

death to all the poor—what matters it what names one gives it if it depopulates Ireland, and paralyses the whole material energies of the nation.

When Cromwell kicked the Commons out of the Senate House, beleaguered Charles, cannonaded Ireland, butchered the women of Wexford and the children of Drogheda, his public declaration, "that all was one for the glory of God," did not render the cannon and the sword less terrible; this sentiment, on the contrary, adds fresh horrors to these atrocities, as it claims, in the name of God, honor for humanity, and commits crime, as an act of virtue, without repentance or shame. It is perjurious assertion to call Biblicalism in Ireland a mere religious question. No, it means everything and anything but religion. It means land, it means capital, it means employment, place, position; it means a house, existence, recognition in the streets; it means the life and death of the poor; nor has this Biblical preaching and Biblical scheme any other meaning affixed to it by the universal burning decision of the country. Every newspaper one reads during the last seven years we see the workings of this persecuting Biblicalism. At one time a noble Biblical determines to clear off his land the Popish vermin, and in his Biblical mercy he shovels them out, as it may happen, in the frosty night of December. Alas! the remaining story is easily told—the poor wretches soon found a home in the friendly grave. A second holy Biblical decides on ejecting the Popish Faith in the sweet breath of smiling summer, and sends away the forlorn wretches to crowd the cellars and the garrets of the towns and villages, generate the burning typhus, and join their winter companions in their shroudless coffins during the golden departure of the calm sun, and thus they have the pleasure of dying and being buried by Biblical mercy, while the thrush and the blackbird chant their funeral songs over their red forgotten graves.

Again, we see announced in the papers, amongst the news from Ireland, that a ship, freighted with the living Irish poor, sailed from an Irish port in the depth of the stormy winter; and in a few days the melancholy news arrives that during the rage of the tempest the hatches were nailed down, and that the poor victims of the Bible perished without relief during the terrors of the night. At another time, a vessel leaves Liverpool, with the ragged emigrants of Great Britain on board; and after several days of incredible sufferings we are told that they are all landed safe, from the foundered ship (not at the port of their destination) on an American island, where nine out of ten die of fatigue, hardship, hunger, despair, and sickness, far, far from home, the unpitied objects of Biblical persecution. At another time we read of an Irish emigrant vessel having struck on a rock in a storm, having lost her way and all on board having perished, with the exception of a mere few who clung to the rigging or swam to the shore, amongst whom was one poor Irishwoman with her two children, one a little fellow two years old, tied on her back with a shawl, the other a baby, six months old, clasped to her heart with one hand, while with the other she firmly held a spar that kept the noble-hearted poor mother afloat, riding on the giant-back of the sea with her helpless little children, and carried to the shore by the foaming and friendly billow. These statements have appeared every week, every day, in the sad records of Irish calamities and national woes; they could be multiplied into thousands and thousands of instances of despair and distress, such as no nation in the world have ever before endured.

Nothing so common, no news so constant, as reading of Irish emigrant ships sailing from our ports with hundreds of poor Irish on board, and then, in months afterwards, hearing that she had never arrived at her destined port, but that her masts and rigging were seen floating with her name and some scattered spars on a foreign coast, every soul on board having perished.

O Prince! the famine has been terrible, when whole families were found dead at their fireside from very hunger; the pestilence was terrific, when the bodies of the poor Irish were left unburied for days—in some cases devoured by the dogs—when the stoutest heart was afraid to cross by the path of the dead. But the Biblical persecution has embodied in its emaciating, crushing form, all the horrors of all the other scourges of God, and has made Protestantism in Ireland to be the signal of vengeance, and the combined concentrated expression of all the curses and all the woes of our ill-fated country. Prince, I am stating facts which I have transcribed from the newspapers and copied, not on paper, but on the indelible undying memories of my heart. And at this moment, at the end of seven years' flight from this Irish Biblicalism, the poor who still remain behind are collecting their scanty earnings, and waiting for the remittances from their friends, to quit a country where the Gospel, they say, is preached by the same Devil in the mountains of Connemara and Clifden who quoted the same Bible heretofore on a high mountain to tempt Our Lord, and where the name of Christ is made a password—not of mercy, but of vengeance. The public ways are crowded, and the emigrant vessels are still filled with the Irish flying from this land of terror, and seeking a home so far from England's laws as human civilisation can carry them. And each man carries with him to his new country the deep, the burning, the insatiable hatred of England; and he will teach it to his offspring, and it will grow with their growth and spread with their numbers, and ripen with their power—and it will yet raise an avenging host in the Far West, which will, in coming time, return to England scourge for scourge for centuries of wrong, and for this long, cruel mockery of the rights of man and the laws of God. Wherever they are placed along the noble valleys of their new country they still turn to their suffering friends at home; and, as the day star rises over Ireland, these

scattered and wandering children, like the captive Jews of old, turn towards their beloved Irish altars, and with a loud cry, which is heard from pole to pole, which nearly encircles the globe, and in their bitter, wild, mournful, fervid agony, they utter this united cry to the God of mankind for mercy and protection, and with uplifted hands, they appeal to the eternal cause of injured justice for future revenge.

Yes, great Prince, there is the rub; there is future work for England along with her other work. I believe it is true that she has never yet made one friendly colony—and all from the insane effort of Protestantising the whole world. America will yet teach her a lesson for her past mad career. There is growing power and overgrown vengeance to England. I utter these words in sorrow, not in joy. I paint this subject in painful conviction, not in wished anticipation. No, I could love England, if she would only do justice to the administration of law in Ireland. I like her noble people, her honesty, her truth, her arts, her science, her commerce, her civilisation. I am no rebel or revolutionist; but I hate tyranny, I abhor injustice, I detest bigotry, and I love my poor, persecuted country. England has been a cruel mistress, making through ages the fatal mistake which no time can cure, trying to Protestantise Ireland, and to preach a thing called the Gospel, but which in reality, is the grossest imposture ever practised on the credulity of mankind, substituting falsehood, and lies, and immorality, and vengeance, and exile, and death, for the merciful laws of Christ, and the eternal charities of God. America and France will yet, in the secrets of a just Providence, be made the scourge of this iniquity. Britannia, now the ruler of the seas, may well address the old genius of her empire, in reference to the future Irish American power, as Juno once bespoke the ancient god of storms to destroy Æneas, and his wandering followers, as the pious hero and his faithful countrymen were proceeding in quest of new settlements, and to found the boundless empire of ancient Rome.

Missa, mihi causas memora, quo numine laeso Quivoc dolens, regina, Deum, tot volvere casus, Insignem, pietate, virum, tot adire labores Impulit. Tantæ animis caelestibus iræ.

Progeniem sed enim Trojano a sanguine duci Audierat ilias, olim que verteret arces; Hinc populam late regem belloque superbam Venturum excidit Libyæ.

But the problem of the iniquitous working of Biblicalism in this country is solved at a glance, when we examine the training of the Clergy at the Protestant universities. When one reads Lord Shaftesbury's report on the morality and the professional education of the Protestant Clergy of this country at Oxford and Cambridge, mingled feelings of indignation and contempt fill the bosom, when we see a class of men let loose on society, under the name of teachers of Christianity, whose loose character and total ignorance of their profession must necessarily eventuate in the infidelity and demoralisation of the community subjected to their control. Eleven fellows, on their oaths, and all Clergymen, have made statements, which I have read, and which are too shocking to be told in the illustrious presence of your Royal Highness. One fellow swears, that for miles round the university it is one continuous den of infamy, where gambling, drunkenness, and crime are the daily practices of the students; where their physical energies are weakened or destroyed; where their mental faculties are prostrated, and where the whole moral character is obliterated. The oaths of other fellows go to prove that one of the most disastrous evils of the university is, that the divinity students have no class of theology, no divinity course; and hence the idleness and want of occupation in this department is the abundant source of the disastrous immoralities and scandalous character of the Clerical aspirants. Can your Royal Highness wonder if men of this stamp and character (which is a recorded and undisputed fact) have rendered the profession of religion in England a mere mockery; have enkindled indifference or infidelity in all classes of the community; have driven all the reasoning portion of their congregations from their pulpits; have made a desert of their churches, and converted God's Gospel into a mere human traffic in the mouths of men, who have learned in college the science of iniquity and not of grace; and who stand before the public in maturer years the accredited libellers of virtue, the apostles of religious rancor, and the professors of national discord? The history of the world affords no instance of such monstrous incongruity as to preach charity while laden with the plunder of the poor, to publish the love of God by promoting universal hatred, to make Christians by acts of infamy, and to convert the cross of Christ, the symbol of redemption, into a hostile standard, to mark the enemy's ranks, and to be followed in the name of God as the signal of vengeance.

I have no wish whatever to utter one word of disrespect towards the Protestant Clergy, many individuals amongst them being men of learning and distinguished virtue. I am drawing my opinions of them as a class from sworn documents of their friends which, of course, admit of no contradiction, and which give the reasons to perfect demonstration why Protestantism has failed as a religion—why the public confidence has been withdrawn from its Ministers why its ritual is split up into hundreds of varying hostile sectaries—and why naked, avowed infidelity is openly taught and professed at the very doors of the Protestant Establishment.

How different the training, the studies, the conduct, and the character of the young Catholic Priest.—Devoted in anticipated hope to the altar, he is dedicated, if I may so speak, from his childhood by the fond prayers of his pious humble parents to the Priestly office. A child of Irish parents called to minister at the altar is their highest ambition, their loftiest point of worldly happiness. All their aspira-

tions, their actions in this regard, are all directed to this one engrossing, paramount accomplishment; their books, words, advice, injunctions are so many daily, hourly, lessons, which make a deep and hourly impression on the young heart of the little, sober aspirant. This training, however, merely predisposes, but cannot, of course, perfect the vocation; but educated for years under the watchful eye of his Bishop, and placed, in a spotless and at an untainted age, in college, he can never be absent a day, an hour, from the discipline of the establishment; while living men, his masters, his professors, his deans, his superiors, practice in his presence every day the perfection of the Gospel they preach—present to his mind Christianity speaking and walking—and, beyond all contradiction, teach him his duties in their own palpable character, by the attractive eloquence of the living, breathing example more than by the accuracy of their scientific knowledge, or the depth of their professional erudition.

I am not painting my subject, Sir, from fancy; I have seen, admired, and steadily studied the very living models of men, from whom I now attempt to make an imperfect copy, for the inspection of your Royal Highness. If you were to honor with your illustrious presence our distinguished Irish Seminary, Carlow College, or visit our national establishment at Maynooth, a feeling is at once impressed of the order, the learning, and the piety of the place—not a vain object to distract, not an unruly passion to be gratified, not an idle moment to be spent in the asylums of piety and letters. Towering massive walls frown on the world outside, which protect the spotless young ardent hearts within from the gaze and converse of the disorders and the pride of the external world. Books and prayer, order and obedience, classes, prizes, rewards, and innocent recreation by an unvarying round, form the entire clerical record, the annual report of the character and the conduct of the young Catholic Priest. He divides the year into two parts—namely, from August to Christmas, and from Christmas to July; These two extreme points are the tropics of his annual motion; and at the end of a collegiate course of seven, eight, and nine years in halls, libraries, chapels, examinations, recreations, and elocutionary accomplishments, he enters the world with a perfect knowledge of every word that Philip spoke at Macedon, or Demosthenes at Athens; he can tell the whole history of the popular struggles on the Palatine Hill; he has a decided recollection of every blow that was struck at Thermopylæ, Marathon, and Mycale. He can repeat Locke and Stugdard, and say by heart Fleury and Saint Thomas; but he knows no more about the world, its passions, its intrigues, its deceits, its practical crime, than if he had completed his studies in Jupiter, and belonged to another sphere. His microcosm consisted of books, not men—of rewards, not iniquity; and his companions and masters were edifying students and saintly Priests, and not the withered, blasted, tainted, deep-dyed victims of the iniquity of the world. Classics, languages, rhetoric, history, moral philosophy, physics, Scripture, Hebrew, divinity, are the subjects of their pursuit, not gambling, swearing, drunkenness, and the nameless crimes of the world; while the lessons of Thomas à Kempis, the examples of the Saints, the graces of prayer, the treasures of religion, raise the character of the young Priest to a point of real unaffected piety, in perfect harmony with the beautiful spirit of his Order, the spotless ornaments of his altar, and the sacred vestments of his profession. Why should any one dare to compare the drunken profligacy of Oxford or Cambridge, with the spotless character of our Catholic colleges; or why should any person institute a comparison between the vulgar aristocracy and the insolent ignorance of these dens of infamy (according to the report) and the finished learning, the deep erudition, the graceful literature of the laborious, long-trained, spotless Priests of the Catholic Church; Hence, see the successful results of their spiritual ministrations over the world. The infidel converted, the sinner reclaimed, the poor consoled, and the public confidence from nation to nation, from age to age, more and more confirmed. Churches are built, hospitals established, convents founded, schools maintained, and all the ceremonial of religion carried out, not from state endowments, but from willing contributions of the admiring people. Books are printed, Scriptures published, Catholicity defended, and master-spirits are everywhere called forth when necessary, in every country, to meet the myriad enemies of our Church, and to confound philosophy, to repel scepticism, to banish infidelity, and to stand forth the models of Christian learning in defence of the doctrines which Jerome preached, Chrysostom wrote, and Augustine published.

Great Prince, you will, I trust, excuse this long letter—your name will give it currency all over the world; and all nations shall again understand the position of England, the character of her Gospel, and the condition of Ireland. And, if I may presume to say one word, in reference to yourself personally, it would be to tell you to found a new exhibition in Ireland, more useful and more lasting than the splendid idea which your genius, and your science, and your comprehensive scheme of civilization realised in London in the Crystal Palace. This science is, firstly, to silence the insult of Ribbonism; secondly, to devise some means of inspiring national confidence in the Irish people; and, thirdly, to place some real and substantial industrial attraction, which will tend to stop the wasting emigration of the whole population. England wants every man that Ireland can spare to people her colonies, to purchase her manufactures, to man her fleets, to swell her armies, and to be her steadfast friends and devoted subjects.—England is playing a false, a wrong game in the expulsion of the Irish. The bone and muscle of her

strength, the masters of all her arts, are all going to America, to build up from the neglected or despoiled citadels of our country new cities and new towers of strength in America. We are transferring men and power, and empire, in the transfer of our population.

To remedy this great national evil would be a work worthy of your name, of your position, and your talents. No work so becoming a Prince as to redeem a fallen nation; no achievement so noble as to add vigor, and age, and unrivalled sway to one's country. Your Royal Highness can do it. Your name is the password of non-interference in political strife, and it is the public guarantee of advancement in all the arts of civilisation, peace, and moral and intellectual culture. I am incapable of flattering a prince, even if I could and dared to do it. Millions of men in every part of the world will read this letter of mine to you, and will cry over every word I have uttered. They narrowly inspect me while I defend their cause and my own. They would not allow me to acknowledge my inferiority as their advocate; and therefore, while I stand with becoming humility and modest discretion in your illustrious presence, yet I cannot forget either the position which I am sure I hold in the minds of these applauding millions who would not permit me to lower my honest, frank independence, while pleading their cause in the presence of the Emperor of the world.

Again begging the kind indulgence of your Royal Highness for this long communication, I have the honor to be, Monsieur le Prince, with most profound respect, your obedient humble servant,

D. W. CABELL, D.D.

P.S.—The copy of this letter shall be sent to your Royal Highness by this night's post.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

The Catholics of Ennis have subscribed £750 for the purpose of opening Christian Brothers and Convent of Mercy Poor Schools in the town, and a Bazaar in behalf of this charitable project will be held there at spring assizes next.

THE INCOME TAX AND THE CATHOLIC CLERGY.—At a recent meeting of the clergy of the deanery of Tuam a series of resolutions were adopted with reference to the operation of the Income Tax upon the Irish clergy; and a subscription was set on foot for the purpose of taking legal advice as to the liability of the clergy to pay the tax in respect of the "alms" received by them from the voluntary contributions of their flocks.

A most respectable parish priest in this diocese living conveniently at Cavan, has been served with a threatening notice.—Anglo Celt.

PROSELYTISM IN THE WEST.—The Right Rev. Dr. Derry, Lord Bishop of Clonfert, has written a letter to the Editors of the *Univers*, thanking them and their subscribers for a remittance received by him for the poor of his diocese. His lordship states the efforts made by his clergy and religious to establish industrial schools. After referring to the extermination going on in his neighborhood, and the necessity for the amendment of the Landlord and Tenant Laws, his lordship alludes to the proselytising efforts made in his diocese, and their results. From this part of his letter we translate the following:—"With regard to the system of mercenary proselytism, it is still pursued with much activity, but thanks be to God, with as little effect as in the preceding years. I can claim a sad distinction for the diocese of Clonfert. It was attacked several years before the neighboring dioceses were invaded, and in its bosom resides, perhaps, one of the most influential and most active enemies of Catholicity. I speak of a noble Protestant family, who spare neither pains nor trouble to corrupt the education of the Catholic youth, in order to make proselytes. I cannot say that their efforts are barren, for unfortunately they are not so. They have been at work unceasingly for twenty years. I know it for certain, and, considering the means employed, the rank of the person, the dependence of the people, and the corruption of nature, it is astonishing that there has not been more evil done. You can appreciate the hostile spirit of this family, when I tell you that by its active influence the Sisters of Mercy are prevented from visiting Catholic invalids in hospitals, from entering into workhouses for the poor from instructing Catholic females who inhabit these last-mentioned establishments, though of the six hundred poor who are inmates of the house there are but thirty Protestants, all the rest being Catholic. But a very consoling reflection is, that the Sisters of Mercy have lately been established in the teeth of this fanaticism, and that they reckon about three hundred children in their schools. The good that they have produced, and that they will produce, with the blessing of heaven by their holy example, by the education that they will give, and by their visits to the sick, will be an ample reparation for the trials and opposition to which they have been exposed."

The bitterness of division again breaks up our councils. It is not a party but a personal conflict that now disgraces the public. It is not a question of creed but of character—not one of policy but of pique—of national interest but of individual animosity.—The tenants' rights are made a *casus belli*, not between the antagonist powers, but by the confederated friends of those rights, against one another! This civil commotion evokes the angriest passions of men, and stirs up the indecencies of language from the very dogs. Good men sicken, and wise men grow sad over so deplorable a spectacle. And whilst the war of words is hottest, the people, for whose interests it is waged, fly from the shores of a country whose fate it seems to be that her few enemies shall always grow strong, whilst her troops of friends can only agree to disagree.—Galway Vindicator.

In consequence of the religious riots which have for some time past occurred in Graigue, the Government has ordered the immediate stationing there of a sub-inspector, a head-constable, and thirty sub-constables of police, for the protection of the public peace. A troop of Hussars also proceeded (says the *Kilkenny Moderator*) on Monday to Graigue. The inspector general has ordered the immediate reduction in the constabulary of the East Riding of Cork, by the reinforcement of 50 men forthwith to the counties of Dublin, Kilkenny, Tipperary, and Waterford, to fill the vacancies there.