



# CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

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## TO THE CATHOLICS OF IRELAND.

**BELOVED FELLOW-COUNTRYMEN**—Many causes had induced me, during the last month, to write to you a series of letters on the present menacing attitude of persecution which England has assumed towards the Catholics of Ireland. I waited, however, for the result of the second reading of the threatened penal bill, in the vain hope that ministers would relent their wanton insult to us, and quash an enactment conceived in religious malignity, argued in brutal calumny, and, I may say, passed on last Tuesday in ferocious triumph. There can be, therefore, no longer any doubt on the mind of the most moderate Catholic, that the present cabinet and their numerous followers, in and out of the House of Commons, are the most deadly enemies of our faith, and the most reckless persecutors of our religious liberties. I assure you I was not so much aggrieved by the *conditions* of the penal bill, as by the disgraceful and insulting language which poured from the lips of the various English members as they opened, with savage joy, what they fancied the old sores of the Catholic Church through past ages and nations: like the Thames carrying away the filthy discharge of all the sewers of London, the House of Commons, since the 5th of February, has been the great channel through which has passed the collected foul intolerance and brutal bigotry of the English parliament. The history of legislation throughout the civilised world does not furnish a similar instance of the mis-statement, the falsehood, the calumny, the rabid violence with which the debate was conducted; and in speaking of Catholics (we who had not been guilty of even the *intention* of giving the slightest offence) we have been branded as idolaters, perjurers, rebels, assassins; and our ancestors, our country, our race, our faith, and our whole character have been held up (during seven weeks of execrating debate) as a target to be transfixed by the national hatred, and the deadly, unappeasable enmity of England to our religion and our country. They did not even confine their extravagant rage to the living—they exhumed the dead—they tore open the graves of our forefathers, and held up their martyred bones to senatorial contumely. They ransacked the churchyards of the continent, through all ages, to dig up some fossil-slander as a specimen of scientific calumny; and the world wide has never seen a case to stand in a parallel with the fact, that the Lords and Commons of free England—the bar and the faculty of independent England—the bishops and the clergy of England, renowned for liberty of conscience—the nobility and the scum of the English rabble—all united during a parliamentary carnival of six weeks, and vied with each other, from the Lord Chancellor down to the member for Surrey, in the performance of every extravagant antic, which could ridicule the Catholic Church, and expose its ministers and followers to public scorn and persecution. But the day may not be far distant when England may learn the bitter lesson, that no doctrine of the Catholic Church can be half so fatal as English bigotry—that the Anglican Establishment is far, far-away more destructive to England's weal than the Catholic Hierarchy—and that the prime minister who has the consent of the throne to publish insult to one-third of the empire, sends forth an official document more injurious to England than any Bull that ever emanated from the authority of the Vatican.

We have most certainly been harshly dealt with by the present cabinet; but we must not tamely submit to injustice and insult from whatever quarter it proceeds. If they should persevere in their unchristian persecution, and finally procure the royal assent to the penal bill, we must endeavor to defeat the practical effects of the measure. We can vest any money left for charitable purposes in American securities, and rely on American laws for the justice which we are denied at home—our ancestors have done this heretofore in Belgium, France, Italy, Spain, and Portugal; we can do the same in America, and we shall let the free men of America see that we are groaning under the same tyranny which they once felt, till, by a simultaneous effort, they drove their tyrants for ever from their free shores. And I do believe, that for every pound which we may be compelled to send to America, we shall receive the same amount from the sympathy and the generosity of our countrymen there, who know and feel our insults and our miseries. There can be no doubt if parliament persevere in robbing the poor by the clauses of their bill, we have a remedy in petitioning America to come to our assistance; and by telling them that old rack-rents are not active enough in Ireland to lay the country waste—that extermination is not considered speedy enough for the annihilation of the people—that the poorhouses are not deemed sufficiently summary in their extinction of the Irish—that disease, destitution, and cholera, are not agents sufficiently mortal in the extirpation of the Irish population—no, no, and that the British parliament therefore intend to send a

constable to stand at the chapel gates on Sundays, and to appoint an official to watch the dying bed of the rich sinner, to stop the hand of charity from giving a farthing or a crumb of bread to the starving poor of Ireland, and that they are resolved to threaten with fine or imprisonment any Catholic pastor of the abandoned poor who will dare to fulfil the command of the King of Heaven against the laws of the Queen of England; or who will attempt to interpret Saint Paul contrary to the inspiration of Lord John Russell. We shall publish these laws of Lord John Russell through the length and breadth of America, and I am sure that the few Irish poor who may survive the calamities of English law and the cholera, may receive some relief in their distresses from our happier countrymen on the other side of the friendly Atlantic.

Be no way apprehensive about that part of the bill which menaces a fine or imprisonment on the Bishops who would sign their names with a territorial title of Great Britain. I tell you, and you know it as well as I do, that it would take the entire British army to enforce that fine in Ireland. Of course that fine should be enforced either by seizure of goods, or by arrest and imprisonment; and do you think any one man could be found in Ireland to purchase any article set up for sale at the government auction of the Bishop's furniture? There is not amongst the veriest wretches in the country one individual who would be base enough to buy even the Bishop's walkingstick; it would be called "The Drummond Sale," and not one man, and certainly not an Irish-woman, who would not brand both the Drummond auctioneer and the Drummond purchaser as a disgrace to human nature, and a libel on the name and character of man. And secondly, with regard to arrest and imprisonment, I say that the attempt would not only require the presence of an army, but it might endanger the stability of the British throne. I should like to see the prime minister who would dare to drag certain Bishops whom I know from their residences to the county prison. In the first place, every £100 so raised would cost them £10,000; it would cost the country the loss of internal peace, and it might in the end (if often repeated) cost the Queen her crown. Depend upon it that the Catholic Bishops can write ten cities after their names if they please; and that no government, in the present state of Europe, will be so stupid as to enlist and pay an army, and oppose ten millions of subjects at home, and three hundred millions of Catholics abroad, in order to expunge a few letters from the end of the harmless signature of a loyal Catholic Prelate.

But, if we are firm and united, even the present bill may be abandoned altogether before the end of the session. Lord John Russell has obtained his majority, and has triumphed over us in his petty spite and bigotry. He cannot be more degraded in the eyes of the world than he is at present—a rebuked, discarded servant—a religious persecutor—the historical companion of Somerset, Cecil, and Wentworth—the imitator of Gordon—the principal actor in the melodrama exhibition of Guy Fawkes—the hero of Putney—the defamer of the Catholic priesthood—and the applauder of the obscene Drummond. If trained to arms, he would rival Oliver Cromwell; if educated for the bar, he would rank with Jeffreys; if intended for diplomacy, he might surpass Minto; but in the senate-house there is no one to whom I can compare him, except to himself; and hence, as a statesman, "he is his own parallel." In a word, and in order to perfectly express my sentiment of the senatorial English character of this Irish and Catholic persecutor—this withered sprig of the 16th century—this impotent Walsingham—he is the transcendental elaborated *beau idéal* of a Whig. What a melancholy reflection to see the most powerful nation in the world, and claiming the highest place for wisdom, and toleration, and general liberty, spend six weeks of the public time in a controversy which would be deemed disgraceful in any other country in Europe—to behold our people exterminated, banished, starved—to hear our rulers insult the living and dishonor the dead—to witness the legislator in his high place sowing discord and national intolerance over the red graves of the murdered Irish—whereas, if he expended half the labor of bigotry in the work of peace—if he cemented the whole people, by impartial law, into one family—if he encouraged industry, assisted commerce, and gave the national mind a bent to national prosperity—if he worked our coal mines, extracted our mineral wealth, or brought the fisheries within the profitable reach of the poor boatman along our coasts—if he even helped the persecuted to emigrate—if he employed a ship for the virtuous as he does for the so-called Irish convict—if he gave the same encouragement to virtue which he does to vice—if he did any one thing like a Christian man, and a wise legislator, the old wounds of our country might begin to heal, in place of seeing her as she is now, bleeding from every pore, and fainting on the ground beneath

the cruel lash of decidedly the most iniquitous cabinet that ever ruled the destinies of England.

But while we reprobate the present cabinet, and the fury of its extravagant supporters, we are not ungrateful for the kindness, the honors, and the extended toleration which we have received at the hands of other administrations. For instance, I am anxious to express my gratitude for the liberal, honest, and unsuspected grant to Maynooth: the spirit in which that grant was given, does honor to the illustrious statesman who planned and executed it. In the world there are no men more grateful than the Irish for acts of justice; and hence we may understand the excess of their acknowledgments for *kindness and favors*. I happen to be amongst those who are grateful for the grant to our national education; and I can never forget the enlarged, the liberal, the most benevolent contributions sent from the English to our starving poor during the desolating famine and the terrible visitations of the last four years. I do recollect these friendly and liberal demonstrations with the sincerest feelings of gratitude; but if it be intended that we shall be like dogs in a kennel, to bear the whip and not to bark *while we are fed*—if it be considered that an ounce of pudding can silence our complaints under our manifold grievances—if the state coachman suppose that gold lace and state livery will make us silently endure the state lash—and if the Russells of England imagine that we can sell the Cross for porridge, and barter the chalice for a royal salute; we shall fling their grants and their state patronage in scorn in their teeth; and, as our fathers in the Church did of old, we shall travel on foot, with our vestments on our backs, and beg our bread from door to door, sooner than dishonor our ecclesiastical ancestors, degrade our national name, or bear the Anglican deceit to weave one shred of golden English tinsel through the simple and spotless ornaments of our ancient altars. Fellow-countrymen, we will defeat all their machinations, or we shall and will die in the struggle. We have feelings of gratitude for kindness, but we have feelings of anger for insult. We remember kindness, but neither can we ever forget injury. We shall fight for our Sovereign, but we can die for our faith—in one word, we will not endure the insult put upon us, if our opposition were to deprive us of every privilege which the wise toleration of past years has conceded to the national will. We are prepared to go back again to the bogs and caves of Ireland, and we will prefer to clothe our trembling faith in Irish rags, and adore God on the wild rocks of our country, sooner than raise the Cross under Lutheran colors, ornament the altar in English drapery, or lift the consecrated chalice to the polluted lips of an "anointed" slave.—Fellow-countrymen, there is a spirit in Ireland of which Russell little dreams—we shall call, and it will awake—and, in the strength of a young giant, we shall stand together, brother to brother, in defence of virtue, justice, and honor. We may not conquer England at home, but we will subdue her abroad; ten millions of discontented subjects in the heart of her towns and cities will encourage foreign diplomacy to stand in haughty defiance against a kingdom merced with internal discontent; and our combination, if well managed, will compel her to yield to our just demands sooner than hazard her honor or her commercial interests to be despised or trifled with in rival foreign courts. Give me an association of five hundred thousand young men, and I tell you we may laugh the penal laws of England to scorn. We shall assemble twice a year *simultaneously*, viz. the 24th June and the 24th November. We shall meet in each parish, but make no speeches; we shall count our numbers, give three cheers for Ireland, and go silently home. There is no law against shouting; the Attorney-General cannot file an *ex officio* against shouting; and, I tell you, continue to do this simple thing of meeting in our strength, England never will or never can eventually insult or enslave us.

In the event of this bill passing the House of Lords, I shall ask the signatures of half a million of young Irishmen; and we shall have this petition of the bravest army in the world presented to the Queen; and I tell you now, and believe me, she will never give the royal assent to this monstrous insult to every Catholic subject in her empire. I am sure I shall get up my petition, and that there is not a hearty young Irishman who would not spill his blood as soon as sign his name.

This society shall not be called either the Old or the Young Ireland Association; it shall be designated "The Loyal Catholic Religious Association;" it shall embrace England and Ireland; and believe me five hundred thousand young hearty Irishmen in Ireland, and at least one hundred thousand in England, giving to each other twice a-year the single pledge of courage and attachment to their faith, will prevent for ever a repetition of the late most disgraceful parliamentary conduct to our religion.

I tell you it is come to this with us, and we must take our stand and live or die, or strike down the nefarious machinations at present in preparation for us. I hate boasting, and braggadocio, and bullying; but, before avenging Heaven, I would rather die in the field or on the scaffold than bear the present burning brand of England's triumphant scorn.

This letter is only *preliminary* to a series of letters, which I have decided on writing to you, in reference to the conduct of England throughout the continent of Europe during the late disastrous revolutions. I shall prove from incontestible documents that she has used in every instance (where she could do it) her influence to damage the Catholic Church, to overturn the various establishments of *Catholic education*, and to promote disunion and disorder in no less than five European governments, in order to uproot, or enfeeble the Catholic religion. I shall demonstrate that the present cabinet has openly and avowedly supported the infidel attack on the Catholics of Switzerland—that their ambassadors and envoys had official instructions to lend themselves, in every ostensible way to the infidel movement; and I shall place "despatches" before you, which will establish, *beyond all doubt*, the iniquity of the present cabinet, in fomenting the insurrections of Switzerland, Lombardy, Italy, and Naples.—I shall present to you the despatches of Lord Palmerston to his officials at Berne, Turin, Berlin, Vienna, Rome, Naples, and Paris; and I shall lay before you the answers of these functionaries, in documents so clear and satisfactory, that you will see the whole force of English diplomacy—firstly employed to produce revolution in every European state, and secondly to throw the whole weight of her power and her influence in overturning the Catholic Church. Through the kindness of a distinguished friend, I hold the despatches of Peel, Canning, Howard, Abercrombie, Minto, Metternich, Guizot, Cortiz, and Palmerston. I shall produce these documents *verbatim*, with the date, and the date, and all the circumstances of their officiality. And I undertake to develop a conspiracy such as has never before happened in the world, and such as has never been heretofore concocted and matured against the total extirpation of Catholicity in Europe—the sole undivided conspiracy of the present British cabinet.

The conduct of Lord Palmerston under his chief, Lord John Russell, has been so ill-disguised through his officials, that there is not a *court in Europe* to which he has not given offence for his *political* deceit and *revolutionary* stratagems; and there is not, therefore, a nation in Europe at this moment that does not bear a deep-rooted grudge to England, and not a nation which would not expend men and money in abundance in taking revenge of England if the occasion presented itself. Believe the fact, that at this moment she is viewed with suspicion, hatred, and revenge by universal Europe; and if any circumstance should turn up to give her a national check, all Europe would universally celebrate the jubilee of her downfall; and would, like vultures above the dead tiger, clap their wings in triumph over the dead body of this ferocious and blood-thirsty nation. With enemies from without, and enemies from within, if we are true to our determined opposition, we shall soon compel the Russells of the senate-house to seek other work, than burning the Blessed Virgin—*prælo pudor!*—making laws in the face of Europe and the world, like the Russian brute, to enter the cloister of timid nuns; and, oh shame! oh shame! oh Englishmen! to indecently inspect the private closet of unprotected ladies! But if Irishmen submit to this indignity, the iron of slavery should pierce their souls for ever—if they submit their shoulders to this ignominious yoke, and permit an official insult on their sisters and daughters, they deserve the death of the coward slave; and on the first time when the filthy English official shall execute his dirty work of visiting the rooms of our consecrated virgins, we shall deem it a crime against God and liberty not to rise up as one man from our valleys and our mountains, and strike our brutal enemies to the earth, or die in the honorable struggle against the infamous tyranny.

Amongst the numerous officials, who have been the tools of Lord Palmerston in his European conspiracy, *not one* has evinced the low bigotry, the ill-bred intolerance, or the *currish* hatred against Catholicity, as the present Sir Robert Peel, the late envoy in Switzerland, and the late maiden speaker on Popery and "mummery" in the House of Commons. Alas! alas! *hæud passibus æquis*. I shall give you, from the original French, the character given this gentleman (while at Berne) by a French barrister, and a disinterested eye-witness of the demeanor and the official carriage of this diplomatic *petit maître* in his intercourse with the infidel gangs of the "free corps"—that is, the gangs who made war against the Catholics, expelled the religious orders, maligning the illustrious Jesuits, tore down the churches, plundered