



CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

VOL. IV.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, JANUARY 27, 1854.

NO. 24.

LETTER OF THE REV. DR. CAMILL TO PRINCE ALBERT.

Oxford, Dec. 22, 1853.

Monsieur le Prince—I owe your royal highness an apology for presuming to address you; but the lofty place of imperial honor which, with universal consent, you hold, the confidence which your character has won from all parties, and the interest you are said to have evinced in the prosperity of Ireland have induced me to lay before you, with feelings most profoundly respectful, the present perilous position of this country, and to beg your attentive and friendly condescension whilst I attempt to describe the disastrous condition of Ireland. I presume to consider you as a spectator, not an actor, in British policy; and my respectful views, in the present communication, are intended for your perusal more in the character of a diplomatic essay than of a political discussion. Your temper, or your prudence, or both, have never interfered in any of the party struggles of these countries; and hence it would be unjust and ungenerous to intrude one word which could have even a remote appearance of involving as an accomplice, a prince so detached as you are, in our foreign or domestic policy.

The resignation of Lord Palmerston is coupled, in the minds of many, who think they know him well, with the well-founded suspicion that this measure is a mere ruse to recover his former position in the Foreign Office, from which Lord John Russell was compelled to remove him at the imperative demand of Austria. If this suspicion shall be realised at the opening of Parliament, every Catholic country in Europe will beyond all contradiction, receive his appointment as the commencement of a renewed attack on their respective constitutions; and every revolutionist in the world will hail this event as the signal for universal rebellion. I must beg to tell your royal highness that I know Lord Palmerston very well; and I beg further to inform you that I have precisely the same facilities of observing his diplomatic character, and of knowing his inextinguishable hatred of Catholicity, as the very first minister in the service of the Queen. The Catholic Church has not at the present time, in the whole world, and perhaps has never had in any age or country, a more plausible, a more crafty, or a more determined enemy than Lord Palmerston.

In the present attitude of European politics, such a resumption of office, such a public sentiment of antagonism as it would awaken, must be most disastrous to the interests of England; and while it would arm all nations against our sincerity, in our Turkish policy, it would add a new explosive element to the burning ardor for war which has already ignited the conflict of powerful armaments in the east. Taking it for granted that his absence will derange and weaken the present cabinet, and that in order to propitiate his ambition, and to silence the powerful opposition of his restless supporters, he shall be reinstated in his former career of revolution (for such it decidedly was) of '47 and '48, I undertake to say that in the very hour of his appointment the government of England will kindle a flame in Spain, in Portugal, in Italy, in Hungary, in France, and in Switzerland, which at any time would require the undivided power of England to extinguish, but which in present manifold military and naval serious occupations, may rise into a resistless conflagration, beyond our strength, and which may send its consuming fire nearer to our shores than will be consistent with national security. England is very powerful, no doubt; but she cannot conquer all nations at the same time. She has been, up to this time, more than a match, in field or blood, for several surrounding kingdoms; but she cannot be expected to subdue confederated warring. The records of history inform us, that the madness and tyranny of long victory have been as often the ruin of nations as the meanness and degradation of long slavery; and the history of Greece, of Rome, and of the late Empire of France, are grave lessons to warn England against the risks of universal empire. England cannot do battle with all the world; she cannot fight China, and at the same time govern India with thirty-six thousand native soldiers, hating her rule, and abhorring her name. She cannot for ever chain down Canada in the borders of a republic which despises her, nor keep this people in subjection, who avow their intention of separation whenever they are able. She cannot always spare regiments and ships for Australia, where every emigrant ship lands a cargo of sworn enemies to her constitution; she cannot permanently maintain thirty thousand military and police in Ireland, to choke the complaints and to silence the cries for bread and justice raised by the poor victims of national morals.—These cries are raised every morning in Ireland, as regularly as the sun rises on the horizon; they have rung in the ears of England during centuries of ceaseless woe; they have been heard all over the earth,

and have ever been silenced by the eloquence of the hulk, the logic of the mock trial, or the terrors of the rope. Great as she has been, she cannot always maintain this Irish army and this obstinate legislation concomitantly with all her other foreign friendly relations. But if the government in the frenzy of long impunity shall add to this perilous policy of ages the appointment of a man, whose name is the very firebrand of European constitutional monarchy, the conduct of England becomes in '53 the undisguised revolution and the infidel anti-Catholic movement of '47. And powerful as England now avowedly is, the time is unquestionably not far distant when indignant Europe will make her repent of the bigotry of Russell, and the relentless anti-Catholic vengeance of Palmerston.

The Emperor of France has declared more than once that he considers himself called to the throne, in order to fulfil three primary duties—namely, to uproot socialism, to advance the glory of France, and to protect the interests of religion. These words are the rigid translation of his expressed sentiments, and the result of this imperial declaration has been, amongst the well disposed classes of all nations, a universal confidence in his character, the progress of national order on the European continent, and a total change in the infidel and revolutionary paroxysms of France. The constitutions of Spain and Portugal, which England forced on these countries through her money and her infidel agents in the Peninsula, have derived unusual temporary stability from the empire of France. These two constitutions were cradled in revolution, and were maintained by violence and treachery and bribery by the well-known English party in these kingdoms. But of late they have enjoyed some national repose [owing to the neighborhood of France] from the distractions, conflicts, oppositions, parliamentary dissolutions, which derange these fine countries, wasted by war, plundered by enemies, betrayed by friends, and treacherously robbed by foreign intrigue of their ancient constitutions. But the hour is fast approaching when the work of England (as sure as the sun will rise to-morrow) the universal population, undismayed and protected from England, will restore their ancient laws by a bloodless but invincible reaction. France, the centre, the heart, the first power in Europe, has thus lent confidence to the neighboring states; and in her protection of those, and in her indirect assistance of Naples and Austria, she has indeed crushed Socialism, raised the fallen glory of her ancient name, and replaced the genius of religion in its former lofty pre-eminence.

But if the Queen of Great Britain, or the minister of the day, should in an evil hour call Lord Palmerston to his former place in the Foreign Office, the Hungarians, the Swiss, the Lombards, the Neapolitans, the Romans, the French, the Red Republicans of all nations, the Spanish and Portuguese infidels, who butchered the priests and expelled the nuns in '33; in a word, all the rebellious spirits and cut-throats of Europe, seeing their friend and correspondent restored to his former career of universal disorder, will of course form new conspiracies against monarchy and constitutional law. The Mazzinis, the Garibaldis, the Ciccerouacchis, the Astrazzis, the Paolis, the Grebeurns, the Kossuths, and all the bibliicals of all the world will again be complimented and feted by their adviser and advocate, Lord Palmerston; and England, in place of being what she ought to be, the refuge of the oppressed, the asylum of wounded liberty, will be, as it has been, the focus of all the rebels, vagabonds, infidels, socialists, and miscreants of the whole world. The character of England, and the honor of the Whigs, will never recover the disgrace which Russell and Palmerston inflicted on this country since the year '47. Only think, Sir, of all our glorious and illustrious embassies being filled with swaddlers called ambassadors; think of our attachés, writers, messengers, servants, and entire suites (men and women) being employed as Bible-mongers and tract-distributors! and old generals, admirals, captains, and decayed old nobility, ordained preachers in Bologna, Modena, Florence, Naples, Madrid, Vienna, Lisbon, and Jerusalem!!!—What an amusing and awful paragraph the future historian of England can write, while he describes Lord Palmerston sending bibles and bullets to Switzerland, piety and powder to Hungary, devotion and daggers to Rome. Let Lord Palmerston resume his former office, and, as a matter of course, we shall soon have the Achilles, the Gavazzis, and all the monks whom crime or bribery can bring to England, to instruct the English people (by preaching in Italian) and to advance the cause of religion by the publication of the grossest immoralities, and the avowal of palpable infidelity. His return to the former office will send correspondents to Lisbon, Madrid, Naples and Vienna, to ridicule kings and queens, bishops, and nobles, and religion; in a word, everything and everybody which

is not English; and in less than six months we shall have the same old European tragedy acted over again, with new actors and actresses, under the same old manager, till the name of England will be again scouted with universal abhorrence; our policy met by universal opposition, and the religion of England unmasked before all mankind as a system of hypocrisy and revolution. If, with all these amiable accompaniments to my Lord Palmerston in the Foreign Office, we shall have withal to fight the Russian fleet in the Black Sea, a second squadron (there is the rub) in the Indian Ocean and at the mouth of the Ganges; and if we shall have to meet the Persians and the old Sikhs on the old Indus; and if we shall have also to watch Canada, to convert Ireland to God by perjury, and a tax of one million sterling a year; and finally, if we shall have to repair our coast defence, and keep an eye on the movements of one million soldiers in France; there can be no doubt that England will have a warfare on her hands in '54 such as had never been contemplated by Marlborough, Nelson, Drake, or Wellington. Your royal highness must not misunderstand me—I am attached to the British throne from duty; a subject loyal from the very obligations of my profession—one of a class that has bled in France, in Spain, in Portugal, and in Ireland, for our undying devotion to the ruling powers of our country; do not misunderstand me—I raise a warning voice against the machinations that have degraded England, and, if persevered in, will reduce this country to the public infamy of being the propounder of infidelity and the disseminator of undisguised revolution.

But, alas! what matters it to the poor Irishman if the whole world were at war, if he could have any relaxation from our hereditary bondage, and the cruel miseries of his ill-fated country. Since the Earl of Aberdeen became our Prime Minister, Ireland has had comparative relief from public insult; and Catholic Europe has been freed from the pest of Biblical diplomacy; Exeter Hall has partially ceased its leucocious harangues to exterminate the Irish for the love of God. Novelists have given up the Biblical literature of executing gross stories of Priests and Nuns; some English Biblical (i.e., lying) newspapers have been expelled by an order in council from Naples, from Spain, and from Portugal; and truth, and justice, and morality have been largely encouraged. Lord Aberdeen is no bigot; he is the friend of toleration; he is opposed to religious persecution; the cause of education and religious liberty owes him much; and the people and the Clergy of Ireland feel towards him a deep and everlasting debt of gratitude. Yet Ireland is only breathing from the woes of ages, and, above all, from the famine, the pestilence, the relentless extermination, and the religious persecution of the last six years. The bigotry which Lord John Russell published on the Continent, through the Mintos, the Howards, the Peels, the Cannings, and the entire corps diplomatique, was inflicted with redoubled fury on Ireland, where the Protestant Clergy, and the Protestant landlords, with large funds, and a numerous staff of school masters teachers, readers, tract-distributors, local agents over depots of coals, food, and clothing, set in motion one vast scheme for exterminating, banishing the poor starving Irishman, or compelling to the alternative of forswearing his faith, perjurying his conscience, and with sad despair and dishonor joining the rank of men whom he believed fiends in human shape.

I am far from disputing the right of any Clergyman to preach his own doctrine in his own pulpit, or even in the public places; but I feel confident no Christian, no man of sound, social, or political feeling will defend men standing on tables in the public highways calling the Roman Catholics by the odious names of idolators and Priest-ridden slaves—designating the Roman Catholic worship as encouraging the murder of heretics, perjury to men, and violated allegiance to the throne—offensive tracts pushed into men's pockets, thrust under the doors, public insults in the streets, quarrels, retaliation from the people, arrests by the police, trials in courthouses, fines and imprisonment, have rendered this Biblical system in Ireland the most unendurable of all previous persecutions, and has converted Protestantism into a scheme of falsehood, bribery, hypocrisy, perjury, and social tyranny. The idea of bribing a man into faith, perjurying him into sanctity, doing the acts of the Devil to make him acceptable to God—sinking him down into the lowest depths of infamy to arrive at sanctification—making him hold down his head in shame, and despair, and self-conviction in order to place him before society as an object of Divine grace and public edification—all this devilry is such a monstrous aggregate of incongruous iniquity that unless one saw the case by an evidence clear as noonday it could never be believed by any human being that there could have ever existed a society calling itself Christian capable of such insane and such flagitious frenzy.

The infidel exterminating agents of this unfortunate Bible Society have been hovering over the hovels of the poor Irish, like birds of prey over the field of battle, to see and watch if the poor wretched inmates of the awful cabin could be caught in the last agony of destitution in order to tempt him, with money and food, to betray his creed in a moment of despair and hunger; and this is the Gospel of Redemption—this the scheme which these wretches call charity, and to which the generous English people contribute tens of thousands of pounds annually for this insult to God and man. No one but an Irishman can conceive the entire ruin which the bigotry of the last five years has brought on the universal interests of Ireland. It has pervaded all ranks of Protestant society—has infected all classes, from the peer to the peasant, from the chancellor to the lowest officer of the court, from the grand juror to the parish beadle. It is found on the bench, sits in the jury-box, and preaches from the pulpit. It lives with the landlord, arms the Crowbar Brigade, speaks from the lips of the cruel agent, and draws the ejectionment for the extermination of the poor. You read it on the forehead, observe it on the brow, see it in the looks, notice it in the sneer, and can't mistake it in the carriage and the gait of the oppressor of the poor. It travels on railroads, stands behind counters, is heard in schools, and is found in every office and title, from the duke down to the very scullery maid, in great, civilised, impartial, and free England. Alas! for the nation that encourages such frightful tyranny, and doubly, alas! for the religion that defiles God's Gospel with such sanguinary infidelity.

It is said that it resides in our armies, that it bestows stripes, and sashes, and swords, and epaulettes, and truncheons, and nobility. Can it be believed that there is a difference made between Popish and Protestant courage? As there is no sex in virtue, I never fancied that there could be a *creed in bravery*. Is there such a thing as Protestant cannon—Biblical bayonets—Lutheran swords? or can the commingled blood which has flowed in all our fields of glory be distinguished by its Popish and Protestant color? Alas! the poor Popish soldier can do no more than to pour forth his blood for his king and his country; and the Protestant commander can do no more to stamp that king and that country with dishonor than to reward that Irish devotion with ingratitude and scorn. It is even whispered that this feeling has found its way into the barracks of the Irish constabulary—that these barracks have been used in some instances (as the newspapers stated), the depot for parcels of offensive tracts through the Post Office, and it is even said that the accomplished Scotchman who commands this most useful force finds, from his vast police experience, that while Popery can fit a man very soon for rank and file, it takes a whole life before Popery can take command of a company! Good Prince, just see the list of the officers, and learn at a glance the place which Popery holds in our faithful, gallant, useful loyal Irish constabulary.

Great Prince, when your Royal Highness will next honor this poor, persecuted Ireland with a happy visit, you can trace it with your own educated eye in the deserted village, the silent path, the tenantless fields, and the lonely hills of abandoned and forgotten Ireland. And, Sir, when presidents of societies, chairman of committees, heads of clubs, mayors of corporations, fellows of colleges, and more degraded than all, when the mean, worthless, fawning, Orange aristocracy of Ireland, will point out to you, as the foaming carriage flies in flashing speed, the golden harvest, the rich fields, the cultivated valleys, the bleating and bellowing herds that lie in the way of the royal route, O Prince! will you make one inquiry about the glutted, coffinless churchyard, the obliterated cabins, the evicted poor, who lie in thousands in yonder unconsecrated ditch, sleep at the bottom of the Atlantic, or toil beyond the Mississippi? English bullocks cannot man our navy, Scotch sheep cannot mount the breach, Swedish turnips cannot bleed for the honor and stability of the throne; and the heartlessness of Irish landlords, and the cruel ingratitude of some Irish orators, and the slavery of some Irish writers, cannot be better proved than to hear public applause bestowed on that new condition of Ireland which has been brought about by a national extermination, a universal devastation, a reckless expulsion of the Irish population, under circumstances of cruelty which have scarcely a parallel in the history of the civilised world. And what renders this condition of the Irish poor more terrific still is, that *Biblicism* (I don't wish to speak disrespectfully of the Protestant creed) has been the main element in this disastrous national depopulation of our country.

It is not a correct statement to say that this Bible mania is a mere religious question. This is not the fact. It is a question in which every interest in the country is involved; and it is a question of life and