



CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

VOL. V.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, MARCH 30, 1855.

NO. 33.

DR. CAHILL'S LETTER TO LORD PALMERSTON,

ON GOVERNMENT MISMANAGEMENT.

My Lord—A considerable time has now elapsed since I last addressed you—I then demonstrated the wickedness and treachery of the cabinet of which you were a member, and the career of yourself and your colleagues since then, proves that your cabinet is composed of bigots and rabid fanatics in religion, but imbeciles in politics, worn out parliamentary hacks, who have brought England to her present miserable condition. You are, my lord, at this moment, Prime Minister of a country, held in contempt by every other nation in Europe. Yourself and your colleagues, have been the cause of this—aye, and much more than this—you have beggared the exchequer; you have robbed the country of its best and bravest sons; you have made the name of an Englishman a laughing stock through the length and breadth of Europe; you have, with unheard of recklessness, aided and abetted in squandering away \$20,000,000 of public money. And, permit me to ask, what have the people of Great Britain and Ireland received in return. I will tell you, my lord. They have received the dying wail of 42,000 murdered soldiers in the Crimea—the unhappy parents, wives, children, and relatives of our bold army, have received—what?—Mourning, wailing, and desolation in their homes. But, my lord, you will yet answer for the thousands of lives sacrificed to the incapacity of the Russianish Aberdeen Cabinet.

The Duke of Wellington stated that England could not have a little war on her hands; consequently it was imperatively necessary to be prepared for the contingencies of a great one, and what preparations have yourself and your colleagues made? Have you provided your army in the Crimea, with covering, in the shape of winter huts? Have you provided the means of removing the wounded, and caring for them when removed? Have you provided any clothing to prevent the bitter blast of a Russian winter from freezing the marrow in the bones of our brave English, Irish, and Scotch soldiers, or of the brave? Have you provided sufficient food and other necessities to enable our betrayed soldiers to work up to their hips in frozen slush in the trenches; and after coming out to charge 10, or 10,000 which ever might be necessary. No! you have done none of these things. The soldiers capable of doing duty are frost-bitten in consequence of having nothing, but a canvass rag, to protect them from the piercing cold and torrents of rain at night, and no fire to warm their frozen and stiffened joints. Those that are wounded cannot be removed without the humiliation of begging ambulances from the French General. Next, my lord, do you find no stings of conscience for the deaths, caused by crowding the vessels with mortified and putrid bodies, whose flesh have turned into maggots, because there was not one person to attend to them? Then, the hospital at Scutari—I need not go into details of that hot-house of pestilence, disease, and death. My God! our brave men when wounded cannot inhale even pure air. No! the air arising from their filthy bedding, from putrifying human flesh, from saturated floors, yielding a poisonous steam, tends to sicken the healthy and kill the sick. And then, my lord, what glorious news for England to hear that we received, out of sheer charity, 9,000 cloaks from General Canrobert—for what? Why, actually, to cover the British soldiers' nakedness. And where is the food? People of England, listen—it is at Bala-klava, seven miles from the British camp, while thousands of your countrymen are dying in their tents on the roads; in the ditches; on the plains, and on the hill-side, from starvation. And this squandering of the public money, this unheard-of sacrifice of human life, was not done for liberty of conscience, or liberty of political opinion, but was brought about in consequence of your bigoted intolerance; your indomitable spirit for intrigue; your insolence at Foreign Courts, and your meddling in the internal affairs of other states. All these crimes, of which you are notoriously guilty, have been the means of destroying England's prestige, and her claims as a first-rate power—has strangled her weight in foreign councils, and leaves her at this moment ridiculed by France; scorned by Russia; laughed at by Austria, and derided by Prussia, Denmark, and the German Principalities. For some of these crimes you are actually arraigned at the bar of European public opinion, and for others you will have to answer at the bar of Eternal Justice, when the red blood of England's brave sons, murdered by yourself and your cabinet's incompetency will cry out for vengeance on yourself and your accomplices in this unheard-of robbery and murder. When Gavazzi, Achilli, or your tract-jobbing pets, of Exeter Hall, will not be able to screen you from the judgment of the just Judge.

It is not England, as a nation, which stands in degraded intolerance before God and man! No! but

the official clique, whose venal and heartless policy is built on the ruin of foreign nations; and whose insatiable bigotry must be daily fed by religious persecution! During the last three hundred years, cabinet after cabinet has tried this sanguinary policy; and your history during these three centuries, has but one page, viz.:—Bigotry, Persecution, Chains, Exile and Death! The persecution of Catholicity has been the aim and the end of your legislation, and the records of the whole world have never produced a parallel of the relentless and unappeasable cruelties of your laws against the ancient religion of your country, and against the descendants of those men who, by their learning and piety have shed a lustre on the early character of your nation.

Bigotry is written on every inch of soil of ancient England. You can read it in the crumbled churches; you see it in the demolished abbeys; you trace it in the ruins which everywhere meet the traveller's eye; and the reclaimed bogs; the arable hills now attached to such mansions as Woburn Abbey, are afflicting evidences of the successful ravages of national plunder and religious spoliation. Churches, colleges, abbeys, hospitals, convents, houses of refuge, orphanages, widows, and asylums,—all have fallen beneath the ruthless progress of what your lordship has been taught to call—"the Reformation;" and the history of Atilla (the scourge of God) was the model which your ancestors in England seem to copy in their ferocious seizure of the accumulated legal charities of ages, and in their demoniacal crasure of all the former vestiges of moral and religious English perfection. But, alas! what pen can tell the ruin which, like the molten flood of persecution you have spread from your national furnace over the fair form of invincible, but unfortunate Ireland.

Ah! sir, you glutted the axe, you blunted the sword, you flooded the reeking scaffold, and you exhausted the strength of the hangman's rope in persecution of my Irish ancestors, and in the attempt to annihilate the whole Irish race. The old oak trees still bear the mark of the English executioner's rope, and the cross roads are still red with the blood of your victims. Your laws, your power, your armies, your sources, your national strength have been exerted for three centuries, for the destruction of Ireland. You have changed our family names; you confiscated our property; you proscribed our religion, our education, our name, our race; you banished us to the woods and to the bogs, and you set a price on our heads, as the head of a wolf; the wild deer and the fox had a home and a refuge, which you denied us on the rich soil of our fathers. You cut down the population of centuries; you made a desert of our country; and you left nothing behind except the soil, and the crimsoned traces of England's remorseless cruelties.

The infidel spirit which has been suppressed throughout Europe within the last year, received its most powerful support from your cabinet; and the humiliating position in which England is avowedly placed at this moment, has, without any doubt, arisen from her hereditary bigotry, and her undying hatred of Catholicity. It is a melancholy reflection to think, that the hitherto most powerful nation in the world, so distinguished for the supremacy of the Arts and Sciences, should be branded, by common consent at this moment, as the most fanatical and intolerant country in the entire civilized world. And it is quite true to state that the hatred that Europe openly bears towards England does not arise so much from the superiority of your commerce, or the unrivalled advance of your triumphant arms, as from the detestation and abhorrence which all men must feel towards a state professing a religious rancor, and enacting an exploded persecution.

England stands alone in the world at present as the sole advocate of legal intolerance! And whatever may be the result of the present indignation of Europe against her, the future historian must admit that her hatred of Catholicity has been the basis of her international policy; and moreover that it may happen to turn out, perhaps, the immediate cause of her national ruin! To the close observer of the English character, there is one feature which is very remarkable; it is the total difference between the natural feelings of Englishmen and the official sentiments of the cabinet. The feelings of Englishmen, as a nation, are certainly most generous, and honest, and even noble, in reference to the justice of law; its impartial administration, and the equality of liberty amongst the universal subjects of Great Britain. I have never met an Englishman, who, when correctly informed on the cruelty and oppression practised towards Ireland, did not blush for England, and express his manly and generous indignation against the burning wrongs of my country.

This was the early character of your rule, and your laws three hundred years ago, towards the Catholic name. And from that hour to this your cruelty is

unchanged in every country where you could develop your sanguinary persecution. Whig and Tory is all the same to us when Catholicity is to be proscribed; and although upwards of three hundred years have elapsed since you erected your gibbets against us, your heart is as unchanged in the career of religious rancor as in the first hour of its blood-stained existence. But the hour is come, sir, when the world will no longer permit your ruthless advance.

All nations seemed to be confederating and combining against the universal enemy of order and religion; and the voice of indignant mankind demands at this moment, in smothered revenge, the dissolution of your antagonistic empire. The name of the English cabinet is written in letters of fire in the history of Portugal and Spain during the late twenty-five years. Under pretext of aiding by your alliance those two kingdoms, you have, on the contrary, contributed to erect into a number of small and weak republics, their American dependencies.

You have, by your sole influence, changed your succession to the throne in those two countries. You have called into existence an English party there, which is the advocate of revolution in politics, and of stark naked infidelity in religion; you have demolished their mechanical machinery and ruined their commerce; and finally you have in both countries lent money, guaranteed war resources, on condition of being repaid from the confiscation of the universal Catholic Church property. You developed there your favorite policy, heretofore practised in ancient England and Ireland; and consequently in those two fine Catholic countries, there is at this moment only one convent standing, and hundreds of thousands of pounds sterling, which went to feed the hungry, and to clothe the naked, and support the orphan, and have been wrested from their ancient and consecrated objects, and have passed by England's stratagem, and state deceit, and relentless bigotry from the hand of charity to repay the services of the very executioners of those countries. In a word, turn over your entire history all over the world, and the same unbroken narrative exists in all your legislative conduct.

Ask India; ask Canada; ask America; ask Europe; ask universal mankind, and the most polished as well as the most savage nations, and all the world with one voice will exclaim that the annals of Roman tyranny furnish no parallel with the English persecution; and while all the nations of the earth have abandoned this odious policy of the present age, England alone has resumed her instruments of terror, and has alone whetted her national axe for renewed oppression.

But if a European war should unfold its crimson banners on your own shores, and threaten your national pre-eminence pray, sir, what do you think would be the result? In that hour you will have to meet, not only the foreign foe, but worse, you must conquer the millions in England who will no longer bear taxation in order to pay for your political plunder, and who will not surrender cheap bread, and cheap meat, and cheap clothing, and light, and cheap air, but with their lives. But you must not mistake me; I am no revolutionist or rebel; I inherit the dutiful loyalty which belongs to my profession with an unstained pre-eminence through all the countries.—No, sir, I am not a revolutionist; I am a pilot on board your state ships; I am clinging to the helm to "steer clear of the rocks," where your recklessness has placed her; and surely the captain must be mad not to thank me for saving the crew and the passengers. If, on to-morrow, the state was threatened, I would be found in the front of the battle, where my duty and the principles of my profession would place me; while you, in your hereditary treason to your ancient unfortunate kings, would be found to act the part of a true whig in the battle field, as you have already done in the senate; that is, to "desert your friends, and join the ranks of the enemy."

Being quite convinced, my lord, you cannot hold your place much longer than a few weeks, perhaps a few days, this is likely to be my only correspondence with you; and hoping that Ireland may never again behold five years of such political deceit and treachery as those which are just passed, I have the honor to be, my lord, your obedient servant,

D. W. CAHILL, D. D.

THE IRISH MISSIONARY.

(From the Nation.)

Well may Dr. Newman say that Ireland is "the centre of a world wide mission." Wherever the red flag of England waves in malty colony, or barbarous empire, under its scornful shadow the chalice of the Irish Priest is daily raised—wherever the Saxon tongue is spoken, the Celtic Missionary answers its impious scoff, with the words of his ancient faith. The political destiny of our race it is hard to read, God knows. Wherever the Irish go, a worse perse-

cution than befalls the Jew or the African, seems to await them. But wherever they go a great and a manifest religious mission goes with them too. They have re-edified the Catholic Church in England and Scotland. There is hardly a town now of any size on either side of the Tweed in which there is not a considerable and increasing Catholic congregation—of whom often nine in ten are of Irish birth or blood, and almost always the Priest an Irishman. The American Church is an Irish Church, too—Irish in Bishops, Priests, and People. So, also, the Australian. It will, perhaps, be the most memorable result of the Irish Famine, this permeating of the Saxon Protestant countries with so strong a Catholic element. Before that awful visitation, almost all the Catholicity that spoke English was cooped up within our four seas, and was on the perpetual defensive against Penal Laws and Pecuniary Proselytism. All this has changed; the Irish Emigration has been a crusade as well as an exodus. The Irish Papist carries his crucifix across ocean, and prairie, and digging—he is in every town and on every road, from London, from Sydney, from New York; and the Irish Priest is the worker of a mission greater than that which called his predecessors to convert the Goth and the Frank ten centuries ago. The wily Hindoo, the fierce Carib, the untameable Red Indian, the subtle Cingalese, the Kaffir, the Australian, the Yankee, the Scot, and the Saxon, await his ministry, and his congregation. No race has wrought such work for the Church in this age, nor, we believe, in any other.

Alma Mater of this enterprise which grasps the globe, the quiet College of All-Hallows sits amid its old oaks just over the smoke of Dublin, and few who pass its grave and decent portal think that, next to the Propaganda, this is the centre of the widest missions in the world. Every month in the year a young Irish Priest bends for the blessing of the Superior, bids his comrades good-bye, and goes forth with his breviary under his arm. He may have to traverse a hemisphere ere he reaches his destination, and a year hence you may find him, Heaven only knows where, with long beard, and fantastically rich vesture, reviving some decayed Jesuit chapel in central India—or amongst the clubs of the Red Indian, beyond the Rocky Mountain—or trying to harmonise the Negro, the Spaniard, and the Briton in some fair West Indian isle—or taming the cannibal of New Zealand—or united with the perpetually moving masses of Australian and American life—or blessing the burly French Canadian—or arguing in a Dutch *kraal* at the Cape—or consoling the Negro on an Alabama plantation—or, perhaps, in a less distant and a more laborious mission than any of these, he is among the heathen of St. Giles's. But under whatever sky, his heart is in Ireland; and wherever his altar is raised there is always a prayer for old All-Hallows.

And with these prayers are now beginning to come back an unexpected recompense; and the gold of California and Geelong begin to pour into a treasury which, with trifling means has, God only knows how, achieved such marvellous works. When Father Eugene O'Connell was leaving San Francisco last year, the inhabitants in testimony of his piety and goodness, presented him with a purse containing £250. Every penny of it went to All-Hallows. Father Charles Woods, a young missionary in Hobart Town, sent a collection of £280. From the gaoler and garrison of Norfolk Island, the two chaplains to that pandemonium gathered £50. This is only a beginning, we feel assured. As the years roll on we shall see from distant nations a splendid revenue swelling in support of the institutions which sends forth those who teach them, and see its own grateful subjects sustain it as no State endowment could.

We have read, with wonderful interest, the letters of those far-sundered Apostles. One writes on a slope of the Himalayas of the monument of an Irish Priest, and a little Convent of two Irish Nuns, which he has discovered there. The Italian Bishop of Port Victoria telling how two of his Priests, an O'Callaghan and O'Neill, have been disposed of, one by sickness, one by removal, piteously entreating for more Priests—"By the love of God, and all you hold most dear, have mercy on us." Father O'Callaghan tells of the monastery they are going to found, with a hope of teaching the Nomads of the Bush to live in one place, till the earth, and cover their nakedness. Father King writes from California, surrounded by "the children of St. Patrick," but about to start for the Rocky Mountains, on a visitation to the Flat-Head Indians. A letter comes from the first Convent of Nuns formed in Australia; after a hard struggle they have succeeded in their task. The next tells the death of an Irish missionary in Trinidad.

But we could not give even an abstract of all those interesting Irish *Letres Edifiantes*. They are nearly all addressed to Dr. Moriarty, the President of All-Hallows, until last year, under