in defence of the liberties of his country. The public games of the ancient Macedonians are forgotten, the consecrated rivers deserted, the groves abandoned, and public cry for popular liberty unheard: the breathing stone, the speaking canvas are not seen in the soil, the cradle, the palace of the arts; while the soul of Homer and the tongue of Demosthenes seem to have fled from a territory where eloquence was enchained, where liberty had no home, and where true religion could not find one consecrated spot on which to raise the Cross of Christ. Even the ancient Byzantium, the modern Constantinople, what a lesson does she teach, as the burnished crescent rises into the clear blue sky which once saw the Cross of Chrysostom lifted so high as to be observed from the Christian turrets of the second Carthage! From Asia, a hurricane has torn its disastrous course across the famed straits of Leander, and swept in its devastating passage a great portion of Southern Europe and all Northern Africa;

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and the Church where the Scriptures were stamped with integral canonicity at Carthage, and the city where the cradle of St. Augustine was preserved, have withered and disappeared before the crumbling rage of the infidel tempest which overturned Christianity after the fall of the Roman Empire, and which substituted in the elder-born countries of the Gospel the profligate imposture of the Mohammedan Koran.

And when we approach, our own shores, and, descending along the rapid current of time, draw near the age we live, we behold a new lesson in Christianity set in several countries which surround us. In these kingdoms religion has not been extirpated, as on the coast of Barbary or Asia Minor; but fatal changes have been made, and novelties introduced which have rent His seamless garment into a thousand pieces, and which present the one language and the one Gospel of the Apostles as the contradictory jargon of Babel and the oppositional rancor of Pandemonium. We see Switzerland, the old country of the famed Helvetians, once a bright gem in the crown of Peter, take the field in steeled armor against the Head of the Church, while the followers of Zuinglius, with their leader at their head, died by the side of their apostate captain, fighting against God and the Church. All Germany, that once led the front rank of the army of God against the Crescent, has been split up into a thousand fragments of faith; they have by an ingenuity of material philosophy set up the slender taper of reason against the meridian luminary of faith, and in vengeance for this human folly Heaven has permitted them to stray from the old brilliant path of their fathers, and a creed worse than pagan polytheism, an absurd faith more degrading than Egyptian idolatry, has blighted the entire German mind, and has precipitated this federal nation into a sensual infidelity and a logical nothingism. I may class into one people the three territories of Sweden, Norway, and Holland, where our Irish Saints once preached the Gospel of St. Patrick, where they founded churches, dedicated them to St. Martin and St. Bridget, and planted the seed in the good soil, which for many years produced

the rich crop of one hundred fold. But the advance of time, and the progress of human licentious opinion, have robbed these nations of the old inheritance; and at present the blackest form of fatal Calvinism has discolored the intellect and steeled the hearts of these once faithful children of the Church, and covered the North of Europe with a cloud of error, which, like a swarm of locusts, has spread wide infection, and devoured the entire living crop of Gospel perfection. Alas! there is one country still on the map of Europe which has sunk beneath the shock of the infidelity of the sixteenth century; and that country is—commercial, scientific, invincible England.

I need say but little on this painful part of my subject; the ruined abbeys, the crumbled churches, the despoiled colleges, the forfeited lands, and the uprooted asylums for the widow and the orphan,—all forcibly, though silently, proclaim what your fathers once were; while the new communion tables, the gilded parliamentary steeples, the strange ministers, and the novel liturgy of the present incumbent, demonstrate that a new rubric, a false altar, strange prayers, a wholesale plunder of the poor, have been substituted for the ancient unity and the faith of Augustine. I have thus, ladies and gentlemen, given a rapid sketch of the ruffled surface of Christian society since the great epoch of Christianity. Many a bitter and painful reflection is presented to the ecclesiastical historian as he glances from age to age, from country to country, along the mysterious path of time; and the deepest-carved lesson which is read in this imperishable record is, the wondrous Providence which reconverts and restores fallen peoples—which still thus maintains the old inheritance without spot or blemish, and in the midst of change is not even reduced in its universal dimensions; like the boundless empire of the ocean, it is in one place lashed into fury by the unchained hurricane, and rises into accumulated anger as it struggles to the very skies with the sovereign tempest! in other places, whole kingdoms of its waters sleep in placid silence, not even lifting a murmuring ripple on its glassy bosom to disturb the whispering

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zephyr and the glancing sunbeams that play in sportive union on its liquid breast. But whether it be agitated by storm or reposing in calm, its dimensions are the same; it has been dug into the earth by the Master Architect of nature, to last forever; and it shall bid defiance till the end of creation to the changes of time, the revolutions of empires, and the combined terrors of nature.

In the midst of these changing scenes of the great Christian belief, we are arrested in our historic observations by the mysterious fact that one territory, placed in the very heart of the earth, professes the old creed in its entirety which was first promulgated from the Mount. Rome, which was once the mistress of the world in political power, is now the seat of the boundless empire of Catholicity; the crown of Tiberius has been changed into the tiara, and the successor of the Fisherman sits on the throne of Cæsar. Three hundred thousand martyrs are buried at the Coliseum; fifteen millions of martyred hearts lie round the walls of the sacred city; the soil on which Nero ruled, and Caligula sported with human life, is crimsoned deep and wide with the blood of the early saints; and a mighty army of these spirits keep the watch day and night before the gates of this holy city, to guard the bones of the accumulated slain, to protect the altar of St. Peter, to garrison the central towers of the Church, and to send reinforcements and aid to the distant provinces of Christianity, and to strike to the ground the enemies of God. All nations have put on changes roundabout this inimitable city; but Rome never! Babylon is a deserted marsh. Nineveh a heap of rubbish; Palmyra presents some shattered columns; Carthage a small green mound, to mark the grave of the departed cities, Thebes has a few broken sphynxes, Memphis some ruined arches, to tell the Egyptian greatness of times past. All nations roundabout St. Peter's chair have grown old, and withered, and died, and their very tombs are scarcely discernible; while Rome flourishes in eternal youth, her armies vigorous, her weapons polished, her strategy invincible, her resources abundant; while the monarch who rules, and the throne on which he

sits, are protected by an irresistible law sovereign as the imperial flow of the tides, and resistless as the revolution of the earth. The present Pope is, therefore, a link in the long chain of trial and persecution which have ever been the lot of the children of true religion. It is so since the beginning of the world, and it will be the same to the end. It is a peculiar arrangement. It is the conflict between virtue and vice, between faith and infidelity; and, in this great battle, the wicked in the end are worsted and lost, while the good win the hard victory and are saved. This has ever been the case from Babylon to Calvary, from Judas to Cavour.

The Pope holds the citadel of the Catholic Church: he has been appointed to the place of supreme command, and in every age, vice, the world, and the devil have assailed him. He has more than once fled from the enemy, sought refuge for a while in distant places of security: but he has always carried the keys of Peter in his possession. These were never captured. Nor has the Pastoral staff been ever wrenched from his Shepherd hand. He follows in the immediate footsteps of his Master. Of course his path must be along the rugged walks of life, and the diadem which he wears in hereditary majesty must be the crown of thorns, bequeathed to him from the hall of Pilate. "The Son of Man hath not whereon to lay his head," is a truth imperishable as the sorrowing tongue that uttered it, and hence a Pope amidst the joys and friendships of the world is a Christian impossibility. The bitter draught from the cup of his Master must be ever his ancestral privilege of persecution; his lip can never taste the drop of honey of worldly society. His life must be spent in the Garden of Olives—this is the sacred spot where his tears and prayers must be ever poured out in living sorrows. His life must be, as near as can be, a rehearsal of the whole life of his Master. What a mistake it is to represent the idea of a happy Pope; that he is the cross bound in a wreath of roses! Peter, loved by the world, is as much an incongruity, an absurdity, as to see Christ, on the Jewish bench, washing Pilate's hands; to clear him from the charge of hypocrisy and deicide—the same as the Saviour making a

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compact with Barrabas for protection from the Jewish mob; or begging relief from the executioners who plunged the spear in his side.

No! Pius IX. knows his place well. On a late occasion, when a foreign ambassador urged on Pius the necessity or the expediency of accepting an annual pension and ending his troubles, the Pope replied: "What! ending my troubles! When can my troubles end? How little these persons who utter these sentiments know what is a Pope!" Most just remark of the successor of Peter, appointed to share the royalty of the ox's crib, the world's deceit, the martyr's crown. Old Europe would seem to go blind: and kings seem to forget the character of their royalty. As old Napoleon once said, "Something like a universal republic seems to be the end of monarchical tyranny, intrigue, and deceit." Crowns are nowadays going a-begging, looking for heads to wear them. And between iron-clad fleets, rifled cannon, patent gunpowder, million armies, and universal beggary, it is surprising mankind can endure much longer these royal whims, cruelty, taxes, and deceit.

If princes rob and expel the oldest King in Europe, what crown can present a legal claim against the plunderer or the assassin? If rapine, violence, sacrilege, and expulsion are now legitimate results of regal constitutions, what defence can be made by the old kings against the popular usurpation of all existing dynasties? If the crown of Tiberius, worn by the Fisherman, is to be sold at auction in the forum, and if a tallow chandler from Caprera must sit in the Capitol, and if a Catiline be named to rule in the Senate House, the sooner all kings save their fortunes and their necks from banded extermination the better for old royalty.

There can be no doubt Napoleon III. has gone too far; he has built too high—a little higher, and his castle must fall. In order to make friends for his little son, he has made enemies of all Catholic Europe—priests, armies, and peoples. In order to add to Sardinia the two crowns of Naples and Rome, he will perhaps never see his own only child reign in the Palace of the Louis; and the monarch robber of old

Savoy may soon be trampled out by modern license under the burning revenge and sworn hosts of Austria.

I firmly believe that the modern attacks on the Pope by kingly rebels, with all their concomitant circumstances, have done more to revolutionize Europe, to banish kings from their ancient rights and thrones, and to deluge nations with infidelity, than all the past conspiracies that subjects and peoples have ever devised or executed against European monarchy. When kings become the models of hypocrisy and plunder, subjects can and will infallibly follow their example. The death of any legitimate crowned head in Europe would perhaps cause a small excitement in his own family or in the neighboring nations; but the death of Napoleon III. or of his little son would break the spell of the Bonapartes in one hour, and restore France and the South of Europe to the *statu quo* under Louis Philippe, and the protection of Austria. The peace of Europe thus hangs on a single contingency. An ordinary occurrence, and one which must soon happen, namely, the death of the father or son, must reduce Sardinia within its former limits, and raise Austria to her ancient pre-eminence. An oak-tree cannot grow to perfection in one year, and a new empire cannot assume permanent consolidation within the age of a Revolution carried on in plunder, banishment, and sacrilege. This violence might succeed for a longer time, if the army, the Church, the people, and legitimate aspirants were silent or indifferent; but with active, watchful descendants of the old dynasty, with a good Catholic people, with a learned, zealous hierarchy, with a clergy smarting under wrong, burning with something like revenge, and with an army faithfully professing the creed of St. Louis and Bossuet, the expulsion of Sardinia from the gates of Rome is only a matter of a narrow space of time. The present darkness in the skies over Mount Aventine is beginning to brighten; it is passing away like the cloud of the morning; and as angels came to minister to Christ after he conquered the temptation of the devil, Pius will soon receive the homage of all the virtuous peoples of Europe, while from the old Capitol of his own

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St. Peter's he will again lift his triumphant staff over the old faithful million flock, from the rising of the sun to the going down thereof. Napoleon has made a bad move if he throws the present game out of his hands. His only hope was the Catholic people and the Catholic army. An association with England, the old enemy of France, and his identity of policy with the friends of Voltaire and Cavour, is the same as to appoint Blucher as his commander-in-chief over his invincible Zouaves, and to march the brave Gauls to battle under the English colors of Waterloo.

If Napoleon ever takes Wellington into his camp or bows his head to Albion, he has decidedly lost his game and his battle, and he would do well to reverse his fortune, and again beg his lodging and his protection, as he did heretofore, at the gates of London. His true game is the protection of the Pope, to maintain at Rome the central balance of European power, to be the friend of persecuted religion and of oppressed justice, and his dynasty would live longer than the blasphemy of Caprera and the Ecclesiastical plunder of Savoy. Napoleon should never forget the lines of Lord Byron on his uncle after the battle of Waterloo :

" But yesterday a king,
And armed with kings to strive :
To-day a nameless thing,
So abject, yet alive !"

Yet I have always been under the impression that Napoleon is at heart a sincere Catholic ; and although appearances and facts have of late told much against him, his policy is sincerely in favor of the Pope ; and moreover, I believe that he would be glad to fight Waterloo over again, sooner than be compelled to surrender Rome, or abandon Pius IX.

Poor Ireland has ever clung to Peter's central living point of faith. The same blood that flowed through the heart of Peter circulated in the veins of Patrick and his offspring ; and there she is on the other side of the Irish Channel, next-door neighbor of England, with her face to America, the faithful daughter of Rome, the invincible professor of the ancient creed, without a stain upon her name, without treachery

in her hierarchy or dishonor in her priesthood, and having a congregation of Irish followers that, during centuries of national woe, have spurned the bribe of the apostate, despised the terrors of banishment, and met the steel of the tyrant with a shout of mocking defiance.

Yes, Ireland stands alone on the map of the world for pre-eminent natural virtue and for undying national fidelity. There is no record of any other people which can even bear a remote comparison with the history of Ireland, for her amount of national suffering, for her unbroken resistance through centuries of religious persecution, and for the incredible and successful courage with which she has maintained the liberty of her children and the purity of her creed. The children of Ireland have been ever faithful to their creed and their country. The more Ireland was in distress, the more she wept, the more her fond children sat by her side and consoled her. When obliged to quit her soil, it is with a breaking heart they leave her shores. No nation, in ancient or modern history, has suffered so much persecution during the past centuries, and yet no people on earth feel so acutely the sad wrench of banishment from home. The generous Irish—the noble poor man—sends his last penny to his parents, and his aged mother receives every year the fond remittance from her faithful children. They love their creed, their parents, and their country; and when fate places them beyond the Mississippi, and when the sad voice of death reminds them of their final departure, they look upon the day-star that rises over the Green Island, and their last word is spoken for the liberties of their country, their last sigh for the purity of her altars. No foreign people can have any just idea of our national condition. Our persecutions and our mis-legislation have no parallel in European policy.

Our ancestors were deprived of everything: we had not possessed as much of the soil of our fathers as the space on which our feet could stand. We had no claim on one foot of Irish land, except the graves in which our fathers lay buried in their crimson graves. Seventy thousand men spilled their blood for liberty of conscience. Education was pro-

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scribed : it was felony to learn to read : our only books were the tombstones of our kindred ; and these we read at night by stealth, in the light of the waning, setting moon. Our religion was death by the law : and we met the faithful priest in the deserted glen, in the fastnesses of the mountain ; and the lion-hearted flock heard Mass, as the sun rose over the lowering Irish horizon. It was in those caves and at these meetings of terror, with our tried friends and fellow-sufferers by our side, that, with our hands and our hearts joined, we pledged our lives to be faithful to each other, and to die one thousand deaths sooner than forswear our faith or betray our liberties. Many a century we bore this bleeding lash—we were weak at home and we had no friend abroad. You have in the country of Canada two monuments of Irish woes which stand in fatal, racking remembrance of our country's destiny—one is the deep wide grave of forty thousand Irish immigrants at Gross Island, where, in the year 1847, they fell in thousands from the overcrowded berths of bad ships, and the culpably poisoned air of imperfect or no ventilation. They dropped dead in hundreds the moment they took the first mouthful of pure air. It was a terrible sight—five thousand are buried in one pit. In this sad scene, which the stoutest heart could not behold without a thrill of agony, the priests were day and night among the dying. Amidst all the scalding incidents of this crushing disaster, there were found alive amongst the dying brothers six hundred children. About two hundred little toddling fellows were clasped to the hearts of the dead mothers. The Very Rev. Mr. Cazeau, a Canadian priest, now the adored Vicar-General of Quebec, took these six hundred children under his godlike care. Many of the little toddling fellows died ; they were too young. But he succeeded in nursing and rearing four hundred by his incredible zeal and superhuman labor. Other priests worked in this charitable effort to the very death ; but I put forward the name of Mr. Cazeau as a name for the admiration and veneration of Ireland—and Dr. Cahill, their fond countryman, calls upon the people of his nation to offer a fervent prayer to God for the happiness,

the long life, and the holy death of the distinguished Canadian Priest, the Vicar-General of Quebec.

When I was at Quebec, I could take a last melancholy view of this red pit of death at Gross Island. It was the first week of December. The St. Lawrence was much swollen: and being sick, I could not venture down the river. The second monument of Irish woes is here, in your own city of Montreal. Six thousand immigrants are buried in about half an acre of land. I paid a melancholy visit to this death-pit on last week. It was in the same year, 1847, and the deaths arose from the same cause. These two monuments are really the imperishable evidences of English cruelty and mis-legislation; and before the God of Justice, on the last accounting day, these and similar crimes against the extermination, the banishment, and death of the Irish Catholic race, will meet the just penalty due by the retributive sentence of the Almighty Father of the oppressed.

Ladies and gentlemen, poor Ireland seems to realize the destiny of the people of God since the beginning—trial, persecution, and an eternal reward. But woe be to the persecutor of this religion, this opponent of the designs of God. I leave you with much gratitude, and shall preserve to my death the happy remembrance of some acts of distinguished kindness from your city.

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PREDESTINATION AND FREE WILL.

A SERMON PREACHED BY REV. DR. CAHILL IN THE CHURCH OF ST. MARY'S
CORNER OF WILLIAM AND REMSEN STREETS, WILL. AMSBURG, NEWBURGH
JANUARY 19, 1860.

A VERY large class of people calling themselves Christians in the North of Europe, and indeed in the South of Europe—but there is no use of mentioning countries and names—believe that the soul is predestined to be lost or saved independently of its own liberty. It is a very strange doctrine, indeed. You could scarcely suppose men in their senses would profess it. To think that God, our Father, would, without any fault on our part, predestine any one of His creatures to be damned, and independently of what we call our moral liberty! Yet I assure you that a very large section of our fellow-men believe in that; and again that another class of men equally without the use of their moral liberty are also predestined to be saved. That one class will be lost whatever they do, and that another class will be saved, as it were, in spite of themselves. A regular law being passed by the Supreme Ruler, God, from the beginning of the world, predestinating one class to be saved without any actions on their part to deserve it, and another class to be lost without any acts upon their parts to deserve it; so that both salvation and perdition are doled out by an eternal decree, sentencing one class to be lost and another to be saved, independently of their own moral or Christian conduct. That idea is also advocated in connection with another which seems to soften it down, that the pains of the damned are not eternal, and that if they should be lost, a time will come when all their pains will cease. It is not for the sake of this question by itself that I have introduced the subject on this evening, but from the large amount of Christian knowledge connected with it; and you will, therefore, learn before I shall conclude

this subject, that so large an amount of Christian knowledge is so interwoven with it that you will not be sorry for listening an hour to its discussion. The text on which the believers in predestination rely is in St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans, viii. 28, 29, 30: "And we know that to them that love God, all things work together unto good to such as, according to His purpose, are called *to be* saints. For whom He foreknew, He also predestinated to be made conformable to the image of His Son: that He might be the first-born amongst many brethren. And whom He predestinated, them He also called: and whom He called, them He also justified: and whom He justified, them He also glorified."

That text you will learn, before I shall have concluded, should have an entirely different interpretation, and in the elucidation of my subject you will discover a vast field of Christian knowledge connected with it worthy of your attention. The first point presented here is the character of the men who advocate this doctrine; for, there can be no doubt whatever that if a man can once be made to believe that whatever he does he is lost, he will look upon murder or perjury as an essential part of his character. He says, "I can't help it any more than winking. I am predestined to be lost; therefore, whatever I do is no fault of mine; and whatever I do I cannot alter my fate. If I commit murder, it is laid out for me; and if I commit perjury, surely I am predestined to commit it. If I am a drunkard or a robber, it is the same." As to those crimes which dislocate society and overturn the happiness of private families, he says, "I can't help it; it is not my fault; surely they are all laid out. I am predestined to be lost." He won't repent, because he says there is no use in it. Another man may murder, and repent of his crime, but he won't. Another man may commit robbery, may make a restoration, but the believer in predestination would not, because there would be no use in so doing. Repentance is in his view foolish. "God has laid out my fate for me before I was born, independently of my own conduct. I am essentially lost; and, consequently, all my actions are actions which I cannot help; and repentance, therefore, is useless."

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The other class of men say, "I will be saved, no matter what I do. I can commit any or all crimes, and be perfectly indifferent; because, if I am to be saved, I am saved, and therefore I cannot overturn my fate. I don't wish to be better than I am. I will just be the way I like to be, and I will be saved. I am saved, no matter what I do. Neither will I be sorry for anything." He says that it is predestined, so that God becomes the author of the perdition of one without any crime, as it were, upon his part, and of the salvation of the other without any merit upon his part. What do you think that it makes God into? The author of crime. What else? The punishing one man without any fault of his, and elevating the greatest villain into Heaven without His deserving it—that makes God a great deal worse than the devil. It not only puts Him into the devil's place, but makes him twice as bad; for the devil only damns a man, but God punishes virtue and lifts vice into Heaven besides; so the doctrine of predestination would make God Almighty double the wickedness of Satan himself; damning one class of men—which is the object of Satan in this world—and elevating into Heaven another class of men without their deserving it. So it is doing two things—it is punishing a man without just cause (because God is supposed to lead him into vices), and it is conferring upon another man, without merit, eternal happiness. I do not think I need go further. I could multiply arguments upon arguments; but I am sure that I have said enough in these logical propositions to show you that such a doctrine as that is about the most infamous thing that ever was preached. I know and have been among many nations that profess that doctrine. The whole of any nation, of course, may not believe it—for they are divided into classes—but beyond all dispute that is the religious profession made by a large number of men indeed.

In order to arrive at a clear statement of the whole subject, I must first tell you what the character of God is, as nearly as men can presume to talk about it; and I must tell you what our own character is—which we ought to know very well. The first character of God is His liberty. The most

perfect being, you know, ought to have the most perfect liberty. God is the most perfect being, and therefore He ought to have the most perfect liberty; and therefore He has the highest liberty a being can have—that is, liberty to good. We have liberty to evil, if we turn that way; but if we keep always to the good side when we could go to the bad side, we make a perfect use of our liberty. A man can get drunk, or not. A man can swear and blaspheme, or not. A man can rob, or not rob. A man can have improper thoughts, or not have them. How can he avoid what is wrong? By the grace of God. The grace of God will remove vice precisely as lamps remove darkness. Bring grace into the heart, and there cannot be darkness; and if you call for it, you will certainly get it. But still we have the liberty of going to the good or to the bad side. That is man's liberty. God's liberty is always to good. He need not have created us, if He had not wished. But He has created us, and for good. He might have abstained from that act if He had chosen. He need not have given us this earth; He need not have laid the foundation of nature. You know an eternity passed before He made the world. It is only a few years ago that all the worlds that swim in space about us were made. Some say six thousand years ago; some say sixty millions; others longer; but all admit they are a creation. It was a long time before He created them. The highest angel He ever made is a creature; and, of course, an eternity must have elapsed before He made him.

Then He need not have made him; but He has done it. Christ, if He liked, need not have redeemed us when we fell. He could have left us for all eternity. But He chose to redeem us. That is the liberty of the Trinity, not to evil, but to good. What an idea that is as to the character of God. He need not have done these things if He had not liked; but He did, and, therefore, to good.

No matter what kind of creatures began in heaven—angels, archangels, cherubim, seraphim, powers, principalities—there was a time when they were created. Then He made His own court and put them into it. They are His messengers

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—pure spirits finer than the thoughts in your head, less body about them than the ideas of your mind. I think of London Bridge this moment, and I am on the bridge in my thoughts. They fly through space like thought. Walls of stone or iron cannot confine our thoughts. And the moment the soul escapes from the lips of a man dying, in one second it is in the presence of God, and judged the second after. They look into God the same as we look into a looking-glass, and they see their acts, good or evil, and they judge themselves. There are no books open. A man judges himself in a second. It is not God that judges. As quick as communication by telegraph, every thought, word, or action is recorded in the heart of God in a second. There is an invisible wire, as it were, between Him and us, and every action, word, or thought that touches one end of the moral wire here is recorded in the heart of God at the other end in a second. We look into His heart and see the record; no books open—we see it the moment we come into His presence; and the soul is judged in one second. The moment the attendants, the wife, and children raise loud cries of lamentation, the soul may be damned. That is the work of God. His liberty is liberty to good; and when He does anything that appears to us harsh, it is our own conduct we should look at—not His decision on us. He is as great in punishing vice as in rewarding virtue. He is as great in justice as in mercy. That is the character of God—liberty to good—the highest liberty of the greatest and highest being, and therefore not evil. He is surrounded by what are called His attributes, as old as Himself. You know He did not make His wisdom; the moment He appeared, it appeared. Nor did He make His own power. The power came in with Himself. Two and two are four. Was it not four yesterday, the day before, and from all eternity? That is what we call an abstract truth.

God is an existing truth like that. Two and two can never cease to make four. That will always be an abstract truth. God is the realization, the living fulfilment of abstract truths. His wisdom is co-eternal with Himself, as

also His power, and mercy, and prescience. He made neither of these attributes. There is nothing in Him created; He is the Creator; so that you must see Him as surrounded from all eternity by all those attributes that make Him God—power, wisdom, justice, sanctity, truth, and prescience. You read in the Scriptures that God changes. Not at all. He never changes; He could not. It is the sinner that changes. There is His justice. Here is His mercy. If you die under His justice, you are lost; but you have the power to leave that place and come around, and dying under His mercy, be saved. It is you that changes; He never changes; though we say He does, to accommodate the idea to our comprehension. If you die under God's justice, you are lost. You can never charge Him with your perdition. You have to charge yourself. He can say, "You made your own bed in hell or heaven; it is your own affair. I took you out of the clay—I took ten stone of clay (if that be your weight), and organized it into your body, and breathed the soul into it, out of My own heart. I intended it for good. I gave you the power to do good and to be saved. You have chosen your own bed. I cannot change."

God cannot change; it is the sinner that changes. Make your own bed where you like, and die there. If you die under His mercy, you are saved. But if you die under His justice, you are lost. You have chosen your own bed; and He has given you leave to do so. If you offend His justice, you must make atonement one way or another. "Father," said Christ on the Cross, "if it be possible, let this bitter chalice pass from me." "No," was the voice in heaven—"no, no, not until man's faults are atoned for." His Son had to make the atonement, and you can never look at the Cross—the grandest sight a man can look at every day of the week—without you see the shorthand of God's character; for without the blood of Christ you cannot be forgiven. You must have His blood on you, or you can never get from under the results of My angry justice. Now, look at Him, My own Son, and hear what I said to Him—listen to it in the stroke of the hammer as they nailed Him to the Cross.

That is the eloquence of My anger. Die under My justice and you are lost. Change your position—which you can very moment—and die under My mercy, and you are saved. I did not make My justice, and I cannot alter it. Neither did I make My own mercy, nor can I change it. All these attributes are as old as Myself; they are Myself. If I had not these essentially, I would not be God. I cannot un-God myself. I saw everything millions of years before the world was created; I cannot help it.

Having given you a short view of the character of God and His liberty, I am going to give you a short view of our character and liberty. You do not know yourselves. Although we have studied ourselves from the beginning of the world, we do not know ourselves; nor can we govern ourselves. We may govern an army of a million of men, and yet we cannot govern ourselves. A man may know all the books ever written, and yet not know himself. Everybody else knows us better than we do ourselves. We have what is called moral liberty beyond all dispute. Every man that ever was born knows he feels that. And the crash of a world can not alter our sentiments inside. We are above mankind. Otherwise how could we be saved? Let a man be brought to the block and told to renounce his faith: "No, I will not." "If you don't I will kill you." "You may kill me, but the crash of all the worlds of creation cannot alter my decision. I am beyond the tyrant, beyond the king, beyond the axe of the executioner, I am beyond all the terrors of this world, and the accumulated power of all the worlds put together cannot alter my sentiment. You may kill me; you may put my hand to what you please, you cannot alter my mind." Man is great in that way; and God is looking at the martyr: and what would be the use of giving us liberty unless we can exercise it? No, you cannot change the mind of a fellow-man by all the terrors of this world. Therefore he is as calm in the exercise of his moral liberty as if there were no exterior power at all. Man's mind is like a sunbeam in the field of battle. You may have the roar of cannon, but you cannot tarnish the light of the sun.

The whole field may be covered with gore ; but the ray of light is as pure as if there were no gore there. I am above all your power ; no one can force a man to change his mind. That is his liberty. Why did God give us that ? To make the soul immortal.

God looks at the man that could do evil and yet does good, and says : " Ah, he has preferred Me to Satan : he has preferred virtue to vice ; and as God I am bound to protect him. If I destroy that man, I destroy virtue, and I cannot do that," and upon that grand exercise of good liberty follows immortality. Otherwise you would be like a river running down hill ; how can it help going down ? Or like a stone dropped from my hand ; how could it help falling ? That is the reason brute animals are not immortal ; there is no basis for immortality in them ; they die and there is nothing more of them. But if a man performs virtuous actions and won't perform vicious ones, God is indebted to the soul of that man, because he performs a part of Himself when he need not have done it. He might have done what Satan tempted him to do. On that He founds immortality ; and God is as much God in punishing vice as in rewarding virtue. Giving to man moral liberty is to enable God to lay a basis in his nature on which he builds immortality. You will say then : " Why, this liberty is the foundation of heaven itself." It is ; there could not be heaven without it. You could not give immortality to the beasts of burden in our streets, for they neither know God nor love Him, and cannot have any merit before Him. When you know God and love Him, and perform acts of merit, that becomes the basis of heaven, the basis of His worship, and the very thing that makes Him be worshipped by all heaven, God above all beings.

In order to show you that God would not take away this liberty from man I will call your attention to three facts. When Lucifer abandoned God in heaven, rebelled against Him, there was a moment when he had the perfect exercise of his liberty, and thinking that God was not his equal, through pride he rebelled, and God cast him out of heaven.

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You naturally ask: "Why didn't God look at him and stop him?" If he did, he would stop the angelic liberty, and Lucifer and his associates could have no merit. He gave the angels liberty. Lucifer abused it and fell. But you say: "Could not God look at him and stop him?" No; for if He did there would be no merit, and how could He be pleased with the worship of beings without merit? How could He be pleased with the worship of stones and of plants? How could He be pleased with the worship of the highest being created, if he had no merit? For such worship would be no worship at all. So the highest archangels of heaven had their liberty. Many remained faithful and some fell. And God would not look at them to stop them, and thus overturn their liberty; for if He did He would overturn the basis of immortality in the angels; and they had liberty beyond dispute; but he would not overturn it, because it is the basis of man's merit, and the basis of His own worship in heaven. And when man was created, and when Satan, the serpent, tempted Eve, could He not have looked at Eve and stopped her? Although all mankind were to be cast off, He would not overturn liberty in him, because He could not overturn the basis of human perfection and human immortality, and of His own worship. Heaven could not be founded if it were not for that. Although he saw that all mankind would fall, yet sooner than break man's liberty, He would not interfere. But I have a better fact than that—the Cross. Could He not have looked at Caiaphas and Pilate, who tried Him, and stopped them? Could He not have looked at the executioners and stopped their hands as they were going to redden them in the blood of the Saviour? No. Although they were going to commit the largest crime eternity ever saw, or ever can see? No; He would not give them a look beyond the boundary of the legitimate exercise of their liberty. These three cases are sufficient to show you how pertinacious God is in maintaining entire that grand principle of human liberty. He leaves us all to ourselves, but if we call for assistance, we will get it. He gives us a certain amount whether we call for it or not, but He does not touch the integrity of

our liberty ; because the whole merit of man's salvation, the whole purity of the worship of God, is founded upon that basis of moral liberty ; and He would let heaven and earth be torn asunder sooner than touch that grand first principle.

You have heard this case and understand it, as far as I have gone with it. And now you will ask me, if God has given this liberty to man to do good or to do evil, this statement of yours cannot be right, because according to your arrangements a man need not commit evil at all. Certainly not ; he could do all good. Then you say to me, Will you tell us whether or not the angels, the archangels, cherubim, and seraphim, have any liberty now ? They have. And if so, whether or not they can abuse it ? No. And you ask, "How can they have it and not abuse it ?" They have liberty perfect as before, and yet they cannot do evil. "Why ?" I will give you the answer of the Fathers. "They have liberty, and cannot do evil." The Fathers say, "Take a wheel or a hoop, and lift it upon the side, and it will fall this way or that. At rest, by gravitation, it will drop down. But roll it forward with infinite velocity, and it cannot fall. It is driven forward in one direction with such velocity, the innate power to fall is taken away by a higher power." It still has the power in it ? Decidedly ; but the power of falling this side or that, though not taken out of it, is destroyed as to its exercise by the forward motion. The same is correspondingly true of an angel or archangel. He has liberty, but he is in the presence of God, and is driven forward by such love to Him that he has not the power to exercise his liberty. Again, take the case of glass in the window. The glass is black, but you know the sun shines through it. But when the sun shines through it, you know it cannot be black. The sun changes it into its own beautiful transparency. You ask me, was that black ? Certainly. Is its nature black ? Certainly. There is no light in its nature. Try it. It is not self-luminous. There is not a single ray of light in its nature. But its blackness and darkness are taken away as long as the light shines through it. So the spirits in heaven have the power

of doing evil, but that power is taken away by the superabundance of Godlike light that passes through the soul. So you clearly perceive that neither the angel nor the archangel is deprived of his liberty, but the presence of God and the circumstances deprive him of the possibility of exercising it. These thoughts are singular, but true. As long as these lamps are burning, the darkness cannot be here. They are incompatible with the existence of darkness. So long as the soul or the spirit stands before God, it is incompatible with their condition that they can do evil.

Now, to show you the character of God in respect of mankind. I read from Ezechiel, "As I live, saith the Lord, I will not the death of the sinner, but that the wicked may turn from his evil way and live." I say to the high Calvinist—Do you hear that? "As I live, saith the Lord, I will not the death of the sinner;"—"I do not wish it, but that the wicked may turn from his evil way and live. So far from wishing his death, I wish the contrary." Christ, in St. Matthew, says: "It is not the will of my Father that is in heaven that one of these little ones should perish." "It is not the will of my Father. He sent me that not even one of these little ones of all the world should perish." St. Paul says, "God wishes all men to be saved and to come to the knowledge of the truth." It is not predestinated that they are to be lost. He wishes them all to be saved. He does not say that He saves them all, but that He wishes it, leaving you to fill up the measure of the action. St. Paul to Timothy—"Jesus Christ gave Himself a redemption for all mankind." St. Paul to Timothy—"If any one sin we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ; and He is a propitiation for our sins, and not only for ours, but also for those of the whole world." He saves all; wishes all to be saved.

John the Baptist—"Behold the Lamb of God, behold Him who taketh away the sins of the world"—all the world. Christ says: "The bread I will give is My flesh for the life of the world. I came not to judge, but to save the world." He does not wish evil to anybody; wishes all to be saved, and gives His grace for it; but you have to do the action your-

self. He wishes the product, but you have to put the seed in. He wishes your children to know Christian knowledge, but you have to teach them to speak, and to teach them the Christian doctrine. He wishes to have them instructed, but you are to do it. They cannot speak of themselves, nor learn of themselves. That is your business. He wishes to change the wicked, and gives grace to save all. Now let us read the text—"We know that to them that love God, all things work together unto good." So there is a regular work going on, and there is no predestination without work. "All things work together unto good to such as according to His purpose are called to be saints; for, whom He foreknew, them He also predestinated to be made conformable to the image of His Son." He saw mankind from eternity. Take a single man, John, for instance; and He saw that He was a moral, good man, a good husband, a good father, a good son, an honest man, a good citizen; and as he opposes no obstacle, He gave him grace particularly to reward his good conduct. Whom He foreknew before the world was made, He saw the way he would go on according to the use of his liberty.

It was not He that made him go on in that way. The man did it himself in the exercise of his liberty. Foreknowing from all eternity what kind of man he was, what did He do to him? He predestinated him to be made conformable to the image of His Son, to be brought by future grace into a higher position. I will give that man a little light. He is now in the dark. He is a pagan. I will give him a little light to direct his steps, and I will see how he will do with it. If he takes that and follows it, I will give him higher light—will make him according to his own exertions conformable to the image of Christ. "That he might be the first-born among many brethren. And whom He predestinated, them He also called." First, this man is a moral, good man. I am looking at him in his own actions, in the exercise of his own liberty. I will give him a little light. If he does not go back I will lead him further, and I will certainly bring him to be made conformable to the image of

Christ. He cannot be Christ, but I will make him conformable to His image. He will be the likeness of Him to a certain extent—in his humility, his patience, his submission to My will; and so far as he can be I will bring him to be conformable to the image of Christ. "And whom He predestinated, them He also called." "And I will call that man into the Catholic Church." How will you call him? I will shipwreck him, if you like—throw him upon a Christian country. I will send a priest to him, if you please. I will make him travel. I will send an angel to him (which He has done); but beyond all doubt, I will call that man, if he perseveres.

"Then a great number ought to be saved, if that is the fact." Will you get a great number like that man? I foresaw that man's character—there was no mortal sin in it; and where will you get a great number of men without mortal sin? But get me the men, and I will venture to say I will do the rest. Whom He foreknew from his conduct He predestinated; and whom he predestinated, He called into the Church; and those who go on well after being called, them He also justified and will make perfect. And whom He justified, them He also glorified. "I will take him to Myself." And there you see all things are working together, depending on the man's liberty. The whole are not predestinating him without his own exertions, but leading him step by step, by the proper exercise of his own liberty, until He calls him into the Church, makes him into a saint in this world, and glorifies him forever with Himself in the next. You see now the whole text, and you see that these men we are speaking of must be mad; for that whole text, instead of being in their favor, is quite against them. The whole text is—I do not wish anybody to be lost; I wish all men to be saved. You understand the text. "We see God's character and our own, as far as you have developed it," but still you will say to me, "There are a great many lost, are there not?" Yes, but it is their own fault. "But you say that many are lost?" Certainly I do. "How will you account for that?" It is their own fault; they abused their liberty; like Lucifer, took the wrong side, and died under the justice of God; they.

made their own bed in hell, and were lost. Yes, He did; but His foreseeing it had no influence on their conduct, any more than my foreseeing brought you to Church to-night, or will put you out of it, or will cause you to remain in it. His foreseeing does not make a man go this way or that way. I see you sitting there before me: I do not make you get up or go out.

God foreseeing men before this world was created, had nothing to do with their conduct, no influence on their actions. It is their own fault, if they are lost; their damnation is at their own door. "But did He not decide their fate before they were born?" Before they were born in this world He did. "What do you mean by saying before they were born in this world?" Because He did not decide their fate before they were born in His decree, which was written long before the world was created. "His decree?" Certainly; all things that ever took place or ever will be written in His decree, for everything is before Him as present. You and I see the past in the present. He only surpasses us by seeing the future in the present. I look back to my childhood, and recollect things that occurred when I was four years of age. I look back to my education, see my companions in college; look back to all the places I was ever in. There is no past in it. I cannot tell how I have that. It is a property of my being as a man, human creature. I make no exertions to see these things; they are before me just as you are. God only surpasses us by seeing the future as well as the past. I do not look back. I think, and all my past life is before me, and here you are—both together. We are very like Him, you see. As we see all past things, He sees all future things. Future things, you say, have no real existence. I want to know what kind of existence past things have in your head. You will find that future things are about the same things as past ones. He sees all things future. You see the things that have been done, but His looking on has nothing to do with our conduct.

"Yes, but did He not see and decide my fate before I was born." Yes, before you were born in this world, but not be-

fore you were born in His decree, where everything was written. All things, past, present, and future, are before Him. That is His character, and that will be our character before God in heaven. Millions of years in heaven are like a second; and the soul's memory is perfect: and we shall know each other far better in heaven than here. You forget a man here for the want of memory. "I know," said Job, "I will see my Saviour in my own flesh, and with my own eyes." No other man's eyes will see Him for us. There, before the throne of God, we shall recognize and see each other. Men will know us better than they do now. You tell me now that your fate was decided before you were born. Born where? Look at the decree of God; and you see there your birth written down, and next your life, and then your death, and God's decision under that again. How could He decide until He saw your life? and how could He see your death before your birth? The thing is absurd; He could not do it, and, therefore, you will see your birth written at the top of the decree; then your whole life under that; and then your death under that; and then His decision under that. So your fate is decided before you are born here, but it is not decided until after your life and death is seen.

There is no pre-judgment, but a post-judgment. He reads your life and death, and then decides. His decision is not before your death, but after it, in His imperial, eternal decree. The whole of this is before you were born into this world, but not before you were in His decree. There is not the least difference between Him and the judge in your own assizes, except that the judge of the assizes cannot foresee the case; it must be argued before he sees it; but God foresees the whole case and judges; but it is after He has seen your birth, life, and death in His decree. It is a post-judgment, not an after-judgment. "So His decision is after my death?" Decidedly. "But when He foresaw it, must it not be the case?" No, indeed not; if you asked otherwise it would be different. "Is not His decision a cruel thing?" Not at all. It would be, if He made your case. But you make the case yourself. He only judges your case. You

can no more change Him than you could a judge of the land. How could you say to him: "You are a cruel person, to adjudge me to be hanged." "No, I am not cruel; I did not make your case. You made your case yourself. Why do you charge me with leading you into crime? You made your own case. I barely judge." God can say to the soul: "You made your own case; I judge. You could have made it different, and my judgment would be different. I barely judge in My justice your case; but you made it. I saw before the world began what you would do; I drew out my decision, having seen your birth, life, and death."

But you still argue the case: "Could not God make all saints, and make no wicked men?" No, He could not do that, in the present order of things. Many a father and mother may be lost, and the child saved. If he could not make any but saints you could not have been parents, and you would not have been alive in heaven. That would be punishing virtue to save vice. "Why did He make man in his liberty?" For good. "Why did He make any but the virtuous?" From the reasons I have stated. "But can God save us at our death?" Yes, He will if you repent; but He won't do so if you don't repent. "But no matter what sin we commit, cannot God save us after our death?" I won't say what He cannot do or can do; but it is a clear case that if He saves a man after a life of sin, He contradicts Christ. And Christ will stand in heaven equal with His Father, and He will say—When I was on earth, I said that no man could be saved unless he died under My blood. I said that neither the drunkard, nor murderer, nor perjurer can enter heaven—this man is all; and I said—Without repentance, no man can be saved. This man never repented. If You save him, You make the Gospel I preached a mockery, and My Cross a cruelty. This man is without Me, and You save him without Me. Why did You make Me die, if You can do without the Cross—if You can save him not only without My blood, but against it? Why did You make Me die? The whole Gospel is a mockery, and the Cross is a cruelty, for it appears You can do without it. Therefore, Christ addresses the

Father—"I am Your equal ; I cannot allow Myself to be un-Goded ; and if this man is saved I am un-Goded before My own court. I am made a liar, and I cannot be made a liar before My own court. I stand here to resist that man's entrance into heaven, the same as I would stand here to advocate his entrance if he died in Me. My Father will not save a man without repentance. It would be canonizing vice and trampling on virtue." Then the damned soul addresses Christ—"O Lord Jesus Christ, if we die in this position are we lost forever?" Lost forever. "Is there no hope?" No hope. "What have we done, poor worms of the earth that we are, to call for such a terrific manifestation of your anger?" You have committed the largest crime known to eternity—you dipped your hands into the red blood of the innocent Jesus. You are worse than the Jews. They did not know what they did ; you did. You were aware that the Jews crucified the Son of God. You knew it through life ; and you ratified the act by participating in their iniquity. You have committed a very great sin. That was before Me the day I was crucified, and helped to crucify Me. You are one of the accomplices. My crucifixion was not brought about by men, but by sin ; it was sin that crucified Me ; and if one man kill a man, or with ten men, they are all equally guilty. Your sins were among the sins that brought Me to the Cross. You are, therefore, an accomplice, whether one man crucifies Me, or millions of generations. All are equally guilty, as if only one man put Me to death. They all share the same crime. Your hands are, therefore, red with my blood. You never washed it off with repentance, and you stand before Me as one of the worst accomplices of My crucifixion. You committed, therefore, the largest crime known to the history of God—dipped your murderous hands 'in the scarlet blood of the Saviour. You are lost forever. "No hope?" No hope. "Eternal fire?" Eternal fire. "Infinite anger?" Infinite anger. "Infinite duration?" Infinite duration. "Three infinities?" Three infinities. "Infinite anger, infinite fire, infinite duration—what have we done to deserve three in-

finities?" You deserve an infinity multiplied by a million of infinities. As the Saviour is God, and the highest being in heaven, your crime rises in malignity in proportion to His character; and as He is infinity multiplied by infinity, your crime against Him is so large that even infinity cannot express it. "Forever lost?" Forever lost. "Is there no excuse for passion?" None whatever. The saints all say—We were subject to passions; we committed sins. Christ was subject to passions, and without sin. We were subject to passion, and it was by overcoming our passions that we wear these crowns of glory. Do not say that passions brought damnation on you. Passions made us what we are.

"But poverty?" Then the canonized saints say—We were poor, and our poverty saved us. "But we were persecuted?" Then all the conference rise up and say—We were persecuted, and our persecutions gave us seats near Christ. And the martyrs stand up and say—We were persecuted; look at our red clothes. We were flayed alive, roasted on spits, boiled in boiling caldrons of oil. Look at our red clothes now made white. It was suffering made us what we are. "But is the care of wealth no excuse?" And kings stood up and said—We had crowns, but by the proper distribution of our wealth we were saved. "Our ignorance?" Say all the poor, we neither knew how to read or write. See Mary, My Mother, crowned with the twelve stars on her head, and see all poor around her. There is no excuse, no hope, there never can be an end. "But can't You save me?" "I did not make Myself," says God, "nor My attributes. I am the essence of things. I am two and two are four; I never can be five. I did not make My justice, My sanctity, nor My mercy. They were made with Me; they came into existence along with My own person—inseparably connected with Myself. You mistake My nature. I intended you for good. You brought the evil upon yourself. I intended you to die under My mercy, but you have chosen to die under My justice. The kingdom of hell is as well founded as the kingdom of heaven. I am as much God by punishing crime as by rewarding vir-

the. You mistake Me; you forget yourself even. There was a time I did not create anything.

"I created you for good; I gave you a mind to direct you; I gave you grace to inspire you and instruct you. You resisted everything, you made your bed in hell, and you shall enjoy it forever. I cannot change; I am unchangeable. You can change, but I cannot. I am the essence of things; you brought damnation on yourself; and now you shall be removed as far from Me as thought can reach. You shall be put away in the dark where no spent ray of creation shall reach you; century after century shall roll away, and million after million of years, and your terrors will be but just begun. I am as much God by pronouncing sentence of perdition, as by bringing all these into eternal happiness. I did not predestinate you to be lost; you had your liberty; you abused it. Nor did I predestinate these to be saved. They had their liberty and they used it properly."

Now, if what I state be true—and it is as true as God—must not a man be perfectly out of his senses if he allows six o'clock to rise on him to-morrow unless he changes his life? If a little bird were to come to this earth at the end of every million of years, and take away a single grain of sand at a time, the time would come when it would be all gone; but the terrors of the damned will be but just begun. "But cannot fire burn it out?" No. All time is the stroke of a pendulum; and how can the stroke of a pendulum change vice into virtue? You must repent here if you are to be saved. If you allow this life to pass, your foot is slipped from the shore, and you are gone into a new territory. If I could only take one sinner in this congregation and make a good man of him, should I not be the happiest man in the world? Many a man often comes out of curiosity to hear a man and goes away converted, and goes on his knees, and says from this day forward I will never go back to sin. I think whenever I talk with such firmness and emphasis as I do at present, I am sure that a random shot will hit some man. I shall conclude by thanking you for coming

out in the frost to-night to hear me, but I do from the bottom of my heart pray that if there be any one sinner in this Church that finds his mind changed as it ought to be, that God will continue His grace to take him out of the possession of the devil, and bring him to God and eternal happiness.

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THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.

A SERMON DELIVERED BY REV. DR. CAHILL, IN ST. JAMES'S CATHEDRAL, BROOKLYN, ON SUNDAY, MARCH 25, 1860, FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE SISTERS OF MERCY.

DEAREST BRETHREN,—Mankind since the beginning of the world never saw such a day as the anniversary we are now met to celebrate. This is the 25th of March, the date of the Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin, the festival being put off till to-morrow, but we meet to celebrate it on this day for a purpose of my own, and I again repeat that up to that period and perhaps since, mankind never did or never will behold such a day as the anniversary we now celebrate. God the Father in a week painted the skies—a great work. He took out His imperial compasses, and He swept the wide arch of the Universe and within the circle He put all things that the eye can behold. He painted the gorgeous and glorious colors that we see above us. But the day that the Second Person of the Trinity, the Son of God, deigned to unite Himself with our nature—to descend as it were from His throne to unite Himself with man, to elevate man to Heaven, above the angels—the day that He did this is without exception the greatest and the most glorious that mankind ever met to celebrate.

You are aware that when Adam fell the gates of heaven were bolted against him and his posterity. But yesterday a heap of clay, to-day an organized being with an immortal soul, who could have ever supposed he could rebel against God, his Father—his Creator? Who could have supposed that he would have been so mad as to forfeit for an apple his glorious privileges? The day Heaven was bolted against him his race was excluded, the earth on which he stood was cursed, God withdrew His immediate patronage from him,

and the darkness of night settled down like a cloud over the whole earth. But see how great is the justice of God, how impenetrable His ways, how unsearchable His judgments, what may be called His just vengeance after thousands of years, during which the earth was covered with pitch darkness and man excluded, only to be saved by a belief in a future day of hope. It is on this day that Heaven begins to be reconciled to man, and the Second Person of the Trinity begins to be united with our nature. Think till fancy is exhausted, and who could have supposed that a rebel could be so lifted. The Son of God, long before the foundation of the world was laid, long before the Heaven of the angels was formed, long before a single creature was created, long before Adam was made, addressed His Father and said: Father, it is written in the head of the book that You could not be pleased with the blood of goats and oxen. It is written in the head of the book, in the very first of Our transactions, that these sacrifices could not please You, and behold I come to offer myself. Man will fall—I know it, because I see into futurity. I know that Adam will fall and I know that he can never redeem himself. How could darkness produce light? How could crime produce virtue? How can the rebel who is finite, pay off a debt which is infinite? How can finity pay infinity? Therefore, Father, do You recollect it was entered into the book of Our transactions—it was not even at the end of the first page, but it was in the beginning of the first page—what St. Paul calls the masterpiece of the power and wisdom of God. Man cannot pay You, therefore I stand before You in My bare head, and I say, pour upon My head the vials of Your wrath. Under the imputability of sin here I come as the only mode of compensation, and pour upon Me the vials of Your reddest wrath.

Four thousand years elapsed before that eternal promise was fulfilled, but as sure as God lives that promise was to be fulfilled, and therefore this is the day—the 25th of March—when the Angel Gabriel announced to Mary that this great compact was to be realized, and that God was to be united with man. And He stood before the throne of God as a

criminal to pay the infinite debt which Adam incurred by his transgression. This is decidedly the most important fact that ever the Church of God could celebrate. I have, therefore, taken advantage of this festival to discuss for you one of the most beautiful dogmas of our faith, the Immaculate Conception of the ever Blessed Virgin. But before I enter upon my subject I must again return to a second view of the fact I have published to you, namely, the fall of man.

If man had never fallen, all the writers that speak upon the subject say, what a glorious place this earth would be. If man had never fallen he would have been innocent, guileless, without sin, without crime, faultless, no death, of course, for "death is the punishment of sin"—such is the beautiful language of the Church. If he had not fallen or sinned he would have had no fault, and how could a being without fault be punished? An honest man would not punish him, and certainly God would not. What a beautiful thought of these sacred writers. Man, therefore, would finish his course upon the earth, and when the time would expire that God allotted he would rise like a spark to Heaven.

At present there are about eleven hundred millions on the earth, and about six hundred and forty thousand die every day, so that every day more than half a million appear before the tribunal of God. What an awful idea that is! If, therefore, man had not sinned, the same number would appear before the presence of God, and be received into Heaven. Would it not have been easier for God, you ask, to have all men appear from the depths of the sea and the bowels of the earth at the last day, than to have them come before Him when they die? It was God's intention before man had sinned, that when he had finished his earthly career he should rise like a spark to the skies; but he has now ordered it otherwise; and therefore at the last day all the dead shall arise at the sound of the trumpet, and all mankind shall be gathered together to receive their final judgment. Now, what a beautiful territory this earth would be if there was no sin; it is as perfect as omnipotence could make it, given the mate-

rial of which it is composed—the Omnipotent Power could not make it better than it is. The only things by which it is deformed are sin and death. All the irregularities which we see arise from these, and were it not for sin and death we could look at the blue vault over our heads, and admire its gorgeous beauty without being oppressed with the thought that the earth beneath was cursed by the transgression of man.

But how can any one be happy with death, the punishment of sin, and all its attendant evils. What a terrific punishment it is to lose one's senses, to have our eyes glazed in death, to be hated and abhorred by our nearest friends, to be put into a coffin, nailed up, put into the earth, and devoured by worms? Who ever heard anything like the sound of the clay falling upon the lid of the coffin. And the woman that loves her daughter most hates her when she is dead. She would not stay in the room in the dark with her; she would not sleep with her for all the world. Now, it is the same way in Heaven. The fondest mother saved will abhor the daughter damned. I come back to this world for my proof, and I say, "Why is it, fond mother, you cannot embrace your dead, foul, putrid daughter?" Because she is in a position in opposition to me—that is, in death; and when you are at the throne of God, you love everything He loves; His mind is your mind, His will is your will; He pierces you as the sunlight pierces the glass, you are filled with his essence, His mind is identified with your mind, you like what He likes, hate what He hates, but above all, you are an immortal, eternal life, while your daughter is an immortal, eternal death, and your abhorrence rises in proportion as eternity rises above this world. What a terrific thing is sin, then, to be the cause of this death. And we have death everywhere—death in the air, death in the water, death in the fire, death in our food, death in every pore of the body, death from the hand of the assassin. How can any one be happy in an eternity where all is death, the result of sin.

And if any one of you would now propose me the question—"When Christ died, as you just said to us, did he atone for all the transgressions of man?" He did. When His

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Father poured the vial of His red wrath on His head did He make sufficient atonement? He did; for one drop of His blood was enough. He not only atoned, but multiplied atonement by infinity. You reply—"Is therefore the debt of the damned not paid?" Yes, and more than paid? "Why is not death removed, if the whole debt is more than paid?" I will tell you. Although God His Father has forgiven crime as to its eternal punishment, he still leaves a temporal punishment behind, to remind the sinner not to commit it again. On the present point the grave is my proof. There is the atonement infinitely beyond what is necessary; that is my first proof, and the grave is my second. Forgiven? We are more than forgiven, but when you see the fresh grave dug there is the temporal penalty; and when you see that the saint died, and the little baby confined and carried to the churchyard after being baptized—put in a little coffin, with its little breastplate—the baby inside but a day old—and when I meet a man of this world I say, "Stand, if you please; let us accompany this little funeral till I speak one sentence in your ear: Had that child committed any crime of its own, personally?" "No." "Why is it killed?" "Because it is the descendant of Adam, the original rebel." "Oh! punishment for his crime?" "Decidedly." His eternal guilt forgiven, no doubt; and it has no personal sin to sully the pureness of the soul—but a day old, and yet the imperial lash is lifted over its head; it spares no one, the king, the beggar, the saint, the sinner, the little baptized baby—all are to die under the lash as the result of original sin. "And pray, sir," I am asked, "if you now commit a mortal sin of your own, have you to do penance for it?"

If the baby that committed no sin, but merely belongs to the race of the rebel, and his crime is forgiven—the punishment of the grave still remaining—and you commit a new sin of your own, will you answer me, are you not to perform penance for it? I appeal to the grave, and I say you are bound to do penance all the days of your life till the grave closes. I say, there is my proof, and if you commit a new sin of your own is it not a clear case you are bound to begin

your penance even though the eternal guilt is forgiven? If any man told you God is good, you are forgiven. I say yes, but the grave is there, and it is an imperturbable fact; everything shows that. What a glorious day, therefore, this is—the beginning of a new era, the descent of the Son of God to earth, and the lifting out of hell, and the bringing of man up to heaven. I therefore take advantage of this day to bring before you the Immaculate Conception, immediately connected with the two points to which I call your attention. And you ask me what is the Immaculate Conception? It is that the Blessed Virgin was not only free from personal and original sin in this world, but that she was free from the stain when she was in her mother's womb, at the moment of her conception. She was not only pure after she was born, but by the decree of God, she was free from the stain of original sin at the first moment she had life—she was immaculate—stainless. But you say, How is it possible that any theologian can state that fact? I will proceed to the proof. Without personal sin, and without original sin! What an idea that! Free at the moment of her conception—no sin. She did not begin to be without sin at sixteen, or fifteen, or fourteen, or ten years of age. I repeat it again and again, there was no moment of her existence when she had sin, even original. You demand my proofs and I proceed to give them to you, and I hope to make the case satisfactory.

When Adam fell, as I just now pointed out to you, and ate the apple, God, or as it is said in the Scriptures, an angel representing Him said, "Adam, where art thou?"—why don't you appear?—and Adam entered into a dialogue with the representative of God Himself. He said, "I heard Thy voice in Paradise and I was afraid, because I was naked, and I hid myself." And God said to him, "Who hath told thee that thou wast naked, but that thou hast eaten of the tree whereof I commanded that thou shouldst not eat." And Adam said, "The woman whom thou gavest me to be my companion gave me of the tree, and I did eat." And God said, "Because you have done this thing I have cursed the earth, and it will bring forth thorns and thistles." And

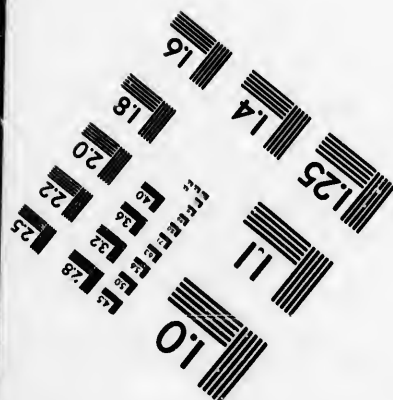
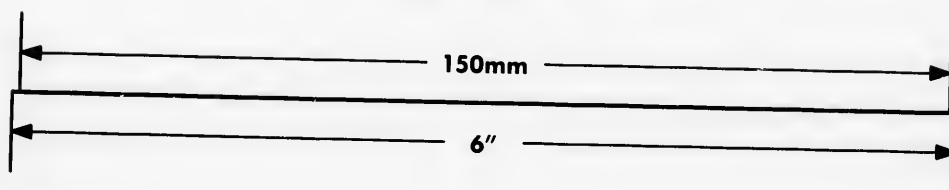
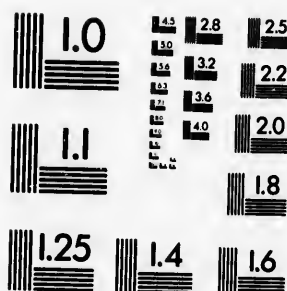
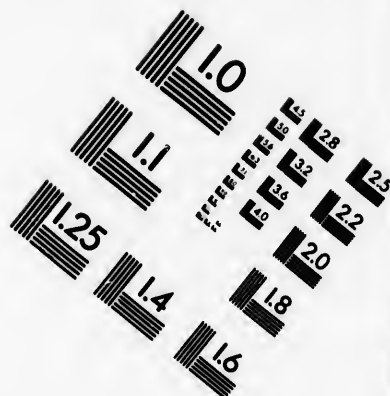
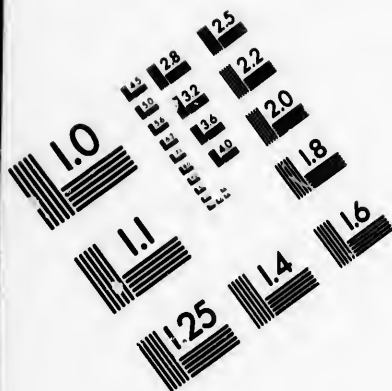
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to the woman He said, "You shall bring forth your children in sorrow, and I shall place you under the dominion of your husband," and I know what a hard thing that is sometimes. To the serpent He said, "Because thou hast done this thing thou art cursed among cattle, and I will put enmities between thee and the woman, and her seed and thy seed. I shall crush thy head, and thou shalt lay in wait for her heel." We are astounded when we hear these words from God the Father in Paradise! What does this language of God the Father mean—to the serpent, you shall be cursed among animals? It means that a day will come when woman, or the seed of woman, shall crush the serpent's head. Who is the woman who shall do this? The Mother of our Lord. She it was who brought forth the Saviour, and thus crushed the head of the serpent.

Oh, you say, that is a great expression, coming from the mouth of God Himself. I am always carried away by the words of God Himself. God the Father, therefore, beyond all dispute, has foretold in the Garden of Paradise, the very day that Adam fell, without a moment of interval, what he would do to save the fallen man. Said He, you are cursed, but I hold out to you a hope on the spot of your salvation. The day will come when you shall trample on the serpent, when the seed of the woman shall crush his head. And all that believed in the future Saviour and kept the commandments were saved. We believe in the Saviour having come—past tense—while they believed in a Saviour who was to come—future tense. The same principle, only that in the one instance it refers to the past and in the other to the future, but the tenses and moods of grammar cannot have any influence on the eternal principles of God. Who is the woman foretold four thousand years before she was born to be the Mother of the Saviour? What kind of woman ought she to be? A sinner? I should think not. I could not think that God the Father would name a sinner to be the Mother of His Son. It does not look like what He would do. I should expect she would be the most perfect creature that ever lived. I am now only in the beginning of my discussion,

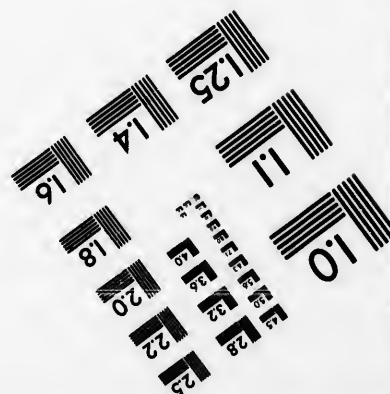


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and you will please to follow me accurately. I need not say how delighted I am to see you come in such great numbers. You please me beyond everything. You pay a compliment to me, and to the good Sisters of Mercy, who are working and struggling for you all.

Who, I ask, is the woman? Is she a sinner? I should judge not. That would be a terrible case—that would be disgrace to God, and a scandal to man—it would be a premium on vice, putting the highest crown upon the individual in the possession of the devil—making the Saviour drink the hot milk out of a heart possessed by the devil. Oh, no, I don't believe that. I would expect, therefore, that she ought to be the most wonderful creature that ever came from the creative hand of God. All the angels, perfect as they are, veil their faces with their wings in His presence. They are creatures made by God the Father; they are not His relatives, but His Mother is His nearest relative, and I can scarcely fancy, if the pure spirits cover their faces with their wings, so pure is He, that He would select for His Mother one who was stained with sin—it would overturn all my ideas of the purity of the Creator. No, I don't believe that. I cannot comprehend how the Infant Saviour could put His little arms around the neck of a being in mortal sin. I cannot conceive how his little veins would be filled with her blood, and that the blood of a being steeped in mortal guilt. I think there is no one before me that will not say, I am decidedly of your opinion so far. I think she ought to be the most perfect being that ever existed.

Now we come to the Old Law. Adam, Noah, Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Levi, Moses—seven men—whose lives bring us down to the year 2436, and yet in all this time there is not a word about Mary. We hear no more of her except what occasionally flashes upon us when the written law was given to Moses, and when she is spoken of as some beautiful flower, a glorious Virgin, above the angels and archangels, the Pride of the Nation, the Royal Virgin, descended from a race of kings. Certainly it must be something very extraordinary, for through their writings we have occasional flashes of this

mysterious creature. Well, from Moses to David we come to the year 2900 of the world, and Mary, we are told, was a descendant of David, a royal virgin, of royal extraction. Before we come down any further we see that she certainly answers the description given of her, and God said, "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my Word shall never pass away." Every word He said about this woman crushing the serpent's head is true, and it will take place in the long length of His reasoning. We live but for a day—He is for eternity. There is a woman that answers this description, is so very like her, and in the meantime while you are discussing this case the whole thing is unravelled.

About the age of fifteen or sixteen years the angel Gabriel met her—no, not the angel but the archangel Gabriel—the highest minister of the imperial court of Heaven—no, he did not meet her, he was sent to her. He was sent from whom? From God the Father. How beautiful! Four thousand years after the fall of Adam. "Hail, Mary!" he said—the highest word we have got in the Hebrew to express salutation. It is a word signifying the greatest veneration in the salutation of anybody. "Hail, Mary!" Who told him that her name was Mary? "Full of grace!" Just what we expected: when anything is full of another it cannot contain anything else. And what is grace? St. Paul tells us it is the emanation of the Spirit of God; and we are also told that it is the charity of God poured out on human souls, an emanation of Himself. Of all the addresses that have been conceived, was there ever anything so beautiful, and which so meets our case? "Hail, Mary, full of grace"—full of the emanation of God! Before I advance further with my argument, I must say I would conclude from that very word that Mary had personally no sin; because if she had any sin, the words of the angel could not be applied to her—she could not be the Mother of God. And the poor people (I call them poor, not to express their poverty, but to show their affection), they don't want anything more than that—"Hail, Mary, full of grace!"—God speaking these words, and out of His lips everything must be judged according to its atomic value.

But is this all? No. "The Lord is with thee." God is not only your companion—He is with you. "Blessed art thou among women!" which means, you are more blessed than any other woman. What women does he mean? The women of that generation? No! you are not to put that construction on it. He does not say blessed in the past generation of women, nor in the present generation, nor in the future generation; He speaks of all women from the beginning to the end of time. The Hebrew phrase signifies, you are more blessed than all the women who have ever lived or ever will live. We have a word in our own language which is somewhat like it—we say, "he is brave among the brave," or "he is learned among the learned," meaning that even the brave acknowledge his superior bravery, even the learned acknowledge the superiority of his learning. "Blessed art thou among women!" Mary, you are full of the emanation of God, and no woman that ever lived could equal you in blessedness—"and blessed is the fruit of thy womb."

The same blessedness, the same freedom from sin is ascribed to Mary as to the fruit of her womb. She was not and could not be as perfect as He; but in freedom from sin she was like Him. Don't you see now the Holy Ghost in that phrase? What man could paint it in proper colors—who could paint even the very language? I see the inspiration of the Holy Ghost. "Blessed art thou among women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb." The same word applied to Christ and to Mary. Had Christ any original or personal sin? Certainly not. Would you not take it that Mary was equal to Him in point of blessedness? "Hail, Mary, full of grace! The Lord is with thee! Blessed art thou among women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb." Now, we have here the words of the Father in Paradise clearly expounded. She is the most perfect creature that ever lived among women; for although the Saviour had not as yet died and atoned for sin, she has no sin. Blessed! No woman that ever has been, or ever will be, is equal to you in blessedness. She is as free from sin as Christ.

Does not St. Paul tell us that we were all born children of

wrath? He did, and so we are, except the cases that God did not include, and there are such cases. So, then, we are not all born children of wrath? We are, except the cases that are not included. And cannot God make exceptions? Cannot the King who made the law make exceptions to the law? The monarch who makes imperial laws can certainly make exceptional cases in their application. And has he done so? He has in the case of John the Baptist—John, who was sanctified in his mother's womb three months before He was born—He was an exception to the law made by God himself. And we only ask for Mary three months beyond John the Baptist. I proceed to read from St. Luke for you from chapter the first, beginning with the twenty-sixth verse:

And in the sixth month, the Angel Gabriel was sent from God into a city of Galilee, called Nazareth.

To a virgin espoused to a man whose name was Joseph, of the house of David; and the virgin's name was Mary.

And the Angel being come in, said to her: Hail, full of grace, the Lord is with thee; Blessed art thou among women.

Who having heard, was troubled at his saying, and thought with herself what manner of salutation this should be.

And the Angel said to her: Fear not, Mary, for thou hast found grace with God.

Behold, thou shalt conceive in thy womb, and shalt bring forth a son; and thou shalt call his name Jesus.

He shall be great, and shall be called the Son of the Most High, and the Lord God shall give unto Him the throne of David His father: and He shall reign in the house of Jacob forever.

And of His kingdom there shall be no end.

And Mary said to the Angel: How shall this be done, because I know not man?

And the Angel, answering, said to her: The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee, and the power of the Most High shall overshadow thee. And therefore also the Holy which shall be born of thee shall be called the Son of God.

And behold thy cousin Elizabeth, she also hath conceived a son in her old age; and this is the sixth month with her that is called barren:

Because no word shall be impossible to God.

And Mary said: Behold the handmaid of the Lord, be it done to me according to thy word. And the angel departed from her.

And Mary rising up in those days, went into the hill country in haste into a city of Judea.

And she entered into the house of Zachary, and saluted Elizabeth.

And it came to pass, that when Elizabeth heard the salutation of Mary, the infant leaped in her womb. And Elizabeth was filled with the Holy Ghost.

We are told the infant leaped in her womb. Perhaps you will say this is all excitement ; but you will soon find it was not. "And Elizabeth was filled with the Holy Ghost." Now she could not be filled if there was original sin in her, and the consequence is that Elizabeth and her child was free from original sin by that fact, and that John was sanctified three months before he was born. There could have been no sin, of course, if she was filled with the Holy Ghost. So that what St. Paul said is true, but these are the exceptional cases.

"And she cried out with a loud voice and said : Blessed art thou among women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb." Who told Elizabeth that ? The Holy Ghost.

"And whence is this to me that the mother of my Lord should come to me?" The English of this is—how have I deserved the honor that the mother of my Lord should come to me ? Who told her this ? The Holy Ghost. Is there no honor to be paid to Mary after that, when the Holy Ghost utters such words ? Would you not think that every scholar in the world would pay honor to this woman's memory ? I would pay honor to the man who struck the chains off his country ; I would pay honor to the man of charitable heart, whose benevolence relieves the distresses of the poor and the afflicted ; I would pay honor to the man whose look spreads sunshine on the path of the unfortunate ; I don't wonder at bigotry and prejudice refusing honor to the mother of God, but I wonder at the scholar who refuses to do it. In England I know that the opposition to Catholicity is so bitter, that whatever we honor they despise, whatever we love they hate. Because we use holy water, they ridicule it ; because we venerate the Cross, they would trample on it ; because we have seven Sacraments, they will have none at all ; and I should not wonder if, because we pray on our knees, they would pray on horseback.

But let us return to the subject of which we were speaking—"And whence is this to me, that the mother of my Lord should come to me ? For behold," said Elizabeth, "as soon as the voice of thy salutation sounded in my ears, the

infant in my womb leaped for joy. And blessed art thou that hast believed, because those things shall be accomplished that were spoken to thee by the Lord." And Mary said: "My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour. Because He hath regarded the humility of His handmaid; for behold, henceforth all generations shall call me blessed." Here we have prophecy. What is she called? She is a virgin, and her name is Mary; she is blessed, and she says all nations shall call her blessed, and her words are fulfilled, for is she not called "Ever Blessed Virgin?" I always write it in this way, and so would any scholar. "Because He that is mighty hath done great things to me; and holy is His name. And His mercy is from generation unto generation to them that fear Him. He hath exalted the humble." She was humble and she was exalted. That is a great passage. I am great, I am exalted, even the mighty God has done great things to me.

About four years ago all the Bishops of the world were written to by the Pope, to know what was their opinion in regard to the Immaculate Conception. The words Immaculate Conception are not in the text, but don't you think, from all the reasoning, that it is contained in it? I think there is no man, or set of men, who would say that any other case would fit this set of words, except that of the Immaculate Conception. We deduce the word sanctification from the fact of his leaping with joy—a deduction patent from that fact. Now, if we could get a deduction of that kind in Mary's case, should we not come to the conclusion that she must have been immaculate?

In the Apostles' Creed we say, "I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of Heaven and earth, and in Jesus Christ, His only Son, our Lord, who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, and was born of the Virgin Mary!" Born of the Virgin Mary! Why, she must be immaculate. Out of this principle in the Creed I take the deduction—Immaculate Conception. These are very remarkable words—"born of the Virgin Mary"—one of the articles of the Creed at the time of the Apostles. Why, I must conclude that she

was immaculate in her conception. Accordingly all the Bishops wrote to the Pope, and the opinion of the whole of them is that the Blessed Virgin was immaculate. We always believed that she was, but it was never settled as a dogma before, although it was the universal belief of all Catholics. We all believed it, and we called upon the Pope, the Father, to pronounce upon that article, and he has done so. The only difference between now and the time before it was pronounced is that all must now accept it as an article of faith, and that the man who refuses to believe it must suffer the penalty.

Dearest brethren, I have now argued the whole case for you. There is the doctrine that is now promulgated by the Pope. The Immaculate Conception is a deduction implicitly contained in the explicit first article of faith, "born of the Virgin Mary"—conceived of the Holy Ghost. The first article, we believe in explicitly, and it is contained in the other article we believed in implicitly. Mary, the most glorious name in the Christian Church, foretold by God the Father four thousand years before she was born. She stands before all coming time as the Mother of God, regarded by Him as His mother, and as in the case of the miracle at the marriage-feast at Cana, obeying her wish, and making even an apology to her for the little word He said to her—"My hour is not yet come." Nay, more, when hanging on the Cross, suspended between heaven and earth, and when in His agony He saw His Mother kneeling at the foot of the Cross—she who had followed Him when all else, except His beloved disciple, abandoned Him—when He looked down and saw His Mother weeping, He said to John, "Behold thy Mother"—John, you whom I have loved more than all the other Apostles, He gives her over His Apostles the same position which she held over Him. What, over an Apostle, a Bishop a pillar of the Church? Yes, and He was to be submissive to her as a mother. She was to exercise her maternal control over Him and over the Church.

Don't you think she has great power, then, and don't it stand to reason that she ought to be the greatest of created

beings? Therefore it is that we say Mary, Queen of Virgins, Queen of Patriarchs and Apostles, Queen of all the Saints. How beautiful is that Litany. What woman, therefore, would not place her daughter under her protection and put her medal round her neck? When I see a woman who will not place her daughter, or a father who will not place his son under her protection, I fear for that girl and I fear for that boy. Teach your children to repeat the Litany of the Blessed Virgin. What more beautiful prayer then that? The Litany of Jesus in the morning that He may protect us through the dangers of the day, and the Litany of the Blessed Virgin at evening that she may watch over us through the night. The little children in Ireland attending those schools by means of which they hoped to rob us of our faith say the Angelus in her honor every day when the clock strikes twelve, and, though they say it to themselves, the teachers know when they are saying it, for the children bow their heads when they repeat the sentence, "The Word was made Flesh." The children were then forbid to bow their heads, and what do you think they did? Why, bowed them three times in place of once. That was the result of interfering with their religious practices.

I have often praised the Northern Irish when speaking on that subject for their adherence to their religion, for their unyielding firmness on that point, and I have attributed the fact of their being such good Catholics to their being obliged to contend for their faith and to make sacrifices for it. And they certainly are the best Catholics in the island.

I have to thank you for coming here to-night in such numbers. It is, as I have said already, the first time I have had the pleasure of seeing you, and I thank you, not only for the compliment paid to myself, but especially for the interest you take in the Sisters, and of which your presence here to-night is a proof. You ought to appreciate their labors, their devotion to your children, their care of your sick. Do you not mark them going through your streets upon their errands of mercy? Do you not see them in your schools teaching your children, and impressing on their

youthful minds and hearts purity and piety? Is not the mother's knee the first seminary, and do we not receive from the mother's lip and the mother's heart our earliest and most lasting impressions? If, then, the influence of woman in that sphere is so deep and so widespread, what do not we owe to those who fit them for it; who train them up in the ways of virtue and ground them in the truths of their religion? And this we owe to the Sisters, and I am delighted to see by your numbers to-night that you are conscious of this obligation and proud to acknowledge it, and I now conclude by invoking the blessing of God upon you all. In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, Amen.

THE WORD OF GOD.

A SERMON DELIVERED BY REV. DR. CAHILL AT ST. MARY'S CHURCH, NEW YORK, SUNDAY EVENING, JANUARY 22, 1890, FOR THE BENEFIT OF ST. MARY'S PAROCHIAL SCHOOLS.

ABOUT a quarter to eight the reverend preacher ascended the altar, and read the following as the text of his sermon :

ST. MARK: CHAP. IV.

And again He began to teach by the sea-side: and a great multitude was gathered together unto Him so that He went up into a ship and sat in the sea, and all the multitude was upon the land by the sea-side

And He taught them many things in parables, and said unto them in His doctrine:

Hear ye: Behold, the sower went out to sow.

And whilst he soweth, some fell by the wayside, and the birds of the air came, and ate it up.

And other some fell upon stony ground, where it had not much earth: and it shot up immediately, because it had no depth of earth:

And when the sun was risen, it was scorched, and because it had no root, it withered away.

And some fell among thorns: and the thorns grew up, and choked it, and it yielded no fruit.

And some fell upon good ground: and brought forth fruit that grew up, and increased, and yielded, one thirty, another sixty, and another a hundred.

And He said: He that hath ears to hear, let him hear.

And when He was alone, the twelve that were with Him asked Him the parable.

And He said to them: To you it is given to know the mystery of the kingdom of God: but to them that are without, all things are done in parables:

That seeing they may see, and not perceive; and hearing they may hear, and not understand: lest at any time they should be converted, and their sins should be forgiven them.

And He saith to them: Are you ignorant of this parable? and how shall ye know all parables:

He that soweth, soweth the word.

And these are they by the wayside, where the word is sown, and as soon as they have heard, immediately Satan cometh, and taketh away the word that was sown in their hearts

And these likewise are they that are sown on the stony ground : who when they have heard the word, immediately receive it with joy.

And they have no root in themselves, but are only for a time : and then when tribulation and persecution ariseth for the word, they are presently scandalized.

And others there are who are sown among thorns : these are they that hear the word ;

And the cares of the world, and the deceitfulness of riches, and the lusts after other things entering in choke the word, and it is made fruitless.

And these are they who are sown upon the good ground, who hear the word, and receive it, and yield fruit, the one thirty, another sixty, and another a hundred.

The most beautiful parable of the whole volume. You have yet four specimens of soil to which He has called your attention. With what ease He places before us the classification of Christian mankind under that beautiful image, exquisitely executed by His own pencil, a lesson spoken by His own lips. I always feel additional pleasure in reading His own words. Of course, the words of St. Paul and the other writers have been inspired by the Holy Ghost. They hold the pen, no doubt ; but it was the Holy Ghost that wrote the words which the pen wrote. They were written by the Third Person in the Trinity, and, therefore, have the same value precisely as the language of the Father and the Son ; but I always like to read the words of my brother, Christ ; some way or other, they always please me more. The Saviour—everything He pencils is so beautifully exquisite. It is not the language of an orator who does not know the proper value to put upon his words ; not the language of an essayist, who is not particularly anxious about the signification of the words he employs ; but the language of one who gives every word its due importance and value ; and then the language He employs is so brief, clear, and convincing. There are four specimens of soil.

The highway, where you know a single grain cannot grow, represents one class of men, where the seed is trampled under foot by a crowd of vices, or where it is carried away by the birds of the air, the emissaries of Satan. Then there is the rocky man—the man who would like to be religious, but for his interest and his passions. In time of tribulation

and persecution he gives up the word. Then there is the thorny man, the man of the world—so beautifully expressed. He said, the seed is thrown among thorns—where we would naturally fancy that some would grow; but it will not at all. He becomes as bad as the highway, though not so difficult to turn to God.

Then there is the good soil, so magnificently described—the good Christian. According as it is cultivated it produces—some thirty-fold, some forty-fold, some sixty-fold, and some a hundred-fold. We read these parables, these images, so beautifully perfect and so clear, done so exquisitely by His own pencil, and yet we forget them. We look every day and every hour of the day into the blue vault before us, and we see the providence of God carved in capitals in His own handwriting; and you know we forget even that. Every blade of grass is a text, every river that flows is a mark of His kindness. Although we are looking at these things every day with our own eyes, we forget them. If we can forget that which we are looking at, it is easy to forget that which we only see through the eye of faith. Were we to reason upon this subject, we should suppose that no one could forget that text which I have read to you to-night: but the carelessness of men, the cares of the world, the lusts of the flesh, the temptations of society, and our own passions, put it out of our minds: and we require now and then to renew ourselves upon these splendid, exquisite lessons and pictures, to which I will call your attention, in order that we may keep in the straight way of salvation.

The text which I have read is a great lesson to the people. It shows you that unless you have the good soil no crop can be produced or expected. The greatest orator that ever took the Gospel in his hands—a man whose language would melt tens of thousands, as the breeze moves the corn-field to and fro—says, it is of no use unless you cultivate the soil yourself. If you should be the highway, it is in vain; if you should be the rock, we cannot expect it from you; you are in a wrong position. Therefore, you are to gather one grand lesson from this Gospel!—that your salvation is in your own

hands by making yourselves into the good soil, and by so cultivating it, that you will have the varied products, according to your zeal and cultivation, of thirty, sixty, and a hundred-fold.

And the Gospel is a great lesson to the priest. It shows him so well that about one-fourth of his parish is good. And it teaches him that he may not have more success than his Divine Master has painted in this parable, which we know to be true. He would not paint what is not true; His pictures are realities, and not fiction. Therefore, in his parish the priest has unquestionably these four specimens of soil. In every city, town, village, and hamlet in the whole Christian world, these four specimens of soil are to be found.

The priest, therefore, is not to repine, if, when he scatters the seed broadcast through the parish, it does not grow. He can take up the text, and say, I cannot expect that this parable shall not be fulfilled in my parish; I cannot expect more success than His pencil has described; and, therefore, I am to continue all my life scattering the seed with all zeal, so that I shall not be charged before the eternal tribunal as having neglected my duty. The warning of this text is to be placed at the door of the man who will not make himself into the good soil, and produce a faithful crop. This is the subject to which I will call your attention. I have glanced, you perceive, at what I am going to say to you, and may I ask that you will for one hour give me breathless silence, while I discuss this whole subject for you.

Many a thrilling reflection is connected with this first division of this great parable namely, the highway soil. There is no mistake in what He states. We are to bear in mind His words, where He talks of that soil being imperfect and producing no crop. "Hearing," He said, "they do not understand, and seeing they do not perceive, lest at any time they should be converted and their sins be forgiven them." There never was anything so terrific as these few words. They show that the last curse that can fall upon soil—converting it into the highway, where the

seed is trampled under foot—is hearing the Word and not understanding it.

When a man hears the Word and does not understand, he does not know the value of the Word, and as he does not know the value of the Word he does not take care of it—has no regard for it. And Satan, therefore, seeing the Word unprotected, carries it away by his emissaries—according to this beautiful description, “the birds of the air come and carry it away.” The whole catastrophe of the man that is represented by the highway, in the language of our Lord, arises from hearing the Word and not understanding it; it is the same as if he did not hear at all—is it not? To such a man the whole case is the same as if Christ never came—as if the Gospel were never preached—as if the Cross were never promulgated. It looks small at first, but there is a large territory of crime associated with the idea of hearing the Word and not understanding it. The Word does not make its way to the soul, and the soul is not improved by it. Not taking care of the Word, it is trampled under foot, its fertility destroyed, and the birds of the air, the emissaries of Satan, carry it away; and that soil cannot produce one single grain of Christian merit. It may have moral merit; but the seed that is to produce a Christian crop, whether it is all trampled under foot or carried away by the birds of the air, in a soil so placed in a thoroughfare, cannot produce a single grain of Christian merit.

Such a man may be a very elegant person, a rich soil, highly educated, a finished gentleman, yet everything grows in him but the seed of Christianity. An awful spectacle! I think I have often seen such a man as that—one in whom everything grew except the seed of the Gospel. His neighbors say, what is the reason he cannot be virtuous? I ask, how could he be virtuous? If that man were virtuous he would contradict the Gospel every day: for he would produce without seed the thing that can only grow from the seed. No, he cannot. What good does his education do him? He may get grace of carriage from a posture-master, but not salvation; language from a professor, but not Christianity. There never

was such a mistake as expecting one grain of Christian merit from such a man. He has not got the seed, the first principles out of which Christianity could grow.

What creatures we are, that our salvation is as much in our own hands as in the hands of Christ? What is the use of giving the seed to the rock? What advantage will the seed be to us if we are the highway? Therefore a most singular reflection presents itself to the mind upon that one point—that we ourselves have the making of our own soils, and our salvation is as much in our own hands as in the hands of the Father of the universe and the Christ that saved us by giving us the system of the Gospel.

All I could say here would be vain in comparison with one of St. John's most beautiful texts—"The light shone in the darkness, and the darkness comprehended it not." You would think a man could see the light at least. No, he will not. Would you not think it impossible that the light could shine in the darkness, and the people there would not see it? But the darkness is not illuminated by it; the light, the natural effect of which is to make visible everything around, cannot do it; the darkness is too thick. A terrific image, and yet so true. "Light shone in the darkness, and the darkness comprehended it not." The very night of His birth, on the twenty-fifth of December, when night rolled over the blue vault above, and when ten thousand times ten thousand angels spread their wings over Bethlehem and rent the sky with their loud acclaims, Judea was asleep. They had read the Word almost from the year 2436 up to His birth, and yet did not understand it. They thought their coming prince would be a temporal prince. They heard, but did not understand. The blue vault of heaven was rent with the loud acclaims of the whole host of angels, and yet Judea was asleep; she did not expect him. His shepherds heard the sounds of His celestial army, but Jerusalem was deaf. Is it not so? Kings came from the East, directed by a star in the skies, and yet the High Priest was blind. Fact, no theory, but stern reality of the parable in the case before you. The light shone in the darkness, and the darkness

comprehended it not. They had heard of His coming two thousand years ago before, and did not understand it.

When He looked to his Father the moment before He expired on the Cross, and when His lips uttered the last words—"It is finished"—these words had scarcely expired in His divine mouth, when all heaven resounded with the redemption of all mankind. Earth mourned and wept; the dead arose; and the graves heard these words; rocks were split; nature struggled in convulsive dissolution: the sun grew dark; and the whole creation felt something like the last pulsation of existence; and yet the Jews did not know it. They wagged their heads, and called Him impostor and malefactor. The light shone in the darkness, and the darkness did not comprehend it. They had read it for thousands of years, and did not understand it. Therefore, these two facts stand forth an imperishable monument for all coming time and unborn generations of the terrific result that awaits the man that hears the Word of God and does not understand it.

I now tell you that the text which is applied to the Jewish nation is equally applicable to individuals. I fire random shots, and am sure to hit somebody. I say it is applied to individuals. How many men have you and I known through life hearing the Word of God and not understanding it?—listening to the Gospel out of that pulpit and every other pulpit in your city and nation, and not understanding it?

You and I can now tell his fate. I most certainly can. The most fatal curse under the red arm of God's vengeance, is the result of that. How often have I seen such a man as that; how often have I known him, hearing the Word of God through his whole life, and not understanding it nor practising it, preparing for himself an awful curse.

God sometimes follows such a man with extraordinary kindness, while He leaves others to their fate. The first thing He does with a man of that kind is to give him a long life. Look at that man every day of his life; see his hair grow whiter and whiter; see him toothless, blind, deaf, but aged, and not bending his knee to God the whole time—having a faithful wife, virtuous daughters, obedient sons, and not

bending his knee to God at night. Hearing the Word and not understanding it. Having a high position in society, a man of wealth, of name, of station, and not blessing himself in the morning. Rising out of his bed of prayerlessness; going forth to meet the world and to be kind to everybody but Christ. Keeping his account, meeting his companions in the custom-house, faithful to his bills, keeping his word with everybody but God, not thanking Him for his position, for his existence, for his hope of salvation.

Prayerless ingratitude! Many a man in such a position God allows to be cut off in a second. But when he wishes to save the man, to give him the largest room for grace, He allows him to live, hoping that some time or other he will turn to Him. If he will not turn, He approaches him and touches his flesh. It is a very great curse for an old man to live to a time when he looks around him and sees all his companions gone. He then stands, like an old oak in the forest, without a branch upon him. Must not a man be very hard-hearted to stand any longer against God? Such a man will, or else the parable would not be accurate. Very often God follows that man to save him by extraordinary means. The first thing He generally does with such a man is to strike him with poverty. And He reduces his flesh, and makes him a living skeleton before society, as if He said to him: Here-tofore I have been speaking to you through the ministry and everything that surrounded you, but I will come near you and touch your flesh to save you. I will take from you everything worldly, that your mind shall not be embarrassed any longer with the cares of this world. I have annihilated one set of hindrances—your ambition, your wealth, in order that you may be unembarrassed by your pursuit of money, and that you may turn to look upon Me as the only thing valuable to be looked upon.

After that, if he be not converted, He calls upon death to sharpen his sharpest spear; and He sends him into the house with instruction to plunge it into the heart of the woman he loves, to give him a warning, to bring death into his house, into his bed; and He brings the day after the hearse, the

black horses, and He shakes the black plumage in his mouth to warn him, and He makes him follow the bier to the grave, and He makes him look down into the grave, and He makes him hear a voice far more eloquent than mine, that is, the red clay falling upon the lid of the hollow coffin of his wife. What signifies my poor eloquence to the tone of the coffin, to the orator of the tomb! And He makes him look down into the tomb and read the gilded breastplate of the woman he loved, the hope of his young, wild affection, the mother of his children, the idol of his young heart crushed to the tomb. Would you think any man could stand that? I tell you there is a man who will. But Christ won't desert him yet. He calls upon death to bring another spear, and He selects the child he loves best always, as sure as I am here—the boy or girl in whom his very heart is centred, and every pulse of his heart, and He says, take the spear again and plunge it into the heart of the child he loves best. I will bring the hearse the second time to his door; I will take the white plumage off the hearse of the young child, and shake it in his teeth; I will bring him a second time to the tomb, and I will make him read, in spite of him, the young age of his beloved child—sixteen years of age; I will freeze and crush every feeling in his breast; I will go to the very marrow of his bones to bring him back. There is a man that will walk home—of course he will, if he have not grace—and not be moved; the grayhaired, bald old man! And when he comes back into his house it is not Christ that preaches to him any longer, but the bed where his wife lay.

Is not that the sermon every night that he goes to bed—the little chair where the child sat, the knife and fork she held, the plate on which they took their meat, the poker with which they stirred the fire? Is not everything in the house preaching to him? And he is not moved! It is terrible to think of; but it is a fact. No doubt you who have studied this case know as well as I do. Now, I will say what I would be really afraid to repeat if I had not often looked at it. At length the patience of Christ is exhausted and He says, "I will steal upon him like a thief in the night." Good God!

was there ever heard such a phrase as that? "I will snatch my opportunity, and then—" What do do? "To seize him in a second." And so He does come in the night, and two fates await that man, according to my knowledge of the case.

Christ will enter his home suddenly at night and lays His hand upon his heart, as a clockmaker on a pendulum, and stops its beating, and wrenching his soul from his body flings it into eternal fire. If he have time to reflect, I will tell you his other fate. He will be taken suddenly ill; his friends will send for the priest, and the priest hastens to attend him; and the moment he takes the handle of the door in his hand the man is dead; the priest never reaches him at all when he is in the position I now describe. He is like a ship in your harbor struck by the lightning, pitching and tossing, and all on board lost just within reach of help. He dies and he perishes. There's the highway for you. I stand, as it were, near a precipice; I have a bell in my hand, and I am told to ring my bell from morning to night to inform people of the precipice and to keep them from falling over that precipice. I am like a pilot on board of a ship—I am continually crying out to them to beware of the rocks. Should a man be angry with me for trying to save his life? I should think not, yet ten to one such a man will be angry with me for pointing out his awful position, and for giving him rules to avoid his terrible fate.

The second part of the parable is very remarkable, too—the rock where the seed fell and began to take root; but as there was no soil it failed, as the sunbeams scorched it, and it did not produce any fruit. Now, the rocky man is just as bad as the thoroughfare man. The only difference between them is this—one has the seed and may recover, the other has no seed and cannot recover. The difference between them is like the difference between the man who violates one commandment—as, for instance, murders—and the man who violates the ten.

The man who breaks the one commandment is equally excluded from heaven as the man who violates the ten, if he dies in that state. But the man who breaks one command-

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ment can more easily return than the man who breaks the ten. Both are equally lost if they die in that condition; but the man who has broken one commandment is not so deep in the possession of the devil; he can return with greater facility than the man who breaks the ten. The rocky man is about the same kind of person. He has the seed; if he could only get the soil, he could grow; but the seed withers, and he can produce no fruit. What an image that is! O how well He knew how to say it—our Father, our God, the Omnipotent Master of all. It was He that gave us our feelings and our minds. How well He knew how to describe His own work.

Again, mark the distinction, the seed begins to grow, and continues to grow until the time of tribulation and persecution. When the persecutor of the world came it failed. I don't think I ever met a man who did not like religion—you know I have met every class of men; but in the whole course of my experience I never met a man who did not like religion. I would not believe the Gospel if I could see such a man: It proves my theology to see the wicked man loving religion. He is a living proof of the divinity of our religion. He cannot produce any fruit, he has no grace, and of course his life is one continual tissue of infidelity and immorality. As I said before, I do not think I ever knew a man who did not like religion, though he could not practise it. You never saw a man in your life that loves humility more than a proud man. You never knew in your life a profligate that did not worship a modest woman. Remark that—the greatest profligate worships the footprints of a modest woman; he likes what he cannot practise. Therefore, this man called the rock would like religion very much; but times of tribulation and persecution touch his pocket, his flesh, his self-interest and his passions, and he gives it up. You can no longer calculate upon him. Ask him to break a single link of his improper connection, and he abandons you. It was the very same in the time of Christ. The Jews spread their clothes under His feet; they got green branches and strewed them before Him; called Him the son of David, and worshipped Him as their

King and God; but the day when the Jews sought His life every one abandoned Him.

Who do you think form this class indicated by the rocky soil? The very large majority of mankind, governed by their interest, led by their passions, and abandoned by God. The great majority of mankind belong to that class. When our Lord was addressing the priesthood, He employed a beautiful phrase—"You are the salt of the earth." He did not say *part* of the earth, but you are the salt of the whole earth. The whole world is corrupt, and there is no way to purify it, no way to remove its imperfections, unless you, by your ministry, become the salt of the earth, to keep the world in a state of purity. You are the salt of the whole earth; the man who does not seek your ministry is essentially corrupt; he is covered over with a leprosy; he is dying of disease.

You will say to me, these are bold assertions. They are; but we recollect what He says—"Narrow is the way to heaven, and few there are that walk it; and broad is the road that leads to perdition, and many there are that find it." There are few that will be saved on the last day—they will be like the few ears of corn that stand in the field after the sickle of the reaper.

The majority of mankind lost! Is that so? Tribulation and persecution, the fear of being religious, passion, selfishness, carry away the whole human race. No doubt there is an illustrious band who have clung with fidelity to the Cross. I have often fancied, while looking at the skies over my head, I saw in that immeasurable space a glorious band of light coming down from the skies as pure and undiminished as the morning they escaped from the fingers of the Creator. And when I turn the page of history I read of this glorious band who, in the face of every worldly difficulty and against human passion, have clung with fidelity to the Cross of Christ, and stand before us a glorious band of light, a supplement of the Gospel, the living reality of the law we read. You read the law of ink and paper; but there you will see the realization of every truth in that page.

As I know I address a great many of my countrymen, I must say that I can never talk upon this subject without recollecting poor Ireland. Throughout every field I cross, and at every cross-road at which I stand, and in every graveyard where I tread, I know a hero or a martyr is under my feet. I like to go into these old churchyards when I am in my own country, and I like to take a little ivy off the old walls and put it into my pocket-book. I like to stand where the altar was placed before it was thrown down, and look at the place where the bell called my ancestors to worship. I like to stand upon the priest's grave and see his head turned in death to the congregation he loved in life. I put this little ivy into my pocket-book and I say—Faithful ivy, you mantled these towers in the days of their splendor and glory, and now you cling to them with equal fidelity when the broken fragments lie in ruin on the ground. I like to stand there when I know in every grave lies a hero who, in spite of the powers then in existence, laughed at the rope, smiled at the axe, and triumphed over power and tyranny in the advocacy of his faith, and in the maintenance of the Gospel, although all the rest of the world had gone away from the Cross. I have an image, far better than anything I have spoken, to show you how you are to cling to the Cross—an image that you can never forget. It is the language of St. Paul. There is no man of sense that cannot see at a glance his position in reference to the Lord. St. Paul says that Christ is the head, and that you are the members. If we be members, and Christ be the head, the same life that is in the head ought to be in the members. What a beautiful image is that of St. Paul. How can we be members of the same body unless the life of the head be in the members? that is, we thinking in Christ, acting like Him, and doing the will of the Head. What a glorious thing the Christian world would be! Christ the head of the whole human family—ten hundred million souls moving under the will of the Head, as my arms obey my will. How strong would the nations be!

How many a nation, like a paralyzed limb, has fallen off from the will of the Head! I could tell th to you if I

liked; this limb cut off; that limb paralyzed and separated from the Head; and the body of Christianity, therefore, essentially weakened. How beautiful would be the thought, if the members were in the position they ought to be with reference to the Head; the life, the vigor, the knowledge, the sanctity, the strength and power, and the thoughts of the Head in the members. Is the Head to be spit upon, and buffeted, and in agony, and the members to rejoice? Would you believe that such members belonged to such a Head? Is the Head to be crowned with thorns, and the members to be dressed in the robes of voluptuousness? Is the Head to be scourged by the world, and are the members to rejoice in the world? Is the Head to be crucified by the executioners, and the members be among the executioners? Is the world to abandon the Head, and are the members to mix with the world? There's the rub. Is the Head to bleed for sin, and are the members to rejoice in sin? Is the Head to suffer from the anger of His Father for mortal crime, and are the members to suffer nothing for their own personal sins? Beautiful image of Paul—never to be forgotten!

Any man with his eyes shut, and in his own dark chamber at night, can learn in one second whether he belongs to Christ or to the world. Thinking like the world, doing the will of the world and not of the Head; pampering his flesh like the world, rejoicing in the world, following the world, worshipping the world. Is it not so? Having the language of Satan in his mouth, his gums, teeth, and tongue red with blasphemy. Look at this picture, and then at that. Look at yourself in the mirror. Is it not a clear case? You are the member of Satan and the world, and not of Christ and immortality. Therefore the rock principle is a very beautiful part of the text, and a man at a single glance can learn whether he belongs to the world or to Christ—whether or not he is swept away by the currents of this world, its crimes and its follies.

The third part of the text is one in which we all ought to be interested. It is the man of the world—the thorn. Man is composed of body and soul; the body is fed from the

earth, and the soul receives its nourishment from the skies. Without it the soul dies in grace and virtue, as the body will die without its earthly food. Like the flower, we live upon the earth beneath our feet, but are fed by glorious spiritual food every day. The man of the world says to me, "Can I not enjoy this world and have a claim upon the world to come? Did not God make both worlds?" I say, decidedly, provided you make this world subservient to the other. Make money if you can in this world, but expend it for noble Christian purposes, relieving the poor and the fatherless, and do not set your hearts upon it. Make it for the honorable necessities of your family—subservient to the world to come. Besides, we have an Imperial command which cannot be resisted: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with thy whole heart"—*whole*—"and thy whole soul"—*whole*—"and with all thy strength"—*all*—"and with all thy mind"—*all*. It is a clear case, that if that command came from Him you cannot give any part to the world, no matter how small. Do you believe that command? And he agrees with me perfectly, but it is an agreement of idea only. He falls back again in a second, and endeavors to get up with God a kind of commercial arrangement, giving Him a part and the world the remainder. An arrangement giving to God a little and to the world a little, spending the morning with God and the night with the devil; giving all the week to the world, and a distracted half hour of a Sunday to God. Do you think that account is closed? You know it is not. Do you think a half hour on Sunday will balance the irregularities of the whole week? You don't keep your accounts in your office in that way. Here, then, we have an exemplification of this part of the parable; this is the seed that was thrown among thorns, and the thorns sprung up and choked it. I protest, when I was younger I thought that some of it would grow—but not a blade. I know better now. How could it grow! the thorns sprung up and *choked* it.

Have we not here an illustration of the man of the world. He lives in the most extravagant manner; fares sumptuously every day, is attired in the most costly apparel, and gives a

halfpenny to a poor woman. Do you think that account is closed? He comes into the church with his kid gloves, and though covered with the leprosy of mortal sin, enters the house of God with haughty mien and head erect, and he behaves with more rudeness and discourtesy in the presence of Christ on the altar than he dare show to the lowest official in the State. Is not that the man of the world? You will say this is harsh language; but is it not true? Believe me, no man can paint hell in pleasing colors. There is my description of that man—the thorn. I look in his face, and I ask him, “Do you mean to call this religion?” Is this the way to fulfill the command of the Almighty? You want to get up the idea of being half saved and half lost; half in hell and half in heaven; you know there can be no such thing; you must belong wholly to God or to Satan. “No man can serve two masters; you must hate one and love the other.” “Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with thy whole heart.” It is in his non-compliance with this command that we begin to recognize that the thorny man is as bad as the rocky man, with this difference, that he adds hypocrisy to his other guilt. But the merchant says, “Dr. Cahill, are we all to give up our stores and go into the caves?” And I answer, “That is not my doctrine.” When you pronounced your marriage vows before the altar, did you not bind yourself to maintain and provide for your wife to the extent of your power, to be solicitous for her comfort and happiness, and would you not be unfaithful to these vows, unmindful of the obligations then incurred, if you did not give her that protection to which she is entitled at your hands, and if you did not exert yourself to render her home happy and comfortable? When you undertook the obligations attaching to the married state, you bound yourself to this. And you are bound to raise your children as high as you can by honest industry.

When you have brought them up, and they take the first step out in the world, say to them: “Children, when I wed your mother, we loved each other, and I swore to protect her. I bid you to do the same. By the honest labor of your

father you are lifted out of poverty. Boys, do not go back; go higher up the ladder; but do not give up your religion." Very good. He did this for Christ. Thus let it be with regard to the accomplishments of his daughters, let them be for the honor of God: as St. Paul said, "Whether ye eat or whether ye drink, do it all for the honor of God." It thus becomes a sacred duty—a most exalted office.

I now come to the last part of the text, which is very beautiful—the finest part of the text, because it refers to the good soil. He introduced the good soil with such a beautiful image. The Word of God as it falls on good soil produces thirty, forty, sixty and one hundred-fold. Has it ever occurred to you what the Word of God is? You have only to go back a few years and the sky over you was blank. One word rolled from His lip, and in a week the whole firmament was kindled into existence before Him—the Word of God in joy!

Lucifer rebelled against Him in heaven, through pride, and a great number of angels joined him; but God called upon His angels, and they threw them over the walls of heaven; and in a second He created hell—the Word of God in anger. God said, "Let there be light," and the sun rose into existence. There you had the Word of God in anger, and the Word of God in joy, but there is a Word infinitely greater than either. That was the word Christ spoke when He expired on the Cross, "It is finished." By that word He conquered the infinitude of His Father's anger, the infinitude of the malice of sin, and the infinitude of the power of death—three infinitudes—with one word. That word—as great beyond His Father's word as He Himself was above matter; the greatest word that was ever uttered or ever can be uttered. Saint Paul, in his description, speaks of it as a masterpiece of the power and wisdom of God. Don't you think such a word as that could produce a good soil, bringing forth fruit, twenty, or forty, or even an hundred-fold? a word that built the skies, that unbolted heaven, that redeemed man, that conquered His Father's anger, and opened the gates of heaven forever. You have heard the word

every day in the Church. Yes, it was that word which built the Church around the globe. Go to the far East, where the sun rises, and there is the front gate of the Church. Its foundations are spread all over the globe—and from pole to pole—from East to West, are lifted up the walls of the Catholic Church. High up on the walls are the bishops with their croziers in their hands, crying, "All's well!"—lower down on the priests. The whole family of the Church listen. The bishops hear the word from the Pope, who is higher on the walls, on the lofty turrets, and he is in communication with Christ. The word comes from the Father, through Peter and his successors, to the bishops, and thence to you. When the thunders roll above and the lightnings flash around us—when the hurricane threatens our existence, the Pope speaks. He tells us all to stand firm beneath the walls our fathers built, to be not afraid, that the tempest will soon pass, and the sun shine again. Oftentimes the Pope himself has suffered. Seven-and-twenty times since Peter assumed that chair, and five or six times particularly, he has been brought down from his lofty eminence and bowed in the dust. A lesson of warning and adversity, you know, is sometimes better than prosperity.

But after Christ puts him in that position and leaves him there for a time, He takes him in his own hand, lifts him up, cleanses the dust off his sacred vestments, and replaces him with more power than before, as though to say—"Men may put you out of it, but I alone can put you back." These lessons of warning are given to us to show that it is solely by the power of Christ that we hold our places—laymen, priests, bishops, and Pope.

You recollect the history of old Napoleon confining Pope Pius VII. in a room in Fontainebleau. When in France I visited that room, and sat in the chair in which he sat, and wrote a letter on the table where he wrote. There is an alcove in the room covered with tapestry, and behind that it is said a servant listened to an interview which Napoleon had with the Pope. After he had been confined a short time, old Napoleon entered the room. He said: "Your

Holiness, do not think I am your enemy, for removing you from Italy to France. I am not—I am your best friend; and as a mark of favor I want to give you this cockade, which will make you colonel of a regiment.” The Pope answered—“Sire, I do not believe you intend to offend; but I can take no other ornaments but this white serge cassock, this pastoral staff, and this little crown on my head. I am a prince myself. Yet, recollect, sire, that the hour will come, when you and I will be carried to our little narrow beds, when both of us will sleep in death; and although you may throw down the monuments of the living and tear up the tombs of the dead, yet the time will come when your name will be forgotten, and when this little serge cassock, this little crown upon my head, and this little pastoral staff in my hand will govern all society.” That was the language of the Pope. And how truly he spoke.

It is in the Church the seed grows thirty, forty, sixty, and an hundred-fold. That is the true soil, and everything within that Church is planned to save us. The whole earth is but one vast chapel, whose altar reaches round the globe, and every one can be fed there, like the children of one great Father, with the bread of life. At six o'clock in the morning, in the East, where the sun rises, the priest elevates the sacrifice, saying—“Holy, holy, holy is the Lord of Hosts.” At every instant, as the sun passes in his course, the same sacrifice is repeated, and when he sinks beneath the Western horizon, still that hymn of prayer and praise goes up unceasingly all round the world—“Holy, holy, holy is the Lord of Hosts,”—the very words the angels sing in Heaven, before the throne of the Lamb that is declared to be worthy of all power and benediction for ever and ever. What a beautiful idea! How simple, how omnipotent, how great!

Every Sacrament we have in our Church is provided for our benefit, and planned for our advantage. The little child who is born into the world this morning, is brought as soon as possible to the priest, sprinkled with the purifying water of Baptism, and received into the Church. As soon as he begins to know the difference between good and evil, the Bishop

anoints him with oil, gives him a blow upon the cheek, (that he may understand he is to suffer insults and indignities for Christ, and he leaves the Church a little hero. And so with the other Sacraments—all are planned for our advantage. When one of the congregation strays away, the pastor must leave the whole parish and go and bring him back again. Christ tells him to do this. He says, go after him, and when you have found him bring him back to Me upon your shoulders, as you would a child. When you have him in the tribunal of confession, and he asks pardon, the moment you see tears in his eyes forgive him. The young unmarried man has selected a partner for life; they are brought before the priest, and they swear fidelity to one another. They have gone to confession and communion, and put themselves in a state of grace. They are pledged not only by outward conduct but by inward feeling. But let them enter into a state of mortal guilt, and then, indeed, you see the difference. Misfortune and sorrows come. They are not three weeks unmarried when their fireside is a hell. Their offspring is begotten in mortal guilt—a black cloud of perdition hangs over them. They were joined by Satan, and not by Christ. A stream of bad luck begins from the day they left the altar, and continues until they set themselves right before God.

We select from among our flock one who has an inclination for the holy ministry, place him in college, confer upon him Holy Orders, and he becomes a shining light of sanctity, brilliant example. His life is spotless. He is a servant of Christ—an ambassador of God. And then, when the husband, wife, father, mother, is on the bed of death, you look out for the faithful priest—and you know we are faithful. In life and death, through plague and famine, we stay by you. When the moment of death arrives the priest of God is at your bedside, and when you are deaf and speechless he puts the crucifix into your hands, that you may feel the print of the nails, and remember it was love for you that fastened him to it. There is no eloquence like that, at such a time. And when the priest sees the black ship coming that is to carry away the passing soul, and she casts anchor beside this world,

and he watches that soul carried on board, and the black canvas swell out, and the cable slip, he goes with that soul to the very verge of the earth, and he continues to pray for him until the soul is delivered safely into the hands of his Father. From the first dawn of life until the last sigh of old age, the Church never loses sight of us, until it carries us safely into the possession of God. Do you think that Word will only produce an hundred-fold? You know it produces everything.

This is the first time I have had the pleasure of speaking to you. I hope it will not be the last. I am glad to get acquainted with you—to look into your faces—to see and know that I have such warm hearts around me, who love me as their countryman, who reverence me as a minister of God. I know that. I return you my thanks for your kindness to the Church—for your zeal for religion, in coming in such numbers to assist in building this school. Knowledge is powerful, but, I assure you, ignorance is very powerful also. God is very strong, but the devil is strong. The school is the garrison where knowledge is taught, where ignorance is crushed, where the Gospel of God is learned, and the soul saved. I have a prayer to offer, that God may give strength to your parish priest, the venerable Archdeacon, that he may fit him in piety and sanctity to fulfil the duties of his sacred profession, and that he may also enable you to discharge your individual duties, that upon the last day, when Christ will call him to an account for every soul of this whole congregation, not one may be missing. That is the hearty and sincere prayer of one who loves you—myself. In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, Amen.

SERMON ON FAITH.

A SERMON DELIVERED BY REV. DR. CAHILL, IN ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH,
PHILADELPHIA, 1850.

THE reverend speaker took his text from the tenth chapter of St. John. It was as follows:—

I am the good shepherd. The good shepherd giveth his life for his sheep. But the hireling and he that is not the shepherd, whose own the sheep are not, seeth the wolf coming, and flieth; and the wolf catcheth and scattereth the sheep;

And the hireling flieth, because he is a hireling; and he hath no care for the sheep.

I am the good shepherd; and I know mine, and mine know me.

As the Father knoweth me and I know the Father: and I lay down my life for my sheep.

And other sheep I have that are not of this fold; them also I must bring; and they shall hear my voice; and there shall be one fold and one shepherd.
—St. JOHN, x: 11-16.

No portion of Holy Scripture involves more important inferences and results than the passage which I have just read. We here have the Divine declaration,—“Other sheep I have that are not of this fold; them also I must bring; and there shall be one fold and one shepherd.” After this solemn announcement, is it not remarkable that all the world are not of the same faith? If you and I had heard such a declaration from the lips of Christ, would we not have expected that the day would shortly come when all mankind should be gathered by that one shepherd within that one fold? You know that we all *ought* to belong to that one fold. We are one brotherhood—children of the same Father—with the same virtues to acquire, the same vices to avoid, the same God to adore, the same heaven at which to arrive. Surely, among children of the same Father, subjects of the same

Divine government, there should be unity of religious faith; they should all have, as St. Paul beautifully expresses it, "one Lord, one Faith." It would be a pity to add a single word to this text from the Apostle. St. Paul, deeply versed in human learning, and inspired as to things supernatural, was, notwithstanding the universality of his knowledge, unable to give any other illustration of the necessary oneness of faith than by comparing it to the oneness of God—"one Lord, one Faith." God, the same yesterday, to-day, and to-morrow—faith, the same yesterday, to-day, and to-morrow; God immutable—faith immutable; nothing to be added to or taken from God—nothing to be added to or taken from faith; God holy—faith holy; no contradiction in the true faith. This brief description, given by the Apostle, contains a volume of meaning.

Such being the wondrous unity of faith, the slightest deviation on any great point in that faith is fatal. If this be not so, the faith that Christ published is a falsehood. Surely, nobody can be saved by a falsehood. If one great point be lacking, our faith is fatally deficient. If a man fulfil nine of the commandments, yet wilfully, deliberately disobey one, and remain impenitent, you know he is lost. But what are these commandments? They constitute the social compact: they are the legislation of the first Magistrate, prescribing the duties between man and man. And if the doctrines of the commandments are obligatory in regard to man, surely the doctrines of faith are obligatory before God. A compact between God and man is certainly as sacred as a compact between man and man. Hence, if in our faith any one of the essential precepts or dogmas be wanting culpably, the soul is lost.

When we read in the text the promise of Christ that He would bring all within one fold, we are astonished that His words have not been fulfilled. Instead of that unity of faith which it was Christ's desire to establish, we find, when we survey the world, the widest variations of religious opinion? How is this to be explained? I answer, the errors of faith into which men fall are to be attributed to two

causes—the pride of the intellect and the crime of the heart. The perversity of man, as exhibited in these two aspects, defeats the existence of the Gospel. If, in this house, at noon-day, I close the shutters and obstruct every aperture by which the sun's rays might find entrance, surely it is not for want of light that I remain in darkness; it is because I reject the light.

Is it not clear that this true faith which is to secure our salvation must have God for its basis? Certainly God must be the foundation of our faith. If he be not, it is a human system, and cannot save us any more than Euclid's Geometry, or a treatise on chemistry or architecture. But no man can know God by human reason. God is infinite: reason is finite. God is unlimited: reason is limited. How can the finite comprehend infinity? or, as a great French writer has asked, "How can a part contain the whole?" Beyond all dispute, man cannot, by reason, know God. Consequently, there must be mystery in religion. If you believe in a God at all, you believe in a mystery beyond comprehension.

When we look through society, we everywhere see illustrations of the presumption of human intellect. By reason men are able to grasp the principles of science, the laws of commerce, the philosophy of government; and hence they vainly fancy that by reason they can compass religion. By reason they can discover and predict the course of the planets; and hence they foolishly suppose that by reason they can trace the way to heaven. By reason they can excel in manufactures and the arts; they can plan magnificent structures; they can devise ingenious machines; hence they ignorantly conclude that they can make religion. It is related of Father O'Leary, one of the most accomplished priests we have ever had, that on one occasion, when he was proclaiming a very rigorous fast, he said: "The observance of this fast will be to you a great hardship; for you are in the midst of people who will be eating their meat four times a day. You will be disposed to condemn them; but don't do that; for if we, like them, had the making of religion, we would put just as much meat into it as they do; yes, we

would put even more meat into it. But as we are obliged to take our religion as we derived it from the Apostles, we must endure the hardships of abstinence."

When we look through society, we find that the fatal folly of the mass of mankind consists in judging of faith as they would of matters of science. They fancy that because they can be profound as botanists, as chemists, as astronomers, as statesmen, they are equally qualified to fathom the depths of religion. Hence the great misdirection of the human intellect.

Reason, it is true, has a great office; it brings you up to the door of faith; but God opens the door; God gives the faith. And on this point let me give you another illustration from Father O'Leary. Some one remarked, speaking of a certain person, "Father O'Leary converted him." That able priest made this remark the subject of his sermon on the following Sunday, and he said: "Was it I that converted him? No; there is no man who can convert. I will tell you what I did. I went to the grave where the man was buried in sin; I removed the tomb; I dug up the clay till I reached the coffin; I raised the coffin from the grave and took off the lid; I lifted out the dead man; I cut with my knife the string that tied his toes; I stripped from his body the grave-clothes. But I could go no further; it was God that gave him life." This beautiful and striking illustration will impress on your mind the fact that in the work of salvation nothing more can be done by human power than to remove all the obstacles; when these are removed, it is God that gives the faith.

But religious error arises, not only from the pride of the intellect, but from the depravity of the heart. When a man is living in mortal sin, the devil takes possession of his soul and fills his heart. How can the Holy Ghost reside in a heart occupied by Satan? How can light dwell where there is darkness? One must exclude the other. Hence any mortal sin in the soul must exclude the presence of the Holy Ghost. In one of the theological treatises of our Church, the man pursuing sin perseveringly and impenitently is com-

pared to a man going from Christ with his back turned. The first operation of God's grace is to stop the man in his course. But when arrested, he still has his back to Christ; he cannot be saved while he has his face turned away from the Truth. The next work of God's spirit is to place the man with his back to sin, and with his face directed towards the countenance of Christ. Is this sufficient? What more is necessary that the man may have life everlasting? He must not only avoid evil, but he must do good. It will not do for him to stand still, though his back be toward sin and his face toward Christ; it is necessary, in the third place, that he should move forward. If, then, a man remain impenitent, persevering in mortal sin, he cannot have practical faith.

Taking a survey of the world, what do we find to be the condition of the mass of mankind? I must answer candidly. This is the place to tell the truth; for, as a great Bishop once said, "The Church of God is likely to fail when a sycophant wears the surplice." The truthful answer then must be, the mass of mankind are, beyond all dispute, sunk in mortal sin. When we see the multiplied and flagrant crimes of society, we are astonished that the Divine vengeance should sleep, and we are obliged to declare that the patience of God exceeds all His other attributes. The wide prevalence of human depravity is absolutely terrifying to contemplate, and the more so when we recall the declaration of our Lord Himself, that "The few that will be saved on the last day are like the few ears of corn that stand in the field after the sickle of the reaper."

The sacred volume from which I have read to you my text, has reference in every part to these two obstacles in the way of religious faith—the pride of the intellect, and the crime of the heart. When Christ came upon earth, these two obstructions that oppose their power to the progress of religion pressed themselves of course upon His notice. How did He seek to overcome these evils? One of His primary aims in all His labors was to win the affections of mankind. Beautiful thought! He was always seeking out the unfortunate;

His looks ever shed sunshine upon the paths of the distressed. No one ever asked of Him a favor that he did not grant. See, in the case of Lazarus, how He raised the young man from the grave, and gave him back to his weeping sisters. Mark the tenderness of His mercy as exhibited towards the woman taken in adultery.

By the laws of the Jews, her punishment was that she should be stoned to death. When they brought her to Him that He might publicly condemn her, He began to write in the dust. This is the only time we know Him to have written anything. What He wrote we do not know; but certainly in no way could He treat her accusers with greater contempt. When they persisted in their importunities, He said, "He that is without sin among you, let him cast a stone at her"—as if He had said, "You pretend to be hostile to vice, and you are urging the punishment of this poor sinner: yet you yourselves are steeped in moral pollution." When all her accusers had withdrawn in shame, Jesus said to the woman, "Hath no man condemned thee?" "No, Lord," answered she. Then said Jesus, "Neither will I condemn thee. Go and sin no more." Where will you find so splendid an illustration of mercy? This is a great lesson to all of you, as it is also to me and my brethren. When any one of our parish is exposed to public infamy for crime, it is our business to throw over him our sacred robes and shield him. Wherever Jesus went, He left monuments of the omnipotence and boundlessness of His mercy.

What else do we see in the career of Jesus? His life seems directed towards three great objects: rebuking the pride of the human intellect, cultivating the virtue of the human heart, and enlarging human hope.

What is the next fact in Christ's life that arrests our attention? We see Him transfigured upon Tabor. With His companions, he ascends into the mountain, wearing His seamless coat. To this day, we do not know where He got that coat. It was after His death that we saw it. While he was upon Mount Tabor, according to the testimony of those who were with Him, His face shone like the sun. Of course it was

more refulgent than the sun; but they could not otherwise express the lustre of His presence; for they had seen nothing more brilliant than the sun. And his garments, they declare, "became shining and exceeding white as snow." What is the significance of this? It furnishes a powerful encouragement to the poor. Who are the choicest gems of the Church? The poor. It is they who walk the path which Christ trod—a thorny path. It is they who dress in the livery of Christ—a ragged coat. It is they who are exposed to that to which our Lord was subjected—the scorn of men. It is in the lowest ranks of society that we find the noblest exemplifications of Christian excellence.

The poor man fasts; the poor man prays; the poor man brings up his family with conscientious care. It is in the house of the poor man, all over the world, that religion is found in its highest and sublimest development.

The poor, wherever you find them, are they who exemplify religion in its highest form. But it is among women, poor women, that we find, in every country, the most brilliant examples of piety. The churches in every land are filled with women. One would scarcely believe that there could be such perfection as I have found among the poor girls in Ireland and this country. I am not merely declaring my own opinion, but I am stating the uniform testimony of masters and others, who have the best opportunity to know, when I say that some of these poor Irish girls are the noblest specimens of womankind that the world affords.

It is to the world's poor, wherever found, that a lesson is taught by the transfiguration on Tabor. In this scene, Christ says to the children of poverty, "Thus will your rags yet shine. What can I do more than to place your feet in my own path, and clothe you with my own garments? What can I do more than place on your heads my own crown—a crown of thorns? What can I do more than to make you, in all things, resemble myself? Walk, then, in my path; and when the Father pours upon your head the largest vial of affliction, bear it patiently for my sake. My poor garments

are thus made lustrous to show you your clothes will shine in the kingdom of my Father."

Take another scene in Christ's earthly career—His death on Calvary. The incredulous Jews ask, "How can we believe that He is the Christ, when we see Him die?" Reason is again confounded, as when she saw Him helpless in the manger. But again I say, "It is He;" for as He pronounces the last words, "It is finished," the heavens clothe themselves in mourning, and a convulsion-shock is heard throughout God's territory, testifying to all coming generations the Divinity of Him who dies upon Calvary.

Then, after suffering on the Cross the death of the body, He rises from the tomb, to illustrate the soul's immortal life beyond the grave. How wide-spread is the desolation of death! Whatever congregation I address, I mark many whose sombre garments tell of recent bereavement. When you go to your homes, how many things you find to remind you of death! The chair in which you sit was once occupied by your daughter now deceased. The bed on which you sleep is the same on which reposed a loving wife, whose body is now beneath the sod. The book that you read was once perused by your son, whom death has removed from your view. Everything suggests the uncertainty of life. On all things death has thrown a pall. Death lurks in the air; death lurks in our food; the seeds of death are disseminated through every pore of the human system. All our surroundings seem to ask, "How can man live as if this world were his permanent abode, when every object advises him of death?" But beyond the grave, there is for the righteous a country where all is life—where neither death nor pain can enter—where one eternal day holds his meridian glory—where ten thousand suns burn upon the everlasting hills of Heaven.

A contemplation like this suggests solemnly important reflections. Is it not strange that men can so easily forget these impressions? While I am speaking you are aroused to the reality of these things which I present to you: but leaving the church, you go not twenty yards perhaps before Satan

meets you and exhibits the other side of the picture; he persuades you into disbelief, or at least disregard, of the truths here taught. How weak is the reason of man, and how exceedingly incorrect are his passions! That which he knows to be right, he will not practise; that which his judgment approves, he will not follow.

One of the greatest wonders that we can contemplate is, how any one can be lost in the Catholic Church. The way is made so plain that we are astonished that any one can wander astray. Along the path of life appear at intervals the Sacraments of our Church as guide-posts—Baptism, Confirmation, Eucharist, Penance, Holy Orders, Matrimony, Extreme Unction.

The reverend speaker proceeded from this to point out the sublime and wonderful manner in which the Church, by command of God, applied the Sacraments to all born within its fold. It was extraordinary that any one so blest could be lost. From the day on which they were baptized to that on which they received Extreme Unction, the Church was always strengthening or consoling her children. After giving a lucid review of the administration of each Sacrament, the Rev. Doctor concluded as follows:—

Do not forget the lessons which have been drawn from the text. Do not forget the two great obstacles to salvation—the presumption of the intellect in regard to salvation, and the crime of the heart. How happy shall I be if any one who has been led here by mere curiosity should go away resolved to become a better man! If such a one there be, I beg him not to leave this place without confirming his good resolution. Let him not defer; for a prompt yielding to the persuasions of the Holy Spirit will be the means of securing happiness in this world, and everlasting bliss in the next.

THE LAST JUDGMENT.

A SERMON DELIVERED BY VERY REV. D. W. CAHILL, D.D., IN ST. PETER'S CHURCH, BARCLAY STREET, NEW YORK, ON SUNDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 30, 1883.

DEAREST BRETHREN,—God's word contains no subject that is presented in such majestic grandeur, such withering terror, and yet such infinite joy, as the Gospel of this day which I have just read for you. One does not know what fact on this awful day is most wonderful; whether we consider the end of time, the destruction of the world, the multitudinous congregation of all men, the fate of the damned, and the glories of the blessed—yet incomprehensible as are all these considerations, they all fade, when compared with the majesty of God on that day, sitting in imperial triumph on the clouds, surrounded by the whole Court of Angels and Saints. It is the great day reserved in Heaven for celebrating the triumph of virtue over vice, the dominion of the Saviour over the power of Satan—the most awful hour Eternity ever saw. It is the mightiest moment in the life of God; it is the end of Christ's mission on earth; the consummation of all the mysteries God ever published; the final sentence of the wicked, when God and those they love are separated forever. In a word, the Gospel of this day presents in one large view everything glorious in Heaven, terrible in Hell, awful in Eternity, and great in God. It is a picture worthy of God, representing at once Earth, Hell, Heaven, with their unnumbered populations. No serious man can behold it without thrilling astonishment; no Christian, however perfect, can look on it without terror; no sinner can believe it without amendment. As time once began, so time now ends. Only one condition of things now re-

mains, namely, Eternity. Time is past on this day; a mere second of existence in the life of God.

How wonderful is human language: though creatures of a moment, we can discuss things eternal; though mere worms, we can paint things omnipotent: like the broken fragment of a mirror, reflecting the whole firmament, in our slender phrase we can describe the infinitude of God. In all past scenes up to the present moment, everything on earth was finite, limited. It was man who was the actor, and time was the condition of things. God is the actor on this day, and Eternity is the condition. It is all infinity. This day is the day of Christ. He summons all the dead: He commands all Hell: He is accompanied by all Heaven. No tongue can, of course, tell this scene. The soul's silent contemplation can best behold any part of it. What brush, or what artist, could paint the sun in its meridian glory? One glance at his burnished flood of gold will exhibit him best. And who can describe the Redeemer on His own day of power and glory? St. Luke but faintly tells it when he says: "The powers of Heaven shall be moved, and then they shall see the Son of Man coming in a cloud, in great power and majesty."

When the day of general judgment will come, no mortal can tell: the highest Archangel round God's throne cannot know it: it is among the eternal secrets of His own mind. It is a future free act of His independent will; and no creature can unlock the depths of God's liberty. We resemble Him in our spiritual essence to a small extent: we know the past and the present, in our own limited circle of time. The angelic essence knows the past and the present in a wider circle of knowledge: but no creature, however exalted, can know the future, unless God reveals it. Futurity can have no real existence, since it has not as yet commenced to exist. It is solely confined to the mind of God, the internal mind of God: and is therefore essentially beyond the reach of the highest creature: We only know that the terrible day of judgment will certainly arrive in some future revolving century. The same Almighty word that called all things into being has spoken it: the same unerring testi-

mony that built Nature has described its future wreck. The feelings, the maddening agonies, the very words of the burning inhabitants are minutely detailed by the language of Christ Himself. The world, therefore, destroyed by future fire under the anger of God, is as certain as any other past revealed fact published several centuries before the actual occurrence. The earth, therefore, burning in consuming conflagration under the angry breath of God's wrath, preparatory to the general judgment and man's final doom, is a future fact which is now a mere matter of time. It is already written on the coming role of the history of Heaven. When it will occur, creatures on earth cannot plead the excuse of being taken by surprise. We had been warned of the drowning of the earth by the angry flood: and we saw it executed by overwhelming cataracts from heaven. We were informed, too, of the coming of the Messiah thousands of years in advance: and we saw Him. We heard the stroke of the hammer on Calvary; we heard Him cry and we saw Him weep. In the present case we cannot be taken by surprise: we are already warned: the GREAT day is approaching, like those other events. But at what time no creature can tell. It is folly to reason what He will do, judging from what He has done.

There was a time when there was no earth, no sun, no moon, no stars; when all the eye now beholds had no existence: when there was nothing: all darkness, chaos—when the Divinity reigned alone; when no created voice was heard through God's territories to break the silence of illimitable space. Six thousand years have only elapsed since He built the present world and peopled the skies with the myriad spheres that hang in the arched roof above us. The mere *shell*, the mere *framework* of this world may, perhaps, be somewhat older, but we know when Adam was created with the certainty of a parish register. It may be about 6,000 years ago: and since that period the history of man is one unbroken page of wickedness and infidelity. Heaven once in anger nearly extirpated our race: and once, in mercy, forgave us. Yet since, the earth is stained with guilt, red as

scarlet: and the patience of a God, patience infinite, can alone bear it—who can tell the amount of the crime of even one city for one day? But who can conceive the infinite guilt of all peoples, of all nations, and all ages, ascending and accumulating before God's throne since the beginning? God is great in power, great in goodness, great in mercy, great in wisdom; but He is more than great in patience: to bear the congregated offences of countless millions, daily, hourly, provoking His anger and opposing His will.

But, as the hour of man's creation and man's redemption was arranged by God, and in due time occurred, so the moment for man's total extinction on earth is approaching, and when the time written in the records of heaven shall have arrived, that unerring decree will be executed. By one word He made this world: by one word He can destroy it. By one stroke of His omnipotent pencil He drew the present picture of creation: by one dash of the same brush He can blot it out again, and expunge all the work of the skies. Who can limit His power? In one second He can reduce all things to their original chaos, and live again as He did before creation began. He can, when He pleases, destroy all things—the soul excepted. The soul He cannot annihilate. He made the world Himself—of course He can Himself destroy it. But Christ is the Redeemer of the soul, and, therefore, its immortal existence is as indestructible as the eternity of God. Redemption is a contract between the Father and the Son. That contract cannot be broken without ignoring the Cross. Hence, while God is at liberty to blot out His own creation, He cannot annihilate the work purchased with the blood of Christ. Hence, in the coming wreck, the soul cannot be destroyed. And this is the idea that renders that awful hour the source of joy unlimited to the blessed, and of terrors unspeakable to the wicked. Yet although no one can tell when this fatal day will arrive, still it may be fairly presumed to be at hand, when Christ's passion will be disregarded on earth: when vice will so predominate over virtue that the worship of God may be said to cease: when the destruction

of the earth will be a mercy, a duty of justice which God owes to His own character and to the eternal laws of His kingdom. When this time shall have arrived, we may fairly expect the day of the general judgment.

From the lips of Christ himself we have heard the entire account of this terrible day. There can be no mistake. He makes a full statement of the entire event. He assures us that in the latter days the wickedness of society will burst all restraint, and in open defiance of Heaven will blaspheme God. St. Mark, in the thirteenth chapter, introduces Christ as saying: "When you shall hear of wars and rumors of wars, fear ye not. For such things must needs be, but the end is not yet. For nation shall rise against nation, and kingdom against kingdom; and there shall be earthquakes in divers places, and famines. These things are the beginnings of sorrows. But look to yourselves. They shall deliver you up to fancies; and in the synagogues you shall be beaten. And the brother shall betray his brother unto death, and the father his son; and children shall rise up against their parents, and shall work their death. And you shall be hated by all men for My name's sake; but he that shall endure to the end, he shall be saved. And when you shall see the abomination of desolation standing where it ought not to be, he that readeth let him understand; then let them that are in Judea flee to the mountains. In those days shall be such tribulations as were not since the beginning of the creation which God created until now; neither shall be. And unless the Lord had shortened the days, no flesh should be saved; but for the sake of the elect which He hath chosen, He hath shortened the days. For there will rise up false Christs and false prophets, and they shall show signs and wonders to seduce (if it were possible) even the elect. Take you heed, therefore; behold, I have foretold you all things."

These are the words of Christ Himself, and they present a picture of society of which there is no parallel in all the history of all the past. In this graphic description of Christ, nothing is omitted in the condition of the earth to render it a

kingdom of perdition, the residence of Satan himself. It is damnation in theory ; it is hell without fire ; it only wants the lakes of burning brimstone to make men feel all the terrible realities of the damned. Who can describe this rending scene like Christ himself ? While he was addressing Mark and Luke He was at that very moment looking at the future terrors he was then depicting. He was painting beforehand the future realities which he had himself planned. It is He himself that will, on the terrible day, boil the oceans with His angry breath ; it is He himself who will split the poles in His glance of fury ; it is He who will hurl the stars from the skies and pour His wrath upon the devoted world. In fact, our Lord was describing to Mark His own Almighty anger, and warning mankind against the future catastrophe. He was rehearsing for the Apostles and coming living ages the real scenes of the future dead, and the eternal agonies of the future damned. Who could paint like Him ? He was reading from His own books ; He was presenting for our observation the total disruption of society, the entire overthrow of religion. The son killing the father, the father murdering the child, wars, famines, signs in the heavens—false Christs, false prophets, the Gospel imitated by falsehood ; miracles repeated in magic fraud and in diabolical agency ; blood in the land, perdition in the air : hell above, beneath, all round. God's law is so much overpowered by the predominance of the devil that the Trinity have no alternative but to shorten time, suspend creation, and put an end to the world.

Is not Satan very powerful ? and when the grace of God has been extinguished in the soul, are not men plainly children of the devil ? It is creation without sun or light ; a cursed territory—*terram miserie et tenebrarum, ubi umbra mortis et nullis ordo sed sempiternus horror inhabitat*. The description of Christ in St. Mark is clear. The crimes of men unnatural, shocking. The intellect perverted : the heart debased : *all* nature polluted. Scenes of terror will be enacted which the world never saw before. Man will stare in insane desperation at the wrath of God, which appears every hour to be poured in renewed vengeance on all the children of

men. If mankind would study the present moral condition of depraved society, and calculate the bleeding wounds inflicted on religion by the progress of infidelity, the picture, as presented, is not far removed from the iniquities here delineated by the Saviour, of the crime and perdition of the latter days. The cup of human guilt is not yet full in our time; but the world is rapidly advancing to the goal which our Lord has so plainly prophesied and so graphically described. Christ has, beyond all doubt, described the burning, bottomless gulf; and He has pointed out the palpable road that unmistakably leads to it. In the eternal age of God, a long, long time may elapse before the great day will arrive; but, as certain as Christ has lived and spoken, the abyss, and the sentence, and the pools of burning brimstone are only a matter of time—and this little span of space is only a single point in the infinitude of eternity.

"After this tribulation," says Christ, "the sun shall be darkened and the moon shall not give her light; the stars of heaven shall be falling down, and the powers that are in heaven shall be moved." And St. Luke, repeating the words of Christ, says: "There shall be signs in the sun, in the moon, and in the stars: and upon the earth distress of nations, by reason of the confusion of the waving of the sea and the waves; men withering away from fear and expectation of what shall come on the whole world, calling on the ground to swallow them, or the mountains to fall on them, and on the rocks to hide them from the face of the Lord." St. Luke and St. Mark employ nearly the same words in copying the language of Christ at this fatal moment. Who can describe Infinite anger in a fury? Who can paint Omnipotent power pulling down firmaments, and suns, and stars, and moons: His will reversing His former creation; the earth trembling in desolation? How minutely graphic is Christ in this terrible description; and have you noticed His last words, where He says: "Have I not foretold all to you?" This single phrase is worth the entire history; since it stamps the terrors of this day with the certitude of any other truth of faith, any other fact of the Gospel.

St. Mark continues to detail the order of this terrible hour. Terror will follow on terror; curse upon curse, "till men will fall away with fear." The sun being not quite extinguished, fatal gloom will be spread over all things like a veil over the face of the dead: terrific signs are seen in the heavens, and all things announce that time is at an end. St. John says, that before God pronounces the final word there is silence in heaven; and voices are heard in the air, on the water, and on the earth. At length the skies open and He pours out the first vial of His anger. And the end is come. God speaks the command; and all nature trembles as if in agony. The seas swell, and boil, and rise, and lash the skies. The mountains nod and sink, and the poles collapse. The lightnings flash, and the moaning tempests sweep over the furious deep, piling up ocean upon ocean on the trembling globe. The earth reels in convulsion, and the whole frame of creation struggles.

A mighty conflagration bursts from the melting earth, rages like a hurricane roundabout, devouring all things in its storm and flood of fire, consuming the crumbling wreck of the condemned world. The heavens become terrible, as the kindling earth and seas show their overwhelming flashes on the crimson skies. The sun muffled, the moon black, the stars fallen, floating masses like clouds of blood sweep the skies in circling fury. The Omnipotence which, in the beginning of time, formed all creation, is now concentrated in a point; and, as it were, intensifies the infinity of His wrath, till His anger can swell no higher: and his voice is heard like thunder in the distance. With what eloquent terror does the Saviour paint this scene in His own words: "Men fainting away with fear, running in wild distraction, calling on the ground to open and swallow them, and the rocks to fall on them and hide them from the face of the Lord." The earth on fire; the skies faded; the sun and the stars darkened or extinguished: mankind burning, dying: the angry voice of God coming to judge the world: and Jesus Christ describing the scene,—are realities which the history of God has never seen before; and which never

again will be repeated during the endless round of eternity.

Reason asks: Oh, who is God? and what is Nature? and whence is man? and where is Heaven? and why is Hell? and what is our destiny? Was the world made in pleasure, moved for a moment in trial and suffering, and then blotted out in anger? In one revolution of the earth on fire it is a blank. Like a burning ship at sea, sinking to the bottom on fire, the earth vanishes into non-existence under the blue vault, where it once careered in its brilliant circle. Not a vestige remains of its omnipotent path. Its wide territory is a tenantless, dark waste—the myriad lamps of the skies extinguished: all former existences crumbled: silent forever: all chaos: things are as if they had never been: the history of Earth and Time a mere record of the forgotten past: a mere hollow vault in the infinitude of space. Oh! how true in this place are the words, “Vanity of vanities, and all is vanity, except to love God and to serve Him alone.” Great and Almighty God, what a decree is this! have all things come to this? has all the past been a dream? what is futurity? is it like the past? where can the mind rest on this tempest of the soul? Foolish questions; God has arranged this condition of things. His sanctity, justice, power, wisdom, and truth have arranged and executed this eternal decree. This is enough. We can no more change this order of things than put space in a nutshell, or destroy the being of God. God is His own master, and in His own free will He has arranged this multitudinous terror. But remember that in this desolation it is vice that trembles: virtue is secure, as God is just. In this terrible moment virtue smiles in happy repose on this second coming of Christ. Virtue is immortal: like a sunbeam on the battle-field, invulnerable in a shower of death, brilliant in the midst of carnage, and unsullied in the gore of the dead, the soul, by its immortal virtue, will shine in undying lustre in that terrific hour, amidst the shock of Nature, the powers of Hell, and the crash of myriad worlds.

Scarcely has the earth been consumed, and the living population destroyed, when Michael the Archangel sounds his

loud trumpet, calling all the dead to judgment. He summons all Hell to attend ; and commands all Heaven to appear and witness this last act of God at the close of creation. At his shrill summons, the bottomless pit opens, and all those who had been lost since the beginning of the world come forth from their fiery prisons. The unhappy of all nations and ages come forth in one mighty mass, driven forward in rending agony to the place of judgment, their wild lamentations swelling as they advance, like the moaning of a tempest on their wide and burning lakes. As creation has been destroyed or faded, this terrific assemblage are in darkness, while they move on in despair, in dreadful expectation of the coming of the Lord. As the Saviour approaches, golden light appears ; the voice of a mighty host is heard from heaven like the opening of the morning heretofore in the East, every moment becomes more and more brilliant, till the full day of Eternity opens out in all its gorgeous splendor, revealing Christ, surrounded by His entire court, angels and saints, and seated in majesty, as He has Himself foretold, in the clouds. Angels and Archangels, and Cherubim and Seraphim, and Powers and Principalities appear on outspread wings, the first of the countless host. Then all the Saints of the old law, the Patriarchs, the Prophets, all who for forty generations lived and died in the belief of the Redeemer to come. Then all the Saints of the new era who participated in Christ's atonement, the twelve Apostles, all the Martyrs, all the Confessors, all the Virgins, all the Religious of every clime and color, who in every age bore testimony or died in attestation of their faith. Then all the poor of every country, who, in their trials and sufferings, their silent afflictions and broken hearts, never forgot their duty to God : all, all appear crowned with glory, and clothed in the sunlight robes of heaven. Lastly, in the vast train of happy creatures, comes Mary, the Mother of God, with twelve stars upon her head, the moon beneath her feet. The Blessed Virgin sits at the feet of her son, Jesus ; while He, with the Cross in His hand, lifted high above all heaven, appears in the triumph of His second coming, seated in the clouds. In the two pictures

now before us, read the entire history of God and Satan : the two opposite views of sin and redemption. Now is the time to reason on our own condition : and to reflect well on the truths of religion, the eternal value of faith, and the imperishable justice of God. This is the day in which Christ shall receive compensation before God and man for the injuries He has received, where oppressed virtue shall be rewarded, and where triumphant vice shall be branded with perdition.

If God be bound to do justice to the meanest being in His kingdom : if justice, and truth, and sanctity demand the public exposure and punishment of those who have wounded these attributes or properties of God, it is a clear case, justice requires that Jesus must receive from His Father compensation for the trials of His life and the agonies of His death. A sinful world has offended Him by mortal guilt : their damnation proves they died without repentance : they have thus refused to make atonement, and hence this is the day to pay the debt to eternal justice. Impenitent crime, therefore, must suffer eternal torment.

Oh, when Judas betrayed Christ, when the soldiers mocked Him, spat in His face, and blindfolded Him, is it not surprising how the angels could have borne these iniquities ? And when Pilate asked the Jewish mob which did they prefer, Barrabas or Christ, they all exclaimed " Barrabas : " and then they said, " Let His blood be upon us, and on our children. " Who can conceive how the archangels did not beg of God to annihilate the whole race of men ? But the mystery of the Cross had a different object, and hence this day is the time for human punishment. See the millions of saved souls that now stand in triumph round the Cross, all of whom He has saved by His humiliations, debasement and death. These are the triumphs by which He has conquered Satan, disarmed almighty vengeance, and peopled heaven with the countless host of Saints that accompany Him in His second coming to-day. A glance by anticipation at this terrible hour will teach more Gospel truth, and more deceit of this world, than could be taught by any other lesson of instruction. When in this

world we see the starving and naked poor crawling through the deserted lane, living, or rather dying, in the putrid hovels of disease, while the abandoned profligate lives in riotous prosperity, the corrupter of youth jibing death and mocking judgment—one will ask, is there a God to look on quietly at this galling starvation on one hand, and this scarlet iniquity on the other : he will ask, is there no God to relieve the pitiful cries of the one, and punish the scalding extravagance of the other.

Again, when one sees the pious, devoted child of God spend a long weary life in prayer and sickness, in trial, in disappointment, and yet in devotion to God, without a day, a moment of neglect or dissipation, while the blasphemer or the infidel stand at God's own gates insulting Him on His own throne, and teaching perdition to all within his reach—one will ask, has God no feeling for religion, no zeal for the human soul, to perpetrate this outrage on Himself, this scandal on the Gospel, this bleeding corruption on the morals and faith of the public? How can God free Himself in these circumstances from being the abettor of infidelity and the encourager of blasphemy? There must be a day for Christ to receive compensation, for God the Father to defend Himself, for virtue to be recorded, and for vice to be punished in the presence of congregated mankind. If this great day did not come, the Gospel might be said to be a dumb mockery of justice; the punishment of hell without a judge or a sentence; the rewards of heaven without examination or a verdict. The whole character of God, therefore, demands that His strict justice to Christ and to virtue shall be made known; while the same eternal character of the same justice requires that the deceit, the ingratitude, the blasphemy, and the infidelity of the wicked shall be weighed in the impartial scales of God's truth, and, after renewing their former condemnation, plunged in the presence of Heaven and Hell into eternal fire.

The bodies and souls of mortals being now united in the resurrection, all Heaven having taken their places, all Hell gives a last farewell look at the heavenly Host that are spread

all over all the skies, like million armies encamped. The description of St. John is so minute that we almost fancy we are viewing this great last scene ; and, as Christ has already prophesied, we at this distance of space and time feel our hearts trembling at the approaching sentence of perdition about to be pronounced against so many billions of ill-fated, unhappy creatures. At a given moment "a door was opened in heaven, and voices were heard, and trumpets were sounded : and there was a throne set in heaven, and upon the throne one sitting ; and there was a number round about the throne, and round about the throne were twenty-four seats, and upon the seats twenty-four ancients clothed in white garments, and on their heads were crowns of gold ; and from the throne proceeded lightnings and thunders. And angels were crying with a loud voice : and there was before the throne a multitude of all tribes and nations, which no one could number, clothed in white robes, with palms in their hands. And books were sealed, and angels held phials to pour out on the earth—and God seemed to make some grand preparation. And an angel having received a key, from the bottomless pit smoke ascended that darkened all the air. And He that sat on the throne, from His face fled away the heaven and the earth. And," said St. John, "I saw the dead, great and small, standing in the presence of the throne—and the books were opened, and the dead were judged by the things that were in the books—according to their works—and the sea gave up the dead that were in it, and hell and death gave their dead ; and they were judged every one according to their works."

St. John here adds his description to the clear detail of Christ ; and between the two, one thinks he is reading the facts after judgment, rather than the facts before judgment. Christ takes His place on the throne, looks to the right and to the left : opens the book, and prepares to confirm the rewards of the blessed and to repeat before all the world the sentence of never-ending perdition of the reprobate. We cannot tell how long the examination of a world's guilt will continue. Time is now past ; Eternity has now commenced. We have no means of measuring time—and we are not told

how long this day will continue. He took six days to create the world: we cannot say how long it will take Him to judge the world. Christ and St. John are silent on these two points. We only know that He judges each soul according to the law written in the books. If Christ Himself did not make the minute detail, and if St. John did not add the further particulars of the countless host, we could not fancy that Heaven had ever arranged this universal meeting, trial, and sentence of all hell and heaven: concluding with the eternal fire of the wicked and with the never-ending happiness of the blessed. The whole case has been painted *bona fide* for our consideration: and hence we must copy the whole description into the inmost memory of our hearts. The scene of this day surpasses all God's former character of Omnipotence. First think of the assembly of a parish, and rise step by step to the meeting of a county, a province, a nation—then advance to all the nations of the earth: then add to this aggregate the assemblage of all ages past, present, and future; that is, the aggregate of three worlds—Earth, Hell, Heaven, during all time.

But how do we know what is the number of the angels: the population of God's own kingdom since the beginning of Eternity? The population of these myriad spirits in His own boundless kingdom may be so great that hell and earth may be a mere unit in the incalculable aggregate of all the creatures and children of the great God. This day therefore is so great in the aggregate of numbers, in the meeting of bodies and spirits, in the presence of men and angels, in the appearance of Christ and all God's creatures, in the burning lakes of the abyss and the enrapturing enchantments of heaven, that all other measurable things fade in comparison of the Day of the General Judgment. In describing the terrors of the Day of Judgment, where our Lord is introduced as speaking and acting, it is bad taste to personify Christ in the sermon, firstly, because no creature can personify Him in the smallest particular; and, secondly, it is impossible to represent His anger—but, for the sake of perspicuity, sometimes the preacher personally assumes in this

case the words and manner of our Lord. As our Lord expresses the agonies, the feelings, the very words of the reprobate souls, and as the examination of their crimes must occupy some time, heaven and hell must mutually look at each other; and the eye of Christ must rest on many a familiar face and unhappy creature in the ranks of the damned.

The Scriptures introduce a dialogue between Christ and the Reprobate; and the Old Testament actually represents Christ addressing the damned while they cry and bewail their lot, and, by turns, petition and blaspheme till the gates of hell are closed on their piercing agonies. Before the passing of the sentence, Christ exclaims:

Christ—Reprobate souls, the gates of hell are about to close on you for the last time: your cries and your repentance cannot now alter your condition.

The Reproved Souls—Can no circumstance change the approaching sentence of eternal damnation?

Christ—What circumstance could mitigate a deliberate mortal offence against the infinite love and mercy of the Saviour?

The Damned Souls—The temptation of the riches which you bestowed corrupted our hearts: and the gift, in place of leading to salvation, brought us to ruin and perdition.

Christ—See the millions who stand around this throne, who lived laden with gold: see the kings, with their crowns sparkling with jewels: see them clothed now with eternal glory. They were saved by the wealth which you allege is the cause of your perdition. They lived by works of charity, feeding and clothing the poor, and advancing the support and maintenance of religion. Riches would have equally saved you if you employed them with the grace of God. But you purchased damnation at a large price—you insulted the Trinity at an enormous cost—you served the devil with all the extravagance that the most perverse, education, the most expensive iniquity and fabulous guilt of gold could procure. The unhappy souls whom you have led to perdition are calling on Me for your blood: and your stormy

bed of eternal fire is already prepared for your never-ending agony.

The Reprobate—And you gave us passions which inflamed our nature, overcame our reason, deranged our will, and forced us from religion and from God.

Christ—See all the anchorites that surround Me here. They had the same flesh and blood as you. They are saved. You never asked for the grace of resistance. The burning of a city is but a feeble illustration of the unrestrained, resistless flames of the passions of your untamed heart. Fearing you had not sufficient inflammable material to spread the conflagration of yourself, you have purchased all the fuel which could inflame to fury the inextinguishable passions, which are only exceeded in extent and intensity by the boiling caldron in which the reprobates are buried in eternal torment. There was nothing that could encourage, flatter, foment human passion, which you did not purchase, by land and sea, to increase your guilt and to swell the anger of God.

Reprobate—I did not know till after my death the extent of my offences.

Christ—You must remember that I was spit upon, mocked, blindfolded, bruised for you—flogged for you. The stroke of the hammer on Calvary was heard in heaven, as they nailed Me to the Cross. You cannot forget it was for you I died. I called to My Father for relief in My agony. No! no! no! was the reply I heard through the closed gates of heaven. You were among the number that put Me to death: yet I held My arms open for your forgiveness till your last breath: And your greatest crime during your whole life is your present daring declaration, that you did not know your guilt was so great, although I saw you in Jerusalem: I had my eyes fixed on you in the hall of Pilate; I saw you at the pillar—you held the scourge. It was you that fitted the nails to My hands and feet, plunged the spear in My side, and jibed and mocked Me as My last breath was escaping from My quivering lip. You shall soon see Me on My throne of judgment, passing sentence on your scarlet

crimes, while Hell moans and Heaven weeps at the terrors of My anger.

Reprobate—Did You not see my damnation before I was born?

Christ—Not till after your death.

Reprobate—Did You not see all futurity from the beginning of eternity? You therefore saw my perdition before I was born. Hence, my damnation is inevitable.

Christ—The power which I possess of seeing all future things from eternity is a property of My own; but this property of Mine has no influence whatever on your actions, —My foresight does not influence your liberty, no more than your seeing other men influences their free actions. *Precisely the same.*

Reprobate—Did not You decide my fate before I was born; and hence my perdition became inevitable?

Christ—No. I have seen all futurity from all eternity. The decree is written on the walls of heaven. But I saw it in *order*, and in the *order* in which it occurred. Hence, I saw your birth *first*, because it was first; then I saw your life and actions next, because they *followed* your birth: then I saw your *death*, because it followed your life; and then I pass judgment the *last*, because it is the last. But I did not pass sentence before your birth, because I COULD NOT SEE your death before your birth—it is *impossible*. Hence, I pass sentence like any other judge; having first seen your life and death.

Reprobate—But is not Your decision a *pre-judgment*?

Christ—No. Mine is a *post-judgment*: being decided *after* your death in My eternal decree.

Reprobate—But could my judgment be different?

Christ—Certainly, if your life were different. The whole case can be settled in one word—you *have yourself made your case*. I have *merely judged it*. If I made your case, *you are right*, but I have not directly or indirectly *made your case*—your case is *your own independent free act*.

Damned soul—Cannot the penalty of millions of years atone for my sin!

Christ—No : years are time—that is, the stroke of a pendulum : and you know the stroke of a clock cannot blot out a mortal offence to God.

Damned Soul—Cannot Your Father forgive us ?

Christ—My Father will not, cannot forgive you. When I was on earth I published to all mankind, that without faith it was *impossible* to please God. I declared that no one could be saved without My blood : you have died not only *without* My blood, you died *against* My blood : you died without living faith ; without any faith : now, in the insane supposition that you should be received into heaven, I am made a *liar* before the whole Court of Heaven : I am *ungodded* on My own throne : and hence I should stand on the gates of heaven and resist your entrance into My kingdom with all the power of My Godhead. You therefore cannot be saved : your relief therefore from hell to heaven is not within the possibilities of the truth, the justice, and the mercy of My Father : you ask Me to stand in opposition to Myself : to make the abyss to be hell and heaven at the same time.

Damned Soul—Cannot ages of fire blot out my sin against God ?

Christ—You know that fire cannot change vice into virtue, nor change the anger of God ; and hence fire cannot burn out mortal guilt.

Damned Soul—And is there no hope ?

Christ—No possible hope.

Damned Soul—Hell contains three infinities : infinity of God's anger, infinity of fire, infinity of duration—what have I done to deserve these three infinities : a poor finite creature ?

Christ—You have committed the greatest crime that time or eternity has ever beheld—you have imbued your hands in the blood of the Saviour of the world. You are an accomplice in the death of Christ : the death of the God-Man.

Damned Soul—How can I be an accomplice ?

Christ—If one man killed another man, or thousands of men aided in putting him to death, each is guilty, and all are guilty, equally guilty, and hence all who commit deliberately mortal sin, have deliberately aided in nailing Christ to

the Cross. You are, therefore, an accomplice in the death of Christ—stained with His blood: a crime so great that the fire of hell can never burn it out.

Damned Soul—And is there no change in hell?

Christ—No change. The kingdom of hell is as well founded as the kingdom of heaven—one is founded on My power and My mercy: the other is founded on My power and My anger: and I am as much God in punishing vice as rewarding virtue. You mistake the Trinity: We did not make or create Ourselves: We are the living essence of things: essential first beings, loving living virtue, and hating living vice; We ~~are~~ the essence of life; We cannot die: you mistake Us; every mortal sin, unatoned, unrepented, is fixed in permanent malice; it burns forever like a lake of pitch, and must remain eternally unextinguished: and an act of meritorious virtue is, on the other hand, as irremovable in glory as the pillars of the throne of God, and must last forever; you mistake Us, and you mistake yourselves.

This is the first day of eternity to you—time is past—everything will now wear a different appearance—eternity is so large and time is so small, that the death of Adam, the first man, and the death of the last man here to-day, are *two points* so close, that they seem to *touch*: your crimes will now surprise yourselves: the sanctity of God will astound you; sin will appear under new terrors, and heaven will look happier than your fancy had ever painted it—everything will now appear in its own true colors. You have oppressed and killed the poor: you have corrupted the innocent and you have filled hell with the victims of your lust; your scandals have blasted faith and converted the Gospel into shame; you have dared the Trinity at Our own gates; you jibed death, defied hell, and mocked heaven; My blood is thick on your scarlet hands; your damnation is fixed; your tempestuous bed is made in hell, and you are doomed to writhe in eternal fire; I lived for you: I died for you: I watched you, once My own child, to save you; the saints, the angels followed you to the gates of hell, to intercept you and to gain your soul: you resisted all and damned yourself

in spite of the prayers of the living, the cries of the saints, and the burning petition of the Saviour of the world; the happy fields of Paradise now lie before you for the last time; but you shall never again behold them; the million suns that burn on the eternal hills shall never again shed their lustre on you; the peace, and joys, and glory of heaven you shall never taste; the companions of your youth whom you loved shall never see you; and you shall be cast away from God as far as omnipotent anger can throw you.

Reprobate souls, darkness and torture are now your eternal lot; and when the gates of your fiery prisons shall close forever between you and Me, storms shall rage over lakes and oceans of fire and brimstone, where the consuming waves shall never reach the shore, and where one ray of light shall never burst through the infinite chaos that lies between you and Me. Your position, in place of being the source of pain to the blessed, is a relief: heaven is freed from your blasphemies: your scandals can no longer grieve the Holy Ghost: the Cross can no more suffer for your infidelities: and My wounds will no more bleed afresh from your apostasies: heaven rejoices in your damnation: time and sin are at an end: the saints and angels love what I love, and they hate what I hate: and as the gates of hell close on you, in eternal banishment, heaven will raise a jubilee of joy at your never-ending sentence: *Begone, ye accursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels.* Then turning to the blessed with a countenance full of sweetness, He exclaims: *Come, ye blessed of my Father, possess the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world.*

Dearest Brethren, the coming certainty of this awful day, the declaration of Christ announcing His anger and sentence, ought to change the life of many a sinner: and I pray God that these words of mine may sink like a burning brand into the hearts of those who hear me.

THE HOLY EUCHARIST.

▲ SERMON DELIVERED BY THE REV. DR. CAHILL, ON CHRISTMAS DAY, IN
ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL, NEW YORK, 1880.

I PRESENT to you upon the present occasion the whole volume of the Testament as the text. The most important event that ever eternity has or ever can record is that consecrated in the anniversary of this day. At twelve o'clock last night the Saviour of the world was born. In all eternity that fact will stand alone in the whole legislation of God. The multitudes of God's throne has thousands and tens of thousands of years between its procession. Man is logical now. We draw our premises and conclude them. God's premises are often drawn ages and ages back, and although their accomplishment may not take place for generations and generations, still it is going on. Millions of years before the foundation of this world was laid, the Son of God said to the Father: "Ovations and sacrifices do not please You: the blood of calves and goats are not atoning; it is an office of blood and not of Ye. It is written in the heavens that I shall come to do Thy will. Father, You know that the first transaction between You and Me, between the Eternity in the head of the Book of Records upon the imperial throne and I, Your Son, did not give to the foundation of the world that I would come to do Thy will, to unbolt Heaven, to appease Thy anger and save man.

In the anniversary of last night, at twelve o'clock, that event was accomplished; although millions and millions of years far away back in eternity, the legislation between God the Father and the Church was established. No doubt the greatest event the world ever saw—God's anger appeased! infinitely appeased; the balance of sin appeased, atoned for,

infinitely atoned for, infinitely subdued in the growth of last night at twelve o'clock. "Father," as it is said, "I know the sin of man against You, and the pride of fallen human nature. I would appease Thy heart by humiliation which no tongue can tell. I will go Myself to the very depths of the earth and by the infinity of My humiliation I shall appease You for the crime of human pride (in order to express my language clearly), because I know the will of man is carnal. The human will offended You, gave You inclinations of retribution. I have come to You to give up My whole life to pay the debt. Not My will, but Thine will be done. I shall pay it back by humiliation. I shall have humiliation which no human tongue can tell. I shall make the book of intellect read. Behold the infiniteness of the depths of My humility.

"I know that human flesh and its carnal appetites have offended You, and I shall therefore take it upon Me and suffer in My own person for its sin. I shall continue to assume that through the whole of that life, and shall make that flesh upon Me pay the debt of sin. For his wicked inclination he shall bruise it; he shall break it; he shall bleed it; he shall nail it to the Cross; he shall kill it!" I will tell you why the whole sin of the flesh was taken off and lifted up entire and whole into the new life. "It is the legislation that took place between You and Me," He said, "that I would come, but now I tell you how I shall come," and hence you read in the Gospel: Mary, His Mother, Mary the Virgin, and Joseph of the house of David, King and anointed from the hand of God himself, which shows forth His design. His relatives in the very line of kingly genealogy which was consecrated by the hand of the imperial Ruler and Master. They came from Nazareth to Bethlehem, sixty English miles, without a penny; and because of the many there, they went to a stable to keep from the elements on the 25th of December. At twelve o'clock at night, the time approaching, they took a refuge in the haunt of beasts, and between an ass and an ox was brought forth the Saviour of the world. Alone; far away from home; without friends

and the necessities of an earthly career, was His state commenced. Every reasonable mind will thrill at their lonely state and destitution—the Saviour of the world brought forth in the stable of beasts, His little flesh quivering, wrapped in swaddling clothes, and warmed by the breath of the ass and the ox! We can only look on in silent astonishment; there is no language that can express such a scene, nor can any heart feel it, and the highest archangel that God ever made is incapable of expressing it.

And now we will look at the character of God the Father and of God the Son. "He came unto His own and His own received Him not." Was there ever such a phrase! "He was in the world, and the world was made by Him, and the world knew Him not." We will look at this picture of thought—the character of God and the character of man; the character of God in the idea of His mercy, and the character of man in the idea of his obduracy. What is man capable of without faith, when we read this picture? Put it on canvas, and represent to your minds the consubstantial Son of God appealing to the throne of His Father, assuming flesh—no, "made flesh"—put that in one corner of the canvas, leaving His imperial throne as God—uniting Himself to human nature so as to become flesh, born in a stable between an ox and an ass—He came into the world, and the world did not know Him! The men he came to would not receive Him—the nation to which He offered His imperial mercy did not know Him! Put that picture, if you can, upon canvas, and study it, for no man can tell it. "He came to his own, and His own received Him not. The world was made by Him, and the world knew Him not." "But," continues the text, "as many as received Him, He gave them power to become the sons of God." The power to be made the sons of God! How beautiful that passage is. He did not make them, but gave them the power to be made by their own exertions and grace, the power to be—what? To be made the sons of God. No longer the sons of men, but God; no longer the slaves of Satan, but brethren of Christ. They were heretofore flesh, and as long as they were children of flesh could not be

saved. But a new era has arrived; the Son of God has descended and lifted up flesh; the purity of the Son of God has come down and sanctified flesh.

What is this new legislation which commenced in the birth of Christ? He was born into the world; born of what? "Not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man," astonishing, "but of God!" I cannot express my emotions. I know there was a time when existence was not—no moon, no sun, no stars. But I cannot understand how they were created. I can see the principle that was law in chaos. He put forth His imperial hand, and the jarring confusion of elements were combined harmoniously, and at the word from His mouth, "Let there be light," there rolled out millions and tens of millions of burning worlds in the eternal gulf. I know that He did that, because He has written it with His own right hand on the blue page overhead. I knew Him capable of anything, but till I read this (alluding to the Testament which he held in his hand), I knew nothing of His making us brothers of Christ by a new birth. I fancied He would leave us as we were, but by some plan suited to our nature He would improve it; but I had no conception till this that He would take us above our own blood, and above the will of the flesh, and make us brothers of Christ and children of God. By the birth of Christ we are brought to feel the power vouchsafed, which made us no longer children of men, but children of God. And therefore this day, His anniversary, does not so much consist in looking the wondrousness of the design of the Son of God uniting Himself with human nature, as it consists in the incredible, the indefinable, the unexpected relation of character and genealogy which He has put upon ourselves.

But to go on with the text: "And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us, and we saw His glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth." This is one of the most beautiful and sublime facts in the whole Christian religion. He has dwelt among us from that hour to this. He remained with us personally thirty-three years, when He rose into heaven. He still dwells among

upon our altars. I can believe anything now. When I look upon Him in the manger, believing, as I do, who He was, I exclaim, there is the God of the skies and man. Astounding! Infinite dominion above, yet powerless; the infinite riches of His Father, yet poverty! How incredible is that! Infinite Majesty,—slavery! mighty of limb,—death in the body of man on the Cross! These things are solemn instances, and would be very imperfect if they ended at this point. I expect more than infinity, but I expect it to be added, with this, and unless I declare to you that the most beautiful part of religion (for part it is) is that of the text, where it is said, "He dwelt among us," not only in His natural form, but in His sacramental character, I know that you will be very glad to continue with me through the whole text by which that fact is established. How delightful it must be to us not only to believe this great fact, but see the reasons put forth by which our faith may be strengthened, and convictions given to our belief. I will proceed to give you the text, not of John, but of Himself; and to lay before you the doctrine of the Holy Eucharist, the doctrine of Transubstantiation, and the works and office by which this supernatural residence of Christ among us will be infallibly and irrevocably established. I will take for your consideration the Gospel of John, sixth chapter; St. Matthew's twenty-sixth chapter; and St. Paul to the Corinthians, eleventh chapter; and, as you never heard me before, I call upon you to listen to me as if hearing it for the first time. Christ said in John, "I am the bread of life. Your fathers did eat manna in the desert, and they died." I cannot advance one word before I settle these terms. What is the meaning of the word *eat*? Is that an act of faith? Not precisely; for we know that putting it into the mouth, it is a substance like flesh, like the manna of the desert, and eat it for sustenance. It does not mean to take it in order to reflect upon it; but it means beyond dispute the fact of putting it into the mouth and eating it.

"Your fathers did eat manna in the desert, and they died. This is the bread descending down from heaven, that if any man eat of it he may not die." Singular bread, that I may

eat and not die. It cannot be natural bread here, because we all die who eat of it. "If any man eats of this bread he shall live forever." Oh, magnificent bread! Man has no such bread as that. "And the bread that I will give is My flesh, for the life of the world." Astonishing doctrine, that. And you ask me, is that the Eucharist? Yes. The Blessed Eucharist of the Catholic Church is the body, the blood, the soul, and the divinity of Jesus Christ under the form of bread and wine. The whole substance of the bread being changed into the body of Christ; and the whole substance of wine being changed into the blood of Christ. Astounding doctrine! There never could be anything like it! You are very easily led to it when you hear the phrase, the whole substance of bread being changed into the body of Christ, and the whole substance of wine being changed into the blood of Christ. Yes. "The bread that I will give is My flesh, which I will give for the life of the world." If I were allowed to speak, I would say I can believe that Your flesh will give life to the world unquestionably; but how can it be that the bread is Your flesh? How can it be that we put this flesh in our mouths, and eat sufficiently of it? Do you notice the meaning of eat in this passage? Perhaps some of you understand the Hebrew tongue, and all, probably, the derivation of this word. The Greek word is *esthie*. This has been the cause of contention, as it was at the time it was first established, when the Jews strove in altercation among themselves, saying, "How can this man give us his flesh to eat?"

Now, although you are not all Greek scholars, you can understand me when I say that the Greek word "strove" always means actual physical contention, such as two men in a battle-field contending hand to hand, or two disputants. The whole congregation strove among themselves; not a few enthusiasts, not a particular class, but the whole audience assembled, got into one violent altercation, and they strove among themselves, saying, "How can this man give us flesh his to eat?" And Jesus knowing what was passing in their minds, said, "Amen, amen; I say unto you, except you eat the

flesh of the Son of Man and drink His blood, you shall not have life in you; you are lost; perdition is upon you unless you eat His flesh and drink His blood, or to be in the mental position to do it, to wish for it—in the position that if you could you would eat it, and will when you can. Amen! I declare to you positively, unless you eat the flesh of the Son of Man, and drink His blood, you are damned. Perdition is on the man who will not eat it when he can. Can this be more explicit? Can this be mere bread? Again, "Whoso eateth My flesh and drinketh My blood, hath eternal life; and I will raise him at the last day." Read this like a scholar. Do you see how the heart of Christ heaves when one time He plunges the soul into eternal perdition—the next He raises it up to heaven?

And again He continues, "For my flesh is meat, indeed, and My blood is drink, indeed." Now, in all the course of my reading, I never knew the Greek word signifying "indeed" to be used except in reference to a positive fact—not an assertion, mind you, but a positive fact. There is no metaphor, no allegory, no imagery to assert that fact; it is in simple language: "My flesh is meat, indeed, and My blood is drink, indeed." Again, "He that eateth My flesh, and drinketh My blood, dwelleth in Me, and I in him." Where is it identified? That is the object of my mission. I entered into Him and He into me. Like the sun of heaven that rises upon the horizon to banish away mists and send light into the world, and cause the vegetable kingdom to spring up and grow under its rays, He shall enter into all human kind. I am the flesh of your flesh, and the marrow of your bones. You are no longer flesh of men, but flesh of God. This is grand. I did not know before how God banished the idea of our sin and our genealogy, and gave us a new one; but I understand it now. "As the living Father hath sent Me, and I live by the Father, so he that eateth Me, the same also shall live by Me." I follow out the law. On the oath of My mediatorial administration, "As the living Father hath sent Me"—and I swear by My existence and mission—"and I live by the Father—so he that eateth Me,

even he shall live by Me." He is no longer with us. It is removed, saturated, embodied, identified in Him. Text after text give us—the Father and the Son, this is the bread; not as the bread. "He that eateth of this bread shall live forever;" not so, say some respectable people. We think that it is a memorial of the past. You say the Eucharist is the body and blood, and soul and divinity of Christ. The whole substance of bread changed into the body, and the substance of the wine changed into the blood. Not so. The supper is a memorial of suffering and death.

By the integrity of faith spiritually received, in a spiritual sense we will read it, "Amen, amen; I say unto you, unless you eat the flesh of the Son of Man, and drink His blood, you shall not have life in you." Except in the spirit? How in the spirit? Anything done in the name of Christ is spiritual. "Except you eat of My flesh and drink of My blood, you are damned." I am a judge, and knowing the words of My text, "For My flesh is meat indeed, and My blood is drink, indeed." We do not doubt it as a fact materially; if you take it as a spiritual doctrine *per se*, the word *meat* might signify that it would be *per se*. I will not produce plans of logic, but the statement of the text itself is enough. Like the Jews, we preserve types, having the dove, the ox, the goat, the pigeon, and all the sacrifices. Your whole religion is composed, or consists of types: and you of all others should know their significance. This great subject of my text is presented to you for you to consider in connection with its types, granting, however, that He intended His flesh to eat. The disciples murmured at it greatly, saying that it was a hard saying; but, "What, and if ye shall see the Son of Man ascend up where He was before?" And He did ascend in the process of time—His death, His resurrection, and His ascension. In proving this fact you may as well also prove the fact of the three mysteries, for it requires the whole power of man to comprehend them. It is the spirit that quickeneth; the flesh profiteth nothing; the words that I speak unto you, they are the spirit, and they are the life. How can you say the flesh quickeneth? He says

in other places, *My* blood, *My* flesh. Here it is *the* flesh. Christ asked Peter, "Do you love Me; do you believe Me?" Certainly. I am Christ, the Son of God; blessed are you. You are atoned for. Human nature had nothing to do with it. The words I spoke to you are spiritual by the grace of God, without which you cannot understand, I say, which are above nature. But you are judging of Him by nature.

What a condition of life! You cannot understand Him. But there are some of you that believe not. For Jesus knew "from the beginning who they were that believed not, and who should betray Him. And He said, Therefore, I say unto you, that no man can come unto Me, except it were given unto him by My Father." Then some of the disciples were doubtful, and from that time many of His disciples went back, and walked no more with Him. Then said Jesus unto the twelve, "Will ye also go away?" Simon Peter answered Him, "Lord, to whom shall we go?" What right had Peter to answer? He spoke to the twelve. Has a gentleman of the jury a right to answer or give his opinion before it is decided among them all? But Simon Peter spoke by the right of the power of his Master, in whose presence he was, the Pope and the disciple. He says, "Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life, and we believe and are sure that Thou art Christ, the Son of the living God." And we believe that the bread that we break and the wine we drink upon the table is Thy body and blood when the Host is exhibited. No one can comprehend it; we only know that Christ speaks the words of eternal truth. And it was a fitting answer of his faith, "Thou hast the words of eternal life." He is perfectly silent on the question upon which so many disciples went away. He is like the sorrowful boy who asks his father to forgive him his sin; and he takes him again full of faith to his breast.

I have not said a word against any man's faith; but I argue it like a barrister-at-law; like an honest man I meet the question. We go over now to the twenty-sixth chapter of Matthew. As they sat at supper, Jesus took bread and blessed it, and brake, and gave to His disciples, and said:

"Take ye and eat: this is my body." He now gives it and makes His seal. He does not give them kingdoms and empires; His kingdom is not of this world, the bread that we give is His body. "Unless you eat of the flesh of the Son of Man, and drink His blood, you cannot have life in you." Taking the chalice, He gave thanks, and gave to them, saying, "Drink ye all of this; for this is my blood of the New Testament, which shall be shed for many for the remission of sins." Here was no word of argument or contention, and the silence is a most eloquent argument of belief; this is implied that the blood is shed for many for the remission of sins. Then come up the questions, "Would that be applied to a spiritual doctrine if a man's spirit? How can blood of the spirit be shed? How can the blood of the memorial be shed? How can the blood of wine be shed? How can the blood of bread be shed? We all know that by Baptism we are wholly and really saved; so by the light of this faith the sun is kindled into a visible existence. I cannot repeat all what Dr. Milner, the great English Bishop has said: "If you believe not in this, you cannot believe in your religion." When St. Paul wrote his letter to the Corinthians from Greece, he was five hundred miles from its place of destination. St. Paul says: "I have received of the Lord, that which also I have delivered unto you." Paul tells the people of Corinth, and says, I am going to tell you what Christ told me—not Peter nor the Apostle—namely: "That the Lord Jesus the same night in which He took bread, and when He had given thanks, He brake it, and said, 'Take, eat; this is my body, which is broken for you, do this in commemoration of me.' " He did not say reflect upon it, but do it.

It was a command in the imperative mood. In like manner also, He took the chalice after He had supped, saying: "This chalice is the New Testament in My blood; this do ye as often as you shall drink it for the commemoration of Me. For as often as you shall eat this bread, and drink this chalice, you shall show the death of the Lord until He come." In the execution of this act of faith there is a double

commandment given by the Father. And what follows : "Wherefore, whosoever shall eat this bread, and drink the chalice of the Lord unworthily, shall be guilty of the body and blood of the Lord." St. Paul speaks as a scholar, and in describing the requirements of the Eucharist, he commits not the folly of its mockery—the guilt of the memorial of the body and the blood. Are you certainly guilty? Of what? Of murder—the most startling crime. How can a man be guilty of the body and blood of wine, but above all the body and blood of the Spirit? I think that ought to settle my case. "But let a man prove himself"—in the imperative mood. Let a man prove himself unworthy, and if so he is guilty of the body and blood of the Lord. "Unless you eat the flesh and drink the blood of the Son of Man, you are not unworthy; for he that eateth and drinketh unworthily, eateth and drinketh damnation to himself, not discerning the body of the Lord." The doctrine of the Holy Eucharist of the Catholic Church is that the body and blood, the soul and divinity of Jesus Christ is under the appearance of bread and wine; the bread changed into the body of Christ, and the wine changed into the blood of Christ, and the fragments left behind is the appearance of bread and the emptyings of wine.

Hear me now, for about five minutes The text is the plain, honest statement of a commandment, without any embellishment of metaphors. At one time Christ says, I am a shepherd; at another time, I am the vine—the shepherd because the body and blood of Christ, and the vine because He encloses all. You are the sheep and the branches. You understand, then, to eat the body and drink the blood of Christ. I may be asked, do you say as a priest, that you transubstantiate the bread and wine into the body and blood of Christ? I do. Transubstantiation in religion is not such a thing as ought to be surprising. I do not see anything in nature that is not so naturally. The earth is so; the flint is so in the flying sparks; the straw, the wood are formed from the elements of nature made out of the earth. The soil is transubstantiated. The grain in the field, and

the body and soul allied, is in a state of transubstantiation. In each case we can trace the connecting links, the same as if you look down one of your streets, or pass down Broadway for instance, from lamp to lamp, until you come to the gasometer of the city: so you ascend from priest to priest until you come at the seat of mediatorial power—at Christ Himself. I as one of the means am here before the altar by the power of the Holy Ghost through the Bishop, and I believe, as I am commanded, that the bread and wine is changed into the body and blood of Christ. But the great question is, How changed into the Divinity? Do not you say that the Eucharist is the body and blood, and soul and divinity? Yes. Paul says this is His body and blood: it is changed into Christ, or into the humanity of Christ; and there is the Divinity. Wherever the living humanity is, there is the Godhead. It is the instrument of atonement given by the Holy Ghost that the Divinity was then by the inseparable union of the living humanity and the Divinity of Christ.

When a man makes a musical instrument, and puts the back and sides together, he tunes the instrument the moment it is finished. So the sounds are produced by the laws of natural philosophy. I lift up the Host and you see the appearance of it, and so with the bread and wine. I bring before you a large mirror, and I ask you what do you see. You see shade, but no bread, size but no bread. There is the appearance of the reflection and the rays of light, through which medium you only see the appearance. I hold up a piece of bread and by the laws of natural philosophy you see it. Will you believe the glass? Is it the Divinity? Is it by transubstantiation. I give you another case, that of the descent of the Holy Ghost in the crypt where the Apostles were. When the Holy Ghost descended upon the Apostle in the appearance of tongues of fire, were they real tongues of fire or only appearances of ones? But was it the Holy Ghost or the appearance of the Holy Ghost? Were not the walls real walls? The chairs are chairs, and fire is fire. Is the altar the altar and the object around it? The surplice and candlesticks, are they real or appearances of ones? So it is in the Sacrament of Baptism. When

John was baptizing in Jordan, the Spirit of God came down in the shape of a dove and a voice said, This is My beloved Son in whom I am well pleased. Was it a dove or the Holy Ghost? The waters, were they real waters, and the trees, were they real trees upon the bank of the river? All were real except the dove. I am asked, when you lay the Host on the altar, do you see the consecrated flesh and bones and blood of Christ? Certainly. You believe that? Of course. It is the most glorious part of our ministry. You eat His flesh and drink His blood? Certainly. Not a part, but the whole of Him, as He was upon the earth.

You take a piece of coal and change it into charcoal, and thereby create a new mode of existence. Apply more heat, and it is gaseous; it then becomes gas, which burns up and is lost, but it is still coal in a gaseous state. You can change mercury into thirty different appearance. Cannot the Holy Ghost appear in fire if He chooses, or Christ's body in the appearance of bread and wine? But it looks so doubtful—put your flesh into our mouths! He answers, "Fool, you think I am only of one mode of existence. I can have as many as I think proper; and because I must enter into and change thy very nature, I won't ask you, but give you My natural body as upon the earth; I put it into the mode which you would best like—bread and wine." Do you not notice this kindness to please us?

So the Sacrament of the Holy Eucharist was instituted—the most beautiful that can be conceived. Bread and wine are composed of numberless elements combined, but they represent one Christ, one Holy Ghost. The tongues of fire may be ten thousand, but there is only one personality. But I may be asked, if this be the body and blood of Christ, can a dog eat it? I will answer by illustration—I call upon twelve physicians and say, gentlemen, here is the stomach of a dog (which is a grand specimen of power and design in its absorbents and physical machinery). Do you suppose there is sin in it? No! But suppose that the blood issuing from the wounds of our Saviour, caused by the crown of thorns, was—(it might have been, I don't say it was)—lap-

ped up by the dogs of Judea, would the blood of Christ be less efficacious because of such innocent lapping? No, sir.

Now comes the question, what is the good of this doctrine of the Holy Eucharist? I have given you God's command, and you know the penalties if disobeyed, and you must see with the eyes of faith. The sinful man enters the Church, having lived a sinful and unholy life, and this same man, by partaking after repentance of the Sacrament of the Holy Eucharist, leaves the Church, not as he entered, a sinner, but a pure and holy man.

I have one word to say about the orphans who look so bright and happy before me. I say they are well clothed, and fed, and taught. There is a better advocate than myself for them—the infant Jesus lying in the manger. I have not intended to move your hearts by eloquence; but the commission to which I was appointed empowers me, as I said before, to limit myself to plain facts.

There is another thing. I speak now of the institution of the Sisters of Charity, and of those who devote themselves to the good of the Church. When I left Ireland there were several ladies who took upon themselves the vows of the Catholic Church, one of whom contributed £40,000; another, £20,000; and another, £10,000. And we see around us at the present moment those who devote themselves to the mission of Christ, who walk in the humbleness of religion—a fit comparison and example of their Guide and the world which they abjure. And now what sacrifice can you make for the cause of your belief in the Sacrament of the Holy Eucharist, and the good of the true religion?

THE HOLY EUCHARIST.

▲ SERMON DELIVERED BY THE VERY REV. D. W. CAHILL, IN ST. JOSEPH'S CHURCH, BROOKLYN, N. Y., ON SUNDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 18, 1893.

DEAREST BRETHREN,—I have prepared for you on this night what may be called: "Reflections on the Transcendent Mystery of the Blessed Eucharist." I do not mean to present to you a controversial discourse on this masterpiece of the power and love of Christ: my present subject will be rather a collection of distinct views, yet bound together, as parts explaining and setting forth as far as can be, the ineffable wonders of the Blessed Sacrament. It is a stupendous topic. The sun raised on high, in the lofty vault of the skies, and placed in the centre of our creation, lighting, heating and perfecting the whole varied domain of Nature, is a feeble illustration of the Blessed Eucharist in the Church of God, enlightening, moving, and sanctifying the countless hearts of the universal Congregation of the Faithful. It is a miracle of power surpassing all former instances of Heaven's work in man's regard. It is a mystery of love, where even angelic conception can fancy nothing greater in the possibilities of God's omnipotence. It raises saved man, by the elevation of the blood and brotherhood of Christ, to take his rank above the angels. The price of his redemption being infinite, he becomes a new creature: and the riches of his spiritual food surpass all the wealth and greatness Heaven has heretofore presented to God's creatures. Some mysteries have reference to God alone: such as His eternal existence, His power, His wisdom, His sanctity: but the Eucharist has the name of man carved on the very front of this Godlike institution. He is raised into an eternal companionship with the Saviour. In this sense, the

Eucharist may be said to be man's mystery : since it was on his account that it was called forth from the depths of Christ's love. It stands before heaven and earth, the pre-eminent part of the New Law. Happy fault of Adam, said one of the fathers, since his happy lot makes him higher than before.

When our first parents fell from their bright destiny, the first link of the chain that held them to God snapped, and they dropped into banishment and immeasurable woe. They were not irretrievably condemned ; a single ray of Heaven's light burst through the golden gates, to reach the dark seclusion of the fallen creature. The Son of God became the broken link : joined our nature to His and reunited us to our Father : so that in order to arrive at heaven at present, we must essentially pass to Paradise through Christ. Happy fault of Adam ! We now sit at the table where, like the Apostles, He sits with us. He reposes in our bosom, lies in our hearts, and the angels wait on us in homage to Him. We feed on the bread, the living bread of life ; we are as it were deified by this food which the archangels gaze on in adoration, but which they as pure spirits have never been permitted to touch or to taste. What a Godlike birth and generation it must be that the flesh and blood of Christ becomes our flesh and blood. Being the lost children of God, what a grand change and provision must it be, to transform our guilty flesh so as to grow over again into the beatified flesh of Christ—what a stupendous majesty to make us thus into an incarnate relationship with the living Saviour of the world.

We are by this grand act of union with Him, His brothers, brothers by a new heavenly generation : and being newly-begotten brothers with Christ, we are clearly the newly-begotten children of God. This is the incredible plan of our Redemption. Once fallen, now redeemed : purchased by a new covenant : and made new children nearer to God than before. God the Father gave to us in Paradise an earthly food great in its way : but Christ gives us a heavenly food, which is infinitely greater. And the food is our own, bequeathed

to us at the Last Supper by the last Will and Testament of the Redeemer. The mightiest will that heaven or earth ever saw must be the Will of a God. It was spoken, the night before the death of our Father, in favor of all His children of the whole world. It was written in the blood of the Cross, and witnessed by the whole Court of Heaven. And what wealth could He give us greater than Himself? And what food could He give us greater than the table at which the archangels are not permitted to sit as guests? Oh, the incredible pre-eminence of redeemed man. And the food is prepared by the hand of the Saviour Himself, to raise fallen man from condemnation to imperishable virtue and immortality: as in Nature the sun from on high pours its flood of light and heat over the sluggish deep, raising it into the buoyant morning-cloud till it soars aloft and floats in the skies in gilded majesty, so the corrupt body having the Holy Eucharist in its cold heart as it descends to the grave, is warmed into a new life by the presence of Christ, rises essentially from the silent tomb, soars aloft in glorious resurrection, and shines forever, redeemed flesh, like a bright star, in the blissful firmament of eternal glory.

On this great question, I shall put, frequently, into the shape of question and answer, whatever I shall have to say. This plan will make some points much more clear, while the whole case will be presented under circumstances more developed.

Q. And what then is the Blessed Eucharist?

A. The Blessed Eucharist is the Body and Blood, and Soul and Divinity of Jesus Christ, under the appearance of bread and wine: the whole substance of the bread being changed into the body of Christ, the whole substance of the wine being changed into the blood of Christ, and nothing remaining behind except the appearance of bread and the appearance of wine.

Q. Then through the miracle and mystery of Transubstantiation, is the Divinity united with human nature?

A. Yes, because the same Christ who was born of the Blessed Virgin is present: that is, the Body and Blood, Soul

and Divinity of Jesus Christ : true God and true man : under the appearance of bread and wine.

Q. Does the Scripture or the history of the New Law present anything like the same union in the Eucharist ?

A. Yes, at the Incarnation the second person of the Trinity became united to man, in the womb of Mary : the same union united in the person of Jesus Christ, for man's redemption, is presented in the Eucharist.

Q. Is the same union, though not in the same manner, maintained in the Eucharist as in the Incarnation ?

A. Yes ; the same humanity, the same body and blood are present, by the power of Transubstantiation : and the same Divinity is essentially united by the inseparable, indivisible union of true God with true man. The same Christ.

Q. How was the mystery of the Incarnation effected ?

A. The Angel Gabriel tells us that it was effected by the power of the Holy Ghost.

Q. How is the mystery of the Eucharist effected on the altar ?

A. By the same power, the power of the Holy Ghost communicated to the priest : and by the command of Christ.

Q. Where do these proofs appear ?

A. Christ said to His Apostles and their successors, in the imperative mood : "Receive ye, therefore, the Holy Ghost." . . . "And when I go to My Father, I will send to you the Holy Ghost, the Spirit of Truth, who will bring to your recollection all things whatsoever I told you and who will abide with you forever." . . . And again at the last supper, when Christ had instituted the Eucharist, He addressed the Apostles and of course their successors in the imperative mood also, saying, "Do this for a commemoration of Me."

Q. Then do you believe the priest has the power of Transubstantiation ?

A. Yes, Christ has certainly given the *command to do* what He had Himself done, and the Holy Ghost resides by a *command*, officially in the Church forever : He is therefore in the mouth of the priest forever for official purposes : and He effects the mystery of the union of the true God and true

man, as He has already done in the womb of the Blessed Virgin.

Q. After the words of consecration are pronounced, do we not see bread in the hands of the priest?

A. No, only the appearance of bread.

Q. And must not real bread be essentially present, where the appearance of bread is avowedly admitted?

A. No, not in the Blessed Eucharist: because it is the substance of bread which is changed, and therefore, the appearance of bread remains behind unaltered.

Q. And can the substance be changed while the appearance remains?

A. Yes, because appearances or color are not essentially united with substances. They are perfectly distinct or separable, and, therefore, substances can be changed without at all interfering with appearances.

Q. Can you give instances of this separation you refer to?

A. Yes, the substance of pure water and the substance of pure air and of several pure oils have no appearance or color at all. They cannot be seen by the human eye. The substance alone is present without avowedly any appearance: and consequently being things separable, one can be changed without the other.

Q. What deduction do you draw from these facts?

A. The clear deduction is, that if appearances or colors were essential to matter or to substance, matter or substance could not exist without them: and therefore, it is a clear case that as substance can exist without them (as in the cases adduced), it can be changed by itself alone, leaving the appearance untouched.

Q. Can you state any property of matter which may be called essential?

A. Yes, I can, as for instance the property of *weight*, without which no matter can exist: with which it is indivisible and essential and inseparable: not so colors or appearances.

Q. Can, therefore, the substance of bread be changed in

the Eucharist into the Body of Christ and the appearance of bread remain behind?

A. Decidedly, being two distinct, separable things, the one is changed, the other remains.

Q. What do you call color?

A. I call it an accident, namely, an accidental condition of matter, which may or may not be associated with substance.

Q. And is this the definition of the word accident?

A. Yes, the logical definition of accident is "any property or quality which is not essential to substance, as whiteness in paper."

Q. Is the same theory true with regard to smell?

A. Certainly: as several metals and minerals, and pure water and pure air have no *smell whatever*: hence, as in the cases already enumerated, matter or substance can exist without smell: it is therefore not essential to matter. It is the same as color: it is an accident, distinct, separable from substance.

Q. Is hearing included in this theory?

A. Certainly; otherwise nature would be in an uproar: matter must be excited by force: otherwise it is silent; sound of course is an accident.

Q. And is taste included in this theory?

A. Yes, of course; neither air nor water, and some metals and minerals have *no taste whatever*—hence taste is distinct, separable from substance: as matter can exist without it. Taste is therefore an accident.

Q. Can you tell if the taste of wine is distinct from the substance of wine?

A. No doubt; in the cases cited, taste is no essential adjunct of matter. If in any *one instance* matter can exist without taste, the property of taste is clearly an accident, and of course the substance of wine can be changed without touching the taste: as separable.

Q. Then do you maintain that the taste of wine is not a part of the substance of the wine?

A. Of course I do maintain it; and I prove (or rather I have proved) that *taste* can no more form part of the sub-

stance of wine than sound can form part of the substance of an organ, or a violin, and the atmosphere. Taste like color, or smell, or sound, is a perfect accident, and *cannot* be touched in the change of the substance.

Q. Can you therefore tell how we see and smell and taste, when these are all accidents, and not substances?

A. Of course I can. These feelings are all *impressions* made on our senses from the *condition* of matter: but the impressions are all in ourselves, not in the matter. These effects are all sensations, and are as much in ourselves as the image of a mountain and not the mountain itself is in the organ of seeing.

Q. Can you tell if the sensation we feel, from the condition of matter or substance, has *any resemblance* to the accident referred to?

A. By no means. There is no more resemblance between the *accidents* and our *sensation*, than there is a resemblance between the *harmony* of a band and the *brass-metal* or *copper-metal* of the instruments, or no more resemblance than there is between the *colors* of a rainbow and the *shower* of rain.

Q. And so you mean to argue or explain the mystery of the Eucharist on the principles of Natural Philosophy?

A. By no means. But when a weak, or an ignorant, or an infidel man objects to our doctrines of Faith from puny reason, our scholars explain the true laws of reason and of science as not applied and as incongruous, in the cases referred to: and when we expose a creeping worm, crawling his inch of miserable existence from the womb to the grave, we raise a smile of pity or contempt at the silly creature, who, though ignorant of the growth of a blade of grass, or the wing of a fly, yet presumes to understand God's Eternal Being, to trifle with His creation out of nothing, to fathom the depths of His infinite mind, to comprehend eternity, and to dictate laws of conscience and salvation to the omnipotent Ruler of the living and the dead. Oh no, we never attempt to explain mysteries by the rules of Natural Philosophy: we know well that words of worldly wisdom do not

contain the very alphabet of Faith nor one sound lesson of the Gospel. No, no, we never attempt to teach Faith by the rules of algebra or geology: but we cite science, in reply to the false and misapplied objections of the reviler: and we thus detach and relieve Faith and mystery from the malice, and the fraud, and the blasphemy of the infidel.

Dearest brethren, the Blessed Eucharist is therefore the grandest, the most sublime instance of the power and love of the Trinity in man's regard that heaven has ever planned and published. St. Paul, in speaking of the Cross, calls it "the masterpiece of the power and the wisdom of God." In this case the infinite anger of God the Father against human guilt was appeased by the infinite love of the Saviour in satisfaction: that is mercy above justice, that is (if I may so speak) infinity beyond infinity, God beyond God. St. Paul tells, as well as human language can say it, when he describes it as "the masterpiece of the power and wisdom of God." The Trinity can do no more: their last effort is produced on Calvary: the justice of a God is paid: satisfied by the mercy of a God-man, and a lost world is released and saved. Surely this is the masterpiece of God. When the stroke of the hammer on Calvary was heard in Heaven, the angels wept: but when His blood began to flow, they covered their faces, and looked to God the Father for pity and relief. Eternity of course has never witnessed such a scene: and throughout the whole eternal round of God's coming age the history of Heaven will never behold a parallel event.

The life of Christ was of course great, but His death is greater: for the Saviour to live for man was wonderful: but to die for man, the God-man to die for man, surpasses anything that we thought could be done or He could do. The angels did not or could not know the mystery: how could they believe in the death of the Lord of the universe. The death of the King of Kings, the Lord of Lords, was an idea that could not be conceived by the archangels round the throne of Eternal life. Much as they had known and seen of God, they could not even believe in the death of the Son of God,

till they saw the golden gates of heaven opened, heard the rock split, felt the earth reel, and saw the sun darken. Oh, what a masterpiece of power and wisdom of God! The Blessed Eucharist is the same kind of mystery for a different object. We can now believe anything of His power, since He did what no other being, even the first person of the Trinity, could make Him do against His will—namely, to die. And we can of course believe anything of His love for us, since He voluntarily died for us. What comparison can be made between the greatest of the whole history of God and the death of Christ? All His acts, the acts of a God, were God-like, but His death being a power beyond all other power, and being a love beyond all other love, it stands alone—the masterpiece. No doubt it was great to roll out Eternity like a map, to place His imperial compass in the center of space, and sweep the wide circle of the world. It was wonderful to spring at a single word the arches that span the canopy of heaven. It was great to *think* worlds, to *speak* firmaments, to create out of nothing by an act of His will the myriad spheres, that kindled in a second into light and order, as at this moment they burn in the blue boundless vault.

How great to think of a word from His creative lip, His unembodied thought, His single act of will, rolling in solid living existences, through void, untenanted darkness. Creations moving in an instant, and lighted up like a flash. How great to see *Will* turned into a solid sphere. How great to see this work: sky above sky, firmament beyond firmament, creation beyond creation: above, below, all round: all painted, too, with one dash of His pencil. Oh, is not creation great: and light wonderful, and illimitable space stupendous. Space is His dwelling. And Eternity His age. Every view we take of Him is infinite, though we only see Him from a mere point of our existence and from our little spark of life. But all the aggregate wonders of the God-head are, as it were, small, when compared to the fact that we are the brothers of Christ by a new generation: that our flesh becomes His flesh; that we become, as it were, deified by this change, and that by a grand plan of the New Law,

we are made into a new relationship with God the Father. Being firstly made the *brothers* of Christ, we are of course by this mystery of the Incarnation made into the *children* of God by this new covenant. Therefore, through the Eucharist we recover our lost inheritance: children of God higher than before our fall. How could man be raised higher? how could Christ be more merciful? what miracle of God's power and love could be more transcendent? Truly, how well the tongue of St. Paul, on fire as it was, spoke, when he called it the "masterpiece of the work of the Trinity." All the mysteries therefore of the universal page that spans the domain and contains the whole history of God, are limited when compared with the infinitude of the Blessed Eucharist.

It is great, no doubt, to speak worlds: to turn ideas into firmaments: to make nothing live in palpable multitudinous existence. It is great to breathe life by a look, a glance: it is great to build heaven by a moment of pleasure, to dig hell in one second of anger. It is great to make and to unmake creations by a single wish. This alone is the attribute, the property, the office, the being, the nature of a God! This is the power of the Divine Nature: and His love is as wonderful as His power: and His anger is as infinite as either or both. But all, and all, and all dwindles into a small work of the Godhead, when compared with the Eucharist. God alone could plant it, and (shall I say it) more than a God could execute it. The word is "masterpiece of power and wisdom." The intellect reels under the idea that bread and wine are changed into the body and blood of the God-man: more, that the words, the omnipotent words changed, are put into the mouth of the priest: more, that his puny tongue pronounces this eternal warrant: and still more, that as the last syllable of these more than creative words of power expires on the lip of the priest, Christ with the whole court of heaven stand on the altar of God. Not in figure, or in metaphor, or in allegory: but in His own person, body and blood, and soul and divinity, as He stood before the Apostles on that *first* altar at the last supper, where He himself celebrated the *first* model

Mass : and administered the Blessed Eucharist to the Apostles. All things are really trifling when compared with this God-like fact. Man's work is all finity. God's work is all infinity. Infinity is the privilege and employment of the Divine Nature. Our nature is limited : His nature is all unlimited. He sports with creations : it is His life : His manner : His nature. And He has *work forever*, in His own uncircumscribed domain, namely, the infinity (if I may so speak) of His own substance : that is Himself. He *can never fill* His infinity in the created work, because creature cannot be infinite, as there can be but one infinity, namely, the boundless nature of God's eternal Being. Yet in all these wonders the Blessed Eucharist is the pre-eminent fact : the mystery of mysteries : the master-piece : the sun of the firmament, of the Trinity. Nothing else beyond or equal to it. "The master-piece of the power and wisdom of God."

Dearest Brethren, when you are therefore about to approach the Holy Eucharist, can you ever forget, that the consecration of the Host on the altar is an act greater than the creation of the world : God's *last* effort of power : Christ's *Best* : the master-piece of the Trinity. Heaven has nothing greater : nor ever can produce its equal. Reducing to practical perfection the song of the angels, on the night of the birth of the Saviour, when the whole court of heaven rent the skies with the loud acclamation of "Glory to God in the Highest, and on Earth peace to men of good will." How delighted would we be if we were so happy as to be born in his lifetime and to follow Him through Judea : to be the lowest of the disciples, on whom He cast one casual glance, as He walked from village to village, during the three years of His mission on earth. How fortunate if we could be with Him in the garden the night Judas betrayed Him, that we might accompany Him and stay by His side to offer Him our sympathy. The least circumstance on that awful night we could now bemoan, that we were not there to take a part with Him in that terrible hour of His sorrows. How glorious it would have been to weep after Him along the bleeding road of the

cross: to cry in agonies of grief as they tied Him on the wood: to share the vinegar sponge with Him: to pour out our tears in torrents as the spear entered His side and wrenched His heart. Of course no one could then comprehend the nature of the mystery. We could only in that dark moment *believe* and weep.

And who can tell what wealth and peace are there, where Christ resides in an abiding union? Let all the dazzling worlds of the universe be made our own property, and let all hang in diamond profusion from the arched roof of God's infinite residence, and let the canopy of the seventh skies be made of burnished gold, what profit to us would be all these worlds if we lost our souls? And if all the oceans were one fragrant liquid aggregate of all the pleasures and the joys of all those myriad worlds, what profit would all be to us against the rot of the grave and the loss of the soul? And if we had all the learning, and all the beauty and talent and power of all the crowns and thrones of all past, present, and future ages, what profit would it all be against the fiery prisons of the damned, the burning lakes of brimstone, and the eternal chains that bind the seething victims of God's never-ending wrath? Oh, what a terrible futurity stretches out her stormy beds of fire before the enemies of God! And what a remedy for all in the ineffable gift of the Eucharist! The soul at peace with God, with itself, and with the world. Not a breath of anger; a soft sweet balm of internal quiet; not a murmur of thought or feeling to ruffle the calm communion of the happy soul in God. This condition of existence is rather a heaven than an earth. It resembles the unembodied, silent soul, more than the carnal tempest of the flesh. It is the nature of man made into the nature of the God-man. It is the Eucharist alive, living in the heart of the communicant, and as He Himself has declared, changing our flesh into His flesh and making us in reality into the newly-begotten children of God.

And when the summons of death calls the trembling soul to judgment, Christ is not at a distance; He is at the bed-

side; nor is He there in mere spirit, as the Father in the ubiquity of His being. He is there as He stood at the Last Supper, in the presence of the Apostles. The flickering soul need not go search through space or through ideal territories of heaven for the Saviour. He is present at the pillow of the gasping, departing creature. He watches His own child, to aid his last struggles, and to prolong to the required hour and favorable moment his panting breath and heaving agony. But when the final stroke is raised, and the command of departure is uttered by the Creator, the Saviour, not the judge, stands at his side; He is in the heart of the escaping spirit, and as God the Father looses the soul He gave, and as He unrolls it from the prison of its mortal coil, it gazes on the great open day of Eternity, revealed before all heaven, lying on the bosom of Christ, regenerated, saved, sanctified, rising to immortal bliss on the triumphant power of the Eucharist, the Eternal man-God. In this last scene, where the stoutest heart, and the greatest saint, tremble at the dark, approaching shadow of futurity, the affrighted soul knows that Christ is within him, in the melting presence of the Eucharist: he hears Christ, he feels Him: he all but sees Him. But the Redeemer keeps out of sight in this concluding scene, in order to maintain in security living Faith, the essential condition of his salvation. But as the last stroke of time is given, and the final wrench is made, Christ appears, embraces His child for the first time, ringing in his ears, "He that eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood abideth in Me, and I in him, and him will I raise up on the last day."

But we would be happy to be the partners, the companions of those who stood near Him! to hear His last words of love: to feel His last sigh, and to cover our faces, as his dying words, "It is finished," expired on His quivering lip. We are sorry we could not live in those days to be mournfully present at this scene, and to bear any part in consoling His rending agony. That scene is now changed. We have Him now on our altars. The same Christ. Not in weakness, as in the Hall of Pilate: but omnipotent in paradise: not

bound to the pillar, but triumphant in heaven. And we His followers are not now mute, trembling spectators: but we have Him in our bosoms, we feel Him in our hearts, we hear Him in our souls. Now we understand the masterpiece. As the fruit does not appear on the trunk, but on the branches, we now see the fruits of the Eucharist in the universal Church—the congregated Faithful. How changed therefore ought to be the Christian in the glorious happy hour he receives the ineffable gift of the Blessed Eucharist. It is heaven's bliss in one point: it is eternity within one second: it is all that God can do, made the free gift to a mortal creature. If jealousy could find a place in heaven, the archangels might complain of their inferior position as compared with the pre-eminence given to Adam's race and offspring: a heart of mortality, and once stained with darkest crime, now pardoned, and higher than before. Any being but the burning seraph in glowing charity would feel jealous of the preference to the children of Eve. How great, therefore, the glorious day, when the Christian receives the Eucharist. How chaste ought to be his eye, as he looks on his eternal Spouse uplifted in the hands of the priest: however guarded the ear that listens to the immortal words, "Behold the lamb of God:" how pure the lip, how spotless the tongue, how angelic the mouth, which like the golden gates of heaven receive in his passage the King, as He enters the heart.

And oh, what a furnace of fire, what an overflowing torrent of love, ought to be in the heart, the soul: the whole being, where the Saviour comes to reside with all His graces and mercies. The heart of the *worthy* communicant is a tabernacle brighter than the midday cloudless vault. He is no longer the child of man: he is the son of God, born for immortal glory. The true Christian thinks with Christ, feels with Him: abides with Him. This is the plan, the legislation, the grace of redemption: to live for God, to die with Christ, and to enjoy Him for all eternity. Such a life is the clear intention of the New Law. This earth is a place of banishment, from our true home: a painful, temporary residence,

where the soul in grace, like a captive spirit in limbo, longs for its release, rejoices at the summons of death, as a short, dark, happy passage to its own country—where daylight never sets: where ten thousand suns burn on the eternal hills, where all is life: where there is no death: where all is young, holy, and happy: where all space is traversed by the soul in a second, and where the glories and the joys of heaven are inseparable from our unchangeable and eternal existence. Oh, what a masterpiece truly is the Blessed Eucharist, since it makes man on earth resemble Christ Himself in holiness, and surpass the pure spirits by the *infinite* price paid for his redemption. Oh, how beautiful is the life of the spirit, namely grace, purity, a happy death, and heaven. When the Holy Ghost descended on the apostles, He sat on every one of them in tongues of fire, but when the Blessed Eucharist is received by the worthy communicant, he swallows the living flame from heaven, to set the heart on fire, and to light up *inextinguishable* faith in the soul.

DR. CAHILL

TO THE

REV. J. BURNS, OF WHITEHAVEN.

REV. SIR,—Your letter published yesterday evening in the *Cumberland Packet* reached me last night. Many thanks for the kind expression of your good wishes for my salvation, and for desiring the eternal welfare of all Catholic souls. I hope the public voice of this town will learn fully to appreciate the sincerity of those feelings, and to make you a suitable acknowledgment.

I beg to tell you, with great respect, that you are *probably* unacquainted with our doctrine of the Eucharist! We do not "create our Creator." If this language were uttered by any other person but by one of your known liberality and acknowledged education, I should designate it as the lowest form of vulgar bigotry. Such words, coming from you, are simply a mistake: and your only fault in the present case is, your writing on a subject which avowedly you have not studied.

The editor of the *Whitehaven Herald* will not keep his columns open for my reply to you longer than twelve o'clock on Friday: and hence I shall conclude this short note, and reserve any further observations on the subject for my public answer.—I have the honor to be, Reverend Sir, your obedient servant,

D. W. CAHILL.

"Feelings of unmingled love and compassion for your soul and the souls of those who are misled by the Romish priests, constrain me to use every effort in my power to awaken in you and in them the dormant feelings of common sense, and to arouse you and them to attend to the voice of reason and the voice of God. I believe your religion to be false, and truth and justice compel me to publish my conviction. I seek to gain your soul, and, therefore, I

write plainly, and let none of my fellow-men judge me an enemy because I tell the truth. . . .

"Every hour you consecrate a bit of bread you create your Creator !

"Grant me, sir, as a common ground of argument, that God Almighty made you, and gave you the faculties you possess, and I will undertake to show, by self-evident truths that the doctrine of transubstantiation is subversive of the foundation of human belief, and therefore incapable of being proved by any evidence, or being believed by any man under the influence of common sense. If God made man, then the testimony of the sense is the testimony of God. To seek to support this testimony is absurd, and to doubt it, is to be mad.

"Now, sir, in all controversy, the proof rests on him who takes the affirmative side of the question. If you wish me to receive your doctrine, you must furnish me with the grounds on which to rest my faith. To justify me in rejecting your dogma, I am not even obliged to produce direct proof of its falsehood. It is enough if I can show that the proof you allege is not sufficient. The doctrine is overturned if it be not proved. If I can show that every passage you bring forward is according to the usual laws of language fairly capable of another sense, I have overturned your doctrine ; and if this principle be just, then the battle is won without firing a single shot of direct disproof at all. . . .

"I think the soul can no more feed on flesh and blood than on bread. If, then, the body of Jesus be food to the soul, it must be so, not literally, but figuratively. The soul cannot eat His flesh in any other way than by believing in Him. It eats by faith, and not by teeth. See how hard it is to force Scripture to sanction what is false and absurd.

* * * * *

"I beseech you, sir, to put all your trust in the blood of Christ which cleanseth from all sin, and renounce the vain effort of adding to its perfection. Cease that blasphemy that represents the work of Christ even yet unfinished, and keeps Him continually a sacrifice on the altar. Come to Him and He will give you salvation without money and without price."—*Vide Letter of Rev. J. Burns.*

WHITEHAVEN, Wednesday, Dec. 7th, 1853.

REV SIR,—I have selected a few passages of your courteous letter to me, to which I shall more particularly direct my reply ; and if I were not made acquainted with the profession of the writer, I should have never supposed that the author of these extracts could have read even the elements of theology or moral philosophy ; but above all, I could not have believed that a clergyman of high character and station could make a statement exhibiting such a deplorable ignorance of the fundamental principles of our common Christianity.

Firstly, then, since you set up in spiritual things the evidence of the senses (as you call it) as the infallible standard of your faith, you will tell the world, how can you believe in God, who is a pure spirit, and therefore cannot possibly fall directly within the domain of the senses? Secondly, will you say by what evidence of the senses you discover three distinct persons in one God?

Do, Reverend Sir, say how you arrive at the conclusion by the senses, that trinity is unity, in *essence*, and unity *essentially* trinity? Thirdly, will you kindly inform poor forlorn Catholic souls, how you detect the presence of divine grace by the senses; that is, how can you see, feel, taste, smell, and hear divine grace, which St. Paul describes as "the emanation of God," and "the charity of God poured abroad?" Fourthly, will you say, sir, how you can even know you have a "soul" by the *evidence* of the senses? Fifthly, will you tell the "Romish" priests, where did you learn the existence of eternity, of heaven, or hell, from the evidence of the senses? St. Paul tells us that "neither the eye hath seen, nor ear heard, or the heart of man conceived, this place," and therefore, will you be pleased to tell us how it has happened that the air of Whitehaven has so elevated the action of your senses, that you and your congregation can behold, with an unclouded vision, what the tongue of St. Paul could not utter, or the heart of St. Paul could not conceive? We poor Romish priests educated at Maynooth always fancied these things were known by "faith," and not by the senses; and we have foolishly believed faith to be "the gratuitous gift of God," and not at all the philosophical result of the most perfect examination of the senses. Sixthly, will you be pleased to inform the senseless Catholics how you discover the original sin in a new-born baby, by the aid of the senses? I venture to say, that even a Whitehaven baby appears to the senses the very same, self-same child before and after the Sacrament of Baptism. If therefore, Reverend Sir, you will believe nothing but what can be proved by the senses, your act of faith must, beyond all dispute, deny every single word of the creed which you

publish on every Sunday from your pulpit to your unfortunate congregation.

You seem very fond of employing the words "common sense" while speaking of faith. They are not accidental terms in your mouth; they are scientific, official, professional phrases; and you so jumble together logical, theological, and elocutionary language, that, in almost every sentence you have written, there is a scientific mistake, a mistake of words, and a clear incongruity in theological terms. You reject everything which you cannot conceive in your common sense. This is certainly your statement.

Firstly, then, will you therefore prove to us Romish scholars, how does your common sense understand and explain that God has no beginning? Our Popish common sense cannot conceive any existing thing without a cause. Now, as you admit nothing which you cannot understand, pray tell us on what principle you understand an effect which is not an effect, a generation without being generated; motion, life, and power without a beginning.

Secondly, the earth cannot be as old as God, as it would then be God; nor can it be made out of the substance of God, as matter would then be composed of spirit, and inanimate clay formed of the essentially living God. Hence the earth must come from nothing, and called from this nothing by a mere act of God's will. Will you say, in your science of your common sense, if you understand the natural mystery? If you do not understand it, of course, as you have said, you cannot believe it; and therefore you are bound, in vindication of your system, to state publicly, for the salvation of the Romish priests, and of all the Papists, whose interests are so near your heart, that, as you cannot conceive by common sense how matter was created, or how man was formed, that therefore there is no such thing as Protestant tithes; that the Scottish Kirk is a public delusion; that the sermons in your Church are baseless visions, and that the public letter lately addressed in this town to Dr. Cahill is a dreamy image, and fantastic, ideal, deceptive sound.

Thirdly, will you again explain the Incarnation by your system? I have learned in the schools that divine faith cannot be tested by the rules of logic, much less by the common sense of the world. I have been taught that although there are three persons in the Trinity, each distinct, and each God, still it does not follow from these defined premises that there are three distinct Gods.

Fourthly, will you be pleased, sir, to explain to me, by common sense, how the *two distinct natures* of God and man have only *one person* in Christ? how can there be nature without a person? how can a finite human nature fill an infinite divine person? or how can an infinite divine nature be confined within the figure of a finite human person? Will you kindly say whether the spirit was human or divine, or a mixture of both, half finite, and *half infinite*?

Fifthly, pray explain again, how God could become man, the incarnate unembodied Word could become flesh; how the eternal person could be torn; how immortality could die; how an immaculate God could assume human guilt; how the mockery, the agony, the cries of the beloved Son of God could please the Father? Sixthly, will you say how it is, that although God is whole and entire, in the millions and tens of millions of places in space, there is but one God?

Ah! Rev. Mr. Burns, your loose assertions and unscientific statements convince me of the truth of Lord Shaftesbury's report on the lamentable deficiency of Protestant clerical education; demonstrate that you can malign a creed without having studied its tenets, and circulate wounding misstatements under the cover and the imposition of religious zeal. Finally, will you explain the justice of God, in charging on a child born in 1853 the crime of Adam's disobedience committed nearly six thousand years ago? It was metaphysically impossible that the free will of this child could enter into this act of Adam as an accomplice, the soul of the child being not created at the time; and it was equally impossible for the same will to prevent or avoid this fault of Adam. Now the common sense and the common laws of Englishmen, to which you appeal in matters of faith, will not

charge one man with the guilt of a third party, who was not, or could not possibly be an accomplice.

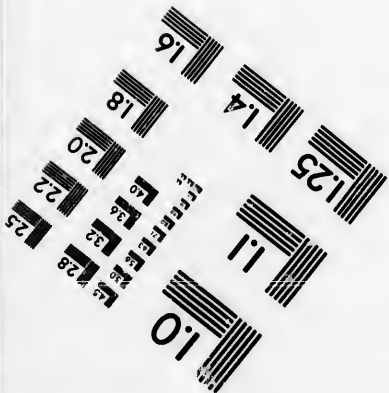
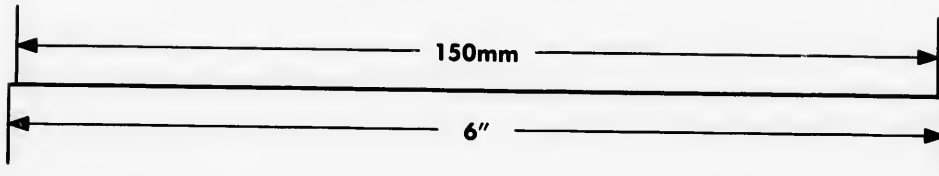
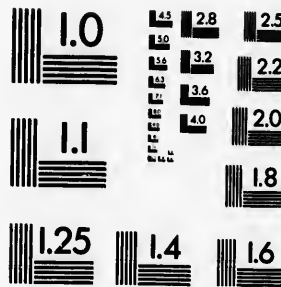
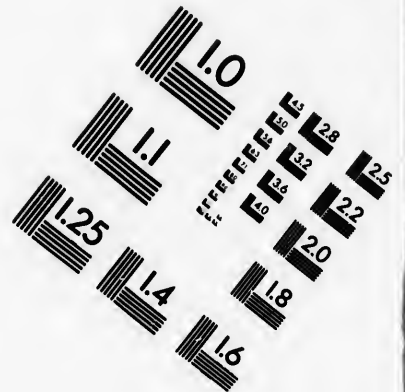
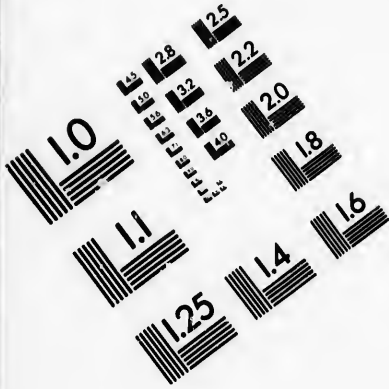
You have, sir, to account for this fact by your system of common sense, and thus settle this most vital question. The plain palpable result of this absurd and fatal misapplication of reason to faith is, that you have made your creed a mere worldly system; and you have forced even your friends to regard your religion as a human constitution, sustained by the same kind of principles as you smelt iron, spin cotton, form railroads, and conduct commerce. Your public perfectly understand this system, and hence they have lost confidence in all your spiritual ministrations, and all respect for your profession. The laboring classes seldom enter the Protestant churches. Their common sense, they think, is as good as yours; and as they can read the Bible, and "eat faith" at home, they generally sleep till two o'clock on Sunday, and never listen to the parson until he has invented a story about a priest, a monk, or a convent, or the bones of a child being dug up, some time ago, somewhere, by somebody, in some nunnery. The total absence of all religious instruction in these churches, added to the constant teaching of doubting the entire evidence of antiquity, has converted the finest nation and the most generous people into a ferocious multitude of bigoted infidels.

Lord Ashley's report (which I have not read, but of which I have heard,) reveals a state of religious ignorance in this country beyond the most exaggerated powers of credibility. His description of the factories and collieries awakens thrilling feelings of pain and shame in the bosom of every honest religious Englishman. Think of hundreds of grown girls, who could not tell "who was God, or Christ, or the Holy Ghost," and who were sunk at the same time in the lowest state of immorality, too extended and too gross to be named in this letter. Hundreds of colliers were never even once in a church—had never learned one word of their catechism, and perfectly ignorant of the Cross.

One man being asked who made him, answered, "My mother;" a second, being questioned as to the number of

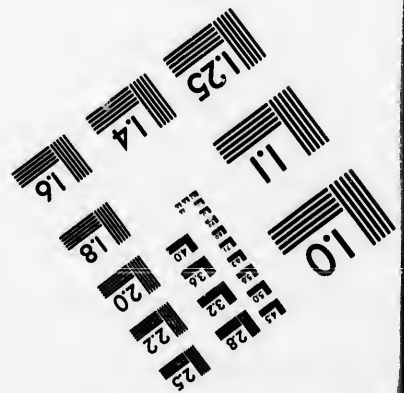


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Gods, replied, "That there were *seven*, and that he was able to fight any one of them:" a third, being pressed to tell who was Christ, said, "He did not know him, as he had never worked in his pit:" a fourth being asked if he was afraid of God, replied, "Na, na, but that it was the *other b*— he dreaded," (meaning the devil): a fifth, being interrogated if he was afraid of the punishment of the next world, appeared quite surprised at hearing of future punishments, and replied that, "If his friends would bury his pickaxe with him, there was no place made, even of the hardest rock, could keep him confined."

Why, sir, the history of the Snake Indians, or of the Bosjesmen, does not reveal such hyper-barbarian ignorance as can be met with in some districts, callings, and trades in England. How can the Protestant clergy, who receive annually eight millions sterling, look men in the face, with the crimes of this barbarity on them? And how can the acute English nation continue to be gulled by the notorious lies of Irish conversions, invented by hired calumniators, in order to divert the public mind from beholding the annual millions of this overgrown robbery, or canvassing the flagrant hypocrisy, and the anti-Christian slander of this infidel conspiracy? The brutal murders, the wife-killing, the infanticides, and the avowed spreading of infidelity, and the thousands of children whose deaths are daily concealed, are the frightful fruits of your system of the doctrine of the senses, and your human faith. Was there ever heard such insane audacity as to assert that God could reveal nothing which the Protestant conventicle, or the Scotch Kirk could not understand? It is the same kind of rampant and ridiculous silliness, as if a congregation of oysters or frogs denied that there existed such things as the truths of algebra, music, or photography, merely because some *few elders* of these tribes could neither see, hear, feel, nor understand the subject. This system will soon make all England infidel.

Hired lecturers are now publicly delivering lectures on the opposition between what they call "the *secular* creation and the Gospel creation,"—that is, on palpable open infidel-

ity. Depend on it, that your teaching will, at no distant day, sap the very foundations of social order in this country; that you will call into existence a generation of men, who, if not checked, will threaten the very existence of English monarchy; and the throne of Great Britain will yet have to rely on Catholic allegiance and Catholic fidelity for its preservation and security.

You seem much captivated with the reasonableness (as you call it) of the figurative sense being applied to the words used by our Lord at the Last Supper. Now, sir, I look on the Protestant doctrine of the Last Supper to be such an aggregate of incongruity, that, if one were not certain of its being believed by a large section of persons in this country, it could never be supposed that such an opinion could be seriously held by men who believed Christ to be God, and to have uttered intelligible language.

That doctrine states that "The Last Supper is a memorial of Christ's sufferings and passion: where bread and wine being taken in faith, Christ is spiritually received." The four terms, therefore, within which this doctrine is included, are the words "Memorial, faith, (bread and wine,) and the spirit of Christ."

As you, therefore, appeal to the standard of the Scriptures and the standard of language on this point, I shall, *for a moment*, meet that appeal, by quoting some texts from the Gospel of St. John, chapter the sixth:—

52.—If any man eat of this bread, he shall live forever, and the bread that I will give is my flesh, for the life of the world.

53.—The Jews, therefore, *debated* among themselves, saying how can the man give us his flesh to eat?

54.—Unless you eat the flesh of the Son of Man, and drink his blood, you shall not have life in you.

55.—He that eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood hath everlasting life, and I will raise him up in the last day.

56.—For my flesh is meat indeed, and my blood is drink indeed.

57.—He that eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood abideth in me and I in him.

58.—As the living Father hath sent me, and as I live by the Father, so he that eateth me, the same shall live by me.

In the foregoing texts our Lord uses the words "*eat my*

flesh" five times; and it must be well remembered, that these words were employed four times after the Jews *debated* among themselves ("how *can* this man give us *his flesh to eat*." He heard their objection ("how *CAN* he;") and, of course, according to all the rules of a public speaker to his audience, He replies to the difficulty which they proposed; and in place of retracting His words, or altering them into other clearer words, or making any change or explanation in his expression, He, on the contrary, becomes more emphatic in his manner, and repeats four times, with evident increased energy, the self-same words.

And it must not be forgotten that, in thus reasserting these words four times, in the teeth of their contradiction, He also adds some new circumstances of vital interest to the question under debate; namely, in v. 53, He threatens *damnation* to the man who merely *omits* what He orders; in v. 55, He offers *justification* to the man who *fulfils* His statements; in v. 56, He asserts twice that what He has said is a *literal* statement (*alethos*;) in v. 57, He again declares that the man who corresponds with the condition named is *intimately identified* with Him; and lastly, in v. 58, He utters TWO OATHS—namely, "by his mission and by his life," that what He stated would give eternal life; and finally, in all these assertions, threats, promises, and rewards, He uses the word "eat his flesh" with an unvarying consistency in reply to their objection. Now, as the whole Jewish religion was made up of types and figures, and as a matter of course the Capharnites were perfectly acquainted with this fact, can any man believe that Christ would hold out threats of perdition, and would *swear* twice, in order to make them believe the most known fact of their country?

Now, sir, by what authority do you, who seem so much attached to the word of God, take it on yourself to change the *clear, expressed words* into a meaning certainly not *asserted* or affirmed in the *written* or *spoken* language? You reply that it *must* be received in a *spiritual* or *figurative* sense, from the impossibility, as your common sense asserts, of understanding these written words in their literal sense.

You, therefore, assert that flesh means "faith," means "figure of flesh," means "spirit," means "metaphor," means "image or memorial." In the first place, this is, on your part, a most unwarrantable assumption, it not being affirmed in the words: and secondly, it may turn out, as I hope presently to show, that your meaning must end in an *absurdity of idea*, and in an *incongruity of language*, such as would deprive Christ of all future confidence in the expression of His thoughts, and convert the language of the Testament into an unmeaning or incongruous symbol. If, then, your meaning be correct, it follows, of course, that that mode of expression must be just, which describes a man as "eating a spirit, eating an image, drinking a metaphor, eating an allegory, and drinking a shadow."

Now, sir, if all this language be perfectly just, and the ideas congruously expressed, it follows, of course, *all the other cognate words* of "the verb to eat," can be similarly used, with equal justice and equal correctitude: hence, sir, we can employ with equal truth the words "to wash a spirit, to weigh a spirit, to bleed a spirit, to boil a spirit, to roast a spirit, to salt a spirit," as well as we can say "to eat a spirit." The words are decidedly of the same *cognate* character, and if one of them can be used with precision, so can all the others. Then, it is perfectly correct to say, "to wash an image, to bake a metaphor, to boil an allegory, to salt a trope, to eat a shadow, to wash a shadow, to bake a shadow." And then, again, sir, it will follow, that the image of a thing can justify the soul, and the metaphor of a thing can feed the soul. And again, sir, you represent Christ as swearing by *two oaths* that these are His words, and that this is His meaning!!!

You have, therefore, adopted the most incongruous and ridiculous form of words, such as no rational human being has been ever known to use; you have, in the face of heaven and earth, translated the word "flesh" into "spirit, image, shadow, metaphor;" and you have done all this, forsooth, because you could not understand how "He could give us his flesh to eat." But if you will reflect on the crib, on next

Christmas night, and ask how can a trembling, poor, naked abandoned child be the eternal, consubstantial Word, the King of Kings, your common sense will be shocked, till you see the heavens opened, and *hear* the angelic choirs rend the blue vault of His Father's skies, saying, "It is He." How can you understand a Word to be flesh, a God to be a man, infinite dominion to be weakness, infinite power to be destitution, infinite riches to be poverty, infinite majesty to be slavery, immortality to be death, and infinite sanctity to stand charged with human guilt? Now, all these mysteries are placed in the very alphabet of Christianity, in order to level all human reason on the very threshold of the New Law. Our doctrine is just the same kind of mystery; and while we are astounded at the statement contained in the words, we at the same time *hear* him reassert it over and over again, and we bow and believe. And I could no more consent to believe the absurd, ridiculous, the incongruous, the newly-invented meaning of *your altered text*, than I could consent to believe our blessed Lord to be an idiot or a maniac. You, therefore, perceive, sir, how absurd is the novelty, how ridiculous is heresy.

In order to see more fully the consistent language of our Lord, I shall again quote some texts from St. Matthew, chapter. 26:

26.—And whilst they were at supper, Jesus took bread and blessed and broke, and gave to His disciples, and said, Take ye and eat, this is my body.

27.—And taking the chalice, He gave to them, saying, Drink ye all of this.

28.—For this is my blood of the New Testament, which shall be shed for many, for the remission of sins."

Now, sir, according to your assumed meaning, Christ said "this is my body," meaning that this is my *spirit*. Now, sir, since the invention, improvement, and perfection of human language, have you ever seen, read, or heard of any human being, in any age or any country, use the word "body" to mean "spirit?" It is precisely the very opposite, and cannot by the rules of language be employed *even as a metaphor*, as there cannot be any resemblance between two things which are metaphysically opposite. And when we come to apply

your meaning to v. 28, it is hard to say whether one feels a greater amount of ridicule, or pity, or contempt, for the teachers of a doctrine which would go to say "that the blood of the spirit was shed, the blood of a metaphor shed, the blood of a shadow shed, the blood of an image shed, the blood of faith shed, the blood of a memorial shed!"—Now, sir, in your own language, do you see how ridiculous is error, how absurd is human novelty in Revelation?

I shall, in conclusion, quote by your standard of the Bible, and the criticism of language, some texts on the subject from St. Paul to the Corinthians, chapter the eleventh of the first epistle, v. 23:

23.—For I have received of the Lord that which also I delivered to you, that the Lord Jesus the night in which He was betrayed took bread,

24.—And giving thanks, broke and said, Take ye and eat, this is my body, which shall be delivered for you; DO THIS in commemoration of me.

25.—In like manner, also, the chalice, after he had supped, saying, This chalice is the New Testament in my blood; THIS DO YE as often as you shall drink, for the commemoration of me.

27.—Wherefore, whosoever shall eat this bread, or drink the chalice of the Lord unworthily, shall be guilty of the body and of the blood of the Lord.

28.—But let a man prove himself: and so let him eat of that bread, and drink of the chalice.

29.—For he that eateth and drinketh unworthily, eateth and drinketh damnation to himself, not discerning the body of the Lord.

You see, sir, in these texts, that St. Paul keeps up the same consistency of word and idea as our Lord; and that he asserts his having received the above communication, not from the Apostles, but from *the lips of Christ Himself*, after His resurrection, in order to stamp that communication with an importance beyond anything he had to tell them. Here St. Paul clearly speaks of the GUILT of the body and blood of Christ. Now, sir, be candid with me: has any man, in any age or any country, ever heard of "spilling the blood of a spirit, murdering bread and wine, killing a metaphor, shedding the blood of bread and wine, killing a shadow, bleeding an allegory, taking the life of a trope, and murdering a shadow?"

But, above all, can you have the cool hardihood to preach

before any assembly of rational beings, that Christ would pronounce a *double damnation* against a man for not “discerning a body in a spirit, a body in a metaphor, a body in faith, a body in a shadow, a body in bread and wine?”—that is, He has pronounced double damnation on a man for not discerning what cannot be discerned, for not discerning an absurdity, an incongruity, an impossibility:—that is, He damns a man in double torments for not seeing a part greater than the whole; for not seeing a square as a circle; for not seeing the color of white as black. What Christian acquainted with the life of Christ could seriously believe that His last will (which David foretold in reference to Melchisedech, and which He Himself foretold in his disputation with the Capharnites) contained the bequest of metaphors, figures, and shadows, to *feed*, and *nourish*, and *strengthen* the life of the soul!!—This is theology with a vengeance!! May God, Almighty God, forgive you, sir, for teaching such insanity to your poor dupes; and may HE in His grace open your eyes, and the eyes of the poor creatures who are doomed to listen to such absurd, and ridiculous, and degrading doctrines as England and Scotland have adopted since the days of Luther and Knox.

Your Church has never ceased to publish through the world her great respect for the Scriptures, and to express her horror at any robbery, as she calls it, of the word of God. Will you, then, tell me why you have, with such palpable shamelessness, mistranslated, subtracted, and added to the most important passages of both the Old and New Testament? I shall, therefore, select one text in reference to the present subject—namely, the twenty-sixth verse of the twenty-sixth chapter of St. Matthew. As it happens that I have not a Greek Testament with me, I must quote from memory; and as your journals here have no Greek type, I must write in the English character. You will, of course, supply the long vowels where they occur.

Your Greek original of the text alluded to is:—

Esthtonton de auton, labon o Iesous ton arton, kai eulo-

gesas, eklase, kai edidou tois mathetais, kai eipe: Labete, phageite, touto esti to soma mou.

Your translation of this text, taken from an edition in 1846, printed by Mr. Spottiswoode, Fleet Street, London, is: "And as they were eating, Jesus took bread, and blessed *it*, and broke *it*, and gave *it* to His disciples," etc. Here you introduce the pronoun "*it*" three times, in order to carry the antecedent, "bread," as it were, through the whole text, and therefore show that it was this said bread the Apostles eat. Now, the pronoun "*it*" is not found in the original; and thus the Protestant Church, with a palpable and a shameful interpolation, corrupted the Greek text, in order to make out a lie to meet their absurd doctrine on this vital point. I have taken the trouble of comparing with the original text the gospel of Saint John, the epistles of St. Paul to the Corinthians and to the Hebrews; and I have found one hundred and eighty-four texts mis-translated, being either interpolations or new meanings, opposed to the philology, the genius, and the received construction of the Greek language.

There are upwards of sixteen hundred errors in translations, and additions or subtractions, or interpolations in your Bible. The Protestant Church can lie in print as well as in speech: the pen can lie as well as the tongue. I freely admit the honor and truth of their clergy in social intercourse; there is, however, no lie however dishonorable, no misstatement, however discreditable, to which they will not stoop in matters of Catholicity. I should be sorry to say one word hurtful to you personally, as I can have no cause to do so; and as I can have no feelings towards you but those of respect; yet, considering the shameful forgery of the Protestant Bible, I would prefer that a Catholic should read the worst books of immorality, than this forgery in God's word—this slander of Christ. Old age can check immorality, but the forgeries of God's book, the lies told of Christ, the wicked perversion of the inspired volume, the base substitution of words, the flagrant robbery of the text of life, are so

many hideous crimes of Protestantism, that, in vengeance for such blasphemous interpolation, the curse of all crimes, and of all errors, and of naked infidelity, seems to be inflicted on your entire nation. And this is the Bible, this public forgery on the name of the Holy Ghost, this libel of God the Father, this slander on Christ, which you wish to give to the poor children of the Irish.

You seem to smile, in what you are pleased to call "indignant sarcasm," against the follies, "the nonsense" of transubstantiation. If, sir, you have any sympathy to spare, may I beg you will reserve it all for yourself, in order to console yourself in the midst of the indignant sarcasm to which your clear unacquaintance with this question will expose you, even before your friends. Transubstantiation, though a stupendous, mysterious fact, and beyond the power of men, is yet, sir, a very common occurrence with God, and, indeed, may be called one of the most general laws of nature, and may be seen among the very first evidences of His omnipotent will towards the race of men on earth.

First, then, he created man by changing "the slime of the earth" into the flesh and bones of Adam, in His first official act of transubstantiation—that is, by the word of God on matter. His second official act of changing the bony rib of Adam into the flesh and blood of Eve, was also transubstantiation, by the word of God the Father on bone. The first official act of Christ on entering on the three years of His mission was performed when He changed the water into wine at the wedding of Cana, by the word of Christ on water. The food, sir—that is, the bread and wine, which you and all men may have eaten on this day, has been changed into flesh and blood on your own person, and on the persons of all men, by the word of God on the vital action of the stomach. The universal crop of wood and grasses, and flowers and vegetables, and human and animal food, which the earth actually produces, is an animal evidence of transubstantiation of clay by the word of God the Father on the productive energy of the entire earth. The hat on your head, the silk in your cravat, the linen on your back, the

cloth of your wearing apparel, the wool or cotton in your stockings, the leather in your boots, the Whitehaven coals in your grates, the gas in your lamps, the bread, the butter, the cream, the sugar, the tea-leaf on your breakfast-table, the mutton, the beef, the bacon, the fowl, the wine, the brandy, the ale on your dinner-table; in short, almost every object the eye beholds on earth, is one vast aggregate of evidence of transubstantiation, by the word of God on matter.

Beyond all dispute, all these came from clay. Even the paper of your spurious Bible, the leather on the back, the Indian ink, are such evidences of transubstantiation that one can scarcely conceive how you could read that very Bible without being burned with scalding shame at the stark-naked nonsense and incongruous maniasm you have written to me on the subject. God has supplied us, during four thousand years, with this mighty, universal, constant evidence, in order to prepare us for the more mighty, infinitely more stupendous evidence of the same principle in the New Law, by the power and the word of Christ. The Father has given life and preserved life in all living things on earth by this principle of nature, in order to make us behold the uniformity of action in the Trinity, when Christ at His coming will give life to the soul and preserve it in grace on the self-same principle, "The bread that I will give is My flesh, *for the life of the world.*" I would undertake, as a chemist, to prove that there are more, far more mysteries (but of course of a different kind), in a *handful of clay*, than are contained in the entire code of the Christian Revelation.

You will reply to me and say, that while God has done all I have said, yet that *man could not do it*. You mistake; a man can do it, when commanded to do so, by the word of God. Moses changed a rod into a serpent, and changed a serpent into a rod; he changed the waters of the river Nile into blood, and the same river of blood into water, by the word of God on his lips. And do you not think, sir, even in your common sense, that a man in the New Law could do the same thing as a man in the Old Law, if he were commanded to do so? The word of God will certainly have the

same power in every place, in every age, and in every man on whom that word will descend. Now, sir, you have seen in St. Paul to the Corinthians the text where St. Paul, in an ecstasy of astonishment, told them that he heard from the lips of Christ how He changed bread and wine into His body and blood, and concluded by also informing them that in the same breath Christ had ordered the Apostles, by two distinct commands, to mark its importance, to DO THE SAME in remembrance of Him.

And lest it should occur to your common sense that the Apostles had not the power to execute the command, will you hear, sir, the words of Christ to them? "*All power is given to Me in heaven and on earth; RECEIVE ye, therefore, the HOLY GHOST.*" This text, therefore, gives not only the gifts of the Holy Ghost, but the Third Person of the Trinity Himself, as an official resident, with the Apostles and their successors, in order to communicate the permanent official presence of the Holy Ghost, equal to the Father and the Son. I think, sir, your common sense must yield at length, and acknowledge with candor that our case is complete, our warrant of office in this great act most decided, and, of course, efficient exercise of our power beyond the reach of cavil or contradictaion.

But you will say that such a fact has never occurred in the New Law. This is a mistake; it happened in the Incarnation. When the archangel (a creature), announced to Mary the will of God, who sent him to wait on her, and to tell her that she would bring forth a son, she replied, "HOW CAN IT BE, as I know not man;" he resumed, "It will be done by the power and operation of the Holy Ghost." Here, sir, is a position which *might be argued* as a clear case of transubstantiation in the very first act of the New Law—namely, the blood of Mary, the relative of Adam the criminal, changed into a human body for the Second Person of the Trinity by the power of the Holy Ghost. Thus, sir, if the redemption and the perfection of fallen man commenced by an act of transubstantiation in the Incarnation, why not continue the same principle

among all future men by the power and operation of the same Holy Ghost?

. But you will certainly reassert, as you have done in your illogical, untheological letter to me, that a thing must be always essentially what it appears to be. You are generally right, sir, in the laws of nature, but in the laws of grace, the senses must be silent under your most favorable position, whenever the word of God makes the contrary statement. Thus the dove which alighted on the shoulder of Christ at the Jordan, had all the appearance of a dove to the sense of seeing; and this sense was not deceived, because its domain is entirely confined to appearances. But, sir, it was not a dove; it was the Holy Ghost, under the appearance of a dove, to point out the spotlessness of Christ. Again, the twelve tongues of fire, which descended on the Apostles, were not tongues of fire, but "the form of tongues of fire;" but they were really the Holy Ghost, in order to express the new burning zeal and gift of language given to the Apostles. Will you say why cannot Christ appear under the appearance of bread and wine, as well as the Holy Ghost under the appearances of a dove and tongues of fire, in order to point out how He feeds the soul, and thus carry out the promise He has made, when He said—"The bread that I will give is My flesh, for the life of the world."

Why do you not tell your congregation at Whitehaven not to believe that "the dove or the fiery tongues" were the Holy Ghost? You are bound to do so in your system of the infallibility of your Protestant eyesight. You ought to tell them that you consider the testimony of the senses as the senses of God, and therefore the eye is right! You ought also to inform them, when you are alone in your drawing-room, and neither see, smell, taste, or feel the air, that therefore there is no air in Whitehaven; tell them, also, that as the eyes of the Jews did not see the Godhead in Christ, that therefore He was not God; tell them also, that as he appeared a criminal, it must therefore be a fact (founded on the senses and God) that He was a malefactor; tell them, also, that the Ascension of our Lord is a mere fable, because

from the laws of gravitation (to which the senses bear unerring testimony) no body can ascend upwards composed of flesh and bone, as His was — "The senses are God's own law, and He cannot contradict Himself." Tell them, also, that as fire cannot burn a man's thoughts, that therefore it cannot reach the soul; that the senses tell you that the fire can only reach matter, and consequently you have the testimony of the senses and God, that there is at present no hell, as the body has not yet risen. Do, sir, tell the world all this Whitehaven theology, and let nothing be believed unless it is as *palpable* as a railroad, and can be seen *working* like a steam engine!

You also ask, how can His body be present on our altars *unseen*? and when I reply, "by the Sacramental mode," you cannot comprehend me, and you have recourse to your "indignant sarcasm." Now, sir, as you are perfectly acquainted with the coals at Whitehaven, will you be pleased to see *hard coal* going into the furnace of a gasometer: see it very soon bituminous, tarry, *liquid* coal—that is to say, it is palpable in the furnace, impalpable in the gasometer: that is to say, again, invisible in the tubes, and *visible* in the jets; that is to say, again, darkness in the tubes, and light in the lamps; that is to say, opaque in the furnace, and transparent in the tubes—will you kindly tell us, how can the *same thing* be palpable and impalpable, visible and invisible, darkness and light, opaque and transparent? Now, sir, if all these modes, apparently contradictory and even contrary, belong even to the ordinary forms of matter, will you tell us, why cannot Christ assume any bulk, or any form in any mode of existence He pleases, and still be the self-same Christ, but in a new mode of existence? This, sir, is the case on our altar; it was the case when, after His Resurrection, when He entered the closed doors and stood in the midst of the Apostles.

I am now done with the mere cursory view of this question, with one additional remark on the words you have used, namely, "that we create our Creator." This phrase does not become you; and your bigotry will gain notoriety by this phrase, at the expense of your education as a theoclogian.

You are clearly palpably ignorant of our doctrine, and it is distressing to reflect how a gentleman could not have honor to spare the Catholics, and discretion to spare himself, by publicly writing on a subject which decidedly you have never studied as a scholar. No, sir, we do not create our Creator!

Hear me. We just do what we are commanded to do: hence, when He took bread and changed it into His body, He commanded us to do the same, and we believe we do change it into *His body*. In like manner, He changed the wine into *His blood*. But He has not said "this is *My* divinity, do this," and therefore, we do not do that; and hence you malign and calumniate when you say "we create our Creator." Our office is changing the bread and wine into the humanity, not the divinity, of Christ; but as the humanity is now, since the Resurrection, essentially united with the divinity, therefore, wherever the humanity is present, there also must be the divinity, nor by our creation, as you are pleased to write to your dupes at Whitehaven, but by the essential concomitance of the two natures of Christ, which, since his Resurrection, can never be separated, standing before God for ever as the living triumph of His mission, as the eternal pledge and security of man's unchanging justification.

I have the honor to be, Reverend Sir, your obedient servant,

D. W. CAHILL, D.D.

P. S.—You cannot retort on me, and against my belief on the Eucharist, the same *cognate* words which I have applied to your new interpretation. The retort would only prove that my belief may subject the host to be profaned—I admit it; it may be profaned by *sinners*, but adored *by all the good*. But even so, that profanation, since the Resurrection, cannot be accompanied with shame, or sorrow, or agony, and when the infidel asks you, can you believe in a God who was mocked, blindfolded, spit upon in the hall of Pilate, flogged naked at a pillar, crucified between two thieves, and his blood spilled and profaned; will you say, sir, what is your reply? You admit the whole charge, and

answer that these facts, so far from destroying your belief, only confirm it, and prove beyond all other facts that he was our Saviour. If your reply to the infidel be valuable and invincible, the same reply from me to you must be equally valuable and invincible. If his retort on you would be foolish in Christian faith, yours would be equally foolish against me. You cannot make an argument serve two opposite points—an argument cannot be urged *pro* and *con*. If your retort against me possesses force, the infidel triumphs over you. Therefore I admit that the Sacred Host may be profaned by sinners—and if everything in faith must be rejected which is or may be profaned, you must on this principle reject the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, and grace and faith, and the entire Christian Law.

All the objection you can raise to our doctrine is, that it exposes Christ to be *sacramentally profaned*, a fact which He once *bore in his natural form*; what *happened* once can never, therefore, be deemed absurd or incongruous; whereas, our objection to your interpretation is, that it stands before the mind, if I may so speak, an evident absurdity, a plain impossibility. Our doctrine may therefore end in the profanation of Christ from sinners, a position which, I presume, you frequently put forth, in reference to the conduct of sinners, before your congregation; but our creed can never be charged with a metaphysical absurdity, such as eating an image, boiling a ghost, bleeding a spirit, salting a metaphor, and baking a shadow; and feeding the soul with the nutritious spiritual food of metaphors, tropes, allegories, figures, and ideal resemblances!!!

REV. DR. CAHILL, AND THE "RAMBLER."

IN consequence of the former letter, an anonymous article was published in the *London Monthly Rambler*, under the title of "Dr. Cahill's Letter on Transubstantiation," and a friend of our author wrote to the editor, asking a convenient space in the next number of that journal, in order to answer to the misstatements, gross falsehoods, and calumnies of said article, "which," he added, "did produce what may be called a wide-spread feeling of dissatisfaction amongst the clergy and laity." He proposed "to show by a single reference to the letter of Dr. Cahill, that his arguments were misrepresented; and that an unjustifiable meaning has been attached to his words."

This the editor refused to do, under several pretexts, and Dr. Cahill thought proper to address himself *to the editors of Catholic journals*, relating these facts, and stating that, "in every paragraph—indeed, in almost every sentence—gross falsehood is asserted, palpable calumny is uttered, my clearly-expressed meaning is distorted, and *whole sentences are carefully suppressed.*" After a full preliminary notice of all these incidents, the Rev. Doctor came to the controversial part of his letter, as follows :

NEW BRIGHTON, February, 1854.

In approaching the theological part of this letter, I feel unusual pain in being compelled to expose the want of truth on the part of the *Rambler*. God knows, I cannot rejoice in a triumph over the writers—victory in this case is defeat. Exposure of those who have joined my Church, at much personal sacrifice, is to me the bitterest pain; but they have forced me into this unwilling course by an inevitable necessity.

"Before criticizing my letter at Whitehaven, one should suppose that the writer would, as a Catholic, have sent to me a private letter, stating his objections, and demanding an explanation; but no such prudent letter came from the English Vatican, No. 17 Portman Street, London. Or, at least, one should imagine that this model of logic, criticism, and grace, would have read the original letter of the Rev. Mr. Burns, to which my reply was directed, and he could then understand the line of argument adopted against the objections made. Yet, strange to say, this eminent censor has not read that letter: and hence I shall, beyond all dispute, prove to the reader before I shall have concluded this letter, that this clique have mistaken their case, and that they have earned the crushing expression of public ridicule and public censure. Hear them on this point:

"Of the letter of Mr. Burns, which has called forth this reply from Dr. Cahill, *we know nothing more than is to be gathered from the extracts which the latter has prefixed to his rejoinder.*"

Now, if he had read that letter, he would have earned the direction of my answer, and have avoided the imprudent article he has penned. Hear Mr. Burns,—“I ask you, sir, what can be the reason that Mother Southcott was thought crazy for pretending to give birth to the Messiah? and that you, a priest of Rome, can, without exciting ridicule, make a Messiah every time you celebrate Mass? What is the extravagance of Joanna Southcott to the extravagance of the priests of Rome? . . . If God made man, the testimony of the senses is the testimony of God: if the senses deceive me, then God, my Maker, is the deceiver. And thus your doctrine is incapable of being believed by any man under the influence of common sense.”

In order to meet his appeal to his common sense, I ask him how he can apply the rules of common sense, and of his senses, to the doctrine of the Trinity, Grace, Original Sin, the Incarnation, the Existence of the Soul, or even the Immortality of Man: and I conclude by inquiring how he could even explain the *transubstantiation*, which is every

day elaborated by nature through almost every substance by which we are surrounded? Although my meaning could not be misunderstood by any one outside No. 17 Portman Street; and although my words are clearly applied to the *modal* changes in nature; and although I have adduced this section of my reply, as a *mere illustration, a mere comparison, sub uno respectu*, and not at all as an argument of demonstration, the writers in the *Rambler*, by introducing *words of their own forgery*, by suppressing *whole sentences* of my letter, and by an evil-designed ingenuity seldom surpassed, have devoted nine pages of deliberate falsehood and scandal to the palpable distortion of my clearly-expressed meaning. In order to convince the reader of the truth of my statements, I shall select only two extracts from my letter:

The first is as follows:—"God has supplied us during four thousand years with this mighty, constant, universal evidence (*i. e.*, of nature), in order to PREPARE US for the more mighty, the INFINITELY MORE STUPENDOUS evidence of the same principle in the New Law, by the power and the word of Christ."

Now, I ask any candid, any honest man, if I have not in this extract pointed out the changes in nature as a *mere preparation* for a change INFINITELY MORE STUPENDOUS in the New Law? Surely one thing *infinitely* more stupendous than another thing, cannot be the *same* thing. Now, gentlemen, hear the writers in the *Rambler* on this point, so clearly expressed:

"What, then, must we think of the snares which beset the 'popular' controversialist when we turn to the next paragraph of Dr. Cahill's letter, in which he asserts that *the miracle* of transubstantiation is 'a very common occurrence with God, and may be called *one of the most general laws of nature*?' Again we say that we acquit him of *intending* anything approaching to that which his words imply. He is carried away by that unfortunate desire to bring down the ineffable mysteries of faith to the level of human capacities, which is the bane of some minds; and which has hereled him into statements which, viewed merely as rhetorical illustrations, are inaccurate and worthless, but if *looked upon as a declaration of Catholic doctrines*, are shocking to the last degree."

In the quotation just made, gentlemen, there are two cases

of grievous injustice:—firstly, it is clear that I have *not identified* the changes in nature with the mysteries of the Eucharist; I have clearly stated these two things as *infinitely distinct*: and yet, the Reviewers would fain make me say, that they *are identified*. But mark his hesitation while he writes: he says he is sure I do *not intend* it: that it is a mere *illustration*: and yet observe his dishonesty, where he insinuates again, in the same hesitating style, that I have put forward these changes in nature as *declarations of Catholic doctrines!* On this point I shall leave the public to judge of the prudence, the candor, and the justice of the writers. But I have a heavier charge still to bring forward against this last quotation of the Reviewers. They have uttered a palpable falsehood in the extract adduced—they have *forged a word* which I did not use; and I therefore brand them before the public with the most dishonorable trick which I have ever experienced from the veriest characterless bigot of the enemies of the Catholic Church. The forgery is as follows, as you will soon see. Their words are: "Dr. Cahill asserts that the MIRACLE of transubstantiation is a very common occurrence with God, and may be called *one of the most general laws of nature.*"

Gentlemen, I have not used the word "MIRACLE:" this is a plain forgery: any reader can see the truth of what I say. I was speaking, beyond all doubt, at that time of the laws of nature: they wish to distort my words as applied to the Blessed Eucharist: I was not speaking then of the Eucharist: *I did not write the word MIRACLE* in that or any other place. Although it is but one word, it is *decisively* applied to the Eucharist: it fixes irrevocably a particular meaning: *I did not use it*: they *forged it*: and introduced it where it is evident I could not have employed it: and I have thus caught the malevolent clique in their own snares, from which, and I say it with sorrow, they can never extricate their honor as gentlemen, or their honesty as Catholics. But, gentlemen, I have still a far more weighty charge against the ecumenical trio of Portman Street. What will the public think of them when I shall quote extracts from their anonymous article,

where they ask whether *my meaning is such as they describe*, and where they palpably distort it, and fix to it a *sense of their own construction* the very opposite of mine? And, gentlemen, what will the public think, when I shall prove beyond all contradiction, that these good Catholics, these pillars of the council of Portman Street, have—with a duplicity, a perfidy, of which there is no parallel outside their former theatre of Exeter Hall—*suppressed the very section* of my letter, which is a perfect categorical answer to the questions they put? Firstly, then, hear their own quotation—their questions:

"For ourselves, we would ask Dr. Cahill whether he really means to insinuate that the change produced by the consecration of the Sacramental elements, is of *the same nature* as the chemical changes to which he has likened it; a mere natural growth from one form to another, an aggregation of additional particles of matter to an original substratum? *He cannot mean it. We will not wrong him* for a moment by the supposition. Why, then, does he employ this series of most profane and irreverent *illustrations*?"

In this passage, again the writer utters his *contradictory hints*. He asks, "Can't I mean a certain thing?" then he says again, "I can't mean it;" and yet he leaves the clear impression behind, that *I do mean to say* that the change in the Blessed Eucharist is of the *same kind* as the chemical changes of nature. Now, gentlemen, will you hear me while I make the extract from my letter, and while I inform the reader, through you, that this clique of parsons have *suppressed the entire extract* which follows the very extract which they put. Gentlemen, when you will have read over again the above quotation from the Reviewers, read the following extract of my letter: "I undertake to prove, as a chemist, that there are far more mysteries, but, of course, of a different kind, in a handful of clay, than are to be found in the entire history of the Christian Revelation."

This extract was the concluding sentence of my illustration from nature; it is a perfect, direct answer to the questions put by the Reviewers, and *this extract they have suppressed*. As I conclude this section of my reply, I charge the writers so far as I have gone, with an undeniable forgery, with a dis-

honorable suppression of the truth, with the hostile publication of a calumnious and scandalous article, and with the cowardly injustice of refusing to an English gentleman, and accomplished clergyman, the opportunity of making a defence for his slandered friend. But depend upon it, they shall not calumniate me with impunity: and I finish this sentiment by exclaiming, "Oh, would mine enemy should write a book!"

In reference to these passages, in which the Reviewer speaks of, "illustrations and metaphors," one is amused by the hesitations and contradictions which occur in almost every sentence. It is evident that he would fain find fault if he could; it is clear he comes prepared for censure, at all hazards, but not having sufficient data, he hesitates, advances, withdraws: says and unsays the self-same thing, in the same paragraph.

"Many and many are the *false and pernicious impressions* which have been conveyed through the medium of illustrations,—*powerful and beneficial*, as is the effect of metaphors in theological writing, when they are critically correct and applicable—*harmless*, as they may be when employed uncritically on trifling subjects; and *delightful*, as the *charm* they convey when springing from a deep, clear, and vigorous imagination, we cannot but think that the *greatest caution is needed in their use* when employed to illustrate those ineffable mysteries:" and in page 172 the same writer calls "illustrations *profane and irreverent*."

I have read the passages quoted over and over again, to learn what is really the opinion of the Reviewer with regard to illustrations: and I have been unable to glean any accurate idea from the half-smothered sentiments of the writer, except a wish to express a censure which he cannot justly make, and which he is afraid plainly to utter. The reader can see that in the same paragraph, he calls the same thing "false, charming, profane, irreverent." The only thing required in the use of them is "caution," which, of course, no man or set of men living can employ to perfection, except the three parsons of Portman Street!!! Be it known, therefore, to the Church of England, Ireland, and Scotland, that, whenever any one wishes to employ an "illustration" in religion, the incautions and illiterate English, Irish, or

Scotch preacher must write a polite note to the ecumenical triumvirate of Portman Street to learn the precise use of metaphors, and after waiting for a reply from these models of learning and good breeding for nine days, perhaps they may be favored with "a hearing," as to whether they will be permitted, in the judgment of these profound theologians of Oxford (where theology is less than half taught), to read the following Gospel without the presence and instructions of "the three tailors" from Toole Street:—

The kingdom of Heaven is *likened* a treasure hid in a field.—*Matthew*.

The kingdom of Heaven is *likened* to a merchantman seeking pearls.—*Matthew*.

The kingdom of Heaven is *likened* to a householder going to hire laborers.—*Matthew*.

The kingdom of Heaven is *likened* to a certain king, who made a marriage-feast.—*Matthew*.

The kingdom of Heaven is *likened* to ten virgins with lamps, going to meet the bridegroom.—*Matthew*.

The kingdom of Heaven is *likened* to a man travelling in a far country.—*Matthew*.

The kingdom of Heaven is *likened* to a sower going out to sow seed. The seed is the word of God.—*Mark*.

As the body without the spirit is *dead*, so also *faith*, without good works, is *dead*.—*St. James*.

In the whole course of my experience, I have never read anything that can even approach the sickening conceit, exciting a smile of pity, of the writers of the above paragraph on illustrations, where they clearly set themselves up as the models of criticism, the teachers of the priesthood, and the infallible guides of the whole Church of these countries.

On the part of their review, where they cavalierly avow that they had *not* read the original letter which called out my reply at Whitehaven, I have one remark to make, in order to prove the reckless imprudence of the writers. Every theologian recollects the trouble and vexation which the Popes Leo and Gelasius endured from the Manicheans of their day, who *refused* to admit the doctrine of the Church in reference to the consecrated wine in the chalice. Hereupon the Popes refused to admit these persons to Communion, as they received Communion in *both kinds*, adding "that they

could not permit them to *divide the Sacrament*, and thereby render at null.

If these words are read in a mere logical and theological point of view, and detached from the case of the Manicheans, it would seem as if Communion, under *both kinds* was *essential* to the *integrity* and *validity* of the Sacrament. Protestants constantly quoted these Popes on this point. But when it is recollected that the language of the Popes is directed against persons who *deny the chalice*, it will then be evident that the command of the Popes to drink of the chalice, is imposed (in this particular case), *not* because *both kinds* are *essential*, but in order to uproot at once the growing heresy, and to silence perfectly the objection that Christ is not present in the chalice. If the Reviewers had the prudence to understand the objection against which my illustrations were employed, they would not have now to defend themselves against the reckless falsehood they have uttered of me; nor would the public have to deplore the scandal they have given to the faithful.

I have seldom read the sermons of Catholic preachers, or studied the doctrine of the Church, as laid down by the Fathers, in which are not to be found abundant illustrations such as the Scriptures themselves present; and so accustomed are the public to these illustrations that not one individual amongst the most illiterate of our communion would ever think that these illustrations are to be taken as strict *declarations, sub omni respectu*, of doctrine. In the Gospels already adduced, what man would ever think that the kingdom of Heaven was "money hid in a field;" or "the captain of a ship;" or "a farmer hiring laborers;" or "a king;" or "ten young women;" or "that faith *died* like the body, and was buried and grew putrid;" or "that the word of God was an ear of corn, made of potash, phosphorus, and sulphur?" Every one knows the value of illustrations; and hence the readers of my letter have perfectly understood my views. I have received communications from bishops, thanking me for the letter: and one of the first theologians in England, a professor of twenty-one

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years' standing, wrote to me to say, that he CONSIDERED that letter "a masterpiece of controversy, both in matter and manner."

There is in nature *change* from one substance to another, from natural, chemical, and mechanical agencies; but there is no "*total conversion*;" according to our idea of the difference of substances, the wool on the sheep's back is different from the turnips on which it feeds: but *this change is modal*; and except under the *one solitary illustration* of "change," has no relationship whatever with the change or "conversion" in the Eucharist, which firstly, is of a *different kind*, and secondly, is NOT a *modal change* but "*a total conversion*." While on this point I would suggest to the theologians of the *Rambler* to forbear their *explanations* of the manner *how* "this change is effected." Their words ARE, "it is effected by the *annihilation* of one substance, and the *substitution of another*." It would be much more prudent in them to read the Catechism of the Council of Trent, and adopt the old words, "A *conversion* is made of the whole substance of bread, *into* the substance of the body of Christ, and of the whole substance of wine, *into* the substance of His blood." These words *annihilation* and *substitution*, are unnecessary words, and at present I shall merely call the attention of theologians to these phrases, but shall not utter one word more on this point of my subject.

Gentlemen, I have at this part of my letter met *half* the objections made by the editors of the *Rambler*; you will therefore be kindly pleased to keep your columns open to me in your next publication, for a second letter from me, of the same length as the present one. In that part of their review, where they speak of the Protestant Bible, I will fill with bitter sorrow the Catholics of this country, with the views of our infallible council of Portman Street. In all my life, I have not read anything to resemble the combination of glaring falsehood, and palpable Protestantism, rampant Protestantism, to be deduced from their assertions in this part of their review.

I also demand from you, gentlemen, that you will not

permit any opponent to reply to me, till my second letter shall have been published: that is, till my full reply shall be given. This request I demand, as an act of justice. I should be very sorry, indeed, to identify these three writers of the *Rambler* with all the converts. God forbid! Their conduct is the act of individuals, and not of the body. Oh, no! And their motives cannot be mistaken. It is a small movement on Puseyite principles—it is a little imitation of tractarianism. It is the old idea of progress. The Lord knows where it will end. Perhaps it may terminate in a new Puseyism, as far beyond old Catholicity, as the first Puseyism is on this side of it. The Lord protect us, the old-fashioned priests, from the genteel theology of Portman Street! The motives of this movement are clear: I wrote to Rev. Mr. Burns, December 7th, 1853; and although weeks and weeks elapsed after that letter, yet not a word of censure from Portman Street—not a line in the *Rambler* of January, 1854. But some weeks ago I wrote a letter to Prince Albert, and I mildly quoted the Oxford Commission, when instantly one convert from Bayswater, in connection, as he stated, with other converts, wrote to me a letter, with which the public are already acquainted. He again received a letter from another convert, thanking him *for his falsehood*; and, lastly, the three converts of Portman Street, in an article embodying the word "we" in every sentence, made the unjustifiable attack which is the subject of this reply. These simultaneous, combined, and coincident letters, look very like a malignant spirit, proceeding from men who should more appropriately be consigned to the position of learners, rather than assumingly usurp the office of oppressive dictation.

They have mistaken their case: they have built their spire too high, and it will fall: and what I regret most is, they have ruined their once useful periodical. It will in future be called the *Parsons' Hornbook*. These gentlemen remind me very much of the old fable where a boy being once very fond of his cat, prayed to Jupiter that the cat might be changed into a woman. Jupiter granted his request; but

some time afterwards this lady, having heard a mouse at night making a noise behind the curtains, forgetting she was a woman, jumped out of bed, and pursued the mouse with the former instincts of the cat. The application is not inappropriate: our Reviewers of Portman Street, although changed into Catholics, cannot divest themselves of the old instincts of the Protestant alliance; and, in some instances, would, if they dared, pursue the priest, their old victim, with the same malevolence, trick, and misrepresentation, as when they formerly stood on the hostile platform of Exeter Hall.

Gentlemen, I am now done for the present. Your readers must recollect who have commenced this painful controversy, and no man of candor can complain of me, if I repel gross falsehood, and gratuitous misstatement by public exposure.

I am, gentlemen, your obedient servant,

D. W. CAHILL, D.D.

REV. DR. CAHILL, AND THE "RAMBLER."
(SECOND LETTER.)

NEW BRIGHTON, February 21st, 1854.

GENTLEMEN,—Within the last two years, an opinion and a feeling have been extending through almost every rank of Catholic society, that some few converts have been erecting themselves into a sort of inquisitorial tribunal; in these coteries the habits of the old clergy have been rather too freely criticized, and an unbecoming assumption, and an ill-concerted dictation gave much pain to numerous Catholics, who were too respectful to check and too confiding to notice, this now almost universal impression. When the heart is full of anything, the mouth cannot long keep the secret enclosed within the gushing bosom; and hence our new critics are not ashamed to tell the public that they themselves are henceforth the infallible guides and the sole teachers of Catholicity in Great Britain and Ireland. Let us hear them in page 176: "There is no foundation whatever for the prevalent Protestant notion that he (Dr. Cahill) is to be taken as a chosen champion of the faith."

It is the first time, during my three years' residence in England, I have heard of the championship of England in theology even talked of; it is to me quite a new idea; and it appears to me to be a phrase rather borrowed from the old London Ring than from any modern rumor. I have never heard that phrase applied to my humble labors; I have asked several clergymen if they had heard it; and all have declared the idea to be quite a new thing lately promulgated from Portman Street. But, although the public have never conceived the bright topping idea referred to, not so the three parsons in Portman Street; their indignation at any

one occupying any place, however humble, becomes so irresistibly consuming that they cannot avoid telling all whom it may concern, that Dr. Cahill, or any priest, or the most eminent ecclesiastic in England, is not to dare to light a farthing candle in the Church without their kind permission; that Portman Street is the great ecclesiastical gasometer of the nation; that no lamp can be fed from any other source; and that they, (not Dr. Cahill, or any other priest, not having undergone the double-milled training of Portman Street), are the sole importers of theology into this country, and the redoubted champions of England. Let any candid reader review the page quoted from their malicious article, and it is impossible not to see the absurd affectation and the killing self-sufficiency of these blind, half-bred zealots.

But the public will be much surprised at the next quotation from these models of Christian teaching. In page 176 they say: "Why do the bishops and clergy permit him to write and lecture as he does?"

What will the reader think of the constant, the unbroken falsehood of these men, when I now tell them that, since I came to England, I have written only four letters on religious subjects; and these letters were answers to challenges, repeated challenges, from Protestant clergymen. Hear me. Up to March, 1853, I never even acknowledged the receipt of the numerous and insulting letters of challenge which I received from all quarters. Having made a rule to give no offense in my duties as a priest, to any human being in his conscientious belief, I did not even reply to these challenges. But an English Bishop, second to none in his lofty position, having heard me utter these sentiments at his own table, where I had the honor of being invited, suggested and requested that in future I should reply to all these letters of challenge. Accordingly I sent my first reply to a clergyman in Glasgow. My second reply was made in Letterkenny, in the house of the venerated and beloved father of the Irish bishops. My third reply, at Birkenhead, was written in the house, and with the cordial sanction of an English Canon and Dean, a gentleman most decidedly equal to any clergy-

man in England of his years and station, and who, I fondly hope, will yet add an expected ornament to the English hierarchy. And my fourth and last letter was penned while travelling in the company of the Bishop of that diocese, whose consent (on my own responsibility) I had previously obtained to answer any of the numerous challenges I had received in his diocese.

Gentlemen, I have here explained an important point in the letter of the veracious parsons of Portman Street. Their language is an unmitigated falsehood; and affords an irritating instance that while these parsons have changed their faith, they cannot change their logic; and that in furthering an ungenerous and an ill-founded feeling, they can have recourse to the self-same barefaced misstatements as their former companions—the calumniating mountebanks of the Protestant Alliance.

But this is not all; let any one read pages 176 and 177 of (what I am *now* justified in calling) their lying article, and he will read about as impertinent a lecture to the bishops and priests of England as could securely be penned by any man, outside of Bedlam. The bishops are there taught what their rights are, and what they are not. They are informed to temper their authority with prudence; that much of their authority is a mere moral influence, not a right; and, of course, as the superior teaches the inferior, the English hierarchy must in future learn canon law, and above all they must learn to behave themselves well while under the ecumenical tuition of "the three tailors from Tooley Street." Nor is this all, on this long homily, "*ex sermonibus sanctorum Redactorum*." Not at all; the English priests are also informed that the only reason why bishops do not more frequently reduce them to the proper sense of their duty, is for fear they would "recalcitrate hopelessly." The English clergy are, therefore, placed in the position of eternal gratitude to these sleepless sentinels, for putting them on their guard under their perilous circumstances, and warning them with such timely prudence, in their conciliating periodical, of the fate that must await them, if they trespass too far on the endurance

of their bishops. While on this point, I gladly here seize the opportunity of expressing in an enduring public letter, what I said in Ireland with undying gratitude, in reference to the English priesthood.

As I am leaving England in a few weeks, perhaps never again to return, and as I have made a final engagement to visit America in some months hence, I can now freely indulge my own heart in giving utterance to feelings which just now, at my departure, cannot be liable even to a suspicion of flattery or selfishness. During the three years I have been in England, I have lived exclusively with the clergy; and from the moment I entered under their roof, I was placed entirely under their control. I never delivered a lecture, or moved one step, without their command or sanction; and their courtesy, their kindness, their affection to me, cannot be expressed in any one form of words which I can here employ. They all, without even one exception, received me as their nearest friend; I made their house my own; and if I were to add any one feature more remarkable than another in their attention to me, it is, that I always felt they accumulated on me the distinguished compliments because I was an Irishman. I wish to repeat this idea over again, that my countrymen may read this letter in Ireland; and that whenever they shall have an opportunity (when I am far away from them), they will ever express to an English priest, wherever they meet him, for my sake, some token of the vast amount of the gratitude which I owe them, which I shall carry with me to the grave, but which I can never hope to repay.

In reference to the article of the Reviewers, therefore, where they ask: "Why do the bishops and priests permit me to lecture?" it furnishes a sad instance of the folly—the pitiful, exasperating folly—and I will be excused now, when I add the lies, of these three self-sufficient inquisitors; and on this point I would venture to offer one remark to the bishops, whom they presume to lecture; and this is, that these prelates would in common charity, take their mad, lying pens out of their unsteady hands, and close the new shop in Portman Street, where they have erected their forge, for manufacturing culpable

falsehood and public scandal. Their remarks in reference to the clergy, in the extract quoted above, do not press on me so much as on the gentlemen who have invited me to their churches; and before the expiration of a month hence, it may be, that they shall find it necessary to retract their foolish offensiveness. I have said, in my last letter, that I should surprise the Catholic public with the rampant Protestantism of these writers; and hence I proceed to fulfil my most unwilling promise; at the same time believing that my remarks on this part of their article will give an additional warning to Catholics against the Protestant Bible.

Those half-converted gentlemen are so unconscious of their want of biblical and theological knowledge, that they undisguisedly, but disedifyingly utter sentiments in reference to the Protestant Bible, which are the appropriate expressions of the Soupers of Connemara—misstatements, genteel Protestantism, and rank heresy are contained in almost every word they have written on this subject.

In page 170, they say:

"The Protestant Bible has abundance of errors, and some of them of very serious importance;" and in a few lines further on the same page, they call these errors "mistranslations."

Here we learn from our superiors at Portman Street, that clear, decided additions, subtraction, suppression of whole books, denial of the inspiration of the whole books, alterations, in facts, in words, in tenses, and consequently in doctrine, are things of rather "serious importance;" that is to say, they are things not to be laughed at. Has any one ever heard of serious heresy—a term, which, I suppose, these teachers employ by way of contrasting it with "jocose heresy." And has any Catholic work ever described sins as sins of "importance?" This word so offensive to "ears polite," makes the crime of heresy look rather a respectable thing. The old priests who have not had the advantage of being brought up and educated at Portman Street, would call these wilful perversions of the Bible, according to the example of St. Paul, by the names of grievous soul-killing,

damnable, subversive of authority, and giving the lie to the Holy Ghost ; but now, the Lord be praised, we are informed that these mistakes are merely like the fluctuation in the funds or the cotton-market ; or like an increased duty on tea, they are rather serious and important ; and they are to be described in the same language, as when we speak of the improvements in our shipping interests, or the casualties of commerce ; they are things not quite a joke, and therefore are matters of importance. The very phrase proves that our Reviewers do not know the ordinary language of our ancient Catechism.

But they go further, where they call these heretical declarations of false doctrine by the genteel name of "mistranslations." Indeed ! We have a right to be proud of the masters of the *Rambler*, when the omission in the Protestant Bible of two books of the Maccabees, containing thirty-one chapters, is only a "mistranslation !" We have splendid teachers, indeed, when we learn from our superiors in Portman Street, that six books of the old Testament, declared apocryphal by the Protestant Bible, against the supreme authority of the Church, is a fault merely amounting to a mistranslation, and is just a sort a thing that a man ought to think of before dinner, when he is disposed to be serious.

And when any of the old-fashioned priests (who have not read the genteel theology of our new masters,) charge the old Protestant Bible (still adopted by the Lutherans) with throwing out of the canon, the epistle of St. Paul to the Hebrews, the epistle of St. James, the second epistle of St. Peter, the second and the third of St. John, and the epistle of St. Jude, the Lutherans and all Protestants can quote the theologians of Portman Street, as superiors, and the champions of all England, and Wales, and the Colonies, by observing that these trifling things are indeed rather "serious," and are "mistranslations !" And when any poor, persecuted Catholic from Dingle, Kells, Achill, or Connemara will ask our infallible theologians of the unfortunate *Rambler*, if there be any harm in purchasing, keeping, and reading a Bible,

which throws out books declared canonical by the authority of the Church, which despises therefore that authority, which substitutes facts, which adds prepositions, and, in fine, which changes the word of God at pleasure, how happy must that poor Catholic feel, when he has the superior advantage of learning (the Lord be praised) that this kind of THING, is indeed rather a "serious" consideration; that the thing is of some "importance," and that the whole weight of the thing may be classed under the head of a "mistranslation." Only think of the accomplished and respected parish priest of Connemara, Rev. Mr. Kavanagh, exhorting his flock against the Soupers and Bible-readers, telling them that the danger of receiving Bibles from these wolves, was rather a "serious" thing, but that the guilt of their receiving these Bibles amounted to an important literary fault, namely, mistranslation.

But, as these gentlemen are so finished in Greek and Hebrew, I shall take the great liberty of daring to ask them some few questions, touching this case of "mistranslation;" and concluding this section of my observations by calling learned attention to the view taken of the point at issue, by the Council of Trent in its serious declarations, called "Anathemas."

I shall now proceed to examine the facts of the case, to see if our masters of the *Rambler* have critically told the truth, in calling the errors of the Protestant Bible by the name of "mistranslations." One of our proofs of the doctrine on the official right of the Church to impose temporal punishment, or penance for sin, is taken from the first epistle of St. Paul to the Corinthians, chapter 5: "*Ede kekrika os paron ton outo touto katergasamenon.*" Our translation is: "I have already judged, as though I were present, him that hath done so." The Protestant version is: "I have already judged concerning him," etc. Our translation, which any one can see, gives St. Paul the power to judge the man—"ton katergasamenon:" while the Protestant translation makes St. Paul only judge the case, not the man; and this palpable corruption is done, not by a mistranslation, but by

the introduction of a preposition not contained in the original text.

In Matthew, chapter 3, the Church translates the word "*metanoete*," "do penance;" whereas the Protestant Bible has it, "repent ye." Their meaning is founded on the philosophical derivation, "*metanoos*," change of mind. On the same principle might they translate our word "collation" (viz., our fasting meal,) into the word "conference." And hence, if they use the words "repent ye" in the case before us, with philological accuracy, it can be said with the same propriety, that on fasting-days, the Catholics at their breakfast eat a conference; as every scholar knows that the philosophical meaning of the word "collation" is "a conference." But there is more mischief in the two cases adduced than the genteel fault of "mistranslation." These two gross additions and perversions involve a greater crime than this delicate Protestant phrase: they go to invalidate the Sacrament of Penance: they not only insinuate, but palpably deny, the existence of penitential works; and they ascribe the justification of the sinner, to mere internal sorrow, to the exclusion of the works of penance. Now, in order to convince the readers of the *Rambler*, of the false guidance of the three parsons of Portman Street, I shall quote the Canon of the Council of Trent on this point, which will show these readers that these mistranslations are not quite so jocose as our masters have stated them:

Canon the Twelfth: "If any one saith, that God always remits the whole punishment, together with the guilt: and that the satisfaction of the penitents is no other than the faith, whereby they apprehend that Christ has satisfied for them, let him be Anathema."

Canon the Thirteenth: "If any one saith, that satisfaction for sins is nowise made to God by the punishment inflicted by Him, or patiently borne, or by those enjoined by the priests, let him be Anathema."

Canon the Fifteenth: "If any one saith, that the satisfactions by which penitents redeem their sins, are not a worship of God, but traditions of men, let him be Anathema."

I undertake to say, gentlemen, that before I shall have concluded the genteel doctrine of "mistranslations," the public will learn that curses upon curses, anathemas heaped

on anathemas, will fall upon the unfortunate dupes who may be induced to follow the palpable ignorance, the undisguised Protestantism, and the heretical teaching of the Parsons' Hornbook. But I proceed:—

In the epistle of St. James, where the sick are commanded, in the imperative mood, to bring in the priests of the Church to annoint the sick man, and to forgive him his sins—the Church translates the words, "*Proskalesastho tous Presbuterous tes Ekklesias*,"—"Let him bring in the priests of the Church;" whereas the Protestant Bible has it, "Let him call for the elders of the church." Now, in reading Cicero, if any schoolboy, meeting with the words, "*Patres conscripti*," translated them, "O conscript married men having children," the world would laugh at the stupidity of the boy: and his master would tell (not the paragons of Portman Street,) that the word "fathers," did not critically mean married men with children, but men of official, senatorial, legislating, governing dignity. And precisely on the same principle and historical fact, (independently of the authority of the Church) the word "*Presbuterous*," does not mean any old man in the Church, but it means the men invested with official, judicial, governing dignity: it means authority, not years: and hence, the Protestant mistranslation substitutes one fact for another in this case, and is a clear, decided, obvious declaration of a heretical doctrine.

But let us examine the Councils of Trent on this thing, which is not a joke, or a thing rather serious: *vide Homiliam de Portman Street*:

Canon the Fourth—On Extreme Unction: "If any one saith, that the presbyters of the Church are not priests, who have been ordained by a bishop, but elders in each community . . . let him be Anathema."

Now, it is clear from these Canons, that the anathema of the Church are pronounced on any one who saith the doctrines referred to; but our Protestant Bible expresses these doctrines as clearly as words can express them; and hence I feel their own imprudence has placed them in a difficulty from which not all their stratagems can extricate them.

But I shall proceed: In Genesis, chapter 14, "Melchisedech, king of Salem, bringing forth bread and wine, for he was a priest of the Most High God, blessed Abraham." In this text, the *casual* Hebrew particle, "for," is introduced, in order to show that Melchisedech brought forth bread and wine because he was a priest: and that therefore his office was to offer bread and wine. But the Protestant Bible takes away the particle "for," and substitutes the prepositional copulative conjunction "and," in order to make the words "bread and wine" be a mere casual occurrence, and not a thing necessary to be offered: and thus laying the foundation of denying the priesthood in the New Law.

In Malachias, chapter 1, we find the words:

"From the rising of the sun even to the going down, My name is great among the Gentiles, and in every place there is sacrifice, and there is offered to My name a clean oblation."

In the Protestant Bible the words are:—

"And in every place incense shall be offered to My name; and a pure offering."

In this text, the very sense is not only mutilated, false words are not only introduced, as any one can see by reference to the original text; but the word incense is substituted for sacrifice. It is putting the thing which accompanied the sacrifice, for the sacrifice itself; as if Protestant writers would put the candles that are lighted on the altar during Mass, or put the bell that rings during the Elevation, for the Mass itself; and then tell the world that the Mass is a mere ceremony of a bell and a lighted candle.

In the same way, in all the Prophets, wherever any remote covered idea of sacrifice is hinted or expressed, the Protestant Bible, in all these passages, always substitutes the word "prayer."

In order to show how exceedingly incorrect and mischievous it is for any untutored tyro, in our Church, to call these gross corruptions and misstatements by the name of "mis-translations," we have only to read the Council of Trent on this point, in reference to the sacrifice of the Mass:

Canon the Second : "If any one saith, that the sacrifice of the Mass is only a sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving ; or that it is a bare commemoration of the sacrifice of the Cross, and not a propitiatory sacrifice, . . . let him be Anathema."

I have thus, gentlemen, taken pains to prove that the plain miswording, the additions, the corruptions, the entire removal of whole books, the denial, and the contempt of the authority of the Church, involved in denying the authenticity of other books of the Holy Scriptures, constitute an awful amount of guilt in the Protestant Bible ; and I trust I have demonstrated that this guilt is expressed in such clear language that no reader can mistake it ; and I have added to this indictment against the Protestant Bible several Anathemas of the Council of Trent, in all these points at issue : and hence I shall be enabled, in the remaining part of this letter, to place before this nation (what I now am justified in designating) the ignorance, the assumption, and the impertinence of the article of the *Rambler*, proceeding from the half-bred, half-converted clique, who have written such calumnies of me, and who have deliberately penned the following most gross misstatement, and which at the same time evinces such a decided leaning to the Protestant Bible : Hear their words :

"Take, for instance, the astounding assertion, that he 'would prefer that a Catholic should read the worst books of immorality,' than the Protestant Bible! If any of our readers have not already seen Dr. Cahill's letter, they will lift up their hands in astonishment, and question the accuracy of our quotation ; nevertheless, we assure them that we are giving the exact words."

In the whole course of my life I have never met anything like the undeviating falsehood, the reckless disregard for common honesty and truth, which appear almost in every sentence of these malignant parsons.

In the following quotation from my letter, you will see at a glance whether they have given my exact words, as they have emphatically "assured" their readers. My words are as follows, in answer to Mr. Burns's appeal to his Bible :

"Considering the shameful forgery of the Protestant Bible, I would prefer that a Catholic should read the worst books of immorality, than this forgery

of God's word, this slander of Christ. Old age can check immorality; but the forgeries of God's book, the lies told of Christ, the wicked perversion of the inspired volume, the base substitution of words, the flagrant robbery of the text of life, are so many hideous crimes of Protestantism, that in vengeance for such blasphemous interpolation, the curse of all crimes, and of all errors, and of naked infidelity, seems to be inflicted on your entire nation. And this is the Bible, this public forgery on the name of the Holy Ghost, this libel of God the Father, this slander on Christ, which you wish to give to the poor children of the Irish."

Could it be believed possible, that any man, pretending to the character of common decency, could write such a gross falsehood and trick as are contained in the quotation which he calls my "exact words." I need no greater revenge over this wretched clique, than the indignant contempt which they must receive from the decision of any man who reads even this one shameful misstatement. And now let us read their next paragraph, which follows:

In speaking of Protestants they say:

"What story of Catholic wickedness will they not henceforth believe? What tale of priestly licentiousness will from this time be too monstrous for their credulity? The Protestant Bible has abundance of errors, it is true, and some of them of very serious importance; but is it not a violation of all common sense and decency, to pretend that a Catholic had better read the filthy productions of obscenity, than the book in which these mistranslations occur? Is there a priest in the United Kingdom who would bear out Dr. Cahill in such a notion? Would not all, with one accord, denounce it as a perfect portent in the domain of morals and casuistry?"

Here any one can behold the wrathful resentment of the parson, at my denunciation of the mistranslations. Could any speech at Exeter Hall surpass the malignant spirit detectable in this quotation? But I repeat again the same sentiments; and I again declare, in spite of these advocates of the Protestant, corrupted, forged Bible, that I would prefer (between the two evils) works of immorality to works of infidelity; and I shall forthwith state my reasons:

Firstly, then, old age, of itself, cools down the immoral heart, while infidelity and heresy gains strength over the enfeebled intellect. Secondly, immorality is scouted in all

society of every creed, and must not dare to lift its head except in secret ; while Protestant infidelity is lauded, encouraged, rewarded, and therefore confirmed by the very society that condemns immorality. Thirdly, immorality stands opposed only to the ten commandments of God ; while infidelity adds to this crime the opposition to Christ and the authority of the Church. Fourthly, immorality practices vice, but dare not teach it in public ; while infidelity not only practices deadly, mortal guilt, but teaches it, declaims it, demands honor for it ; and can command large audiences to learn it. Fifthly, immorality has generally but one accomplice at a time, while infidelity can have ten thousand. Sixthly, all the infidels of Christian countries are apostates from the Church, and St. Paul tells us that "it is impossible for such persons to be renewed again to penance ;" whereas there is no such impossibility pronounced against immorality. Seventhly, the immoral man can repent, and be prepared to be forgiven in a short time : but the infidel man has to repent also, and to learn the Christian doctrine, which requires time and perseverance. Eighthly, the immoral man merely injures himself and a few accomplices ; while the man who adopts forgeries, in spite of the Church, joins the Soupers, encourages the Protestant Alliance, betrays the priesthood, sells his country, and is the enemy of God, and a perjurer to man. Ninthly, the immoral man acknowledges his weakness and his crime, and so far pays homage to God's laws and judgments ; while the infidel refuses homage, makes a profession of opposition to inspired teaching, and opposes an obstacle to the success of the Cross. Tenthly, the Canons of the Council of Trent have pronounced several Anathemas against the man that saith any of the clear infidelities of the forged Protestant Bible ; while the immoral man is left to the ordinary denunciations of the Gospel. I therefore repeat the proposition I have advanced, and which has so much offended our masters, the convert parsons of Portman Street. Lastly, one act is on moral principles more grievously sinful than another, if in its "end, object, and circumstances," one contains a larger amount of

guilt under these three heads than the other : and hence as infidelity, for the reasons already stated, opens an extent of guilt indefinitely larger than mere immorality, it strikes me that the converts have read as little of our moral treatises as they have Mr. Burns's letter ; and that they have, with all their other qualities, a matchless effrontery, of which the public will soon form a correct opinion.

I have thus given my reasons for the statement which I made, and I undertake to say, that in place of denouncing the casuistry of Dr. Cahill, the whole nation, lay and clerical, will say of the clique who praise the Protestant Bible, that if they were alive in the days of Elizabeth, they would be found near Tom Cranmer's grave praising the new Parliamentary prayers, and trying to patch up a plebeian Puseyite gospel, in order to suit the genteel Protestant taste of the day.

Gentlemen, I am not done with Portman Street as yet. I have not reached, as yet, the lowest depths of their folly, their uncharitableness, their malignity, and their calumny. I beg to assure the public that I have charges still more grievous to put forth, on the subject of their articles in the *Rambler*, which will still more surprise the public ; and hence, while I ask the favor of a *third* and LAST letter in your columns, I think I can with truth convey to you the thanks of the clergy and laity of these countries for your kindness to me in the present instance. The Reviewers, of course, will answer me in their anonymous periodical ; but give me your impartial columns, and, depend upon it, that their conduct to me will not leave ten readers to the Parsons' Hornbook within three months from this date. The public know me too long to encourage a book of falsehood and calumny against me : and I feel my humble name has been stamped with too flattering partiality by the public approval to permit any man living, or set of men, be he or they who they will, without putting forth whatever power I possess, and covering my gratuitous calumniators with universal and well-merited censure. In all this exposure they must blame themselves : when they joined us, we clothed them in the

lion's skin, and admitted them to our society, begging of them to be *silent*: but if they foolishly begin to bray, and imprudently raise their voice, and show their *long ears*, the fault is entirely their own.

I am gentlemen, your obedient servant,

D. W. CAHILL, D.D.

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DR. CAHILL
TO THE
REV. WM. ANDERSON, OF THE U. P. CHURCH.

GLASGOW, April 12th, 1853.

REV. SIR,—There can be no doubt that, in reference to the Holy Scriptures, your teaching and mine are very different indeed. I have learned the creed which I profess from the accredited voice of the Universal Church, from which your predecessors in your faith have avowedly separated. The history of all Christian antiquity bears testimony, through all nations and peoples, to the existence and the entirety of my belief at the time of your separation. There was confessed but one Church, and that Church was the Roman Catholic—and as the Church of Christ was built *never to fail*, but to be always existing, living, speaking, teaching, and saving; and as the Catholic Church was then *the only Church in the whole world*, it follows, it must have been the only true one at the time of your separation—while not even one congregation—perhaps, not even a single individual—through all past Christian time, up to the period of what is called “this reformation,” can be found possessing the religious opinions which you now hold. I regret that you follow these novelties, or that you teach them to others; but most certainly I do not feel any sentiment of “odium” towards you or your people. On the contrary, I entertain a high respect for you; and in my private intercourse, and in my public professional character, I inculcate this, my own sincere impression, to all those who may be guided by my words or influenced by my example.

I respectfully beg to assure you that you make a great mistake, in supposing that Roman Catholics have any desire

whatever either to hear the tenets of your Church discussed, or to examine over again in your Church the motives which direct them in the choice of their Faith. The disciples of the Roman Catholic Church attach very little value (in reference to divine faith) either to accomplished declamation or brilliant oratory; they are entirely guided by a living, speaking, infallible authority, which, in their daily reading of the Scriptures, they behold expressed in the clearest, the strongest, the most obvious, the most literal, and the most emphatic clauses and of the last Will and Testament of our blessed Lord. No human being of common sense has ever been known to bequeath in the solemn, awful hour of death metaphorical, or allegorical, or figurative property and power to his beloved children; and the Catholics believe that our Lord, at His death, has left a real, *bona fide*, substantial, living authority to guide His Church in Faith. Hence, they could no more consent to go to your Church, to subject to public discussion the tenets inculcated by this authority, than they would agree to put to the issue of a public meeting the very existence of Christ, or the value of the all-saving atonement of the Cross. In fact, the very decision of consenting to such an issue would be equivalent to the erecting you and your friends into the infallible authority which you denounce, and which you challenge me to defend in this case before us.

The second paragraph of your courteous letter to me goes to concede, in clear language, the premises—namely, that you and your friends may be wrong, since you admit the just hypothesis, that I might change your opinions. . On the part of the Roman Catholics, I could not admit the *tenable* consistency of such a case, our Faith being founded on a provision which excludes the *defensible* possibility of change—namely, an infallible authority, promulgated by Christ officially, and judiciously practised by the Apostles, and still further guaranteed through all coming time by the permanent legislative presence of the Holy Ghost. No plausible sophistry, no popular discussion, no award of men's judgment, no majority of human voices, can outbalance the

testimony or enactment of God, which secures the immutable unity of our Faith, no more than a single ray of light can pale the meridian splendor of the sun. A Roman Catholic can never, therefore, grant the tenable possibility of the case which you admit, and cannot therefore consent under these existing laws to the popular issue involved in your communication.

I must say, however, that so far as you are concerned, you are strictly true to your principles, in resting your faith on the issue of the popular will. All the varieties of all the Reformation creeds are the results of private individual judgment, or of public Parliamentary decisions. All these creeds are acknowledged creations of human authority—all these creeds are made by man, and not by God. And they have been formed, too, to fall in with the tastes, and the peculiarities, and the prejudices of the various times in which they were enacted; and the clear consequence of this accommodating principle has been the incongruous fact—namely, that, within the space of three hundred years, these creeds have successively passed through upwards of seven hundred variations!

The Roman Catholics smile in pity at a faith which admits the principle of progress; they cannot comprehend how any Christian mind can call that institution so divinely established by Christ, which is still continually altered by men; and they are astounded to hear serious men declare that the Holy Ghost could be the propounder of seven hundred varieties of belief from the self-same revelation. They believe that Faith, in point of doctrine and institution, was finished by Christ and the Apostles; and they justly conclude that men always looking for faith have never found it; that men always changing must necessarily *doubt*, and therefore *not believe*; that men always inquiring after truth have never discovered it; and thus the Roman Catholics seem to have arrived at something like a mathematical demonstration that the interminable changes and the constant acceptance of new doctrines contained in the Reformation principle, is the *very*

definition of error; is the unmistakable mark that you have lost the one essentially true Faith, and what is worse, that you now seek to recover it in the wrong channel—namely, the decision of human reason in public controversy, and the award of human sanction in popular disputation. Whether, therefore, you are true to wrong principles in deciding faith in a popular assembly, is not so much at present the object of my unwilling animadversion, as to tell you that I am true to the ancient Catholic doctrine in not admitting such a changeable and such an incongruous authority.

In your third paragraph you say you select for assault “the three first canons of the Council of Trent.” With respect, I presume to tell you that “the three first canons of the Council of Trent” do not treat of the Mass; they have reference to the doctrine of “justification by grace through Jesus Christ;” a belief which I fancy you do not deny. I therefore think you made a mistake in the canons referred to in your letter.

Referring to the remaining portion of your letter, I feel quite assured (judging from the tone of your communication) that so far as could be expected, you would conduct the controversy to which you invite me with an amicable temper; but you will permit me to say that, from my experience of public controversial discussions, a wound is always inflicted on true religion by these disputations. Public animosities are engendered; religious rancor is inflamed; social harmony is disturbed; the charities of the Gospel are extinguished; and even the ties of long and matured friendship are but too often rent asunder by the mutual argumentative recrimination of theological combat. Catholics, whose Faith is fixed since the beginning of the New Law, can receive no benefit from these displays of argumentation. Dissenters have their old prejudices awakened, their dormant intolerance revived, and they are often driven into greater errors than their former novelties, seeking a refuge from their inconsistencies in the unbounded license of naked infidelity. These views are the result of my experi-

ence of public religious discussion; and while I place them with honest frankness before society, being convinced they will meet the approval of every reasonable Christian man in the community, who witnesses the religious contentions, and reads the accounts of the fanatical bigotry with which this country is convulsed and degraded, I should therefore suggest to you, Reverend Sir, that our doctrine can be better learned from the cool, clear pen of learned divines, than from the incautious, extemporaneous expression of heated debate; and I shall add that the mind and the heart seeking really a knowledge of the truth (as I feel confident you are) are more aptly fitted to receive the impressions of grace in silent prayer, and in deliberate, dispassionate study, than in a crowded meeting of contending parties, where the passions are inflamed, and the judgment warped by the excitement of public rivalry and the hostile prejudices of party triumph. My long professional studies; the various chairs of science which I have filled, are, I presume to say, a sufficient guarantee that the foregoing observations are the sole considerations which influence me in the course which I am about to adopt in the case at issue; and for these reasons, therefore, you will be pleased, Sir, to excuse me, if I decline the challenge to which you invite me.

In the course of religious lectures, which I am called on to deliver in this country and elsewhere, I have invited Protestants to attend. If they honor me by their presence, I take care never knowingly to wound their conscientious feelings, either directly or indirectly; and I never address my instructions to any hearers but to Roman Catholics. You, therefore, have no right to call upon me to account for the doctrine which I have a right to teach to my people. You have thought proper to send me the challenge referred to in this letter, and I have considered it my duty (from the tone of that communication) to reply to it; but as you can have no claim on me for the continuance of your respected, yet gratuitous correspondence, you give me leave to say that my numerous engagements will not permit me to answer any

future letters which you may think proper to address to me on this subject.

I have the honor to be, Reverend Sir, with high and courteous regard, your obedient servant,

D. W. CAHILL, D.D.

P. S.—As your challenge has been already made public, through newspapers and placards, I shall send this communication to the *Glasgow Free Press* for reluctant publication.

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DR. CAHILL
TO
FIVE PROTESTANT CLERGYMEN.

LETTERKENNY, May 30th, 1853.

REVEREND SIR,—We, the undersigned, having heard you deliver a controversial lecture this evening in the chapel of Letterkenny, feel it our solemn duty, as ministers of God and ambassadors of Christ, to protest against the doctrines set forth by you, as unscriptural and contrary to the teaching of the Catholic Church. We would therefore take the liberty of inviting you to a public discussion, to be carried on in a kind and Christian spirit, in which we call upon you to prove that the doctrines contained in the twelve supplementary articles of the creed of Pope Pius IV. were ever propounded and set forth in the Christian Church as a creed before the year 1564.

Secondly—We invite you to bring on the platform your rule of faith, and give us your Church's authorized interpretation of the sixth, ninth, and tenth chapters St. Paul to the Hebrews—or, if you prefer it, your Church's *authorized* exposition of the simplest portions of the Holy Writ—the Lord's prayer.

Thirdly—We invite you and any number of your brother priests to meet an equal number of clergy of the Church of England, to prove the assertions you used in endeavoring to establish the unscriptural doctrine of the sacrifice of the Mass. Trusting you will receive the invitation in the same spirit in which it is dictated, we remain yours faithfully in Christ,

F. GOOLD, Archdeacon of Raphoe.
J. IRWIN, Rector of Aughanishin.
R. SMITH, Curate of Cornwall.
J. W. IRWIN, Curate of Raymohy.
J. LINSKEA, Glenalla.

REVEREND SIRS,—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your polite note, dictated in a spirit of great courtesy, and having stamped on it the clear impress of the distinguished character of the gentlemen whose names it bears. I shall then at once proceed to give a hasty reply to those passages in your respected communication which demand commentary from me.

Firstly, then, I solemnly deny, and conscientiously protest against your unauthorized assumption of calling yourselves "the ministers of God and ambassadors of Christ;" and I complain loudly of your most unjustifiable intrusion, in designating your modern local conventicle by the name of the "Catholic Church." Gentlemen, I assure you I do not mean, even remotely, to utter one offensive sentiment to you personally by telling you that you are libelling God and calumniating the Apostles in using this language. You are, on the contrary, the ecclesiastical ministers of the British Parliament, you are the clerical ambassadors of the Queen of England, and you are the rebel children of the most terrific apostasy the world ever saw. The Thirty-nine articles of your creed (which learned Protestants call contradictory and incongruous) are the *accidental result* of a majority of voices in the British senate-house of that day. This act of Parliament forms the preface of your Book of Common Prayer, and the decisions of that Parliamentary session are unavowedly the very basis and the theological title of the Anglican creed, as expressed in these Articles. In point of fact, and according to the language of the English Parliament, that creed should be appropriately called a "bill," like any other Parliamentary bill passed by a majority in that house. Beyond all doubt, its proper name should be "the Protestant Religion Bill," or some other such designation, proceeding, as it does, professedly, and originating officially from the decision of the senate-house, and from the authority of the Crown. The authority does not even pretend to be derived from Christ, as it acknowledges itself to be fallible, and, of course, progressive and human.

And the Prime Minister of England can lay aside any of your present opinions when he thinks fit, as was recently proved in the case of the Rev. Mr. Gorham; and the Queen can annul the united doctrinal decision of your national convocation at her pleasure. Argue this case as you will, and call this authority by whatever name you please, there it is, the supreme arbiter of your Church, the essential sanction and source of your faith. Thus, in point of fact, you pray

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to God as the Premier likes; and you believe in God as the Queen pleases; and you multiply or diminish the articles of your "Religion Bill," as the Parliament decides. You are, therefore, judicially and officially, the very creatures of the State; and you wear your surplices and preach by precisely the same authority with which a midshipman wears his sword, or a Queen's counsel appears in a silk gown; you derive your jurisdiction from an authority at which the very Mohammedans stand in stupid amazement—viz.: an authority which places a child in a cradle, a young girl in her teens, or a toothless old hag in the place of the twelve Apostles, standing in the footsteps of Christ, the seat of wisdom, the oracle of divine truth, and the expounder of Revelation. Except that we know this statement to be a fact from undeniable evidence, no man living could ever think that any man in his senses would submit to such an outrage on the human understanding. Sir Thomas More, the Chancellor of England, with thousands of others, preferred to die at the block, sooner than submit to this mockery of God. This is the ludicrous jurisdiction under which you teach and preach; but to call yourselves "the ministers of God, and the ambassadors of Christ," is an act of such reckless forgetfulness of your position (in reference to jurisdiction), as to set all the delicacies of truth and fact at defiance in a matter of the most public and palpable notoriety; in truth, it is unbecoming effrontery.

Again, all Christians of all denominations admit that the repeated pledges and promises of Christ guarantee the indestructible existence of a true Church forever on the earth. The word of God the Father, fixing our sun in our skies forever, is not more clear and emphatic than the word of God the Son in placing the true Church in a permanent unclouded existence on the earth forever. At the time of your separation there was only this one universal Church on earth; there being but *one* in existence, it must have been this true one so guaranteed. You have avowedly separated from this Church; and at that time, in order to mark the doctrinal character of your conduct, you called yourselves by the appropriate name

of Protestants. You, therefore, at that time, resigned your title to the Catholic Church, which you abandoned. You rebelled against her authority, and from that hour to this you stand expelled from her spiritual territory, and excommunicated by her judicial penalties. On that occasion you severed yourself from the source of all her spiritual power, and broke the link that bound you to the long chain of apostolic jurisdiction. Will you kindly inform the world when and where did you become reunited to that Church? You now call yourselves "Catholic!" Or are you now beginning to be ashamed of the word "Protestant?" You see that this word argues the want of legitimate title to the Christian inheritance, and you are trying to insert a word by fraud into your forged deed.

Why do you not use the other three marks of the true Church, and call yourselves, "One, Holy, Catholic, and Apostolic?" Ah, reckless as you are in your assumption, you are afraid of the jibes of the historian to assume the other three marks. As long as your interminable (750) changes in faith are recorded, it would be injudicious to invest your Church with the attribute of unity; as long as the public reads the plunder of the abbeys, and hears the universal spoliation of the poor, while the red gibbet of Elizabeth surmounts your communion table, and while your modern towers publish your recent origin, it would be drawing rather too largely on the public credulity to stifle this glaring evidence of your sins and character, and to call yourselves, "One, Holy, Catholic, and Apostolic." No, no; you are too clever and discerning to attempt this palpable imposture; and hence you are content to assume slyly the single term of "Catholic;" and thus you endeavor to regain the place you have forfeited, and repair the connection you have broken. But, gentlemen, this dodge will not do; you may impose on your own flocks, who don't know you as well as we do; but as long as I am placed as a sentinel at the ivy doors of the old Church, you shall not enter under false colors. Come in your own clothes as Protestant ministers, Parliamentary ambassadors, modern Biblemen, from a petty

district, but you shall not assume the mark of the universality of time and place while I am present. Like sparrows hatched in an eagle's nest, I shall teach you that, although you have been born near us, you have neither the shape, color, or genealogy of the royal breed of the Apostles, under whose wings your Church has been fraudulently introduced and nurtured into an illegitimate existence.

Whenever, therefore, you may in future honor me with any communication, may I beg you will announce yourselves in your Protestant profession; appear in your own modern dress—assume your own Parliamentary titles—and do not add to your former prevarications to the living by coming now in the end of time laden with the spoils of the dead. Dress yourselves like Luther and Calvin, and Knox and Cranmer; come with a sword in your hand, like Zuinglius, and with an ax, like your first apostles; don't assume the holy cross; do not put on the robes of Jerome or Chrysostom; do not, for shame, rob the dead of their hoary honors; do not appear in the unsullied robes of the Apostles, whom your ancestors have betrayed; do not wear the crowns of More and Fisher, won on the block which your Gospel had erected. This passage brings me in presence of the second part of your note.

In consequence of the existence of an infallible authority framing our laws, and promulgating our Faith, it would be clearly an act of the most palpable inconsistency to subject to your decision, or to the award of a public meeting of fallible men, the doctrines already fixed by an unerring tribunal. You are true to your principles in seeking and yielding to this decision, since private judgment is your first principle; but I cannot subject my Faith to such a standard, believing, as I do, that a living authority has been permanently appointed in the Church of Christ, invested with a command from Heaven to teach all men, and sustained by the official presence of the Holy Ghost, as a legislative guarantee for the immutable truth of its decisions. There are no passages in the Scriptures on any subject of Divine faith put forward in stronger or more emphatic language than

these parts of Revelation which enforce the permanent, unchangeable existence and practicable agency of this tribunal. The existence of Christ, or the facts of the Cross, the Resurrection, and Ascension, are not expressed in a clearer official enactment than the record of this living court of infallible decision. I can no more doubt the existence of the Saviour than disbelieve this official prerogative of the Church of Christ. I believe the one with the same precise amount of evidence I believe the other; and if you bring a doubt on the authority of this court, you necessarily call in question all the other parts of the record of salvation. So perfectly logical is the inference, that history sustains my assertions on this vital point: and it is quite true to say that since the fatal period of your separation, and since you preached the overthrow of this first principle, you have opened the flood-gates of latitudinarianism, and filled every Protestant country in Europe with wild rationalism and naked infidelity.

In a thousand years hence, when Protestantism will be only recollected in name, like Arianism or any of the other varieties of human wickedness or folly, the future ecclesiastical historian will write the thrilling record—namely, that of all the phases of irreligion which have appeared on the earth, the Anglican heresy has inflicted the deepest wound on Revelation, from its encouragement to human pride, and its official flattery of human passion. Human reason in its practical workings has never been the same in the same country, the same age, or even the same man. If we except the truths of mathematical science, human reason is ever changing, and I think it ought to be readily admitted that a God of rigid justice and truth could never build the unerring enactments of revelation and salvation on a shifting basis of such a variable construction.

Within the last twenty-five years I have seldom read the proceedings of any Protestant assembly on matters of religion in which the principal topics have not been, viz.: "The *usurped* infallibility of the Church of Rome, and the *new* articles of faith of the Roman Church." The ancient Protestant clergy of Ireland did not utter these falsehoods—

they lived contented with their titles, and enjoyed their glebes, and drank their claret without this eternal calumny of the plundered Catholics. But within the last quarter of a century a swarm of young clerical aspirants invade all the public places, stand in all the thoroughfares, and are heard on the four winds roaring and bawling, wherever you turn, against the Church of Rome. They are to be seen at all the Protestant print-shops, book-stands, railroad stations, bazaars, excursion trips, botanical reunions; and I dare say you will admit the powerful fact, that they have no conversation, no entertainment for all who have the misfortune to come within the range of their clerical contact, save one ceaseless, indecent abuse, misrepresentation, and calumny of the principles of the Catholic creed. And I am quite willing to admit that these gentlemen are persons of finished education, and of delicate truth and of elegant courtesy in their social character on most other points; but in reference to Catholicity they are not ashamed to utter statements too foolish to be noticed, or too gross to be told. Having apparently no parochial duties to discharge, their sole occupation seems to be calumniating their Catholic neighbors, and forging mis-statements of the Catholic clergy, who never speak a word of offence to them, either in our public or private intercourse. We cannot in these days instruct our people without public insult, nor can we defend our doctrines from misrepresentation without sickening challenges from schoolboy declaimers, raw, *jejune* clerical graduates seeking notoriety in the service of God (?) by falsehood, malignity, and sedition. This is a painful state of society; the conduct of your brethren on this subject has long since formed the topic of public condemnation, even throughout Europe, and has by its excess and extravagance nauseated the public taste, and beyond all doubt has raised the spirit of inquiry in the detection of this indecent imposture, and now universal exposure.

I am led into these observations by your remarks on the creed of Pius IV., in which you assert that novelties have been introduced into our faith.

Gentlemen, in all the public speeches and writings of

your brethren, they all (I hope not through calumnious design) make one common mistake, viz. :—You call “a new decision of a council” by the name of a new act of faith—an addition to the old creed. It is not so. The new decision of a council is rather a sign of an old doctrine than the evidence of a new one; it is the collected expression of the old belief of the Church embodied in a new decree; so that, so far from being an evidence of a new thing, it is, on the contrary, an inevitable demonstration of an old thing. It is the official application of an old truth and principle, to some new heretic, or some new error; so that while the heretic is new to whom it is addressed, and the case is new to which it is applied, the principle and the truth so applied is *ipso facto* already known as the statute law of the Church; and ten thousand new cases may be settled by one old principle, just as the Chancellor settles the unnumbered new cases of his court without adding one tittle to the old statute law of England. When Moses brought down from Mount Sinai the ten commandments embodied in a written decree from God, will any man assert that this was the first time for twenty-five centuries that men received the commandments of God? Certainly it was the first written decision of God that men ever saw; but will any man say that this was a new faith or morality received under the Theocracy, and that this was the first time when God forbade the crimes of murder, adultery, robbery, perjury and idolatry, etc.? If, then, our doctrine of an infallible tribunal be true, as it is, it follows that a general council, directed by the Holy Ghost, stands in similar circumstances (as far as Revelation goes) with this Theocracy, and hence that these new decisions, so far from being acts of faith, are on the contrary, the best evidence of the already universally received opinions on the point decided. All the new decisions of the Church against Arianism and Pelagianism, and the decisions on the consubstantiality of the Son with the Father, and all the decrees on the nature and person of Christ, are all nearly expressed in one sentence of the creed:—“I believe in Jesus Christ, His only Son, who was conceived by the

Holy Ghost, and born of the Virgin Mary, was crucified, dead and buried, rose again on the third day from the dead, and ascended into heaven. I believe in the Holy Catholic Church," etc., etc. This short sentence with some few additional texts, form, if I may so speak, the statute laws on the varied decisions alluded to. In fact, all the new decisions such as your brethren allude to, and such as you have referred to in the point at issue, are merely so many legitimate deducibles from the record of Revelation subjected to this competent authority, and settled and published by a decree founded on the ancient truths of Christ's Gospel as taught by the Apostles.

The Catholic rule of faith, therefore, is the word of God interpreted and taught by this living authority, as it was from the beginning; and this rule is so clear, so obvious, so comprehensive, and so easily attainable, that, with a penny catechism in your hand, and in the society of a priest, the accredited officer, you can learn, to your perfect satisfaction, our entire faith, in construction, plan, and indefectible legislative guarantees, within the short space of one hour; and the authorized version of any portion of Holy Writ is to be learned, not so much from its philosophical or philological construction, as from its inferential adjustment, and its substantial agreement with the known truths already believed and taught in connection with the passages under the examination referred to. We do not receive our faith from disputing, contentious schoolmasters, but from ordained priests; we are occupied with the substance, not the names of things; we take our faith from the guaranteed inspiration of the Holy Ghost, not from the inflections and rules of grammar; and as the incarnation and the death of our Lord are beyond our reason, we have no idea of consulting that same reason in laws beyond its reach, no more than the mysteries which it cannot comprehend.

In conclusion, I beg to assure you that I have felt much complimented by your attendance at my lectures on the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, and I have felt rather honored by the united note of the five Protestant clergymen, transmitted

to me through the courtesy of the Protestant Archdeacon of Raphoe, and the brother-in-law of our late Viceroy. I have not, I hope, in any words which escaped me at that lecture, uttered any sentiment which could offend; and I here disclaim again intending to say one word in this note (beyond my professional duty) to give the smallest uneasiness to gentlemen towards whom I feel much personal respect, and to whom I beg unfeignedly to offer the expression of high and distinguished consideration.

I have the honor to be, Rev. Sirs, your obedient servant,

D. W. CAHILL, D. D.

P.S.—As you have gratuitously originated this correspondence, you can have no claim on me for its continuance; and, therefore, I respectfully decline taking any further notice of any letters which you may do me the honor to send to me in future.

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DR. CAHILL

TO

TWENTY-ONE PROTESTANT CLERGYMEN.

On the 19th October, 1853, the Rev. H. P. Linton, calling himself Secretary to the Local Committee for special mission to the Roman Catholics of Birkenhead, wrote to Dr. Cahill "notifying him the intention of the clergy of that place and its neighborhood of calling on him publicly for proofs of his assertions in reference to the recent numerous conversions from the Roman Catholic Church in Ireland." He adds that "popular controversialists on your side have even seemed more anxious to sustain their reputation by *ad captandum* than by a strict adherence to facts." Lastly, he enclosed a copy of a letter directed to Dr. Cahill, saying: "I sincerely hope that as you have, unprovoked by us, brought charges against our Church and missions necessarily calling for controversy, you will not now shrink from that public test of their truth which you must consider as the inevitable result of your own acts of aggression."

The enclosed letter was signed by several clergymen, and made the following proposals to Dr. Cahill:—

"First, If you furnish us with definite charges against the Irish Church Missions, giving names, dates, and other circumstances connected with your charges, we undertake to bring forward credible witnesses to disprove those charges, and to give you a public opportunity of proving your assertions in the presence of those witnesses.

"Second, We are ready, on our part, to appoint a clergyman to meet you before the same assembly to discuss the points of controversy between our respective Churches.

"Having come amongst us with charges seriously affecting the character of the 'united Churches of England and Ireland,' and also assailing doctrines which we hold sacred, we feel assured that the propositions which we hereby make will be accepted as reasonable by all thinking men, and we also hope that they will meet with your concurrence."

On the 20th of the same month, Dr. Cahill addressed a private note in answer. He said:

"I assure you I feel rather happy in the distinguished position in which the united communication of so many eminent persons has placed so humble an individual as I am; and I trust I shall not, in my reply, depart from the example which is set before me in the politeness of their language.

"I may here state that their letter has been conceived under some most unac-

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countable mistake, as I am not conscious at this moment of having said or written anything to justify the position they have taken. Will you kindly grant me the favor of not requiring the manuscript of my letter, but be content with receiving the *printed* answer in the *Mercury* of next Tuesday?"

ST. WERBURG'S, BIRKENHEAD, Saturday, Oct. 22d, 1853.

REV. SIRS,—I have acknowledged through your Rev. Secretary your public letter to me of last Wednesday's date; and I feel bound to say that the courteous tone of your communication, combined with the numerous distinguished names attached to that document, demand from me the sincerest expression of grave respect. I shall at once enter on the subject of that letter, by assuring you of my entire surprise at what I must call your most unwarrantable assumptions. Firstly, then, I did not come to this town to deliver lectures "on the character of the Irish Church Missions;" and secondly, I have never either in this town, or in any other town or city in these countries, lectured "on the points of controversy between the Churches of England and Rome." It is my invariable practice to explain and defend my own doctrine against Protestant calumnies, but never to discuss or ridicule the creed of others. Such a mode of lecturing is at once opposed to *my own feeling*, and *strictly prohibited* by my superiors: and I have never in my numerous subjects departed from this rule, except occasionally on one doctrine—namely, whenever I maintain "the infallibility" of the Catholic Church, as distinguished from "the Bible" as a rule of faith. You, gentlemen, have fallen into the common mistake of editors of anti-Catholic newspapers, and of some Protestant clergymen who are continually calumniating me, and who are really putting forth statements before the public which, in general and in detail, are one unbroken tissue of gross (and I am compelled to say) malignant falsehood. I shall now place before the public the *placards* which invited Catholics (not Protestants) to my lectures; and the people of Liverpool and Birkenhead will thus no doubt form a correct judgment whether you have been justified (without reasonable data and without

waiting for a reply from me) in fixing on all the walls of your city and neighborhood the letter which appears at the head of this reply. There were two placards, as follows:—

"On Sunday, the 18th inst., the Very Rev. Dr. Cahill will preach two sermons (morning and evening) in St. Werburg's Church, in aid of the funds of the poor schools of this parish."

My subjects were—1. "The parable of Dives and Lazarus."—2. "The casting out the dumb devil and the return of seven other devils, worse than the first."

The second placard was as follows:—"And the Reverend Doctor will lecture in the same church three evenings of the next week—viz., Tuesday, the 18th; Wednesday, the 19th; and Friday, the 21st—on the following subjects:—

"1. On Mortal Sin. 2. On the Triumphs of the Catholic Church over the world. 3. On Protestant Conversions, or the late attempt at Reformation in Ireland."

It must be borne in mind that your letter was delivered to me on Wednesday evening, the 19th inst., that is, two whole days before I discussed my last subject. And now, will you give me leave, gentlemen, to ask how can you account, before the impartial decision of honorable, peaceful public opinion, for the clear, palpable misstatements of your letter? Where have I, as you say, "unprovoked," committed an "aggression" on your doctrines? Where have I "attacked the character of the Irish Church Missions?" and, above all, how could you accuse me on *Wednesday evening* of charges which were to be made on the *following Friday*? How could you know on Wednesday what I should say on the next Friday? And how could gentlemen of education, character, station, eminence, and I shall add, punctilious delicate honor (which I willingly admit), be guilty of deliberately writing and publishing statements, which *you ought to know* (by referring to the placards) were an entire falsehood? With your hands, therefore, you have written in large capitals your own blushing condemnation; and if you had printed your names in red ink, it would be a more suitable color to express the ridicule and scorn with which every one of you stands at this moment branded before the clear

public decision. You would involve me in difficulties if you could (a position in which I would not certainly place you, or any one of you), and in your intemperate precipitancy you have overstepped common discretion, and you charged me with saying what I have never even intended to utter.

But, on the other hand, as you have the peculiar logical talent of drawing conclusions without premises, who knows but you took it into your heads to think that I was describing the genius of the Protestant Church while I denounced the rich glutton; perhaps you indiscreetly fancied, as I shuddered at the eternal furnace where he was buried, that I was depicting the future condition of your archiepiscopal; and that while I unfolded the rich drapery of purple and fine linen worn by Dives, or while I described the sumptuous feast of the monster, as he gazed the while on poor starving Lazarus, ten to one, but you have uncharitably understood me as painting your fat angel of Canterbury, or, what is more ungenerous, perhaps our own apostolic Tom of Dublin. And as you have the singular power of reasoning without any imaginable data, I dare say you believed my description of the unfortunate man repossessed by the seven devils as entirely applied to the members of the Protestant Alliance of England; and it is not improbable that in your jealous zeal you conceived my graphic description of the evils of mortal sin as a mere allegorical subterfuge, in order to cover a pointed delineation of the doctrines and practices of the Reformation Church. Gentlemen, you have originated this correspondence, without any provocation on my part, either directly or indirectly; and I think it will be admitted by the thousands who have seen the placards of my lectures, and heard me during the past week, that you made two unbecoming mistakes—first, in making charges in a clear ignorance of your case; and secondly, in printing these charges without waiting for my reply.

I have been particularly struck with the first sentence in Rev. Mr. Linton's letter to me, where he styles himself "Secretary to the Local Committee for special mission to the *Roman Catholics* of Birkenhead." This announcement has

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led me to inquire if the Catholics of this place had any connection with this society; and, after a minute and an accurate investigation amongst those whose office and duties enable them to form an unerring judgment, I am instructed to say that Mr. Linton's secretaryship is an office without a duty, a position without a place; and that "the mission to the Roman Catholics" is something like the echo of an imaginary sound. I have never read anything like this pompous announcement, except the inscription on the sign-board of a London tradesman, who, within the last few years, placed over his door in large capitals that he was "barber and hair-dresser to her present Majesty." Now this announcement could only gull the mere simple ignorant, as it is *evident that this man never will nor never can shave the Queen!* and, therefore, the Birkenhead puff is the only parallel that can be drawn to the show-board of the absurd barber, since every man, woman, and child in this parish knows, with a smile, that no Catholic here ever receives one particle of these frothy missionary ministrations.

But, under other circumstances, it is notorious that Catholicity supplies an abundant theme for the pulpit harangues of these missionaries. The platform where you speak, the columns of the English press where you write, the festivals where you declaim, might be supposed to give a field wide enough for the display of your zeal and talent against the tenets and discipline of the Catholic Church; but it is only in your pulpits that your oratory acquires the full bulk and growth of Protestant perfection, and where it is poured forth on all occasions in a devastating flood against the profession and the name of what you are pleased to call "Popery." The sober, religious of your congregations, as I am credibly informed, look in vain on the peaceful Sabbath for some words of charity from your reverend lips. They are deceived; there is only one subject at Birkenhead and Liverpool, viz.: the errors of Popery; your race, being still true to the original instinct of your progenitry, still, still *protesting* against the existing form of our worship, without adopting permanently any fixed symbol of your own.

These inflammatory speeches from your pulpits have produced the natural and expected result. Grace can never arise from calumny, nor faith from falsehood; and hence your churches are empty, your ranks are thinned, and your professional character is weakened. Your statements are doubted, your assertions disbelieved, and while I am prepared to concede to your honor (as a matter of course) the highest and the most spotless truth, on all social, commercial, and national subjects, I am reluctantly compelled to say that from your known and unceasing deviations from strict statement in matters *connected with the Catholic doctrine and practices*, it is now universally whispered, and (without wishing to give the slightest offence) it is the familiar adage at home and abroad, *throughout Europe and the civilized world*, to brand the statements of your Church, *in reference to Catholicity*, as "unscrupulous, unprincipled Protestant lies."

And while you have forfeited the public confidence abroad, you have, beyond dispute, infidelized your own country at home. From undeniable statistics, it is demonstrated that one-half the Protestants of Liverpool never attend church: it is the same in Manchester, and in all the manufacturing towns; the poor are never seen in the churches. The *Times* has lately stated that fifty persons are the largest number known to attend worship in any church within the city of London on Sunday. Rev. Mr. Jones, in his examination before a Committee of the House of Commons, has proved the existence of forty-nine known conventicles of avowed infidelity in England; and he has demonstrated that Protestant laborers and tradesmen, etc., to the number of at least three hundred thousand in London and the suburbs, live and die without any practical religion or any form of worship. In fact, the entire Protestant ecclesiastical records of this country prove at once the total failure of your Church Establishment, and publish the awful existence of a growing and wide-spread infidelity; and the impartial ecclesiastical historian will yet tell the sad truth, that this most deplorable national condition is beyond all doubt to be

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ascribed to the teaching of the Protestant Church; which, by breaking down all authority; removing the evidences of all antiquity, and taking away all checks from the heart, has flung the public mind on a troubled ocean of doubt, has unbridled human passion, and precipitated the national character into an inevitable demoralization and a wild infidelity.

And not content with unchristianizing your own followers, your Church has, of late years, by a system of the most unparalleled vituperation and misstatement, attempted to undermine the faith of the Catholics of these countries, and thus involve our creed in one common ruin with your own. The very title under which your society has been organized contains in the first line a palpable and notorious falsehood. It exists on the assumption that the Catholic Church withholds the Scriptures from her faithful, and it is set in motion under the pretext of distributing amongst our people the word of God. This assumption and this pretext are, without any exception at all, the most flagrant instance of unblushing imposition which has ever been practised on the public credulity at any period of Christian history. It is the widest calumny which Protestant malignity has ever forged; it is beyond all comparison the most unprincipled lie which English apostasy has ever promulgated. Now, mark me, gentlemen, I disclaim uttering one syllable disrespectful to you personally. I have no reason to entertain towards you, individually and collectively, any other sentiments than those of exalted estimation; but I again repeat my utter abhorrence of the flagitious system which lives on falsehood, grows fat on calumny, and claims the venerable, spotless honors of sanctity from perjury to man and blasphemy to God.

Beyond all doubt, there never was invented so gross a fabrication as the nauseating cant that the Catholic Church has never encouraged the reading of the Bible. In the early ages she could not, of course, circulate the Scriptures with such efficiency as we can do at present, because the art of printing was then unknown; but she alone collected them;

she alone decided their integrity and their authenticity, the Protestant Alliance not being well known in those days. She alone stamped them with her authority, without which they could no more vouch for themselves than a dead man could tell his name and parentage; she alone, like a witness before a jury, proved their inspiration before mankind; she alone, by her infallible reputation, chained the universal belief in them; and she alone preserved them amidst the wreck of the Roman Empire, the convulsion of ages, and the changes of dynasties and races, creeds and tongues. The sickening cant of the beardless stripling clerics of the modern Reformation conventicles, asserting their claim to the Scriptures, is the same kind of humbug and imposition on the undiscerning mind of your dupes, as if a green set of young English architects declared it was the Protestant Sir Christopher Wrenn who built and preserved the Pantheon at Rome, or that it was the present London School of Design which planned and kept in repair the Pyramids of Egypt! Of all the instances of audacious, barefaced, cool, imperturbable insolence of Protestantism, their claiming the Scriptures as preserved by them, and promulgated by them, is the highest point of wicked, exaggerated, extravagant misrepresentation to which the ingenuity of man could build up a lie.

So unceasingly laborious, on the contrary, was the Catholic Church in making copies of the Bible, that she kept the monks and the religious of all countries continually writing them; and whoever will attentively consider for a moment the extraordinary labor of even making one copy of the Old and New Testament—whoever will visit any ecclesiastical library, and count over the folio volumes of Saint Augustine, Saint Jerome, Saint Chrysostom, and all the Greek and Latin Fathers, and calculate then the difficulty of making unnumbered copies of these Greek ponderous volumes—whoever will, like a candid man, reflect that all the profane and Church histories of these days—all the sermons—all the works on piety were copied, re-copied, and one thousand times copied by the monks of the Catholic Church,

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the surprise of the generous man and the scholar amounts to a feeling of impossible expression, how the Church could have been able to furnish copies of these vast accumulated Biblical, and classical, and historical works to every part of the world, such as we know them to have existed before the Christian libraries were destroyed, and before the art of printing was discovered. And further, to prove this statement, the moment printing was discovered and made the vehicle, after many improvements, of communication between men, the Catholic Church, so early as the year 1412 (almost immediately after the discovery of printing and paper), published the Latin Vulgate, at once to circulate the word of God, and that too in a language then *most known* to the whole Christian world. When the Scotch Sir Walter Scott lampooned the Catholic Church for her want of library facilities in the middle ages, he might as well accuse King Alfred of ignorance, for not using the electric telegraph, or charge Hannibal with a blundering strategy, for not meeting the Romans with artillery. The truth is, that the present issue of the *Times* newspaper, at the rate of sixty copies in every minute by steam, is not a whit more wonderful in its way than the manuscript copying of the Fathers and of the Scriptures in the middle ages by the monks, who supplied the whole world with as many copies as the skill of thousands of expert penmen could have executed.

In order to arrive at the palpable refutation in this Reformation lie, I shall make a few quotations for you, gentlemen, which I do not intend for you (who already know them so well,) as for the numerous readers who will see this letter of mine, in every part of the known world :—

Aware of the manifest dangers to faith and morals that are found in *corrupt versions* of the Bible . . . insidiously issued among the people . . . we have not ceased to deplore this great evil, and to labor for its correction. It occurred to us that the publication of genuine versions of the *Vulgate* would be found amongst the most efficient means to neutralize the poison of these counterfeit productions. Accordingly we approve of this edition of the Douay Testament, published by Thomas Brennan, of this city, and recommend it to the faithful.

St. Jarlath's Tuam, 1846.

† JOHN, ARCHBISHOP OF TUAM.

842 LETTER TO TWENTY-ONE PROTESTANT CLERGYMEN.

BELFAST, July, 24, 1839.

This new and portable edition of the Douay Bible has been diligently and carefully collated with the most approved versions in the English language previously to its publication. I sanction *its circulation among the faithful.*

† CORNELIUS DENVER, D.D.
Bishop of Down and Connor.

The new edition of the English version of the Bible, printed with our permission by James Duffy, carefully collated, by our direction, with the Clementine Vulgate of 1606, and with the Rhenish version of the New Testament of 1582, and with *other approved English versions*, we by our authority approve; and we declare the same may be read *by the faithful* with great spiritual profit.

Given at Dublin, Nov. 4, 1846.

† D. MURRAY.

Extract of a letter of Pope Plus the Sixth to Anthony Martini, Archbishop of Florence, in the year 1778:—

Calends of April, 1778.

At a time when a vast multitude of bad books, which grossly attack the Catholic religion, are circulated even amongst the unlearned, you judge exceedingly well that the faithful should be excited to the reading the Holy Scriptures; for these are the most abundant sources, *which ought to be left open to every one.* This you have seasonably effected by publishing the Sacred Writing, in *the language of your country*, suitable to every one's capacity. We therefore applaud your eminent learning, and we return you our due acknowledgments.

PHILIP BUONAMICI, Sec.

For proof of the above extracts I beg to refer you to Mr. Rockcliffe, the eminent bookseller of Liverpool, who will place these editions in your hands, with at least ten other editions of the Bible in England. I refer you again to Mr. James Duffy, the eminent publisher and bookseller of Dublin, who, I dare say, will show you at least twelve editions of the Bible in Ireland. I again wish to inform you, that there are forty-seven different editions of the Bible published in Italian on the Italian peninsula; and I beg in addition to tell you that in France there are 126 different editions of the Bible published in French, within the last 300 years, since the art of printing has been found out. And now, "Gentlemen of the Home Mission for Distributing the Bible amongst the Catholics of Birkenhead," will you satisfy the public on the morality of organizing a society founded on a lie known to every Catholic in England, Ireland, and Scotland—on a lie perfectly understood in every Catholic country in Europe—

a lie denounced by the very first principles of the Catholic Church, and contradicted by the extracts I have made, by Popes, Bishops, and the public historical facts of your own country. No man of honor and conscience, except yourselves, can understand how, in the teeth of the most notorious facts, you can ascend your pulpits, and there promulgate before your unfortunate congregations what all the Catholic world knows to be the grossest misstatement ever yet uttered on any one subject, between man and man, in any age or in any country.

This is the conduct which has earned your Church the character all over the world of unblushingly and unscrupulously asserting anything, however unfounded, provided it raises a momentary hostility against the Catholic Church; and it is the practice, too, which has led the impartial historian of your day to say "that of all the Christian inhabitants of the civilized world, there is no one nation on the earth kept in such a fatal ignorance of God's real Gospel as the Protestants of England." Your bishops write pastorals by which the clergy can believe what they please: Prime Ministers issue ecclesiastical appointments which sustain men in adding or curtailing any doctrines they like; and the preachers publish such lectures as induce the laity to follow any imaginary creed they may fancy to adopt. The most fashionable and the most modern phase which your chameleon Church has assumed is what is termed "believing on the Saviour." And, in fact, these words are uttered in such a strange, vague signification, that your Protestant saints seem to think that belief in the mere existence of Christ is an inspired act of heroic Protestantism; and it is impossible to avoid feeling that they imagine the *historical belief in His existence and person* ranks far higher in their Christian estimation than the *precepts of His law*, the *definitive conditions* of His revelation, or the *expressed reward and penalties* of His judgments.

Depend upon it, Protestantism can no longer deceive even your own dupes; it is detected, exposed, and scouted wherever mankind are free from national acerbity and professional

bigotry. Austria, Bavaria, Northern Italy, Naples, France, Spain, Portugal, all know the spirit of Exeter Hall, and feel fully the revolutionary anti-Christian genius of your creed; and never since Luther first lifted the standard of apostasy has Catholic Europe entered into such a united defensive compact as she has adopted since the famed year 1847, against the intrigues, the machinations, and the conspiracies of your insatiable and exterminating novelties. If our opponents were men of honesty in controversy, they would state the fact—namely, that the Catholic Church encourages the circulation of her own version of the Scriptures, but that she strictly prohibits the Protestant versions, because they contain 1,600 errors in grammatical accuracy, in sense, and in doctrine. And besides these errors, the Catholic Church has an objection that your missionaries should call on our people, even to distribute our own version, as experience has proved that wherever they go amongst Catholics they are unceasingly ridiculing our worship, misstating our principles and practices, and ever and always calumniating our clergy and our conventual societies.

It is not true, then, that our people are not taught the Scriptures, or are not allowed the use of the Scriptures; our people are taught their doctrine by the teachers, with (not without) the Scripture in their hands. Your people are taught their creed by their own judgment on these Scriptures. The difference between us lies in the teachers; and we believe that the entire sacred volume furnishes no other position stronger than the one on which we rest this doctrine of ours. There was no legal document drawn with such consummate comprehensive provisions as the warrant from Christ by which we believe in our official essential character as teachers. We believe no one can infallibly learn Christ's law without our teaching; and we believe that the very provisions of the Divine Revelation itself, are not more forcibly expressed and urged, than our legal and essential appointment. We do not believe that the teacher ranks as high as the thing taught; but we believe that, according to the clear legislation of Christ on the subject, the thing to

be learned cannot be securely taught without the agency of the accredited minister; or can never be duly acquired by individual unofficial judgment. The document of appointment on this subject is the finest piece of legislative jurisprudence published in the sacred volume:—

1. The appointment and the Source of the power—"As the Father sent me, I send you."
2. The knowledge requisite to discharge the duties—"All things whatsoever I heard from the Father I have made known to you."
3. The office to be discharged—"Go ye into the whole world and preach the Gospel."
4. The subjects of their jurisdiction—"Go ye and preach the Gospel to every creature."
5. The extent of territory subject to their duties—"Go ye into all nations."
6. The authenticity of their appointment, and the obedience to be paid to them—"He who hears you, hears me."
7. The crime of not hearing and obeying them—"He who despises you despises me."
8. The rewards and penalties attached to their authority—"Go ye and preach . . . and he that believeth shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be damned."
9. The security which is attached to the discharge of their office—"Lo! I am with you."
10. The term and tenure of their office—"All days even to the consummation of the world."
11. The legislative bond of Christ, like a legal security to all men as a guarantee that these officers so appointed can never violate their trusts to the public—"And the gates of hell shall never prevail against it."
12. The presence of the Holy Ghost, as a further security to the performance of their duties—"I will send the Holy Ghost, the Spirit of Truth, who will bring to your recollection all things whatsoever I told you, and who will abide with you forever."

In the foregoing section of this letter, I have merely glanced at what may be called the legislative enactment, under which the Catholic Church holds her office of Godlike, universal, boundless, permanent, and infallible teacher of men in the Law of the Saviour. I assure you, gentlemen, I have often read over this commission in astonishment, as a mere product of legislation; and I have arrived at the conclusion in my own heart, my own mind, and my own soul, that there are no passages in the entire Last Will and Testament of

our Lord, put forth with even so much emphatic legal earnestness and literal energy as the comprehensive provisions which place in the hands of duly appointed men the whole power of teaching and deciding Christ's law.

There is decidedly no evidence in favor of the very existence of Christ, or in support of the very atonement on the Cross, which ranks higher in testimony than the clauses in reference to the subject before us; and hence I place this authority precisely on a level, in point of essence and necessity, with any other provision of God's Gospel. And beyond all doubt, if I would be made to believe that all the provisions, and legal statements, and high constitutional enactments which I have quoted, had all failed, fallen into disuse, and ceased to be necessary or essential; I tell you frankly, gentlemen, that the character of the rest of the volume, the reputation of the remaining provisions, the credence of all other clauses of the will, would be so much lessened, damaged, and, indeed, forfeited, that I could have decidedly no reasonable motive for relying on one word of the rest of the Testament. If you take away credit from the sincere, serious, didactic legal passages which I have adduced, I publicly avow that I could not be a Christian; and hence I presume to say with St. Augustine, "that I am held to the doctrines of Christianity only by the authority of the Catholic Church."

Gentlemen, will you kindly excuse this long letter to you? I beg to express again my unfeigned respect for you, although I do think you have not used me well, in the indiscreet, precipitate, unfounded public letter you have written to me. I pity you all much in the unchristian mission in which you are engaged. You can no more teach the truth than I can teach falsehood. You are doomed to a permanent error, by the very same evidence by which I am appointed to essential truth. You must be forever wrong by the very self-same laws by which I am forever right. I act under a commissioned authority, you speak from a self-appointed intrusion; and by the same bond by which Christ is bound always to set right the Catholic Church precisely

on the same cause, it follows that your local modern conventicles must be through all coming ages and unborn time, permanently wrong.

I have the honor to be, Reverend Sirs, your obedient servant,

D. W. CAHILL, D. D.

P. S.—As I shall leave Birkenhead to-mor ow for the North of England, and as you have gratuitously commenced this correspondence, I beg to say, with the highest respect, that I cannot attend to any valued communication with which you may condescend to favor me in future.

DR. CAHILL
TO
HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY, NAPOLEON III.
(FIRST LETTER.)

ROME, Oneida Co., United States of America, }
December 3, 1860.

"O wad some power the giftie gie us
To see ourselfs as ithers see us.
It wad frae mony a blunder free us,
And foolish notion;
What airs in dress and gait wad lea'e us,
And e'en devotion.—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 Gerrard, of 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 stanza of Burns from no unbecoming feeling of familiarity; but from a conviction that even Napoleon III., the genius of the *coup de main* of December, the hero of Solferino, appears to be utterly blind

to the "vagaries, the headlong impulses, and the conflicting decisions of his Italian policy." Although it is not likely that an Irish 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 inappeasable enemies. You have smothered the voice of the children of Bossuet and Saint Louis in the fiendish howl of Voltaire, and the spurious offspring of Diderot. Neither Italy, nor France, nor Spain, nor Belgium, dares publish the tears of the Pope, or the grief 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 name? How can the persecutor of Pius IX. command the Catholic French army to spill their blood in defense 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 intone your funeral service? The Catholic soldiers, the Catholic children of France, will not long 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 impertinently ascended to your place; 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. I have been, in my humble way, up to the present time, amongst your most ardent admirers, your warmest friends. I am read every week by millions of men; and I am read all over the civilized world. This is no silly boast. If I cannot 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 my place amongst a faithful army in his defense, I can enlist bands of Christian heroes on every Catholic soil, more valiant than your zouaves, to hunt down with execration 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, and repeated, and repeated, sworn allegations. You are pledged by documents (copies of which I hold in my possession)

which would convict you as the veriest moral criminal before any jury in Europe *if you now swear* from these your oaths before God and man.

There is time, yet time, Sire, for the fulfillment of these, your solemn engagements. I pray God that you may return to the feeling which has 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 levelling the kingly titles of all the neighboring dynasties. This is the new fatal idea which has lately possessed you, in order to bring down royalty to the level of a city mayor, in order to enable the grandson of the Corsican lawyer to stand on an equality with Charlemagne; and thus by effacing everything kingly, to raise the present democrat Emperor of France higher than all the ancient monarchs in Europe. 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 disennobling royalty, and of crowning democracy. The laws of nature, too, must, I dare say, yield to this Imperial decree of the younger Napoleon—

"When the rock trembles, from on high,
Must gravitation cease when he goes by?"

When corporals and city nailors can aid in making emperors in these days, it is nothing surprising if ordinary scholars can become statesmen, and can know the policy, the schemes, the stratagems, and the deceit of their rulers. Things are changed in these days, and emperors in modern times can break their word, violate their oaths, and become more demoralized than the lowest of their subjects. Do not mistake me, Sire; I am 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 fashion,

namely—that violated oaths, plunder of the Sanctuary, robbery of neutral states, could ever be argued as the antecedents, the auxiliaries, the adjuncts, or the results of the pure, spotless, heaven-born, ethical principle of true liberty. When Judas is canonized by mankind, Christianity has failed; and when murder, and 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 very brief:

Firstly—You make war upon Austria, not in defence of France, but in the *aggression* of Sardinia. In the victory 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, viz.: 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. Under the pretence of defending the citadel, you have, beyond doubt, betrayed the principal entrance.

Secondly—The next count of your perfidy is, when you executed the mock 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 the 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 of 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 gave additional 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.

Fourthly—The stale trick of giving liberty to peoples to select their rulers, is an argument to give legality and permanence to your own modern throne—time will tell. Such a liberty granted to the people of the Papal States under the *protection* of Sardinian bayonets, is the same kind of liberty as the vote of the lambs under the protection of the wolves in the absence of the shepherd! But, Sire, there is a more apt illustration of this your scheme of universal suffrage, in the Papal States, than the example just quoted. This scheme in Ancona, Ferrara, and the Bologna, is as old as its cognate plan of popular suffrage in the hall of Pilate. This Pilate, the imperial officer of Tiberius, addressed the *Jewish mob*, holding Jesus, and said, "Whom will you that I release to you, Barabbas or Christ? Whom will you have, but they said *Barabbas*." Ah, Sire, here is your plan, your policy, in reference to Papal Italy, carried out by your Lieutenant Cavour. Again, Sire, do you remember that on the awful occasion of this universal suffrage in the hall of Pilate, it is stated, that as "Pilate was sitting in the judgment seat, his wife sent to him, saying, have thou nothing to do with that just man, for I have suffered many things this day in a dream because of Him?"

Sire, take care what you are doing. In order to make the historical reference complete, it is said that a winning woman, an angelic creature, a lovely Empress has, with remonstrances and tears, addressed your heart in language like the warning given to Pilate by his wife! Sire, take care lest you be found fighting against God in your Roman policy. The universal suffrage surrounded by Sardinian bayonets is (in the case under consideration) a cruel mockery; opening the floodgates of licensed infidelity, and throwing down all the barriers of civil government. Sire, you have 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, and you have evinced a want of principle unknown in the lowest courts of jurisprudence.

I hold you responsible, too, for the murder, the assassination of my brave countrymen in the breach at Spoleto, the pass of the modern Thermopylæ. 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, therefore, spilled the blood of unoffending Ireland. You are an accomplice in his crime, and you can never wipe away this foul stain of assassination of my beloved countrymen. An overwhelming force of eight thousand blood-thirsty assassins attack, unexpectedly, the garrison of Spoleto; Ireland's children mounted the walls, and with the proverbial courage of their race, they utter a shout of "No surrender." Thirty brave poor fellows then threw themselves into the breach, and, without flinching, were killed to the last man!! Ireland will remember this act to the Bonaparte race as long as we have hearts for revenge; and when your cousin makes his next visit to Kingstown in your imperial yacht, I hope the wailing mothers of the slaughtered Irish Brigade will raise the cry of murder on the shore, as the hated, crimsoned Sardinian colors float in the murmuring breeze over the angry waters of the Irish harbor. Your

Majesty will learn soon that your Roman policy is built too high; it must fall.

Sire, you are treading 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 place of the Pope, King of Rome! Alas! appointed by a Bonaparte to sit in the Sanctuary, to wear the Pope's crown! Alas! poor child, he lay in his little coffin, wearing his early shroud, and sunk in his premature grave before his father'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 be King of Rome? Ah, Sire, spare the beautiful boy; leave him longer to his fond mother! do not so soon, Sire, make his early grave; not so soon build his infant tomb! Spare the beauteous child, the pure blood of charming Spain, proud Catholic Spain. Ah, Sire, do not name him King of Rome!

"In that same hour and hall,
The fingers of a hand
Came forth against the wall,
And wrote as if on sand.
The fingers of a man,
A solitary hand,
Along the letters ran,
And traced them like a wand.

"Balshazzar's grave is made,
His kingdom past away,
He in the balance weighed,
Is light and worthless clay.
The shroud, his robe of state,
His canopy, the stone,
The Mede is at his gate,
The Persian on his throne."—*Dryden*.

Pray, Sire, have you ever reflected on the mean 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! I shall repeat these craven words of your uncle! "Like Themistocles of old, I *throw myself* on the honor, the greatness, and the hospitality of the English people." Alas, the hero of Marengo, and the genius of Austerlitz, how fallen! Sire, have you ever heard the words which (it is said) 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 the little table at the fireplace, where your uncle offered him, 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, namely, the pastoral staff (which he held in his hand), and this little crown on my head. And remember, although you may at present throw down the monuments of the living, and uproot the tombs of the dead, you will soon be 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 amongst men." Sire, do you hear these words; and do you take warning in time. They speak loudly from the 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! On his retreat over the bridge of Beresina, the river was *choked* with the slain and the drowned; it overflowed its banks, and carried the dead into the fields in thousands, where they remained unburied for weeks and months. Whole regiments of cavalry were frozen in their saddles; their horses like statues, the men erect as in life. Regiments of infantry stood in the snow to their waists, in line of battle, dead and stiff in terrible death. It was a more thrilling, awful case than the angry vengeance on Sennacherib.

"The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;
And the sheen of their spears were like stars on the sea,
When the blue waves roll nightly on deep Galilee.

"Like the leaves of the forest when Summer is green,
That host with their banners at sunset were seen:
Like the leaves of the forest when Autumn hath blown,
That host on the morrow lay withered and strown.

"For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he pass'd;
And the eyes of the sleepers wax'd deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heav'd, and forever grew still!

"And there lay the steed with his nostrils wide;
But through it there roll'd not the breath of his pride;
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

"And there lay the rider, distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow, and the rust on his mail;
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

"And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal;
And the might of the Gentile, unsmeared by the sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord!"

Sire, you shall hear from me occasionally. You cannot gag my mouth here, as you have silenced your French hierarchy. I am in free America, where we can address kings and emperors as beings like other men. I shall, when necessary, tell you secrets perhaps not known to those nearest your person. And I am no 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 form an alliance with you, I despair of your ever returning to your former opinions. But if Russia join your enemies, another Waterloo awaits you from the 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 by quoting a few lines from Lord Byron, on your uncle being sent to St. Helena, and then merely sign my name.

"'Tis done, but yesterday a king,
And armed with kings to strive;
And now thou art a nameless thing
So abject, yet alive;
Is this the man of thousand thrones,
Who strewed our earth with hostile bones?
And can he thus survive?
Since he, miscalled the morning star,
Nor man nor fiend had fallen so far.

"Ill-minded man, why scourge thy kind
Who bowed so low the knee?
By gazing on thyself grown blind,
Thou taught'st the rest to see
With might unquestioned, power to save,
Thine only gift hath been the grave,
To those that worshiped thee;
Nor, till thy fall, could mortals guess
Ambition's less than littleness.

"And she, proud Austria's mournful flower,
Thy still imperial bride,
How bears her breast the torturing hour?
Still clings she to thy side?
Must she too bend, must she too share,
Thy late repentance, long despair,
Thou throneless homicide?
If still she loves thee, hoard that gem,
'Tis worth thy vanished diadem."

D. W. CAHILL, D.D.

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DR. CAHILL
TO
HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY, NAPOLEON III.
(SECOND LETTER.)

ROME, Oneida County, United States of America, }
Monday, July 15, 1861.

"Conqueror and captive of the earth art thou :
She trembles at thee still—and thy wild name
Was ne'er more bruited in men's minds than now,
That thou art nothing save the jest of fame,
Who wou'd thee, once thy vassal, and became
The flatterer of thy fierceness till thou wert
A God unto thyself : nor less the same
To the astounded kingdoms, *all in art*,
Who *seemed thee for a time*, whate'er thou didst assert.

"Oh ! more or less than man—in high or low—
Battling with nations—flying from the field—
Now making monarchs' necks thy footstool, now
More than thy meanest soldier taught to yield :
An empire thou couldst crush, command, rebuild,
But governed not thy pettiest passion, nor,
However deeply in men's spirits skilled,
Look through thine own, nor curb the lust of war,
Nor learn that *tempted fate* will leave the loftiest star."

—*Childs Harold.*

IMPERIAL SIRE,—These thrilling and philosophic lines,
written by Lord Byron on your uncle's character and
fate, should be studied by your Majesty as a text for your
daily instruction. It is an exact photograph of the power,
temper, feeling, and fall of the Great Napoleon ; it is a minia-
ture historic likeness, taken under the electric light of
Byron's art ; and do not, I pray you, think less of the origi-

nal skill of the painter, because an Irish priest and a servant of the Pope presents this flashing portrait to you.

Sire, the last news of your ever-changing policy informs the world, through your enigmatic despatches, that you have recognized Victor Emmanuel as the King of all Italy. Romulus was, they say, the first king of ancient Latium, and he was suckled by a wolf; your Majesty's nominee, therefore, is rather a congruous appointment; he is a true patronymic successor of this early king, since he is already called by universal consent, "The Wolf of the Fold." Although your Majesty has scarcely finished one lustrum on the imperial throne, the busy world keenly observes the unerring selection of your near friends and companions. Up to this period, Cavour (of hated memory), Mazzini, Garibaldi, have been, in secret, your revolutionary supporters, your followers. Old monarchy is your target; modern-made kingship is your *beau idéal*. To make white black, is your sleepless aim; and to make black white, seems to be your new patent of invention. The whole world, which now reads you through a microscope, can see the smallest lines of your character, magnified for public inspection. You have taught mankind the art of discovering the alloy in old kings; and neither yourself, no more than other kings, can now escape the searching examination of your indoctrinated adherents. This same mankind will now fairly inquire—namely, whether the *friends* of the Napoleons are the Cavours or the Montalemberts: whether the Napoleons will untie or rebind on the Cross the limbs of Christ; and whether the Napoleons are likely to spread morality wide and deep, and to sustain the Church of God, as faithfully as the unfortunate and latterly maligned Bourbons have done.

You Sire, who are said to be eminent in history, and skilled in the science of historic deducibles, you can say, if you think, the Napoleons are an improvement on the royalty, the morality, the education, the honor, the greatness, the dignity, and the faith of France. As your Majesty is said to be singularly distinguished in writing pamphlets (under royalty

incog.) for the advantage of the present, and for the guidance of the future, do you think that kingly trick, perfidy, broken word, violated promises, dishonorable design, and infidel leanings, can elevate national honor, or strengthen national power? For believe, on the contrary, that if the heads of nations become demoralized, the people will soon follow the example, and that a muddy or poisoned source must diffuse foul and noxious waters. It was so in the reign of Louis XVI.; it was painfully true in the late unfortunate days of Louis Philippe. In one case the vice of the court steeped the country in sanguinary crime; in the second instance, the organized hypocrisy of the monarch spread into the army, kept the French sabre concealed, as it were, in a friendly sheath, till the given moment arrived, when the sword was drawn on the perfidious king; when he ran for his life from his own bayonets of deceit, and died in exile.

Your Majesty, with your usual ambiguity of style, does not say over what parts of Italy your king shall reign; nor do you state, in your sublime obscurity, what shall be the precise territories, or what are the mathematical boundaries to which the Pope, your footstool, can advance, and no farther, in the presence and with the permission of your Romulus II. In this painful trial of the Pope, the enormity of the Sardinian robbery awakens a panic of horror throughout the entire civilization of mankind. The Pope has met many difficulties through the ages that are past; his crown has been torn off his head, and his ancient throne has been removed from the Seven Hills; but in no instance has his heart been rent with a pang equal to the shock from Savoy, under the ungrateful leadership of France, his eldest child.

In this distressing predatory warfare, there is no question of national right, nor is there any dispute of immemorial possession, nor tyrannical laws, nor cruel government. The voice of Christian Europe gives evidence of the mildness of the Pope, and of the justice of his laws. Proofs and critical reports deemed satisfactory and demonstrative, in proving the legislative perfection of other states, can be and are adduced in similar demonstration in reference to the parallel

case of the Roman governor and his state law; and the ablest jurists in Europe (an official historical fact) have within the last ten years juridically insisted that the Pope, as a temporal prince, has no superior in Europe, and that the Roman constitution, in point of popular value, civic provision, charitable foundations, universal, judicious, literary, scientific education, even-handed justice, and kind administration, is not surpassed by the most advanced courts in Europe. The assault therefore, on the Pope's political character, the seizure of his ancient dominions, and the public plunder of his paternal property stands before God and man (on unimpeached evidence) as flagrant injustice, unpalliated public spoliation. If this testimony of Europe be received as reliable proof against Sardinia, it will follow that an unoffending neutral power, without a crime in her constitution or laws, without a cause of assault, without provocation, has been robbed by Sardinia, precisely as a defenceless victim is robbed by a powerful highwayman. In all our modern European wars there has been in every instance some pretext of an offence; some excuse for retaliation or for attack; but in the Roman plunder of whole provinces, it stands alone without one mitigating point. To attempt any defence of this unparalleled outrage upon all laws would be the same thesis as to defend the violation of the Ten Commandments; it would be reversing every principle of religion and probity, revealed and taught in God's Gospel. Two hundred and fifty millions of Christians proclaim, through their adult population, through their priests and bishops, the sacrilegious robbery of Victor Emmanuel. In this letter, addressed to your Majesty on the *Roman question*, I have purposely avoided mixing you up with this infamous man in his own kingdom of Sardinia. I have, therefore, been silent on his plunder of the Sardinian Church, on his persecution, and imprisonment, and banishment of his bishops, on his expulsion of the Jesuits, and on his entire malignant infidel hostility to the Catholic Church. This is not precisely the question in which your Majesty is critically and officially engaged.

In carrying out, too, to a successful issue, these schemes

of Roman plunder, he has deliberately murdered the Pope's subjects, who stood in defence of their master's property. An army of eight thousand assassins in his pay spilled the blood of Irish children, defending the Pope at Spoleto! These crimes, by the decision of Catholic Europe, are, decidedly, palpable robbery and deliberate murder, done by a king in the teeth of common justice, of national right, and of European law. If this case were examined and judged in the rigors of common law, strict justice meted to Victor Emmanuel would consign him, by common consent, to the hangman's rope. The modern policy of villains like himself may change the name of his crimes, and may blind or cover up the public horror at his conduct. But through all coming time, through unborn generations, the faithful pen of the impartial historian will denominate your king of your universal suffrage as the greatest villain in Europe, the robber of the Pope, and the assassin of the faithful Irish. This robber, this assassin, this sacrilegious wretch is, moreover, placed at this moment outside the pale of the Catholic Church, by the excommunication of the Sovereign Pontiff; and yet this is the man who is the bosom friend of Napoleon III.

From these premises, Sire, which I have taken the pains to argue at some length, with historical candid accuracy, I believe it will be very difficult for you to stand before Europe, to expose your naked heart, and to declare in honorable, transparent sincerity that you are the friend of the Pope, while you are the supporter of his deadly enemy. How can you clear yourself before the world of not advocating, ratifying the Pope's robbery, if you are bosom friend of the juridically proved robber? How can you tell mankind that you are the Pope's protector, while you approve the plunder of his dominions, and the assassinations of his faithful, neutral, unoffending guards? How can you trifle with the common sense of mankind by telling in your military despatches that you securely garrison Rome, while your army looks on approvingly at the plunder done to the Pope, under the very guns of the French artillery? How can your astounding

deceit dare to insult the intellect of mankind by assuring the world that you are innocent of the robbery of the Pope, while you stand among the crowd who are stripping him naked! Victor Emmanuel, *his son-in-law*, *your happy cousin*, and Cavour, have surrounded the Pope like a family of pickpockets; they rob him in open day; they hand the spoil adroitly from hand to hand, to the robber's den at Turin; while you, the head of the gang, proclaim at the tip of your voice, that you are not one of the party, although the keys of the gates of Ancona are seen hanging up in your office; and the duplicate of the Pope's temporal crown is placed amongst the regalia of the Tuileries.

Bigotry has seized the House of Commons, and their laws are framed to degrade Catholicity. Again, the Protestant landlords hold almost all Ireland in fee, and hence they can expel the tenantry at their pleasure. And the Protestant Church, between money and lands, commands one million sterling of Irish revenue. These garrisons of offence, like masked batteries, are built and arranged for the subjugation of our Faith, and for the extinction of our people. Of course in such an unequal conflict the poor Irish have lost their liberties, their lands, their houses, but, faithful fellows, they have preserved their faith. These many years the whole power of England is concentrated to Protestantize Ireland; yet the noble Irish have vanquished the combination. There never was in Europe such a terrific struggle, such a violent tempest; yet the glorious Irish have conquered. Their bullets could not reach the soul: we stooped our heads to let the hurricane pass; and the living have not lost one man by dishonor, cowardice, or infidelity. I cannot describe to you, Sire, the ceaseless treachery of the English, or the unflinching courage of the Irish. Our enemies are reducing our numbers by famine and emigration; but few have deserted our ranks as traitors. The world is deceived by England; she advocates freedom abroad, but practises tyranny at home. She complains of the dungeons of Naples, yet opens graves for Ireland. She condemns the Pope for lawfully taking one Jewish boy, Mortara, from his father, while

she banishes from home tens of thousands, of the Irish for rejecting Protestant gold to corrupt their faith. Ireland is thus oppressed, persecuted, and unhappy ; and Ireland hopes against hope for some event in the way of Providence to check the domination of her rulers, and to give justice and peace to her people.

Sire, hear me. We ask no pity from you. We petition you for no assistance. These requests would be against our feelings, our laws. Besides, we could not believe the word of Napoleon III. But hear me, while I tell you that the bitterest pang in the sorrows of Ireland is, when England publishes our freedom, while we are laden with chains, to tell the nations of our tolerant treatment, while the Cross is mocked ; to extol the extended system of National education, while they insist (like the former College de France) on forcing a wolf into our fold ; to boast in public meetings of our prosperity, while we are dying of hunger ; and to parade the equality of Ireland with England, while millions cry out from the famine graves, from the poorhouses, from the emigrant ships, that neither Attila nor Mahommed have killed more millions in Spain or Barbary than the English Cabinets have destroyed during the last twenty years in Ireland.

Sire, let no British sophism, no diplomatic perfidy, stand between your judgment and the figures of arithmetic which I have adduced in reference to the violent extinction of the Irish. Hold the imperishable fact of history in your mind ; refer to the unanswerable argument of the coffinless Irish dead ; and ask, if England be just, if there be equality in her laws, how could tens of thousands of the Irish die of famine, while twenty-four million sterling filled the English treasury ; and how could two millions of souls be forcibly, cruelly removed from the population within twenty years ! And if anything could add to the scalding persecution and injustice of the Irish survivors, it is the almost incredible fact—namely, that they are compelled to pay tithes to the descendants of the men who beheaded their fathers ; to support a counterpart society called a Church, which robbed our ancestors of the entire soil of Ireland ; and to pay a large

annual sum for the propagation of a doctrine which *the most learned among themselves believe to be a public blasphemous lie.*

Sire, I have been in the Southern States of this Republic ; I have examined the whole case of the slaves there ; I have spoken with them ; I have penetrated their minds ; I have daguerreotyped their feelings ; and with all my prejudices against slavery, I own before God and man, I believe, and I swear on my convictions, that England has made the material, the social, the domestic, the mental condition (all and all) of the Catholic laboring and cottier peasantry of Ireland, far, far and away, incomparably worse, more unendurable, more crushing, more degrading, more self-debasing in its present policy, than the condition of the negro slave population of this Republic.

The late Secretary of War of this country, General Floyd, in a masterly letter which he had written in the commencement of the present civil war, "called the attention of America to the cruel perfidy and tyranny of England, namely, publishing abroad over all the world her toleration, her justice, her constitutional equality, while at home her persecution of the Catholics of her nation, her bigotry, her penal laws, render the condition of the poor Irish *infinitely worse* than the position of the slaves of North America."

Sire, when I shall have placed before your Majesty the whole Church of England at home and abroad, and when I shall add to this statement the conduct of Victor Emmanuel in Sardinia and Italy, I do believe that your being an accomplice in this English and Sardinian combination, renders your Majesty (under the guise of friendship) the most perfidious enemy of the Catholic Church.

D. W. CAHILL, D.D.

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DR. CAHILL
TO
HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY, NAPOLEON III.

ROME, Oneida County, North America. }
July 30, 1861.

Question—What is the Church?

Answer—"The Congregation of all the Faithful who, being baptized, profess the same doctrine, partake of the same Sacraments and Sacrifice, and are governed by their lawful pastors, under one visible head on earth."

IMPERIAL SIRE,—The words I have just adduced were "the definition" of the Church from the beginning of Christianity. The fact of one sun in the skies, the fact of the universality of the seasons, were not admitted with a more cogent testimony, by the followers of the New Law, than the clauses setting forth and bounding this one, this universal Institution. All the monarchs of the old world, with few exceptions, were converted in the early ages to this spiritual jurisdiction; and the throne of your royal predecessor, Charlemagne, was built and raised on the foundation of this Ecclesiastical legislation.

I am not going to argue theology, or to discuss Church history with your Majesty; nor have I the presumption to *continue* an epistolary correspondence with the Emperor of France. No, Sire, I fancy that I have a more just conception of your lofty position; and I hope I understand my own humble place too well to be guilty of an unbecoming familiarity in your regard, and of a preposterous assumption in my own. No, Sire, I cannot forget myself, no more than I can be unconscious of your character and crown. But from my long correspondence with the European Continent I am in possession of documents in reference to England, which documents cannot be too often or too widely circulated. And

hence, before I shall close my letters to you, I am anxious to place before you the intrigues of Great Britain in several Catholic countries ; and to demonstrate to you that long before your Royal pretensions were even thought of—long before the expulsion of King Louis Philippe—English stratagem had created and confederated revolutionary parties in Vienna, in Naples, in Madrid, in Rome, and remember, Sire, in Paris itself. These combined, secret clubs were united in order to revolutionize these various countries, to overturn or to weaken the Catholic creed, and, lastly, to place a Prince of the House of Coburg on the various thrones, which, like Belgium or Portugal, might become vacant through British perfidy or infidel revolution.

Some of these schemes of the various English cabinets I shall compendiously present to your consideration, and although it is very difficult to overcome my determination to discontinue forthwith a prolonged correspondence with the French Emperor, yet I shall in the present instance yield to the higher and more powerful motives. And, therefore, I shall presume to write three letters to your Majesty ; the first shall be on the character of England at home ; the second shall be devoted to the conduct of England abroad ; the third shall be a becoming remonstrance to Napoleon III., for joining the executioners of his uncle ; and I shall further inquire how the adventurous grandson of an humble Catholic lawyer (himself reared a professing Catholic) could make common cause with an excommunicated robber to oppress the Holy Father, to dishonor the Church, to wound Christianity, and to plunge the spear of Charlemagne into the heart of Christ. Remember, Sire, that though very humble, I shall make millions further acquainted with your ingratitude and your crime, and shall make men feel that the old Pope, whose days are nearly two thousand years, shall live on from age to age ; shall grow vigorous by time ; shall look fresh when the mountains are grey, and shall govern the world in faith and in power, when the barren stock of the proverbially childless family of the Bonapartes shall rot in forgotten or hated ruin.

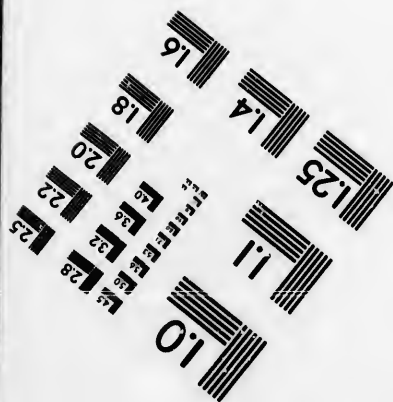
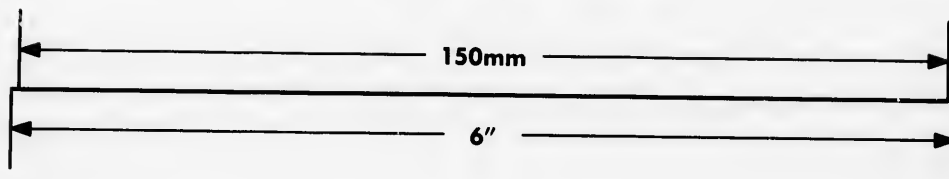
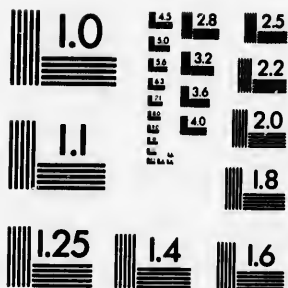
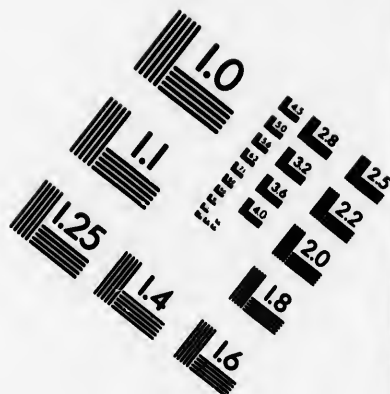
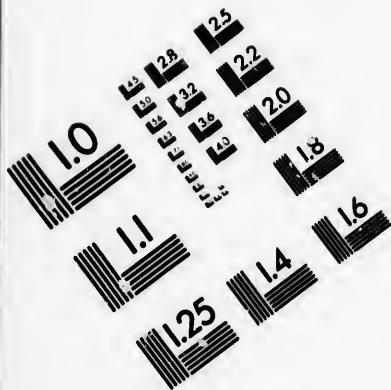
Your Majesty knows from the definition placed at the head of this letter that the Pope, consecrated hierarchy, the ordained clergy, the revealed mysteries, and all other religious facts taught by them, constitute the official establishment of the New Law: to which when we add all congregations, professing the one divine faith and practising the same prescribed duties, we have then before us, in practical activity, the society called "the Catholic Church." Through the past ages of Christianity we have had several varieties of hostile innovations in faith and in practice. The Arians and the Greek schismatics spread themselves widely over the domain of the fold, but were removed and expelled by the old Shepherd, when fairly examined, and when clearly convicted. In fact, these and other early innovations had reference to dogmas wholly or half denied, to new opinions half expressed. When Greeks did elect a local and (if I may so speak) a *clerical*, national pope, and they left the official bishops, and the official clergy in discharge of their usual official duties, their novelties were, as it were, but few. The breach was not so wide but it could be easily amended. Their *quasi* pope could be replaced by the true successor without much difficulty, their mistake in doctrine could be retraced by them without great humiliation, and the Greek could be easily received by the Latin, forgiven and reinstated.

But the English innovation, the British heresy, threw down at once the whole fabric. The *Monarch* became the Pope, the head of the new society; he appointed mock bishops and mock clergy; he expunged from the old doctrines those parts which plainly condemned this unchristian conduct; and he explained as allegories, parables, and metaphors, all those other passages which went to maintain the ancient Faith. The new sham bishops were, of course, not consecrated; nor, of course, were the clergy ordained.

The writer at the court of Elizabeth used to *jibe* the Catholic prelates by saying and publishing that the royal bishops were neither "OILED NOR GREASED" like the Popish hierarchy; but "that they came back *appointed* to their office by the clear stamp of the royal nomination." A large

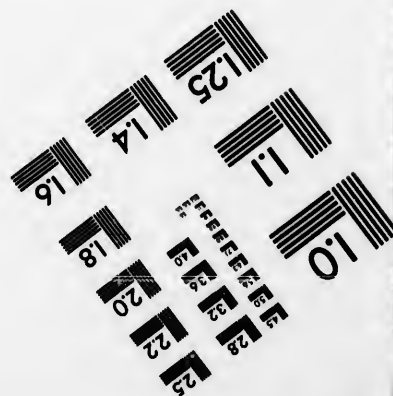


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volume called "Anglican Consecration," and a small book of *historical references* on the same subject, from the pen of an American Catholic Archbishop, Most Rev. Dr. Kenrick, will be, before your Majesty, my voucher and my argument on this most important point of my letter. All the old consecrated or ordained officers were removed at one stroke; men who abducted other men's wives became bishops; persons who had forced nuns from their convents were appointed priests; and in order to give sublimity to vice, and indeed *for the fun of the thing*, a woman was made Pope! It was a singular sight, indeed, to see a successor of St. Peter in petticoats! Religion must have wept, and hell must have laughed outright, to behold Queen Elizabeth, the daughter of Anna Bullen, one of the beheaded mistresses of Henry VIII., with the mock keys of heaven in her hand! It was a more thrilling public insanity than when the French infidels of the first Revolution placed a young woman on a pedestal, to adore her as the Goddess of Reason; and afterwards worshipped, in derision of Christianity, a stone female statue in the same position.

Scarcely a stone of the new Church was preserved to form the new English conventicle; the new thing became truly a new building. But they gave the spiritual architecture the same external shape. They made a fictitious Pope, viz., the King or Queen of the country; they had false bishops and false clergy; they had a mock faith, made up of the Apostles' Creed, and of the decisions of the English Privy Council! The only remnant of the old Church which they produced was the mutilated Scriptures, which they presented to the public to cajole the ignorant, and to deceive the unwary. As well might Sir Hudson Lowe, the scullion of St. Helena, present one of your uncle's boots (real, of course) and call it Napoleon Bonaparte and the French army, as for Cranmer and Somerset to exhibit an imperfect volume, and call it by the definition of the head of my letter. Sire, the farce of the English Church is at this point perfect; a blasphemous device, a palpable mockery of God. It is substituting an English Biblical religion in place of the faith of the Apos-

bles ; it is being made holy by act of Parliament ; it is to be justified against the will of God ; it is clearly a mad, wicked invention of stark-naked infidelity. If we did not see the invention in practical working, we never could be made to believe that men could appoint a woman to be a Pope ; that characters of known immorality could be the apostles of sanctity ; that the enemies of God could be the ministers of His will ; and that a remnant of the Scriptures could become a *Church*, such as was defined by all antiquity. If this definition was heretofore correct, it follows that the present English system of religion is an atrocious iniquity, an incurable burlesque of Revelation, practised on the credulity of mankind.

As the old faithful Church of Ireland *resisted* the blasphemy, the English Pope (Queen Elizabeth) banished and killed, during her reign, from 1558 to 1603, nine hundred of the Irish clergy ; and she expelled and put to death seventy thousand of our sainted fathers ! She seized our abbey lands, threw down our ancient churches, and the graves of our martyred ancestors are buried under their crumbled ruins.

We were guilty of no crime ; we asked nothing but our ancient faith, and our national liberties. We begged no favor but liberty of conscience ; we demanded no privileges except to leave us our homes, the cross, and our lives. They answered our petitions, our cries, by the sword. They left us nothing but the graves of our fathers. They wrote on their banners words of the same import as the threat of Mahomet, "Ransom, conversion, or death." We retreated to the fortresses of our mountains ; we lived among rocks. Only a wretched fragment escaped the slaughter. These were only saved to cultivate the soil. We prayed to God for patience ; and we cried to heaven for redress. For one whole century we bled under the axe of the executioner. Woes and lamentation filled our valleys ; the heart of Ireland was pierced, but we clung to our ancient faith.

Mere death was in the end a boon : they presented death with a scientific torture, with invented agonies. Priests were

tied back to back and thrown down steep rocks; bishops were strangled and hung up for infantry ball-practice. "The rack, the triangle, the scavenger," were instruments of pain to render the agonies of death one hundred-fold more terrible; there was more blood spilled in the first establishment of this English fraud than has been shed in any country of Europe in the passage and victory of the most hostile sanguinary army. Caverns in rocks, deserted pits and cuts in valleys, are still pointed out to the rising generation as the melancholy spots where the trembling Irish lay concealed from their murderous pursuers in those days of terror. The plunder of our lands, the robbery of our altars, the assassination of our kindred, are the historic facts that have preceded and accompanied the Lutheran Gospel in Ireland; and the forcible assaults on our women; the murder of our virgins (at Wexford); the perjuries of their mock trials, leave nothing wanted to render this English mockery of God to be the most flagitious, profligate, cruel, sanguinary aggregate of crime that perhaps has ever been enacted in any country at any period of ancient or modern history. Although I am myself an accurate professional historian, I beg, in addition to my own testimony, that your Majesty will consult on this subject two works, namely—"Cobbett's English Reformation," and "Walshe's Compendium on the Missionaries and Martyrs of Ireland."

Sire, here at my cold desk, my mind cannot have the just sentiment of burning rage; nor can my heart entertain the expected feeling of unassuageable woe at this merciless death of my countrymen. In order to place myself in a congruous position and temper, to treat fully this rending subject, I should go to an Irish churchyard; and I should go at night, by the mournful light of the waning moon, and there, sitting alone on the crimsoned graves of my martyred ancestors, I believe I could acquire an inspiration, not only to tell you my own legitimate anger, but to make you comprehend the undying hatred of the past, the present, and the unborn generations of all Ireland against these laws of forgery on God, and of the butchery of my country. It is from the dark, cold grave, like the flash from the lowering

cloud, that the sudden, involuntary fire must issue to warm and ignite the national revenge. In our distress we often fancied that our cries for relief would reach the ear of France; and that the Gallic heart would be moved in some way to mitigate our sufferings. We hoped that the sons of Saint Louis would pity the children of St. Patrick, and save us from the offspring of Calvin—but alas! we cried in vain. We had no friend on the European Continent to arrest the English sword, to staunch our blood, to heal our wounds. And our penal laws not permitting us to write ourselves, England had, therefore, no exposure to dread from Europe, while she wore the vizor of an assassin, rioting in inappeasable cruelties to Ireland. I am only glancing, Sire, at the general terrors. How could I compress in a few sheets the agonies, the deaths of thousands, the tears, the despair of the survivors? How could I describe the executioners that killed our fathers, their red swords, their cruelty to the dead, their vengeance on the living? All our lands seized, the church levelled, our kindred beheaded, our women hiding among the tombs, the survivors hunted like wild beasts, and the whole nation trodden down under the feet of a savage, lawless, brutal soldiery! Sire, I am only glancing at the salient points of our national sorrows.

There is an important item of policy in later days in reference to the connection of England with Ireland, which policy should be made known to your Majesty. Within the last half century England has passed laws in favor of equality with Ireland! These laws are called by the Irish "parchment laws," but still the same political exclusion, the same penal code, are, in many instances, felt in the administration of the law, with the same venomous malice as in the worst days of Elizabeth. You have, no doubt, heard of this relaxation of Ireland's woes, called emancipation. The instruments of torture are now changed, but the persecution is the same. We are now hanged by a silken rope.

Your nearest friends are forced to believe that you surpass the whole "family of Sardinia" in perfidy: I believe you to be the chief conspirator in this Roman difficulty; and, more-

over, that like your uncle, you preserve the artful decency of being on public good terms with the Pope, while in your own secret machinations you are his unmitigated bitterest enemy. Sire, the most finished dodge in this secret plot is the hearty laugh which you must give in private at the successful thimblerrigging (seen by you in England) by which you can shift this robbery from man to man, before the searching face and eyes of all Europe, although you are the man who have planned the deceitful art; and you are the man who, by your successful touch, can for the present pocket, for the benefit of "the family," the cheated property. Read, Sire, the last two lines of the first stanza at the head of this letter; and you may learn that the *present* "inert astounded kingdoms," will soon know you, and will, perhaps, soon teach you—

"That tempted fate will leave the loftiest star."

Your Majesty is most inconsistent in your present career—preaching peace and making war—publishing liberty, while fomenting revolution—advising order, while evoking the very whirlwind of social sedition—lecturing on free universal suffrage under the lighted match of your artillery—advocating democracy with an oath, while seizing a crown, in the teeth of your solemn, sworn promise to God and man—crushing the Druses while imprisoning the Catholic bishops—the friend of the Sultan while the enemy of the Pope—kneeling before the Cross while fettering the limbs of Christ—hatched in an eagle's nest, yet a vulture full grown. Hear the words of the immortal Irishman, O'Connell, in reference to your uncle: "I always considered the great Napoleon (as he is called) a reckless, rather than a rational, military genius. From his actions during one week of his sway, the unnecessary exposure of his life, from his astounding, headlong, personal perils, he never could hope, rationally, to survive these dangers. His *safety*, therefore, which was in several instances the result of what is called *mere unexpected chance*, was paraded through the world by his admirers, as the consecutive result of clear deliberate premises well laid

down. The whole history of this man," said O'Connell, "was, in the cases referred to, reckless, impetuous courage without judgment. Several of his most brilliant victories were, therefore, fortuitous and accidental. And hence," said O'Connell, "I do designate Napoleon 'a splendid military madman.'"

If you Sire, *persevere* in your political programme, you will soon be designated by the title of your uncle. Those who seem to unravel your enigmatical character, and to solve your incomprehensible profundities, assert that all but the day is fixed by you for the conquest of Venetia! Again, they say you have settled on the expedition for adjusting the boundaries of the Rhine! Again, it is rumored that the lineal descendant of the Moscow genius will go on an adventure to the old Pays Bas, and restore Belgium and Holland, the old French Netherlands, to the Gallic crown. Perhaps you will succeed for a time, like your uncle, and succeed to his title, given by O'Connell. But remember, the surrounding kingdoms are looking on, though now "inert." And recollect that the old allies are still alive in their descendants; and they believe that if they behold the younger Napoleon trying to imitate the career of his uncle in Austria and Prussia, the same allies of Waterloo will again confederate, and will again speak to all Europe in a voice of thunder, the following terrific decision:

"Shall we, who have overthrown the despoiler of our fields, the robber of our cities, the destroyer of our children; shall we, who have beaten down the *lion*, and chained him in his lair; shall we now lay by our lances, and permit the *wolf* to trace the same fell track, and spread desolation over our fair kingdoms?"

Sire, at your leisure ponder on these most certain resolutions, and be prepared for a catastrophe most justly due to a career of deceit and terror—never making one solid friend, or leaving behind one solitary permanent act of social, political, or religious advantage.

Your Majesty's constant argument, claiming the good opinion of the Catholic world, is your military occupation of

Rome. This argument is one of your clap-trap positions, throwing dust in the eyes of Europe. Sire, I consider your possession of Rome, on the contrary, to be the masterpiece of your perfidy; the mainspring of your disastrous policy to the Pope. Withdraw your troops to-morrow, and *remain neutral*, and the world will soon see Austria in the Roman capital; the legations restored; the Duchies returned; Lombardy recovered; Naples rescued from your infidel friends; Francis II. again on his throne, and the Italian *statu quo* re-established! Sire, it is you who are the disturber of all Italy. You have beaten off Austria, the Pope's protector, the guardian of all Italy; and you have taken the Austrian place, not for protection, but for the subjugation of Bourbon, and the Pope; for the future alliance of your infant *only child*; and for the aggrandizement of your family connection. Sire, your presence in Rome is the match of conflagration to all Italy; and your armed bands there are the jailers and the guards of the Pope. You are the Cataline of the senate house there; till you are removed or expelled, the capital is not safe. Yes, you are continually stating to those who don't fathom the Boulogne conspirator, or who are ignorant of Italian politics, that you are the protector of the Pope. What a farce to enact in the face of Europe; whereas you have beaten away the guards, permitted the robber (your affinity) to *seize* the neutral territory; and still you have the incredible effrontery to tell Europe that you are the sentinel of the Vatican. But let Europe hear the alternative—namely, remove your French detectives; stand neutral; leave Austria, aided by all the friends of order in Italy, a field of fair play; and then the Catholic world will strew annual flowers on your tomb, instead of perennial thistles in your grave. I pray you, Sire, not to make light of these honest words of mine. I am read all over the world, by millions of men; and you know well, in your inmost heart of deceit, that I speak the rigid truth on your past and present policy.

While your hired press in France, and your slavish journals in Italy are parading your greatness, and the solidity of

your throne, I do believe, from the clear statistical facts of France, that you are at this moment the very weakest personal monarch in Europe. I firmly believe you sit on the most brittle, fleeting throne of modern times. You were certainly returned President of the French by upwards of seven millions of votes! These votes, too, were sincere; given to Bonaparte as President of France. But you know equally well that you seized the kingly, the imperial crown, by a *coup de main* at the dead of night; and that your supporters, in this act of violence, perjury, and deceit, numbered about *ten thousand Bonaparte soldiers*! At this moment, after years of flattering to your military, you have about two hundred thousand votes for your royalty, out of seven million Republicans! If your *royalty* were to-morrow put to your own scheme of universal suffrage, I tell you from this city of America, that your chance of *rejection* would be about *thirty-five to one*.

At this moment all the sincere Republicans in France are, to a man, against your royalty, your violated oath, your character.

All the Legitimists are, of course, banded against you, and hear me; you know that I know France intimately and well. Hear me Sire—you have at least *fifty thousand* armed men—Legitimists to the heart's core, to the death, who would in forty-eight hours take the field against you, if there was a chance of success at present.

Again, you have Orleansists against you, who could, in one week, make a formidable armed party to aid in crushing you. And hence, between discontented Red Republicans, and Legitimists, and Orleansists, and the number of sincere Catholics who abhor your Roman policy, there is not, I verily believe, any one monarch in Europe, or *ever was in Europe*, who sits on a feebler throne than you do, or who has such a small number of real supporters!

And if any untoward fate (which I pray, may God forbid) befall your only child, your adored son, your darling, little Prince, how could your withered heart ever afterwards have one ray of sunshine to shed light on your future unhappy

path? And how could your beautiful wretched Empress survive the terrible shock of a mother's heart. Believe me, Sire, your house and throne are brittle and fleeting. Cavour has been snatched from your side; and the black plumes of his hearse have been shaken in your teeth: take care not to spit in the face of the Vicar of Christ; do not, I pray you, buffet the head of the Viceroy of the Saviour, lest the white appalling plumes of a younger, dearer, more awful grave may be flaunted in your face; I tell you, Sire, you stand upon terrible ground. I pray you not to provoke God in His own house; do not jibe death, or jest with sacrilege.

There are, I believe, eleven millions of martyrs buried within the circuit of the old Roman city; the clay is sacred fifteen feet deep—tread lightly on this city grave, and do not touch one white hair on the venerable head which occasionally bends there in prayer over the tombs of Peter and Paul. Take care, Sire, what you are doing in meddling with the Pope. Do not handle the lightning. Ask his benediction, but do not provoke his curse. When in his health he does not require your help; but when lying sick and weak on the ground, go at once to the assistance of the Father of all the Faithful; lift him up; console him; be his support in his old age. But do not rend his aged heart, and send his gray hairs in sorrow to the grave. Of course you have often read the terrible denunciation of Christ against Judas, who betrayed Him:

“Woe to that man by whom the Son of Man shall be betrayed; it were better for him if that man had not been born.”

Sire, do not earn the ignominy of having your historic name placed in the same page with Julian the Apostate, and Henry of England; let your honored epitaph be written on a monument undefiled by the charges of perfidy, plunder or sacrilege. Know your true strength on your throne—namely, the Catholic love of France, the Catholic sentiment of Europe. Have no fellowship with infidelity, that brought your predecessor to the block. The priests hold the mysteries of religion in their hands; they are more a part of the New Law

than Indian ink and paper. They are the living New Law. Cherish them, protect them, respect them. Be what you ought to be, a true Catholic emperor; truth in your mouth, faith in your heart, the Cross your imperial standard, and the tabernacle your fortress of defence. Be Constantine, be Charlemagne, be the meteor monarch of the South, the royal Catholic prodigy of the age. Be a tower of strength in the South of Europe against the combined powers of infidelity. A child of fortune, Catholic Gaul put the sword of dominion in your hands; conquer first the enemies of God and of His Church. Be the Royal Lion of the fold of Juda; stand in the front of the battle of faith in the nineteenth century. Your co-religionists look at you from all Europe; enable us to give a willing cheer for your courage and your success; do not desert the ranks of the illustrious dead and the eminent living of your Church, and God will shed a blessing on your throne, and will grant long life and benediction to the children of your child.

Sire, excuse these professional concluding remarks. You have it still in your power to fulfill your promise to the Pope. You can restore him to his own territories, or grant an equivalent for the Provinces; and thus protect your own pledged-written declaration from being classed with the perfidious stratagems of the enemies of God and man.

D. W. CAHILL, D.D.

LETTER OF THE REV. DR. CAHILL

TO THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF DERBY.

"In the first place, then, I can sincerely assure you of my earnest desire and determination to promote, to the utmost of my power, the cause of Protestant truth, in opposition to Popish error; and upon the particular question of the grant to Maynooth..... my inclination and my opinion are, and have always been, opposed to the grant..... I am strongly in favor of an inquiry, and shall support Mr. Spooner's motion for a committee on the whole subject of the grant; and shall cordially and strenuously concur with Lord Derby's Government..... for the entire repeal of the act of '45. More than this, I cannot think you will require from one who aspires to be a member of the Administration to which alone you can look with confidence for the sincere and effective support of Protestantism against the spirit and inroads of the Papacy."—*Wm. Kelly*.

PAROCHIAL-HOUSE, NAVAN, April 17th, 1852.

MY LORD EARL,—The extract just quoted is taken from a letter recently written by your Solicitor-General; and as he mentions your Lordship's name, the sentiments expressed in his communication must, of course, be adopted by you. So, then, your law officer for England and Ireland sends forth a preliminary missive, in imitation of the far-famed "Durham letter;" and the Parliamentary eloquence of '52 is about to rehearse the same foul-mouthed bigotry as the disgraceful session of '51; and the words "Popish error," and "the Papacy," are again to form the filthy vocabulary of legislative rancor; and the new Tory Cabinet are ranging themselves under the old faded colors of the "mummeries of superstition"; and the Catholics of Europe, and the Catholic victorious army of England, are again to hear the language of burning insult uttered from the seat of justice, and stamped by the authority of the Crown. If, my Lord, the lowest law officer of the lowest court of (what is called) justice in this Empire, uttered the

words of the extract quoted above, he would be pronounced, by universal condemnation, as unfitted for the impartial discharge of his duties; and he would be distrusted in his decisions by every client of his court.

And can it be, that what would be disgraceful at the Old Bailey is honorable at St. Stephen's? or that the language and the conduct which would be contemptible and criminal in the lowest officer of police is professional and suitable in your Lordship's colleague? Europe has not as yet had time to take repose since the revolutionary convulsion which was planned and executed by your Whig predecessors in office. The name of English bigotry is associated with the plundered convents of Switzerland, with the assassination of the priesthood, with the floggings and hangings of the monster Haynau, and with the sanguinary scenes of Hungary, Germany, Prussia, Lombardy, and Naples.

Since the expulsion of the perfidious Russell, and since the humiliation of his colleague, Captain Rock, we, the Catholics of this country, seemed to have a gleam of hope that the official descendants of Pitt and Fox, of Grenville, the Duke of Wellington, and Sir Robert Peel, would not have the mean cowardice to kick us on the ground, as we lay prostrate beneath the ravages of famine, the cruelties of extermination, and the insatiable vengeance of religious penalties. We fancied that the Earl of Derby would not condescend to walk in the footsteps of Lord Stanley—that the narrow prejudices of the green lordling would be lost sight of on the elevated ground of the matured Earl; we fancied that the unripe, petulant acrimony of the beardless Secretary of Ireland would be dissipated before the meridian greatness of the imperial Premier of England; but we have been deceived, and the letter of your subordinate proves that the giant oak will take the warp of the baby plant, and that the ministerial successors of Somerset are ready to-day, in the nineteenth century, to malign, to insult, to persecute, and to exterminate our race and our name, as their ancestors were, in the very worst days of our ill-fated country, and in the reddest scenes of our disastrous persecution.

The history of the whole world presents no parallel to the ceaseless and the unmitigated ferocious bigotry with which England has assailed our creed since '46. The records of the Catholic Courts of Europe furnish no modern instance where public official insult has been offered to the Protestant creed of their subjects; but in Great Britain and Ireland, the priest is not allowed to touch the ermine of a judge, although he has sworn to maintain the supremacy of the laws; and his name or his profession cannot be pronounced in the presence of Royalty, although he is prepared to fight for the honor of the Queen, and to spill his blood in defence of the throne.

This gratuitous insult, this governmental persecution, the scalding bigotry, the flagrant injustice, this anti-Catholic, this anti-Irish conspiracy, may be clearly defined the perfect exponent of English tyranny; and if we, the Catholics of Great Britain and Ireland, will tamely submit to this incomprehensible insult, our base cowardice is the admitted definition of national slavery. The insane bigotry may, for a time, by its cumbrous weight, smother our crying revenge; but the day may not be far distant when Europe and America may adopt the insult offered to Ireland, and prove to your Lordship's Tory successors that there is more loss than gain in exciting religious sanguinary animosities, in alienating the unbroken allegiance of seven hundred years, and in dividing the devoted strength and proverbial courage of the one-third of your Empire.

As your Lordship is pledged, through your colleague, to support, in reference to the grant to Maynooth, Mr. Spooner's motion for the entire repeal of the act of '45, I can, therefore, have no hope of arresting your Lordship's decision, in what I shall call "this mad career of legislation on this question"; but, like the humble historian, who can, perhaps, describe the battle much better than the general who commands, your Lordship will not, I trust, consider it presumption in me, to lay before you what I consider the clear case of "the act" referred to, and to warn you against the trick, and the deceit, and the injustice of "the repeal,"

to which your subordinate seems to pledge both your Lordship and the Cabinet.

For several years before 1782, your country attempted to trample on America, in something of the same fashion as your Cabinet now attempts to overawe unfortunate Ireland; you inflicted "tonnage and poundage" on the insulted Americans, just as you now inflict your spurious Bible and your piebald creed on the maddened Irish Catholic. And, as there is nothing new under the sun, be convinced, that in the same manner as your beardless senators and your Biblical Cabinet lost heretofore glory in America, the time is fast approaching when your scalding tyranny all over the world may yet rehearse the tragical history of Bunker's Hill and New Orleans.

The revolution of France followed in 1789, and England, therefore, gave the Catholics a vote in the election of a member of Parliament in 1793. England was threatened by French Republicanism in 1794, and therefore England determined to educate the Irish priests at home, in 1795; and Napoleon conquered Italy and Austria before the end of 1796, and therefore Maynooth received the grant of £8,700 a year. I am not ungrateful for this act of English political generosity; on the contrary, I am actuated by deep feelings of acknowledgment, although I am forced to believe (from the avowal of the government of that day), that State policy, and not friendship towards Catholics, urged the Parliament to decide on the paltry, unwilling endowment. Sir R. Peel completed, in 1845, the common decency of English justice, in raising the yearly grant to £30,000; and, although the Protestant Church, of only half a million of souls, has £1,300,000 annually, and although the Presbyterian conventicle, of a mere section of the population, has £38,000 a year, the Catholics, who numbered seven millions, were grateful for this additional, kind, and unsolicited grant of Sir Robert Peel.

And although the Catholic monasteries have been thrown down, the colleges dismantled, the churches plundered, the abbey lands seized, and the consecrated legal property of

the poor and the stranger confiscated by Henry and Elizabeth, and then settled by what are called "Acts of Parliament," on our slanderers and calumniators; and although this plundered state of the poor of Ireland and England amounts, at the present day, to the astounding sum of eight and a half millions sterling (annually), we, the Catholics, had nearly forgotten this robbery of our Church and of the patrimony of the poor; and we were beginning to entertain feelings of charitable intercourse with the descendants of the greatest villains, assassins, and murderers that ever the world saw in any age or country, till Lord John Russell raised the fury of the Empire against us, by an insult and a slander without a parallel in modern history. And as if it is intended to tread out every feeling that could bind us to the throne, your colleague (which means your Lordship) has commenced the session of 1852 by a gratuitous insult on our creed, and has threatened, in a rare combination of slander and bigotry, to support Mr. Spooner's motion for the entire repeal of the grant to Maynooth.

And now, my Lord, will you be kind enough to tell us Catholics how we have forfeited the confidence of the English Government, and what fault have we committed which merits the penalty of reversing the act of 1845. This is a case in which the laity are not implicated, it is a charge which solely concerns the priesthood; I am a very humble individual, indeed, but I demand from your Lordship the precise criminality which justifies you in making this grave charge through your subordinate, and to pronounce the verdict of guilt, by visiting us with the penalty of £30,000 a year. Your Lordship has, no doubt, your Parliament at your back, to defend you; but we, too, have our Parliament to support us. You have bigoted England, rancorous Scotland, and Orange Ireland on your side; but we have all Catholic Europe and all glorious America on ours. You shall have your verdict at home, and we shall have ours abroad. And great as is the Earl of Derby in Downing-street, it may happen that the Irish priesthood may be more respected at Washington, and that the shouts of your trium-

phant, base, bigoted majority in your venal House may be drowned in the loud, angry cry of shame and scorn, which we shall raise against you all over the civilized world. As your Lordship is about to put us on our trial, we shall demand your evidence; and if you are determined to pack your jury, we shall publish to all mankind the lies and perjury of your witnesses, and then your verdict will be national dishonor, and your victory will be royal disgrace.

Pray, then, sir, what crime have we committed to justify your judicial "Praise-God-Barebones" in insulting one-third of the Empire by the words "Popish error," and "the inroads of the Papacy"? And will your Lordship condescend to inform us, in what manner Maynooth forfeited the confidence of your Cabinet, to deserve to be ejected on the "crowbar" principle? We, the priests of Ireland, have never, within my recollection, even in one instance, opposed the administration of the laws. We have never, in any one instance, encouraged insubordination to the constituted authorities. There is not a stain on our conscientious allegiance. We are the avowed abettors of order, and the public advocates of peace. Our fault, if we have any, is our slavish submission to the most grinding tyranny that ever the world saw—a tyranny that has ejected the aged, banished the youthful, starved the survivors, and dishonored the dead. If your Lordship, therefore, persevere in your determination of repealing the Act of 1845, you will be guilty of a palpable injustice, which has no parallel even in English legislation, save the perjury of Limerick and the murder of Mullaghmast. If you succeed in this injustice and insult, we shall publish your Lordship throughout Europe, as descending to a mean trick, practising a low deceit, and guilty of a dishonorable injustice.

When your official ancestors (for the ends of state policy), first endowed Maynooth, the Irish clergy had forty-six friendly colleges on the Continent of Europe, having funds appropriated for the education of the regular and secular clergy of Ireland. Portugal, Spain, France, Italy, Austria, Holland, Belgium, and Germany opened their seminaries to

the Irish student, when the racks, and the gibbets, and the ropes, and the scaffolds of your Evangelical Government were reeking with human Irish blood, in honor of God. And if you had left the Irish priesthood to continue their educational course on the Continent ever since, these forty-six colleges would now be supplied with superabundant additional funds from the charity and the zeal of Catholic Europe, in favor of persecuted Ireland; and we should be now spared the galling insult of your Tory fanatical Solicitor, and of your Lordship's known bigotry.

Why did you take us on board your state ship against our will in 1795, and then heave us into the ocean in 1852? Why did you encourage us to build our houses over your political magazine, in order to blow us up at a given moment? Why did you dry up the charity of Europe in our favor, in order that, after upwards of half a century of suspended charity, you might cast us abandoned and friendless on the world? Why did you flatter us, in order to throw us off our guard for our ruin? But above all, why do you slander and malign us, eject us, banish us, starve us, put us to death?

But, in the name of the honor of your nation, do not belie us—do not forge calumnies on our coffins, or print perjury on our tombs—break our bones, as your ancestor Wentworth did—banish us, as did your predecessor Somerset; let your Solicitor hang us without a jury, as his countryman Jeffries has formerly practised his profession at the bar of the ancient Lord Truro: but, sir, leave us our name, our zeal, our honor, our patriotism. Earl Derby! let not your hatred of Ireland, or your insatiable rancor against the Catholic creed, make you forget the dictates of conscience, the principles of honor, and the laws of justice. Do not, in imitation of some infamous landlords of Ireland, eject the priesthood with their rent paid. Do not brand the honor of the Queen, by associating Royalty with the Crowbar Brigade. Give us due notice to quit, till we can have time to secure a collegiate home on the Continents of Europe and America: and if your Lordship is the person selected to act the part of Tom Cromwell in Ireland, you may, like your predecessor, be approaching

a near abyss of personal humiliation. At all events, our case is clear; namely, that without a shadow of a fault against the laws of our country, against our allegiance to the throne, and against the honor due to the Queen, you have, in the face of God and man, opened your ministerial career with a threat of persecution, which, if carried into execution against us, has never been surpassed, even in our country, for trick, insult, falsehood, treachery, deceit, and injustice. But, believe me, the time is fast approaching when the Methodists, the Presbyterians, and the Chartists will force you or your successor to repeat the same experiment towards the Protestant Church, which you now practise to Maynooth; and a breach once made in the old walls of the establishment, not all the artillery of your Lordship's eloquence can repel the assailants, or defend the rotten, tottering citadel.

What your Cabinet will do next, no one can tell; one mistake often leads to another more fatal error; and that it may happen that "the errors of Popery," with which your Solicitor seems so well acquainted, may bear no comparison in point of number and magnitude with the errors of the Derby administration. But while we are partly ignorant of the precise line of your persecuting policy, our course is clear and decided; namely, to combine together legally and constitutionally, as one man, throughout your Empire; and if it appear that your instructions are decided on new penalties, and on increased injustice, we must be equally determined to raise a shout of contempt at your policy, and boldly set you at defiance.

When Lord Stanley purchased liberty, in 1833, for a handful of slaves in Jamaica, he gave seven years' notice to their masters, for fear of injuring the feelings of two hundred and forty slave-drivers; surely, then, when the Earl of Derby (related somehow to that Lord Stanley) inflicts slavery on the millions of Catholic Ireland, and on the spotless priesthood of their nation, he should give a proportionate notice to the ministers of God. But the rage against Popery and the Papacy is the present cry of bigotry; and

from the Premier to the village sexton. All are inoculated with the virus of this insane distemper, and all look delirious, when the name of the benevolent, inoffensive Pope is uttered. And one should think your Lordship has had a salutary warning against this shameful trick in the downfall of Lord Palmerston, and in the defeat of Lord John Russell. Europe is now perfectly aware of their machinations, and alive to the danger of trusting English fanatical diplomacy. An Englishman is now watched all over the Continent, as if his presence were the signal of treachery, and his correspondence deceit. Your Biblical Societies have been expelled from all the Catholic and Protestant countries of Europe, at fifteen days' notice, and the letters of the English correspondents to the London journals are stopped or opened in all the postoffices, with the same terror as if they contained treason against the monarchs of those countries. And, I think, I speak the exact feeling of those nations, when I assert, that while they hold the name of English Whig in contemptuous detestation, they view the name of English Tory in irreconcilable abhorrence.

The universal voice of mankind, at this moment, brands England as standing alone in the civilized world, the perfidious advocate of religious persecution; and the conduct of the Sultan, standing uncovered while a Catholic Bishop, in last August, married at Constantinople the daughter of a Greek functionary of the court to an Italian Roman Catholic (Signor Fetaldi) stands in reproaching contrast to the audacious bigotry of the Queen's Chamberlain in the late case of Monsignore Searle; and it proves that we can expect more courtesy and higher consideration from a royal Mahomedan and a royal Turk abroad, than we can hope for at home from the Christian monarch, for whose honor, name, and throne, our fathers in arms have died, and for whom we ourselves are prepared, from conscience and duty, to spill our heart's blood.

There is no one department of your Empire, social, naval, military, forensic, religious, political, in which we Catholics are not now met by studied insult and ribald slander. The

word "Popery" (as you insultingly call our Faith) is the universal watchword of reproach—the combining signal of persecution; and if the Catholics who fight your battles on the banks of the Sutlej, and win your victories, are subject to your degrading insult, even while leaning on their bleeding arms, the trophies of their courage and your dominion, how can we expect your truth, or your sympathy, or your friendship at home? Although my poor Catholic countrymen pour out their life's blood for you on the burning sands of India, you refuse them the happiness of a chaplain of their own creed, in all the internal stations of the country; and when the poor Italian priest, Father Francis, followed the 50th Regiment to the battle of Moodkee, and was killed, while in the heat of the fight, among the dying, your Christian Government refused to give him a mule to carry himself and his slender baggage, you refused him the common necessities of life, you would not give him one penny to console the dying Catholic brave soldier.

And hear it, Robespierre; hear it, elder Napoleon in your grave; hear it French Guards of Marengo; hear it thou, Irish commander of our forces at the Horse-Guards: when poor Father Francis lay dead on the field, with two sabre cuts on his neck, no British hand bore him to a foreign grave, no British honor saluted the fallen priest over an honored tomb; two poor Catholic privates laid him in a rude coffin, made from the remains of two tea-chests, and the abandoned fate, and the cruel neglect, of poor Father Francis, at Moodkee, is the whole history of England to Catholic Ireland, from the first moment when their red gibbet was erected in 1543, to the late epistolary insult of your Lordship's Solicitor.

I shall take the liberty of occasionally coming into your presence, and publishing my humble views of your policy to Ireland; and I wish to inform you that these letters of mine will be read in every city in Europe, and in every village and hamlet of America. I have the honor to be, my Lord Earl, with profound respect, your Lordship's obedient servant

AHILL. D. D.

LETTER OF THE REV. DR. CAHILL
TO THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF DERBY.

HOUSE OF LORDS, MAY 21st.

"Earl Derby said: 'What I have stated before is, that her Majesty's Government have no present intention of making any alteration in, or proposing any repeal of, the existing act, by which an endowment was granted to the College of Maynooth.'" (Hear, hear.)

HOUSE OF COMMONS, MAY 21st.

"Mr. Spooner, in answer to the appeal made to him as to whether he believed in the present session that an inquiry could be carried to a satisfactory conclusion, would at once say that he did not think it could. (Hear, hear, from the opposition.)

"The Chancellor of the Exchequer said: 'The vote meant that the House of Commons should express an opinion whether there should or should not be an inquiry in respect to the system which was carried on at Maynooth, and when he heard the words "a mockery and a delusion," used with respect to this debate, and the manner in which it had been conducted, he must say, that with regard to the people out of doors, it would indeed be a farce and a mockery, if, after all that had been said, and all the feeling that had been expressed, the House did not come to some conclusion on the subject of Maynooth.' (Hear, hear.)

"The Attorney-General for Ireland said: 'The Hon. member for Middlesex, referring to the Established Church, renewed the old exaggeration with respect to the value of its property, and the Right Hon. member for the University of Oxford, as well as the noble Lord the member for London, warned the friends of inquiry to be careful what they were about, lest they should bring about the reconstruction of religious establishments in Ireland generally. As a representative of the Church, however, he (Mr. Napier) would not accept that statement. If it were thought a desirable thing, on its own merits, to interfere with the Established Church of Ireland, let such a proposition be brought forward, and he would give it a fair consideration. He did not forget that in earlier days that Church had neglected its duty; that Ireland condemned it, that the Almighty condemned it, but let it be borne in mind that England did not condemn it. Now, however, that it had become an active and living interpreter of God's word, speaking in the native language, and had acquired spiritual power, an inquiry into the establishment was menaced, with a view to its reconstruction.'"

CAERNARVON, Wales, June 2d, 1852.

MY LORD EARL,—The history of our Imperial Legislature affords no parallel to the hypocrisy, the meanness, and the trick, by which the Government of England is now systematically executed. I presume to express towards your Lordship, personally, the most profound respect; but what politician of any age of England's history has ever seen such contradiction, such swaddling, such shuffling, or, as it is now-a-days termed, such "dodging," as are all contained in the extracts quoted above? The mover (Mr. Spooner) for the Maynooth inquiry, who, but some few days ago, spewed such filthiness on the confessional, now gives up that inquiry as not likely to lead to a "satisfactory conclusion"; next comes your Chancellor, who contradicts the mover, and thinks an inquiry necessary to "satisfy people out of doors, and to escape being branded with the charge of mockery and delusion"; your Lordship next comes forward in the order of the political dodging, and takes a course peculiar to yourself, stating that you have no intention of making "any alterations in the act of the endowment of Maynooth"; from whence it must be concluded that all the past debates on Maynooth have been a mere Parliamentary farce; and lastly, your Attorney-General for Ireland concludes the official melo-drama with a kind of ministerial doxology, in which he declares, as *ex-officio* theologian to your Lordship, that the Irish (Protestant) Church has "neglected its duty," (oh, strange fact!) that it had been "condemned by Ireland and the Almighty," (what a happy coincidence of opinion between Lord Roden and the Almighty), that at present the same condemned Church has learned to pray and speak Irish (oh! liturgy of Elizabeth!) that consequently (the Lord be praised) it has again recovered the good opinion of Ireland and the Almighty! and is, at the present moment (oh, ghost of Oliver Cromwell!) the "active and living interpreter of God's word."

I declare I have never read, in the same number of words, coming from the members of any responsible society, so

much trifling inconsistency, reckless insult, and swaddling puerility, as may be collected from these specimens of Cabinet wisdom. I assure you, my Lord, nothing but my deep personal respect for your Lordship, prevents me at present from laughing in your face, seeing the ridicule and the contempt with which your administration must be covered, all over the world, before every man of common sense and common honor. Who can avoid smiling in melancholy scorn, at seeing the reins of government in this great, and powerful, and enlightened country entrusted to men who plainly avow that they are humbugging the nation, and that, in order to please the unjust cry of ferocious bigotry, they are keeping alive the feelings of religious rancor; and, without necessity or a useful aim, ranging two hostile parties of our common country in a perilous and a sanguinary struggle?

And is there never to be an end of this furious malignity against the Catholic name? Is the British Parliament to assemble, year after year, uttering the grossest falsehoods, publishing the basest lies, and encouraging the most relentless persecution against the creed of Catholic Ireland? From Diocletian to Elizabeth, from Julian the Apostate to Lord John Russell, there never has been displayed, in any part of the world, a more debased, unceasing system of shameless misrepresentations, ribald insult, and debauched lies, than has been promulgated from your Senate House against the Faith of two hundred and fifty millions of the present population of the world, against the creed of your English ancestors, and against the venerable and imperishable records of all that has been great, learned, and virtuous of the past eighteen centuries, in every nation of the earth.

This frantic warfare did not begin in drunken clubs, or in infuriated fanatical enthusiasm; it did not commence in Tyburn or Smithfield. No, it burst forth in the British Senate; it was first announced from the Treasury benches; it originated with the Premier of England; it was the offspring of the English Cabinet; it was planned in silent deliberation, urged in ministerial eloquence, and executed under the sanction of Parliamentary wisdom. It employed Lord

Minto to deceive the Pope; sent Peel to light the fires of Switzerland; licensed Canning to endorse the pillage of the monasteries; gave a military medal to Garibaldi; feted Kosuth; aided Haynau to erect scaffolds to hang men and to flog women; encouraged Bismarck; and transported Smith O'Brien; and, while standing in Lombardy, in the sight of Europe, flinging the red hissing balls of sanguinary revolution over all nations, it was seen, at the same time, turning with the other hand the leaves of the Bible, polluting God's Gospel with reeking hypocrisy, and provoking the indignation of man and the vengeance of God.

Yes, my Lord, the Legislators of England, during the last three hundred years, have practised the Reformation Act of presenting the appearance of sanctity in language, while perpetrating, in fact, the blackest enormities of crime. From Dean Fletcher, who had the shocking indecency to preach incongruous godliness to the Queen of Scots, while the perjured executioner uncovered his murderous axe, down to the Jumpers of Connemara, it is all the same system of lies, hypocrisy, and guilt. And, as a matter of course, from the 4th November, 1850 (the date of the Durham letter) up to the present sittings of your "crime and outrage committee," there could be no possible phase of calumny and insult put forth in sanctimonious baseness against the discipline, the doctrine, the practices, and the ministers of the Catholic Church, which has not been shamelessly exhibited with a perseverance, a malignity, an indecency, and a fury, which have no parallel in the history of modern times. Depend on it, my Lord, that all this base slander and national injustice will end in the disgrace of your name and in the weakness of national power.

Vespasian and Caligula tried this policy before the administration of Lord John Russell, and they failed: Atilla attempted in his day to uproot the Gospel and letters, before the time of Lord Palmerston: and while the furious Hun is forgotten, they both survive; and Tom Cromwell was appointed the head of a commission similar to the plan by which you now assail Maynooth: and Catholic colleges

still remain, in spite of Cromwell and his profligate master. All the enemies of Catholicity through the past ages have had the malignant triumphs of their short space of life against our Church; and they are all now dead, and she lives. Their lives were counted on the narrow scale of years, months, and days, but her age is reckoned on the endless revolving circle of ages; she enjoys a perpetual spring of youth, they are sealed in the frozen winter of death. Their forgotten ashes are now inorganic clay, the grave-worm sleeps in their black hearts, and brings forth her young in their disastrous brain, while her lofty spires, and million altars, and myriad congregations, spread all along the nations, from the golden gates of the East to her sombre turrets in the Western twilight, proclaim her activity, and her life, and her jurisdiction, wide as the national horizon and comprehensive as the human family.

Depend upon it, my Lord, you are placing yourself in a wrong position, by employing the prestige of your great name (for great it is) in the cause of bigotry—persecuting a people whose loyalty is without a stain, and inflicting an unmerited insult in gratuitous vengeance against a seminary which, during the venerable period of upwards of half a century, has sent forth a priesthood, the teachers of morality, the abettors of the public order, the promoters of peace, and the too faithful and zealous defenders of the stability of the English throne. Your Lordship has acquired great practical power; you have a just political illustrious reputation amongst your followers, and hence, you can, with prudence, calm the storm of party strife, subdue the rage of religious prejudice, and be the father of your country, not the demagogue of a ferocious faction. Those who presume to know best your Lordship's sentiments, assert with confidence (what I am anxious to believe) that you are personally and sincerely opposed to the religious persecution of Catholic Ireland; but that the tide of popular opinion running against you, you are forced to yield to the public clamor. But it must not be forgotten that, it was your official predecessor who has excited this popu-

lar fanaticism; and hence, your Lordship, who now holds the helm of the State ship, has only to reverse the machinery, go back to the liberal, just course of Sir Robert Peel, silence insane devilry, unite the conflicting energies of the Empire, give liberty to conscience, correct past errors, and surround the throne with the civilized courage and the invincible fidelity of the universal people.

The entire aim of the present English legislation, in reference to Ireland, is based on insult, misrepresentation, and injustice; the minds of men in office are so infected with a hatred towards everything Irish and Catholic, that it is painful to hear, in every society where the traveller mixes, one unbroken tale of the grossest lies and the foulest bigotry. The slanders uttered in the Houses of Parliament have passed for legalized facts through all the walks of life in these countries; and although one listens at every turn to the most monstrous calumnies, it is perfectly useless, in the present diseased state of the public temper, to attempt to correct their absurd statements, or to allay their ferocious rancor. Time alone, and the good sense of the generous English people, will remove this wicked scheme of the English Government; and as sure as the swollen tide will recede, in due time to the opposite shore, the excited feelings of the nation will yet recoil in accumulated anger against the base ministry which could, from motives of vengeance, or mischievous power, gain majorities by perjury, make laws by political prostitution, and stamp on the doors of the Senate House a notorious national lie on the religion and the people of Ireland.

Perhaps the most fatal error your Lordship has committed since the commencement of your administration is the foolish malice of your spiteful Attorney in his Orange interrogatories at "the crime and outrage committee." The attempt to connect the priest with the murders of Louth is a clumsy device, and shows what the heart of your subordinate could execute if he had the power. But the priest stood considerably beyond the range of the Orange rifle, and the lead fell harmless at the feet of the unsuspecting

victim. I consider the assassin of character and the assassin of life to stand in nearly the same category of guilt; and the priests of Louth must in future begin to learn that they have foes in power with hearts as deadly scarlet as the murderers of Bateson.

I could wish it lay within the rules of Parliamentary usage that my oppressed poor countrymen could appoint me as an occasional chairman of that committee, and I think I should be able to prove, to the satisfaction of the whole world, that the English Government are the real assassins of Ireland—that the English Church is the great Biblical mill, where all the lies against religion and morality all over the world are manufactured; that Lord Palmerston is the Captain Rock of Europe; and that Lord John Russell is the “Ryan Puck” of Ireland. If I were permitted to examine the Archbishop of Canterbury, and Lord John Russell, and Lord Truro, for *three hours*, I should hope to elicit to a perfect mathematical demonstration that all the lies, and all the uncharitableness, all the religious rancor, and all their smothered hatred, that, like the tide, rises and threatens to roll in flooded devastation over the barriers of Irish society—all the disorders, and the heartburnings, and most of the riots of Ireland, are solely to be ascribed to the irritating, unceasing provocation and insults of the Established Church. I should be able to prove that each successive Government of England have robbed Ireland (by successive enactments of oppression) of her commerce, her protecting laws—have transferred to England every removable place of honor or emolument—have purchased her Constitution by bribery: have debased her leaders by corruption; have drained her resources, weakened her strength, gutted the national fabric of her ancient rights, and left her a helpless victim, a whining beggar, and a chained slave at the gates of England. I could prove that the laws are made to protect the Irish trees and the Irish fences; that the fishes and the foxes are taken within the care of our cruel masters, but that the poor Irish Catholic, the poor, faithful, grateful, enduring Irishman, is

placed at the mercy of a capricious or cruel landlord; that he may be ejected, exterminated, and banished without appeal; that he is deprived of the right to live in the country of his birth; that the laws leave him friendless, unprotected, deserted; that the cruelty of his legislators fills him with revenge; the ill-treatment of his landlord teaches him retaliation; that the combination of his superiors against him produces a corresponding confederacy of his class; thousands perish by his side from extermination, disease, and hunger; that the laws make him savage, and their administration provokes him to revenge, and in his madness and fury he stains his hands with murder; and while he erroneously, yet naturally, thinks you kill his class in tens of thousands, he cannot be restrained in his wild anger from taking your lives in dozens.

More lives have been lost in Ireland since 1847, under the vile accursed administration of the Whigs, by extermination, starvation, and exile, than have fallen in *all the countries of Europe* during the late revolutionary wars of Napoleon; and while my unhappy country is starved, banished, murdered, and shovelled, and pitted, by the cruelest and most heartless Government that ever degraded the name of law; and while their tyranny still rolls over the soil, like a spring-tide, forsooth, a committee of crime is called together to try (by jibing and insult) and trace to a few assassins in Louth, the heartburnings, and the disorganization, and the wild frenzy by which the Whigs have torn asunder the very frame of society. My Lord, I am not drawing a picture to my own taste. I am copying from your original, which I abhor. I am sketching the strict historical truths of Ireland; and so help me God, I look upon the frame-work and the administration of your laws, together with the monstrous grievance and the provoking insult and lie of your Church Establishment, to be the cause of all the disasters of Ireland, the source of our social disorders; the root of all illegal combinations; and the sole maddening draught which arms the hands of the assassin, and stains our country with the red mark of murdered blood.

Lord Derby, I hereby accuse you and your subordinate with a shameful and an insulting perversion of our oppression and your conduct, to attempt to shift the murders of Louth, which your laws have notoriously excited, from your own guilty heads, to the shoulders of the zealous, pure, unoffending priest. That is to say, while Ireland lies at your feet a bleeding corpse, assassinated by your treachery, you, forsooth, summon a jury, and, in ferocious mockery, you examine into the cause of her death; while you yourself are stained with her blood, and the reeking knife is seen in your hand. This insulting hypocrisy and conspiracy is a crime which no time can efface; it is a sin against the Holy Ghost, since it ascribes the wicked results of your own unjust laws to the agency of the holy priest of God. Ah! my Lord, we have received already superabundant insult from Russell and his despised Cabinet; but surely, while the rotting masses of human flesh still are scented on the putrid air of Skibbereen—Russell's work—while the oozing blood still reddens the clammy pit in Lord Sligo's field at Westport (where fathers, mothers, and children died under a melting sun, without covering, in the wild agonies of scarlet fever and desertion), you should not have permitted your Attorney to add the last drop of shameless provocation to our former trials. While the history of the work-houses of Ballinasloe and Ballinarobe is recollected; while the name of Gross Island is remembered; while the smoking roofs of demolished villages are still seen; while the emigrant ship is still laboring under its load of your ragged, starved, and exiled victims, your man should have the decency not to outrage every feeling of common sense, by abscribing the clear, palpable, ferocious results of your own vile legislation to the humble minister of God, who would arrest the murderer if he could, who counsels obedience to the laws, honors the Queen, and prays for his enemies. And he is only one of a class. Every priest in Ireland is the same; it is our duty to respect even your bad laws, to maintain obedience even to your cruel authority, to support even a wicked administration, to aid you in

the suppression of all illegal societies, and to die, if necessary, in defence of the throne.

Lord Derby, you have behaved very badly, to insult us by the shameful insinuations of your Orange official. We are not able to resent this cruel injury, this crying injustice: but we have the gift of speech left in spite of your "committee of outrage," and we shall make all nations re-echo the meanness, the indecency, the venom, and the sneaking, cowardly insinuations of your swaddling Attorney; and we shall inform all mankind, that while religious intolerance and fanatical persecution are certainly given up in every country in the civilized world as obsolete and disgusting, England alone keeps up her heavenly hatred—England alone has sickly mottoes from the Canticles carved on her Protestant mouse-traps, electrotypes her Reformation crockery-ware with orthodox prayer and lovely hymns, and pours the abhorrent cant of her saintly hypocrisy round every word of godly slander which she utters on Ireland.

Your Irish Attorney, my Lord, has thought proper to enter the field of theology in the extracts quoted above, and in his swaddling divinity has made some gross misstatements, or rather blunders, in reference to my creed. He is very candid in saying that the Irish Church had neglected its duties, and was condemned by the voice of Ireland and Heaven; but that, having recovered from her church frolic, she is now rather a sober, well-conducted Church, and is going on very respectably indeed in her line, having had the advantage of learning Irish within the last twenty years, and thus is enabled by vernacular flippancy to be an active servant, and very lively in the interpretation of God's word. Really, my Lord, your theologian is no great witch in logic, or he could never have uttered such a facetious admixture of the forcible-comical, and the feeble-religious, as is contained in the official extract of his notable speech.

I think, my Lord, I understand him, when he stated that Ireland condemned the Irish Law Church. Your theological lawyer must have alluded to the tithe system, when the Widow Ryan's son was shot in Munster; when the mur-

der of Carrickshock was perpetrated for your Church in open day; when Father Burke, of Meath, refused to take the census of his butchered flock, and when the cross-roads of Ireland were red with the blood of the Irish Catholic, slain in the name of God, in order to feed the profligate luxury of the huge Moloch of your sanguinary creed. I think I understand your subordinate, when he asserts that your crimson Church once stood "condemned before Ireland and before God." I think, too, I can well explain the true meaning of that passage of your law officer, where he states, that his recovered Church is now "an active interpreter of God's word." And I assure your Lordship, that in following the absurd position of Mr. Napier, it is very hard to abstain from expressing the ridicule which his speech deserves, and to maintain at the same time the solemn respect, the distant veneration, and the becoming reserve which suits my position while addressing your Lordship. No doubt your Church has been a most active interpreter of God's word, since it has put seven hundred and seventy-six different interpretations on that word since the time of your great reformer, Luther; for the truth of which statement, in part, I beg to refer your Lordship to Bossuet's "Protestant Variations."

By the first active interpretation, Luther threw off the authority of the Pope.

Secondly—He modified, re-interpreted, re-modified, re-believed the doctrine of Transubstantiation and the Holy Eucharist.

Thirdly—He and his followers interpreted the sixth chapter of St. John, as "conpanation, impanation, perpanation, hyperpanation," and ultimately, this active Church has settled down into a *Judaical type* on this Christian doctrine.

Fourthly—The old Mass, and the Invocation of Saints, and Purgatory, and the Sacrament of Penance, Confirmation, and Extreme Unction, and the Sacrament of Marriage, have been successively abandoned by this holy "activity" of your Church; and the Archbishop of Canterbury and Lord John Russell have respectively given up the Sacra-

ments of Holy Orders and Baptism within the last two years. The "activity" of the ministers has given up the divinity of Christ: and the activity of the "Greek Protestants has denied the personality of the Holy Ghost;" and thus your Christian Church has reduced her faith to the simple idea and doctrine of merely belief in the existence of God. This is pure Paganism—and when we add to this fact, that Luther sanctioned plurality of wives, with the Landgrave of Hesse (that is, Mahommedanism), we are forced to conclude, from clear premises, that your Church, in its "active interpretation of God's word," has unchristianized, has Mahommedanized, has unscripturalized, has infidelized, has paganized, and has demoralized the whole world.

There can be no doubt that, by the active interpretation referred to, the Protestant Church (as its very name implies) has protested against the entire ancient record of Christianity, has thrown down the whole fabric of the New Law, and has raised on its ruins a system of human theory, wild speculation, philosophical compromise between reason and faith—all of which clearly subject religion to the *laws of progress*, inconsistent with the *immutable* decrees of God, and with the *mysteries* of Revelation. The Church of your Attorney-General possesses at this moment an (imperfect) Scripture of the New Law—the mere words of the Law, without the inherent rights of the Law; and as well might a Laplander, who chanced to find and possess the *parchment* of the English Magna Charta, insist he was an Englishman and entitled to the rights of British subjects, as for your Church to call herself Christian and Catholic, from the mere possession of a printer's copy of the Law, without acknowledging the legitimate authority, without possessing practical allegiance to the recognized head of the Christian Constitution, without her name being enrolled amongst the accepted subjects, and without fulfilling the practical duties required as the *essential legal conditions* to enjoy the rights and the privileges of the New Royal Heavenly Dispensation. Your Lordship must blame your Attorney, and not me, for this brief theological reply to his unnecessary

and unexpected strictures. Believe me, my Lord, that no Attorney can be a proficient in theology; and hence, the sooner you keep your man in his own department of *ex-officio* informations, the better for the reputation and the honor of your administration.

Penetrated with the greatest respect for your great name and lofty position, I wish I could presume to tell you how much good you can effect for the Empire by a course of truth, honor, and justice to Ireland. The disastrous divisions which your Government has excited at home; the unmeasured contempt with which your name is assailed abroad; the perilous state of your commerce; the conflicting interests of the various factions of your country; but, above all, the keen watchfulness with which a hostile neighboring power observes all your panics,—should induce you to heal the public acerbity, to forget past rancor, to begin a new era of legislation, and combine all your strength to govern with impartial justice, to leave conscience between God and man, to soothe the flagrant oppression of Ireland, to soften the tyranny of ages, to be the father of the poor, the advocate of the oppressed, the emancipator of the slave, to have your name graven on our hearts in national love, and to combine, unite, concentrate, and bind in indissoluble amity the energies, the courage, and the loyalty of this great Empire, in one great invincible bond of national fidelity. This is a work worthy of you, and a work which you can execute; and a victory over bigotry and falsehood, which will transmit your name to posterity as the benefactor of my country, and not the persecutor of my name and race.

I have the honor to be, my Lord and Earl, with profound respect, your Lordship's obedient servant,

D. W. CAHILL, D. D.

LETTER OF THE REV. DR. CAHILL

TO THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF DERBY.

BILSTON, ENGLAND, August 24, 1852.

MY LORD EARL,—As your Lordship has thought proper to dictate new laws for reforming Popish cravats; and as you have condescended to apply the English evangelical standard to the length and the cut of our Catholic beard; and as you have surprised the world by becoming constitutional tailor and barber to the present Pope; and, finally, as your co-reformers in the Old Clothes Department of our glorious Constitution are actuated with such zeal to advance your Protestant views throughout this Empire, as on several occasions to seize anti-Derbyite scarfs, to knock off anti-Derbyite hats, to spit in the faces of anti-Derbyite priests, and to do several other Cabinet celebrities, you cannot be surprised if I, too, influenced by your Lordship's example, change my former official position, and assume the novel character of satirist on Privy Councils, and of impartial chronicler of the incomprehensible follies of Ministers and the incredible meanness of Cabinets—when grave Judges turn buffoon on the bench, when they discharge the triple office of witness, judge, and jury; and when Prime Ministers turn Jack Ketch, I fancy I am not much out of the present fashion in my new vocation.

My silence since your Lordship's late proclamation (which I am flattered to think you have observed), has arisen from the fact that I have been occupied in searching the pages of ancient and modern history to find some Pagan or Christian parallel to the official careers of Lord John Russell and yourself. Being aware that there is nothing new

under the sun, I concluded there must have been some persons somewhere like you both, in the former records of our race. You must not be surprised or angry if I tell you that I have discovered the exact resemblance of you both in the history of Gulliver's travels. Lord John Russell's tour in Greece in 1849, in order to settle the *vast claims* of the loss of some furniture and a kitchen-garden belonging to Messrs. Finlay and Pacifico, is most perfectly identical with Gulliver's career in Liliput; and your Lordship's late expedition to the Bay of Fundy is precisely the history of Gulliver in Brobdnag. The poor Grecians (a diminutive race, only two inches high in stature) retired beyond the pass of Thermopylæ, when they beheld the *great* Whigman from England; they procured ladders to scale the heights of his breast, as he lay asleep at the foot of Mount Helicon. The entire Grecian fleet weighed anchor, and sailed out under full canvas, with the yards manned, between his colossal limbs, as the giant British minister bestrode the Gulf of Lepanto. The flags of their men-of-war at their mastheads did not reach higher on that thrilling occasion than the large circle which surrounds the immeasurable circumference of his unponderable mighty Whig legs. According to the despatches received from our Admiral in the Mediterranean, he stood on Parnassus in the sight of the Muses; and the enormous creature (according to the Greek historians) extinguished a raging conflagration in the palace of King Otho, with the same kind of an effort, and with nearly the same description of mechanical appliances, and with the same sort of *éclat*, as Gulliver (after a night's hearty wine), put out the fire which threatened destruction to the palace of the Empress of Laputa. And so wonderful and tremendous in Greece is the terrestrial glory of the GREAT WHIG, (as he is called there), that King Otho, *as you are well aware*, has ordered him to be styled henceforward, "The Whig Man-Mountain."

The remaining part of the history is perfectly illustrated in your Lordship's late voyage to America. The scene, however, is strangely changed. Your Lordship, when com-

pared with the monstrous Websters of that country, appears only about four inches high—placed side by side with the great Leviathans of the fishing-grounds, you don't seem much larger than a scorpion; you would be considered a mere dwarf at Bunker's Hill; your Lordship would not be a match for a tom-cat at New Orleans; your Lordship and Lord Malmesbury, and the Right Hon. Mr. Walpole, and your entire Right Honorable Cabinet, placed over each other, pillar-like, on each other's Right Honorable shoulders, could not raise the uppermost Right Hon. Minister high enough to enable him to look into an *ordinary-sized teapot* at Philadelphia! You could hide your whole cabinet in a lady's muff at Washington! and if the reports be true which the American giants have circulated at the fishing-grounds against English greatness, your Lordship was nearly drowned in a Yankee cream-jug (others say, a small fish-kettle), at the Bay of Fundy, in your endeavor to escape from an American rat, in order to hide your Lordship's head in the breeches' pocket of Mr. President Fillmore. Your Lordship can scarcely believe the indignation of all Europe, to see England so contemptuously treated; our noble country! the mistress of arts and science! the scourge of France! the arbitress of Europe! the seat of virtue, piety, sanctity, honor, and truth!!! the pride and the envy of the whole world!!! the patron of the oppressed! the emancipator of the slave! the country of the free, and the beloved sister of Ireland!!!

Ah, Lord Derby, your Government can bully, and persecute, and spoliage, and infidelize, when your victims are changing, and unable to offer resistance to your tyranny and your accursed oppression; but, Heaven be forever praised, the scene is at length beginning to change; the sun of GREAT Britain is fast descending from its culminating point; your day of *unrivalled* sway is certainly drawing to a close; your national character and prestige are beyond all doubt gone; your nation is now universally branded as deceitful and degraded; you have decidedly forfeited the confidence of Europe, and you are hated, despised, and abhorred by the whole world; your two successive Governments have

exposed England to the contempt of mankind ; you have made her a jester at St. Petersburg ; a revolutionist and a base cringer at Vienna ; a time-server at Paris and an infidel at Rome ; a traitor at Naples ; a burglar at Madrid ; a perjurer at Lisbon ; a persecutor at Berne ; a tyrant at Athens ; a coward at Washington ; a hypocrite at Rome ; and the devil in Ireland !

Oh, shame on you, Lord John Russell ! and oh, fie on you, Lord Derby, to employ the time of two successive Parliaments in degrading your country, and to engage the official services of bishops, judges, barristers, surgeons, lords, and ladies, in endeavoring to dethrone the Pope ; searching out for the private scandals of ecclesiastics ; mending and dressing up for inspection at Exeter Hall old tattered calumnies on our creed ; peeping into the bedrooms of Convents ; listening behind our confessionals ; dogging our school-girls to the Church ; watching our orphans at their meals ; jibing priests at their prayers ; mobbing nuns in the public streets ; counting the charities they receive for their humble support ; and stealing through lanes and alleys, looking for a case of slander against the faith of two hundred and forty millions of the human population, and against the creed of the most ancient families in England and the most devoted subjects of the Queen. Oh, fie on you, Lord Derby ! to join in this most disgraceful and insane ribaldry, and, instead of walking in the footsteps of Canning or Peel—instead of standing before the world as the sublime exponent of British honor, truth, and justice, to ally your great name and proud position with such gross bigotry, and to seek renown from rolling in the mire with canting hypocrisy, indecent impiety, and blasphemous falsehood.

Is there never to be an end to this Parliamentary absurdity ?—is there no business to be done by the Cabinet but maligning the Catholic faith ?—will Government never cease the degraded and shameful practice of uttering the grossest indecencies and the most filthy abominations and palpable lies against the Catholics of the whole world ? Why do you appear in a farce ?—why seek applause from the gal-

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lery!—why do you become a harlequin when *you can succeed* in the deepest characters of Molière and Shakespeare?—why do you take Russell for your model, when *you can imitate* the meteor genius of the master-spirits whose place you fill? You are a man of talent, we own it; and why employ your great mind in the scullery of St. Stephen's? If you are called to be the centre of a microcosm, why are you not the sun of the creation?—why do you choose to be the satellite of the world of which you ought to be the light and the ruler? Believe me, you are fallen; your occupation is gone; your jaded audience will not hear you much longer. Rely on it, if you persevere in your present career, you shall feel the disgrace of being universally hissed off the stage. Your own countryman, Mr. Pope, will read your Lordship a lesson on this point:

"Fortune in men has some small difference made,
One flaunts in rags, one flutters in brocade:
The cobbler pruned and the parson gowned,
The friar hooded and the monarch crowned;
'What differ more,' you cry, 'than crown and cowl?'
I'll tell you, friend,—*a wise man and a fool.*"

There can be no doubt at all, that Lord John Russell and his vile Cabinet endeavored to create throughout Catholic Europe a revolution in religion and government; and although your Lordship and Lord John hold opposite opinions on general politics, you are the conjugate foci of each other on Catholicity, and you reflect each other's hostile feeling on my creed as faithfully as the unerring science of your positions. You are certainly agreed with him in his policy of weakening all Catholic sovereignty, and of overturning the Catholic Faith. But you both have signally failed, and in your discomfiture you have added a new proof of the strength of my Church, and you have at the same time ruined your name and your country. You have unconsciously done a lasting service to Catholicity, and you have permanently awakened all Europe to the perfidy and the deceit of your governments, whether Whig or Tory. While you were laying the plans of your traitorous views

on the surrounding nations, the Irish Church seemed cherished with your perfidious care; your gifts had nearly worked her ruin; but since your schemes have been detected here and in the neighboring states, we are made the appalling victims of your disappointed rage. Our defenceless institutions and the unprotected monuments of Irish piety are now assailed by all the malignant power of your hostile Empire—your Senate, your courts of law, your army, your navy, your universities, your literature, your Church, your historians, your pamphleteers, your novelists, your caricaturists, your aristocracy, your merchants, your artisans, your mobs, are all united into one powerful force of infuriated assailants against our creed; and by misrepresentation, falsehood, calumny, slander, lies, persecution, extermination, banishment, starvation, and death, you and your associates have attempted, through solicitation, seduction, place, pension, bribery, intimidation, and stratagem, to thin our ranks, to shake our faith, and to break a passage through our ancient camp and seize our fortresses; and although you have uprooted the cabins of the poor, thrown down our villages, wasted our fields, starved our tradesmen, expatriated the living, murdered the dead, and filled the poor-houses and the red grave with the martyred Irish; praise be to God forever, and honor to the ever blessed Virgin Mary, you have not taken one stout heart from the faithful ranks, or disturbed one stone in our ancient and time-honored turrets. Eternal praise to the faithful Irish who preferred exile to an alliance with you—who died of starvation sooner than taste the bread of apostasy, and who preferred the coffinless grave, rather than live in the dress of perjury and perdition. Your perfidious predecessor and yourself are avowedly beaten; the worst is passed, and we now set you at defiance. We have the voice of Europe and the world in our favor: and our honor, our courage, and our national fidelity will damn you and your cruel confederates to eternal fame. You are certainly defeated; and when you now calumniate us we have an answer ready from the sympathy of Europe.

When you malign the Jesuits, we point to Hungary,

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where the Emperor is now employed in placing these pious, exemplary, and learned men over all the schools of his subjects. When you speak of the success of your Bible Societies, we send you the judicial decision of Austria and Naples, where an English Protestant missionary is ordered from these countries within fifteen days, under penalty of public and forcible expulsion. When you talk of your Protestant liberality, we call your attention to Naples also, where no Protestant teacher would be permitted to superintend any public class, in consequence of the interminable calumnies which these creatures are ever introducing against the Catholic Faith. English travellers, English tourists, are now stopped, questioned, and examined throughout Europe, as if they were intriguing villains, disseminating rebellion and infidelity wherever they go. The correspondents of the English journals are hunted like felons from every city in Europe, their letters examined, and themselves ordered to quit in forty-eight hours, when their occupation of slander and infidelity is known. Yes, our answers to your base calumnies are now published in our favor, by the universal cry of shame from all foreign nations.

Hear it, my Lord—while you were slandering us in the Lords, and while Russell was spewing his Woburn apostasy on Bishops in the Commons, the French army, the invincible sons of the glorious Franks, were kneeling before the mitred Archbishop of Paris; and as he raised the adorable Host beneath the blue unfathomable vault, the loud clang of the French steel, at “the Elevation,” as the army drew their swords, and presented arms to the God of Battles, amid the thunders of one hundred pieces of ordnance, was the significant and appropriate answer which glorious Catholic France sent on the morning breeze to bigoted England, in reply to your Parliamentary vituperation. And when you issued your proclamation against the processions which took place at Jacob’s Ladder! and at Solomon’s Temple! and in all Christian places all over the world, from Constantine to Prince Louis Napoleon, and when you spread the awful majesty of your laws (with such a master-stroke of

statesmanship) over the evangelical town of Ballinasloe, formerly called by the Popish name of Kyleneaspithogue, in order to protect these holy places from the danger of wax-candles and white rosin: did your Lordship remark the cutting reply which the Prince immediately sent to you in the studied bow, which on his return from the passage of the Rhine, he made to the surpliced Archbishop and Clergy of Paris; and did your Lordship read that passage in his processional progress along the Boulevards, where, seeing the cross raised, "he rose in his carriage, took off his hat, and bowed long and reverently to the cross."

There, sir, is the glorious answer of France to your far-famed proclamation; there, sir, is the triumphant, scathing, crushing reply to your "anti-long-beard—anti-candle—anti-cross—Derbyite—anti-short-breeches proclamation." I have never read anything on any subject which has filled me with more sincere pleasure than that Christian conduct of the Prince. In that bow, sir, read your own shame; and in his bare head before the cross, learn to spare your Catholic fellow-subjects; and learn to respect the emblem of your salvation, the cross of Christ. For that glorious act of the Prince, I hereby offer him my heartfelt gratitude and my sincere homage; and I also present him with the ardent love of one million of my countrymen, proceeding from breasts as faithful and as brave as the world ever saw. I must also inform your Lordship that the Prince will read this letter on next Thursday morning before his breakfast; and, moreover, I must tell you that he will send to me a note of thanks by the very next post—a piece of good-breeding and courtesy which I have seldom received from my correspondents in the English Cabinet.

You have decidedly put yourself at the head of a vast mob in these countries by issuing your late proclamation; and it is quite true that we are indebted to the good sense and generous feeling of the English people for having escaped the most degrading ill-treatment in all places of public resort. But we have our satisfaction in the universal contempt with which your name and your laws are received

In every country in the world. Three members of the American Cabinet (Protestants) have already spoken on the subject with unmeasured ridicule; and one of them joined in a Catholic procession, as the best testimony he could offer against English bigotry. I beg, therefore, to offer to President Fillmore, and to these three members, my warmest acknowledgments, and to assure them that they command the liveliest gratitude of the Irish and the English Catholics in these countries, and that we all long for some occasion to testify to them that we love them as much as we abhor the English Government.

The case between you and Catholicity stands thus: the schemes which your Government have been devising against our Faith, our discipline, and our system of education have been palpably detected, and as clearly defeated. Your name is detested in all the neighboring countries, and your accomplices have been expelled with a summary command, and, indeed, with an insult, which you have not or dare not resent. Beyond all doubt, you and your rebel and infidel accomplices have been removed from Austria, Hungary, Prussia (Protestant), from Rome, Naples and Lombardy. Your Bible Societies, which are reported as your emissaries of insurrection, have been watched as public enemies; and it is an historical fact, admitting of no doubt whatever, that neither in public, nor in private, will these countries tolerate English influence to be exercised in their religious, social, or political concerns. The Continental education, which you had nearly corrupted by your money and your emissaries, has now undergone a total change. The Catholic clergy are now placed in all these countries as the sole directors and guardians of the education and literary and religious training of the rising generation; and Prince Louis Napoleon, now so much abused by your journals, has introduced changes in all the educational schools of France, and will soon restore the ancient discipline of the Catholic Church, which placed education in the hands of the ministers of religion. The "College de France," which, according to the testimony of the Count Montalembert, sent out nine infidels

to one Christian pupil (*un sur dix*), has been remodelled, and the infidel element extracted, under his vigilant care. You are, therefore, defeated in every part of the world in your schemes against the Catholic religion and education.

Your last effort is carried on against Ireland, where, as sure as the sun will rise to-morrow, you will be surely defeated; and if the Board of Education in Ireland will permit you to interfere in their arrangements, Ireland will lose her life's blood sooner than have Voltaire her class-book, and Carlyle her master. Depend upon it, if there be a God ruling His Church, you cannot change His laws, no more than you can arrest the tide, or stop the earth's motion by a proclamation from Downing-street. Our Faith, and our discipline, and our mode of education existed before you were born, and will, in all likelihood, survive your Lordship's name many years, and even outlive the English rule and German blood.

"Shall burning Etna, if a sage requires,
Forget to thunder and recall her fires?
On air or sea new motions be impressed,
Oh, blameless Albion! to relieve thy breast?
When the loose mountain trembles from on high,
Shall gravitation cease when you go by?"

Under these circumstances, our duty will be to obey all the laws, as we have ever done, but to keep clear from all contact with you. During the late revolutions of Europe, there is not one instance recorded against the Catholic clergy of disloyalty to the throne. Under all the provocation and insult which you and your coadjutors have heaped upon us, we stand blameless before God and the laws of our country. We appeal to universal mankind for a verdict of our innocence and blamelessness under the most grinding tyranny, calumnies, and lies, that perhaps ever the world saw. We have been ever, we are at present, and we shall continue to be in the right.

Let you proceed then against us in your usual course, and advance in the wrong—go on in your career of insult and injustice before mankind, and we boldly set you at defiance.

We do not court your hostility, or challenge your persecution; no, but take your own course, proceed in your national perfidy, and we despise your last effort of vengeance. We have been grateful to former statesmen and former friends, for the small measure of justice which they offered to our plundered Church, and to our wounded and bleeding country. I own it, we have been grateful; but if you, sir, retrace their steps and blot out their generous acts in the consuming fire of your well-known bigotry, we boldly hold your threats in utter contempt; we believe it better to have our Church surrounded with a crown of thorns than purchase a diadem for it made of apostate gold; and we are convinced it is better, far better, to have our rising generation bred and educated Irishmen and Catholics, as our fathers, at the foot of the mountain (if necessary), sooner than drink from your poisoned fountain of knowledge the coward draught of education, which must be swallowed at the expense of national honor, and by an insult on our ancient Faith.

Pray, sir, how have you returned from America? How did you effect your escape from Mr. President Fillmore's breeches pocket? Ten thousand blessings upon his giant heart, if he had kept you and the "great Whig," and all your tiny Cabinets, a sport for his cats at Fundy. But, indeed, he has exhibited you before the world in your fallen greatness. England has been literally horsewhipped, and she sneaks away a grumbling coward, degraded by Whiggery and sunk by Toryism. You had no idea, my Lord, of going to war. What! With the Kaffirs decimating you; the Burmese occupying your time; the old Sikhs beyond the Sutlej; the Chinese keeping you engaged; the Canadians waiting their time; a national debt of nine hundred and fifty-four millions; with a Protestant establishment of nine millions and a half yearly; with two millions of Chartists, with their staves ready for an onslaught on your purses, the day you sell a dear loaf; with one million of armed hostile Frenchmen at your gates; and with one million of Irishmen, goaded, and wounded, and bleeding with the chains

of your wanton cruelty; and you pretend to go to war with America (or as Lord Palmerston calls them,) your cousins, with all these trifles on your hands!! Pshaw—the world knows you are water-logged, and that an additional ton would sink you. No, sir, but the Americans could even come into the Bay of Galway to fish, and you could not resist them, you dare not; and more than this, if they laid claim to Ireland, in right of all the Irish whom you have unlawfully and unjustly expelled from their country, you would surrender Ireland to America, nearly as readily as have given up your claims to the Lobos Islands. You, sir, are openly and avowedly snubbed, and cuffed, and kicked, all over the world at this moment; and the only *glorious* achievement in which you stand unrivalled above all mankind, just now, is your conquest over poor, helpless nuns and unoffending priests.

If you could be influenced by the magnanimity which belongs to your exalted place, you should be struck with admiration at the incredible fidelity of the Irish people, who present to the impartial historian a spectacle of national virtue and national greatness not surpassed or equalled by any generation in the story of Grecian and Roman patriotism and virtue. You behold a people ground to the very dust with the most merciless administration of law which ever cursed society—you see them beset on all sides with the persecutions of land grievances and surrounded with all the torturing machinations which the furious zeal of a bigoted hostile Church would employ against their Faith: you observe them crowd the putrid poor-houses, fill the emigrant ships, and die in naked starvation, sooner than surrender what they believe their truth and national honor, and with such faithful instances of the endurance of a whole people, could any, except a soul pierced through with the incurable cancer of bigotry, fail to give credit to the feeling which could stand with such invincible firmness in defence of creed and of country? Why would you not court the confidence and secure the love of such a race? Why would you not endeavor to connect them with the throne by a tie which

Ireland never broke—namely, the tie of gratitude? Why would you not open our metallic mines to keep them alive, rather than open the grave for their death? Why would you not purchase implements of trade and husbandry for the wealth of the nation, rather than buy coffins for the extermination of the people? Why do you not give us bread instead of your apocryphal Bible? Why not justice instead of calumny? Why not treat us as subjects, and not as slaves? Why meet us as enemies in all the walks of the Empire? Why not try the rule of equality with us? Why do you weave Protestantism into all your dealings with Catholicism? Will you never permit us to address God unless through an act of Parliament? Why do you insist on putting a chain of Swedish iron on our conscience? Protestantism has deceived you; bigotry has set you mad; and in placing your laws above God you have insulted mankind, misinterpreted religion, and ruined your country.

In my next letter, I shall place before your Lordship some few important facts, with which I do believe you are unacquainted: and till then, I have the honor to be your Lordship's obedient servant,

D. W. CAHILL, D.D.

LETTER OF THE REV. DR. CAHILL
TO THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF DERBY.

NEW BRIGHTON, Saturday, October 21, 1852.

MY LORD EARL,—Some few months ago our gracious Queen, in a speech from the throne, very emphatically announced her royal determination to uphold the principles of the Protestant Church, and she called on her servants there assembled, in her presence, to assist her in maintaining the liberties of the Protestant Constitution. There must be, my Lord, in the royal mind some hidden fear of this Church being in danger, in order to account for the large space which this idea has taken up in the royal oration. If this declaration had been made by your Lordship, or by any one of the present Ministry, it would still command an important attention; but when it proceeds from the head of your Church—from the ecumenical source of all Protestant truth, it comes before the world invested with all the realities of Parliamentary gravity and English history. For the first time in my life, I do agree with the sentiments deduced from a royal speech; and I do, therefore, believe that your Church is in imminent danger at the present moment; and I believe, moreover, that neither her most gracious Majesty, with all her royal power, my Lord John Russell, with the base Whigs, nor your Lordship, with the most judicious combination of Whig and Tory which your skill in Parliamentary chemistry can produce, will be able to stay much longer the downfall of an institution which is a libel on God's Gospel, a fortress for public injustice, and the scandalous disturber of our national peace. The danger to be apprehended, however, will not proceed, in the first instance, from an external enemy; it

will come from her long internal rottenness; and the public shame, and the public common sense, and the public indignation will soon be seen struggling for the mastery in leveling with the earth, and eradicating from the soil, this anti-Christian monster, which has been reared on the plundered food of the widow and the orphan, and which now makes its enormous daily meals and annual feasts on the life-blood of the entire nation.

The long silence of the Catholics under your shameful and shameless calumnies, and our superhuman endurance under savage Parliamentary insults and lies, such as are actually unknown in any other country in the whole world, have had the effect of encouraging our insatiable enemies, in place of mitigating their fanatical ferocity. The oblivion which our writers have cast in charity over the first flagrant iniquities of your Church has been misunderstood by your professional bigots, who, like a swarm of locusts, crowd every thoroughfare in the Empire, enabling the passengers of all nations to read, in the malignant domination of their brows, that the hatred of Catholicity, the fury of unappeasable malignity, and not the mild spirit of Christianity, is the predominant feeling of their hearts, and the very mainspring of their entire conduct. The Catholic public, too, have forgotten the early pedigree of the Reformation; and have, therefore, considerably relaxed in their watchfulness against their deadly foes; and hence the public mind must be again roused to a universal resistance against a congregation of calumniators, who, not content with living on the plunder of our ancestors, are engaged, year after year, in maligning their victims, spreading abroad uncharitableness, disturbing the public peace, and positively, and without any doubt, disturbing the name and material interests of England throughout the entire world.

As Lord John Russell and your Lordship have been the principal promoters of this strange evangelism, I have decided on addressing to you twelve letters on the subject just referred to. They shall be divided into distinctions, in which I shall prove beyond all doubt—Firstly, the unscript-

tural enormities and the theological incongruities of these Protestant principles which you say are now endangered; Secondly, I shall demonstrate beyond all contradiction, that this Protestant Constitution has committed the largest crime of plundering the poor ever recorded in history; and, Thirdly, I shall enumerate, to the satisfaction of every impartial man, the historical records by which this Church is charged with spilling more blood of innocent, and defenceless, and unoffending Catholics, than has ever been shed by the most ruthless tyrant that ever crimsoned the page of human woe. In the treatment of this subject, I wish to inform you that I mean no offence to the present generation of generous-hearted, honest Englishmen; my charges are not against individuals, but against the anti-Christian system of which they are made the wretched dupes. Nor shall I found my observations upon exclusively Catholic authority, or on hearsay, however respectable the testimony, or on loose historical assertion. I shall quote all my proofs from your own great historians, from the Protestant Synods of Germany, Switzerland, Holland, and France; and I shall complete my demonstrations from the Acts of the English Parliament. I shall not confine my views on the horrors of your evangelical system to Great Britain and unfortunate Ireland. I shall trace them through Northern and Central Europe; and I shall place before the Christian world the clear fact, viz., that in whatever country Protestantism has been introduced in the room of Catholicity, there may be traced all the maddening disorders which have almost ever accompanied and followed it; namely, ferocious bigotry, relentless persecution, sanguinary atrocities, social disunion, and universal, wasting, public brand of beggary and national distress, graven by the ruthless bigot on the heart, and the bones, and the marrow of the wretched, subdued Catholic.

And if I shall fulfil faithfully these my preliminary promises, there is no honorable English or Irish Protestant (who will take the trouble to read my proofs) who can, as a scholar, a gentleman, and a Christian, be reasonably angry.

with me for exposing to the public indignation a system calling itself the Gospel of Christ, and which, on examination, will be found an iniquitous aggregate of hypocrisy, lies, rebellion, spoliation, murder, and blasphemy. I own it requires much deliberate reflection before these grave charges should be made against your National Church, and addressed to so exalted a person as the Earl of Derby. I feel this responsibility, and I fully conceive my position; but I again repeat my charges, and I shall forfeit all claim to truth, if I do not perfectly substantiate every point I have adduced. It is with feelings of tremulous confusion that the historian of the present day will even attempt to write the details of the crimes of this infamous band of anti-Christian monsters; and hence, who can describe what must have been the bewildering, the shocking, the racking woes of the persecuted past generation which witnessed and bled under their terrific realities.

The first unparalleled imposture which the "Reformation" invented, and which it has practised to this day, was the self-appointment and self-consecration of Henry VIII. to assume the title of "Head of the Church." One might suppose that the man who robbed the convents of Englishmen to the amount of millions of money, built and secured by the ancient laws of the realm, would be ashamed to appear before his countrymen, stained as his character was with this public profanation; one might believe that a monster who had divorced three wives and beheaded two (one of them probably his own daughter) would be afraid to let the eye of mortal see his hands reeking with the blood of his innocent victims. Through all the past history of mankind, if such a demon succeeded in escaping the arm of public justice, or the hand of the avenging assassin, he fled from human intercourse to bury his guilty head and racking conscience in the lonely cell of perpetual penance, in order to expiate the thrilling enormity of his black crimes.

But your apostle, the first head of your Church, seemed rather to rise than sink by his iniquities; they appear rather to qualify than incapacitate your Gospel founder for his ex-

alted spiritual post; and hence, he stands before your tabernacle with his red hands lifted in prayer to God! Yes, in prayer to God, your accredited proto-apostle, your appointed bishop, and your consecrated Pope! the guardian of innocence, the model of virtue, the terror of vice, the teacher of Gospel truth, the ornament of religion, the standard of evangelical perfection, the infallible guide to Heaven, the successor of the Apostles, and the Vicegerent of Christ himself on earth! He appointed and consecrated himself (Act Par., 1538) Pope and Head of the Church; and he appointed Tom Cromwell (Act 1533) his "Vicegerent in *spirituals*;" and he gave him, as his Vicar-General, a commission, with nineteen sub-commissioners, named by his "English Hcliness," to report on the discipline and moral conduct and faith of all the religious orders of England! The only parallel that could be devised to equal this incomprehensible farce on Christianity would be to see the Devil ascend the Mount where our Lord delivered His first sermon, and to hear him address the multitude on the Eight Beatitudes, in mimicry of our Saviour, without any attempt during his discourse to either conceal "his cloven foot or tail" from the congregation.

Do you wonder, sir, why we Catholics laugh and shudder at this, your first hierarchy? Can you be surprised why a learned Catholic trembles at this blasphemy of the Holy Ghost, this mockery of Christianity, this jesting with God, this sporting with the Gospel, this jibing with damnation? There is nothing like this scene of palpable mimicry of Christ and the Apostles to be found in the entire record of the most insane infidelity. It surpasses in atrocious and tragic infamy anything that has ever happened in the whole world; and it stands before all mankind as the first page in the charter of your religion, the inauguration of your hierarchy, and the undoubted source of the "Reformation." There were many faithful, courageous Englishmen, who resisted this monstrous iniquity, and if you wish to learn their names, go to the prisons of your Apostle, where thousands of your countrymen died in confinement; go to glori-

ous France, where hundreds of your relatives fled for safety; and, sir, go to the reeking block, where you can read in the martyred blood of the illustrious More, the venerable Fisher, and in the shameful murder of the noble Countess of Salisbury. Read there the origin of your creed, the law of your Gospel, the decalogue of your ethics,

If these astounding scenes were enacted under the excitement of mere popular or mere political fury, they should not find a place in this letter to your Lordship, which is intended for the discussion of the religious foundation of your Church; but they were the acts of Henry, as your ecclesiastical superior (see Act), they were executed in the name and under the sanction of this new Church; as such they were agreed to by the Drummonds, and the Russells, and the Derbys of that day of English infamy; and in the preambles of the Acts of Parliament, the Assembly sat in deliberation "in the Spirit of the Holy Ghost," and hence, these acts of Henry form, without contradiction, a record of your ecclesiastical jurisdiction, and not of your political history. There is no generous, candid English Protestant, at the present day, who, I believe, does not blush at the recital of these atrocities, and yet he lives contentedly and unconsciously under the very same hierarchal law; is governed by the reigning monarch as the head of the Church; pays religious obedience in faith and morals to the persons called, appointed, and commissioned to lead men's souls to heaven; and all this by virtue of the royal prerogative, as the supreme spiritual authority of the realm. Take away the crimes of your first founder, and your present system is perfectly the same—namely, human commission, human jurisdiction in the kingdom of Christ! You might as well apply the laws of gravitation to the soul, as to adopt a temporal rule to produce the spiritual results of grace. You might as well tell the world that original sin is remitted in baptism according to the laws of hydrostatics, as to assert that the queen or king of any country can give *ex-officio* a commission to save the souls of their subjects.

It is the monarch alone of that spiritual kingdom who can

frame its laws, appoint his officers, give them authority, define their duties, and decide rewards and punishments; and this leads me to examine this principle of supremacy in the reign of Edward VI. Mr. Cobbett has already glanced at this subject; but Mr. Cobbett was no theologian—I am; and he confined his views to England: I shall extend mine to every country in Europe where your Gospel has been preached; and I hereby humbly request of the ambassadors of the Catholic Courts now resident in London (to each of whom I shall send a copy of this letter), that they will so far have mercy on Ireland as to publish my proofs in each of their capitals, in order to inform their nations of the insatiable injustice exercised towards us by the cruelty of the English Government, and to warn their countrymen of the danger of permitting English missionaries and English spies to reside amongst them, calumniating their creed and revolutionizing their laws.

One can scarcely avoid bursting out into a commingled torrent of indignation, contempt, and horror, against a band of plunderers, infidels, and assassins, who, in the face of civilized Europe, could set up a *child* of ten years of age as Pope the Second, thus placing the nation in a position of spiritual ruin, and perpetuating the mad apostasy of the last reign. This, my Lord, is a new practical-spiritual phase of your Church. In the late reign, the King proclaimed himself Pope; but here we have a born Pope, a born Bishop, an Apostle in swaddling-clothes, coming into the world with a mitre on his head, the inspiration of the Holy Ghost transmitted to him from his father Henry, like freehold property; the grace of God running in the child's pure blood by virtue of the character and ecumenical position of his father; a born saint, like his father, and, like a child born with a wooden leg, holding the crozier in his new-born hand, and wearing the mitre on his apostolic hereditary head! Lord Derby, are you serious in belonging to a system of such disgusting, incomprehensible folly? You might as well assert that a hawk could beget a whale, as that a Bishop could be naturally elaborated from the blood of

Henry VIII. But this is not all; this child-Pope made the "Book of Common Prayer," and almost entirely drew up the Thirty-nine Articles of what is called your creed.

And what renders the thing so utterly shameful, is that this weak, sickly boy never, perhaps, saw the book, or read one of the Articles referred to; so that this principle of the headship of the Church, which, in itself, is so ludicrous, is, besides all this, a most monstrous, notorious, palpable lie, as the baby-Pope, who is said to be head, has actually, and in point of fact, no more part in this Reformation-jugglery than the Grand Turk. The idea of a child making Articles of Faith, and composing prayers, through an Act of Parliament, as *head of Christ's Church*, is so palpably ridiculous, that the Catholics at once ask you, "What insanity has come over you, to leave a learned old Pope and a Council of Bishops, in order to follow a child in a cradle and a Senate of shopkeepers?" You decide religion as you decide the duty on your manufactures; you settle the way to heaven as you fix the direction of a turnpike road—namely, by a majority of votes; and in the face of mankind you set up a baby in a cradle as the expounder of the Gospel, although it cannot read; as the teacher of the Gospel, although it cannot speak; and as the head of your Church in all its duties, although it has not got one idea in its head of any one thing in this world!!

But the principle has to be examined in a new, astounding, third phase, viz.:—After the death of Edward, it is to be seen residing in a young woman of six-and-twenty years of age! of course, she, too, is the sanctified descendant of the first head, Pope Henry. She, too, it seems, inherits her father's sanctity; but the inspiration of the Holy Ghost does not fall upon her till the mature apostolic age of twenty-six. Blessed family! to have men, women, and children all born apostles—angels of grace. This lay Pope, this royal nun, this consecrated virgin, was the person who completed the inspiration of the far-famed Thirty-nine Articles of your Faith, not more than ten of which any educated respectable Protestant can conscientiously believe. Some of them

are contradictory, others absurd, and two or three of them impossible. You, my Lord, who are so deeply read in canon-law as to see heresy in our cravats, and to read the violation of your constitutional laws in our shoes and hosiery, will you say how many of these articles do you believe? I never knew any Protestant who had such a capacious draught of sanctity. Lord John Russell, although a Presbyterian, a Puseyite, a Methodist, a Protestant, and a Pagan (as he has expunged baptism), does not perhaps believe from these five creeds of his so many as these Thirty-nine Articles of Godliness. I believe it to be true, my Lord, that, like razors, made to sell, but not to shave, these Articles are made more for show than devotion. Excuse me, my Lord, if I, at the present moment, smile in your face, at seeing your name enrolled in such an incongruous, insane system of absurdity, imposture, and infidelity.

But, my Lord, I am not quite done with this young lady Pope. There is a new feature in her apostolic reign, which we learn from *Act of Parliament*, passed in the year 1571, and in the thirteenth year of her reign, to which I refer you. In this Act, passed by her Parliament of Englishmen (manufacturers of faith), and subscribed, of course, by her holy hand, as head of your Church, it was enacted (Christ protect us!) that the crown of England should descend, if she had no lawful heirs, to her "natural issue." Do you blush, Lord Derby, to see the crown of Alfred and Edward given by your evangelical Senate to such "an issue," by Act of Parliament! Do you blush to see the head of your church subscribe a public law of her own public shame! signing her hand manual to an act that would degrade the most infamous inmate of the lowest of your London brothels—haunts of pollution! I fancy it was this Act of Parliament which Mr. Drummond read, on the night when he spewed the filth of his Reformation creed on the spotless consecrated Catholic virgins of Europe. He mistook them for the virgin head of your Church; he did—the wretched old Reformer—he did mistake them; and in his filthy language he was *protected* by the Speaker, and thus *applauded* by

the whole Senate of England. I say, sir, he was, and Catholic Europe should never forget the insult offered to their honor, their morality, and to their creed. My Lord, what do you now say, so far as I have gone as yet, to the early foundation of your "Reformed Church"?

Amidst the records of the human race, there is a sense of shame in the most abandoned, which prompts them to conceal their personal crimes—wretches who have lost every virtue, and are immersed in every vice, have still left in their black hearts one small remnant of untainted nature; namely, the inward feeling of condemnation of their own guilt. It is so in the most degraded wretch that expiates on the scaffold the enormities of a long obdurate life; it is particularly so in woman, whose fine nature can never be utterly trampled out by vice but with her life; and hence, when we find a Queen of a most powerful Empire, the head of a Church calling itself Christian, in the face of mankind, at the age of forty-nine, summon a Parliament to make her prospective shame legal by English law! and when we behold herself in person sign the record of her own crime—she stands before the world the vilest miscreant, the most abandoned wretch, the most shameless monster, in woman form, that has ever stained the profligate records of either ancient or modern infamy. We have borne your calumnies too long in charitable forbearance—we have abstained these many past years from repeating the anti-Christian, the scandalous, incongruous tenets of your abhorrent creed—we have carefully kept from the hands of the rising generation of Ireland the records of your Church infamies—we have actually robbed our Irish children of the history of their fathers, in order to maintain peace with you; but you have outraged our endurance; you and *your* Church party, both Whig and Tory, have aided in calumniating us, with an indecency of falsehood, that makes even bigotry blush; and you forced us to come forward against our inclination, to recommence the exposure of your blood-stained creed, which will end, as sure as I am penning these lines, in the overthrow of this iniquitous establishment, and perhaps in the degradation of

your country. We shall no longer be silent on a system of religion where your piety is vice—where your Gospel is imposture—and the charter of your creed is hypocrisy, shame, and sin. In order to meet the objection, “that these Acts of Parliament had reference to the political, not the religious, prerogative of Elizabeth,” I subjoin the words of the Synod of London:

“The sovereign government of all her subjects, lay and clerical, belongs to her in all matters, without being subjected to any foreign power.”

Having thus glanced at the principle of the supremacy of your monarch, the next point in the regular order of your hierarchy is the ludicrous variety of your confessions of faith. From the year 1530 to the year 1557, Protestantism has issued not less than eighteen confessions of faith—all different, and varying not only in general principles, but contradictory in most of the articles of faith, and contrary on the same points of belief in not less than four essential dogmas of Christianity. Your confessions of faith are as follows:—Augsburg, 1530; Geneva, 1531; France, 1534; Melancthon's Apology, 1535; Scotch confession, 1536; Smalcald, 1537; Dort, 1541; Szenger, 1543; Sendomar, 1546; Saxonie, 1551; Wurtemberg, 1552; Book of Concord, 1556; Explications repeated, 1557.

Now, my Lord, if any one of our theories in chemistry, in reference to the analysis or the products of any chemical agents, underwent eighteen different, contradictory, and contrary demonstrations, is there any scientific scholar in the whole world who would take his oath that all these contrary theories were right: and, moreover, who would hang, behead, and quarter any one who should refuse to take his oath in the same contrarieties? And if this doctrine in science would make all mankind shudder, will you say in what language shall I attempt to explain your faith, which ascribes to the inspiration of the Holy Ghost eighteen different systems of the grossest lies, the most palpable contradictions, and absurd contrarieties? If the meanest man in Great Britain were charged with wilful prevarication on his oath, in his statement

in eighteen different assertions, he would be branded as a debased wretch, a public perjurer; and hence to ascribe this conduct to the Holy Ghost, in your eighteen sworn confessions of faith, is a depth of blasphemy, a hardihood of insane iniquity beyond the comprehension of the impartial observer; but like an old juggler swallowing a dozen of razors at a time, a feat which would kill twelve ordinary men, your long habit of unpunished infidelity has accustomed you to stand before the gates of heaven, and call God a liar to his face. Saint Paul, endeavoring to express to us unity of Faith, could find no other image by which he could convey his belief, except by likening it to the unity of God, in that remarkable passage of Holy Writ, where he writes to the Ephesians—"one Lord, one Faith, one Baptism." As this language is so clear, it follows that there cannot exist in true faith any change, contradiction, or contrariety, any more than in the very being of God; and it follows, moreover, from the clear logic of the text, that two or more faiths are just as absurd as two or more Gods.

But what signifies the testimony of St. Paul in comparison with that of Elizabeth, and what value can be attached to any scriptural record, when placed in juxtaposition with an English Act of Parliament! When a Church has arrived so far in the mysteries of faith as to place at the head of all spiritual power a monster who has discarded three wives and murdered two; when it can propose for the salvation of the soul a creed said to be made by a child in a cradle; when a public sin against the sixth commandment by the head of a Church is made legal by an Act of the English Parliament; when the Holy Ghost is publicly declared on oath to have published for the guidance of the soul in sanctity eighteen avowed systems of palpable lies, in the short space of twenty-six years—I fearlessly say, if these records cannot be disputed, there is no candid Protestant who can complain if such a system of perjury, pollution, and blasphemy be vigorously denounced before the indignation and the horror of the entire Christian world.

Notwithstanding these synodical contrarieties, we learn

the strange doctrine from "the Synod of Charterton," that the entire varying Protestant communities of Europe are still "the one society" of true Christian believers; that eighteen different "distinct things" are the self-same "one thing," is a proposition so utterly incomprehensible, as even to surpass the phenomenon of your supremacy. The only thing I ever read, which can at all approach this article of your faith in point of absurdity, is the Dutch tragedy representing Adam *about to be created*: at a certain part of the tragedy, when all eyes are turned to the deep, solemn tragedian, who is about to perform the act of creation, Adam himself, the first man (though not yet created), comes out on the stage, with new doeskin breeches, boots, and spurs, to be created! With these palpable absurdities, you call your Church the spouse of Christ—a lie which makes the skin creep, and the blood run cold, to hear you connect with the name of the Saviour such an aggregate of obscenity and impiety. From the first year of your foundation, through the three hundred years of your existence, no three individuals of your coreligionists could agree in doctrine; and at this moment you present to the laughing world a congregation divided in all points, except the stereotype doctrine of "hatred of Catholicity."

Lord John Russell, who can agree with almost any form of faith, cannot admit Baptism; the Archbishop of Canterbury, who is paid £24,000 a year for the gigantic amount of his faith, will not admit Holy Orders as necessary: even in time of general English cholera, our Dr. Whateley, in Dublin, the pre-anti-Catholic Archbishop of Ireland, exempts unmarried clergymen from their attendance in blue Asiatic cholera. In their Lordships' theological opinions, the attendance of clergy is only necessary in fine weather, when new kid gloves can be worn, when the tainted air does not blow from the east, when the patient can receive these apostles on Turkey carpets, and when there is no fear of the stench of the dying Christian coming "between the wind and their holy nobility." And more strange than all, is the new change of the Bishop of Exeter, approving the practice

of "hearing confessions." What an edifying Church you have! What a venerated Senate!

You abuse, malign, and insult us, for the practice your good Exeter now exclaims is the sure road to heaven. And this is what you call the "enviable wisdom of the English Parliament, and the evangelical unity of the Reformation." And these are the laws which you call on us to respect and obey; this is the religion to which you hope to convert the Irish people; and this is the creed you offer to poor old Erin, in the fourteenth-hundredth year of her Christian age. The venerable old lady, I assure you, is not accustomed to see her apostles dressed in diamond rings and London boots. After her long tuition under Saint Patrick, she is quite surprised to receive religious instruction from your Voltaires and Paines; she cannot understand why the education of faith in Christ *must* be preceded by the knowledge of potash and pyrites; and she is utterly astounded to hear men assert that the temple of the science of the saints *must* be approached through fields of Swedish turnips and nicely-drilled mangel-wurzel. After her long intercourse with Columkill and Saint Bridget, she has learned so completely the Irish accent, that she can with difficulty comprehend your Lordship's Saxon tongue; and although she has often heard of the dialects of Greek, and the vocalic varieties of the Eastern languages, she has never understood, till she read your eighteen confessions of faith, how there could be such a thing possible as varieties and dialects in the unchangeable professions of God's Gospel.

If you give me fair play, my Lord; if you do not set your *Times*, and your *Globe*, and your *Standard*, and your *Punch*, to ridicule and to abuse me; if you call on them to reply to me by argument, and not by abuse, I undertake to rid this nation of your Church Establishment, and thus to save for the Empire the eight and a half millions annually, which it devours from the just revenues of the naked widow and the starving orphan. Depend upon it, my Lord, that I shall lay bare the appalling foundation of your Church, before I shall have concluded my next three letters

on that subject. And believe me, I shall convince you that it is far wiser to make Catholic Ireland your friend, than to make all Europe your enemy; it is cheaper to secure the arms and the hearts of one million of Catholic Irishmen by the words of truth, honor, and justice, than to pay half a million a year to an inefficient militia, by a useless, a pernicious, an angry taxation. Rely upon it, that your diplomacy will be more respected and feared by foreign nations at seeing peace than divisions in your own country; and take the advice of a humble individual, when I presume to tell you to commence the next Parliament (where you will keep office precisely till the Christmas recess), by retracing your steps towards Ireland, and legislating for your country, not in the burning records of persecution and insult, but in the imperishable laws of eternal truth and public justice. And never forget the remarkable words of the illustrious Louis Napoleon III.: "Woe be to him (that is to you) who gives the first signal of collision, the consequences of which will be incalculable."

I have the honor to be, my Lord Earl, your Lordship's obedient servant,

D. W. CAHILL, D. D.

LETTER OF DR. CAHILL

TO THE RIGHT HON. LORD JOHN RUSSELL.

Upper Gloucester Street, Dublin.

MY LORD,—I make no apology for the liberty which I thus take in addressing so exalted a personage as the first minister of the most powerful empire in the world. On this point, your Lordship must recollect that I have not presumed to go up to your place; it was you, who, by your most unexpected letter, came down to mine; and if your Lordship find yourself now in my presence, you must see, it was you who have approached me, and not me you. As you have attacked—in a letter which will yet surprise yourself, as much as it has astonished all Europe—every Catholic in the whole world, from the Supreme Pontiff down to the “heathen” Irish, it follows, as a matter of course, that, in this large and incomprehensible insult to two hundred millions of Catholics in the Old World, your Lordship must necessarily have included me; first, as being a countryman of the heathens, and secondly, as being one of the traitors, whom (as Hume hints) you pretend to be afraid of, as aiding the Pope in his sole and undivided sway over the realm of England. Your Lordship’s late letter I consider, therefore, as partly directed to me, and therefore do I feel myself partly bound to send your Lordship an answer to certain passages which appear to me not noticed by any of those persons who have already replied to you.

There can be no doubt at all that your Lordship intended to fill all England and Ireland with the cry of No Popery, and to pelt the Catholic priesthood with the old degraded slander of being traitors to the throne. The Pope could not assume “sole and undivided sway over the realm of

England," unless the Catholic priests and people withdrew their allegiance from the Queen, and gave it undivided to him; nor could his sway be sole over the realm, unless the priests and the Catholic people entirely ignored the Queen's supremacy, when able to do so, and transferred their entire allegiance to him. This, then, I take to be your decided meaning—to inflame the English mob, if English words have any decided signification. Although this ungenerous charge has been already made ten thousand times, it ought—as Cobbett used to say—to be again refuted with scorn ten thousand times; and this is the point which I shall presume, first, to discuss with you. Your Lordship knows better than I do that the history of all Christian time over the world has but one page in reference to the allegiance of the Catholic Church to the throne—and that page is an unbroken, unshrinking fidelity to legitimate monarchy, to legitimate power, in every country, and in every age, even to chains and death. Let us examine the various countries, and come to facts and dates:

Firstly—Is not the French Revolution in 1789 written in the blood of the royal family and the French priesthood? They lived united, and they fell together—they were the faithful servants of their royal master, and hence the streets of Paris ran red with their blood, and thousands died in exile in a foreign land for their fidelity.

Secondly—In Spain, when the ancient constitution was changed, and when (as the English Cabinet knows?) the succession to the throne was altered, the priesthood clung with fidelity to the legitimate heir to the Spanish Crown, and suffered trials and persecution—from what is still called there the English party—which makes the blood freeze. In one day, the 17th July, 1833, upwards of one hundred Priests were butchered in Madrid alone; in Toledo, thirty-three convents of nuns and friars were closed, and the aged inmates pitchforked into the streets, and left to die of hunger and cruel treatment on the public highway. They were attached to Don Carlos, and therefore became the objects of plunder and assassination to the ene-

mies of order and to the conspirators against the ancient laws.

Thirdly—When rebellion broke out in the Canadas—what is termed the Papineau insurrection—the Catholic priesthood there received the thanks of the Legislature for their distinguished allegiance; and all Catholics are, since that time, admitted to a full share in the offices, emoluments, and honors of the State. Sir Francis Head states that the Catholics of Canada are the best support there of the English Crown.

Fourthly—When Norway was taken from the King of Denmark, and given by the allied powers to Bernadotte, for his services to them, and his treachery to Napoleon, the Roman Catholics—few in number—offered their property and their lives to their King to resist the encroachment, and, as Beere's narrative states, gave a noble instance of fidelity to their Lutheran King.

Fifthly—In the various revolutions which have convulsed Europe since 1847, in Lombardy, in Naples, in Austria, in Hungary, and in France, the Catholic clergy have not been so much as named for any disloyalty in these eventful times; and when the whole populations of whole kingdoms, such as Hungary, have been hurled along in one tempestuous revolution, in a perfect hurricane—when prince, ministers, and generals, and armies, yielded to the storm, will you point out, my Lord, the kingdom, the province, the parish, the town, the village, in all these countries, where the allegiance of the priest has been violated to the crown? Tell me the place, the name, the date, the office of the priest who has been a traitor to the king, in this European frenzy, when monarchs fled from their capitals for fear, when their friends abandoned them, and when almost half the thrones of Europe were nearly crumbled beneath the violence of popular fury?

Sixthly—Did not the Pope himself, who now seeks the sole sway over the realm of England, did he not fly from his capital sooner than declare war against Austria. And yet, my Lord, are all these priests, and this Pope, now

leagued in England to rob our Queen of her realm! and claim undivided sway in her empire alone, where we have the most perfect constitution that ever the world saw, and where we are governed by the most exemplary, the most illustrious, the brightest, and the most beloved sovereign that ever sat on the throne of Alfred? Are they, the men who bled at the foot of all the thrones of Europe in defence of their kings—are they, my Lord, seeking the sole sway over the realm of Victoria? Shame, my Lord—I will not retract the word—shame, shame, Lord J. Russell, to have made such a charge of attainder against the most faithful subjects of the Queen, and to have inflicted a deep, deep, and burning insult on millions of your former friends, and nearly one-half of the entire human race.

Seventhly—When I turn from Catholic Europe, and come to Protestant England, let me ask you, when revolution raised its horrid head in England, 1649, who was it, I ask, who sold a king who fled to them for protection? who was it who bought that king, with a national oath to spare his life? who was it, who, in the teeth of these national engagements, murdered that king in midday, before the gaze of mankind; and, before God and man, committed an act of national baseness, national perfidy, national dishonor, and national cruelty, of which there is no parallel in the history of the civilized world?

Eightly—Who again were these men, who, in the year 1688, joined an unnatural daughter in her disobedience to her royal father? who were they who conspired with an usurper, and expelled their legitimate monarch, and left him to die in a foreign land, a beggar at the gates of the French Court? who were these men, therefore, who, in your own country, overthrew the realm which you now pretend to be in danger? who were they? were they Irish or English? Echo answers, English! Aye, and the heathens, poor faithful fellows, clung to these kings, and suffered from Cromwell, the foul monster, a cruelty which can never be known till the eight hundred women whom he murdered at Wexford will stand before God, on the last day, and

cry for vengeance. These are your black pages, my Lord ; and before you ventured to raise a state rebellion in England, in 1850, as your cabinet did in Ireland, 1798, you should have weighed the difference of times, and have seen that what a prime minister could do in the end of the last century, your Lordship cannot effect in the middle of the present ; therefore, it is the half century in advance, and not the intention of Lord John Russell, which has defeated the state trick.

Your Lordship has been pleased to designate the creed which I profess as the "mummeries of superstition." This phrase is certainly not very courteous, although coming from the fountain of toleration ; and, in making a reply, one is little disposed, even to you, to speak in language too highly perfumed. The Rev. Mr. Bennett, who styles himself "your parish priest," asserts that you profess three distinct creeds—"that you turn your back in the evening on the principles which you professed in the morning ;" and that, "when it suits your purpose, you gladly ignore all the laws and obligations of every Church whatever." You are a Presbyterian in the morning, a Protestant at noon, and a Methodist in the evening ; in fact, faith to you, my Lord, is a matter of taste rather than of principle. You change your religion with your dress ; and hence you are a follower of John Knox in your morning-gown, of John Calvin in your dress boots, and of John Wesley in your night-slippers. You seem fond of namesakes in your various religions ; and if Pope Pius IX. happened to be called John, ten to one, if the humor took your Lordship, but you would be found on next Christmas night at Saint George's-in-the-fields at the midnight Mass of Cardinal Wiseman. St. Paul uses the words "one Faith, one Baptism, one Lord ;" by which he clearly teaches that unity of Faith is as essential as the unity of the Godhead ; and, consequently, that two or more faiths are as absurd as two or more Gods.

Hence, my Lord, according to the clear logic of Saint Paul, your professing three faiths (as Mr. Bennett asserts), is the same absurdity as if you worshipped three Gods ; so

that, after all, your Lordship is, unknown to yourself, a greater pagan, in point of fact, than all the heathen Irish, whom you have condescended to jibe in your late encyclical. The only thing in nature that bears any resemblance to this multitudinous faith and worship of yours is the sunflower, alluded to in nice poetry in Moore's *Melodies*, as worshipping its God all day in different directions: or, as Mr. Bennett would say, turning its back in the evening on the point where it bowed its head in the morning; in fact, my Lord, there is a sort of diurnal rotation in your creed, which partakes rather of mathematics and natural philosophy than theology. Your Lordship appears to read the Athenasian Creed through a kaleidoscope, where every article appears under a variety of combinations, all equally beautiful. This idea enables me to comprehend why you pity so much the ecclesiastical system of the heathen Irish—poor wretches, they have, I admit, only one faith; and, therefore, they must appear extremely illiterate in revelation when compared with those elevated minds which have learned and profess three or four. Your profession in this respect reminds me of an anecdote of a man at an election for a Member of Parliament in Ireland, who carried the placard for the Tory member on his breast, and the placard for the Whig member on his back, and thus earned his hire shouting for the parties. This man was what might be called by your Lordship a liberal politician.

Your Lordship states that the danger "within the gates is even greater," and causes you greater indignation than even the danger from the Pope. On this point I have the advantage entirely to agree with you; but the danger to be apprehended is, that all England will rush into wild infidelity, in consequence of your governing the Protestant Church (of which I wish to speak with great respect) by the decisions of a Privy Council, and defining by your decree the doctrine which is not necessary to be taught. All the world has heard of the Rev. Mr. Gorham, Vicar of Stamfordpeke, who believes in certain opinions relating to baptismal regeneration, the minutiae of which are so well known

to your Lordship. His Bishop refuses to present him to the vicarage—Mr. Gorham appeals, the Bishop persists; one says that baptismal regeneration is not an essential doctrine of Christianity; the other says it is—Mr. Gorham says no: the Bishop of Exeter says yes: Sir Herbert Jenner Fust, of the Court of Arches, says no: the Archbishop of Canterbury says yes. The Chief Justice, Lord Campbell, says neither yes nor no; but in a letter to an English lady says it is an open question.

At length, my Lord, you who are learned in all creeds, take up the question, as chief in your Privy Council, and like the cat settling the dispute between the rabbit and the weazel, you make short work of it, and by a decision of the Privy Council! you decide what is not necessary to be taught in the Protestant Church; and by way of proving the apostolicity of your mission, you would send down to Stamfordspeke a troop of dragoons, if necessary, to give a gentle hint of your infallibility. By the decision of your council, you have *bona fide* ignored the Protestant religion in England; and you would do well to record the event, by the following memorandum:

"The Protestant religion commenced in Germany, in the little town of Spire, about the end of the year 1517: flourished for 800 years and upwards in England, particularly, in the neighborhood of cannon foundries and powder magazines; and ceased to be on the 16th July, 1850, when, by an order of the Privy Council, Rev. Mr. Gorham was informed it was not necessary to teach any longer."

Now, my Lord, you are, unknown to yourself, the Lay Pontiff of England, and your committee of three judges are your infallible tribunal—and the decision which you and they assumed to Mr. Gorham proves that you all belong to the respectable body of the "Society of Friends," since you all have decided against the doctrine of baptismal regeneration. Your Lordship, therefore, has by this act shown that you have altogether four creeds! at present known to society. Now, my Lord, in sober sadness, can you imagine that any thinking man will or can remain in what you call "a Church," where your Privy Council literally claims in-

fallibility for the time being—that is, till the next variation of this thing called a Church will be made? In the time of Bossuet there were 253 variations, and the remainder of changes since that period are not necessary to be introduced in this letter.—But can you seriously expect that men of learning and feeling can continue in an establishment where you set aside the ancient doctrines once held to be essential—where you set aside the authority of a Bishop over his clergy, as you would the authority of a Custom-house officer: where the Gospel is shuffled like a pack of cards; where the articles of faith which were “trumps” to-day may not answer “suit” to-morrow; where you settle the exact amount of the invisible grace of God, as a mineralogist would determine the percentage of iron ore; where you sell the cure of souls, as Rothschild would dispose of government stock to the highest bidder; and where you make essential doctrines, which were above par a year ago, now received at a discount, according to the whim of your Privy Council, and the demand for the Gospel in the English market? St. Paul, in the quotation which I have already adduced, makes Baptism as essential a principle as “Faith or as God”; but your Infallible Council thinks otherwise, and hence you decide the thing at once.

Bishops exclaim against you; but what do you care for bishops? The diocese of Limerick, in this heathen country, petition; but what does your Council care for the Protestant clergy of Limerick? Eighteen hundred Protestant clergy cry out against this interference with their doctrines and the authority of their bishops; but what care you for their clerical demonstration? All cry out for the right of private judgment in this grave discussion, the essential principle of their religion; but you cry out *nous avons changé tout cela*; that was heretofore the act of Parliament, but since the seven hundredth variation has been made, that principle now rests entirely in the Privy Council, and not at all in the bishops, or clergy, or people, *per Deum hominumque fidem*! Where this thing will end, no one

living, not even your Lordship, so distinguished in theology, and in polytheism, can tell.

Your Lordship has been pleased to brand my Church as a Church of "mummery and of superstition"; but if ever mummery can be made palpable, it certainly can be seen and felt in three judges and a country gentleman, like your Lordship, changing the way to heaven as you would change a turnpike road; and if ever superstition stood naked before mankind, it is certainly to be seen in the act by which you expect that any man in his plain senses, that any man except a born idiot, can make "an act of faith," in you, who profess four creeds at once, as we know at present—in you, who, as Mr. Bennett asserts, are "bound by the laws and obligations of no Church whatever"—in your Lordship, who make creeds, as a potter makes crocks, shaping them according to the public taste and the public demand—you even forgive sins.

The Bishop of Exeter says it is a crying sin not to teach baptismal regeneration—you deny this assertion, coming from a common Bishop, and particularly not a member of the Privy Council; and, to show your spiritual power, you absolve Mr. Gorham from all guilt, and you give him your warrant of authority to present to God as a guarantee against His justice. 'Tis endless to recount the circumstances, the incongruities, the rank absurdities of your present Church establishment; and ten to one, unless it be managed by a skilful hand, it will bring a sad revolution on all the land. You seem to wonder at the danger arising from the crowds leaving your system, and joining the Dissenters or the Catholics—can you be so blind as not to see the just cause of this secession?

In order that any Christian shall conscientiously belong to this creed of your Council, it is necessary that he shall make "an act of faith" in its decision; and what man under the sun can do that!—that is to make an "act of faith" that you and your Council transmit the precise meaning of revelation from God—that what you decide is precisely the same as if Christ spoke—that your de-

cision is beyond all doubt the unerring truth; that you and your Chancellor and Chief Justice cannot deceive or be deceived. Now, without meaning any disrespect, you both are the two last men in England on whose word in spirituals a Christian would make an act of faith. You are clearly no theologian, or you would not profess four creeds at the same time, and the Chancellor has not read even Church history, as Mr. Bennett has already proved. Your decisions are, therefore, filled with doubt, which is incompatible with belief; he who doubts, clearly does not believe; and hence thousands of the unthinking masses of Englishmen are going into infidelity, as Rev. Mr. Jones has proved before a committee of the House of Commons; and all the reasoning portion, like the one hundred and forty-nine converts from Oxford and Cambridge, are coming to lay their weary heads beneath the roof of the Catholic Church, where God's testimony need not a warrant of the Privy Council as the foundation of their faith, and where they can with all their souls say, "I firmly believe."

I shall now conclude for the present, my Lord, and I hope I have not uttered one word of disrespect towards you. I apologize if I have done so. I think I have read every printed speech and other work of yours which appeared these last twenty-five years; and having so long admired and followed you, I should be sorry to be wanting in courtesy towards you.

I have the honor to be, my Lord,

Your obedient servant,

D. W. CAHILL, D. D.

DR. CAHILL TO THE RIGHT HON. LORD
JOHN RUSSELL.

MY LORD,—I shall take the liberty to trouble you with a second communication in reference to some additional passages in your late letter, which might create, if unexplained, considerable alarm in the minds of the Catholic clergy and the people. The first passage is that where your Lordship writes :

"Upon this subject, then, I will only say, that the present state of the law shall be carefully examined, and the propriety of *adopting any proceedings* with reference to the recent assumption of power carefully considered."

From these clear words, it appears evident that you are determined, if the present state of the law cannot meet the recent grievance, to *adopt* such measures as will effectually crush any further progress of the Papal power. This is a serious threat; and your Lordship being the Premier of England, you hold the precise office which can enable you to carry this threat into execution. You have, indeed, thus reopened a burning question; and, from the history of your former life, you are the last man in England who, one could suppose, would so degrade your splendid name as to prop up your ministerial office with the old rotten "rack" and rusty "gibbet" of the sixteenth century. You have exhumed "More and Fisher," with tens of thousands of English and Irish martyrs to conscience; and you have called a coroner's inquest on the murdered dead, which will receive at present from all nations of the earth a verdict of "guilty" against all these sanguinary statesmen whose laws you are now about to "adopt."

You have brought to us the cruel remembrance of England's worst persecutors; you have stirred up from the forgotten depths of their crimson history a national agony

which makes the Irish heart reel; and you have evoked an English spirit of intolerance which will not easily subside into its former composure. We Catholics in Ireland thought you incapable of entertaining even one intolerant feeling; but, my Lord, you have been educated, after all, in a prejudiced school, and, with your mother's milk, you have sucked in hostility to Catholicity. You took the bent in your infancy, which now, unknown to yourself, you evince against the Catholic Church:

"A pebble in the streamlet scant
Has turned the course of many a river,
A dew-drop on the baby plant
May WARP the giant oak forever."

Since, therefore, you are resolved to turn back on the path of legislation, and thus to rehearse the national tragedy of the penal code, will your Lordship be pleased to inform us, in which of the past reigns will you begin? which of the past ministers will you take for your guide? and which of the "legal proceedings" of these memorable days will you "adopt" in order to repel the Papal power?

These are important considerations for the "aggressors," as they will direct them to examine the conduct of the Catholics of the past days, and endeavor to imitate their example. Pray, then, sir, will you begin in the reign of Henry VIII., and with Thomas Cromwell for your model, will you "adopt the proceedings" of plundering the abbeys, demolishing the colleges, applying gunpowder to the priories, expelling the priests, hanging the laity, and seizing the ancient legal property of the poor to the amount of forty millions of our money? If your Lordship will begin in this reign, and imitate your efficient ancestor of that memorable era, you will soon put an end to the present "sole and undivided sway of the Pope," and you will, at one blow, annihilate all the "mummeries of our superstition."

But perhaps you might rather choose to begin in the reign of Edward VI., and follow "Somerset" as your example, when one Lord Russell hanged a priest in Devonshire from the belfry of his own church—when bishoprics were seized

to put down the bad example of the Bishops—when churches were thrown down in honor of God's pure worship—when creeds were made and remade, in order, like a badly made suit of clothes, that these creeds might have the newest cut, and fit tight to the conscience—when books of prayer were received or rejected by vote by ballot—when the office of St. Paul was set up to auction—and when the Apostles' Creed was won, or lost, or kept up by the distinguished players like a game of "spoiled five" or "blind hookey." There can be no doubt at all this "reforming" reign will supply you with several facts which may serve as material for a second letter to the Bishop of Durham and the mob, and will enable you to "adopt legal proceedings" as "plenty as blackberries," for putting an immediate stop to Papal aggression.

I shall pass over the reign of Elizabeth, as I cannot suppose you would resolve to begin in this reign, and take either Cecil, or Walsingham, or Wentworth as your models; and I feel rather confident that you would not "adopt the proceedings" of this Gospel reign, which entirely consisted of the constitutional laws of "hot-irons, racks, ropes, buckling-hoops, gibbets, and ripping-knives." These legal proceedings, if adopted, would save your Lordship the trouble of writing your late letter, "the Canon law on the doctrine of Grace, and on our enslaving mummeries," because these English decrees of the glorious Reformation not only put an end to the abstract idea of Papal aggression, but they entirely silenced, removed out of England, and, indeed, out of this sublunary world altogether, the very aggressors themselves, together with their wives and children: and, alas! bearing on their mangled flesh and broken bones in the grave the marks of "the proceedings" adopted by the Russell of these days to establish the royal supremacy and to crush the Papal power.

More blood has been spilled in England and Ireland on the subject of the royal supremacy than has ever been shed in any country on the earth, either from war, famine, or pestilence, or from all three taken together. Neither the Poles, under the Russian tyrant, or the Greeks, under the

Turks, have lost so many of their children by the sword, the faggot, or banishment, as our country has lost by the axe, the rope, and by torture, in sustaining the question which your Lordship has introduced, by a gratuitous and wanton revival. Will you say, therefore, in what glorious reign, under what Christian chief, and under what legal statute, will you take your stand at the next session of Parliament?

I wish to inform your Lordship, that I am not one of those who think your letter harmless, because it has, in *point of fact*, produced up to this period no very pernicious results. The same apology might be made for the assassin whose pistols hung fire, and missed his aim; the same excuse might be made for Guy Fawkes, who, in point of fact, did not blow up the whole Parliament. I do hold you guilty, and I do believe that you *intended* to produce a most violent attack on the Catholics in England and in Ireland; and, moreover, I believe that if your letter were not ignored by the sense of the *English people*, and by the never-to-be-forgotten liberal feeling of the Irish Protestants, and by the Presbyterians in Ireland and Scotland, the churches of England would in all probability have been torn down, and the priests perhaps murdered in the streets.

There is one passage in your letter, in which any impartial man will clearly see you had intended the worst results. Your Lordship says:

"Even if it shall appear that the ministers and servants of the Pope in this country have *not transgressed the law*, I feel persuaded we are *strong enough* to repel any outward 'attack';" and again, "I rely with confidence on the *people of England*."

No language can be more clear than these words to publish through England, "that the Pope was *not* within the power of the *law*;" and that, consequently, you relied on the people to exercise their *strength* (as mobs do) to trample down, kick, cut, and demolish the Papists, who were the enemies from without.

And hence, on the receipt of your command, scenes were

commenced and acted, which the future historian of England will attribute to your name, with a censure from which that name can never escape. French Revolutionists, hear the conduct of the English mob, under the command of Lord John Russell! Yes, under your command—I repeat the words. Followers of Robespierre—you who bowed down before the Goddess of Reason, hear and reflect on the London mobs, under the command of the English Prime Minister! They burned the Pope in effigy—they burned Cardinal Wiseman in effigy—they burned monks; they burned friars; and, *proh pudor!* they burned the *Sisters of Charity!!!*

Lord John Russell, you have done this; and let me tell your Lordship, that the most ferocious bandit that ever lurked in the dark trackless Alps, whose dagger has not dried for years from the crimson stain of human blood—even from the black heart of that monster one generous feeling has been known to rise, and float above the tempest of his troubled conscience. That monster would not cross the path of a Sister of Charity, for fear his presence might alarm the consecrated virgin in her silent rounds to visit the abandoned sick, to bind the broken heart, to heal the wounded stranger.

And, *proh pudor! hinc lachrymæ!!* Alas! what next? Your mob burned in effigy—yes, they did—your mob, to the number of several thousands, burned in Putney, on the 5th of January, 1850, the ever Blessed Virgin Mary! the daughter of David, the Virgin of Lebanon, and the mother of the God-man!—the descendant of Royalty, the genius of the Prophets, the Virgin “full of grace,” the Mother of the Messiah, “blessed among women,” could not escape your mob.

Yes, my Lord, you did this in free England; and the French Revolutionists never thought of such an act. Even “Pilate” did not molest her, standing amongst the Jewish mob, while he condemned her adorable Son to the Cross; even the Deicide guards of thrilling Calvary did not insult her while she sat weeping at the foot of the Cross. No, no, my

Lord, they did not; that act was reserved for the "Reformed" minister of proud Albion, and for his Christian mob, "as by law established." No, no, she received protection from the Jews, but not from the Christians of Putney.

Sixty-two days elapsed from the date of your letter till this shameful occurrence at Putney; although you saw, and heard, and read the various insults offered to nuns, priests, etc., you never contradicted, by a word or command, these proceedings; and hence, according to a well known phrase, as "an accessory before the fact, during the fact, and after the fact," you are decidedly guilty of this outrage against religion and common decency. Would you so treat the descendant of Alfred, merely because he revived Roman law, and drew the first draft of Magna Charta? Would you so treat the mother of "Nelson," merely because he widened the boundary of your Ocean Empire? I shall not dare the conclusion by making comparison between man and God. I shall only say on this point, that nothing further can be added to the insane extravagance of England's apostasy. And pray, my Lord, is the savage "Haynau" to be condemned for flogging women, who, after all, conspired against the State—who took part with their sons and husbands? And are your men to escape with impunity for burning inoffensive nuns in effigy, and caricaturing the Mother of God? What ambition is there in taking the place of savage Haynau? He flogs—your men burn; he bleeds—your men scorch nuns and the Blessed Virgin; and when next you honor us with a visit in Ireland, would it be surprising if the draymen of Cork or Dublin would cry aloud, "Haynau, the burner of nuns—Haynau, the caricaturist of the Blessed Virgin?"

But the day may come when Englishmen may have some heavier work to do than burning nuns of pasteboard and Cardinals of straw; and when prime ministers may have more important duties to mind besides encouraging infidelity, spreading national discord, burning swaddling preachers, manufacturing a splendid pinchbeck religion of the most

modern pattern at present in use in England, and placing Christian Faith in the very apogee of Scripture, tradition, and theology.

My opinion, my Lord, of your penal threat is, that, when you will have seen the general opposition to your proceedings, you must let the contemplated measure drop; and that, too, for many reasons—firstly, because the subject of the public panic is exceedingly frivolous, the whole thing being the difference between the words “Bishop” and “Vicar-Apostolic”; and, again, between the words “District” and “Diocese.” The dispute reminds me of the national horrors mentioned in Gulliver’s Travels, where two nations went to war, and fought several sanguinary battles, to determine which end of an egg might be broken at breakfast! One nation contended that *the little end* should be broken, and hence they were called the “Little Endians,” somewhat resembling the *diocese men* of the present controversy; others contended for the *big end*, and were called the “Big Endians,” somewhat resembling the *district men* of the present controversy, and fairly representing your Lordship, the Bishops, the clergy, and the London and Putney mobs. There can be no doubt, that there is no more difference in the *English* controversy than in the *Lilliputian* war; that Bishop and diocese are convertible terms with Vicar-Apostolic and district; and that when men will seriously reflect on the matter, both your Lordship and the English people will be perfectly indifferent whether Cardinal Wiseman belong to “the Little or the Big Endians.”

Secondly, the Catholics, Presbyterians, and Dissenters are very numerous in our European part of the empire (more numerous than Protestants), and hence, it would be dangerous to make a law, which, in point of fact, would, and should, and ought to be equally insulting to them, to the Catholics; and these are not times, my Lord, to be playing Parliamentary tricks with millions of people, and quarrelling with loyal subjects and devoted friends, in order to gratify the whims of a Church which cannot be in existence in one hundred years to come. Your Lordship’s Cabinet will, of

course, advise laws not only for the present generation, but for their successors; and I think it will appear evident (as Sir Powell Burton used to say, talking of slavery in the West Indies), that no legislator ought to make laws which he ought to foresee *must* end in revolution in half a century to come.

Thirdly, my Lord, I must take the liberty of telling you, that there is not the least use in your framing laws against the Catholic Church. She has triumphed over more powerful nations than England; defied even a greater man than the present Premier of Great Britain; and she has outlived tongues, and creeds, and dynasties, which had a stronger case against her than the Putney heroes.

Your countrymen are not more powerful than the followers of Ruric and Alaric the First; they never were so terrible as Attila or Genserik; your Bishops are not more learned than Gobaldus; nor any of your orators and philosophers at the late county meetings to be compared with Julian. Your national creed is not more extensive than Arianism; and yet, my Lord, these are all gone, departed, and forgotten, and their progeny extinct; while here we are, the young Catholic branches of the old stock, flourishing through the spring of ages, without sign or symptom of decay. As long as the old *roots* of the old parent stock are fixed in the soil (which is true), you may cut down as often as you can; we spring up again when the winter is past; and our motto is "*Recissa Resurge.*"

You threaten us with Acts of Parliament. Excuse me; we laugh at Acts of Parliament, because we know that the same hand that balances creation has raised our altar, and will never disturb the foundation of His own Church; because we know that the power which can chain the whirlwind, and tame the swollen empires of the ocean, can, when He pleases, subdue your heart and the Putney mob; and, above all, we know that it is quite as foolish in you to attempt to impede our onward progress against the will of God, by Acts of Parliament, and bonfires, and bags of chaff, and barrels of pitch! as it would be, if you sent the Twelfth

Lancers to stop the tide, or called on your astronomer at Greenwich to put off till evening an eclipse of the English people.

And will you permit me to ask your Lordship, if we are the barbarian priests of a heathen people, why are you afraid of us? How can such barbarian priests, with their rude clubs of "mummery," stand a moment before the discipline of your ecclesiastical "reformed" infantry of Oxford and Cambridge? What are you afraid of? Why do you meet our logic with the bayonet? Why guard off our theology with burning fagots, and stop our mouths with your favorite Scripture proofs (the rope), if we are the sadly educated wretches, the Pagan vulgarians, the heathen mummers whom you represent us?

Pray, sir, why are you so much afraid of us? If our superstitions are so filthy, surely the merchants, the traders, the barristers, the solicitors, the physicians, the scholars of Great Britain, so remarkable for their talents, experience, tact, and knowledge, have only to see us, and hear our doctrine, to be horrified at our confining the intellect and enslaving the soul—why, then, are you afraid to let them hear us, and listen to our arguments? Is there no internal evidence in the prohibition to hear us, that you fear the force of our reasoning and the resistless strength of our traditional title deeds? Say what you will—conceal it as you can—your fears show that we are your masters in learning, and that we alone possess the legitimate inheritance of being the lineal descendants of the Apostles.

We have met your best men in controversy foot to foot, and they were obliged to respect our learning, and pay deference to our talents. Your most polished men are becoming converts to our doctrine; and the erudition of 1800 years belongs confessedly to the Catholic name, long, long before your Lordship's many-colored faith was known in the world. And yet, we, the modern Catholic priests, fight only with the *small arms* of our ancestors in the Church. There is no man of the present day amongst us whom the armor of St. Augustine would fit: it is too large for modern men and too heavy for

our strongest controversialists to bear up for a moment. No man of the present day could lift the club of Tertullian, with which, in his ancient battles, he conquered all the enemies of his creed; and the mouth of the "Amazon" can alone give you the best idea you can form of the golden flood of language, the resistless power of eloquence, which poured from the Catholic lips of St. Chrysostom.

My Lord, may I ask if you have read the history of these men, and the victories they won? Have you read the history of the brilliant exploits performed by their successors in all the Christian ages, and in all the countries? and if not, I shall only say, when you have read them, your Lordship will see at once how foolish it is to think of subduing conscience by fagots of burning straw; how insane it is to hope of teaching the Faith of the Gospel through the light of pitch-barrels and bon-fires; and how ridiculous to fancy that "the children of the Saints could tremble before the sons of Voltaire," or how the descendants of "Fisher and Plunket" could blench before the successors of Cranmer.

Fourthly, your Lordship will not, I am sure, introduce the penal bill, simply because you have too much to do with other matters of greater moment to yourself personally. You have to compose all the elements which you have called into furious antagonism. Thus you have made an adversary of Lord Roden and his party some time past; and hence you have hoped to pacify him by giving the Catholic heathens (the Chippewa Indians) the late knock on the head. You have irritated the Dissenters of England by your late education policy, and you wished to propitiate them by the late pitched-barrels, and the phantasmagoria of Guy Fawkes. You have offended the Protestant Bishops of England by your late liberal policy; and hence it was necessary to return back to the sixteenth century, and satisfy these divines with recent lectures on penal enactments; and most strange (as a proof of your great talents), you have so deeply offended the Catholics of the whole world by your letter, you now think, therefore (in order to please us), of uprooting the Protestant Church in Ireland!! That you will do this work, is as cer-

tain as that I am writing to you at the present moment ; but on this subject I shall not say one word, for fear I should utter one syllable of disrespect towards any one member of that Church.

You have, therefore, a great deal to do. My Lord, during the next session of Parliament, you have to pour oil on the waters which you have lashed into fury. In fact, there has never been a minister of Great Britain who has been playing such tricks with the nation as your Lordship has been playing with all parties during the past year ; you have been encouraging the nation to carry on the children's play of " weighdee bucketdee " ; you have yourself presided over the machinery—lifted all parties up and down at your pleasure, like a magician, and all this in order to throw dust in the eyes of all England and Ireland, while you yourself keep the secure post of prime minister.

But if the Protestants and Catholics of Ireland could only see this lessening performance of yours in its true colors of knocking our heads together for the amusement of the English, we would unite in one compact body of Irishmen (making it a crime even to introduce the demon discord of religious rancor into their assemblies), and if this body would enter on their duties, not in giving opposition to Government, or in doing any such foolish thing, but attending to their own national interests, they would soon compel your Lordship, or any of your official successors, to treat us with more respect and more seriousness than setting us to fight with each other, and carrying on a shameful State-hoax upon the entire country.

In conclusion, my Lord, there is no more reason to show that you will not unfrock the English Bishops just now. There is a Royal personage who will not permit you. Her most gracious, and most beloved, and most excellent Majesty will not give you leave to put your thumbscrew upon our Church. No person can ever forget the silent, dignified censure which her Majesty passed upon you, during the reading of five most important addresses. I need only mention the address alone from the Corporation of London, her own

chief city ; yet she never alluded in her answer to this address from her own city, by even one word, to any one word in your letter. This Royal silence on this important occasion was, without any exception at all, the most withering, the most degrading rebuke to a prime minister recorded in English history ; and there you stood in a pillory, swallowing your own words, and (to use a term from the clubs), "snubbed" to your face.

I say, that the Pope can never return sufficient thanks to the Queen of England for this most brave and generous conduct. I question much, if any Catholic Sovereign in Europe would have the heart or the courage, under similar circumstances, so to treat her prime minister. She did not endorse any one of your Lordship's sentiments. You are, therefore, clearly, my Lord, no longer the exponent of the Royal mind, and not to be the exponent of the Royal mind is the very definition of your dismissal. Yet, your Lordship holds your place. For this and all her other acts of kindness, may she long live to rule over her boundless empire—may she triumph over all her enemies, and confound their politics ; may God add still more to her domestic happiness ; may her court continue to be a model of virtue to every palace in Europe ; and may the stability of her throne be transmitted to her children's children, is the prayer of every Catholic priest in her invincible empire.

I shall, my Lord, watch the progress of the next session of Parliament ; and if you will persevere in fulfilling your promise of enacting any penal law against my Church, I shall, most humbly, trouble you with a third letter, in continuation of the same subject.

I have the honor to be, my Lord,

Your Lordship's obedient servant,

D. W. CAHILL, D. D.

DR. CAHILL TO THE RIGHT HON. LORD
JOHN RUSSELL.

AIRDRIE, SCOTLAND, November 4, 1851.

MY LORD,—This day brings before the minds of the Catholics of the whole world the painful recollection of your letter to the Bishop of Durham. Twelve months have now elapsed since the publication of that inflammatory and persecuting document; and time and experience, which are the best tests of political wisdom, have proved that your views have been incorrect and your speeches exaggerated. The Bishops have assumed their titles, and they exercise their diocesan jurisdiction without infringing on the principles of the Constitution, or trenching on the prerogatives of the Crown. Your statesmanship, therefore, is a palpable failure—your penal law is a political lie; and Lord John Russell stands before the gaze of mankind, a false leader, and a naked bigot.

As your Lordship is about to enter on this day into the second year of your ministerial Hegira, it may not be amiss to present to your Lordship a historical review of the conduct of your Cabinet during the last few years—and to inform the people of Ireland and Great Britain of the disastrous position to which you have reduced the British Empire, both as regards its internal interests and its external relations. I have already laid before my most persecuted fellow-countrymen the intrigues of Lord Palmerston and his corps of diplomatique, in aiding the revolutionists of five different countries in Europe; and I have proved that he attempted at the same time to overthrow the authority of the Pope, and to uproot the discipline and the Faith of the Catholic Church. You were, of course, the abettor and the prime mover of these two-fold intrigues; and thus wo

clearly convict you of *appearing*, during five years, as the advocate of our national and religious liberties, while, in fact, you were secretly undermining our inherent rights, and treacherously sapping the foundations of our creed.

Your letter of November, 1850, disclosed your real character, developed your long-contorted plans, and will be distinguished in our future history as the Russell conspiracy; and it will take its place in enormity, and precedence in the paragraph, next to the atrocious memory of the Gunpowder Plot. Guy Fawkes and Lord John Russell will, therefore, fill two correlative pages, alike in their aim, treachery, and their failure.

I informed my poor faithful countrymen, in last March (that is, such of them as you had not starved and *pitted* at that time), that your intrigues were well known in every Court in Europe; that you were digging a pit for England, which very soon would engulf the whole Empire; and that a European combination against the machinations of the English Cabinet would be the inevitable result of your unexampled political and religious deceit. And I informed my bleeding country not to despair; that the sword of God's justice would be soon drawn against our oppressors—that the hour of their deliverance was nearer than they imagined; and to stand fearlessly and firm together in a national confederacy. I am now in a position to prove these points, and to lay before the Queen and the country the undisguised expression of universal hostility which your unprecedented cabinet schemes have lashed into fury in almost every Court in Europe. May I, therefore, my Lord, beg your calm perusal of the following extracts; they will point out the unmistakable combination of foreign Courts, and the gulf which you are preparing for England:

"A private letter from Frankfort, dated the 6th, and received in Paris on Monday, states that Lord Palmerston has directed a note to be presented through Lord Cowley to the President of the Diet, Count Thun, in which he requests the Assembly to take steps with respect to the Neapolitan Government, in order to induce it to abandon the political system it has hitherto followed. The note was accompanied by several copies of Mr. Gladstone's pamphlet. The affair was discussed in the sitting of the Diet held on the 20th September.

The President, in an address at once clear and precise, showed how unusual and unbecoming such a demand was. He dwelt particularly on the extraordinary proceeding of a government claiming on the authority of any individual statement to interfere in matters purely domestic of another nation, and with the administration of justice of an independent government, and he concluded by calling on the Assembly to reject the demand made upon it. The minister of Prussia to the Diet declared it as his opinion that the demand of Lord Palmerston was neither more nor less than *defiance to all Continental policy*, and should be met by a very decided answer. It was, therefore, resolved that the President of the Diet should be authorized to reply to Lord Palmerston to the effect that the German Diet, having made itself acquainted with the note of the British Government, and the contents of which appeared to it as unusual as they were little in harmony with the ordinary usages of international relations practised by all governments, felt all the less disposed to interfere with the domestic affairs of a foreign government as independent of itself, as it *would not permit any one*, whoever he may be, to meddle with those of the Confederation; and it was for that reason it disapproved and rejected the line of conduct proposed by Lord Palmerston in the name of his Cabinet. An answer to that effect has been made to Lord Cowley."

The Frankfort journals state that Russia has replied to Lord Palmerston's note, inclosing Mr. Gladstone's letter, in *a strain exactly similar* to that put forth by the Germanic Diet against interference with the concerns of foreign countries.

In the foregoing communication, Lord Palmerston, with his usual duplicity, endeavors to concoct a conspiracy against Naples, and he sends one of his characteristic despatches to one of his characteristic companions (your nominees and servants), to intrigue with the German Diet—and Prussia to intrigue with Russia, and when this snaking and most cowardly conspiracy should be finally formed, then to menace Italy and Naples with a combined attack, in order to *redeem* your pledge to the unfortunate dupes and victims whom your diplomacy excited to revolution, and drove to exile and death. But Germany, and Prussia, and Russia have clearly "snubbed" your colleague, and have read to you and to him a lesson of defiance, which places your Cabinet in the most humiliating posture. But the contempt offered to you does not end here; Lord Palmerston grounded this, your conspiracy, on the private communication of Mr. Gladstone, which has been disproved, word for word, by Mr.

M'Farlane and Monsieur Condon. And here I shall take leave to present to the Queen "snub the second," which your honorable colleague has received from Prince Castelvicala, minister of the King of Naples; let England read this second contumely cast on this country:

PRINCE CASTELVICALA TO VISCOUNT PALMERSTON.

15 PRINCE'S-STREET, Cavendish-square, August 9th.

MY LORD,—In a report which appeared in the *Times* paper of yesterday of the sitting of the House of Commons, I have read that your Excellency, in answer to a question put by Sir De Lacy Evans, relative to some publications of Mr. Gladstone against the Government of the King my august Master, said you considered it your duty to send copies of the same to the British ministers at the various Courts of Europe; and since a reply to the said publication, grounded upon substantial documents, has recently made its appearance, I have the honor to send fifteen copies to your Excellency, and therefore request your Excellency will take precisely the same means for distribution as you have done for those of Mr. Gladstone.

The known maxim, *Audi alteram partem*; the courtesy of your Excellency and, in the present conjuncture, what is better, your justice,—all lead me to hope that your Excellency will not find my request indiscreet.

CASTELVICALA.

It is impossible not to see the sneer of contemptuous derision with which the foreign Prince demands reparation for the national slander, backed as he is by all Europe, and the painful position of Lord Palmerston in his shifting reply excites pity for the man, and shame for the minister. Your Minister of War stammered, hesitated, shuffled, before this honorable, and firm, and decided request of Naples; and finally, with a doggedness so peculiarly his own, refused to make the reparation of a gentleman, for the most palpable misstatement and the most obvious perversion of facts.

My next extract shall be taken from one of the highest ministerial and commercial journals of Austria—an extract which places your Cabinet in a position degrading to the whole empire, tending to tarnish the high reputation of British honor, and which ought to be a sufficient reason to remove you from a station which you fill with discredit to the State, and with injury to the Crown. No British sub-

ject can read the following extract without shame, and horror, and indignation:

(From the Austrian Lloyds.)

"The ovations which are now under preparation in England, in honor of an Austrian subject guilty of treason to his Sovereign, and of having ignited the flame of revolution in his native country, do not arouse our indignation to any great extent. We feel a pity, mixed with uncommon contempt, for the stupid, well-fattened (*stupiden wahlgemasteten*) aldermen of Southampton and London. In 1848 the English Foreign Office gave *itself every possible pains to dismember the Austrian Empire*. The noble Lord at the head of the government tried all that *intrigue, duplicity, treachery, and deceit* could do, to obtain his ignoble ends. Whilst a Minister of the highest diplomatic rank represented his Queen at the Austrian Court, and ostensibly, in public, spoke of the friendly relations existing between Great Britain and Austria, secret agents in the *pay of the English Cabinet*, and its public servants—men like Lords Minto and Abercrombie—were laying intrigues which were soon to acquire an historical importance. The mines were dug, the powder laid, and, on a signal *transmitted from Downing street*, the explosion followed. A portion of South and Central Europe was in flames. Lord Ponsonby remained in Vienna, a guarantee of England's Punic faith to her old ally. Meantime, that unhappy King, whose tragic fate shields him from too severe a judgment being passed upon him, was driven to distraction and to death by British intrigue; and as Kossuth can boast of *Lord Palmerston's friendship*, with equal right may it be claimed by all the rebel leaders in the different parts of Europe. That many of them were discarded by their *quondam* friend in their hour of distress, is no refutation of the fact. Even English journals have declaimed against Lord Palmerston, for having *unmercifully* abandoned the men *he had misled*, as soon as their plans proved unsuccessful.

"Every victory of the Austrian arms in Italy and Hungary—the close alliance between Austria and Russia—the successful suppression of the revolution wherever it broke forth—the failure of the Prussian scheme to drive Austria out of Germany—*finally*, the consolidation of the power of the Empire—were so many severe and keenly-felt blows to English policy. Never was a Cabinet compelled to make so many miserable retractions, never did a Cabinet suffer so many painful defeats, or lose so much influence, honor, and respect, as the English Cabinet at this period. Its influence in the Mediterranean, to which England attached so much importance, vanished. The Cabinets of Madrid, Naples, Athens, justly regarded England as their *enemy*. The infamous proceedings against Greece aroused the slumbering sense of honor and justice even of the British Parliament, and threatened the ministry with a disgraceful termination of the office.

"Rage at foiled plans, vexation at the defeats sustained by Sardinia, shame at being convicted of dishonesty, had been gnawing for some time at the hearts of leading men in England. Their impotency to harm Austria makes them give vent to their feeling by making grimaces at it. A man convicted in

Austria of high treason is therefore to be received as an honored guest. This is not done so much in his honor as to offend loyal Austrians. We scarcely think this demonstration will attain its object. The loyal Austrian has reason to rejoice; that the mightiest and most hostile endeavors, that the most deeply-laid and deceitful plans of one of the most powerful Cabinets of Europe, have not succeeded in preventing the regeneration of his country; and that England has no other means left to resort to, to express its rage at its failure, but to render honors to a man who had been banished from his country for political offences."

Verily, my Lord, your diplomacy on the European Continent is likely very soon to inflict a heavy blow on our common country. There can be no doubt that all Europe is beginning to combine, and, in fact, to arm itself against England. You have roused (and the world will say, justly,) the anger of Switzerland, and Naples, and Germany, and Prussia, and Russia, and Austria. Lord Palmerston is, in fact, the Captain Rock of Europe, and under the pretext of preserving European peace, you are fomenting a European war. Take care lest the mines you are digging under other nations may be imitated in return under England; and beware lest the explosion you have prepared for them may not involve your own country in irretrievable ruin. Verily, Lord John Russell is rather unfortunate in his foreign relations, and as Lord Stanley has already prophesied of your Cabinet, "unless you are checked in this unrestrained career, you will inevitably bring on a European war."

There can be no greater enemy to England over the civilized world, which sooner or later will check her dominant power, lower her high national name, and vitally damage her commercial interests. The clear statements of all reform associations show that the taxes, direct and indirect, on every twenty shillings' worth of consumption and manufacture in England, amount to thirteen shillings and two pence; that the people of England, therefore, can claim as their own (for their capital and skill) only six shillings and ten pence in every pound which they give the State. And hence, sir, if through your unbridled ministerial dictation and domination through Europe, you *compel* foreign

nations to quarrel with us, to dread our connection, to establish their own factories, and to annihilate or diminish our trade, you will cause a revolution in England, such as history has never recorded, and your name will be transmitted to posterity as the greatest enemy that England ever saw. For the first time in English history, we behold a decided and universal attitude of defiance assumed by Europe against England; your ambassadors are insulted, your votes of diplomacy scoffed, and one loud voice of contempt and indignation is raised against your diplomatic conduct and your country, from the Baltic to the Mediterranean.

This is a fact beyond all dispute, and it establishes by a clear demonstration that England is regarded at this moment by universal Europe as the disturber of international peace, the fomentor of revolution, the secret enemy of foreign thrones, and the insidious persecutor of the Catholic Church. If I were actuated by the revenge to which your unexampled perfidy has reduced your country; but I am neither a revolutionist or a rebel, but I am an Irish priest. These two words contain the record of national honor and of national loyalty. And when you and your colleagues would behead the sovereign, as you did Charles, and join a plebeian usurper, as you did Cromwell, and expel your monarch, as you did James, and receive a foreigner, out of a poor house, as you did William, I, and every one of the ancient order to which I belong, would bleed at the foot of the throne, as we have done, through every age and country. And when you, and the class to which you are associated, would change your creed from Presbyterianism to Protestantism, and *vice versa*; and from somethingism to anythingism or nothingism; and while you prove before scorning men, weeping angels, and laughing devils, that your official cravat, or the cut of your official coat; we, the glorious Catholic people, and we, the heroic priests stand through all time, and place, and circumstances, faithful to God and loyal to the throne; and we stand forth, a contrast to your officiality, like truth to

falsehood, light to darkness, and national honor to national perfidy.

Such, my Lord, being your official work on the European Continent, I shall proceed to inquire how matters stand at home, in persecuted Ireland. But before I shall commence this melancholy view of your disastrous legislation, I must beg leave to tell you that, although Ireland is bent to the earth by the heartlessness, the calumnies, and the cruel oppression of your rule, we are still firm and fearless, and we are undismayed, either by the threats of unjust power, or the scandalous jibes of a lying and bribed press. You may cut down, but you cannot eradicate—you may strike us prostrate for a time of ferocious triumph, but we shall rise again—you may expel us from the soil of our fathers, but we shall appear again, renovated in number and power, on the glorious American Continent. You may make cruel laws for the year 1851, but take warning of the results of these laws before the year 1951. You cannot keep us always in slavery and degradation; the history of the world is against this position. Where you least expect a reaction, you may receive a fatal national blow; and your name as an English gentleman, and your character as a statesman, will live longer in the future applause of the historian, for being the advocate of honor and justice, rather than the supporter of perfidy and persecution. Powerful as you are, we shall never learn a lesson difficult to the instructions which our fathers have taught us; we have never yet yielded to your injustice through three centuries of cruelty, and we shall not now begin to take you for our political and national master.

We believe, besides, that between the Kaffirs, and the Australians, and the Canadians, and the peoples of all Europe, you have rather too much on your hands just now, to appear in the second act of the late dramatic State Trials, and we think (that is, as many of us as are alive) that in the present state of France (with which your Captain Rock appears on such good terms), you will rather defer, for the present, the ancient custom of erecting your gibbets and your old

racks on the red cross-roads which bear your name. Indeed, I may as well tell you, my Lord, that, without meaning the least disrespect, of course, to the Queen's Minister, we fearlessly set you at defiance; and we are thoroughly convinced (a position which I could prove, if I wished) that you have not the most remote notion of persecuting us at present; and we know that you know that we know that you are very near a crisis, when you will be compelled to cultivate our friendship rather than provoke our further anger at your unprecedented conduct.

Alas! alas! where shall I begin to tell your political career, as regards poor trodden-down, faithful, persecuted Ireland? Nor is it with ink or paper I would attempt the description of the woes of your rule. No, no, my Lord; the deserted village, the waste land, the unfrequented chapel, the silent glen, the pale face, and the mournful national voice, stamp the history of Ireland with the deep, deep impression of your administration; while the ferocity of the unbridled landlord, and the terrors of the uprooted and mouldering cabins, and the cries of the houseless orphan, and the tears of the broken-hearted widow, and the emigrant ship, and the putrid work-house, and the red oozing pit of the coffinless and shroudless dead—these, these, oh! all these, are all the thrilling and eloquent witnesses, to publish to coming generations, and to unborn Irishmen, the character and the laws of the Russell Cabinet! Ah, sir, when you had read the terrific facts of the mother living on the putrid remains of her own child; and when you saw the awful account of several cases of the dead bodies of the poor Irish being exposed for days in unburied putridity, and devoured by dogs in this unheard-of state; and when you had heard the cries that were wafted across the channel for help, and those that rose to heaven for mercy, from Skibbereen, from Ballinasloe, from Kilrush, and from Ballinrobe—has your heart, sir, ever smote you with remorse, that you heard these cries of Ireland with a pitiless composure, and sent to starving and dying millions a heartless pittance from your overflowing treasury?

I distinguish your Cabinet from the English people—they stretched forth their hands with the characteristic generosity of their nation; the Society of Friends well fulfilled, too, the expectations of their own philanthropy in our regard—but you, sir, from an exchequer filled with eighteen millions of bullion; you doled out in withering insult (as to the beggars of a foreign country) a miserable and totally inadequate relief: and you called by the name of charity an act which should be designated the first demand on the realm and the highest duty of the Crown. Lord Stanley paid twenty millions sterling, to give *liberty* to a few descendants of African slaves in your petty West Indian colonies; to men who never manned your fleets, or swelled your armies, or fought for your name. But you, sir, grudgingly *lent* in part, and *borrowed* in part, the paltry sum of eight millions, to aid the last struggle for *life* of the faithful people whose misfortune in all our past history was imperishable loyalty to the throne, and undying devotion to our unfortunate kings—men who belong to an ancient, unbroken race of forty generations; lion hearts, which crimsoned with their blood every ocean where your navy fought and conquered—which stood before the bristled steel of England's foes in all your struggles; which shared the perils of a thousand fields of blood by the side of your countrymen, and won your victories—these are the men, and this is the nation, to whom you have given your paltry usurious charity to preserve their lives. But the history of all nations will yet tell that you permitted *five in ten* to perish of hunger, while your exchequer was *filled with gold*.

You, therefore, sir, have made my country a desert—you have banished and starved the people—you have made a grave for the Irish—and you have buried our race and name. May God forgive you this cruel treatment of our fine people—this ministerial atrocity. We charge you, before a revenging Heaven, with the exile and the death of our people; both crimes lie at your door. And you have added ingratitude to cruelty. We honored you, we followed you. You did not so much surprise us by the introduction of your Penal

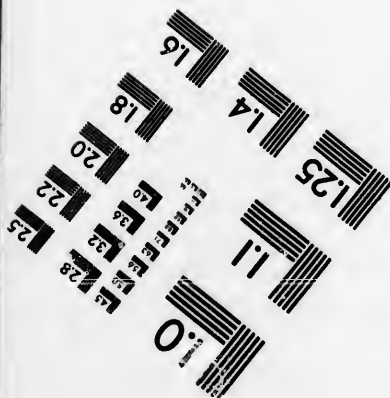
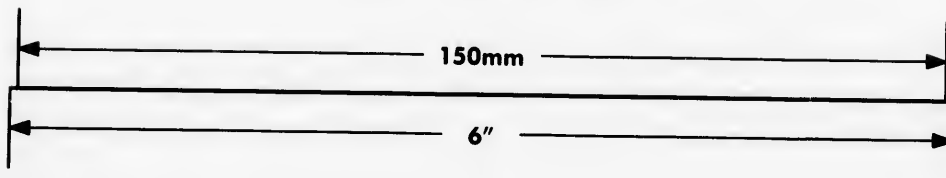
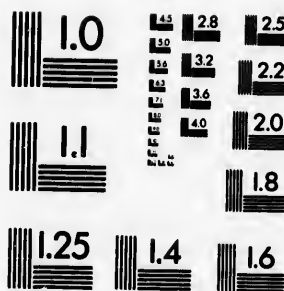
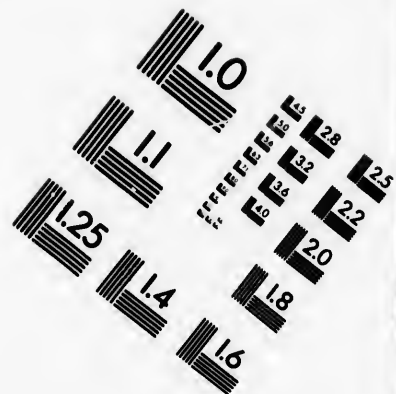
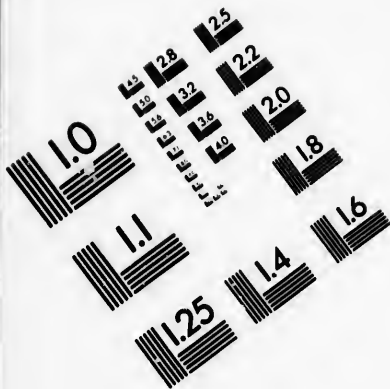
Bill, as by the historical falsehood and the insulting bigotry of your speeches; they were unworthy the historian below the dignity of the statesman, and dishonour to the man. A third-rate orator amongst your own party, and a fifth-rate speaker in the whole house—you never could lay claim to distinction, except from the supposed honesty and liberality of your political opinions; but now, your inconsistency and your bigotry having torn from your face the mask which concealed your mediocrity, it is agreed that the foremost leader of the Whigs has been befittingly transformed into the last hack of the Tories. Oh, for the ancient truth and honor of the old English statesman!—oh, for the sterling words, the generous foe, the brilliant genius of the days that are gone; or, as Pope would sing it:

"How can I Pultney, Chesterfield forget,
While Roman spirit charms the Attic wit?
Argyle, the State's whole thunder born to wield,
And shake alike the Senate and the field,
And if yet higher the proud list should end,
Still all will say—*no follower but a friend.*"

Now, the origin of all these misfortunes at home and abroad arises from a two-fold cause: firstly, to organize an English party in every country, as you have done in Spain and Portugal; to keep a perfect internal system of disorder in every nation, in order to keep the power of each country engaged in quelling this confederacy, and thus leaving England free to pursue her views of conquest and commerce, without fear of resistance from the surrounding nations: and secondly, the object is to uproot Catholicity. This latter point is, in fact, your chief and sole aim: and so widespread are your present stratagems to speech-down, preach-down, write-down, drink-down, eat-down, dress-down, sail-down, and shoot-down Catholicity, that all orders of the State are actually gone mad with what may be called a furious fanaticism to get rid of Catholicity. All the lawyers are infected, from the well-known Chancellor to the parish beadle; all the clergy are bitten, from Canterbury (the cubical head of your present creed), down all along to

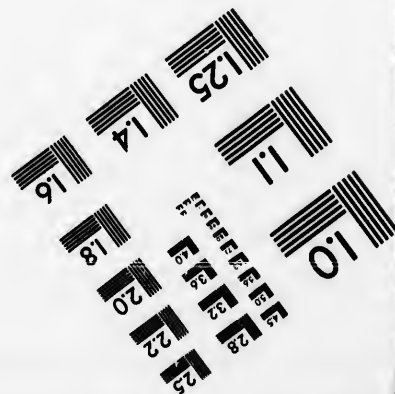


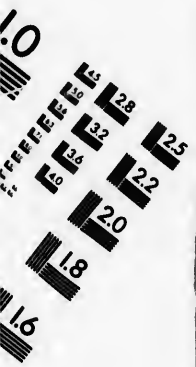
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the thin curate, who, being the living definition of a mathematical straight line, may be considered as the clerical element of the Archbishop. All your ambassadors are actually become swaddlers in every court in Europe, as I have already proved—so that yours should be called the Swaddling Cabinet. And the omnipresent navy and the invincible army of Great Britain have raised their swaddling colors nearly as high as the Union-Jack all over the earth. All your modern writers are inoculated with swaddlomania, down from the historical lies and rhetorical foppery of Macaulay to the half-penny sheet; there are even swaddling commercial travellers, swaddling hotels, and swaddling boarding-houses; and such is the vast ramification of this most absurd but terrific movement against Catholicity, that “Moore’s Melodies” are banished from the society of all anti-papal pianos, because they relate to Ireland, and were composed by the native fancy that drank its poetic inspiration at the fountain of Irish genius!

But amongst the various incongruities of this mania which you have originated, there is not one which strikes the observer with such preposterous associations, as to see an admiral of a fleet dressed in the garb of Joanna Southcote! or to see a general of an army converted into a Praise-God Barebones. Nothing can be so extremely ludicrous as to see Neptune kneeling and praying on a three-legged stool, dressed in a white cravat and a coat of shabby black! or to behold Mars habited in lawn sleeves and a powdered wig, reading and singing psalms on a tar-barrel! There is scarcely a paper which does not contain, with the cognizance of the Duke of Wellington, religious collisions in chapels, in barracks, and in churchyards, between the faithful, fearless priest and some Jumper in epaulettes, at the different military stations. Take my advice, my Lord, humble though it be, and put an end to this monstrous state of things. The individual who checks this incongruity is the best friend of the throne and the Catholic Church; stamp on the earth and stop its motion; command the tide, and arrest its progress; prove your commission, and preach down the

Cross, and we shall believe you; but until you will have demonstrated that your words are more credible than "the language of an angel from heaven," we shall laugh at your folly and despise your impotency.

In conclusion, my Lord, I must tell you, with the greatest respect of your exalted position, that this letter is not so much intended for you as for the Courts of Russia, Prussia, Austria, France, Naples, Spain, Portugal, and the glorious Republic of America. I do not mention this fact from any puerile allusion to myself; I cannot so far forget the rules of public courtesy, as to be wanting (while in your presence) to the serious respect and becoming reverence which so humble an individual as I am owes to your exalted station; but I repeat that, men equal to you in station, and your superiors in aristocratic associations, have made official arrangements to publish my letters to your Cabinet all over the civilized world. My only merit consists in publishing the woes of my country, and the unparalleled cruelties of your administration to the whole people of Ireland, and to our ancient Church, and I shall undertake to say, that the *united voice of Europe is already expressed against you* in the various cabinets (which I shall furnish to you in a succeeding letter), and that your treatment of Ireland and your persecution of the Catholic Faith will raise such a combination against you, during the *next three months*, that your sovereign will be necessarily and justly compelled to remove you from an office which you hold at present with such injury to the English name, and so much indignity to the British Crown. I am not influenced in the course I am taking by any revengeful feeling towards you. I am grateful to England for whatever favors she has conferred upon Ireland, and I am most ready to acknowledge it; and I pray to God that he may change the hearts of our rulers to govern us by the justice of law, and not by the bigotry of persecution; but I shall never flinch from the post I have taken in defence of my country and my creed, though that defence were visited with punishment or death.

I am, my Lord, your obedient humble servant,

D. W. CAHILL.

DR. CAHILL
TO THE
RIGHT HONORABLE THE EARL OF CARLISLE.

"I am aware that it is thought by many, that, so far from the case of the Madial being a solitary instance, the prisons of Italy are at this moment crowded with the victims of religious persecution. . . . They have continually assured us, that the old principle and codes of intolerance, once certainly (and I readily admit, not exclusively) attached to their Church, had fallen into practical desuetude, and were viewed by them with at least as much abhorrence as by ourselves. We gave them credit for the generous self-assertion. I will not waste your space by a reference to what is of so little moment as my own career ; but I feel that, on the whole, it has not lacked in sympathy for their just rights. What has since happened? A man is in danger of meeting with his death under a judicial sentence, for the offence of reading the Bible. The fact, as far as yet I know, is not controverted. It is known there are some—it is believed there are many—undergoing similar risks. . . . I must repeat, that upon the mode in which the Roman Catholic body at large treat these contemporary occurrences, their place in the estimation even of their most sincere well-wishers must largely depend."—*Extract of Lord Carlisle's Letter to the " Leeds Mercury."*

CAMBRIDGE, January 27th, 1853.

MY LORD EARL,—I have been very much impressed, indeed, to learn from the London journals of yesterday morning that your Lordship has allied your most respected name, and added the prestige of your exalted character, to the insatiable calumniators of the Catholic creed ; and that in the composed moments of a deliberate letter, you have not only thought proper to make statements at variance with historical, legal, and ecclesiastical records ; but even, as may be gathered from the above extract, to introduce half assertions and covert insinuations, almost approaching to a sneer, below the dignity of Lord Morpeth, and the world-wide reputation of the Earl of Carlisle. Hav-

ing followed, for many years, the influential language of your advocacy of my unhappy country, it is with great pain that I have read your authority quoted at Exeter Hall by the unrelenting enemies of Ireland; and although I should not have condescended to reply to the scandalous misstatements which issue like a foul torrent against Catholicity from the overflowing daily publications of this country, your name demands an immediate reply, and your services to Ireland demand the most graceful answer which personal respect and public gratitude can dictate.

You are well aware, my Lord, that the writings of Voltaire, Diderot, D'Alembert, and Frederick of Prussia, and many others, deluged the eastern and southern parts of Europe during the latter part of the eighteenth century. These political and religious revolutionists proscribed all monarchical and Christian institutions; "liberty and equality" were the two principles which their disciples published and advocated; and the united efforts of the most abandoned men that the world ever saw were concentrated in the unchristian, sacrilegious, and treasonable combination to "uproot the altar and the throne." In order to carry out their principles of disorder, infidelity, and vengeance, they met together under the name of "a new and higher degree of Freemasonry, called Illuminism," and their places of meeting were so numerous particularly in France, Diderot was heard to say, "We have at this moment enrolled in our society upwards of six hundred thousand men, opposed to civil tyranny and Papal authority."

The German Protestants followed in the wake of these revolutionists, and under the pretext of holding meetings for religious worship, aided, as history asserts, the progress of the infidels against Catholicity. It was under these circumstances that both France and the Italian states took the alarm, and passed laws to protect the state and the altar; and hence, in the year 1786, the Tuscan Government enacted a law against "private conventicles," which prohibited any one to hold a meeting in his own house, or to form a meeting in the house of a third party, under any pretext what-

ever—even of religion—without the sanction and the written legal license of the civil authorities.

Two points are therefore clear from these premises : namely, this law, which was never before known in Tuscany, grew out of the acknowledged and patent danger of civil revolution ; and secondly, that law had no reference whatever, either directly or indirectly, to forbidding the circulation of the word of God, or punishing the reading of the Bible. Its object was definitely to refuse hiding-places to bands of sanguinary infidels, and to scatter the dens of perjured revolutionists.

This is the law under which the “martyred Madiai” have been condemned—a law, be it remembered, introduced for the first time into Tuscany in 1786 ; and framed, not against the word of God, but against perfidy ; not against religion of any kind, but against blasphemy ; not against liberty, either civil or religious, but to protect God and man from a scene of blood and devastation, which these monsters soon after enacted in the streets of Paris, in the autumn of 1791. The slaughter in that city on that disastrous day, the succeeding war of Europe, the blood spilled in Spain, Portugal, Germany, Russia, and Italy, and your own national debt—all demonstrate the prudence of Tuscany in the laws of 1786, and prove, beyond all contradiction, that your Lordship has made misstatements, in ascribing ecclesiastical tyranny, in what you are pleased to call “the Roman Church,” to the prudent and essential enactments of the Tuscan Government. The Catholic Church, therefore, has no necessity to retrace her steps ; her office, at present, is rather to teach history to English Lords ; and to entreat poets that, before they make speeches or write letters, they will pay more attention to their loose statements, and be convinced that the applause of Leeds is a small compensation for the cutting and lasting irony of the Catholic historians of Europe.

I am now come, my Lord, to the precise case at issue, viz., the case against the Madiai ; and I assert that they have not been visited by a “judicial sentence,” as you are pleased to

write, for the reading of the Bible. I regret, for the sake of your Lordship, that you have written these words. Beyond all contradiction, you are unacquainted with the case, and, therefore, your misstatement is the result of very great culpability. Under a decided ignorance of the fact, you charge the Catholic Church with intolerance; you awaken bitter rancor in hearts not yet cooled down from a late religious burning frenzy which has no parallel in Europe; and you call upon all the Catholics in these countries to "earn your future esteem," by condemning laws which have never existed, and branding Tuscany for crushing the progress of civil revolution. As I hold in my hand the indictment of the Tuscan Attorney-General, I can command your Lordship's attention while I again beg leave to instruct you in the revival of the law of 1786, and its practical application to the case before us.

The history of Europe records in letters of fire the scenes of revolutionary violence which have been enacted during the last six years in Switzerland, Hungary, France, Naples, and Northern Italy. You are, I am convinced, acquainted with these facts, and you have no doubt been made familiar with the names of Lord Palmerston, Lord John Russell, Lord Minto, Lord Cowley, Sir Stratford Canning, and young Sir Robert Peel. And, no doubt, you have heard of Garibaldi, Ciceroacchio, Paruzzi, the free corps of Berne, and the Red Republicans of at least five European kingdoms; and I dare say you have seen each and every one of the revolutionists have had the honor of corresponding with her Majesty's ambassadors at the various Courts, being personally know to them, receiving presents from some of them; and, above all, of being patronized by those official English noblemen and gentlemen, at the very time when these incendiaries were about involve their respective countries in civil war, banishing their lawful sovereigns, and preparing for unlimited spoliation and universal treason.

These are facts, my Lord, which may be read in the records of every city from Constantinople to Turin, and from Berlin to Naples; in each of which cities, beyond all doubt,

they, the English embassies, were the public, palpable places of resort of the revolutionists. In this crisis, the Tuscan Government, finding herself threatened on all sides, as in the end of the last century, and from none more than the paid spies of the English Government, revised, for the first time these last fifty years, Article 60 of the law of the 30th November, 1786, and attached new binding restrictions to the ancient law in Articles 1, 4, 9, 14, on March 4th, 1849; and they gave increased power to their officials in Articles 34 and 35 of the Tuscan Police Regulations. But the revival of this law in 1849 had no reference to the prohibiting of the word of God; its sole object being, as was the case in 1786, to protect the state from the explosive elements of universal revolution.

The law referred to is "The Tuscan Convention Act," which prevents men, under the appearance of religion, from meeting privately without the sanction of the civil authority. And here again, may I beg to ask you, if this law was not most prudent, seeing the French king hunted from his throne; the Pope concealing himself in civilian dress, as he fled from the Vatican; the Emperor of Austria threatened with imminent danger; the King of Sardinia killed by treachery; and the King of Naples all but expelled his dominions? It was in this crisis that a well-known band of fifty English evangelizers entered Florence; and, dividing themselves into five sections of ten each, proceeded to open several conventicles in this small city. They neither had nor sought a license. Having a place of public Protestant worship in Florence, it may be asked why have there been so many private unlicensed conventicles? Again, I have examined the statistics of the city of Rome, and I learn that fifty Protestant families are the largest number ever known to have resided there during the winter; twenty the largest number in Florence in the same season. Wherefore, then, the ten conventicles unlicensed? And this too, during the year when the surrounding countries were shaken to their foundations. Rosa Madial resided in England sixteen years, and returning to Florence, became and was a Protestant

during five years previous to the trial referred to. She read the word of God to which you allude during these five years without molestation ; she could go to church without hindrance ; and consequently your Lordship's statement in reference to "the offence of reading the Bible," is a shameful misstatement, wholly without foundation either in law or fact.

But I will tell your Lordship the offence of Signora Madiari and her "dear" husband. They perseveringly held closed-door conventicles against the warnings of the police, repeated ten times ; they distributed at least eleven thousand copies of your Bible, containing, as I can prove, upwards of sixteen hundred variations from the original text : persuaded, inveigled, and bribed the Italian children to come to these five conventicles, to hear their instructions, and to take these anti-Catholic sources of instruction : they were associated with several *colporteurs*, as they are called, in sending these Bibles through the country : they had indecent pictures of the Blessed Virgin in fly-sheets, to be distributed by two players of barrel-organs, whom they hired for the purpose : they had slips of paper, on which was written in large letters in Italian, "wafer-gods : " they had pictures of Purgatory, with representations of souls looking through the bars, and the priest in soutane, bargaining with them for two "scuddi : " they had uttered most indecent things of the "confessional," and ended all these readings of the Word of God by an attack on the Pope, characterizing him as the man of sin—the Antichrist.

This case, perhaps the most atrocious that can be imagined against the feelings, the convictions, the conscience, and the peace of their quiet and unoffending neighbors—and expressed by your Lordship as "reading the Bible," was decided on the 8th of June last, by Signor Niccola Nervini, and the penalties of the violated law enforced. The "judicial sentence," therefore, has been pronounced against individuals palpably in connection with wealthy English associates ; men who could import eleven thousand Bibles ; pay *colporteurs*, as Clarendon did in Spain : employ bar-

organ players; print caricatures of Catholicity; revile the laws of the country; insult the Pope; defy the police; ridicule our Holy Eucharist; pay printers for a constant supply of all sorts of fly-sheets, and entertain with great expense the fifty holy men who would not read the Bible in a public church, but make the Word of God a pretext for maligning the laws, creating civil strife, and violating the public peace!

If the Duke of Tuscany, or any one else—no matter who he may be—imposed civil penalties for the religious opinions which his subjects may quietly and individually adopt, I should be the first to raise my voice against him, and cry him down as a sanguinary persecutor. But he has enforced the laws of his state against covert revolutionists, public calumniators, a band of foreign conspirators, and the unrestrained hired disturbers of the public peace. And pray, my Lord, on what authority do you state that the prisons of Italy are “crowded with victims of persecution?” I call for your authority, and I firmly demand it. I know you are an historian and a scholar—I respect your high acquirements, but I demand the authority on which you utter this most false assertion. I challenge your Lordship to produce it; and I hereby undertake to say that, where the prisons are full, they are filled with the followers of Mazzini and Garibaldi, and with the known cut throats of Italy.

Leaving the laws of Tuscany, my Lord, for a moment to be executed by the Italians, let me now turn to examine our laws on this identical point. And as I have formed an exalted idea of the honesty and religious feeling of the English people as a nation, I shall not allude to times gone by, when acts of Parliament were passed which, I am convinced, make the present generation blush in shame; when churches and lands were seized to the amount of at least fifty millions of our present currency; when laws were enacted against nonconformists and recusants, which, by fines, banishment, and death, made at least seventy thousand victims in England and Ireland; when to pray to God in public was death; to read or write anything under a teacher was felony; and when it was a crime even to be alive.

I shall not allude to these days, my Lord, but shall confine myself to the law called, "Dissuading from Worship." This law, which was passed 35th Elizabeth, c. 1. s. 1., and afterwards confirmed by the 3d of Charles the First, c. iv., inflicted fine and confinement on any person who would "dissuade another from frequenting the Protestant worship, and who would hold a conventicle for the same." But your Lordship will assert, as is your custom, that this law has fallen into desuetude. Quite the contrary, my Lord, as the present Lord Gainsborough has been prosecuted for holding a private unlicensed conventicle, and reading the word of God in the same; and although his Lordship, like Madiat, set up a plea that he was only "reading the Bible," he was fined £20 by an English judicial sentence, and if he had not paid the money on the spot, he would have been confined, like your Italian martyrs, in an English Bridewell.

Here is a case partly in point, my Lord, which cannot be denied, and visited by English penalties, although it wanted the second ingredient of the Madiat case, viz., a covert revolution against the state, and palpable combination with foreign conspirators. But perhaps your Lordship will again say, this odious law is now at least obsolete. Far from it. It is still unrepealed, and remains in your statute-book, to be enforced to-morrow against any offending British subject, as well as Lord Gainsborough. For proof of this, I beg to refer your Lordship to the Sixth Report (page 110) of the Law Commissioners appointed to revise what are called the Catholic Toleration Laws in the year 1839, two years after the accession of our present gracious Queen. Their report is as follows:—

"None of the Roman Catholic Toleration Laws make any mention of the 35th Elizabeth, or describe the offences therein contained. These offences consist in the inciting of others, by a person who obstinately refuses to repair to the church, to abstain from going there, or to frequent unlawful places of worship. Hence, there is no mode under the existing law by which a Roman Catholic who commits any of the offences can avoid the penalties."

Here is the precise case of the Madiat; divested of the revolutionary element (*propagando Protestantismo*), here is

the exact case, so far as it goes, of obstinately refusing to frequent the Tuscan Church, and dissuading others from the same; so that your laws condemn for a minor offence what is only visited with the same penalties in Tuscany when combined with covert conspiracy and political revolution.

From these premises, my Lord, it turns out, strangely enough, that your condemnation of the Duke of Tuscany applies with far greater force, unintentionally on your part, of course, to our gracious Queen: that the speeches at Exeter Hall must be fairly shared by the Court of St. James with the Tuscan monarch; that the deputation of Lord Roden has been a silent reproach on our own divine laws; and that the deputation from Prussia to Tuscany, at present in contemplation, would do well to come by way of London, and make a remonstrance to our beloved, upright, and decorous Lord John Campbell, before they open their sacred mission on the Italian Peninsula.

You must, I dare say, my Lord, thus concede to me that I am well furnished with an accurate knowledge of the Tuscan laws, with a clear statement of all the circumstances of the case at issue: that similar laws, divested of revolution, remain unrepealed in your own country, and have been enforced on a man still alive; and hence I call upon you, as a sincere friend of Ireland, and of her persecuted, maligned creed, either to substantiate your unexpected charges, or withdraw your name from the list of our calumniators. We are trodden down by a numerous host of unprincipled revilers, but Ireland has hearts, and tongues, and pens still to sustain the ancient traditions of her unblemished patriotism, and fearlessly to defend, even unto death, those points in the citadel of her creed where Augustine and Jerome once stood, clad in the invincible armor which had never been pierced by the spear of the enemy!

I have the honor to be, my Lord Earl, with the most profound and grateful respect, your Lordship's obedient servant,

D. W. CAHILL, D.D.

P. S.—I shall send a printed copy of this letter to your Lordship, and any communication which you may condescend to address to St. Paul's Square, Liverpool, cannot fail to reach me.

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D.D.

DR. CAHILL'S REPLY TO THE EARL OF CARLISLE.

THE EARL OF CARLISLE TO DR. CAHILL.—REV. SIR,—Having sent my letter to a newspaper, and thus exposed it to any remark, refutation, or censure it might meet with, it is not my intention to enter into further controversy on the subject; but as you have done me the honor to call my notice to a letter you have written in reply, drawn up in a spirit of much courtesy to myself, as well as with very great ability, I think it right to acknowledge the receipt of your communication.

Upon the case in question, I content myself with observing that in the report I had read of the sentence pronounced upon the Madiai, one of the distinct counts or heads of accusation is that they had been engaged in reading the Bible (translated by Diodati) in company with three persons and a young girl, who was an inmate of their house; and another is that Francesco Madiai had given a prohibited version to a young man of sixteen. I am willing to admit that I should have expressed myself with more entire accuracy if I had said "under a judicial sentence for the offence of reading the Bible, and other acts of proselytism."

I am not prepared to name any authorities for my assertion, "that it is thought by many that the Italian prisons are filled with victims of religious persecution." The authority I give is my own. It is thought by many; I have found the impression current in the society in which I have mixed, and if it is a false one, it is certainly desirable that the public mind should be disabused.

I regret that from recent change of place this brief communication will not reach you so soon as I should have wished.

I have the honor to be, Rev. Sir, your humble servant,

FEBRUARY 5th, 1853.

CARLISLE.

CAMBRIDGE, February 6th, 1853.

MY LORD EARL,—I beg leave to offer to your Lordship the unfeigned expression of my profound acknowledgments for the courteous promptitude of your generous and characteristic letter to the humble individual who has had the honor of addressing you.

The Roman Catholics of Great Britain, who justly value your manly political career, and my unfortunate country-

men, who owe to your consistent sympathy a debt of national gratitude, will be rejoiced to learn from your communication to me that part of your charges against the political government of a Catholic sovereign was founded upon mere current English reports, and that the remaining portion of your public letter arose from the circumstance of your not being minutely acquainted with the indictment and the judicial sentence of the *Madiai*.

I shall not dwell long on this point, except to assure the accomplished, the high-minded, and the chivalrous Earl of Carlisle, that he stands acquitted on the charge of joining the ranks of our remorseless calumniators, or of wounding our grateful national feelings.

I shall now, my Lord, take advantage of your suggestion in reference to "disabusing the public mind of the false impressions in the *Madiai* case, current in English society;" and I shall direct your attention to the two leading misrepresentations circulated with such industrious malignity in this country.

The first false impression which anti-Catholic journalism has stamped on the credulous English mind arises from a passage in the reply of the Duke of Castiglione to Lord Roden, viz.:—

"The *Madiai*, Tuscan subjects, to whom you refer, have been condemned to five years' imprisonment, by the ordinary tribunals, for the crime of propagating Protestantism."

The second false impression sought to be made is founded on the misstatement, namely: "That the *Madiais* are punished for merely reading the Bible."

By the first statement, English Protestants are called on to believe that a Catholic power punishes Protestantism as a mere religious tenet; by the second misrepresentation, they are urged into the calumnious conclusion that the Tuscan laws prohibit the word of God, and make penal the reading of the Scriptures. I assert then, my Lord, that the first position is notoriously false, and is contradicted by the clearest records of Continental history; and I say that the second

is a flagrant lie, and receives a flat, peremptory denial from the charge of the judge who was president of the court, and who pronounced the judicial sentence of condemnation on the Madiai.

In proving the first point, I regret being compelled to recall past events of European history which every generous heart would fain bury in perpetual oblivion, and which make every honest and honorable mind shudder, at contemplating these crimsoned pages, and these anti-Christian deeds of our history, written in the days of "reformed Gospel light," and executed in the name of God. But these chronicled facts are necessary in the present instance, in order to show that the word Protestantism, in its commencement, its progress, and its final consummation, did not mean, nor ever has been understood to mean, in the history of Catholic Europe, the mere element of a certain religious faith. No, my Lord, decidedly not; it means, and has ever meant, in the incontrovertible records of European history, an aggregate of tenets and a body of collateral practices clashing with Catholicity as a conscientious creed opposed to the sacred ties of Catholic society, originated in professed hostility against the spiritual head of the Catholic Church, and leagued by the doctrine of their first founders against Catholic monarchy and Catholic political power. If these assertions be true as recorded, not by me, but by the Catholic historians of Europe, is it not a mean suppression of the truth to assert that the Italian states proscribed Protestantism as a mere conscientious creed; whereas, wherever the word occurs, it means the aggregate of the historical indictment to which I have just referred. You must understand me, my Lord; I am not in this letter making these charges; certainly not; I am explaining the language of the laws of Tuscany and of other Catholic states in the case before us; and in the succeeding part of this communication we shall see if they are justified in their legislation on the aggressors of Protestantism, according to the universally received Continental impression. I regret, sincerely, my Lord, the cause and the existence of these impressions; I should efface them if I could; but I must take them as I have

read them, heard them, and, in fact, felt them; I have not made the case, I merely expose it.

Firstly, then, my Lord, Luther and associates with one blow struck down, as the first precept of his decalogue, the spiritual authority of the Pope as supreme head of the Church; and this point being the very main-spring of Catholicity, it is no wonder that such a levelling aggression should arouse the vigilance of every Catholic dynasty in Europe; and this step was not an impulse of the man, but a doctrine of his new creed, and violently enforced to this day.

Secondly, he and his entire evangelical staff encouraged polygamy, and, of course, plurality of wives, by granting officially permission to the Landgrave of Hesse to marry a second wife, the first being still living. And this permission he gave, not from the caprice of the mistaken friend, but from the new creed of his followers, and in order to promote the salvation of the Prince and the glory of God. In writing to the Prince on the subject, he says:—

"Your Highness, therefore, hath, in this writing, not only the approbation of us all, concerning what you desire: but having weighed it in our reflection, we beseech and beg of God to direct all for His glory and your Highness's salvation!"

And surely enough, my Lord, they all did approve of it, and all signed the document in very discreet and grave language; and in putting their names to the dispensation, so scrupulously apostolic were they that they would not even omit the Saint's name of the day, it being executed, as they wrote it, "on the Wednesday after the Feast of St. Nicholas," and endorsed: Martin Luther, Philip Melancthon, Martin Bruce, Anthony Corvin, Adam Joningue, Justus Winterte, Denis Melanther.

Here again, my Lord, it is not surprising if Catholic states became exceedingly alarmed at the progress of the new faith, seeing that besides mere mental, and spiritual, and supernatural tenets, it introduced Mohammedanism; blasted all conjugal bliss; rent asunder the sacred ties of home and undivided love; degraded woman into pagan in-

famy; converted matrimony into a licentious scheme of perjury and adultery; and, according to the received laws of Christianity, went directly to bastardize the rising Catholic generations of the world.

Thirdly, he called on the population of the German states to rise up against their Catholic Emperor; and he openly declared that all allegiance should be withdrawn from any king or potentate in communion with the Pope, whom he denounced as the devil and antichrist; and the third development of his divine creed was not to be ascribed to the treasonable frenzy of the rebel, or to the wild plans of the revolutionist. Not at all, my Lord; no such thing. It was part of the new faith—an item in the new inspiration; tending, as in the case of the Landgrave of Hesse, to the glory of God and the salvation of the soul.

For the truth of this revealed, reformed, ethical dogma, I beg to refer your Lordship to your own historian, Sleidan, book v., page 74. Such even, was the violence produced against monarchy by this article of the new Protestant faith, that the Low Countries, Switzerland, and all Germany burst into open revolution; Zuinglius, the co-apostle of Luther, even joined the rebels in Switzerland, and was found among the dead, killed in battle.

The dominions of the celebrated Charles V. were menaced with such danger by Luther and the princes who joined his standard, that Charles was compelled to give them battle, in which his troops were victorious, scattering the enemy, and taking the Landgrave of Hesse and the Duke of Saxony prisoners, on the Elbe, May 26th, 1547. Here again, my Lord, is it a matter of surprise if all the Catholic sovereigns of Europe hastened to form a defensive alliance in order to guard their conscience, their Faith, their honor, the sanctity of their families, the cause of morality, the inheritance of their thrones, and the possession and peace of their dominions from a system which tended to change woman into a beast, man into a pagan, and which stood in naked defiance of the ordinances of God, the Gospel of Christ, and the indissoluble laws and customs of human society?

Fourthly, if these undeniable doctrines, and these authenticated historic facts, ceased with the name, character, and prestige of the first founders of these novelties, the precaution taken by Catholic countries might also fall into oblivion, and European society resume its former Christian and political peace. But, my Lord, the case is otherwise; and the history of England, and Scotland, and Ireland, and France, and Germany, to which I shall not here further allude, supply the thrilling commentary—namely, that during the one hundred and fifty years which elapsed after the death of these first apostles, a scene of practical persecution of Catholics, and a record of universal desolation, marked the track of this faith everywhere it appeared, and made the name of Protestantism be identified with national spoliation, relentless persecution, withering penalties on conscience, together with the confiscation, banishment, and death of thousands of its defenceless and wasted victims. Let us be candid, my Lord: has not this been the universal character of Protestantism in every country where a Catholic dare raise his voice in defence of his creed or his country? Let me be plain, my Lord: is not this the cause why every Catholic country, where the standard of Protestantism has been raised in dominant triumph, has been wasted, beggared, spoliated, and ruined?

Fifthly, do you wonder, then, my Lord, that the laws of Catholic Europe have been framed with defensive, not offensive caution, against a system combining in doctrine, and in the continued practices of successive centuries, an aggregate of religious and political principles incompatible with the security and the consistency of Catholic states and people?

My Lord, I mean no offence either to Protestants or Englishmen, by recalling these dark scenes of your history; certainly not; I dare not offend in your presence; and I feel assured that Englishmen and Protestants of the present day, in this country and elsewhere, blush for their ancestors in reading this sad and sullied page of their ancient story. I should not even allude to these past eventful days, under

ordinary circumstances ; but when I see, read, and hear one national huge lie, spoken, cried aloud, posted, gazetted, published, printed, spouted, and preached ; when I read American, Prussian, Dutch, Scotch, and German interference called, in order to mitigate the sentence of imprisonment, put publicly forward, in the grossest falsehood ever promulgated in England ; and when I behold all the journals, all the Bible Societies, all the Irish parsons, banded together in swelling the discord of an historical, public, notorious, palpable lie, against the laws, civic language, religion, creed, and defensive enactments of a foreign Catholic power, I am come fearlessly forward, sustained by the history of Europe (to which I challenge discussion), to defend the thesis, " that Protestantism has never meant on the Continent of Catholic Europe a code of mere religious, spiritual tenets ;" but on the contrary, its acceptance has ever been an anti-Christian, anti-social, anti-Catholic, anti-conjugal mixture of paganism, infidelity, spoliation, and persecution. It is false, therefore, to assert that the word " Protestantism," in the note of the Duke de Castiglione, means a mere religious tenet, detached from its social and political associations.

This assertion is unequivocally false. The Tuscan laws on Heresy are written in four volumes (quarto) in Latin, to which I beg to refer your Lordship, and which, by their dates and provisions, will prove to your satisfaction the position which I have taken.

And will your Lordship give me leave to ask, if the conduct of Lord John Russell and Lord Palmerston, the old decrepit family ministry, has served to awaken confidence in the case at issue ? On this point, I have, for years past, already explained my views, without contradiction, but I shall add one word more—namely, that in the whole course of official recklessness, nothing, perhaps has ever appeared in the lives and annals of English ministers, which can bear the most remote comparison with the astounding assertion reported to have been made in the House of Commons by Lord Palmerston, viz., " That it was the intention of the official men with whom he acted to form into one indepen-

dent kingdom all that territory which stretches from Genoa to Venice." Hence, read, my Lord, the present history and events of Piedmont; look at the revolutionary spirit of Turin; and (just like the deceived Hungarians, the deluded Neapolitans, the relentless Swiss, and the ungrateful Romans) these speeches of our functionaries have encouraged the discontented of these nations to rush into rebellion, and afterwards to expiate by public degradation, banishment, or death, the evil foreign counsels, when in a moment of misplaced confiding honor, they listened to heartless, bigoted diplomatists, against the dictates of conscience, the voice of reason, and the call of national duty.

In fact, wherever the emissaries of the Bible Society, or the paid spies of the English Government, were permitted to inoculate the public mind with the doctrines I have referred to, their victims lost all religion to God and all allegiance to the throne. Seduced by bribery to abandon the faith of their fathers, their consciences became seared from their perjured change of creed. From perjury and apostasy, the space, my Lord, to infidelity is not far; and hence these conventicles of Florence and elsewhere were avowed dens of revolution and atheism. Beyond all doubt, my Lord, the Tuscan Government, or any other Government similarly situated, had, in the late circumstances of Europe, only two questions to decide—namely, "Whether their duty was to teach order and Christianity, or to preach rebellion and atheism." And they had also another principle to decide—viz.: "Whether they, the Ultramontanists, should hold their tongues, and cease to protect order, morality, truth, justice, and faith, for fear of displeasing the intolerant framers of the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill; contradicting the mild, and the wise, and grave, far-seeing legislators of old-clothes proclamation; scandalizing the sacred career of the Saints of Exeter Hall, incurring the holy anger of the modern, ancient, mortified, primeval Protestant Church, the true follower of the Cross, disturbing the last exemplary moments of the dying apostles, the probates of whose edifying wills amount in several cases to the truly apostolic

standard of two, three, and four hundred thousand pounds ! these self-denying creatures having reserved this trifle in teaching this most sacred reforming thing called Protestantism."

Why, my Lord, if I were not restrained by the presence of your Lordship, my boiling blood, and the red graves of my starved and murdered poor countrymen, plundered by this anti-Christian Church, would compel me to raise my voice in loud contumely and indignant scorn against the universal cant, the unblushing hypocrisy, and the gigantic lies of a band of impostors and bigots, who have squeezed out the very dregs of our national existence, and who raise, whenever a pretext offers itself at home and abroad, a cry of misrepresentation and insult, which degrades the fine, noble character of the English people as a nation, range in hostility to your name and your country the disgust and indignation of Catholic Europe, and has already laid the materials of a disastrous explosion beneath the foundation of England's power, which, if not removed in time, by truth, kindness, toleration, and national honor, may, very soon, as your Lordship has predicted, be ignited by your injured, insulted, and powerful enemies, and, in a moment of unexpected fate, like your overthrow in America, shiver to atoms the entire fabric of your national greatness.

In referring to the second point of this letter, I have already proved that the Madiai were not condemned for "reading the Bible." The statement put forth in the public prints is utterly false. Their crime was "holding unlawful meetings with closed doors, contrary to the laws of the Tuscan Conventicle Act"—in which unlawful meetings, held without even demanding a license, a band of foreign conspirators, by bribery, by ridicule of the clergy, by caricaturing the Catholic religion, by reviling the laws, by distributing inflammatory fly-sheets, encouraged sedition, violated the public peace, and laid the foundation, as far as lay in their power, of those sudden and disastrous revolutions which convulsed all the neighboring states, and had nearly crumbled five ancient thrones.

And while discussing this part of my subject, I shall take leave to remind your Lordship of the standing, imperishable, eternal lie which the Protestant Church has stereotyped in all her books, lectures, sermons, letters, speeches, through every part of the world where her literature is cultivated, where her power is felt, and her voice heard. The enormous, unfading lie, my Lord, is "that the Catholic Church will not permit the reading of the word of God." Our Church declares the contrary; our bishops write it, our priests preach it, our pamphlets publish it, our writers promulgate it, our booksellers print it over their doors, in their bills, their prospectus; and the whole world knows it, except the poor wretched dupes of the swarm of bigots who stop the ears, gag the mouths, blind the eyes of their bewildered followers, to such an astounding, incredible, heartening degree of mesmeric Biblicism and awful infatuation, that you hear and read statements every day made in contradiction to a fact palpable as the earth under their feet, obvious as the Thames that runs through the city of London, and clear and unclouded as a brilliant noonday sun in a summer sky. It is a most melancholy thing to see a whole nation of people placed in such a deplorable hopeless state of utter mental helplessness and incapability of seeing and believing on the most notorious facts of the Old World.

The only thing which I can recollect as approaching at all in incredibility to the Biblical delusion is the case of the man mentioned in Moore's "Gentleman in Search of a Religion." This man took it into his head "that he was made of fresh butter," and consequently could never be induced to go near the fire; and although his friends made every effort that moral ingenuity could devise to cure him, he went to his grave impervious to every human motive of persuasion, and died underground, out of the reach of the sun, shivering with the cold. Not the least singular part, too, of this crafty hypocrisy on the part of the foreign spy Biblicals, is when they assert that the Catholics are hostile to the word of God, because they will not receive their English perverted text. And although it is easy to see that they could not

take our Bibles, with our notes and comments, and they stand acquitted of all hostility to the word of God, yet they will not allow the same argument to be applied to us, when we spurn their mutilated, ill-translated text, where whole books are omitted; where inspiration is denied; where tenses are changed; particles omitted or introduced at pleasure; where philological meanings are received against the admitted practical, living, speaking interpretation; and above all, where the Bible-reader, who distributes these stammering, broken records, does not write objectionable notes and comments—no, he speaks his comments; he spends hours and days, accompanying his readings with caricatures of the Host; philippics against the confessional; ridicule of the ever-blessed Virgin Mary; lies of the Pope; and concludes all this pious reading in the lanes and the alleys of London, in the hovels of Clifden and Connemara, in the streets of Kells, as well as in the plains of Lombardy, where he receives perjurious bribes from the hypocrites of the Bible Societies of credulous England, and the remorseless, unmitigable Orange parsons of Ireland.

But time may yet tell a saddening tale, my Lord, when the legislators of England may wish to recall these crying insults to the Catholic name; when every available Irish hand may be wanted to repel the foreign foe; when every Irish heart, which now bleeds with the fresh opened wounds of centuries of persecution, may be called on to spring to the national defences, and there pour out, as poor, insulted, faithful Ireland has often done before, the last drop of her circling life-blood in defence of a nation that oppresses us; of institutions that degrade us; a Parliament that insults us; a civilization that debases us; a commerce that robs us—and a power that emaciates and kills us. Wait awhile, my Lord; but I fervently pray that the future which your Lordship seems to dread may never become present; and that able statesmen, and not fatal bigots; wise laws, and not insults; toleration, and not persecution, honor, and not deceit, may change the aspect of English legislation, and render England the sincere, generous parent of all her sub-

jects, and not the tyrant and the enemy of a third of her patient servants.

I have the honor to be, my Lord Earl, with the most profound respect, your Lordship's obedient servant,

D. W. CAHILL, D. D.

LETTER OF THE REV. DR. CAHILL
TO HIS GRACE FIELD MARSHAL THE DUKE OF
WELLINGTON.

"The French *could* detach a force from their army, which, if it were transported across the Channel, could reach and *occupy* London. The passage across the Channel *could not be with any certainty prevented* by an ENGLISH FLEET. As to smaller expeditions, an army, exceeding in numbers the entire military forces of Great Britain, *could in all human probability* be lodged in a fortified camp on our shores *within a week* after the declaration of war. Not to mention the purely military considerations, it is obvious that in the very names of *peace and humanity* such measures *would be preferred* as would terminate the war at the earliest moment by forcing the enemy to *TERMS*."—*London Times, Friday, Jan. 23, 1852.*

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE, ENGLAND, }
Saturday, Jan. 24, 1852.

MY LORD DUKE,—The announcement just quoted, and published on yesterday by your own journal, cannot fail to fill with surprise and delight all those who, throughout the world, have been accustomed, up to this period, to hear no language uttered by England except the voice of triumph, defiance, domination, and tyranny. There can be no mistake in the official *succumbing* of the *Times*. For the first time in the history of the last six hundred years, England acknowledges the superiority of her old rival, the facility of the occupation of her shores, the successful storm of London, and the total weakness of your fleet to meet the emergency. Alas! when it come to this, in the craven article of your own organ, that England sues for "peace" before war is declared—already offers "terms" to the enemy; and, more strange still, talks of "humanity" in arms? Proud Albion at last cries for mercy, and the world has lived to see the joyful hour, when the fleets of Marlborough and Nelson lower their meteor flag before the old Eagle of Napoleon.

The hour of her degradation is therefore come; her name is fallen; her prestige is at this moment a mere historical remembrance; and I think I speak the universal sentiment of mankind, when I say, that the voice of justice, liberty, and religion will be heard all over the earth, proclaiming the news that Babylon is fallen; and the armament which rode over all the oceans in undisputed sway, which swept the waters as with a brush, which dictated laws to the world from Trafalgar and the Nile, is the same armament which now craves "terms" in the very Channel which flows by their best fortified gates, and where the chiselled coast was once declared impregnable under the cover of their bristling guns. But there is a Providence which, sooner or later, will inflict just punishment on human wrongs, will listen to the cries of the persecuted, and will humble the oppressor; and the history of Babylon, and the drunken sacrilege of the cruel rulers of that infamous city and government, stand as a warning to all future tyrannies, to prove that the most powerful nations and the most impregnable cities, surrounded by armed fortresses and by gates of massive brass, are no defence against the almighty vengeance of Heaven and against the retributive justice of God.

My Lord, there is no concealing the fact that England has provoked all the nations of the earth by her insidious policy. She has created sanguinary revolution in all the Catholic countries, and she has employed all the machinery which bribery and infidelity could place at her disposal, in order to overturn Catholicity in Europe. Your Grace knows much better than I can presume to inform you, that the unprincipled agents of Lord John Russell have fomented rebellion and published infidelity in not less than five kingdoms of Catholic Europe, and the excesses of unbridled mobs, the pillage of monasteries, the plunder of convents, and the crimes of mutilation, rape, banishment, the flogging of women, the exile of men, pillage, fire, and murder, and then all the consequent and just retaliation of the offended laws of those countries in the infliction of confinement, exile, and death, have been the clear and the cul-

pable results of the mad and fanatical career of a Cabinet which has trampled on all the legal institutions of man, and which has set at defiance the very ordinances of God. I should not dare to make any assertions in the grave presence of your Grace, which I am not prepared to substantiate by unexceptionable documentary evidence; and I can, therefore, produce for your persual, letters, and despatches, and testimonies, which demonstrate, beyond all dispute, that the present Whig Cabinet did begin, conduct, and bring to maturity, political and religious rebellions in Rome, Naples, Lombardy, Switzerland, Austria, Hungary, Germany, and Prussia. All the rebels, and revolutionists, and infidels, in these various countries, claim acquaintance, and even friendship, with Lord Palmerston and his colleagues; and, whether the object on hand was to overthrow a foreign king or a Catholic bishop, an English envoy or ambassador was recognized in the van of the foreign insurgents; and a printed English libel on the foreign Government, or an English printed tract of religious slander on the Catholic religion, were always found scattered round the quarters of the well-known English agents.

No record of infamy, of either ancient or modern history, bears any comparison with the profligate and insane fanaticism of this English bigotry; and at every scaffold in Europe, where the victims of this English demoniacal scheme were executed for their crimes, the names of Russell and Palmerston are heard in the piercing cries of the living, and may be read in the atoning blood of the dead.

At this moment there is but one opinion amongst the crowned heads of Europe—namely, that England planned the ruin of their thrones; and amongst the classes of order and of religion there is a universal shout of horror and execration raised against the Cabinet which could employ the resources of an empire, and degrade the majesty of our Queen, in the execution of a system subversive of justice, abhorrent to humanity, and accursed by God. And what renders the national disasters inflicted on these countries so unendurable is the incongruous and perfidious tone of the

English despatches. These curious, vile productions publish panegyrics on *justice*, while they advocate national *spoliation*; and they put forward the words "righteousness" and "sacredness" in almost all these documents of holy dissimulation, while at the same moment the writers of them were slandering religion, burning the effigy of the ever Blessed Virgin, and spitting on the Cross.

But this conduct, my Lord, as you are aware, is the usual, plausible, sanctified show of holy insulting cant, which England has ever practised during all her national wickedness, since the beginning of the sixteenth century. Henry issued a holy commission under the sanctified Tom Cromwell, to inquire into the morality (!) of the religious orders in England, while he was debauching his own daughter, taking off the heads of his wives, and committing perjury and murder before God and man. He piously complained of the injustice of all rich, wealthy monasteries, while he was plundering, by fraud and force, the entire Church property of this country; and he piously inveighed, in holy indignation, against the intolerance of the Pope, while he was preparing knives, and the gibbet, and the rack to rip up men's bellies, to stake them through with steel, and to break their bones, if they dared refuse subscribing to his new formulary of faith. Elizabeth reddened the soil of Ireland with the blood of the Irish, at the time when she was set up in England as the Apostle of "the Reformation," the head of Christ's Church, and the fountain of divine perfection. And Cromwell and his soldiers sang psalms to God, while amusing themselves in the holy recreation of tossing grown children into the air, and in their descent catching them in scientific zeal on their holy bayonets! or these ancient Whig zealots in epaulettes changed the holy fun, by holding a Papist infant by the legs, turning round twice or three times, and then dashing out its Papist brains against the wall.

You know, sir, I am stating facts, strictly historical facts, which time, and your scanty toleration, had covered up in our aching hearts, and sealed up in our burning souls; and

which, in our sickening hopes, we never suspected should be revived into malignant vitality, till the iniquities, the cruelties, the oppressions, and the slanders of the Russell Cabinet had worn away the superstratum of charitable oblivion, and revealed the bleeding wounds of the ancient persecution and tyranny which robbed us of our national rights, proscribed our faith, murdered our fathers in cruel torture, and consigned their mangled flesh to a martyred grave. In a word, the history of England, during the three last centuries of her godliness, furnishes but one unbroken narrative of calumny, slander, lies, spoliation, perfidy, perjury, persecution, exile, chains, and death.

And the spirit of the English Cabinet towards Ireland possesses, at the present moment, the same malignant character which it had during the most sanguinary period of Elizabeth's reign. The power, not the will, is wanted to renew the list of proscription, and to repeat the scene of Mullaghmast. What part of the tragical history of the last three hundred years has been omitted in the Russell administration towards Ireland? With a treasury overflowing with nineteen millions of bullion, he permitted the death by starvation of upwards of half a million of poor, faithful, loyal Irishmen. I am speaking facts—he is the guilty man. A jury of respectable men, on their oaths, at a coroner's inquest on the starved death of a poor Irishman, brought in a verdict of "*wilful murder* against Lord John Russell, in the year 1848." The Coroner refused to admit the verdict; but still, that rejected verdict is registered in Heaven, and will form part of the future judicial history of Ireland; and it is true to say, that if such sworn verdicts would be received by the Irish Coroners, Lord John Russell would stand charged by the united oath of a nation before God with more cases of Irish murder than all the Irish culprits, taken together, of your entire penal colonies. He, therefore, folded his arms on the Treasury benches, and he did aid culpably in the starvation and death of our fine people. His Cabinet encouraged (and justly) the fitting up various naval expeditions in search of one man in the North Seas; but,

alas ! you would not send one ship or one surgeon to convey the poor Irish exiles to a foreign land while living, or give one shilling extra to buy a shroud for them when dead in putrid national neglect.

The English Cabinet makes laws to protect the Irish wild fox and the game, while they look carelessly on, seeing the cruel landlord uproot whole villages, exterminate the poor, and kill them like vermin, as they make their escape from the falling walls of their ancient home, and the burning roof of their birth. Mazzini is lauded, Garibaldi caressed, Cicero-acchio modelled in plaster and marble, and Kossuth embraced ; all the rebels of foreign nations are entertained ; all the revolutionists feted or pensioned, and all the infidels of the whole earth panegyricized in the periodicals of the day, by this anti-Irish, anti-Catholic English Cabinet, while any one who dares to raise his voice in defence of Irish liberty, or the Irish Faith, is seized as an assassin, tried for his life, condemned to be "hanged, drawn, and quartered" ; sent in chains to the English terrestrial hell, and even there, amongst the living damned, his mouth is gagged by his English keeper, lest he utter a word of reproach against the persecuting laws that murder the living and dishonor the dead. Algiers has offered a home to the Irish exile ; Spain has allotted part of one of her richest provinces to shelter our afflicted race, while England, that has grown great by our labors, powerful by our numbers, and triumphant by our courage, banishes us in tens and hundreds of thousands of naked victims to America, where the hospitable forest gives us a free home, and where the sheltered, untrodden valley affords us a friendly and honored grave. We carry nothing to America but our ancient Faith, and we bring nothing from Ireland that belongs by right to England but our undying, inappeasable vengeance. And when every poor exiled, persecuted Irishman (stript of everything) sets his foot in the ship which is to convey him to a distant shore, he looks to the avenging skies, as the swelling canvas urges his breaking heart from the home of his fathers, and in the language of the English merchantman once mutilated by a Spanish

crew, "he cries to Heaven for mercy and to his country for revenge." And be convinced, my Lord, that this universal cry shall yet be reverberated from America on cruel England, in the ferocious shout of national triumph, and in the just retaliation of accumulated revenge.

Oh, sir, no pen can describe, no language can paint, the heartless cruelties of the Whig Cabinet towards Ireland during the last four years; and that cruelty has, if possible, been increased by the shameless bigotry and the slanderous malignity with which our national character and historical race, our political principles and our religious convictions, have been assailed by the bribed press and the venal literature of every department of the English administration. Having robbed us of our trade, we are described as incapable of commercial enterprise; having banished to America all our best tradesmen and artisans, we are put down as men incapable of progress in artistic talent; having filled all places of trust and eminence with men of English kidney, they ask where are our men of distinction? and having centralized all emolument, and all gain, and all wealth in England, they jibe our poverty, and proclaim the national beggary produced by their elaborate injustice as the result of Celtic blood and hereditary recklessness! Having made at different times what is called "plantations" of Scotchmen and Englishmen in all the rich parts of Ireland; having banished the proprietors to "hell or Connaught"; having allowed only half an acre of bog and an acre of arable land to the persecuted Irishman, with fetters on his feet, manacles on his hands, and a halter round his neck, with rackrents and middlemen, they then employ such fabulous writers as the black Calvinist, Macaulay, to publish, under the name of history, the hereditary English lie—that *Popish* agriculture has never flourished in Ireland or anywhere else like Reformation tillage!!

This rhetorical fop is about to favor us with a continuation of the fabulous production; and it would be only doing justice to his system, if he would furnish a botanical diagnosis, explaining why the "Reformation" potatoes have failed in

Ireland during the last four years, placed as they were in such favorable circumstances of Lutheran cultivation. What a pity, my Lord, that Lord Minto did not succeed in scattering more Bibles in France and Italy! If Macaulay be correct in his calculations, the grape and the macaroni of these countries must be prodigiously improved by the holy presence of the English Bible there. If mangel-wurzel, my Lord, grow to such perfection under Lutheran culture, to what celestial improvement could not the Popish French Champagne be brought, if your Bible could be only read under the idolatrous branches of the vine of these countries? Such an infamous system of perfidious lying and atrocious humbug never has been carried on in any part of the world, for the degradation, the oppression, and the burning injustice of a people, as is shamefully practised towards Ireland in every department, by every villanous conspirator employed by a persecuting and a fanatical Government, to set our nation mad, and to drive a whole people to distraction and despair. But, above all, and beyond all, having uprooted our altars, demolished our churches, plundered our monasteries, robbed us of all our legal ecclesiastical revenues of ages, and still, withal, saddled the nation with the yearly revenue of eight millions and a half! for the support of this apostolical establishment.

Lord John Russell has, in addition to this scalding tyranny and consuming insult, encouraged the agents of this living congregation of impostors to calumniate our creed, during the last five years, in every city, town, village, hamlet, and cabin in Ireland—to slander us by sermons, speeches, tracts, ballads, and placards—to call the priests by the names of idolaters, perjurers, murderers, and assassins—to post them on all the pillars, walls, gates, and corners of streets as the priests of Anti-Christ—the emissaries of the devil—the corrupters of God's gospel, and the preachers of perdition. Can the nations of Europe believe that England can encourage such disorder, such injustice, such blasphemous anti-Christian antagonism, as forms the daily record of present Irish history?—or how can you calculate on the allegiance and dutiful loyalty of a people whom England

thus excites to disaffection by every art which the most refined perfidy could produce in the hearts of an excitable people?

And can you again wonder, my Lord, when you hear of an agrarian murder in Ireland? If Government set the example of perjury, and persecution, and death, why should you not expect to see the example followed by the victims of your tyranny? If you form a conspiracy against them, can you wonder at Ribbonism against you? On the contrary, one is rather astonished that there are not more scenes of blood, under a system of such monstrous national provocation, insult, and oppression. And before God, I hold the Government of England more guilty of the Irish murders, than the scarlet assassin who reddens his accursed hands in the blood of his marked victim. The Government are absolutely guilty of the murdered blood that cries to Heaven for vengeance, from their maddening career in Ireland. What can we Irish priests do to arrest the murderer, while such extended materials of provocations to slaughter lie all round us on every side? For my part, my Lord, I would willingly, most willingly, most ardently, take the duties, if I could, of a policeman, and follow the assassin of Mr. Bateson, and arrest him, at the risk of my life. I would, with pleasure, if it were necessary, stand sentinel before the door of Mr. Fortescue, and watch and protect his life, or the life of any other man, be his creed or his politics what they may; and every priest in Ireland would do the same, to prevent the curse on the soil imprinted there by the shedding of innocent blood. But what can we do, calumniated, abused, distrusted, as we are on one side, while on the other side there exists a fearful amount of provocation, which the cruel Government seem rather disposed to increase than to diminish? And as if to render the entire nation frantic, and incapable of entertaining one solitary ray of hope, from the kind, altered feelings of our rulers, the journals in pay of the Government suggest the *withdrawal* of all former Catholic privileges—the removal from office of all Papists,

and the total *extermination* of Irishmen from the soil of Ireland.

There is, my Lord, no resting-place now left for hope for our country. All is persecution. A war is made even upon our intellect; and we are called on neither to read or write except through a Parliamentary tutor. Knowledge of the most refined manufacture at Bamfordspeke is offered to our longing Irish minds; but we must drink it from a scientific distillation, through a Lutheran alembic. The mediæval and imperfect education of Bossuet, Liguori, and Dr. Doyle is to be removed, and replaced by the modern and improved system of Carlisle, Tom Payne, and Straus. The ancient vulgarity of introducing the name of God in science shall in this modern polite programme of studies be entirely omitted; and the imbecile meanness of mixing up the old fables of religion with the fashionable development of the modern human mind will be avoided through the new collegiate curriculum, as an exploded thing, and only suited to such undeveloped minds as those of St. Thomas and La Place.

Why, my Lord, one would think, to hear these "raw-head and bloody-bone" scholars speak, that the studies of a modern apothecary and the doctrine of potash constituted the very extreme point of literary, scientific, and Christian education; and if a beardless tyro happened to have A. B. attached to his ragged classics and shabby science, he is put forward in collegiate reports as a man capable of teaching the Twelve Apostles, and making laws for Charlemagne. The world is disgusted with this loathsome and nauseous cant on education; and it is quite certain that if the illustrious Sir Robert Peel lived now this fanatical and schoolboy ribaldry would not have been tolerated. From the absurd notions of this inane class, one might suppose it impossible that Shakespeare could compose *Hamlet*, as he had not read "the Binomial theorem" under a Bible-man; and it is even wonderful how your Grace gained the battle of Waterloo, since the metallurgic difference between potassium and sodium was not discovered till after the year 1815.

And, besides this intellectual war, there is also another war made upon our conscience. We are compelled to believe that the Queen has received a commission to teach the Scriptures, so very superior to the commission of the Apostles, that any one named and appointed by them to teach (contrary to her wishes) is to be silenced, deposed, and deported beyond the evangelical boundaries of this ecumenical empire; and we are called on to deny an office which we have sworn to profess; to commit perjury as a duty to the Queen; to deny God as a proof of our loyalty; to tell a lie as a mark of our integrity; and we are gravely told by Parliament that, in order to make us good and trustworthy subjects, we must be first perjurers, blasphemers, and consecrated hypocrites. My Lord, I have always, since 1829, presumed to entertain the loftiest notions of your naked candor and your transparent integrity. And will your Grace, therefore, permit so humble an individual as I am to ask you, could your Grace depend in the field of battle on the fidelity of the soldier who would forswear God to please the Queen; and who, at the bidding of a minister, would sell his faith for gold?

And there can be no doubt, my Lord, that you will want, perhaps even sooner than your Grace imagines, the whole energetic and loyal support of *every man in Ireland* to maintain the very existence of your Empire. Being rather successful in my predictions during the last twelve months, do not, I pray your Grace, make light of these warnings of mine. The lightest and smallest cloud that floats on the breath of the morning is the first to announce, by its flight, the approach of the storm. England is certainly in danger—and war once proclaimed by France, her fate is sealed. Russia takes India—Canada revolts; and how can we, the priests, or your Grace's name, keep in fixed loyalty the Irish discontent, inflamed by wrong and insult? Should the French (which is not improbable) make a successful descent on our Irish shores, I would most delicately suggest to your Grace not to enlist the Irish, till at least you strike off our chains—till you withdraw entirely the burning in-

sult of Lord John Russell—till you confine the Protestant calumniators within their own mock churches—till you promise tenant-right; that is to say, a bed to lie on, and a house to live in, for the wives and children of the soldiers—till you induce the English journals to cease telling lies of Ireland, and till the Queen can return to revisit us, and hear from our devoted hearts (*when all these conditions shall have been fulfilled*) the loud, long, and ringing huzza, declaring that we forgive and forget—and that she can command our life's-blood in the service of her throne and the maintenance of her authority. I am no rebel, my Lord, and I *abhor national agitation* as a most unhealthy state of society; but I would rather die than flinch from the post of duty, when my Irish country and my Irish creed demand my services.

But while such is the character of my determination, I am prepared also to live in peace and amity with the government of the country; *to thank them for their favors*; to aid them in their efforts; and to *identify my heart* with their duties. But I will never consent to execute these dutiful conditions till my hands are *unchained*, my country *emancipated*, and my creed set at liberty—*perfectly free*.

With distinguished admiration for your Grace's unrivalled military fame, and craving your pardon for this long letter, I have the honor to be, with profound respect, my Lord Duke, your Grace's most obedient servant,

D. W. CAHILL, D.D.

DR. CAHILL
TO THE
RIGHT HON. LORD VISCOUNT PALMERSTON.

CAMBRIDGE, February 28d, 1853.

MY LORD VISCOUNT,—I feel much difficulty either in renewing my correspondence with you, or reviving the controversy in the case of Madiat—that controversy is now at rest. Proofs incontrovertible have been brought before the public notice, to show that palpable misstatements have been made by English correspondents, and by the universal press; and an additional case has thus been placed on the records of English bigotry, to confirm the public impression that the British Government will grasp at any vague stories, and pervert every dubious occurrence, in order to malign Catholic political legislation, and to belie the Catholic Church.

But, my Lord, I have, in the present instance, a graver charge than all this to settle with your Lordship in the case before us. I am come to accuse you and Lord John Russell with a guilty suppression of the truth on the point at issue, in your ministerial capacity; and consequently arraign you both before this nation and the Catholic world of having encouraged, during the last eight months, in this country, public vituperation of the Catholic Church and the Catholic community, while at the same time you both held in your hands the despatches from your own ambassadors which contradicted in toto this unceasing and groundless insult to two-thirds of the citizens of this country, and the millions of the population of those kingdoms with whom you state you hold international and friendly relations. I owe it to the Catholics of this country to expose your unpardonable

conduct in this case, and I owe it to myself as a public writer to prove the accuracy of my statements, and to demonstrate the indubitable sources from which I have, in my late letters to the Earl of Carlisle, derived my political information.

I shall divide this letter into seven heads; and I beg to assure you that in the treatment of the subject I mean no personal offence either to your Lordship or Lord John Russell. I am solely actuated by the desire of doing public justice to injured truth, placing the subject before the impartial judgment of an honest British public, and warning them in future (an advice scarcely necessary) against giving implicit credence to any assertion of yours involving any statement where the Catholic Church, Catholic faith, Catholic practices, or the political laws of Catholic states, are the subjects under your official examination.

Firstly, then, every one who has read the furious articles of the daily London press, must have been struck this some time past with the painful description given of "the appalling prison in which the Madias were confined; the damp floors on which they lived, the unendurable penal dress in which they were clothed, the cruel treatment they received, the barbarous tyranny of excluding all intercourse with their friends, and the murderous results of this Papal persecution, which must very soon end in the death of these most unoffending, most resigned victims of Popish intolerance." Even Lord John Russell, writing on the subject to Sir Henry Bulwer, the pink of toleration and truth, has said, "It is the same thing in effect," said his Lordship, "to condemn a man to die by fire like Savonarola, or to put him to death by the slow tortures of an unhealthy prison."

Here is the Foreign Secretary himself joining in the cry of the furious bigots, charging the Duke of Tuscany with the indirect murder of the Madias, and, as will presently appear, clearly *pre-judging* the case. This point will, I fancy, be sufficiently proved by the following letter of Mr. Erskine, in reply to Lord John Russell, and received by him on the 4th of the present month:—

"I am informed by Mr. Chapman," writes Mr. Erskine, "an English gen-

tieman, who has interested himself most warmly in favor of the Madiai, and who is permitted to visit them occasionally in prison, that he has no fault to find with their treatment. The prison is in a healthy situation at the top of a hill : and the infirmary in which the husband is lodged is in every respect as comfortable as any well regulated hospital for persons at large. Mr. Chapman is equally satisfied with the attention bestowed on the physical wants of those Madiai at Lucca."

Again, we have an additional testimony in the Hon. Mr. Scarlett, directed to your Lordship, December 19th, 1851, as follows:—

"In consequence of the great interest felt in the state of the Madiai, I conversed with Rosa Madiai for some time in prison, and I am happy to inform your Lordship that the place of her confinement, though small, is exceedingly clean, well ventilated, and warm. She possesses, by her own admission, all the accommodation she requires under the circumstances. She makes no complaint of want of good food and clothing ; she has books to read, and she speaks in high terms of the superintendent of prisons, Mr. Peri ; and she has not suffered in health."

Upwards of a year has elapsed since your Lordship has received the letter referred to, and nearly a month has expired since Lord John Russell has heard the facts issue from Mr. Erskine, and hence the public will learn with surprise that in place of the one retracting his misconceptions, or the other checking the misrepresentations of the press, you both, on the contrary, have repeated, on last Thursday night, in the House of Commons (as is reported) nearly the same words, in the face of the public cognizance of the facts, and in the teeth of the official letter of your public servants. These brief remarks of mine on this point, spoken in pity for you both, rather than in anger, will, I fancy, settle lie the first.

Secondly, the entire press, Exeter Hall, and the inoculated conversation of private society, have all promulgated, during the past eight months, "that there was no liberty of conscience tolerated in Tuscany for any dissenting creed." This statement being perfectly understood, what must be the astonishment of the thinking portion of our community, when I inform them that in Leghorn there are, at the present moment, a Mohamedan Mosque, a Jewish Synagogue, and a Protestant Episcopalian Church ; that there are at least five

thousand Jews residing there, and possessing (as I am instructed to say) about two-thirds of the landed property of that district; and that there is not even one instance on record where any Protestant, Methodist, Presbyterian, Jew, or any member of any religion whatever, has ever been prevented from worshipping God as they may think proper in their own houses of worship, and in their own families? But, my Lord, I have the authority of the Hon. Mr. Scarlett, your official servant at Florence, in a letter written to yourself on the same subject, nearly two years ago—viz., on the 22d August, 1851—as follows:—

"I have been made aware by the Duke of Casigliano that all foreigners professing a different religion from that of the Roman Catholic, were always permitted in Tuscany as much freedom of conscience as they pleased in regard to themselves."

Here, my Lord, we have a clear statement made to yourself nearly two years ago, giving an authentic account of the point at issue; and yet you have, in the midst of the public misrepresentation of this country, kept the above correspondence from the public eye—suppressed the clear known truth at the very source of official information; and thus, sir, I impeach you before the whole world of the greatest crime a public officer can commit—namely, cushioning a public document, and thereby encouraging, and being a principal party to the slander, the censure, and the calumny, which, during eight months of unprecedented bigotry in public meetings and acrimonious journalism, has been flung (through your culpable connivance) on the temporal laws of an unoffending state, and on the tenets of a Church which even your own official organ has been compelled to vindicate in the letter just quoted; and this statement will, I trust, fully prove my second point—or lie the second.

Thirdly, the public report has everywhere declared in this country that the Madiat have been condemned for "reading the Bible." To this statement is opposed the fact that Rosa Madiat had been a Protestant since 1847; that she attended the worship of that Church, and had never been disturbed in reading the Bible, no more than all those other religions—

Jews, Mohammedans, Methodists, Presbyterians, and all other foreigners referred to in the foregoing letter of the Hon. Mr. Scarlett; and this short statement, my Lord, settles the proof of lie the third.

Fourthly, it has been industriously circulated that at least no Tuscan Catholic dare change his religion and become a Protestant, under the heaviest penalties of the Papal law. To this statement of the English press, and to this mistake of the universal English people, it will be sufficient to quote an extract of a letter from Mr. Erskine to Lord John Russell, on this particular point:—

“The *Madial*,” says he, “are not, as is alleged, convicted of having apostatized from the established (Catholic) religion, but of having sought to seduce from that religion.”

I shall not, my Lord, add one word to this appropriate extract, which palpably demonstrates lie the fourth.

Fifthly, the statement which, through your connivance, produced the bitterst feelings in England, was that part of the impeachment which declared “that all this tyranny was to be ascribed to the authority of the Pope in Tuscany; and that all the consequences of this murderous case were to be traced to the doctrines of the Catholic Church.”

To this part of the question, it will be sufficient to say that the case at issue is entirely one of the civil authority of Tuscany, and has no more connection with what is called Papal authority (as such) than the submarine telegraph between Dublin and Holyhead has to do with the oath of allegiance to the Queen of England. The Duke of Tuscany could relax these laws, change them, modify them, or abolish them altogether, without interfering in the slightest degree with the principles of the Christian ceremony, which belongs to the province of what is known and obeyed as the Papal authority; and these observations will make the public perfectly understand lie the fifth.

Sixthly, the most malignant part, perhaps, of the entire English mania, is that view of the question where the Catholic clergy are represented as the sole instigators of

these laws and these penal enactments. Your Lordship has even given utterance to these sentiments in the reply which you thought proper to make to the deputation which, having waited on you some few days previous, solicited your kind interference on behalf of the martyred Madiai. Your Lordship is reported to have said:—

"An Italian, when he hears of the complaints made concerning the restrictions imposed on reading the Scriptures, maintains that such restrictions are necessary, because, *if the people are allowed to read the Bible*, they would become Protestants, either from conviction, *or to escape the tyranny of priests*, and thus the priests would be deprived of power and support."

Without daring to contradict you, that no Italian can be supposed to utter one word of what your Lordship states, I am still very much puzzled, indeed, to comprehend the statement you make, as it is founded upon a notorious falsehood—namely, that the Italians are not allowed to read the Bible. There are in the first place (as far as I have learned) upwards of forty editions of the Bible published within the last three hundred years on the Italian Peninsula; and how and why all this trouble, care, and expense could be incurred by the crafty Italian booksellers; and why all these books, which "are to take all the power away from the priests," are tolerated by these all-powerful priests; or why they would print in such abundance books which no one is allowed to read, are really such startling historical difficulties bound up with your assertion, that I hope your Lordship will excuse me if I shall take some considerable time before I believe what you say.

But pray, my Lord, in what part of Italy has your Lordship heard this strange statement, or amongst what description of persons has it been uttered? As the fact to which you allude is at variance with the doctrine of the Catholic Church, which permits and encourages the reading of the Bible, it must, I am convinced, clearly turn out that this statement must have been made to you by the companions of Lord Minto in Italy—viz.: Mazzini, Garibaldi, and Ciceracchio, etc. His being your family correspondent there, during the last five years of your administration, it is more

than probable he is your authority on the Bible-reading question ; and, here, again, your Lordship must excuse me, if for a moment I pause before I receive his statements, even made through you, when placed in contradiction to my own positive knowledge of the subject, confirmed by the world-wide doctrine of the Catholic Church. Go on, my Lord, and continue your correspondence, your statements, and your English bigotry ; go on, and have and enjoy your momentary triumph ; but it is more than probable you will yet adopt the language of the victorious Roman general—"Another such victory will ruin me."

But, my Lord, there is a meaning rather significant in this late speech to the Madiai deputation. Perhaps you were speaking figuratively, as you did when you wept over the destruction of the convents and of the colleges of Switzerland—as you did when you *interfered one week too late* in saving the lives of hundreds of persecuted Catholics from the murderous fire and the inhuman butchery of the free corps of the sanguinary Calvinists ; or perhaps from the Hon. Mr. Scarlett, in which the very statement at issue is denied, and the language of the most emphatic denial communicated to you. Yet you have suppressed that document, and by that suppression you have banded the Protestants of this Empire in a course of falsehood and furious insult against their Catholic countrymen ; you have looked on quietly, while you saw the Catholics urged into unjust provocation by an unusual outcry against us, while at the same time you retained for eighteen months the very document which would cure the public rancor, and restore peace to your injured and insulted Catholic subjects. The document referred to is a letter you received August 29th, 1851, an extract of which is as follows :—

"The policy of the Tuscan Government could not permit foreigners to tamper with the religion of the native subjects of Tuscany, more especially at this time, as it is notorious that the *pretended conversions* to Protestantism were a MASK for carrying out political views which *were intended to sap the foundations of governments in Italy.*"

I shall not take away from the force of this extract by add-

ing any remark of my own. This is my last point in this unpleasant subject, and I now fearlessly assert that in all your political career, during the last six years, there is no one phase in your official capacity which places you before your country in so discreditable a position, as the clear proofs of your having witnessed the grossest lies published against Catholic states and people, while you held in your hands the very official documents, the bare inspection of which would in one day have spared this country such scenes of degrading bigotry, as has no parallel in any country on the face of the civilized world; and these demonstrations leave no doubt whatever as to lie the seventh.

What a suitable time it was to open a mission of Godliness, and just when the Pope was driven from the Vatican! when Naples was enveloped in the flames of revolution! when your friends and your correspondent, Kossuth, had just overturned Austria! and when your victim, Charles Albert, was on his death-bed, broken-hearted! No language can sufficiently condemn the palpable scheme of revolution, devised by a set of British officers, under the appearance of prayer and the word of God. What a Godly, appropriate time, to commence the work of the Reformation of Tom Cromwell and Somerset! But, above all, my Lord, what an appropriate set of apostles began the work; namely, Captain Walker, Captain Wilson, and a full military staff of evangelizers! How like the work of God, in such hands, and at such a time. I am surprised that the French never conceived such a holy design as this, during the rebellion of 1798 in Ireland, and sent a batch of French officers to Munster, like Ledru Rollin, General Cavaignac, and others, to evangelize the Irish, just at the moment when Hoche was approaching Bantry Bay with ten thousand men. Why, my Lord, the heart sickens at contemplating the palpable audacity of the English spies, in their cool attempt to persuade the world that they mean to preach the Gospel, while the swords and the muskets of their perjured apostles appear beneath their crimsoned surplices.

My Lord, I am not influenced by any desire to give the

smallest offence or discourtesy to any one of her Majesty's Ministers; I am, in my inmost soul, solely governed by a conviction that you and your Whig associates have been running, during the last few years, a most disastrous course; that you have laid a fatal plan of overturning Catholicity by falsehood, by misrepresentation, and by stratagem; that you have, perhaps unconsciously, been the advocate of the most notorious revolutionists of Europe; that you have made fierce and lasting enemies of some of the most powerful kingdoms on the Continent; that you have beyond all doubt been laying the foundation of the ruin of your own country; that you are, at this moment, squandering the public money in building harbors, equipping armaments, constructing fortifications, preparing fleets, to resist an aggression which your own palpable bigotry has excited against you; and that in the midst of all these warlike preparations you neglect the chief defence, the only defence—namely, cultivating the universal love, the undoubted allegiance, of the whole people to the throne, and giving vigor to the blood, and nerve to the arms which are to feed the cannon, and man the ships, and lead the assault on the enemy.

Lord Palmerston, do not reject an advice coming from the humble individual who has the honor of now addressing you; high as is your ministerial flight, higher points can be reached than you have yet attained, and you may fall from the perilous eminence when you least expect it; you are not beyond the reach of other men: the lowly twig on which the meteor eagle has just but a moment ago stood in pride, can be pointed with the barbed steel and propelled to reach the lordly bird in his highest flight, and it can pierce him too as he floats on the summit point of the giddy elevation; depend upon it, my Lord, that when you expose yourself, a steady aim from a watchful antagonist may reach your outspread wing, and lay you prostrate on the plain. I have long considered you the most plausible, the cleverest man in the British Ministry, of any shade of politics. I believe you also to be the greatest enemy that the Catholic Church has ever had during the last three centuries, and I am per-

suaded that unless your sovereign dismisses you from her councils, you will, in furthering the ends of your insatiable and unmitigable bigotry, involve our common country in irretrievable ruin. And I pray you not to make light of these remarks of mine; you must excuse me, if I tell you that I have as perfect sources of information on the subjects on which I write as your Lordship can have; and that while you have your Parliament to cheer you at St. Stephens, I have my Parliament to cheer me wherever the English language is spoken, and have friends to publish these remarks which I here make in every capital in Europe.

I beg of your Lordship to believe that I am not an enemy of the State; no, I am a sincere friend, as far as my humble power can go. I am grateful to the past Governments of England for every boon they have bestowed upon my unhappy country. Every one of my profession are grateful for the efficient education you have extended to our rising generation of the poor; we thank you for your generosity in educating our national priesthood; we would fain be grateful to you for preserving the lives of our peasant population against the ruthless extermination of the needy Orange landlords of Ireland, but you will not give us the occasion.

You speak of your just laws on this subject, we point to the emigrant ship; you expatiate on the rights of property, we point to the red grave; you write on the civil liberty of the English Constitution, we point to "the crow-bar;" you draw up long statistics of your impartial justice, your national prosperity, we point to the deserted village; you descendant at public meetings called in the name of religion on the universal benevolence of your Church; we read the advertisements in the *Times* for servants, with a *nota bene*, "no Irish Catholic need apply." Ah, my Lord, not all your plausible speeches and your able diplomacy can conceal from the world the palpable afflicting fact, that the legislation of Great Britain is spoken with lips of honey, but written in rivers of blood—is published abroad in wreaths of roses, but felt within our aching hearts in the cold iron of persecutions. Like the apples in the Lake of Sodom, you offer us fine fruit

in appearance, but it is poison in the taste. The persecuting Protestant Church is the great legislator of England; it is the great editor of England; it is the amusing novelist of England; it is the Prime Minister of England; and it is the parish beadle of England; it is the painter, it is the sculptor, it is the traveller, it is the teacher, the preacher, it is the general and the admiral, and, alas! in all and each of these pursuits, positions, arts, etc., it is the base maligner of Catholicity, the unscrupulous asserter of every falsehood which converts this country into a fierce battle-field, and makes Christianity resemble rather the malevolence of Satan than the charity of God.

Pray, can you tell, my Lord, what will be the next assault of Parliament against Catholicity? Tell us, pray, my Lord, that we may be prepared for the voluminous misrepresentations of your press, your pulpit, your Exeter Hall, and your Senate House. Is there any tale of scandal in reference to a nun on the Continent of Europe, a convent in Asia, a bishop in the Pacific? Can there be no story made out against a schoolmaster for whipping a child, contrary to Martin's Act? Can there be no indictment forged against nuns, for withholding legs of mutton, bitter ale, and apple-tarts, from orphans placed in their charge? Is there no priest to be exposed for asking questions in the confessional on the subject of *sin*, to the inexpressible horror of the spotless innocence, and the hysterical disedification of the angelic purity of your Divine Church? Is there no book in the Catholic Church which defiles the transparent mind of Protestantism, and which, therefore, ought to be brought before Parliament, and there receive the just irrevocable condemnation of the accredited judges of Christian morality and evangelical perfection? Can no act of Parliament be framed against the unrighteous length of our clerical surtouts, made as they are, according to a Papal pattern, and with the clear intent of ridiculing the Russell paletot?

Ah, my Lord, you have over-balanced yourself—you have brought derision on your Government and on your Administration, and you have made the name of Whig be the by-

word of broken faith and official perfidy—you are at war with the whole world and with God—your shave-beggars in Canada, in India, in Australia, at the Cape, and at home, are the theme of universal complaint in the entire journals of the country; and, in reference to my unfortunate, persecuted, plundered country, I have heard from the lips of the illustrious, the venerable Lord Cloncurry, that in all his experience, he “had never known more than two *Viceroy*s who *knew anything* of the government in Ireland.”

In the future speeches which you may deliver on the state of Catholicity on the Continent, and on the character of the Pope, and the conduct of the priests, do, I pray you to, persevere, sir, in your ridicule and misstatements. All the world now understands you, and that it happens the contrary of your statement is the truth. Do not, therefore, sir, malign us by your praise; do, sir, if you please, compliment us and our Church by your distinguished misrepresentations. Do us the favor of your disapprobation, and give us the character, before all Europe, which knows you, of having earned the imperishable honor of your ministerial malignity. In these remarks, founded on historical evidence, I fancy I am the best friend of England's security, and the truest servant of the stability of the throne, in thus exposing a system of policy which has convulsed our entire national relations abroad, and has disturbed the universal peace of our fellow-subjects at home. I have the honor to be, my Lord Viscount, your humble servant, etc.,

D. W. CAHILL, D.D.

N. B.—I shall send a printed copy of this letter to your Lordship, but I do not expect an answer, and I shall enclose a copy of it to all the foreign ambassadors of the Catholic Courts resident in London, that they will do justice to the injured cause of Catholicity, by publishing it in their respective capitals.

