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THE STORY OF A PIN.

XXVII.—(CONTINUED.)

These four persons put themselves upon the same footing, and made their salutations at the same moment; Monsieur Doucet with affability, the co-heir with insolence, Monsieur Corbin with icy ceremoniousness and the constable with awkwardness.

'Gentlemen,' said Jeanne, 'I would like to know how many of you have the right of entering here and of forcing our door? To-morrow, perhaps, you may be pleased to come back with a reinforcement of six persons, and force your way into this little chamber.'

'Young ladies,' said Monsieur Doucet, with a smile, 'there are none too many here; I have brought only the people indispensable to make a verbal process. And have no fear for to-morrow, for this affair must be terminated this very day.'

And he made a signal to his three companions to sit down. The constable, like an actor who is well up in his part, placed himself at the work-table, and then displayed his frightened scrawl.—Anna hastened to take away the pictures, with which the table was provided, and pushed aside with disgust the pocket-book which contained so many warrants and processes, so much misery and despair.

'But I suppose, sir,' said Anna, 'that if you come here to make a verbal process, as you say, we will be permitted to have some one to represent us, for we do not know what our rights are.'

'You are at liberty to represent yourselves, ladies,' said Monsieur Corbin, bowing his head, 'but our proceedings cannot be stopped even momentarily.' Usher,' said he, 'write.'

Monsieur Doucet arose and began examining with the eye of a connoisseur the studies of flowers which covered the walls, and he gave utterance to many loud expressions of approbation—he loved the fine arts.

Monsieur Corbin began to dictate with a magisterial air: 'At the request of Monsieur Benoît Doucet, proprietor at Mantes, and living there, I, the undersigned, Aimé Séraphin, usher, etc., etc. Be it known that Anna Duval and her sister, Jeanne Duval, have recognized a debt owed to Monsieur Doucet, to the amount of ten thousand francs, the credentials of which they have signed, and acknowledge upon reaching their majority; be it known that the said Monsieur Doucet, resting upon this promise, has left to the said Anna Duval, and her sister, Jeanne Duval, the provisional use of the furniture which they inherited from their mother; but, be it known that various articles of the said furniture which constituted the pledge of the said Monsieur Doucet having disappeared—'

'How,' said Anna, 'were we forbidden to dispose of what belonged to us?'

'It is my turn to speak,' slowly replied the man without eyes and lips, 'you can reply at the end of the writ, if you find it convenient.'

And when the nasal voice was silent, the steel pen continued to grind his maledictions upon the stamped writ.

'But, in fact,' said Monsieur Doucet, 'I, who adore good paintings, noticed here the other day, the portrait of a woman which should be by the celebrated Latour—Latour! the glory of Saint Quentin, the charming, the inimitable painter in pastel. They make no more like his. He has carried away his secret to the tomb. Ah! but art is a charming thing! But, after all, this portrait must be found. Monsieur Corbin, these young persons must be summoned to declare what has become of this Latour; they cannot know the gravity of their act.'

The monotonous wordiness of a subpoena, of a summons, of I know not what gloomy proceeding, fell like a beating and icy rain upon the heads and hearts of the poor sisters. They clung to each other and wept in a corner of the chamber, in thinking of the portrait of their tender mother, being claimed by these birds of prey; but in the midst of her trouble, Jeanne felt a secret pleasure in knowing that this token was in safety.

'Ah well, my children,' said Monsieur Doucet approaching them, 'will you never them be reasonable? You forget that, by a single word you can terminate all this to your satisfaction.—Simply sign this declaration, and we will proceed to free you from this detestable usher; for you really must suffer, and it is most painful to me; for I am a kind and humane man, as the whole city of Mantes the pretty will tell you. It is a pity to push matters to this extremity.'

And he presented a stamped paper to the two sisters.

'And if we sign,' said Anna, after glancing at it, 'you will return us the title which you have in your hands, and you will leave here at once, never to come back again.'

'Certainly,' said Monsieur Doucet, 'although what you say may not be very flattering to us,

Mademoiselle; for we have drawn up the document so as to cover every possible point,' said he taking the co-heir to witness.

'Give it to me, then,' said Anna, 'we cannot pay too dear for the privilege of being relieved from this hateful conspiracy.'

'Stop,' said Jeanne, 'we have been forbidden to do this.'

'But, poor little sister,' said Anna, 'can I any longer let you be exposed to these insults? What is the future to us? God will take care of us.'

And she took a pen—

They heard the clatter of horses' feet, which appeared to stop restively before the door; and, whilst the two sisters were discussing about what they should do, Jeanne feebly restraining the pen which Anna held, an unexpected apparition came to complicate this scene, which had delayed the closing of the verbal process.

Two young women, clad in riding-habits, entered the chamber where so many were already assembled.

A summer shower is soon over. The sun penetrating the clouds, began to throw light upon the dark scene. The tallest of the two ladies we recognize as Mademoiselle Borghese, who was accompanied by Madame Wolff. She cast a rapid glance upon the persons in the room and then, springing to Anna:

'Do not sign,' cried she; 'the business is settled.'

And the spectators remained as if stupefied.—Anna and Jeanne pressed the hand of Mademoiselle Borghese, who presented her friend as a protector of their George.

'And first,' said Borghese, turning toward the company, 'with whom have we to deal here?—For justice must not be interfered with. You, sir, who hold the pen, said she to the man habited in oilcloth, 'you will tell your name and qualifications, if you please.'

'My name is Séraphin, a sworn usher; I am here in the exercise of my functions,' said the scribe, but little intimidated.

'Sir, I understand that you were doing your duty here; but you are no further needed.—Please to accept your fee, for you must not be disturbed for nothing.'

And she deposited a piece of gold upon the stamped paper.

The usher, after casting a look of astonishment towards his companions, went out with a respectful salutation.

'In your turn, Monsieur the Lawyer, what are your titles and dignities, that my manner of addressing you may correspond with the consideration which is due you?'

'The gentleman is my man of business,' said Doucet, interrupting. 'He keeps a law office; he is a man well experienced in litigations and is well known at Mantes.'

'A business man?' said Borghese, measuring him with her eyes. But is he a notary, counselor, attorney, something, in fine, official, and respectable?

'I am a practitioner, Madame, and I am here in my own right, as proxy for Monsieur Doucet.'

'But, my dear sir, one cannot be proxy for a man who is present. I am not a lawyer, but that seems to me to be one of the first things that you, as a practitioner, should have learned. It is quiet necessary that one of you two leave this place, and in all justice it should not be Monsieur Doucet, since we require his presence in order that we may count out his money to him.'

And with her eyes she seemed to indicate the door to the man with the green glasses.

'It is your turn to speak,' said Anna, timidly opening the door for him.

'In fine,' said Borghese, 'our little battle-field is clearing itself. And where, then, is our third adversary?'

'He is my cousin and my co-heir,' said Monsieur Doucet. 'Do not search for him, he is behind me.'

And he made arise the tall figure of his cousin, who, however, only asked leave to depart. He had lived a peaceable life in the country; and this agitating screech, this energetic amazon, who spoke so loud, and appeared so certain of her power—all this bewildered and disturbed him and was not to his taste.

'Ah well, dear Monsieur Doucet, here there is a matter which is about to be arranged between us, amicably, without usher, without practitioner, without the least attorney. What it is to be skillful! Proceed to the point: what do you ask?'

'Madame,' said Doucet, attempting to regain his confidence, and drawing a receipt from his pocket-book, 'I ask nothing, I require immediate payment of this debt, making all reserve, in case of non-payment, in respect to the obstacles which you have placed in the way of the exercise of my rights.'

'Let my pass,' said Borghese, 'there are no obstacles, we will agree in that. It is ten thou-

sand francs do you not say? and it is for so small a matter that you make all the noise?'

She herself searched in her pocket-book, with a careless air.

'Can you make change for me?' said she.

'For how much?' asked Monsieur Doucet with astonishment.

'For thirty thousand francs,' replied Borghese lightly touching the table with the knob of her riding-whip.

And she displayed to Doucet an open paper, which she cautiously retained in her hand.

Monsieur Doucet felt that his knees could no longer support him, and he fell upon a chair.

'If you have not the money,' said Borghese, 'you must go and look for it; or, rather, we will send out for the balance.'

The co-heir had already disappeared. Borghese conducted Monsieur Doucet out with the most perfect politeness, and said to him again, as she closed the door:

'In business, it is never necessary to get vexed. I bid you adieu in all kindness.'

(To be Continued.)

ORANGEISM AND FENIANISM.

LETTER OF THE ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN.

The following most important letter of His Grace the Most Rev. Dr. Cullen, Lord Bishop of Dublin, has been addressed to the Clergy of the Diocese on "Orangeism and Fenianism":—

Very Rev. Brethren—Having lately treated at some length of the various natural scourges which menace us, I shall make in this letter a few observations on two moral evils arising from human folly or wickedness, which tend to increase and aggravate our other miseries; I mean Orangeism and Fenianism. It would be well for Ireland if these two evils were eradicated from her soil, and their names forgotten. Of Orangeism I shall merely say, that ever since its establishment in Ireland it has been an impediment in the way of every improvement, and the source of the greatest calamities, and that it is still the cause of strife, dissensions, disturbances, and bloodshed. Endeavoring to maintain an unnatural ascendancy of a mere faction over a nation, it has always been the enemy of the rights and interests of those who will not yield to its pretensions. Even within this year it has caused serious riots, and compelled multitudes of peaceful citizens to spend weeks and months in terror and in dread of their lives. Many of them, if they left their houses, were insulted; perhaps shots were fired at them over their heads. It is to be hoped that some of our Liberal members of Parliament will bring this deplorable state of things before the Legislature. A powerful Government ought not to tolerate any longer the audacity of a small but active faction; which, whilst practising and upholding oppression, is filled with the spirit of inspiration. It cannot be forgotten that this party some years ago attempted to exclude her present gracious Majesty from the Throne, in order to make way for an Orange idol, and that very lately they insulted in a foreign country the youthful Prince whom Providence has destined to rule over this vast empire. The evils of Orangeism are aggravated by the fact that some magistrates, and persons of wealth and station, take part in its orgies.—In this way Orangeism is logically the parent of Ribbonism and Fenianism; for the example of those in high station is a source of scandal to others, giving them impulse to join in dangerous combinations, and justifying such a step as useful or necessary. As long as persons enjoying power or influence are allowed to form secret or dangerous societies, how can the bumbler classes be condemned for following their example?

[We published paragraphs omitted here in our editorial columns last week.]

One element of success was altogether wanting in the Fenian organization—it had not gained any hold on the inhabitants of the country.—Though they complain, and have great reason to complain, yet they have no sympathy for revolution or violence, and they entertain a respect, founded on their religion, for the laws of the land, for the lives and property of others, and for those in power. Sir John Davis, a great enemy of Ireland, and one of the organisers of confederation, admits that no people in the world were fonder of justice than the Irish. They are still animated with the same spirit, and if their rights were protected, and fair play given to them, they would not even complain. They are not admirers of Mazzini and Garibaldi, and their wicked associates. They would be filled with horror were they asked to perpetrate the bloody scenes of the first French revolution. Penetrated with the humility of the Gospel, they bear their sufferings with patience; and though they sigh for a termination of their wrongs, and desire that Ireland may become what she ought to be—great, happy, and free—yet they would never consent to seek a realisation of their aspirations by means bad in themselves or condemn-

ed by the Church. As long as they are animated by those Christian feelings Fenianism will be powerless among them. Destroy the Catholic faith and you will give it strength. Extend the influence of Godless Colleges, and model and training schools, and you will soon fill Ireland with Fenians, infidels, and revolutions. It is very unwise to spend the public money in a way that produces such results.

Moreover, Fenianism appears to have forgotten the dictates of prudence, having no regard for the safety of its dupes, and acting as if it were not desirous of success. When the leaders and originators of the movement, some of whom are now in prison, brought over McManus's remains to this city, they took care, as if to give timely notice to the police of their intentions, to publish in the Californian papers that the proposed funeral was to be the first step in a revolutionary movement. Ever since, American orators and Fenian brothers have gone to great pains to inform the authorities of everything they were contemplating, of the means they could dispose of, and of the time when they proposed to commence action. Alarming accounts were put in circulation, as if to excite public vigilance, and within the last few weeks we were seriously informed that 200,000 Fenians were ready to take the field in Ireland.—All these and other similar wild dreams, were published in the Fenian papers in America, and carefully repeated every week in their organs in the various parts of the United Kingdom.—Were those concerned men of common prudence, they would not have acted in this way. About to strike a blow, even in a bad cause, and to risk their lives, were they in earnest, they would have matured their plans in silence, and acted not after the fashion of foolish children, bragging about everything, but with thought, and like men conscious of having assumed a work of danger and great responsibility. Looking at the way in which the Fenians have acted in this country, we must come to the conclusion that, if you except the leaders, they have gone on without reflecting on what they were doing, and that unwittingly they were made the tools of some few wicked and designing men, who, keeping far from danger, sought to aggrandise themselves, and to promote their own interests even at the risk of the lives and liberties of others. Those who have been thus deceived and duped by knaves, deserve great pity, and ought to be treated with leniency. Ere many of them are lamenting their folly, and anxious to retrace their steps. There are other reasons to show that those who have been led astray are worthy of great commiseration. We all recollect how many revolutions have taken place in Europe within the last few years, every one of which was praised and encouraged by the press of England. The leader of many of those revolutions was the redoubt Joseph Garibaldi, a man not distinguished by talent, by military genius, or any quality that would give him a claim to be called great—a man who was, in reality, nothing more or less than a fortunate filibuster or marauder, who was defeated and lost his prestige the moment he encountered a few hundred disciplined troops at Aspromonte. You recollect this adventurer visited England last year, and you know how he was received. All London went out to meet him, as if he were the greatest of heroes; the first nobility of the country paid him the highest possible honors; and even the principal dignitaries of the Protestant Establishment, the authorised preachers of that gospel which inculcates obedience and subordination to lawful authority, the Protestant Bishops of London and Oxford, the Protestant Archbishop of Dublin, and others, hastened to bow before the man whose life had been spent in conspiracies, and in attempts to overthrow lawful governments; in fine, to the idol of all the revolutionists of the world.

Now, when unsuspecting young men, such as the Irish youth generally are, happened to read the eulogies passed on revolutions in other countries, was it not natural that they should ask—if a revolutionist be so praiseworthy elsewhere, why not get up one at home? If it was a glorious thing for Garibaldi to collect a fleet at Genoa, and invade a country which was living in peace with all other States, and dethrone its King, why should not a Head Centre of the Fenians in America collect an army, and endeavor to overthrow the Government of this Empire? If Garibaldi was a hero for his exploits, why should not a valiant Colonel of his own stamp, the great Centre of the Fenian movement, have a right to walk in his footsteps? Why should he not be applauded by all England? If equal justice were to be shown to both sides, should not London, and the English nobility, and dignitaries of the Protestant church, and the press of England, and the Orange press of Ireland be as loud in the praises of the disciple as they were in extolling his revolutionary master? It is not denied that Fenianism, arguing from the way in which England has acted, would be quite wrong, because, notwithstanding the praises of the British press, revolutions are unlawful, and the great idol of modern revolutions, Garibaldi, so far from being worthy of eulogy or imitation, should be condemned as the greatest enemy of everything Christian, and the worst scourge of the human race. What I want to urge is merely this, that those who have been the panegyrist and encouragers of resistance to lawful authority, and those who have bowed down before and almost adored Garibaldi, come in for a share of the blame which rests on the Fenians; because they virtually encouraged them to aspire to a great name by attempting to overthrow a peaceful empire, and to kindle a revolutionary fire in this remote corner of the earth. As to us, reverend brethren, we cannot allow any bad example to serve as a justification for what is wrong in itself. It is our duty, as ministers of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, which inculcates humility and obedience, to encourage a love of peace, to inculcate patience and forbearance in the time of trials and sufferings, and to prevent the spread of secret societies, and to check everything revolutionary. The experience of the past shows us that revolutions and rebellions tend to inflict the greatest calamities on the human race, by uprooting all religion, and that they most invariably terminate in massacres, anarchy, and despotism. Was not this the history of the French revolution of 1789; the great model of all modern revolutionary movements? Such political convulsions are sent as scourges on States in punishment of their iniquities and their rebellions against God. So far from seeking to bring them on, every man of sense and religion ought to pray to be preserved from catastrophes so fatal. Those who praise revolutions in other countries should recollect that they may bring them on in their own; those who sow the wind will reap the hurricane.

But are we, then, never to seek for the redress of grievances? Are we to sit in silence, like Mahometan fatalists, under the lash of the oppressor, without complaining, or without seeking for justice? Certainly not. Nothing more conformable to reason and religion than to expose our sufferings to those in power, and to call on them for relief. Among us it is most desirable that this should be done by selecting good members of Parliament, able and willing to state our case and defend our rights in the legislative assembly of the nation. We can also call upon the press to expose our wants; we can petition and complain until we make ourselves heard.—Since the year 1780 great measures of public utility have been obtained in this way; and if the Fenians, and those who fraternise with them, only give up their idle boastings and menaces, there is no doubt but a great many other concessions will be obtained. Whilst we are weak and poor, and unarmed and divided, it is sheer madness to talk of revolutions, or to pretend to assail such a Power as England. Pretensions of that kind, besides making us a laughing-stock to others, will only render our condition worse than it is, and prevent the correction of abuses and the improvement of the country. But, on the other side, our cause is so just, our sufferings have been so great, and our grievances are so patent, that if we expostulate, if we reason, and urge matters with earnestness, acting with patience and perseverance, we shall undoubtedly obtain everything necessary for the welfare of our people. Following this course, we shall be acting in conformity with the dictates of our religion, a matter of paramount importance in whatever we undertake. The teaching of the Scripture is quite clear—'Let every one,' says St. Paul, 'be subject to higher powers, for there is no power but from God; and those that are, are ordained of God. Therefore, he that resisteth the power resisteth the ordinance of God; and they that resist purchase to themselves damnation'—(Rom. xiii. 1.) Whilst Scripture lays down this doctrine, it is not only foolish, but it is wicked and sinful, and anti-Christian, to give up peaceable means of redress, and to fly to violence, insubordination and revolution. Though recommending obedience to established authority and to observance of the precepts of the Gospel, we are far from being the enemies of rational liberty, and from condemning love of country.—Christ came into the world to release mankind from the slavery and despotism of sin, that were prevalent everywhere. Inheriting His power, the Catholic Church, and her supreme head, have done more to break the chains of the slave, and to diffuse a spirit of true liberty through the nations of the earth, than all the philosophers, politicians, and philanthropists that ever lived. The Catholic Church and her Pontiffs have always opposed slavery and despotism, never ceasing to raise their voice in favor of oppressed humanity; but at the same time they have condemned the revolutionary movements of secret societies, rebellion, insubordination, that spirit of licentiousness, that pagan self-worship, that spirit of dialectical pride which would make man resist every authority, in imitation of Lucifer, who raised the standard of revolt in Paradise even against God.