



CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

VOL. III.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1852.

NO. 7.

LETTER OF THE REV. DR. CAHILL.

TO THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF DERBY.

August 24, 1852, Bilston, England.

My Lord Earl—As your lordship has thought proper to dictate new laws for reforming Popish cravats, and as you have condescended to apply the English evangelical standard to the length and the cut of our Catholic beard, and as you have surprised the world by becoming constitutional tailor and barber to the present Pope, and, finally, as your co-reformers in the old clothes department of our glorious constitution are actuated with such zeal to advance your Protestant views throughout this empire as on several occasions to seize anti-Derbyite scarfs, to knock off anti-Derbyite hats, to spit in the faces of anti-Derbyite priests, and to do several other cabinet celebrities, you cannot be surprised if I, too, influenced by your lordship's example, change my former official position, and assume the novel character of satirist on privy councils, and of impartial chronicler on the incomprehensible follies of Ministers, and the incredible meanness of cabinets—when grave judges turn buffoons on the bench, when they discharge the triple office of witness, judge, and jury, and when Prime Ministers turn Jack Ketch, I fancy I am not much out of the present fashion in my new vocation.

My silence since your lordship's late proclamation (which I am flattered to think you have observed) has arisen from the fact that I have been occupied in searching the pages of ancient and modern history to find some Pagan or Christian parallel to the official careers of Lord John Russell and yourself. Being aware that there is nothing new under the sun, I concluded there must have been some persons somewhere like you both in the former records of our race. You must not be surprised or angry if I tell you that I have discovered the exact resemblance of you both in the history of Gulliver's Travels. Lord John Russell's tour in Greece, in 1849, in order to settle the vest claims of the loss of some furniture and a kitchen garden belonging to Messrs. Finlay and Pacifico, is most perfectly identical with Gulliver's career in Lilliput; and your lordship's late expedition to the Bay of Fundy is precisely the history of Gulliver in Brobdignag. The poor Grecians (a diminutive race, only two inches high in stature) retired beyond the pass of Thermopylae, when they beheld the great Whigman from England; they procured ladders to scale the heights of his breast as he lay asleep at the foot of Mount Helicon. The entire Grecian fleet weighed anchor and sailed out under full canvass, with the yards manned, between his colossal limbs, as the giant British minister bestrode the Gulf of Lepanto. The flags of their men-of-war at their mast-heads did not reach higher on that thrilling occasion than the large circle which surrounds the immeasurable circumference of his unponderable mighty Whig legs. According to the dispatches received from our Admiral in the Mediterranean, he stood on Parnassus in the sight of the blushing Muses; and the enormous creature (according to the Greek historians) extinguished a raging conflagration in the palace of King Otho with the same kind of an effort, and with nearly the same description of mechanical appliances, and with the same sort of *eclat*, as Gulliver (after a night's hearty wine) put out the fire which threatened destruction to the palace of the Empress of Laputa. And so wonderful and tremendous in Greece is the terrestrial glory of the great Whig (as he is called there), that King Otho, as you are all aware, has ordered him to be styled henceforward, "the Whig Man-Mountain."

The remaining part of the history is perfectly illustrated in your lordship's late voyage to America.—The scene, however, is strangely changed. Your lordship, when compared with the monstrous Websters of that country, appears only about four inches high—placed side by side with the great leviathans of the fishing grounds, you don't seem much larger than a scorpion; you would be considered a mere dwarf at Bunker's-hill; your lordship would not be a match for a tom-cat at New Orleans; your lordship and Lord Malinesbury, and the Right Hon. Mr. Walpole, and your entire right hon. cabinet, placed over each other, pillar-like, on each other's right honorable shoulders, could not raise the uppermost right honorable minister high enough to enable him to look into an ordinary sized teapot at Philadelphia! You could hide your whole cabinet in a lady's muff at Washington! and if the reports be true, which the American giants have circulated at the fishing grounds against English greatness, your lordship was nearly drowned in a Yankee cream-jug (others say a small fish-kettle) at the Bay of Fundy, in your endeavor to escape from an American rat, in order to hide your lordship's head in the breeches pocket of Mr. President Fillmore. Your lordship can scarcely believe the indignation of all Europe to see England so contemptuously treated—our noble

country! the mistress of arts and science! the scourge of France! the arbitress of Europe!! the seat of virtue, piety, sanctity, honor, and truth!!! the pride and the envy of the whole world!!! the patron of the oppressed! the emancipator of the slave! the country of the free! and the beloved sister of Ireland!!!

Ah, Lord Derby, your Government can bully and persecute, and spoliat and infidelise, when your victims are chained, and unable to offer resistance to your cruel tyranny and your accursed oppression; but, heaven be for ever praised, the scene is at length beginning to change; the sun of Great Britain is fast descending from its culminating point; your day of unrivalled sway is certainly drawing to a close; your national character and prestige are beyond all doubt gone; your nation is now universally branded as deceitful and degraded; you have decidedly forfeited the confidence of Europe, and you are hated, despised, and abhorred by the whole world—your two successive Governments have exposed England to the contempt of mankind—you have made her a jester at St. Petersburg, a revolutionist and a base cringer at Vienna, a timeserver at Paris, an infidel at Rome, a traitor at Naples, a burglar at Madrid, a perjurer at Lisbon, a persecutor at Berne, a tyrant at Athens, a coward at Washington, a hypocrite at home, and the devil in Ireland. Oh, shame on you, Lord John Russell! and oh, fie, fie on you, Lord Derby, to employ the time of two successive parliaments in degrading your country, and to engage the official services of bishops, judges, barristers, surgeons, lords, and ladies, in endeavoring to dethrone the Pope; searching out for the private scandals of ecclesiastics; mending and dressing up for inspection at Exeter Hall old tattered calumnies on our creed; peeping into the bedrooms of convents; listening behind our confessionals; dogging our school-girls to the church; watching our orphans at their meals; jibing priests at their prayers; mobbing nuns in the public streets; counting the charities they receive for their humble support; and stealing through lanes and alleys, looking for a case of slander against the faith of two hundred and forty millions of the human population, and against the creed of the most ancient families in England and the most devoted subjects of the Queen. Oh, fie on you, Lord Derby! to join in this most disgraceful and insane ribaldry, and, instead of walking in the footsteps of Canning or Peel—instead of standing before the world as the sublime exponent of British honor, truth, and justice, to ally your great name and proud position with such gross bigotry, and to seek renown from rolling in the mire with canting hypocrisy, indecent impiety, and blasphemous falsehood.

Is there never to be an end of this parliamentary absurdity?—is there no business to be done by the Cabinet but maligning to the Catholic Faith?—will government never cease the degraded and shameful practice of uttering the grossest indecencies, and the most filthy abominations and palpable lies against the Catholics of the whole world?—why do you become second-rate actor to Russell?—why do you appear in a farce?—why seek applause from the gallery?—why do you become a harlequin when you can succeed in the deepest characters of Moliere and Shakspeare?—why do you take Russell for your model when you can imitate the meteor genius of the master-spirits whose place you fill? You are a man of talent, we own it; and why employ your great mind in the scullery of St. Stephen's? If you are called to be the centre of a microcosm why are you not the sun of the creation?—why do you choose to be the satellite of the world, of which you ought to be the light and the ruler? Believe me you are fallen; your occupation is gone; your jaded audience will not hear you much longer. Rely on it, if you persevere in your present career, you shall feel the disgrace of being universally hissed off the stage. Your own countryman, Mr. Pope, will read your lordship a lesson on this point:—

"Fortune in men has some small difference made,
One flaunts in rags, one flutters in brocade;
The cobbler aproned and the parson gown'd,
The friar hooded, and the monarch crown'd;
'What differ more,' you cry, 'than crown and cow?'
I'll tell you, friend—a wise man and a fool."

There can be no doubt at all that Lord John Russell and his vile cabinet endeavored to create throughout Catholic Europe a revolution in religion and government; and although your lordship and Lord John hold opposite opinions on general politics, you are the conjugate foci of each other in Catholicity, and you reflect each other's hostile feeling on my creed as faithfully as the unerring science of your positions. You are certainly agreed with him in his policy of weakening all Catholic sovereignty, and of overturning the Catholic faith. But you both have signally failed, and in your discomfiture you have added a new proof of the strength of my Church, and you have at the same time ruined your name and your

country. You have unconsciously done a lasting service to Catholicity, and you have permanently awakened all Europe to the perfidy and the deceit of your governments, whether Whig or Tory. While you were laying the plans of your traitorous views on the surrounding nations, the Irish Church seemed cherished with your peridious care—your gifts had nearly worked her ruin; but since your schemes have been detected here, and in the neighboring states, we are made the appalling victims of your disappointed rage. Our defenceless institutions, and the unprotected monuments of Irish piety are now assailed by all the malignant power of your hostile empire—your senate, your courts of law, your army, your navy, your universities, your literature, your church, your historians, your pamphleteers, your novelists, your caricaturists, your aristocracy, your merchants, your artisans, your mobs, are all united into one powerful force of infuriated assailants against our creed; and by misrepresentations, falsehood, calumny, slander, lies, persecution, extermination, banishment, starvation and death, you and your associates have attempted, through solicitation, seduction, place, pension, bribery, intimidation, and stratagem, to thin our ranks, to shake our faith, and break a passage through our ancient camp, and seize our fortresses: and although you have uprooted the cabins of the poor, thrown down our villages, wasted our fields, starved our tradesmen, expatriated the living, murdered the dead, and filled the poorhouse and the red grave with the martyred Irish, praise be to God for ever, and honor to the ever-blessed Virgin Mary, you have not taken one stout heart from the faithful ranks, or disturbed one stone in our ancient and time honored turrets. Eternal praise to the faithful Irish, who preferred exile to an alliance with you—who died of starvation sooner than taste the bread of apostacy, and who preferred the coffinless grave rather than live in the dress of perjury and perdition—your perfidious predecessor and yourself are avowedly beaten; the worst is passed, and we now set you at defiance. We have the voice of Europe and the world in our favor, and our honor, our courage, and our national fidelity, will damn you and your cruel confederates to eternal fame. You are certainly defeated; and when you calumniate us, we have an answer ready from the sympathy of Europe.

Then you malign the Jesuits, we point to Hungary, where the Emperor is now employed in placing these pious, exemplary, and learned men over all the schools of his subjects. When you speak of the success of your Bible Societies, we send you the judicial decision of Austria and Naples, where an English Protestant missionary is ordered from these countries within fifteen days under penalty of public and forcible expulsion. When you talk of your Protestant liberality we call your attention to Naples also, where no Protestant teacher would be permitted to superintend any public class in consequence of the *interrimabile calumnies* which these creatures are *ever introducing against the Catholic Faith*. English travellers, English tourists are now stopped, questioned, and examined throughout Europe, as if they were intriguing villains, disseminating rebellion and infidelity wherever they go. The correspondents of the English journals are hunted like felons from every city in Europe, their letters examined, and themselves ordered to quit in 48 hours when their occupation of slander and infidelity is known. Yes, our answer to your base calumnies are now published in our favor by the universal cry of shame from all foreign nations—hear it, my lord. While you were slandering us in the Lords, and while Russell was spewing his Woborn apostacy on Bishops in the Commons, the French army, the invincible sons of the glorious Franks, were kneeling before the mitred Archbishop of Paris; and as he raised the adorable host beneath the blue unfathomable vault, the loud clang of the French steel at the "Elevation," as the army drew their swords and presented arms to the God of battles, amid the thunders of one hundred pieces of ordnance, was the significant and appropriate answer which glorious Catholic France sent on the morning breeze to bigoted England, in reply to your parliamentary vituperation. And when you issued your proclamation against the processions which took place at Jacob's Ladder! and at Solomon's Temple! and in all Christian places all over the world, from Constantine to Prince Louis Napoleon, and when you spread the awful majesty of your laws (with such a master-stroke of statesmanship) over the evangelical town of Ballinasloe, formerly called by the Popish name of Kyleneaspitbog, in order to protect these holy places from the danger of wax-candles and white rosin, did your lordship remark the cutting reply which the Prince immediately sent to you on the studied bow which, on his return from the passage of the Rhine, he made to the surpliced Archbishop and Clergy of Paris; and did your lordship read that passage in his processional progress along the Boule-

wards, where, *seeing the cross raised* "he rose in his carriage, took off his hat, and bowed long and reverently to the cross." There, Sir, is the glorious answer of France to your far-famed proclamation; there, Sir, is the triumphant, scathing, crushing reply to "your anti-long-beard—anti-candle—anti-cross—Derbyite—anti-short-breeches proclamation. I have never read anything on any subject which has filled me with more sincere pleasure than that Christian conduct of the Prince. In that bow, Sir, read your own shame, and in his *bare head before the cross* learn to spare your Catholic fellow-subjects, and learn to respect the emblem of salvation, the cross of Christ. For that glorious act of the Prince I hereby offer him my heartfelt gratitude, and my sincere homage; and I also present him with the ardent love of one million of my countrymen, proceeding from breasts as faithful and as brave as the world ever saw. I must also inform your lordship that the Prince will read this letter on *next Thursday morning*, before his breakfast; and moreover I must tell you that he will send to me a vote of thanks by the very next post—a piece of good breeding and courtesy which I have seldom received from my correspondents in the English cabinet.

You have decidedly put yourself at the head of a vast mob in these countries by issuing your late proclamation; and it is quite true that we are indebted to the good sense and the generous feeling of the English people for having escaped the most degrading ill treatment in all places of public resort. But we have our satisfaction in the universal contempt with which your name and your law are received in every country in the world. Three members of the American cabinet (Protestants) have already spoken on the subject with unmeasured ridicule; and one of them joined in a Catholic procession, as the best testimony he could offer against English bigotry. I beg, therefore, to offer to President Fillmore, and to these three members my warmest acknowledgments, and to assure them that they can command the liveliest gratitude of the Irish and the English Catholics in these countries, and that we all long for some occasion to testify to them that we love them as much as we abhor the English government. The case between you and Catholicity stands thus: the schemes which your governments have been devising against our Faith, our discipline, and our system of education have been palpably detected, and as clearly defeated. Your name is detested in all the neighboring countries, and your accomplices have been expelled with a summary command, and, indeed, with an insult, which you have not or dare not resent. Beyond all doubt you and your rebel and infidel accomplices have been removed from Austria, Prussia, (Protestant)—from Rome, Naples, and Lombardy. Your Bible Societies, which are reported as your emissaries of insurrection, have been watched as public enemies; and it is an historical fact, admitting of no doubt whatever, that neither in public nor in private, will those countries tolerate English influence to be exercised in their religious, social, or political concerns. The continental education, which you had nearly corrupted by your money and your emissaries, has now undergone a total change. The Catholic Clergy are now placed in all these countries as the sole directors and the guardians of the education and literary and religious training of the rising generation; and Prince Louis Napoleon, now so much abused by your journals, has introduced changes in all the educational schools of France, and will soon restore the ancient discipline of the Catholic Church which placed education in the hands of the ministers of religion. The "College de France," which, according to the testimony of Count Montalembert, sent out nine infidels to one Christian pupil (*un sur dix*) has been remodelled, and the infidel element extracted under his vigilant care. You are, therefore, defeated in every part of the world in your schemes against Catholic religion and education. Your last effort is carried on against Ireland, where, as sure as the sun will rise to-morrow, you will be utterly defeated; and if the board of education in Ireland will permit you to interfere in their arrangements. Ireland will lose her life's blood sooner than have Voltaire her class-book, and Carlisle her Master. Depend upon it, if there be a God ruling His Church, you cannot change His laws, no more than you can arrest the tide or stop the earth's motion by a proclamation from Downing-street. Our faith, and our discipline, and our mode of education existed before you were born, and will, in likelihood survive your lordship's name many years, and even outlive the English rule and the German blood.

"Shall burning Etna, if a sage requires,
Forget to thunder and recall her fires,
On air or sea, new motions be impressed,
Oh, blameless Albion! to relieve thy breast;
When the loose mountain trembles from on high,
Shall gravitation cease when you go by?"

Under these circumstances, our duty will be to obey all the laws, as we have ever done, but to keep