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# LECTURES, SERMONS,

ADDRESSES AND LETTERS

OF

REV. DR. D. W. CAHILL.

3261

COMPILED AND EDITED

By J. C. CURTIN, A.M.

WITH A

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH BY THE EDITOR.

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## SERMON ON FAITH.

A SERMON DELIVERED BY REV. DR. CAHILL, IN ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH,  
PHILADELPHIA, 1880.

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 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 29, 1863.

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.

A SERMON DELIVERED BY THE REV. DR. CAHILL, ON CHRISTMAS DAY, IN ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL, NEW YORK, 1860.

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,



LETTER TO THE REV. WM. ANDERSON.

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.

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. GOULD, 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

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 newly 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

LETTER TO FIVE PROTESTANT CLERGYMEN.

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.

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

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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 16th 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 archiepiscopate; 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

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 progeny, 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

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,

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 Donay Testament, published by Thomas Brennan, of this city, and *recommend* it to the faithful.

St. Jarlath's Tuam, 1846.

† JOHN, ARCHBISHOP OF TUAM.

342 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 DENVIR, 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 Pius 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 BUONACCI, 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—

LETTER TO TWENTY-ONE PROTESTANT CLERGYMEN. 343

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-morrow 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 oursels as ithers see us,  
It wad from 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 swerve* 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 colours 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."—*Byron*.

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.

## FIRST LETTER TO NAPOLEON III.

"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, unsmote 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 taugths't 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.

DR. CAHILL  
TO  
HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY, NAPOLEON III.  
(SECOND LETTER.)

ROME, Oneida County, United States of America, }  
Monday, July 15, 1861.

"Conqueror and *captivè* 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 woo'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 inert*,  
Who *deemed 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."

—*Childe 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 miniature 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 ideal*. 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 tyrann<sup>y</sup> 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.

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 stragem 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 novelities 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



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-

les; 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 "Walsh's Compendium on the Missonaries 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 Vicegerent 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.