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ARCHBISHOP MAC HALE:

HIS LIFE AND TIMES;

A LECTURE

DELIVERED AT

TURNER HALL, Milwaukee Ave., CHICAGO, ILL,

ON THE

NIGHT OF FEBRUARY 15, 1870,

BY

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THE PUBLISHER'S REMARKS.

Though the learned lecturer, as himself at the close of his lecture observed, presented only a brief review of the subject, yet he has placed on record a brilliant and undying testimony of the virtues, worth, works and merits of Ireland's recognized greatest, most zealous and learned Prelate, appropriately called by the great O'Connell "The Lion of the Fold of Judah."

Archbishop MacHale is now in his eightieth year, and at present at Rome, attending the Œcumenical Council. No Prelate living has attracted so much public consideration as his Grace, and his fame is commensurate with the globe. Faithful in the discharge of his sacred duties as an exalted dignitary of the Catholic Church, he has yet always, proved himself the intrepid asserter of his country's temporal rights and the bold vindicator of her wrongs. Of all laymen, the eloquent Author of this pamphlet has the most intimate knowledge of Archbishop MacHale.

The lecturer opened with the lines of Denham, in his "Couper's Hill."

THE LECTURE.

O, could I flow like thee, and make thy stream
My great example, as it is my theme !
Though deep, yet clear ; though gentle, yet not dull ;
Strong without rage ; without overflowing, full.—*Line 189.*

It is universally admitted that no nation possesses so pre-eminently, as does Ireland, those fine feelings of the heart, which, if wisely and perseveringly directed, would have so raised Irishmen above the ordinary standard of mankind that they would now be the arbiters of the world. To confirm this statement, Sir Walter Raleigh and other distinguished authors could be adduced. The enterprising spirit and ardent zeal exhibited by the Celtic race in many eventful periods of Europe's history, and especially of their own, when national glory or individual honor had been invaded, supply proofs the clearest to establish the truth of my assertion. Their zeal to establish fame in a literary stand point finds abundant evidence in our own annals as well as those of all Europe, whilst in a military point of view, our own archives, the records of America, of the globe attest their distinguished merit for deeds of chivalry at home and abroad.

But we shall not take a larger space of time or span of globe than their native land, and the reign of Queen

Elizabeth, which was one of carnage and a continuous river of Catholic blood in Erin. Their Catholic Prelates and Priests were hunted down like wolves, and the price—five pounds—placed on the heads of the People's Pastors, as on the heads of the wild beasts—the favorite system being—the extirpation of the Lord's anointed. Goaded into resistance at last, up sprang the glorious Rory O'Moore of Leix, even at great odds, and with but few and undisciplined clansmen, and defended the land-marks of the hoary faith of Rome and St. Patrick, as well as the outposts of national independence throughout the land from his own family domain to that of the MacGuire of Fermanagh. Having fallen in his careering fame, then up sprang the O'Neills—Philip, Shane and Hugh—and the Red Hugh O'Donnell. These were the terror of the hereditary foe, and the sentinels on the watch-towers of creed and country; and had not English treachery, but not Saxon valor in the battle field, prevailed, the heartless brigands would have quailed and been forever crushed before their valorous arms.

The O'Sullivan Beare's peerless courage at the head of his 170 men, at Dunboy—has no parallel in history—if we except Leonidas, with his Spartans at the Pass of Thermopyle. Characters of that epoch pregnant with events—crowd on the memory—numerous as winking stars when twilight is fading into morn. But not Irishmen, but an ONE IRISHMAN, is now my

theme, and if that illustrious Irishman, by reason of his sacred position, had not been kept back, he would be the very embodiment of every qualification and art, which have, at all times, and in all climes, signalized the genuine Celt. Except in the character of an actual military man, he is the *tout-en-semble*—the faithful representative of his race. [Immense cheering for “John, Archbishop of Tuam.”]

THE HISTORIC TELESCOPE.

Now using history as a moral telescope, let us take a retrospect glance through the long hall of arts, science, language, philosophy, religion, politics and statesmanship in Ireland, and when we have narrowly inspected the busts of the most illustrious characters on the niches, I am disposed to think that you will agree with me, that for versatility of genius, massivity of intellect, capaciousness of mind, capacity of thought, vivacity of expression, power of argumentation, profundity and variety of learning, depth of discernment, gentleness of manner, and intrepidity of action, there is not in that lustrous hall a bust superior to the living bust of him who is the subject of my lecture—his Grace, John of Tuam. [Tremendous applause followed as the sentence had closed, and the applause was repeated, marking the affection of the exiled sons of Ireland for their patriot Prelate.]

As to the sanctity of personages, who were and who are, I shall not make a comparison. That is not a part

of my subject. To touch upon it would be arrogance, as God alone is the judge of men's sanctity. I confine myself to things sensible, such as can be subjected to the senses for judgment.

Of all nations on earth, as has already been observed, Ireland, considering its extent, has beyond cavil the brightest and largest catalogue of distinguished men as legislators, bards, poets, artists, linguists, general scholars, statesmen and warriors. The memory of such men, placed on niches along the vast hall of our country, as well pre-christian as christian, are vividly before our mind's eye, by the aid of the historic telescope.

"Just men, by whom impartial laws were given,
And Saints, who taught and led the way to Heaven."

To only a few of these great men shall we advert. Dubhtagh, the poet-laureate of the reigning monarch, when St. Patrick landed as Apostle of Ireland, was a great man, but then his greatness was only as a poet. St. Benin, or Benignus, successor of St. Patrick, as Primate of Armagh, has left to posterity only the fragrance of his sanctity and his "Book of Rights"—that is, "Leabhar na g-ceart." True, in the fifth and sixth centuries, saints and learned men were placed on the horizon of our island, many and shining as twinkling stars on the blue ethereal vault of heaven on a frosty night, when the bespangled ether, painted by the plastic hand and brush of the Supreme Artist, and dissolving, as it were, into one color, presents to the contem-

plative mind a rich feast for thought. There were Ciaian, Ailbe, Ibar, Deighlan, Fiagh, Brendan, Fursey, Enna, "of the Isles;" Columcille, Mel, Mochay, Olcan, Ceenan, Loman, Coleman, and a host of other saints and scholars. The like could be predicated of the seventh, eighth and ninth centuries; and amongst them Columbanus. But of them all, except Columcille and Columbanus, it may be said that they confined their labors, for the most part, to religious and literary pursuits. The two latter were, to a great extent, the prototypes of "John of Tuam," for they contended against kings and princes for the rights of the people, and the independence of the Church of the temporal powers; and with even Popes did Columban battle for Irish independence in secular and disciplinary matters.

Cormac MacCullinan, Bishop and King of Cashel, has left us "The Psalter of Cashel," and a Glossary of difficult Irish words, but there his labors, as regard literature, rest. St. Malachy O'Morghar, Archbishop of Armagh, restored order in the Irish Church in the beginning of the twelfth century, and a great work that was, but his labors in literature were few, and confined to his own calling. The great Laurence O'Toole of the time of the English invasion in Ireland displayed much power of mind as a Prelate, and exhibited the sterling qualities of a patriot, but his legacy of literary works is not a large one.

Fearing to draw too largely on the exchequer of your patience I shall not make further allusion to the

characters of remote days. I shall come at once to the subject which has brought us together—"THE MOST REVEREND JOHN MACHALE, ARCHBISHOP OF TUAM."

GENERAL VIEW OF HIS GRACE.

Of all Irishmen living he is the only one in whom is centred the affectionate regard and the high admiration of his countrymen at home, or dispersed throughout the globe. His Grace is their polar star, their guide, their hope, their idol. All this his Grace knows, and yet, he is as humble as the humblest amongst them. He is the verily Pastor of the Irish people, whom in the time of trial, he has taken under his wing, as the hen does her chickens on the approach of a storm.

In misery's darkest cavern known,
His ready help was ever nigh,
Of every friendless name the friend,
Of the cold world's victim, who came to die."

His Grace of Tuam has a shrine built up to him in the hearts of the most moderate as well as the ultra-nationalist, who goes for the liberation of his "dear island home" from the sway of the alien. The power he has over the minds, and the place he occupies in the hearts of the millions of Irishmen throughout the world confer on him a dignity and a supremacy rarely if ever, possessed by any man in ancient or modern times. The Liberator, O'Connell, and the great Apostle of Temperance, Father Mathew, are the only two men, who, in any manner, rivaled his Grace of Tuam in the general respect and esteem of his countrymen. But

yet, transcendent as were the talents and superhuman and successful as were the struggles of the immortal O'Connell, there were still, certain points, on which some of Ireland's most sincere sons differed from the Emancipator; and, likewise, for calumnious and envenomed shafts he was a mark. Though glorious and extremely impressive as were the triumphs, achieved by Father Mathew, yet, however, they were, alas! transient in their effects; nor did the grand precepts he enunciated take the form of universal and permanent practice. Millions, for the time, flocked to take shelter under his white banner of love, but, it is to be deplored that most of the millions, though not returning to intemperance, fell away from the pledge of total abstinence. But his Grace of Tuam has lived to behold some of the objects, for which he has contended, effected; nor has he outlived his popularity. And, now, in the winter of his labors in the vineyard of the Lord and of Fatherland, he can feel that in the general respect and love of those, whose fathers were only children, when he first undertook his divine mission, there is an earnest of the everlasting reward in store for him! The most remarkable phase in his life is that even those, who differed from him on almost every question of religion and politics, have agreed in doing him honor as an accomplished scholar, a learned linguist, a powerful controversialist, a profound theologian, an undeviating politician, a zealous Prelate, a

devoted Irishman and a true gentleman. And as the poet Thomson sings :

“ Who'er amidst the sons
Of reason, valor, liberty and virtue
Displays distinguish'd merit, is a noble
Of Nature's own creating.”

HIS GRACE IS THE CONNECTING LINK.

Of three generations each of which has vied in paying him a distinct tribute of affection and regard. His unflinching fidelity to his deeply-rooted religious and national principles has been the great secret of all his power, influence and triumphs. What Hierophilos was in 1820, as Professor in Maynoth—what the Bishop of Maronia was in 1825, the *same now* is John, Archbishop of Tuam in 1870, when “his lamp of life is flickering.” The snow of age is on his sacred head, but

“The power of thought—the magic of the mind,”

such as in youth, are now in the patriot Prelate. His body is old, though vigorous, but his mind is young, thus resembling the eagle of his native mountains. “*Tempora mutantur sed non mutatur in illis.*” Times have changed, but “John of Tuam” has not changed in relation to the noble course he carved out for himself, when he was about to enter upon the busy stage of life, From the path of truth, justice, honor and duty he has not been deflected through the hope of pension, place, power or reward. On the contrary, his inflexibility of purpose has served as a beacon to Irish patriots during half a century—an inflexibility that has shed on our chequered career a light, which has pointed to the path

of faith, and been a flaming torch to every lover of Fatherland. The effulgence of the flambeau has been looked to by the Protestant patriots O'Brien, Mitchel, Davis, Martin, as well as by the Catholic Meagher Duffy, Lucas, Doheny, O'Neill and O'Mahony. In their esteem, John of Tuam has been the ideal of patriotism. To him may be well applied the lines of Shakspeare :

“O, good old man, how well in thee appears
The constant service of the antique world,
When service sweat for duty, not for meed!
Thou art not for the fashion of these times,
When none will sweat, but for promotion.”

There are in Ireland certain personages of his Grace's Order, who are “for the fashion of these times,” and who “sweat only for promotion,” but, I must not draw comparisons.

“Whither am I strayed, I need not raise
Trophies to thee for other men's dispraise,
Nor is thy fame on lesser ruins built,
Nor needs thy juster title the foul guilt
Of foreign rule, which to secure its power,
Must have our brothers, sons and kindred cower.”

REVIEW OF THE CHIEF INCIDENTS OF HIS LIFE.

Though Irishmen generally are acquainted with the history of our loved Prelate, yet it will no doubt be of interest to present a general review of the leading events of his life for the purpose of furnishing something like a record, however imperfect, of the life of such a man. Be it observed *in limine* that the Archbishop of Tuam mixed in politics only when the faithful discharge of his spiritual functions, as an Irish Prelate, demanded his interference. The condition of

Ireland is very peculiar, as it differs in one particular respect from other countries. The landlords are, as a rule, aliens in blood and religion, and most of them absentees. The Catholic population have, therefore, been treated as serfs; and their devoted Bishops and Clergy were the only aristocracy to which they could look up for protection and sympathy in their trials and sufferings. Generally speaking, whatever affected their temporal interests affected their spiritual welfare. The Protestant landlords harassed them by the exaction of exorbitant rents, and threats of evictions for the purpose of coercing them, if possible, to trample on their conscience by voting for obnoxious Members and compelling them to send their children to Protestant schools, where there was danger to faith and morals. In the next place, his Grace of Tuam saw as clearly as the truth of a mathematical theorem that as long as Ireland would be legislated for in a foreign city, such as London, so long would the country be sinking into pauperism and degradation, and its Catholic people would be flying from it to other countries, where it was certain many of them, as experience has taught, would fall away from the faith of Rome and St. Patrick, and their souls, dearly purchased at the price of the blood of the Redeemer, would be lost to Heaven. Archbishop MacHale's sagacity and penetrating genius having fathomed the peril, he felt it to be an important part of his duties, as an Irish Bishop, to do

everything in his power to arrest the progress of the tide of emigration, and help other men to throw up an embankment against the torrent of British tyranny, which, whilst it had been operating ruinously to the Irish nation, was also insidiously effecting immense injury to the hoary faith of our ancestors. Hence Archbishop MacHale became, to some extent, a politician, but, as, you plainly see, only as far as the necessary defense of Catholicity required of him.

HIS BIRTH AND EARLY LIFE.

In 1791, as far as I can remember, his grace was born at *Tubbernavreen, convenient to the classic hill of Nephin, in view of Lough Conn, not far from "the graves of the French," who were massacred by the English in '98, and about fifteen miles from Killalla, where the French landed, and The Tree of Liberty was planted. To that sacred spot I went with other Irishmen, who *registered a vow* against foreign domination

From what I have said can be seen that the childhood of His Grace of Tuam was passed in the most bloody and troublous times of our sad history—times when Ireland's wrongs, persecutions and oppression culminated.

" Wrongs unredressed, or insults unavenged."

*Written correctly "Tubber na b-Fiann," pronounced "Tubber na veen," that is, "the well or spring of the Fians or Fenians," of pre-Christian Ireland. The name Fian or Fenian is as old as Erin. Every Milesian is by origin and blood a Fenian. Hence, if at any time, (as never), a censure be hurled by the Holy Father against Fenians, all Irishmen would fall under it.

Young though was John MacHale, in the terrible days of '98, yet, unquestionably, his after-career was mainly moulded and influenced by the impressions made on his tender mind by the sights he saw and the tales of woe he heard. No time can efface from the tablet of a faithful memory early impressions. *They live as long as life remains.*

HIS EARLY EDUCATION.

Having received such elementary education as the locality afforded, the young John was sent to a Latin school at Castlebar, the capital of the county of Mayo. There he learned the languages of ancient Greece and Rome. The ease and quickness with which he unknotted the intricate passages in the old authors surprised his teacher and school-fellows.

JOHN AT MAYNOOTH.

In or about the year A. D. 1811, he entered Maynooth College as a student, where his blooming and great talents placed him, after a short time, in the van of his fellow-students. Here, also, his assiduity in his studies, his unpretending piety, and his display of rare abilities endeared him to his Professors. So marked were his zeal and proficiency during his collegiate course, that at an age, comparatively early, he was appointed a Lecturer, and shortly afterwards, a Professor of Dogmatic Theology. In this position, he soon brilliantly distinguished himself by tongue and pen.

HIS GRACE AS A WRITER—THE BIBLE SOCIETIES, “HIEROPHILOS.”

At that period, the questions of Bible Societies, the Protestant establishment and Catholic Emancipation agitated the minds of the people. In the Conservative journals of Dublin there appeared from time to time, powerful and eloquent letters over the signature of “Bibliophilos,” and in defense of the Bible Societies, which, as well as I can recollect, were the productions of a learned and an eloquent lawyer, counsellor North. These lucubrations demanded an answer from some Catholic pen, but the gauntlet, thus thrown down, no one would venture to take up, until a timid, cloistered Priest, unaccustomed to public controversy, and of no forensic experience in unravelling points, as was “Bibliophilos,” entered the list under the *nom de plume* of “Hierophilos.” And, who was the beardless champion of Catholicity—“Hierophilos.” I know you anticipate the answer—Rev. John MacHale. [Tremendous applause.]

It is now just forty-three years since accident placed in my hands a pamphlet, containing the letters of the religious antagonists, who, never for once, descended to low language in their discussion. “Bibliophilos” complimented in the highest terms “Hierophilos,” whom he assumed to be an exalted and matured dignitary of the Catholic Church, little knowing that it was the young cloistered Professor of Maynooth. “Hierophilos,” on the other hand, would not allow himself to be

outdone in politeness, but paid a marked tribute to the accomplishments and learning of "Bibliophilos." The substance of one of Dr. Mac Hale's eulogiums of the abilities of his opponent recurs to my mind. A writer in a London journal—I think, the *Weekly Register*—made some severe remarks on "Bibliophilos," when "Hierophilos," taking the part of his antagonist, replied in almost the following words, (I cannot be sure after so long a lapse of time): "As well might the lowly workman cast an artist's glance over the sublimity of St. Paul's, (London), and attempt to rival its magnificence, as the editor of the *Weekly Register* vie with "Bibliophilos." How generous, and how sublime was the compliment of the young Priest to his bigoted rival. But as great and chivalrous military Generals have ever been highminded to their opposing foes, so were the two matchless religious disputants. Each, it would seem, argued for what each considered the truth.

The letters of "Hierophilos" were distinguished for a thorough knowledge of the subject, a vigor of language, an irresistibility of argument and an attraction of style in their treatment. Hence, they created a legitimate sensation, and immediately threw him into the foremost rank of Catholic controversialist writers. Such was Dr. Mac Hale's first entry on the arena of bustling life.

HIS CONSECRATION AS BISHOP OF MARONIA.

In May, 1825, or '26, he was created "Bishop of Maronia," *in partibus*, and appointed *cum jure successionis* --Coadjutor to Dr. Waldron, Bishop of Killala, his native diocese. He was at that time, resident in Maynooth College as Professor, a position he had filled for about eleven years previous to, and a few years after, his elevation to the mitre, which he graced, rather than it him. It is "the man who confers the dignity on the position, not the position on the man," and no man has ever yet bestowed greater lustre on the mitre than his Grace of endless fame—John, Archbishop of Tuam. [Indescribable applause, oft repeated.]

" EVIDENCES AND DOCTRINES OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH."

While still at Maynooth, in 1827, he composed and gave to the world, "The Evidences and Doctrines of the Catholic Church." The composition was

"Though deep, yet clear; though gentle, yet not dull;
Strong without rage; without overflowing, full."

This inimitable volume attained, on its very appearance, to such celebrity, not only in Ireland and Great Britain, but on the continent of Europe, that it was translated into the French, German and other languages.

NEW SERIES OF THE LETTERS OF "HIEROPHILOS"

Over the signature of "John, Bishop of Maronia," he reproduced a series of the letters which were first published under his *nom de plume*, "Hierophilos." Bishop

MacHale, on quitting Maynooth, resided in Ballina, a few miles from Tubber-na-veen, where as Coadjutor to the good and learned Bishop Waldron, he conciliated for himself the affections and veneration of the clergy and people. He was their idol, and was called "The Star of the West," but time has proved him to be "The Star of all Ireland"—West and East, North and South.

HIS ELEVATION TO THE SEE OF TUAM.

In obedience to the election of him as successor to the Most Rev. Oliver Kelly of Tuam, and the confirmation of that election by Rome, the devoted people of Killalla are to lose their beloved Bishop. The news of this deservedly acquired elevation to the metropolitan See of Connaught made local petty tyrants tremble, while a few vacillating aristocratic Catholics shrugged up their shoulders, and intolerant bigots grew pale. An immense procession from Ballina accompanied him to Castlebar: and several miles outside Tuam, he was received by an enthusiastic and gorgeous cortege, from whom cheer after cheer of a "Cead mile failte," proceeding, made the welkin ring, and a magnificent banquet was given in his honor on the night of his arrival in the city sacred to the memory of St. Jarlath, its first Bishop. The installation of his Grace as Archbishop of Tuam took place in the beautiful Cathedral, in November, 1834. Hence, may be seen that his Grace has been wearing the mitre for a period of forty-five years, respectively as successor of St. Muredach, first Bishop

of Killalla ; and of St. Jarlath, first Prelate of Tuam.

It was in A. D. 1152, Tuam was erected into an Archdiocese at the Council of Kells, County of Meath.

HIS GRACE AS A PULPIT ORATOR.

As a pulpit orator, Archbishop MacHale has reached the highest pinnacle, and to this day, his faculty of memory is proverbial. Whatever he writes, he can repeat by heart without the slightest deviation. In this respect, I know of no equal for him but Shiel.

HIS SERMONS AT ROME.

His Grace's magnificent sermons, preached at Rome, about 1832, established his fame in that city, and gained for him the respect and admiration of his Holiness, Gregory XVI, who, in token of his esteem, bestowed on him several valuable presents ; and amongst them richly embroidered vestments, suitable to the dignity of a learned Bishop. Those sermons were translated into Italian, by the Abbot of Lucca, at present Apostolic Nuncio, at Vienna.

HIS GRACE'S SERMONS IN A VOLUME. HIS SERMONS AT BALLYMOTE.

His Grace's many sermons will, no doubt, be all printed in one volume, and of them not the least interesting will be his sermon at Ballymote, County Sligo, in 1864. Whilst drawing attention to the great difficulties the Very Rev. Dr. Tighe had to encounter in his efforts to build a Catholic Church, his Grace took occa-

sion to denounce the nefarious system of extermination, and the wicked policy of the British Senate, which, so far from condemning, sanctioned it with the view of "thinning the turbulent Celts."

That powerful discourse acted as a thunder storm on the nerves of the minions of foreign rule, whilst a certain personage at Dublin felt the weight of the sarcasm. "It has been the wise dispensations of Providence that the Irish Catholics would be exterminated, in order that they would spread the faith in distant countries!!!" Never can I forget the burning language of that sermon, which was published in the *Connaught Patriot*, *verbatim*, as it was spoken. His Grace's discourses in the Irish language plough up the hearts of his flock from their very depths, and penetrate the inmost recesses of the mind and the shrine of the soul.

NATIONAL EDUCATION AND THE PROTESTANT ESTABLISHMENT.

During the Melbourne administration the letters of his Grace on the subject of National Education and the Protestant Establishment in Ireland were numerous, powerful and cogent, and from affixing his name to them as "John, Archbishop of Tuam," he never shrank, though by such action he left himself open to prosecution. His Grace could not be induced to compromise truth.

HIS GRACE BEFORE THE BRITISH SENATE.

For instance when a few years ago he was being ex-

amined before the British Parliament, in reply to an intolerant bigoted Member he said, "They call me the Archbishop of Tuam and *I know, that I am the Archbishop of Tuam.*" To say so he was, then, penal as the ecclesiastical Title Act was not repealed. In the early part of 1835, when Lord Huddington was the Tory Lord Lieutenant, his Grace signed his name to his letters, "John, Archbishop of Tuam." His Excellency called for a prosecution but the Archbishop was defiant, and there was no prosecution. So much for consistency.

In 1847 he had collected and published in one volume all his letters up to that date, and on last year a further series of the same letters, with additional ones, issued from the press.

HIS GRACE AS A POLITICAL ORATOR.

Numerous, thrilling and truly eloquent are the speeches he delivered on the hustings, public meetings and public banquets in a distinct volume, as grand utterances, which will serve as a political text book. Those speeches have reference to the wrongs, grievances and oppressions, which "our loved island home" has experienced under the English usurpation. I have said "usurpation" because according to St. Thomas Aquinas, when a person or nation has assumed power to rule without the consent—not to say against the will, of the people, the exercise of authority *is not power, but the absence of it*, and such has been the condi-

tion of England in relation to Ireland. For we not only did not consent to be governed by aliens, but we have persistently demurred; and our ancestors, in many a hard fought battle, protested against the sway of England in our native land; and signed that emphatic protest by their best blood. And in the last few years we have suffered exilement—forced and voluntary—in carceration and death rather than tacitly submit to its continuance.

HIS GRACE AT KINVARA, COUNTY OF GALWAY, AT THE FUNERAL OF
BISHOP FRENCH.

An important fact in his Grace's life is his conduct at the funeral of The Most Rev. Dr. French, Bishop of Kilmacduogh and Kilfenora, immediately after the passing of the Irish Ecclesiastical Title Act, by a provision in which Catholic Prelates and Priests were prohibited under a heavy penalty, from appearing outside the precincts of their churches in their sacred robes, "John of Tuam," disregarding such an enactment which was derogatory to his high office, robed himself in his full pontificals. When the Archbishop, thus attired, was about to enter the gate of the cemetery, of which the Protestant Rector had the control, the latter with characteristic temerity, informed his Grace that it was illegal for him to appear in public in his "Papist habiliments," adding that he would not allow him to enter. The intrepid "John of Tuam," crozier in hand, ordered the insolent Parson to stand aside, and, thus

fully vested he entered and performed the solemn rites of the Catholic Church over the grave of Bishop French, who was at first, Protestant Warden at Galway, but he became a convert to the old faith of Rome, whereas his ancestors in penal days had fallen away. Thousands of instances of Archbishop Mac Hale's heroic confession to the faith, made by him in face of imminent danger, could I adduce. But

“Virtue outbuilds the pyramids,
Her monuments shall last when Egypt's fall.”

“Virtue is bold, and goodness never fearful.”

On many a trying occasion has his Grace shown himself “The Lion of the Fold of Judah.”

HIS WORKS IN THE IRISH LANGUAGE.

Besides his erudite compositions in the English language, Irish literature is largely indebted to him. His love and admiration of the rich, euphonious and comprehensive tongue of his forefathers are next to his love of God and Catholicity. He has, always, manifested the greatest regard for every person, who could either read, or write it, and substantially marked his respect for any scholar, who in any manner, co-operated in preserving it from decay. In all parts of his diocese the catechism and other pious works printed in old Celtic characters, have been taught, and his Grace has made it a practice to preach in the rural parishes in Irish, and with the use of such a vehicle, of which he commands so powerful a mastery, he carries

with him his crowded congregations to take a view of the ineffable joys of heaven, or in thought, leads them to the depths of hell, and gives them a foretaste of the pains of purgatory. Who, that has heard and seen him (even though ignorant of the Irish tongue), in his unparalleled flights of Irish trope and metaphor, as his words coerced tears for sin, or made the eye gladden up at the vivid representation of virtue and its certain reward, without being struck with wonderment. Though his words are sometimes old they are ever new in consequence of the manner of his treatment of the subject.

MOORE'S MELODIES, IRISH POEMS, &C.

To his national zeal and giant labors do we owe the publication of some valuable works in Irish. Of Moore's "Irish Melodies" he has translated and published in the Celtic dialect more than sixty; and in the exact metre of the original. The lecturer here recited in Irish "The Minstrel Boy," which drew down the whole house in showers of applause. He has given to us six books of Homer's Iliad in Greek, with an Irish translation on opposite pages in the same hexameter or measure as the original with notes appended. This large octavo volume is of itself enough to eternise the name of "John MacHale. *Stabat mater*," *Dies Irae* in Irish are touching and beautiful as are his other Irish hymns. Some of them in Irish the lecturer repeated. Finally the Pentateuch, translated from the

Hebrew into Irish and English with copious notes and comments subjoined, forming the first volume of an Irish Catholic Bible, has appeared. And we pray that his Grace's life (now in his eightieth year), may be spared to see accomplished the greatest of all his works as an inestimable legacy to the Gael of Ireland and of the world, for we, too, like the dispersed Hebrews, expect, one day, to return and make our own dear language the medium of transacting trade, commerce and the professions. [Loud applause.]

The works, enumerated, if he had never published any others, entitle him to the warmest acknowledgments of all literary students in general, and to the gratitude of his countrymen in particular, whose language he has with, such success, labored to adorn, enrich and perpetuate.

HIS GRACE AS A POLITICIAN.

Living, as the Archbishop has lived, in the midst of tyrant landlords, and having had to encounter "prowling" bigots, who have infested his diocese, his name has of necessity, more frequently than all the Irish Bishops together, appeared in the arena of politics. That was unavoidable, as every person, acquainted with the province of Connaught, clearly understands.

His Grace's opinions, therefore on the chief questions of the day, as far as they have reference to Ireland, are so well known that it would be trifling with your understanding were I to occupy your time with a rehearsal of them.

HIS GRACE OPENS MAYO.

Many interesting acts of the Archbishop's career pre-

sent themselves, one of which I shall now relate as it floats on my memory. There is in Mayo a branch of the Browns, which had remained Catholic until the early part of the seventeenth century, when for the sake of reward they apostatised from the faith of their fathers. In '87 and after years a fiendish friend of the apostate tribe, hung, and killed without judge or jury, Priests and laymen as they became obnoxious to him. He was a Privy Councillor of the Dublin Castle. Of him, O'Kelly, the poet says :

“ To hang, kill and quarter his fort is,
Religion he treats a jest,
So sanguine a tool of the Court is
The horrid and bloody old bear of the west.”

The words, quoted, I read when only eight years of age, and shall never forget them. I saw in my childhood when lived the savage, described by the poet, and young as I was, amazement possessed me that such a filthy, bloated, fatted brute was allowed to live. The atrocities and barbarities “of the old bear” must have made an indelible impression on the mind of the young MacHale as he lived at the very time that the impious wretch had been perpetrating his hideous enormities. And, that John of Tuam *remembered* them he showed by watching for the opportunity to inflict on his son “Seagham na Sagart,”* a signal moral chastisement. The Browns of Westport-house and those of Claremount—the residence of the “Old Savage”—the Right Hon. Dennis Brown,—had, as they thought, a patent to elect whom they pleased as representatives from the county of Mayo to the British Parliament. In or about 1836, Mayo was on the eve of an election,

* John of the priests, or “The priest-hunter.”

John of Tuam, thinking that *his* opportunity was at hand, buckling on the armor of the Lord (for the moment was one when outraged religion was to be vindicated) sounded the tocsin, summoned the Pastors and flocks to council and to action. Having maturely consulted and promptly acted, he rejected the hereditary tyrants, elected liberal members, and thus rescued classic Catholic Mayo from the grinding bondage of ages. At a public dinner at the time of the canvassing, his Grace, rising to the altitude of the struggle, and the sublimity of his subject said: "I shall take with me the hereditary foe to the top of "Croagh Patrick" (as it was near and in view of the Marquis of Sligo's at Westport—cousin of "the Priest-hunter"—John Brown) and from their eminence, hurl them into their original obscurity, as St. Patrick hurled the serpents into †"Log na n-duin." He kept his word—he drove into obscurity the son of "old Dennis," who but a few years before could hang a priest without judge or jury.

What a wonderful change did one undaunted, determined man of God effect against a gang of legal robbers—a body of bigot conspirators who considered the murder of one of God's anointed a meritorious act. John MacHale redeemed Mayo, which is now nobly represented by Ireland's most upright, talented and accomplished lay son George Henry Moore of Moore Hall, who ambitioned not a seat in the London Senate,

†Pronounced *Log na nuin*—"the deep pit of the evil spirits," a part of the *Atlantic* in Clew bay, which is very deep, and into which tradition says St. Patrick hurled all the serpents in Ireland, and from the top of the Reek; but history proves that no serpents were ever in Ireland—that they could not live in it. It was the spiritual serpents that he overcame.

but it was forced on him by faithful advisers for the purpose of affording him an opportunity of defending himself against poisoned darts that might be aimed at him in that House, and which he could not *outside* Parliament repel and turn against his assailants. Again the voice of Ireland can be more effectually heard from Parliament through the agency of the general press, than in any other way except perhaps that it could be more potentially and with greater benefit heard by the roar of canon, and the clash of arms.

Mr. Moore, M. P., because of his inflexible integrity, his unstained character, his fidelity to the faith and nationality and his rare and varied erudition has been the cherished favorite of the Archbishop of Tuam. Their sympathy, respecting certain paramount principles, has formed between them an adamant bond,—an indestructible cement.

HIS GRACE AS A HISTORIAN AND SCHOLAR.

As a proficient in universal history his Grace has no superior. He is quite at home when treating of the history of any country of all ages. The arcana of the abstruse sciences he so mastered in his younger days that he talks about them with as much ease as though they had been only play toys. His Grace is indeed

“A poet, naturalist and historian,
 “Who left scarcely any style of writing untouched,
 And touched nothing that he did not adorn.”

When other names will have faded away as the dew before the morning's sun, his honored name will last, imperishable in the annals of his own country and amongst the records of the globe; and although these annals and those records should moulder away and crumble into dust, still the name of John of Tuam

shall live in the hearts of Irishmen until earth is no more.

Quae te tam leta tulerunt
 Saecula, qui tanti talem genuere parentes;
 In freta dum fluvii currunt, dum montibus umbrae,
 Lustrabunt convexa, polus dum sidera pascet,
 Semper honos, nomenue tuum, lau desque manebunt."

HIS GRACE ON HIS MISSION THROUGH HIS DIOCESE.

The labors and dangers, incident to the discharge of his arduous duties throughout his extensive diocese, comprising as it does, most of, and some of the most inaccessible parts, of the counties of Galway and Mayo, and a small part of Roscommon, afford ample theme for several lectures, and, though opportunity were allowed me to give in detail the narrative, seven suns would have risen in the east, and gone down in the west before I would have finished my labors. An angel only could present to view or unveil the labors of love of that glorious Prelate, or describe the anxieties he must have experienced, and the dangers he has encountered in his more than human efforts to minister to his flock, as well in the remote islands, mountains and almost inaccessible fastnesses as in the open country, especially in the dreadful years of '46-7, '49 and '63 and 64, when famine, pestilence and extermination had been devouring his people, when thousands of the victims crowded around him for shelter, bread and spiritual consolation. Protestant landlords evicted the Catholic tenants, because they would not send their children to Protestant schools, in which there was certain danger to their faith and morals—where they would be sure to be robbed of the precious deposit, transmitted to them through a sea of blood. To guard these "little ones"—Christ's lambs—against contamination—his Grace has had always to be on "the watch-tower of Israel." Though others slept, he was the sleepless sentinel. The ravening wolves prowled about the fences, and his Grace *in person*, or through his

devoted Priests, had to keep watch to guard the fold and drive away the furious beasts. To obviate the pretext for the introduction of the so-called "national education"—an insidious machinery for proselytism, his Grace dotted his diocese with pious and learned Monks of the Third Order of St. Francis and the Christian Brothers, whilst in every town where it was practicable, he established Nunneries in which the female children of the rich and poor could obtain an education, suited to their respective sphere in life. I speak of what I saw.

THE NUNS AND MONKS OF CLIFDEN.

Even in the town of Clifden—the extreme point of Connamara—are excellent schools for female children under the supervision of the active, zealous and pious Rev. Mother Amelia White, whose name is familiar even in this republic by reason of her appeals for pecuniary aid to enable her to shield her dear flock of innocents from the wiles and deceits of the "wicked agents of proselytism whose "Head-quarters are at Exeter Hall, London, England." The good Mother Amelia introduced me to her dear fifty orphan females—most of whom she had rescued from the jaws of the wolf. Herself and her tender charge have been the object of his Grace's paternal solicitude.

HIS VISITATION OF THE WESTERN ISLES.

In the most inclement part of winter he has been known to travel over twenty miles before day-light—and through the wildest district of country in order to meet the small boat, intended to carry him into one of the West Isles of Arran, thirty miles from land—and on a tempestuous sea, to discharge his episcopal functions. And when he was importuned not to venture on so boisterous an ocean—as the attempt was to all appearance, inevitable death—his Grace's beautiful answer would be "I promised these dear people—a portion of my flock—to meet them here at this hour,

and accompany them in their frail bark to visit their brother islanders, break amongst, and minister to, them the Bread of Life, and impart to them the consolations of our holy religion. I must keep my word. I must not disappoint them. Go I must." And go he did. Scarcely would he have embarked and left the shore, when the winds become more furious, and the sea more rebellious. From the land the nervous spectators, in suspense, beheld the small craft tossed aloft on a mountain billow—and, then, sinking between the frantic waves, disappeared from their sight. Like Æneas as represented by Virgil in the storm, so was it with his Grace.

"Tollimur in cælum curvato gurgite et iidem
Subducta ad Manes imos descendimus unda."

Again, however, the skiff appears to view—as it had been heaved aloft on the back of swelling and limitless rollers. All on shore are aghast, but "John of Tuam," is at his ease. Because he heard his Divine Master whisper to his mind "Nolite timere, ego sum." "Fear not; it is I." Again, and again did the wild winds and maddening, and boiling surges buffet the unsteady bark—whirl it as though a cork,—but, nevertheless, "the Shepherd of the Fold," attended to the whisper "Ego sum; nolite timere." "I am He. Fear not. I, who calmed the waves, and stilled the storm when Peter was in danger, am nigh. You shall make land in safety." And so did his Grace arrive safely. For as the winds fell and the raging waters of the ocean were calmed, the boat put into harbor, and the Shepherd received such a welcome, as Irish Catholics alone know how to extend to their anointed Pastors. Perils, such as mentioned, had the Archbishop often to encounter in visiting the isles of Boffin, Achil and the historic Clare-Island in Clew Bay—the fortress of Granu Uaile or Grace O'Malley—the Queen of the Western Isles—in the days of Queen Elizabeth.

FATHER LAVELLE.

During the last eleven years Father Lavelle—well known by fame as the Patriot Priest of Partry, but who is now the worthy Pastor of the united parishes of Cong and the Neale—through the merited appreciation of his Grace, has nobly co-operated with the Archbishop in crushing proselytism and exposing landlord tyranny. Father Lavelle wields a ready and a powerful pen and has an extraordinary gift of language both as a speaker on politics and as a finished pulpit orator. The government and the laws of England have for him no terror when the cause of creed and country is at issue. His learned letters, eloquent sermons, and speeches have made for him a name that will never die, and after the Archbishop his name is cherished by all genuine Irishmen. To him in a rural parish may be appositely applied the line of the poet Young,

“And pyramids are pyramids in vales.”

Father Lavelle as a Priest and George Henry Moore as a statesman, have shown themselves fearless and devoted *aides-de-camp* of his Grace. “John of Tuam”, has set the bright example to his countrymen of inflexible fealty to the old faith, and a firm and holy resolve to work in the good old cause until not a foot of Irish soil shall belong to the Saxon.

When all of genius that must perish, dies,
His great works will John MacHale eternise.

Let us hope that his precious life though now in its winter, may be prolonged until his fond desire as regards Ireland be realized, of seeing it

“Great, glorious and free,
First flower of the earth, first gem of the sea.”

[The most deafening applause followed as the lecture concluded.]

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