

spotless life. And who will surmise that it was a higher gift to hold the delegated power of working miracles from her Son, than to have obedience owned by Him who communicated it, and to possess the acknowledged subjection of Himself and all His gifts? The meaning of the words, "Et erat subditus eis"—("And he was subject to them")—came out to its full extent, in the act which closed the hidden life of Jesus, the miracle of Cana.

(To be Continued.)

LETTER OF THE REV. DR. CAHILL.
TO HIS GRACE FIELD-MARSHAL THE DUKE OF WEL-
LINGTON.

"The French could detach a force from their army, which, if it were transported across the channel, could reach and occupy London. The passage across the channel could not be with any certainty prevented by an English fleet. As to smaller expeditions, an army, exceeding in numbers the entire military forces of Great Britain, could in all human probability be lodged in a fortified camp, on our shores, within a week after the declaration of war. Not to mention the purely military considerations, it is obvious that in the very names of peace and humanity such measures would be preferred as would terminate the war at the earliest moment by forcing the enemy to terms."—London Times, Jan. 23, 1852.

Newcastle-on-Tyne, England, Saturday,
January 24, 1852.

My Lord Duke—The announcement just quoted, and published on yesterday by your own journal, cannot fail to fill with surprise and delight all those who, throughout the world have been accustomed, up to this period, to hear no language uttered by England except the voice of triumph, defiance, domination and tyranny. There can be no mistake in the official recumbent of the Times. For the first time in the history of the last six hundred years, England acknowledges the superiority of her old rival, the facility of the occupation of her shores, the successful storm of London, and the total weakness of your fleet to meet the emergency. Alas! it is come to this—in the craven article of your own organ—that England sues for "peace" before war is declared—already offers "terms" to the enemy; and, more strange still, talks of "humanity" in arms? Proud Albion at last cries for mercy; and the world has lived to see the joyful hour, when the fleets of Marlborough and Nelson lower their meteor flags before the old Eagle of Napoleon. The hour of her degradation is therefore come; her name is fallen; her prestige is at this moment a mere historical remembrance; and I think I speak the universal sentiment of mankind, when I say that the voice of justice, liberty, and religion will be heard all over the earth, proclaiming the news that Babylon is fallen; that the armament which rode over all the oceans in undisputed sway, which swept the waters as with a brush, which dictated laws to the world from Trafalgar and the Nile, is the same armament which now craves "terms" in the very channel which flows by their best fortified gates, and where the chiselled coast was once declared impregnable under the cover of their bristled guns. But there is a Providence which, sooner or later, will inflict just punishment on human wrongs, will listen to the cries of the persecuted, and will humble the oppressor; and the history of Babylon, and the drunken sacrilege of the cruel rulers of that infamous city and government, stand as a warning to all future tyrannies to prove that the most powerful nations and the most impregnable cities, surrounded by armed fortresses and by gates of massive brass, are no defence against the almighty vengeance of heaven and against the retributive justice of God.

My Lord, there is no concealing the fact that England has provoked all the nations of the earth by her insidious policy. She has created sanguinary revolution in all the Catholic countries, and she has employed all the machinery which bribery and infidelity could place at her disposal in order to overturn Catholicity in Europe. Your grace knows much better than I can presume to inform you that the unprincipled agents of Lord John Russell have fomented rebellion, and published infidelity in not less than five kingdoms of Catholic Europe, and the excesses of unbridled mobs, the pillage of monasteries, the plunder of convents, the crimes of mutilation, rape, banishment, the flogging of women, the exile of men, pillage, fire, and murder, and then all the consequent and just retaliation of the offended laws of those countries in the infliction of confinement, exile, and death have been the clear and the culpable results of the mad and fanatical career of a cabinet which has trampled on all the legal institutions of men, and which has set at defiance the very ordinances of God. I should not dare to make any assertions in the grave presence of your grace, which I am not prepared to substantiate by unexceptionable documentary evidence; and I can, therefore, produce for your perusal letters, and despatches, and testimonials, which demonstrate beyond all dispute that the present Whig cabinet did begin, conduct, and bring to maturity, political and religious rebellions in Rome, Naples, Lombardy, Switzerland, Austria, Hungary, Germany, and Prussia. All the rebels, and revolutionists, and infidels in these various countries claim acquaintance, and even friendship, with Lord Palmerston and his colleagues; and, whether the object on hand was to overthrow a foreign King or a Catholic bishop, an English envoy or ambassador was recognised in the van of the foreign insurgents; and a printed English libel on the foreign government, or an English printed tract of religious slander on the Catholic religion, were always found scattered round the quarters of the well-known English agents. No record of infamy of either ancient or modern history bears any comparison with the profligate and insane fanaticism of this English bigotry; and at every scaffold in Europe where the victims of this English domineering scheme were executed for their crimes, the names of Russell and Palmerston are heard in the piercing cries of the living, and may be read in the storing blood of the dead. At this moment there is but one opinion amongst the crowned heads of Europe—namely, that England planned the ruin of their thrones; and amongst the classes of order and of religion there is a universal shout of horror and execration raised against the cabinet which could employ the resources of an empire, and degrade the majesty of our Queen, in the execution of a system subversive of justice, abhorrent to humanity, and accursed by God. And what renders the national disasters inflicted on these countries so unendurable, is the incongruous and perfidious tone of the English despatches. These curious vile productions publish panegyrics on justice, while they advocate national spoliation; and they put

forward the words "righteousness" and "sacredness" in almost all these documents of holy dissimulation, while at the same moment, the writers of them were slandering religion, burning the effigy of the ever-blessed Virgin, and spitting on the cross. But this conduct, my lord, as you are aware, is the usual plausible sanctified show of holy insulting cant, which England has ever practised during all her national wickedness, since the beginning of the sixteenth century. Henry issued a holy commission under the sanctified Tom Cromwell, to inquire into the morality of the religious orders in England, while he was debauching his own daughter, taking off the heads of his wives, and committing perjury and murder before God and man. He piously complained of the injustice of all rich wealthy monasteries, while he was plundering, by fraud and force, the entire church property of this country; and he piously inveighed in holy indignation, against the intolerance of the Pope, while he was preparing knives, and the gibbet, and the rack, to rip up men's bellies, to stake them through with steel, and to break their bones, if they dared to refuse subscribing to his new formulary of faith. Elizabeth reddened the soil of Ireland with the blood of the Irish, at the very time when she was set up in England as the apostle of "the Reformation," the head of Christ's church, and the fountain of divine perfection. And Cromwell and his soldiers sang psalms to God while amusing themselves in the holy recreation of tossing grown children into the air, and in their descent catching them in scientific zeal on their holy bayonets! or these ancient Whig zealots in epaulettes, changed the holy inn, by holding a Papist infant by the legs, turning round twice or three times, and then dashing out its Papist brains against the wall! You know, Sir, I am stating facts, strictly historical facts, which time, and your scanty toleration, had covered up in our aching hearts, and sealed up in our burning souls; and which, in our sickening hopes, we never suspected should be revived into malignant vitality, till the iniquities, the cruelties, the oppressions, and the slanders of the Russell cabinet had worn away the superstratum of charitable oblivion and revealed the bleeding wounds of the ancient persecution and tyranny which robbed us of our national rights, proscribed our faith, murdered our fathers in cruel torture, and consigned their mangled flesh to a martyred grave. In a word, the history of England, during the three last centuries of her godliness, furnishes but one unbroken narrative of calumny, slander, lies, spoliation, perjury, persecution, exile, chains, and death.

And the spirit of the English cabinet towards Ireland possesses at the present moment the same malignant character which it had during the most sanguinary period of Elizabeth's reign. The power, not the will, is wanted to renew the list of proscription, and to repeat the scene of Mullaghmast. What part of the tragical history of the last three hundred years has been omitted in the Russell administration towards Ireland? With a treasury overflowing with nineteen millions of bullion he permitted the death by starvation of upwards of half a million of poor faithful loyal Irishmen. I am stating facts—he is the guilty man. A jury of respectable men, on their oaths, at a coroner's inquest on the starved death of a poor Irishman, brought in a verdict of "wilful murder against Lord John Russell in the year 1848." The coroner refused to admit the verdict; but still that rejected verdict is registered in Heaven, and will form part of the future judicial history of Ireland; and it is true to say that if such sworn verdicts would be received by the Irish coroners, Lord John Russell would stand charged by the united oath of a nation before God with more cases of Irish murder than all the Irish culprits (taken together) of your entire penal colonies. He therefore folded his arms on the Treasury benches, and he did not culpably in the starvation and death of our fine people. His cabinet encouraged (and justly) the fitting up various naval expeditions in search of one man in the north seas; but, alas! you would not send one ship or one surgeon to convey the poor Irish exiles to a foreign land while living, or give one shilling extra to buy a shroud for them when dead in putrid, national neglect. The English cabinet makes laws to protect the Irish wild fox and the game, while they look carelessly on, seeing the cruel landlord uproot whole villages, exterminate the poor, and kill them like vermin, as they make their escape from the fallen walls of their ancient home and the burning roof of their birth. Mazzini is lauded, Garibaldi caressed, Ciceroacchio modelled in plaister and marble, and Kossuth embraced: all the rebels of foreign nations are entertained; all the revolutionists feted or pensioned, and all the infidels of the whole earth are panegyrised in the periodicals of the day by this anti-Irish, anti-Catholic English cabinet, while any one who dares to raise his voice in defence of Irish liberty, or the Irish faith, is seized as an assassin, tried for his life, condemned to be "hanged, drawn and quartered;" sent in chains to the English terrestrial hell, and even there, amongst the living damned, his mouth is gagged by his English keeper lest he utter a word of reproach against the persecuting laws that murder the living and dishonor the dead. Algiers has offered a home to the Irish exile; Spain has allotted part of one of her richest provinces to shelter our afflicted race, while England, that has grown great by our labors, powerful by our numbers, and triumphant by our courage, banishes us in tens and hundreds of thousands of naked victims to America, where the hospitable forest gives a free home, and where the sheltered untrodden valley affords us a friendly and honored grave. We carry nothing to America but our ancient faith, and we bring nothing from Ireland that belongs by right to England, but our undying, inappassable vengeance. And when every poor exiled persecuted Irishman (stript of everything) sets his foot in the ship which is to convey him to a distant shore, he looks to the avenging skies, as the swelling canvas urges his breaking heart from the home of his fathers, and in the language of the English merchantman, once mutilated by a Spanish crew, "he cries to Heaven for mercy and to his country for revenge."—And be convinced, my lord, that this universal cry shall yet be reverberated from America on cruel England, in the ferocious shout of national triumph, and in the just retaliation of accumulated revenge.

Oh, Sir, no pen can describe, no language can paint the heartless cruelties of the Whig cabinet towards Ireland during the last four years; and that cruelty has, if possible, been increased by the shameless bigotry and the slanderous malignity with which our national character and historical race, our political principles and our religious convictions have been assailed by the bribed press and the venal literature, every department of the English administration. Having robbed us of our trade, we are described as incapable of commercial enterprise; having banished to

America all our best tradesmen and artisans, we are put down as men incapable of progress in artistic talent; having filled all places of trust and eminence with men of the English kidney, they ask where are our men of distinction? and having centralised all emolument, and all gain, and all wealth in England, they jibe our poverty and proclaim the national beggary produced by their elaborate injustice, as the result of Celtic blood and hereditary recklessness!—Having made at different times what is called "plantations" of Scotchmen and Englishmen in all the rich parts of Ireland—having banished the proprietors to "hell or Connaught"—having allowed only half an acre of bog and an acre of arable land to the persecuted Irishman, with fetters on his feet, manacles on his hands, and a halter round his neck—with rack-rents and middlemen—they then employ such fabulous writers as the black Calvinist Macaulay to publish, under the name of history, the hereditary English lie—that Popish agriculture has never flourished in Ireland or anywhere else like Reformation tillage!!!—This rhetorical fop is about to favor us with a continuation of this fabulous production; and it would be only doing justice to his system if he would furnish a botanical diagnosis, explaining why the "Reformation" potatoes have failed in Ireland during the last four years, placed as they were in such favorable circumstances of Lutheran cultivation. What a pity, my lord, that Lord Minto did not succeed in scattering more Bibles in France and Italy! If Macaulay be correct in his calculations, the grape and the maccaroni of these countries must be prodigiously improved by the holy presence of the English Bible there. If mangel wurzel, my lord, grow to such perfection under Lutheran culture, to what celestial improvement could not the Popish French champagne be brought, if your Bible could be only read under the idolatrous branches of the vine of these countries. Such an infamous system of perfidious lying and atrocious humbug never has been carried on in any part of the world for the degradation, the oppression, and the burning injustice of a people as is shamefully practised towards Ireland in every department by every villainous conspirator employed by a persecuting and a fanatical government to set our nation mad, and to drive a whole people to distraction and despair. But, above all, and beyond all, having unrooted our altars demolished our churches, plundered our monasteries, robbed us of all our legal ecclesiastical revenues of ages, and still, withal, saddled the nation with the yearly revenue of eight millions and a-half! for the support of this apostolical establishment—Lord John Russell has, in addition to this scalding tyranny, and consuming insult, encouraged the agents of this living congregation of impostors to calumniate our creed during the last five years in every city, town, village, hamlet, and cabin in Ireland—to slander us by sermons, speeches, tracts, ballads, and placards—to call the priests by the names of idolaters, perjurers, murderers, and assassins—to post them on all the pillars, walls, gates, and corners of streets as the priests of Antichrist—the emissaries of the devil—the corruptors of God's gospel and the preachers of perdition. Can the nations of Europe believe that England can encourage such disorder, such injustice, such blasphemous anti-Christian antagonism as forms the daily records of present Irish history?—or how can you calculate on the allegiance and dutiful loyalty of a people, whom England thus excites to disaffection by every art which the most refined perfidy could produce in the hearts of an excitable people?

And can you again wonder, my lord, when you hear of an agrarian murder in Ireland? If government set the example of perjury, and persecution, and death, why should you not expect to see the example followed by the victims of your tyranny? If you form a conspiracy against them, can you wonder at Ribbonism against you? On the contrary, one is rather astonished that there are not more scenes of blood, under a system of such monstrous national provocation, insult, and oppression. And before God, I hold the government of England more guilty of the Irish murders than the scarlet assassin who reddens his accursed hands in the blood of his marked victim.—The government are absolutely guilty of the murdered blood that cries to Heaven for vengeance, from their maddening career in Ireland. What can we Irish priests do to arrest the murderer while such extended materials of provocation to slaughter lie all round us on every side? For my part, my lord, I would willingly, most willingly, most ardently, take the duties, if I could, of a policeman, and follow the assassin of Mr. Bateson, and arrest him, at the risk of my life. I would, with pleasure, if it were necessary, stand sentinel before the door of Mr. Fortescue, and watch and protect his life, or the life of any other man, be his creed or his politics what they may; and every priest in Ireland would do the same to prevent the curse on the soil, imprinted there by the shedding of innocent blood. But what can we do, accumulated, abused, distrusted as we are on one side, while on the other side there exists a fearful amount of provocation which the cruel government seems rather disposed to increase than to diminish?—And as if to render the entire nation frantic, and incapable of entertaining one solitary ray of hope from the kind, altered feeling of our rulers, the journals in pay of the government suggest the withdrawal of all former Catholic privileges—the removal from office of all Papists, and the total extermination of Irishmen from the entire soil of Ireland. There is, my lord, no resting place now left for hope for our country. All is persecution. A war is made even upon our intellect; and we are called on neither to read nor write except through a parliamentary tutor. Knowledge of the most refined manufacture at Bamford-Speke is offered to our longing Irish minds; but we must drink it from a scientific distillation, through a Lutheran alembic. The mediæval and imperfect education of Bossuet, Liguori and Doctor Doyle is to be removed, and replaced by the modern and improved system of Carlisle, Tom Payne, and Straus.—The ancient vulgarity of introducing the name of God in science shall in this modern polite programme of studies be entirely omitted; and the imbecile meanness of mixing up the old fables of religion with the fashionable development of the modern human mind will be avoided through the new collegiate curriculum as an exploded thing, and only suited to such undeveloped minds as those of St. Thomas and La Place. Why, my lord, one would think to hear these "raw-head-and-bloody-bones" scholars speak that the studies of a modern apothecary and the doctrine of pot-ashes constituted the very extreme point of literary, scientific, and Christian education; and if a beardless tyro happened to have A. B. attached to his ragged classics and shabby science, he is put forward in col-

legiate reports as a man capable of teaching the Twelve Apostles, and making laws for Charlemagne. The world is disgusted with this loathsome and nauseous cant on education; and it is quite certain that if the illustrious Sir Robert Peel lived now this fanatical and schoolboy rickardry would not have been tolerated. From the absurd notions of this inane class one might suppose it impossible that Shakespeare could compose "Hamlet" as he had not read "the Binomial theorem" under a bible-man; and it is even wonderful how your grace gained the battle of Waterloo, since the metallurgic difference between potassium and sodium was not discovered till after the year 1815.

And besides this intellectual war there is also another war made upon our conscience. We are compelled to believe that the Queen has received a commission to teach the scriptures, so very superior to the commission of the apostles, that any one named and appointed by them to teach (contrary to her wishes) is to be silenced, deposed, and deported beyond the evangelical boundaries of this eucumenical empire; and we are called on to deny an office which we have sworn to profess, to commit perjury as a duty to the Queen, to deny God as a proof of our loyalty, to tell a lie as a mark of our integrity, and we are gravely told by parliament, that in order to make us good and trustworthy subjects we must be first perjurers, blasphemers, and consecrated hypocrites. My lord, I have always, since 1829, presumed to entertain the loftiest notions of your naked candor, and your transparent integrity. And will your grace, therefore, permit so humble an individual as I am to ask you, could your grace depend in the field of battle on the fidelity of the soldier who would forswear God to please the Queen—and who, at the bidding of a minister, would sell his faith for gold?

And there can be no doubt, my lord, that you will want, perhaps even sooner than your grace imagines, the whole energetic and loyal support of every MAJ IN IRELAND to maintain the very existence of your empire. Being rather successful in my predictions during the last twelve months, do not, I pray your grace, make light of these warnings of mine. The lightest and smallest cloud that floats on the breath of the morning is the first to announce, by its flight, the approach of the storm. England is certainly in danger, and war once proclaimed by France, her fate is sealed. Russia takes India—Canada revolts—and how can we, the priests, or your grace's name keep in fixed loyalty the Irish discontent, inflamed by wrong and insult? Should the French (which is not improbable) make a successful descent on our Irish shores, I would most delicately suggest to your grace not to enlist the Irish till, at least, you strike off our chains—till you withdraw entirely the burning insult of Lord John Russell—till you confine the Protestant calumniators within their own mock churches—till you promise tenant-right—that is to say, a bed to lie on, and a house to live in for the wives and children of the soldiers—till you induce English journals to cease telling lies of Ireland, and till the Queen can return to revisit us, and hear from our devoted hearts (when all these conditions shall have been fulfilled) the loud, long, and ringing huzzas, declaring that we forgive and forget—and that she can command our life's blood in the service of her throne, and the maintenance of her authority. I am no rebel, my lord, and I labor national agitation as a most unhealthy state of society; but I would rather die than flinch from the post of duty, when my Irish country, and my Irish creed demand my services. But while such is the character of my determination, I am prepared also to live in peace and amity with the government of the country; to thank them for their favors; to aid them in their efforts; and to identify my heart with their duties. But I will never consent to execute these dutiful conditions till my hands are unchained—my country emancipated—and my creed set at liberty—perfectly free.

With distinguished admiration for your grace's unrivalled military fame, and craving your pardon for this long letter, I have the honor to be, with profound respect, my Lord Duke, your grace's most obedient servant,
D. W. CAHILL, D.D.

ADDRESS OF THE CATHOLIC DEFENCE
ASSOCIATION.

(From the Dublin Freeman.)

The following is the corrected address of the Catholic Defence Association, presented at the meeting on Thursday, Jan. 29, 1852:—

"The Catholic Defence association desires to call the attention of Catholics to the means of carrying into effect the designs of the association, enumerated in the resolutions of the meeting of the Catholics of the Empire, held August 19th, 1851, and in their published rules and resolutions.

"1. The committee have already been actively employed (in the words of the resolution) in endeavoring to organize and marshal the elective power of each constituent body, so as to secure a right direction being given to every available vote; with the object of creating and sustaining a parliamentary party, ready to defend at all hazards, with an independent spirit, our civil and religious liberties."

"With this view, they have endeavored to ascertain in the first place, the actual strength of Catholics among the constituencies of each county, city, and borough of Ireland; and while the information thus acquired is very encouraging, it has convinced them that our strength may be much augmented by watchful care over the future registration. In the meanwhile, they would therefore urge on the Catholic electors in Ireland the duty of exerting themselves, without any delay, to secure the return of sound representatives of the Catholic interest; and especially they would remind them that the one hope of the enemies of religious liberty is, that the minor differences existing amongst Catholics may occasion divisions at the elections of which they hope to avail themselves to secure the return of those who will oppress us.

"The association desires to impress upon Catholic voters in England and Scotland that although their strength in many constituencies may seem almost insignificant, and although their votes, scattered among different parties would be worth nothing, yet they will often be able, by combined action, to turn the balance of parties. It is well known that the Catholics of Scarborough have already decided against Lord John Russell's administration the last election for that borough, and we doubt whether there are many constituencies in which Catholics are in proportion much weaker. The association, therefore, would earnestly invite the leading Catholics in every English and Scotch constituency, first, to ascertain without delay their actual strength upon the registry, and to impress upon the registered electors the duty of holding their