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CATHOLIC AND PROTESTANT CIVILIZATION.

Irish readers will peruse with peculiar pleasure this criticism which we select from the *Journal des Debats*. It was contributed by the distinguished French journalist, M. Lemoine:—

"We have opened this book ('Catholic and Protestant Countries Regarded under the threefold aspect of Prosperity, Learning, and Morality, by Napoleon Roussel') with the desire to say all the good that we can of it; but with the best inclination possible, we can come to no other conclusion than that it is not a good book, and that the writing of it is not a good action. Indeed, if a minister of the gospel has only a moral such as this to give the world; if—Protestant or Catholic, whatever he be—he can draw no other lesson from history, then it remains to men only to feed well, live well, and thrive well: the richest would always be the most virtuous.

"M. Roussel has compiled two volumes of extracts, from which he shows, with a great display of figures, that Protestants are infinitely more happy in this world than Catholics; that they have larger possessions, more stocks and shares, more silver plate, more coverings both for the body and the feet. Until now, we had always believed that at the day of judgment God would put on one side the good, and on the other the wicked; but, on the plan of M. Roussel, the world is divided into two different classes, viz., those of the rich and fat, and of the poor and lean. God will not try the reins and the hearts, but the stomachs of men. If M. Roussel permitted St. Peter to guard the entrance of Paradise, he would charge him, as at the doors of the Tuileries, to admit only those who were well dressed and respectable looking; in his theology, in order to be saved, a decent exterior is imperative.

"It is necessary to observe the complaisance with which M. Roussel details the accounts of all the Catholic and Protestant countries. We shall at once dispute, if not the exactness, at any rate the value of his figures. In estimating moral actions, there can be no greater mistake than to suppose that two and two necessarily make four; that is the philosophy of the shop and of the counter. God calls to account not only for crimes which are committed against the laws of men, but also for those which are committed against His own laws: He sees and He judges the motives and the hearts of men, while human laws can only see and reach their actions; and the most virtuous society in his eyes is not that, perhaps, to which statistics would assign the prize of moral and good conduct. There is, for example, a member of the Academie des Sciences, who has contrived a map of France divided into Departments and has colored each department more or less bright, according to the extent to which the elements of education are imparted within it. Let M. Roussel make use of this plan to reckon the number of Catholics or Protestants who know how to read and write—so be it; but of the number of those who shall be saved, neither M. Roussel, nor the Academie des Sciences Morales, can ever know anything.

"Let us put aside, then, the question of morality, and turn to the primitive question of 'well-being.'—On this earth, M. Roussel and Protestantism reign supreme—they are the richest. Look, for instance, at the appearance which that sad and wretched Ireland presents beside her Protestant sisters. M. Roussel gives us, from an official report, an account of the effects of a parish of 4,000 souls, 'all Catholics,' he takes care to add; and these 4,000 Catholics possess among them—'one waggon, one plough, sixteen harrows, eight saddles, two side saddles, seven table forks, ninety-three chairs, two hundred and forty-three stools, twenty-seven geese, three turkeys, two mattresses, eight straw mattresses, eight brass candlesticks, three watches, one school, one priest, no hats, no clocks, no shoes, no turnips, no carrots—let us stop a moment in this inventory. M. Roussel adduces whole pages which present nothing strange to those who have visited the country of which he speaks; and, after having accomplished this sort of hospital visit, he exclaims triumphantly, 'Let us now cross the channel, and, after having seen Catholic Ireland and her misery, let us contemplate Protestant Scotland and her prosperity.'

"Like those persons who have the jaundice, and who see everything to be yellow, M. Roussel discovers Catholicism in corners where we could not have believed it to be hid. He instances, for example, the account of a fight in Ireland, the combatants maltreating each other, the supporters bathing them with vinegar, and making them swallow whiskey—in short, all the usual accompaniments of this kind of sport.—But wherein, do you think, consists the offence? It is that the Irish use shillelaghs instead of their fists, like the noble pugilists trained in England! M. Roussel gravely adduces this fact as an example of the rudeness of Irish and Catholic manners. What

a difference from those 'noble Protestant boxers' and their surprising fisticuffs, no doubt inspired by the true faith!—here is a new criterion of which we had never thought.

"Continuing his tour of the world, M. Roussel submits to a similar comparison Catholic and Protestant Switzerland. Here is a traveller who arrives in a Catholic canton, and his first expression is, 'What dirtiness! What a yellow, dark, and livid hue!' It is quite right, all the Catholics are yellow. Here is yet another impression on his journey; we quote it: 'We arrived about two o'clock at Fluelin; this Catholic ground was advertised to us by some wretched persons affected by scurvy and other complaints, and some half-dozen tattered unfortunates who appeared as if they had just emerged from the tomb.' This is better and better; a little ago the Catholics were yellow, now they are all scurried. Let us avert our looks from this sad spectacle, and hasten to be comforted by the sight of Protestant earth.—'What valleys! what cultivation!' exclaims the tourist imagined by M. Roussel. 'What abundance and industry. Zurich and its beautiful environs appeared to me the asylum of wisdom, of comfort, and of goodness: I entered a thatched cottage, when its mistress offered me milk and cherries, and placed upon the table nine or ten large silver spoons.' Mark well, ten silver spoons! What holy people! It is not the scurvy Catholics, those livid persons, who could show you anything like that. Will you follow M. Roussel into Spain? There, again, with a great display of figures, he will prove to you that the roads are badly kept, that the inns are dirty, that the people use pewter dishes; then he will contrast that land of Catholicism with England, the country of Protestantism, which is known by its silver dishes, its roads of iron, its linen clothing, &c., &c.

"We cannot accompany M. Roussel in all his journeyings; we do not deny the correctness of his accounts, and we allow to Protestantism all the benefit of its wealth. But when M. Roussel travelled in Ireland, for instance, did he never experience the least remorse of conscience? Did he never ask himself if, the Protestants had any share in producing the misery of that Catholic country? If the Protestants represented but one-tenth of the population of Ireland, by what right have they laid violent hands on all the property, and all the revenues of the Catholic Church? And when M. Roussel, to prove that the Catholics in Ireland are not oppressed, tells us that they have four archbishops, twenty-three bishops, two thousand five hundred churches, more than two thousand priests, can we fail to have some admiration for this nation of beggars, which, notwithstanding its wretchedness, finds means to support its church, whilst the Protestant bishops and clergy live plentifully and sumptuously on the produce of confiscation? How was it that a minister of the gospel failed to remember these simple words: 'I tell you, indeed, this poor widow has given more than all those who have put into the treasury, for they have given of their abundance—but she has given of her indigence even all that she had, and all that remained for her support.'"

CHURCH AND STATE IN AMERICA.

(From the *N. Y. Church Journal*—Protestant.)

If there is any one feature of the traditional policy of Europe which is more hateful than another, to American feelings, it is the union of Church and State. We have been bred up to the firm belief that the State has no business in the domain of Religion, and that the powers spiritual have no right to meddle with the proper business of the civil government. We have prided ourselves on the admirable success with which the entangling alliances between the kingdoms of this world, and that kingdom which is not of this world, have been utterly sundered. We have been long indulging, as a nation, in the most self-complacent and comfortable assurance that, for the first time in the history of mankind, a great People had been enabled to interpret aright the image and superscription of matters and things in general, without any further possibility of rendering the things of God unto any but God, or the things of Cæsar unto any source of power less secular than Cæsar.

With such exclusive vigor has this idea grown into full control of the popular mind, and with such suspicious sharpness has the rapacious and powerful Lamb of Religion been watched, for fear it should muddle the stream at which our meek and inoffensive Wolf of democracy is wont to drink, that no debatable land—no possible point of collision—it was thought, could any longer be said to remain between the two. Education was, indeed, once regarded as a common ground, where there was something for both to do, without any objectionable interference with one another. But this remnant of ancient tradition is now pretty much purged away. Religion dare no longer show her face in our public schools, except under

such a miscellaneous disguise that she is pretty sure to be noticed by nobody. Nay, even among ourselves, we have had an extraordinary proof of the progress of Liberalism in the matter of Education. We have had it actually urged that, in an Institution notoriously gotten up and almost wholly endowed by Church influence and Church money, the question of Religion must be excluded even from the *minds* and *motives* of Trustees in electing a Professor: as if such influence, operating even on the individual conscience, were now, at last, known to be both immoral and illegal.

Surely, then, it would seem as if we had safely caged Religion up in a very small corner, in this free land; surrounded it with very high bars; and double-locked all the gates: so that hereafter Cæsar might do what he would with his own, without any impertinent interference whatever from the "Other Party." And, to conclude, any one who had watched the course of public politics in their progress to their present position, must be perfectly satisfied that Religion had so far been kept out of that field, that the bulk of the laborers in it seemed no longer to be aware that there was any such thing as Religion left in the world.

But now let us wake up from this pretty dream, and take a look about us, to see how the actual state of affairs corresponds with the traditional theory supposed to be embodied in this our Model Republic. We see great companies of men denominated "Preachers of the Gospel," who understand that word in a very different sense from what a Republican would imagine *a priori*. Instead of Religion proper, eschewing the topics of worldly policy which agitate the mind during the week, we find these preachers devoting their whole time and attention on Sunday to the same questions which were discussed, perhaps the evening before, at the town-hall or the mass-meeting. Religion is claimed as the basis of the Abolition movement. Religion is claimed as the great authority for the Tee-total Reformation, and for the enactment of a Prohibitory Law. You take your seat expecting to hear an exhortation to follow after the Lord Jesus Christ, and to support His religion in the world: and you hear an exhortation to follow after the Syracuse Convention, and support Myron H. Clark for Governor. You expect to hear, perhaps, a strong denunciation of Sin, and a stirring appeal to be on your guard constantly against the wiles of the Devil: and you hear a scorching philippic directed against the dough-faces of the Union-Committee, and a rousing call to fresh vigilance against the wiles of the Slave-power and the aggressions of the South—all capped, of course, by a climax setting forth the duty of voting the Anti-Nebraska ticket. We run no risk in saying that, during the past season, this redoubtable Nebraska business has, in some thousands of pulpits, furnished more material for preaching—so-called—than all the Four Evangelists put together: and the gaps in Nebraska eloquence have been filled mainly by copious infusions of the Maine Law, and the enormities of the Liquor traffic. It would really seem as if Paradise of old had been lost, not by eating the forbidden fruit, but by drinking alcoholic spirits: and as if Satan were entitled to his bad supremacy, not so much for his original rebellion against God, as for his unfortunately mixing himself up in the business of Negro slavery.

The point we now wish to make, however, is, that in this country, where, as we had fondly hoped and proudly boasted, Church and State—Religion and Politics—were thoroughly and forever divided: popular Preachers are rapidly rising to be the leaders of political parties; and pulpits are found to be—as in times of old—the best recruiting drums to beat up voters for political partisans. And a corresponding change has taken place in Politics, too, as well as in Religion—both of them rising or falling upon the one Democratic pivot—*vox populi*. As the pulpit, therefore, has grown political, the stump has waxed pious: and if "Nebraska" rings out lustily from the meeting-house, it is only in sonorous unison with the "Higher Law" resounding from the Halls of Congress.

From all this it would seem that Religion—or what passes as such—is in a very different position from that which one would infer from our beautiful Republican theories. It seems to be a slippery subject. Barred and padlocked fast in its own little corner, it has taken down, or slidden through the bars. It has picked the padlocks of its inglorious captivity. It is out now, and has the run of all the streets. Its pious preachers are so mingled and mixed up among the politicians and the boys, that there is no longer any such thing as telling them apart. What has the old-fashioned sermon preached on the text of the *tribute-money to do with free men?* They are willing to give millions for defence, but not a cent for "tribute." There is evidently no longer any difference between the things of Cæsar and the things of God. These are therefore both the same. Our

Cæsar of Democracy is God!—which is only a new way of arriving at the old Democratic conclusion. *Vox Populi, Vox Dei.*

BATTLE OF THE ALMA.

From the different reports of this gallant affair, we clip the following minor details, which we trust may interest our readers:—

The French Artillery seems to have greatly distinguished itself. A French officer writes:—

"The battery of Commandant de la Boussonere was exceedingly fine, when, towards the end, we aided the English by taking the Russians in flank. It fired with marvellous aim, extinguished the Russian batteries, and permitted the English to dash forward. The battery of Toussaint charged and opened fire on the telegraph, within 400 metres of the Russian infantry, which fled at the aspect of its irresistible enthusiasm. General Bosquet, who was much engaged in the combat, declares and repeats that the artillery system of the Emperor is henceforward placed at a very high rank. He fought with 12 pieces against 32 guns of the Russians, which could not hold against them. The Ottoman division had only 2,000 men engaged with the second French division on the enemy's left. Their part was not so active as one as those brave soldiers would have desired, and General Bosquet had the greatest difficulty to make them remain in the position assigned to them. They only lost 230 men killed and wounded."

The Zouaves for a moment were beaten back, but a sergeant-major, named Fleury, dashed ahead, with the tricolor flag in his hand, right to the base of the tower. A bullet laid him low; but the Zouaves, followed by the other chivalrous regiments, charged the Russians with the bayonet and utterly routed them. They then pushed on towards the Russian centre, which they were threatening when the action concluded. The Sub-Lieutenant Poiteven, color-bearer of the 39th Regiment, went and planted the colors on this fort, and there he stood superb in the midst of hosts of Russian sharpshooters. A moment after, he fell, pierced by a dozen balls. Fortunately, the tower was not completed, and no guns were mounted in it. In fact, masons were busily engaged on it as the allies approached, and the scaffolds were only just removed as the battle began. After the battle it was found to be full of dead Russians, mostly shot in the head. A visitor found French Zouaves, and others, were busy engraving their names and regiments, with their knives on the walls.

There seems to be some discrepancy in the various accounts as to whether the British division attacked too early or too late. Both opinions are stated.—On this point a correspondent of the *Presse* says:—

"The left was composed, as I have already said, of the English. Though starting at the same time with ourselves, the English did not advance so rapidly as we. Their *sang-froid*, their natural coolness, did not forsake them, even at this solemn moment. They arrived under the fire of the enemy as if they were on parade. Their manoeuvres were executed with as much precision and regularity as if they had been in the Campo San Floriano, at Malta. But these movements were not made with sufficient rapidity. Our right and centre were already seriously engaged when the English opened their fire; and during this time the artillery of the Russian right directed a crushing cannonade upon the Third Division. The English army suffered a very heavy loss. There was something really heroic in the steadiness with which our brave allies marched against the enemy; but it is indisputable that they would have lost fewer men if their pace had been more rapid."

All accounts agree in describing the Russian position, and especially that portion of it to which the English were opposed, as being almost impregnable. Sir G. Brown, a good judge, declares that in the Peninsular struggle the English had encountered no such position.

Prince Menschikoff's confident opinion of it is known from his intercepted despatches, in which he promises to hold it against 100,000 until the cold weather set in, when he would assume the defensive and drive us into the sea. One account, says the despatch, was somewhat to this effect:—"Although the English are invincible at sea, they are not to be feared on land; but the French will cause a heavy struggle. The allied armies are not, however, to be feared, as the fortified camp can withstand any attacking force three weeks, and certainly half as long as Sebastopol itself."

Prince Menschikoff's carriage and coachman were taken, and have been sent to Constantinople; the former is publicly exposed at Tophane. In the carriage were found the full particulars of the English army, their strength, &c., showing how well the spies in the English camp must have done their treacherous work. The scene after the battle is described as most harrowing. The Russian dead and