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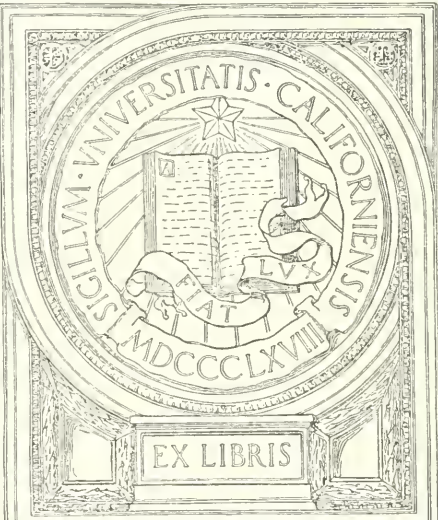
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Rev. Fr. Rooney's
Oration on St. Patrick's
Day

By
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UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
AT LOS ANGELES



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REV. FR. ROONEY'S ORATION

ON

ST. PATRICK'S DAY,

DELIVERED AT

ST. DOMINIC'S CHURCH,

SAN FRANCISCO, 1878.

TOGETHER WITH HIS

CRUSHING REPLY

TO THE

STRICTURES OF THE COMMERCIAL ADVOCATE,

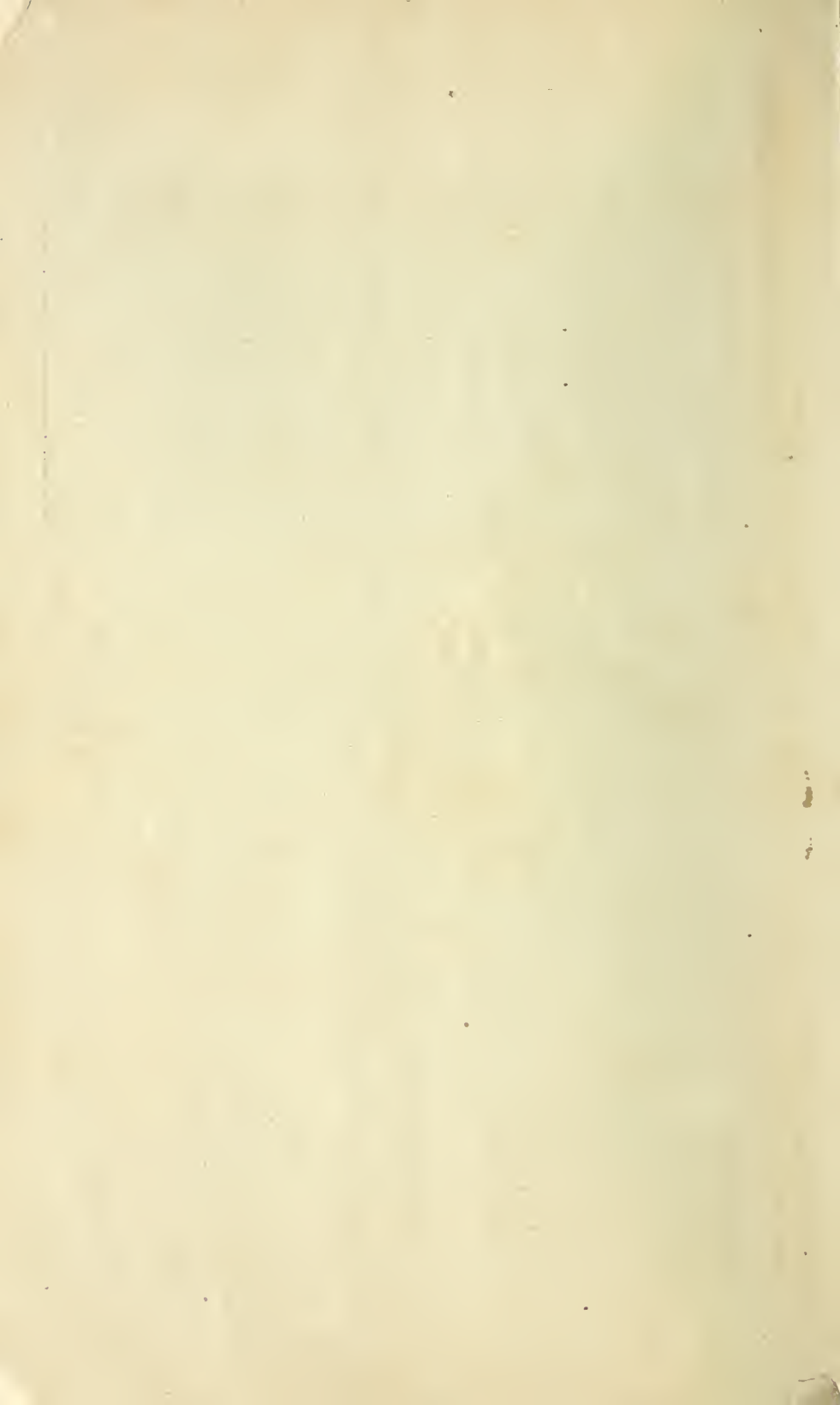
THE ORGAN OF THE AMERICAN PROTESTANT ASSOCIATION
AND OF CHINESE LABOR.

The proceeds are for the benefit of the New Academy of St. Rose, to be under
the charge of the Dominican Sisters.

SAN FRANCISCO:

PUBLISHED BY P. J. THOMAS, 505 CLAY STREET, S. W. CORNER SANSOME.
1878.

PRICE, TEN CENTS.



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ORATION.

"You are a chosen generation, a royal priesthood, a holy nation, a purchased people, that you may declare His virtues who hath called you out of darkness into His admirable light."—1st Epistle St. Peter, ch. 2, verse 9.

BELOVED CHRISTIANS:—It is not my intention to be so presumptuous as to imagine that I can entertain you to-night with praise adequate to the deserts of Ireland's glorious Apostle. You need not expect to behold a perfect delineation of the rare virtues and noble exercises of religion practised by him; for not St. Paul himself, who had awe-stricken his audience of the Areopagus, nor St. Chrysostom, who received, whilst he was electrifying his people with his golden eloquence, a spontaneous burst of applause, nor St. Basil, the Christian Demosthenes, could do justice to the subject before me to-night. Nay, there is no finite being that can truly paint the grand character of our national Saint; it will then be reserved for the infinite alone to pronounce on the great accounting day a perfect eulogium of the life and labors of Ireland's Apostle, for He alone knows the immensity of good he has accomplished, and the intrinsic value of the virtues with which his soul was adorned. It is the common opinion of the learned that he was born in France, of a noble family, about the end of the fourth century. We are entirely ignorant of his career of life until his sixteenth year, when, by the disposition of an all-wise and just Providence, he was led captive, and sold to a petty prince in county Antrim, Ireland. After being six years in bondage, he was miraculously delivered from his shackles. He feels within himself an ardent desire of serving that country in which he endured all the pains and torture of temporal slavery, and desires to see her emancipated from the more galling yoke that Satan had put upon her, and that she might be bedizened with the nimbus of faith. In his slumbers he sees the children of Ireland stretching forth their tiny hands toward him and imploring him in piteous tones to come among them, and administer to them the consoling helps of religion. A soul like his, that was on fire with the love of God, and consequently of his neighbor, could not resist such an appeal. He recognized that it was the will of God that he should dedicate himself to His service in the holy ministry, and he at once set about qualifying himself for that noble and more than angelic duty. He said within his holy soul: "As God has evidently called me to be an apostle, to be a messenger of His divine word, He wishes that I take the proper means to arrive at such an august end." He is fully aware that there are three things which are essentially necessary to a priest, with which he can do all things and without which he will infallibly expose to perdition his own soul and the

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souls of those committed to his care. Those three things are sanctity, learning and zeal. In order to save his own soul he must be holy, and therefore he considered the sanctification of his own soul as paramount to every other consideration; for of what avail would it have been to him if he gained the whole world over to Christianity, if he lost his own soul? He knew that all men are bound to live holily, but especially the ambassadors of Christ, to whom, in a special manner, it was said: "Be ye holy, as I the Lord your God am holy." "Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works and glorify your Father who is in heaven; be ye imitators of me as I am of My Father." Of them the Apostle says: "Let them minister having no crime." He is fully impressed that the sacred Scriptures command sanctity to priests especially. The second qualification that he knows is necessary for a priest is science—not that science that puffeth up, and tends rather to divert from, than serve to conduce to the fulfillment of his duty—but that science that will aid and assist him in carrying out the great designs God had in view in selecting him and in calling him to the dignity to which he aspired. He knew that it was necessary to be perfectly conversant with the sacred Scriptures, which undoubtedly he was, to make the guide of his own life and that of others; he felt that he should become thoroughly acquainted with the Fathers of the Church who preceded him, in order that he may make their holy and untarnished conduct the rule of his own. To this knowledge he was bound, and nothing could dissuade him from the pursuit of it. He heard the divine oracles already passing sentence of condemnation on him did he not become filled with the science without which it would be far better for him not to be enrolled among the clergy. He heard the Almighty declaring, in most emphatic language, by the mouth of the prophet Malachy, those truly remarkable passages: "Because you have rejected science, I have rejected you from the ministry of my priesthood." The lips of the priest shall keep knowledge, and they (the people) shall seek the law at his mouth, because he is the angel of the Lord of Hosts." From the prophet Osee he learned that the same Lord commanded the people to "ask the priests" on all points that in any way concerned their salvation, and therefore he well understood that if the priests are to answer the difficulties proposed by the people, they must be deeply versed in science. He stood terrified at the unerring words of Christ, "If the blind lead the blind, they will both fall into the ditch." He shuddered at those still more terrifying words of Holy Writ: "Wo to you, blind leaders." Deeply penetrated with those solid maxims, he says within his noble soul, "I will not be ignorant of my duty; I will become a doctor, as the Apostle requires of me. If Solon and Lycurgus labored and traveled so much in order that they might frame a code of laws for the good of their neighbors, why should not I strenuously exert myself, not to frame human laws, but to propound the greatest of all laws—verily, that of Jesus Christ?"

In keeping with this resolution, he undertook a painful journey to foreign parts, to enrich his mind with learning and experience, and spent in the acquiring of these about thirty years. Under Martin of Tours he received a perfect knowledge of church discipline. After the death of this illustrious prelate, his uncle, he betook himself to the famous St. Germain of Auxerre, from whom he imbibed the knowledge of humanities and the inferior science, and by whom he was ordained priest. He also spent some time in Rome among the canons regular, from whom he obtained a thorough knowledge of the Sacred Scriptures. The third qualification that he is fully aware to be necessary for a priest, is zeal for the spiritual welfare of his neighbor. For, said he, if every man is bound to love his neighbor as himself, the minister of God who dedicates himself in a special manner to His service is bound to undergo every danger, even death itself, for the salvation of souls; as Christ declares, "The good shepherd layeth down his life for his flock." Having the due qualities required by God and His Church for properly fulfilling his ministry, he places himself in the hands of the Vicar of Christ, Pope Celestine, in order that he may receive from him his commission and credentials to preach. That holy Pontiff received him with open arms, and rejoiced exceedingly to find so noble and competent an instrument for the task in hand. He immediately consecrated him, gave him plenipotentiary power, and dismissed him with his benediction to the ocean island. Despite all opposition, despite every impediment thrown in his way by relations, he turns his thoughts and bends his course to beautiful Erin, determined to convert her. He cares not what dangers, what troubles, what toils he has to encounter, provided he can gain souls to Christ. He is willing, as was his prototype, St. Paul, to become an anathema, to gain souls and plant the Church. He was ready to offer himself as a holocaust, to suffer martyrdom, provided the Church would pullulate by the effusion of his blood.

Behold, children of St. Patrick, that grand old man, nearly sixty years of age, entering the land of our forefathers. At the approach of this flambeau of the Gospel, darkness, ignorance and error departed from the land; their place was no longer to be found, and the contrary virtues ornamented the souls of those poor creatures who had lain in the labyrinth or mazes of infidelity. He penetrated fearlessly into the whole island, arming himself with the shield of confidence in that God in whose service he was so intently engaged. He proceeded to the Hill of Tara, in order to have a chance to preach to the chiefs of Ireland, who were then assembled there to celebrate their paganish rites, fully aware that he would have to contend with the potent princes, and with the almost oppressive argumentation of the learned Druids; but he knew, too, that he was more than a match for them, and he was convinced that he would there stem the torrent of iniquity, and that he would rescue many noble souls from the very jaws of the dragon of error. As a reward of his courage and intrepidity several were converted on the spot. Having gained a great victory here, and being much encouraged thereat.

he next repairs to the royal Courts of Dublin and Munster, where he set forth the truths of Christianity with such unction and ardor that thousands enrolled themselves under the banner of the Cross. He turns his attention to the ordaining of fit ministers of the Gospel—men who were imbued with the spirit of self-sacrifice, and endowed with the heroism of apostles; men found worthy to be enrolled among the angels of the Church of the Lord of Hosts. He was a most tender father to all; they desired to be always with him. The people of Ireland placed all their riches at his feet, saying, Why should not we give all our earthly goods to him who has caused the heavens to rain down so plentifully on us all spiritual favors? But, no; he would never accept of the least present from them. His noble soul could not bear to be sullied with the base passion of lucre. He would rather give than take, and he showered profusely his alms on the poor. He had the Irish, as the apostles had the first Christians, all “of one heart and one soul.” His zeal knew no bounds; he was not satisfied with christianizing Ireland; he was not content with raising the Cross there; he built schools and seminaries of learning throughout the land; he provided them with the best teachers in order that he might cultivate those bright intellects which the Apostle himself assures us the Irish had. He filled the land with monasteries, for he saw, as he himself tells us, that when the Irish once knew the truth, they would follow it and hold to it, and would carry it to its supernaturally logical conclusion—that is, give themselves up to the most exalted practices of religion. After having converted all Ireland, he repaired to Rome to render an account of his mission and labors to the Supreme Pontiff who then occupied the chair of Peter. The venerable Vicar of Christ received him most kindly, and with the greatest joy confirmed him in the apostolate of Ireland, and sent him back armed with the legatine authority. On his return to Ireland he spent some time in repairing and building monasteries and churches, and in framing laws for the guidance and direction of his clergy. Now, seeing that his end was nigh, and that he had already accomplished his great task of evangelizing Ireland, he entered a monastery. There he lived for twenty years, practising all virtues, ascending the mountain of God with unabated ardor. Under these circumstances did he render his pure soul into the hands of the Creator. What must now be the reward of that saint? If a simple saint, laboring in retirement and buried from the gaze of the world, will be surrounded with ineffable light in God’s Kingdom, what must not now be the glory, the recompense of this Abraham of Ireland, this Melchisedec of the Irish priesthood, this Moses of the Irish legislators, this Saint John of Ireland’s Virgins, this Saint Paul of her fiery and invincible apostles, this Saint Peter of the Church—the rock on which this special Church was founded, and which more than any other has partaken of the nature and powers of the Universal Church founded on Peter? He certainly must receive a great reward who made of a land that was filled with thorns and briars the garden that was covered with flowers of the most odoriferous

kind, who placed in it the most exquisite plants—the holy souls that continually sing the praise of the Immaculate Lamb, those lilies, the virgins, who, most of all, adorn our holy Church! His labors are summed up in brief, by saying that he converted all Ireland, he built innumerable monasteries, he erected seven hundred churches, consecrated three hundred and sixty-five bishops, and ordained three thousand priests.

How sublime all this, and how great must not be his reward for his labors undertaken from a divine motive!

I now turn my attention, in order to show still more forcibly how well St. Patrick did his work, to the Irish Church herself. The children reflect the father, and the character of the father is deeply ingrained into the nature of the children. It is truly wonderful, after seeing so many trials to which they have been subjected, to see the Irish Church as deeply rooted in the faith as when Patrick had christianized them. Who can explain how the Irish Church has remained firm and apostolic amidst the storms of ages, when not a Church established by the apostles, except that by Peter, has come down to us? Where now is the Church of Antioch, Smyrna, Corinth, Jerusalem, Thessalonica, Ephesus, Colossæ, and others founded by the first Apostles, who were certainly qualified directly by God himself? They have vanished from the face of the earth! The Roman See, the centre of unity, built by and on Peter, remains. Like the See of Rome, the Irish Church shows supernatural life that never was or could be extinguished. There is, in fact, something very strange in this striking resemblance between Ireland and Rome; and who can explain why it is so? Unquestionably, the steadfast, unwavering, undying, invincible faith of Rome is in Ireland to this hour, and it can never be rooted out of the noble hearts of the Irish. God seems to have gifted Ireland with the durability of the faith of Rome. Now, why is it that Ireland has been so particularly blessed above all other nations and peoples? Why is it that the faith that is God-given remains in them as a nation, even as it does in the Roman Church—the mother and mistress of Churches, and to which all Churches must conform?

I can assign three reasons for this wonderful effect that is so noticeable even to a child. The first is, that St. Patrick himself impressed on the minds of the Irish that they were Christians only in proportion as they were obedient to the Pope of Rome. This truth was so deeply imbedded in their souls that, in all troubles, in all doubts and anxieties, the Irish looked for comfort to Rome. Hear how our noble Apostle speaks on this subject in his Confessions: "*Ut estis Christiani, ita sitis Romani.*" "As you are Christians, so also be true Romans." That sentence, which has rung on the minds of the Irish in every age since its utterance, has been the safe-guard of our faith. So long as we treasure up that truth in our souls, and follow its meaning, so long will we have durability of faith. Ireland never listened to a heretic; Ireland never begat an arch-heretic; Ireland never lost the lustre of her faith, because St. Patrick taught her to be, above all things, Roman. Irishmen who hear me, swear to

be, above all things, truly Roman, and never listen to a bishop, priest, or layman who dares to contradict the voice of Rome. In your societies, in your gatherings, in your conventions, never let anything be done by you, the daughter, the Irish Church, that would insult your mother—the Church of Rome. Never allow any man that opposes Rome to have influence amongst you. In a word, be true to the teachings of St. Patrick, your well beloved Apostle—“ You must be obedient to Rome to be true Christians,” and you will continue the admiration of the world, but, above all, of your mother—Rome, for your undying faith. The kings of Ireland never asked the people of Ireland to obey them in preference to the Pope; in Ireland there was never a question of disobeying the Pope. The Pope, in the Irish mind, as in the mind and heart of the Church, is next to God; and hence the Irish remained as St. Patrick wished, real, genuine Romans. May God grant that they will ever remain so, and their faith shall never die!

The second reason for the undying faith of the Irish Church is, that although God made Rome the centre of unity, the home of authority, and the citadel of apostolicity, yet He designed another place as the nursery of missionaries to diffuse the truths emanating from Rome. Ireland has been, from the time of her conversion, that missionary centre, that nursery of Apostles. Rome had so much to do with those missionaries in every age and in every clime, that Rome meant everything religious to Ireland. They lived on the very breath of Rome; they despised even in little things what Rome despised, and they loved what Rome loved, and unfalteringly they believed what Rome believed. The Irish people, then, from the kings to the lowest subjects, knew, and all acted up to this knowledge, that the Pope in religion was everything. How could they lose the faith of Rome when they paid no attention to any man who had not his credentials from Rome? The same spirit is to be found to-day in the Irish Church. In the seminaries, in the halls of learning, the young candidates were continually hearing from their professors, that the Pope (not the king) wants so many Irish missionaries to go to such a place. Any man can easily see that such continual, close contact with infallible Rome has kept Ireland always Romanized. Thank God, it is so, and may Ireland ever be the nursery, the seminary from which her mother, Rome, will ever be able to call forth innumerable efficient missionaries to evangelize nations and peoples!

The third reason for the intense faith of Ireland is, that Ireland seems, in a certain sense, to deserve this favor. That is, above all other nations, she deserves it, from the fact that she received the faith so readily and so joyfully when proposed to her. Ireland did not put her Apostle to death; she did not refuse to acknowledge the miracles of St. Patrick; she did not, at any time, spill one drop of Christian blood to persecute the Church. This eulogy cannot be said or pronounced in favor of any other nation. Ireland stands before the world in this respect without a companion!

Let us ever bear in mind that this fact shows, beyond question, the high state of civilization that Ireland possessed even before the introduction of Christianity to its shores. It is a well-known fact that our pagan ancestors were not steeped in any of the degrading practices to which Greece, Rome and Egypt were addicted. Our noble land never offered human sacrifices, nor did she pay homage to the low animals; she adored only the sun, moon and stars, as figures and representatives of light. How different the condition of the Irish people from all others! How intelligent, how refined, how free from barbarism, how friendly to each other and how hospitable to strangers, even whilst yet under the pagan yoke! Irishmen, we have reason to be proud of even our pagan ancestors as well as of our Christian forefathers. There was no stain upon our escutcheon, even whilst we were pagans. God himself seems to have especially rewarded Ireland for her natural virtues, for her moral observances, by pouring out exuberantly and superabundantly upon her the priceless gift of faith with its concomitants. I am thoroughly convinced that those three reasons fully explain the perpetuity of Ireland's faith. And yet, no nation, no people was ever more sorely tried, more terribly exposed, nor more cruelly treated, because of the faith, than the noble Irish race. It was assaulted by the Saxon and the Dane, by the learning of Usher and by Protestantism; it has withstood the terrible ordeal of a penal code, such as neither heathen or barbarian is recorded to have devised.

The Celtic Church! What memories are conjured up at that name! what a vision of glory and of gloom, of bright ages, of light and love and joy! what horrid pictures of desolation and thralldom and exile, what unextinguishable vitality and undying fidelity to faith and nationality are mirrored in that name! Fourteen hundred years have tested the indestructibility of the edifice which Saint Patrick erected, and it is to-day as young, as fresh and as beautiful as when it was first built up by his pure hands whose feast we to-day celebrate; and the faith which he, under God, gave to us, is as ineradicably fixed in the heart of the Celtic race as Erin is in the ocean. But faith, undying, is not the only virtue of the Irish people. Purity, generosity, hospitality, respect for parents, for old age, for the ministers of the altar, and kindness and sympathy for sufferers of every description, are prominent features in the Irish character. It is generally believed that people that have strong faith are pure. There is not a people on earth, who, as a nation, are as pure as the Irish! Modesty is stamped upon their very countenances; the Irish girls all over the world are the admiration of all who give a thought to this subject. How often are they not exposed, in various ways, and yet, how singularly they triumph over all temptations and the many inducements held out to them! Their faith—love of God and of the Immaculate Mary—guards their chastity, and their singular chastity intensifies their faith. How generous are not the Irish people! Their generosity has become proverbial. For the Church, for charities, for suffering

humanity, their generosity surpasses that of all other people. What a grand sight did not Ireland present, when for three hundred years her magnificent schools were open to students from all parts of Europe, who received education, food and lodging, gratuitously ! How generously the Irish people took care of the countless students during this long period of time ! How nobly the Irish kings and people laid aside land and moneys, and purchased manuscripts, for the benefit of those in quest of learning ! All this proves not only the generosity of the Irish race, but their thirst for learning, and their desire to see it propagated. The same spirit of generosity exists to-day in all its warmth. Who build our churches ? who erect our orphanages and religious institutions ? who support religion ? who are the promoters of every charitable object ? Everybody exclaims, it is the Irish. The homes of the Irish are ever open to the traveler and the way-worn, and there is no charge. Their salute to the poor, on coming to their houses is, "a hundred thousand welcomes," and "God and the Blessed Virgin be with you," when they are departing from the place to which they were so kindly welcomed. No people manifest so much warmth of heart, exhibit so much friendliness to, or do so much to make strangers feel at home as the Irish. Their hospitality, like their generosity, is proverbial.

The Irish are the most devoted to their parents; even when children get married and have their own families, they never lose sight of the reverence due to the authors of their being; they consult their aged parents on all points of importance, and are most careful to see that their parents want for nothing. You have a most striking proof of how devoted children are to their parents in the fact of so many persons of both sexes, here, sending home all their earnings for the support of those they dearly love. Here people pay little or no attention to relationship; but the Irish act differently. Old age is regarded in Ireland as something venerable ! The profligate, debauchee, the seeker of pleasure, is, generally speaking, cut off while yet young. It is only the pure, the regular, the temperate man, as a rule, that attains to ripe old age. God promises to obedient children length of days; and hence the Irish have the profoundest respect for old men and old women. There they are not laughed at; their words are regarded as wisdom; there everybody is willing to do honor to, and to treat with marked kindness, those whose hair is silvered and whose step is unsteady from age. But what shall I say of their reverence for the ministers of the altar ? There is no people on earth that so thoroughly understand the dignity, the sublime character of the priesthood, as the Irish. They know precisely what a priest is, that he is the "mouthpiece of God," that he is the "coadjutor of Jesus Christ," that he is the "angel of the Lord of Hosts." They know that, no matter what fault he may have as a man, the brilliancy of his priestly character remains forever undimmed. There is a reason for this special respect which the Irish pay to their priests. There is no doubt about it, the Irish priests have deserved all the affection and love of the Irish people; and cursed will be the day when the Irish

priests and people will take different roads ! Irish priests have been true to Rome and true to noble Ireland. They never forgot to inculcate sound faith, and they were true patriots. The Irish priests never taught the people of Ireland that it was wrong to love Ireland next to their religion, nor that it was wrong to shake off the galling yoke of England, that was placed on her noble neck by treachery, chicanery and duplicity; no—nor did the Irish priests forbid their people to chop off the leg of the tyrant when his accursed heel was on our mother's noble breast. They only said: Beloved people, you know we are your friends, nay, more, your fathers in God—do not resist the tyrant now; if you attempt it, you will be all butchered. Abide your time; hope of success will yet beam upon your just cause, and when that time comes, we, your priests, will lead you to victory, and not to death. The Irish people have, indeed, reason to revere their priests, for those priests guarded them from, and admonished them of danger. When had the Irish people reason to regret following their advice? Never! But, alas! they often had to weep for disobeying them. The priests of Ireland, as a body, were always a most learned class of men—they were well versed in the topics of the day; they were generally posted on all the chances of success the people had, and the terrible evils that would follow in case of failure in their undertaking. They weighed these two sides well before God, and they gave their children the benefit of their knowledge.

There is nothing more sickening than to hear illiterate people, and young, would-be smart fops who actually could not give you the outlines of Irish history nor the catechism of Ireland's wrongs, blaming the priests of Ireland for her long subjection to English misrule. Let me tell you, and I tell you with the blazing torch of history before me, that the Irish priests have been the saviors of their people, for, long since, would they have been butchered and exterminated were it not for the priests. The Irish priests knew well that there was not a secret society in Ireland at any time since their establishment there that did not contain English spies, who knew every man in the organization, and who kept the English Government posted on each man's doings. The government allowed those societies to go on with their meetings, to mature their plans, to sometimes break out in rebellion, for the sake of accomplishing her devilish work of gibbetting, quartering, etc. Who knew better than the priests the danger these poor men were exposing themselves to without a shadow of hope of success, and therefore they endeavored to dissuade the people from attaching themselves to such societies, knowing well that their names, as soon as they were recorded on the lodge-book, would be forwarded to the Castle. It is only the ignorant or malicious that will blame the priests of Ireland. The would-be smart ones and the sneering infidel Irishmen, with whom I have already warned you to be on your guard, will pompously exclaim—and while they are so doing, you would be tempted to imagine that Solomon must have loaned those speakers his judicial wand, since he could not have loaned them any more wisdom :

“But the Irish priests are not patriotic; they never go with the people; they are always preaching obedience to the most cursed of governments.” The priests are men of sense; they are not madmen; they study and see conclusions, and wisely tell the people to wait yet longer, and to keep aloof from unnecessary and wanton danger. Does a man lose his patriotism, his love of country, his devotion to his nation, by becoming a priest? Heaven forbid such a thought in any man’s mind! My own solemn opinion is, that a man always becomes patriotic in proportion to his religious convictions. Irishmen, if there be one man that I warn you against above all others as the enemy of your race and your creed, and as the traitor to your cause in the hour of trial, that man is he who mocks your priests, who bids you to pay no attention to them, who lures you to forbidden societies, and who is himself a member of condemned and secret organizations. Have no fellowship with those of that ilk. Ireland’s cause is just. She has suffered, for religion and nationality, wrongs unparalleled in history. She need have no fear of being condemned by God or the Church so long as she acts wisely, prudently, and not under the guidance of madcaps, who have, unfortunately, but too often exposed us to ridicule and contempt, and have given England fresh opportunities to persecute us still more.

Yes, Irishmen, always trust, as you ever have, as a nation, your priests; and when the propitious moment will come to settle accounts with old, brutal England, the murderer of your priests and of your forefathers, the merciless despoiler of your sanctuaries, the pilferer of your possessions, and the cruel hater of your grand old Roman Catholic faith, those priests will bless the sword that you will use that it may cut the more keenly, and the bullet that it may perforate the more deeply, and your hands that they may wield the weapons the more powerfully, and your nerves that they may be the more steady, in carrying out the revenge which, as a people, you have a just right to wreak on your worst enemy. Yes, and the bloody memories of the past seven hundred years will rise up before you, and the martyred dead, and the starved population of Ireland will cry out: Avenge us, our descendants, and blot out forever the nation that has so outraged faith and nationality! Irishmen, you have no necessity to join secret societies—they are reprobated by the Church, and never brought anything but evil wherever they existed. Keep out of them, and if you had the misfortune of entering them, cut loose from them, in God’s name. “A nation,” says Saint Augustine, “has no soul;” then it must be rewarded or punished here according to its deserts.

What a terrible reckoning England will have to give after seven hundred years of cruelty to poor, noble, ever-faithful Ireland! From the time of the invasion down to the days of Henry VIII., from the twelfth to the sixteenth century, Catholic England sought to rob us of our nationality, and for this purpose belied us before the world, and, by her lying, actually sank us low in the estimation of all Europe. She made laws by which all the people of Ireland, except five families, were to be regard-

ed as mere animals, so that no Irishman, outside of those families, was allowed to become a religious, or to enjoy the rights of a man. From the days of Henry VIII., or from the sixteenth century down to the present time, England has endeavored to destroy not only our nationality, but our religion. She has succeeded no better than her Catholic ancestors in this double purpose of hers. Great God! my very soul sickens at the sight of the tortures, trials, persecutions, and all manner of grievances inflicted upon my noble mother, Ireland. Proscription of learning in the whole island, banishment of the learned from their sanctuaries, the murder or exile of priests, the starvation of the people, the gibbet, the halter, the rack, the jail, the horrible penal code—in a word, everything that the united efforts of earth and hell could make use of to exterminate us as a people and to destroy our holy religion, to which we clung so fondly and so truly.

Ireland shed no blood in the establishment of her religion; but enough has been shed in Ireland since she was forced by villainy to a union with cursed England to merit for her the title of the "Island of Martyrs." We would be the most craven, cringing race, unworthy of the name of men, if, when God gives us the chance to throw off the shackles that England has placed upon us, we do not do it. How long, O God! how long must we wait for this chance? And the answer comes back: Prepare, it will be soon, and I will be with you. Your cause is just; it is mine, too. Soberly, orderly, prudently do your duty for your country; it is an act of religion to labor for the good of your country, to rescue her from hellish chains and laws. Will any man stand by and see his mother butchered or his sister ravished, when he can prevent these foul deeds? Cursed, indeed, would be the wretch that would idly look on when he could prevent such unholy actions! Ireland is more to us than mother or sister. Catholic theology teaches us that we must sacrifice ourselves and our all but religion for the well-being of our country, if necessary. The Church does not forbid us to labor, to struggle for liberty; but consecrates the aspiration, and blesses the legitimate means that will lead to such an end. Certainly, the Church must ever condemn foolish, indiscreet, imprudent movements that will inevitably bring destruction on the people and do no good.

Ireland is worthy of all our love and of all the trials we can undergo for her. For seven hundred years barbarous England has been trying to wipe her out as a nation, but she has failed. The Irish nationality is as marked, is as noble, is as purely Celtic to-day as when Brian Boru governed our glorious country. There is no similarity in any way between Ireland and England; there is no love between them; there is no congeniality of feeling; there is no bond of union. England holds us chained, bound to her by force; and you are well aware that brute force alone keeps us fettered. Away down deep in the heart of every Irish man, woman and child is a yearning for a divorce, an everlasting separation from that godless nation; and that thirst for emanci-

pation from British shackles makes every nerve and sinew dance with delight whenever we hear that England is in a difficulty. For "England's difficulty will be our chance."

Irishmen, there are two noble ends in view in celebrating St. Patrick's Day. The first is to thank God for the faith He gave us through St. Patrick, and which we, blessed be God! have never lost; the second is to return God thanks for the glories of our nation, and for the nationality which could never be taken from us. The day that Irishmen will cease to celebrate St. Patrick's Day (which is so fraught with noble memories), becomingly, will see Irish faith and patriotism on the wane. May Heaven avert such a calamity!

Then, Irishmen, gather your children around you; collect your neighbors and tell them of the past glories of the ocean island, both when she was pagan, and when she was a Christian government. Tell them how for ages in our pagan days we were a peaceable, happy people, with a civilization far superior to that of Greece or Rome; that we were free from the barbarous practices of idolatry that were found elsewhere; that we were a most enlightened nation; that no nation has preserved its history so completely, so accurately as Ireland, from the fact that from the very beginning she had scribes and recorders of the deeds of every clan, every province, and of the whole nation. Tell them that our kings were selected because they were the best men of the clans, and the noblest of the noble, and that if there was a defect in mind or body, the one having such defect could not be king in Ireland. Tell them that the Irish were never slaves, and that they always had the daring and martial ardor peculiar to the Celtic race. Say to them that Rome never owned a foot of Irish soil whilst its power was felt over British land. Announce to them that the Knights of Erin were the most chivalrous band of noblemen the world ever saw, "sworn to defend justice, learning and women." And when you have briefly depicted the glories of pagan Ireland, then with flashing eyes and dilated soul speak to them of the glories of Christian Ireland; declare to them that Ireland did not do, as most other nations did, put her Apostles to death; that for three hundred years after Saint Patrick, she was the Island of Saints; that she was the nursery of learning for all Europe, and that students came from all parts to her shores to be enriched with the priceless treasures of learning; declare to them that she was the Island of the Learned as well as of the Saints. Announce to them that our saints and learned men, filled with zeal for the salvation of souls, and with a thirst to propagate learning, went over to Scotland, Iceland, Norway, Wales, France, Austria, Germany and even to Italy, to bring the people of those countries Irish faith and Irish learning. Tell them how we resisted the Danes who prowled around our shores so often and so long. Make known that though we are regarded for the last seven hundred years as the property of England, that we still sigh for liberty, and love our noble mother, Ireland, as faithfully as ever, and that we every day say, in the spirit of the

Israelites when in bondage, and for the same reason, for our religion and nationality were assailed in every possible manner: "Upon the rivers of Babylon, there we sat and wept, when we remembered Sion (the Irish Church.) If I forget thee, O Jerusalem (Ireland)! let my right hand be forgotten. Let my tongue cleave to my jaws, if I do not remember thee. O daughter of Babylon (cruel, brutal England)! blessed shall he be who shall repay thee thy payment which thou hast paid us." Recount to them the bitterness of the chalice which was given to Ireland in the days of the Plantagenets and Tudors. Point out England's duplicity, her meanness, her want of honesty in all her dealings with Ireland; say, however, that Ireland kept her faith and preserved her nationality in spite of all the persecutions; and then, Irishmen, your children and your neighbors will be fired with the spirit of all true patriots, with love for their country and an efficacious and sacred desire of seeing her free and independent, as she should be, and each St. Patrick's Day will thus make us more thoroughly Irish and more purely Roman Catholic.

We may well be proud of our history, of our faith and of our patriotism, and of the apostolic spirit of our people! Even since we have been under the despotic sway of England, in our poverty, which was brought upon us because we would not give up our faith, have we not sent to every land our learned and pious missionaries? In every country of Europe, in Africa, Asia, India, Australia, are to be found Irish prelates and Irish teachers. What would America be to-day in respect to churches, priests, nuns, and teachers in academies and seminaries, if it were not for the Irish! May God, in His own good time, grant independence to our dear land! May He even hasten that time, in which Ireland's sons will have joy in bursting the chains that have so long fettered her noble limbs, and that she may once more become a nation such as she has been—a nation truly Roman Catholic, a nation most just, a nation most holy, a nation most honorable, and a nation most learned!

It is our duty, Irishmen, to pray for this; it is our duty to prudently, wisely, nobly labor for this, for true patriotism does not consist in words, in speech-making, in delivering harangues; but in being willing and ready to even die for our country when the interests of that country demands such sacrifice at our hands. The holy scriptures warn us to "never trust an enemy." England is the sworn enemy of our faith and nationality; she has always deceived us, and she has never conceded anything to us except when forced, or when she was in difficulty, and it was her interest to conciliate us. Then it is plain that we have to rely on the cannon's roar, the whizzing bullet and the flashing scimitar. Religion first and above all things—that means obedience to God and to His Church—then love of country. I would sum up in a few words what I, as a priest, religious and Irishman, feel to-day in regard to the topic already discussed, and, in my three-fold capacity, concluded my meditation this morning.

O God! I beseech Thee to liberate noble, faithful Ireland from the infernal grasp of England! I love my country dearly, because she has ever been so faithful to the Church, and so honest in her dealings; but yet, my God, if you foresee that she would lose her faith by being made free, then I pray thee, from my heart, leave her shackled, and, if necessary, torture her still more, —yea, my God, blot her out of existence before she loses what she has ever prized most—her faith; or before she would abandon the Pope, as other nations have done. But, O God! if Ireland will remain true to thee, in becoming free—and I don't doubt it for a moment, and will continue to be Roman and Apostolic—then, in the name of the Triune Deity, let her slavery be ended before to-morrow's sun shall rise. Send thy angels to deliver her from the thralldom which has lasted so long. This is my religion, this is my patriotism, and it embraces all legitimate means. May God and His Immaculate Mother and our great Apostle guard the faith and nationality of faithful Ireland, and give strength to the arms, and victory to the heroes who will wisely, prudently and legitimately fight for such a noble cause against the most cursed of governments that ever ruled an oppressed nation, or, more properly speaking, that ever misruled a most Catholic people.

We may well conclude in the words of our national poet—
Davis :

“And 'tis for this we think and toil, and knowledge strive to glean,
That we may pull the English Red below the Irish Green,
And leave our sons sweet Liberty, and smiling plenty spread
Above the land once dark with blood—the Green above the Red.

The jealous English tyrant now has banned the Irish Green,
And forced us to conceal it like a something foul and mean;
But yet, by Heavens! he'll sooner raise his victims from the dead
Than force our hearts to leave the Green, and cotton to the Red!

We'll trust ourselves, for God is good, and blesses those who lean
On their brave hearts, and not upon an earthly king or queen;
And, freely as we lift our hands, we vow our blood to shed
Once and forevermore to raise the Green above the Red.”

CRITICISM ON FATHER ROONEY'S ORATION.

(FROM THE SAN FRANCISCO "COMMERCIAL ADVOCATE.")

YOU MUST BE TRUE ROMANS TO BE CHRISTIANS.

FATHER ROONEY, in his address in this city on the 17th of the present month, gave utterance to the treasonable and American principle, that the Irish Roman Catholics among us should—

“Swear to be above all things Roman, and never listen to any man who would seduce you from your allegiance to Rome. In your conventions, gatherings and meetings, allow no man to have influence over you that rejects Rome.”

The purport of this advice is, that if the order emanates from the Pope of Rome to break up our system of diffusing knowledge in our public schools; or to create dissensions among our rich and poor; or to obtain control of our political institutions, with the ultimate view of gaining for the hierarchy the ascendancy in our national affairs, and thus give the Church a greater advantage than she otherwise could obtain; or for any other movement or plan of action that would be subservient to the interests of the Papal power and detrimental to our free institutions, they should SWEAR to implicitly follow those dictations and in every instance hold the mandates of the Prelate to be paramount to the laws of their adopted home. In swearing to the dogma of this priest, they at once commit a wilful perjury; for in taking the oath of allegiance to the American government they have positively sworn to cast off all allegiance to any foreign potentate, prince or power.

Here we have an instance of a so-styled minister of the gospel of the truthful and holy Nazarene, demanding from his hearers, and the adherents to the creed which he endeavors to promulgate, that they should violate their oath to the government which in its noble magnanimity and bountiful generosity has tendered them a home in its free and prosperous land. By so doing he invites their co-operation in perjury and treason.

Then, with an arrogance which approaches sublimity in its marvelous disregard of history and truth, says of Ireland: “Our civilization was superior to that of Greece or Rome.”

We would advise Munchausen if he were living at the present day to surrender his claim, for which he is so notorious, to this popish priest, Father Rooney; for his reverence, certainly, after that utterance, has an undoubted right to such supremacy.

He gives the following advice to his countrymen who have come to dwell among us:

“Trust your priests, as you ever have as a nation, and when the propitious moment comes to settle accounts with brutal old England, the murderer of your priests and forefathers, the merciless despoiler of your sanctuaries, the pilferer of your possessions, and the starver of your people, those priests will bless the sword that you will use, that it may cut the more keenly; the bullet that it may perforate the more deeply; and your hands that they may wield the weapon more powerfully; and your nerves that you may move steadily and avenge your injured mother and your noble ancestors.”

Not content with the endeavor to array class against class among our citizens, this Romish priest would gladly embroil two nations that are now in amity and peace with each other in all the horrors and evils of a war. Has he forgotten the Divine injunction to “Forgive your enemies,” and to “Do good to them that would persecute you”? Has the promise of God passed from his remembrance—“vengeance is mine; I *will* repay”? Has the beautiful sentiment of “Peace on earth and good will to men” ever been heard by him? And he tells them further that:

“The Pope in the mind of the Irish, as in the mind of the Universal Church, meant the one next to God, the centre of divine authority on earth.”

Or that the orders of the Pope should be obeyed, no matter what they were, and be acknowledged by Irish Roman Catholics as above all other considerations.

If this is in accordance with American principles, if it assimilates with the letter and spirit of the oath of allegiance to the American Government, then we must admit our obtuseness in our inability to perceive it, or our want of comprehension of the true meaning of our language.

REJOINER.

“Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.”

In the *Commercial Advocate's* issue of March 30th, one number of which accidentally came into my possession only a few days ago, I noticed a most insidious but, of course, elegantly-manipulated review of my Patrick's Day oration. I would not deign to notice personal flings at myself, for it is generally admitted that only fools and ill-bred persons attack when there is no reason for it; but I feel bound to defend the views I gave in my discourse, and to make some explanations rendered necessary by said attack, lest, by my silence, I should be considered, in any quarter, as backing down from principles I hold sacred and most dear.

The writer of the review of my discourse must be a most keen and penetrating jurist; his comments on my oration clearly prove this. He declared that I spoke treasonable language in asking Catholics, who are citizens of this glorious Republic, “to swear to be, above all things, Roman, and never to listen to any man who would wish to seduce them from their allegiance to Rome.” Would the dear reviewer—mighty Apollo, Nemesis itself—be so kind as to inform me in what my treason consists? I must bow to this man of legal lore. I must, then, have been wrong in my views of allegiance to this country; but, under the guidance of my wise mentor, I will yet come all right! This discriminating criticiser is just the profound scholar I have been looking for; and it is a miracle of a wonder that the people of San Francisco did not discover this star in their religious firmament before this; and, strange, it is by the merest accident that this light is even now discovered. Had I not preached on Patrick's Day, he would have been one of the Nebulæ. Blackstone, Kent, and all the able jurists pale into insignificance when compared with my amiable castigator. Such a ready judge, one who can so quickly despatch a six-column oration, and do it so satisfactorily, at least to himself, ought to be appointed at once to expedite the heavy cases of our courts!

But, seriously, I would ask my charitable censor—for I am only a “Popish priest”—to inform me where the treason is in my words? I said: “The Pope, in the Irish mind as in

the mind of the Universal Church, means the being next to God, the centre of divine authority on earth"—in other words, the Pope is the mouthpiece of Jesus Christ, and the foundation of the Church. But Christ says that His Church is a spiritual kingdom. Why does this most learned jurist try to drag me from the domain of the spiritual kingdom to the arena of politics? Did I say that we were to obey the Pope in purely temporal matters, or did I declare that we, as American citizens, or as Irishmen, should obey him in purely political matters? Never! When I said that "we should swear to be, above all things, Roman," I was referring to our obedience to the divinely-constituted head of the Church; I had in view only our duty as Christians, and I never dreamt once about politics.

Hear how my polished adversary deduces conclusions from the above words. He is a most logical antagonist, and deserves close watching! How beautifully his deductions flow from my words! "The purport of this advice is, that if the order emanates from the Pope of Rome to break up our system of diffusing knowledge in our public schools, or to create dissension among our rich and poor, or to obtain control of our political institutions with the ultimate view of gaining for the hierarchy the ascendancy in our national affairs, and thus give the Church a greater advantage than she otherwise could obtain, or for any other movement or plan of action that would be subservient to the interests of the Papal power, and detrimental to our free institutions, they should swear to implicitly follow those dictations, and in every instance hold the mandates of the prelate to be paramount to the laws of their adopted home. In swearing to the dogma of this priest, they at once commit a wilful perjury; for, in taking the oath of allegiance to the American Government, they have positively sworn to cast off all allegiance to any foreign potentate, prince or power."

The juggernaut weight of these mighty deductions, so logically drawn from my words, almost crush me, and I feel sure they would deaden me, only my epidermis is so thick and my neck so confoundedly stiff, especially where my faith or nationality is concerned. Will the most eminent jurist please to answer me one question? Is God a foreign prince or potentate according to the tenor of the oath we foreigners had to take? If He be regarded as such, then I never took the oath, for I never intended to give up God for any country. If He be not regarded as a foreign prince or potentate, but as the first and great ruler in every nation, "by whom kings rule," then my allegiance to my God should not clash, and cannot, with the State, nor should the State make laws that will clash with my duty to my first superior—the Most High.

The meaning, then, of my words, "Swear to be, above all things, Roman," is that we must above all things obey God. And if our temporal interests, or State regulations, should try to stand between us and God, we must adhere to God; for the Good Book says: "It is better to obey God than princes." I hope my most exalted opponent will see that his deductions are not regarded by me, I suppose, on account of my obtuseness, as altogether in harmony with the principles I laid down. I would remind my most serene antagonist that his deductions are out of joint. His kind of shooting may be very good for making a report, for gathering Protestants around the standard of bigotry, but he did not hit the mark; in fact, he went so high above my now diminished head that I barely heard the volley, and I felt a consciousness that I was not at all in danger in being in the neighborhood of such a shooter. My super-eminent attacker may be a splendid authority on treason, but he has yet to learn the science of gunnery—logic. He has wasted all his powder, for he has been shooting at impossible conjectures, conjured up by the (to him) hideous spectre of Popery.

Let me say in brief to my benign opposer, that we Catholics regard the Pope as being next to God, and our spiritual head on earth, so far as religion, faith, morals and discipline are concerned; but in the domain of pure politics, of science, of purely temporal matters, we are Popes ourselves. If, by an impossible supposition, the Pope were to urge us to rise in rebellion against America; if he were to call on us to fight, or if he were to attempt to assume the control of our purses, we would defiantly say to him: "Thy kingdom, the kingdom of Christ, is not of this world;" rule thy Church, but leave purely political matters, which belong to the State, to the people. If he would come over here with an armed force to invade our shores, we Irish, "who swear to be above all things Roman," would rise to a man, to drive him, not as Pope, but as a robber and usurper, from our adopted country. In calling on the people to be true Romans, every one, but a most exalted genius, who always sees some things that common minds can't grasp in expressions, must understand that I meant religion before everything else, even before nationality or patriotism. Where, then, I most humbly ask, is the treason in my remarks? Where is the foundation for my profound reviewer saying, that "my advice urges to wilful perjury?"

From some other remarks of my most sapient adviser, one would be tempted to imagine that we Irish are here only by sufferance, that the Americans are most kind to us in allowing us to remain here at all. Will my most calm and illustrious propounder of sage things, let a "Popish priest" declare to him that we are all foreigners here but the poor Indians, who have

been driven from place to place, until their race is nearly extinct? Let me say, in my "arrogance," that we Irish-American citizens are not here by sufferance, that we helped to found this grand Republic, that we stood by it in the hour of trial, and we will never allow its grand flag to be dragged in the mire. Yes, we have a sacred right here, and we have a sacred duty to perform—to keep up the glorious Republic! It cannot be said that the Irish were on the side of England at any time against this country; but we have very good reasons for knowing that there are now some blatant, so-called Americans, whose ancestors were Hessians or Colonists, who did not help the American cause, but gave much trouble to their noble neighbors in the Colonies! Of course I would not dare to insinuate for a moment that my most luminous opposer came from that class—all I mean is, that the Irish certainly did not come from that class. My noble opponent has been so much taken up in musty tomes of law that he could not find time for reading Washington's Address to the Catholics who fought for American independence, nor probably did he ever hear of the splendid array of Irish names of heroes who were officers in our armies and navies, from the dawn of our independence to the present hour. Nor did he care about counting the innumerable hosts of Irishmen who shed their blood for this country; no, nor he never heard how Catholic France came to our assistance in the dark hour of our slavery.

Let me furthermore tell my sublime wrestler that neither the Catholic nor the Irish element will ever break up or machinate against this government; but if it ever be broken up, which may God avert! it will be by the secret organizations of bigotry, of which the *Commercial Advocate* is a warm defender. I would expect so able a jurist, as my opponent has proved himself to be, to be posted on everything. But a universal genius such as Napoleon is a "*rara avis*"—that is, of rare occurrence. Generally, as there is a predominant passion in every man, so there is also a peculiar talent, if there be any there at all. Law, jurisprudence, special cases of treason, where a keen, penetrating eye is required in order to detect its lurking, is the shining specialty of my considerate adversary; hence, when he hears anything of history, he calls it Munchausenism. I have heard some good people, who were inconceivably ignorant—and they were not Irish—say that the burning of the witches at Salem, Mass., that the Blue Laws of Connecticut, that the story of the Irish having fought for the independence of this country whilst many of the Protestant Colonists were on the side of the home government, that the miracles of our Lord—were all Munchausen stories. I would not for the world apply to my contented demonstrator the words so

often quoted: "There are none so blind as those who will not see." I always gave credit to jurists for knowing at least enough of logic to tell them that naked expressions, bare declarations, unsupported statements, can fairly be dismissed with a bare negation. "*Quod gratis asseritur, gratis negatur.*"

I thought my benign assailer was only filled with law; but I confess I made a mistake. He appears to be filled with Scripture, too—it is wonderful "how one small head can carry all he knows." I thought at first he was a lawyer, from his profound knowledge of law, and the facile manner in which he dashes off legal technicalities; but now I am beginning to think he is a propounder or retailer of Scriptural sayings. In fact, I am at a loss to know what manner of man he is, under the guise of a newspaper *attache*. Had I taken the ordinary precaution of a phrenologist, put him on a pivot, wheeled him round a few times, examined his bumps, I would at once have taken his measure, and I would have seen the halo of scriptural lore shining out from him. I could never apply to my most mellifluous denouncer the words of a great man, "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread." I would say, however, that it is always dangerous to attack old Rome. What does this sonorous upbraider mean, when he says: "Not content with the endeavor to array class against class among our citizens, this Romish priest would gladly embroil two nations, that are now in amity and peace with each other, in all the horrors and evils of war." Profound scripturalist! towering Hector! (would I exclaim to my sagacious defamer,) when did I or any of my calling "attempt to array class against class among our citizens?" When did I say or do anything of an inflammatory character to stir up the people or arouse their bad passions?

He most charmingly asks me if I forgot the divine injunction: "Forgive your enemies; do good to them that would persecute you;" and he blandly says: "Remember, vengeance is mine; I will repay." What does my sturdy Scripturalist want to prove by those texts? He alone knows. He is so taken up with law that he forgets a nation has no soul, as St. Augustine says. I never advised strife or contest with individuals; I never said you can fail in charity to any one. Not at all. I am too supremely obtuse to understand that these texts forbid war; they never were understood to do so. We would be under England yet, if his charitable application of the Scriptures were carried out; it may be, that is what the knowing writer in the *Commercial Advocate* wants; in that case, who is the traitor to this country? Does my sagacious opponent really mean that the texts he quoted for my benefit are opposed to war? Then his doctrine is, there must be no war. All the nations of the earth, particularly the tyrannical

ones, ought to vote a subsidy to such a champion of their cause. I am very much inclined to think that it is because England is attacked that my most glorious slayer is annoyed. Must a nation, then, when she is overcome by brute force and enslaved, give up her aspirations for liberty? Must she be content with being absorbed into her conqueror? Shade of Munchausen! thou hast been restored, filled with vitality and even with more sparkling and fascinating radiance, into the corpus of my gigantic pugilist.

Hear wisdom and history speaking through this grandiloquent writer: "This Romish priest" (I suppose the etiquette of the forensic style requires the use of the elegant word "Romish" instead of the vulgar Roman) "would gladly embroil two nations that are now at amity and peace with each other in all the horrors and evils of war." Can it be that my noble rebutter has been sleeping the sleep of Rip Van Winkle, or has he a mania for turning over the folios of law to such an extent that he has not time to post himself on Anglo-Irish peace and amity? I have heard of some poor people, living in mountainous districts, far away from the influence of the press, who, for several successive elections after his death, cast their votes for Andrew Jackson. I used to think that was a Munchausen story; but I can well believe now it was not, when I have printed evidence before me that a man lives in the nineteenth century, associated with the press, the grand diffuser of knowledge, who actually has declared that Ireland and England are at peace and in amity! Such peace! such amity!! Does Ireland love England? does Ireland want to remain as she is? is Ireland content with England? No; and she never will be content with anything less than complete independence. Shame upon any son of hers, no matter who he is, who would be content with less!

I am well aware that there must be great, mighty reasons for revolution, and there must be strong hope of success. I am not advocating rebellion. I am not defending revolution, except under the proper conditions. If the time comes when we can shake off the galling yoke, we will know how to dare to do it. What a magnificent aptitude my jocund reviler has for putting things! I almost envy him his gift! He can, without a change of countenance, make or deny history. It is most useful to have such a ready genius in our midst. I am surprised the good people of this beautiful city don't utilize so able an expounder of law, history, the Holy Scriptures, and so amiable a representative of Christian peace and amity. For my part, I have been wonderfully amused by the transparencies of my most radiant enlightener. He puts me in mind of "Will o' the Wisp."

FATHER ROONEY, O. P.

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