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ROME BROUGHT HOME TO CANADIANS.



THE story of the sieges, and captures of Christian Rome, if truly told, would place in strange contrast the light and shade of human character, and display in their full truth the foolish and fatal ambition of kings and parliaments, as well as their blind refusal to learn the lessons emphatically taught by the clearest pages of history. But while historians find all previous conquests wanting, chiefly in the fact of their ill-success and short duration, the present occupation of Rome stands self-condemned both in its causes, and in its results. No prophet need appear to tell us what it will end in, nor is a telescope necessary to see where it came from. Who runs may read. Still I think we are far from realizing the horrible mien of this monster called United Italy, until we come close to it, rub up against it, as it were, and shrink back from a sense of having touched something unspeakably foul. To be hated, indeed, it needs but to be seen; nor could any amount of familiarity induce one to pity or embrace it. Let us trace its pedigree.

When, in 1850, Pius IX returned in triumph from his exile at Gaeta, it was the hope of simple folk that he would be allowed to govern his states in peace, and without fear of outside interference. Vain hope! Pius IX had for enemies three of the most unscrupulous scoundrels that European politics ever produced—Napoleon III, Victor Emmanuel and Count Cavour—and they began at once to plot the overthrow of the temporal power of the Papacy. Certainly it was no credit

for the British Statesman, Clarendon, to have been mixed up even indirectly in so disgraceful an affair, but in his case there was at least the excuse that he represented a distinctly Protestant nation, and at a time when hatred of Papists was a sure passport to political preferment. No such reason can be urged in palliation of the acts of the other members of the Congress of Paris, and it is the burning shame of that portion of our century's history, that knavery, craft, intrigue and hypocrisy were the favorite instruments of Catholic monarchs, in their successful conspiracy against the Head of the Church, while great Catholic nations looked silently on, or basely profited by the spoliation.

The moment was propitious for the plot. It would not have thus succeeded in every age and against every Pope. There was a day when ten times "ten thousand swords would have leaped from their scabbards to avenge even a look that threatened the Holy See with insult." But the age of chivalry was past, and the world was governed by selfish cowards. Moreover Pius IX was one of the simplest and most unsuspecting pontiffs that ever sat in the Chair of Peter. He ruled by his heart rather than his head, and showed in his government all a father's long tenderness, with little of a father's necessary severity, all the simplicity of the dove, and none of the cunning of the serpent. Even in open warfare he would not have been a doughty foe, but in a hidden struggle, and against treachery and deceit, he was as helpless as a child. To have opponents among those who were not of the household of the faith, was what he might expect, but he certainly never dreamt that his bitterest and most unrelenting enemies would spring from the