



# CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

VOL. VI.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1855.

NO. 15.

## REV. DR. CAHILL'S LETTER.

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE LORD VISCOUNT PALMERSTON.

"Judge Kane, of Philadelphia, has been hearing evidence in regard to the alleged recruiting for the British army in the United States. One of the chief witnesses was a Mr. Strobel, whose evidence contains some extraordinary, if true, disclosures.—This man, Strobel, whose social standing appears to have been such that Sir Gaspard Le Marchant asked him to dinner, and the officers of the 76th Regiment associated with him on terms of equality, swears positively that a plan for the enlistment of men in the United States for the British service was concocted by Mr. Crampton, the governors of the British provinces, and himself, and that a commencement of enlistments was made under it."

Rathfarnham, Oct. 27th, 1855.

My Lord—The American papers of last Saturday week have brought to this country the astounding intelligence contained in the extract just quoted; and two mails have since arrived from New York, while the facts referred to remain up to this day uncontradicted. So, my lord, you have advised your ambassador, Mr. Crampton, to enlist the Irish in America. You want them now in order to recruit your wasted army in the Crimea, or to garrison the growing weakness of your distant colonies. Glory be to God! that the insatiable cruelty of English law, in exterminating and banishing the poor, faithful Irish, is now forced to acknowledge the national crime by employing your ambassador to seek their return. Heaven be for ever praised! that the perfidy of Lord John Russell's administration (your former chief in the persecution of Ireland) is now exposed before the willing scorn of all the nations of the civilised world. So, you now offer a bounty; and pay, and the Queen's uniform, to the despised exiles, whom within the last seven years your administration starved, and jibed, and banished. I thank eternal retributive justice, in the present instance, in thus compelling the public executioner of my country to confess with his own mouth his cruelty to Ireland. I am grateful to the unerring laws of the Supreme Arbiter of nations that the conspirator against the religion and the prosperity of Ireland stands at this moment gibbeted by his own confession on the pillar of public scorn.

But, Sir, besides the cruelty, there is an irreclaimable indecency in your ordering the enlistment of the Irish in America. You held office, under Lord John Russell, during the years of the cholera, the famine, the extermination, and the expulsion of the hated race. In those days of national woe, when a heart of steel would be melted in seeing wailing thousands swarm all the shores of your country in mournful or wild despair, you would not pay an inspector to examine the leaking ship, nor would you appoint a surgeon to stay the ravages of disease, and save the lives of these ill-fated and unhappy children of Ireland. No; you would not—you certainly would not. And now, when you want the aid of their faithful hearts and their invincible courage, you meanly flatter the warm bosoms which you lately despised; and you perfidiously seek the service of the noble nature which you cruelly banished. Beyond all doubt you permitted the savage exterminator, the ruthless ship captain, the sinking vessel, and the terrors of the tempest, to banish, drown, and kill more than one million and a half of my friendless countrymen. The graves in Gross Island, where ten thousand abandoned victims lie—the abysses of the Atlantic, where many a broken-hearted father, mother, and child mingle their whitened bones, amid the foundations of the deep, bear melancholy testimony of the reckless hatred and the ferocious bigotry which depopulated Ireland during the years of your former subordinate office. You are decidedly an accomplice in this Irish calamity; and with such delinquency on your head, where can human tongue or pencil find language or coloring sufficiently descriptive of the shamelessness of the man who could now stand at the corner of the streets of New Orleans and Philadelphia, offering a bribe to the survivors of your expulsion, pressing by perfidious promises into England's service the living remnant of misery and shipwreck, and arming with the sword of England the very men on whose necks, but a few years ago, your laws would prefer to tie the hangman's rope? Conceal, palliate, explain this conduct as you will, it places England and yourself in a position, of political indecency which is discredit to the nation; it is a crime which your greatest enemy can never exaggerate by calumny, nor your most malignant libeller ever exceed in slander.

The apologists of the government and your friends may assert that the lands of Ireland are held by lease, as in some other countries, and hence that the extermination complained of is the legitimate result of property and land tenure. I deny the parallel

between Ireland and any other country on the face of the globe; because the landlords of Ireland, in a majority of instances, are Orangemen or bigots sworn to exterminate the Catholic population, if they can; while the landlords of other nations sustain, aid, and protect their tenantry; therefore the comparison of the tenure of land in other countries cannot be applied to Ireland till you make the landlords in both cases resemble each other, or till you give to the Irish Catholic tenant a legal and equitable protection against the ferocity of the Orange aristocracy—till then they have the clear power of depopulating Ireland and killing the Queen's subjects. As a proof of the logical accuracy of these statements, I appeal to the history of modern nations, and fearlessly challenge even one instance, where two millions of human beings have been unhoused, banished, and killed in any one country, within the period of seven years; and all this massacre planned, carried on, and executed by a steady machinery, which has reduced to powder the obnoxious race with the same mechanical and unerring result as a mill grinds corn. The tenancy of other countries, under their landlords, as compared with this country, bear the same resemblance to each other as a flock of sheep under the care of the shepherd, and in the slaughterhouse of the wolf. Oh, Sir, it is idle to talk of the duties of property towards a Catholic population, while a persecuting aristocracy own the land; and, therefore, any minister of the crown who quietly looks on, while the people are decimated, is a willing accomplice in this legal massacre.

But wait awhile, my lord. China cocks, Durham pigs, Kent rams, and short-horned bulls, are now the fashion in all our towns; special trains, courteous directors, *dejeuner a la fourchette*, viceregal rhetoric, balls, and mangel wurzel, have, with a skillful variety, taken the place of the poor, honest population, the old piper, and the merry dance. But wait awhile, and England and Lord Lieutenants, and noble graziers, may soon learn the approaching paralysing fact—that pigs cannot handle a rifle, that rams cannot discharge the cannon, that bullocks cannot man a rampart, and that the modern scheme of herds and flocks, and no men, is a mistake which, in the just way of Divine vengeance, may yet humble England to the dust, and make her lick the ground in slavery under the oppressive sway of a foreign master. Wait awhile, *vous verrons*.

At each annual reunion of these agricultural spectacles, it means, in Ireland, that the scheme of extermination is successfully advancing—that large grazing farms are progressing—that the people are disappearing—and that pigs and Protestantism are on the increase. It is now the rage to convert the soil of Ireland into immense bullock and sheep parks, and as a proof of the steady advance of the system, we must recollect the facts—viz., that one hundred and ninety-six thousand Irish left Ireland in '52—one hundred and fifty thousand in '53—and one hundred and eleven thousand in '54! And, therefore, where the population of pigs and bullocks is recorded by the secretaries of these societies as an imposing and triumphant proof of the rapidly-improving condition of Ireland, it stands precisely as an evidence of equal value to demonstrate the frightful depopulation of the country. The entire and sole aim of these societies in Ireland is to advance the landlords and to expel the tenantry—it is to encourage the growth of black cattle and live stock, and to diminish in the same ratio the census of the people.—There is no aristocratic annual meeting to work the mines of Ireland, to encourage labor, to advance commerce, or to foster trade; everything which could even remotely make the people happy is cruelly omitted, and a plan which has the appearance of national advantage adroitly and perseveringly introduced, in order to cover the withering expulsion of the whole Irish population.

Ancient history furnishes one instance of national insane recklessness, which can be compared with the sanguinary English frolic of first exterminating and then attempting to enlist the expelled Irish. Previously to the subjugation of Greece to the Roman power, the Greek legislature (so like England) fearing that their numerous slaves would join the Romans, put all their farm slaves (*Oikotoi*) to death, and never recovered the famine, which resulted from their massacre. And, without urging the facts of history beyond the legitimate deductions of logic, there can be no doubt that England already feels, and shall soon, very soon, feel in her very heart's core, that the expulsion of *one million and a half* of the Irish peasantry is a freak of Protestant policy which denudes her empire of the necessary military force, which reduces her to a mere auxiliary force in the Crimea, and which humbles her to a state of acknowledged and slavish dependence and subserviency to the supreme and arbitrary will of France. Oh, God! what an army lies on the bottom of the Atlantic, and

in the Irish grave-pits, where the most infamous persecution has buried at least three hundred thousand of the finest men that ever the world saw. If there be justice in Heaven, and if there be revenge for incredible crime, there must be a fate reserved for England commensurate with the multitudinousness of her national crimes, and which the full chalice of her iniquities to Ireland must soon call forth in the palpable catastrophe of national chastisement.

My lord, will you kindly inform the fathers and mothers of Ireland how many of their banished children you have recruited for England in America?—do, Lord Palmerston, do tell us the success of your officer, Mr. Crampton? Do, Sir, tell us how many men from Clare, from Mayo, from Meath, from Skibbereen, have joined your ambassador? But if the ambassador fail in his scheme, why do you not employ your former friends and companions, Gavazzi, Achilli, Mazzini, Kossuth, and Cicerovocchio? You cannot fail, my lord, in your scheme, aided, as you can be, by your former associates in European and English policy. Why not enlist a refreshing battalion from your quondam correspondents—the "free corps" of Switzerland—who sacked the convents, robbed Mount St. Bernard, banished Priests, and killed Nuns? Verily, my lord, you are the man to recruit for England, from amongst your virtuous and moral bands of the Continent.

But you have the foreign German Legion, and you have the Sardinian contingent, most dear to England, since they have confiscated Church property, expelled Bishops, closed convents, and imitate your own Henry and Somerset. But these legions and these contingents, besides losing at present three millions sterling by them, demonstrate that England has no army of her own to defend your empire; and, again, they prove that having no military capital at home or abroad as a first-rate power, she is henceforward doomed to be the tool of France, the slave of a predominant nation, an old diseased skeleton, having nothing left of her former vigor, except the inherent and inseparable marrow of Protestant bigotry and persecuting intolerance.

Pray tell me, my lord, whether Mr. Crampton intends coming to Ireland to recruit for the Crimea? I can refer him to certain districts in Ireland where men of his kidney may be likely to find recruits for the honor and safety of England. Perhaps you would think of sending him to Dingle, where the Soupers have purchased some Catholic souls at ten shillings a piece. This contingent, with a corrupt Bible in one hand, and a sword in the other, and perjury in their mouths, would charge the enemy with more courage than the Connaught Rangers. He might try Kells, in the county Meath; examine the soup kitchens in Connemara, look in on the Island of Achill, and learn as he passes along how much the Queen's name has been exalted in Ireland by her Clergy publishing tracts of blasphemy, fomenting rebellion, and collecting tens of thousands of pounds from the gullible English to turn the Gospel into revenge, and to worship God by a lie.

Ah! my lord, the bigotry, the insolence, the infidelity, and the hypocrisy of England are detected at last; and your servant, Mr. Crampton, under your command, is merely a local tool in your hands, endeavoring to remedy the results of a system in this country which shall soon, very soon, end in the final degradation of England. Oh, Lord! how long?—Yes, there is truly an indecency in this enlistment in America; it is a reckless defiance of all the honorable feelings of society. What would be thought of the man who, having murdered a parent, would then employ his orphan child to polish the sword with which his father was assassinated? Yes, I repeat again and again, it is most indecent of you to originate this unfeeling outrage on the broken heart of Ireland; and how this cruel freak has been received in America will best appear from the following extract from the *New York Herald*, a high republican journal:—

"Mr. Crampton owes it to himself and to the character he has borne during his long residence at Washington to explain this matter, if he can, in such a manner that will satisfy the public. Some such explanation is not less due to the country he represents. Nothing would be more like to embitter the feeling on this side of the water than an impression that the Queen's government is so contemptuously reckless of our laws as to authorise their systematic infringement by the highest British functionaries in America."

I intend, at my convenience, to write a series of letters on your past and present career—not that I consider you an able statesman—you are an artful debater rather than a consummate politician—but I address myself to you because I look on your lordship as the exponent of a policy which, sooner or later, will bring ruin on your country. Louis Philippe, once said of you that "such was your obsti-

nacy of temper that you would recklessly expend the last shilling in the British treasury, and fire the last shot in her locker, sooner than yield even to reason." But if he had added that you were a Christian without any defined creed, and a politician without a fixed principle, he would have most justly defined your lordship's public character. I have taken it into my head that I know you better than any living man; and I dare say I should surprise yourself were I to produce the documents and the proofs by which it happens I could sustain the definition already given of your lordship's inherent and essential official characteristics. I look upon you to be the most disastrous minister that England has ever selected for her policy, and consider you, beyond all comparison, to be the greatest and the most perfidious enemy the Catholic Church has ever had either in ancient or modern times. You sometimes throw a bone adroitly, to be picked by a hungry aspirant of Catholic fame—you occasionally fling a sprat on the political current, by which you succeed in catching some silly fools, who are ignorant of your crafty skill; but with this occasional semblance of petty concessions, you are, of all living men, if you dare, the most willing accomplice to forge the chains and rivet the fetters on the Catholics of the whole world. Who can forget the speeches which were uttered by you and Lord John Russell at the close of the last session of parliament? The mean and cowardly attack on the Pope pronounced by you both can never be forgotten; and the motive which prompted these combined orations is as transparent as your known hatred of Catholicity. Of Lord John Russell it may be said, that it is a pity he has survived the year '50. Like an old actor, once the Jupiter of the stage, but falling by degrees till at length he fills the office of snuffing the candles at the theatre, he has sunk below himself and below notice, and now stands, by the public decision, for the zero of political consistency and national honor.

In your speech at the close of Parliament in last August, you attack "the weakness and the tyranny (as you called it) of the Papal government, and of the King of Naples." Aye, you saw that the King of Sardinia had confiscated Church property, had imprisoned and banished Bishops, had closed convents, and had blasphemously laid hands upon the consecrated rights of ages; you, therefore, concluded that the wicked King would be consigned to the just reprobation of the Church of which he is a member for this public sacrilege; and hence, as the true exponent of the principles of English Ecclesiastical spoliation, your lordship, taking up the expiring echoes of Russell's bigotry, closes the session of the last parliament by palliating the robbery, by praising the plunderer, and by launching at the head of the Church and the Catholic King of Naples the stereotyped abuse and historical lies, of which no one can command a more opulent capital than the present Premier of England. What a study of incongruities do you present in your official personalities! You appoint a Catholic Chaplain in Ireland, and at the same time you try to unpope Pio the Ninth in Italy! You give liberty of Catholic worship in a gaol in Ireland, and you denounce Catholic doctrine on the Continent! You protect a Catholic convent at home, and you demolish all conventual life abroad! You lick the ground after a Catholic Emperor in France, and you spit in the face of a Catholic King in Naples! Your words are all peace, but your actions are all discord! You are the advocate for all constitutional law at home, and you are the personal friend of all the revolutionists abroad! You advise a universal calm, and you always appear as in a storm. Your lordship remembers "Mother Carey's Chickens" on sea; you are the harbinger of bad weather; your appearance foretells disaster: you delight in shipwrecks: you live amid deserted rocks, and you grow fat on the dead bodies cast upon shore—*nil tam dispar sibi*.

In my conscience I look on your conduct during the Russian administration as the principal cause of the continuation of the present war. You encouraged the revolution of Hungary by perfidious promises of English co-operation—you drove Sardinia into a war of usurpation—you kissed the hand of Kossuth, the most unprincipled political wretch in existence—you spies maligned the religion; the laws, the customs of Austria—your press slandered the court and the Emperor, and have, by a policy peculiar to yourself, as the Captain Rock of Europe, driven the enmity of that Catholic empire into unmitigable revenge against England; and, as if to add mockery to your republican policy, Lord John Russell is sent to negotiate a peace, and to induce Austria—this most insulted and outraged kingdom—to enter into a coalition with England! while it is notorious to every diplomatist in Europe, that Austria would prefer a coalition with Russia, or with any nation on the earth, sooner than form a national alliance, and trust the known perfidy of England. I say you have incurred