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## LETTER OF THE REV. DR. CAHILL TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE LORD JOHN RUSSELL.

(From the Catholic Telegraph.)

House of Commons, July 7, 1856.

"Lord John Russell gave notice that on Friday or Monday he should move for the Correspondence arising from the Paris Conference, relative to the affairs of Italy."

Ennis, Co. Clare, July 9, 1856.

My Lord—On last Monday, twenty-eight years ago—in the year 1828—and on the seventh of July, too, was declared Member for Clare, at the far-famed Election, and after the memorable struggle in this county, the Emancipator of the Catholics of Ireland—Daniel O'Connell, of whom your Lordship was then a prominent supporter. It is a singular coincidence, if true, that on the same day of the month, and on the same day of the week, the Lord John Russell of 1828, the champion of Liberty, the advocate of Reform, the propounder of Toleration, should, in the same House of Commons, now stand forth the leader of persecution, the enemy of reform, and the implacable opponent of liberty of conscience. I am writing this letter within sight of the spot where the men of Clare, in a voice of triumph, accelerated and won the Emancipation of 1829; and while I reflect on the Russell of '28, and behold the Russell of '56, there can be no two pictures more opposed, or no two statesmen placed in more diametrical antagonism. You were, in those early days, amongst the most distinguished senators of Great Britain.— You are now, by universal consent, the most contemptible politician in Europe. The elevated position which you once attained has only served to render your ignominious descent more terrific, and your present degradation more palpable. You were once "the chief" in revolutionizing Italy, and Lord Palmerston was your subordinate; you have now shifted your respective places; and in order to recover your forfeited political name at Court, you now crawl in the path of the man whom you once hated as your rival, or despised as your tool.

So you now move for the papers of the Paris Conference in reference to Italy. Surely you know them all already: Count Cavour, your Swiss pupil, has sent you the results of the scheme which you yourself have long since sketched out for his adoption. In calling for the Correspondence, you do not intend to learn anything new: you are merely fanning the dying flame of Revolution in the Italian Peninsula; and so maintain your conspiracy against Catholicity, while you have yourself a spark of existence to keep alive the last glowing embers of your implacable hatred of the Catholic Faith. It is not true to say, that your bigotry commenced with the Durham letter in '51: you were a conspirator against the liberties and the creed of Catholic Europe since 1844. Austria, Hungary, France, Switzerland and Italy will long preserve the history of the mines which you and your confederates laid beneath the surface of these countries; and the failure of this wide-spread English scheme will ever act as a salutary warning against the future success of similar stratagems.— The Durham letter, by accident, developed the feeling which had been long before in calamitous action in Switzerland and Hungary; and the new Catholic English Hierarchy became the premature pretext of opening those floodgates of rabid fanaticism where an accumulated bigotry had been long prepared to be discharged, at a favorable opportunity, on the progressing and inoffensive creed of our country.— You have, Sir, been a concealed bigot since '44: you have been an open formidable foe since '51, up to the Conference of Vienna: and you are, since that time, doomed, during the remainder of your life, to be a Court- nuisance, a hanger-on at Downing street, a thirteenth guest at political dinners: and, like an old worn-out forgotten actor, who has descended through all grades of the stage till at length he is employed in snuffing the candles at the theatre, you are now heard as an underling making inquiry about Italy, the former scene of your lofty labors, but notorious intolerance. You are now, beyond all doubt snuffing the candles for Sardinia, where you once played to crowded houses "the future tragedy of Lombardy," and where you were listened to with breathless emotion by an Austrian army and Radetzky at their head.

I have frequently taken leave to give her Majesty heretofore, an advice, in reference to you and Lord Palmerston: and the result always proved the accuracy of my remonstrances against you both. In the present instance then I counsel her Most Gracious Majesty to dispense altogether with your services in reference to Italy: and I do most emphatically declare, that unless Lord Palmerston be removed from his position as Prime Minister, he will cause, what I denominate an embroilment, in the European Continent, which may very soon shake the foundation of the English throne. Time will tell: Lord Palmerston may have been a very fit agent during the Cri-

mean war, to overcome by his reckless character the stolidity of all the old gouty officials; and, by his known unscrupulous vigor, to keep the Horseguards awake to the wants of the army. But now that the war is terminated, he is, of all men living, the most unsuited, and inappropriate person in these countries, to hold supreme power, and official intercourse, with Catholic Europe. He can no more exist on peaceful level ground, than a bean can live without a pole to climb: place him where you will, he must still climb higher; and unless removed very soon from his present position, the next place he will be heard of will be on his pole, on the top of the Alps, encouraging the Sardinians, as he did before, to meet one hundred thousand clad in armor to the teeth, who are prepared to revenge, when necessary, the blasphemy and spoliation of Count Cavour (the pupil of your Lordship) in the blood of his countrymen.

Within the last eighteen months I have followed your Lordship through several places in England, where you have delivered lectures: these lectures generally, have for their object the ignorance of the Church of Rome: the propagation of the Protestant Bible: the resistance of the Catholic Priesthood to the diffusion of the Scriptures: with some occasional remarks of the deficiency of Catholic Agriculture, &c. How you have so completely transferred yourself into an Irish Souper is, I must own, a matter of utter astonishment to me: and how you have so entirely inverted your intellect, as to utter the grossest historical falsehoods, produces in my mind something like the picture which Milton had before him, when he painted the fall of Satan, his change of mind, his deranged conscience, and his hideous looks.

My lord! you cannot walk through the halls, the libraries, the chapels, the corridors of your Universities, without reading on the books, the paintings, the sculpture, on the very ceilings and walls, the refutation of every word you have spoken on this subject. What you have added to the old learning of England since the reign of Elizabeth, is like a modern parasite, living, growing, amongst the old luxuriant branches of Catholic literature: planting the trunk, we encouraged the branches: we filled Europe and the world with the tree, and the fruit of knowledge. Before your Protestant name was heard of, or your piebald genealogy known, we spread literature, the liberal arts, constitutional laws, philosophy, and science from the rising to the setting sun; and after this, to hear a swaddling Souper-Protestant English ex-statesman assert, in the face of all history, that the Church of the Reformation has added light to our literature, is something like the ludicrous story in Gulliver's travels, where an official Lilliputian, two inches in height, falls on his face before the King of Lilliput (four inches high) and crying out at the top of his voice, salutes the king, in the words, "light of the universe," "giant of creation," "thunderbolt of the skies," "wonder of time and eternity!" The modern twaddle about the learning of Protestantism, is of all their other lies the most sickening fabrication in their manufactory of falsehood. No, my lord, examine the records of Catholic England, and of all Catholic countries; end every page of their history presents one unbroken detail of finished constitutional law, extended literature, flourishing arts, and true liberty: and study the press of all the Catholic countries, read the debates in their Senates, listen to their Courts of Jurisprudence, attend the Sermons in their Pulpits, and I undertake to say, you will not hear, on all these points, throughout the entire earth, in one year, anything to offend, like the lying statements, the social persecutions, the brutal bigotry, which are discharged in one day in any of the Protestant cities or towns of Great Britain and Ireland.

Your lordship, by your political conduct, your anti-Catholic votes, and your Souper lectures, are leading the way back to former persecution, and reversing, as far as you can, the Act of Emancipation, which you originally supported.

The English Parliament granted £30,000 to make Catholic priests: and now, because we are Catholic Priests, they propose rescinding the Grant.

They enabled us to build places of public worship, and they gave us leave to pray to God in our own fashion, after they had seized all our old churches: and now when we do pray, and teach our people to pray, they meet our children in the streets, enter our houses, and bribe, and seduce, and actually force our deserted poor to abandon us, to take their hated creed: and when we resist they drag us to police-offices, send our advocates to prison, and by fine and confinement they harass us from all quarters.

They passed a law to enable us to vote at elections; and now when we do vote on our oaths for the man of our choice, they attack the poor tenant, distract him, pursue him, eject him, expel him, drive him into the poor-house, or expatriate and kill him.

They have laws, on parchment, which they parade before foreign nations; these laws are said to grant

liberty of conscience: and yet because we are Catholics we are excluded, by a silent combination, from all place in the State, except in a few cases of clap-net to deceive the public.

They tell all mankind abroad that Catholicity is tolerated in England: and yet every man who takes office under these toleration-laws (!) swears that we are idolaters, that our worship is damnable and our creed a lie!

A system of deceptiveness, of treachery, of perfidy, persecution, bigotry, national discord, was inaugurated in these countries on the day you wrote your Durham letter: Prince Albert endorsed the national bill of bigotry on the day he made his famous speech on the "needy children of the clergy:" the bishops have united to give force to these views: the bench, the bar, the magistracy, the landlords, the employers, the press, the ladies, the bazaar, have all lent their assistance: and with all Protestant England and Ireland united in one effort, for one object, and having a yearly fund of fourteen millions sterling, the wonder is how we have been able to possess an acre of land, or claim one constitutional privilege, or maintain one article of our ancient faith, in the face of a combination of power, talent, and money, such as beyond all doubt has never before been set to work in this country for the extinction of our liberties, the annihilation of our creed, and the expulsion of our people.

We have no weapon to oppose to this formidable attack, except the fidelity of our countrymen, their hatred of our tyrants, their abhorrence of employing bribery and force in religion: their hope in the sympathy of all civilised men: their reliance on the God of justice; and their belief that the cup of England's crimes is full, and must soon receive a visible chastisement for her relentless cruelties to Ireland. Amongst the many who have added in heaping misfortune on Ireland no one has contributed a larger share than you: your unexpected bigotry has enkindled a flame which still consumes us; you have filled our cabins with woe, and you have spread mourning through our villages. You have made Ireland a universal church-yard or poorhouse: you have banished tens of thousands from the homes of their fathers: and the cry of the widow and the orphan is the wild expression which is coupled with your name in our ill-fated country. No one in your early career has done more for our liberties and toleration: no man has ever, in your declining years, inflicted such incurable wounds on our religion, our race, and our country. History will place you in opposition to yourself; you will fill two opposing scales in weighing your political character; and the impartial chronicler of Lord John Russell must confess that the weight of his late sins against liberty far—and far and away—preponderates over the amount of the virtues of his early toleration.

I have the honor to be, my lord,  
Your Excellency's obedient servant,  
D. W. CAHILL, D.D.

## THE ENGLISH PRESS AND ITALY.

(From the Catholic Telegraph.)

The English journals, one and all, seem running fairly wild in their impatience to conclude an alliance offensive and defensive, with Messrs. Mazzini & Co., in Italy.

The Morning Advertiser, for instance, affecting to be astounded at what it terms the indecision of Government in the Italian question, says:—

"Considering the importance of the subject, it is surely one of the most extraordinary indications of the indecision of our policy, that, though the Sardinian notes have been so long before Government, and though the question of Italian reform has so largely occupied the public mind, all the efforts that have been made in that direction have failed to elicit from her Majesty's Ministers an explicit declaration of their views with reference to it."

May we ask the Advertiser why it never expressed such wonderment when, day after day, and year after year, each successive Government turned a deaf ear to the representatives of Ireland, when they described their country's wretchedness and misery? How is it that the Advertiser was silent when it had to record the sneering tone in which Ireland's demands for justice were answered? Why did it not notice the listlessness, impatience, and downright aversion with which questions affecting this country are met by the "beggarly account of empty benches" that occasionally condescends to remain in the House when they are brought forward?

Surely every one knows it has become next to a habit in both Houses—a plague on them—to laugh, gibe, and clamor down the luckless Milesian member who ventures on the futile task of seeking the absolutely necessary reforms in the administration of his country's affairs. But Italy, between which and England there lie empires really and naturally interested in her weal or woe—Italy, with which England stands in no conceivable relation, should, as the Advertiser insists, "occupy the immediate and earnest attention of Government:" whilst Ireland, which she

professes to regard as an integral portion of her dominions, is alternately neglected, contemned, or oppressed, as best suits the purpose of the moment.— Liberate Italy, and keep Ireland in a state of vassalage! Secularize the government of the Legations and centralize Irish government in the British bureaucracy. But send bibles, tracts, and Scripture-mongers to both, and wherever you can, by means of sceptics, socialists, and soupers. *Coute qu'il coute*, manufacture Protestants as you manufacture everything else. If, however, all other arts fail—if the "drum ecclesiastic" be not listened to—carry your point *vi et armis*—the ships that durst not face the bristling cannon of Fort Constantine or Cronstadt could ride triumphant in the Neapolitan Bay.

"We need not explain (continues the Advertiser) that however glorious was the part which the French played in the great drama (the late war) they played it as soldiers, not as freemen."

Passing over this ill-timed and ungracious allusion to the power that saved England from utter ignominy in the "great drama," let us ask whether the Advertiser considers the Irish, who constitute at least one-third of the British army, as freemen? Sardinia furnished a paltry contingent of 15,000 men to the war, and in return "France and England," says the Advertiser, "are equally pledged by the aid they have received from Sardinia to assist that gallant power in its crusade against Austria, and its noble endeavors to erect the standard of Italian nationality and independence." Italian fiddlsticks, say we!— And who, pray, is to assist Ireland in erecting its standard of national independence? Why, the Mail would cast its dark shadow over our Sun, and eclipse it, if we said France or Austria would be far more justified in aiding Ireland for such a purpose than England would be warranted in arming Sardinia against the sovereigns of the Roman and Neapolitan States. What wrong have these States inflicted on Sardinia? None; nor do they, from anything we can learn, meditate any. The very reverse is the state of the case. It is this same bepraised Sardinia, aided by the English emissaries of revolutionary incendiarism, that is spreading discontent, exciting sedition, and disseminating the germs of rebellion throughout the entire Italian peninsula.

After calling on Lord Palmerston to bestir himself, the Advertiser remarks further that—

"The world looks to England for the support of liberal principles wherever they show themselves; and that consequently Government should be prepared to state what it has done, what it has advised, and what it is prepared to do."

All this is much easier said than done. Lord Palmerston would, no doubt, be prepared to advise, and do a vast deal in the matter, if he were permitted. A little demonstration of this kind would be worth an immensity just before a general election, or at any time, in fact. It would bring all the fanatics of the country in crowds to his side; but then it is awkward to reckon without one's host. There is not, we venture to aver, a single Continental power that would permit England to interfere in the affairs of Italy, (further than by a mere interchange of "polite notes.")

But what *casus belli* has England with Italy, unless she contrives, by her intrigues, to create one?— Not one. Of the Protestant States there is none, save Prussia, whose military resources are worthy of notice. But even Prussia could not again imperil her existence by standing singlebanded against the powerful empires that surround her on every side. But Lord Palmerston and his colleagues know all this well, and hence although their wish may be father to the thought of driving the Pope from his domains, and enriching their new *protege*, Sardinia, with a goodly portion of them, the project cannot be executed, and poor Count Cavour's memorial must fall to the ground, sharing the fate of memorials in general. The Press, too, may rave, fume, and fret, but the thing cannot be helped. Italy is not like Ireland, unprotected, nor can it be so easily assailed, either in or out of Parliament, by the advocates of intolerance, bigotry, and pseudo-liberalism.

## ENGLISH GUARDS, AND SCOTCH AND IRISH SOLDIERS.

(From the Northern Times.)

The Guards have been received, on their return to London, with feasting and with triumph, rejoicings and reward, while Irish regiments are driven into revolt by unjust and unfeeling treatment, and are left to slaughter each other as a sacrifice to military discipline. This is the account given in the face of Parliament, and in the presence and silence of the Minister of the Crown, regarding the late disastrous revolt of the militia in Ireland. Promised what they did not receive, they were disbanded without any adequate provision for their necessity, and provoked into mutiny by absolute distress. They were ordered to depart, without clothing and without money to