



CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

VOL. II.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, JULY 30, 1852.

NO. 51.

THE IDEAS OF A CATHOLIC AS TO WHAT SHOULD BE DONE.

Translated from the French of Abbé Martinet, for the *True Witness*.

18.—DIVINE FRATERNITY OF NATIONS.—MATERIAL ADVANTAGES OF THAT FRATERNITY—WHAT EUROPE OWES TO THE OTHER PARTS OF THE WORLD AND WHAT SHE MAY EXPECT FROM THEM.

To those who, with glory, learning, political and commercial influence, would fain have something more concrete—to those who would, perhaps, relent if they came to reflect that fair and good works are incompatible with good pieces, we must reveal one of the finest laws of Providence.

God, who has drawn all men from one, and by one has redeemed them, has incessantly exhorted them to live as brethren, and to communicate to each other their intelligence, their power, their wealth. In order to promote this communion of nations, he attaches thereto a magnificent temporal reward—the full possession and enjoyment of the earth.

The unequal distribution of physical and moral strength, which obliges the families of one nation to group themselves in society, the Creator has decreed that this should reign from nation to nation, to the end, that, by the interchange of the products of their soil, and the fruits of their industry, they may learn to relieve each other, and find power and prosperity in the union and love prescribed to them by their religion.

Every region, even the most sterile, contains treasures which are its own, and peculiar to itself. Every nation has its industry, and its method, more or less ingenious, of ameliorating the ills of life, and increasing its enjoyments. The most stupid savage has his obole to deposit in the treasury of useful knowledge.

Why is it that Europe, which is by no means the most favored with the *fat of the earth*, is not the richest in the abundance and variety of her productions—productions adapted to every want, and to every pleasure? Is it not to her labor and to the importations made by her navigators and her missionaries, that she is indebted for this advantage? Our fields, our orchards, our woods, our gardens, our ponds, our apothecaries' shops, our houses, are they not all filled with the trophies of our industrial conquests?

We have learned from the Carib the use of that plant whose smoke or powder beguiles our weariness. What our soil may not yield, our vessels bring. The Arab cultivates for us the bean which inspired Dehille's fine verses:

"C'est toi, divin café, etc."

Our tables are covered with delicious fruits ripened under the sun of Africa. How pitiable would be our condition, if foreign nations withdrawing what we have from them, we should be reduced to our own indigenous productions?

Is there nothing more for us to gain? Can we have attained the highest degree of material prosperity? If so, it is passing strange. If our sons one day do, at full length, what we now do in miniature, our grand-sons, in fifty years, will find it difficult to conceive how we could relish life, deprived as we were of so many things which shall then soften and embellish their existence. They will think of us what we now think of our fathers of the fifteenth century, with this difference, that they can say of us what we have no right to say of our ancestors; it was their own fault; why should they boast so much of their intelligence, their power, yet make little use, if not a bad use, of them?

You who are solicitous for your own welfare, and that of the suffering masses of your fellow-men, who may one day tire of suffering, assist us to establish the one grand work on a footing worthy of us, and of the wants of humanity. Help us to carry to our yet uncivilised brethren, with our religion, and the civilising principles which we derive from it, the knowledge and the love of labor; then shall ye soon behold the accomplishment of the Divine word—*Seek first the kingdom of God and his justice and all things else shall be added thereto.*

And let it not be supposed that the object is solely to snatch from the depths of barbarism some savage tribes of America, or some twenty or thirty millions of South-Sea Islanders. Every nation that is not Christian, is more or less brutalised. Let us take, for example, the Hindoos. No people under the sun more favored by nature. The earth which yields us, with reluctance, a harvest once a year, gives them two, sometimes three. Their forests of fig-trees, of bamboos, feed animals the strongest, the most industrious, and the most useful. They want not the genius of invention. Many of them knew, long before we did, the use of powder, fire-arms, printing, &c. Their languages, their literature, their learned books, display an uncommon depth of thought.

Yet with all the elements of learning and of power, they know only how to suffer, and can do nothing

else. An hundred millions of them (and these are the least miserable) lie grovelling under the yoke of a company of European merchants. All the others are a prey to greedy and cruel masters, and amongst these masters are the animals.

The wild beasts, who elsewhere shun the presence of man, and tremble before him, seem to sport with the inhabitants of India. The tiger roams at will, and as a master through the fields,—prowls around the towns, and sometimes enters. Fearful reptiles, whose bite is instant death, establish themselves in the houses, sacrifices are offered to them, and the daily prayer is addressed to them: "My lord serpent, do us no harm!" The ape throws himself upon the passengers, and strangles them, after having amused himself a while with their terror. The very vermin are permitted to feast at will on these unhappy beings, because the Brahmin, who impels the Hindoo widow to ascend the funeral pile, forbids, under pain of hell, to put even the smallest living creature to death.

Do not believe, on the word of Montesquien, and those who would now revive the *materialistic* dreams of a by-gone age, that the Hindoos are destined to remain for ever prostrate under the fatal power of nature and the tyrannical influence of race and climate. It is a truth of faith and of experience that nations, even the most abject, rear themselves up under the shadow of the cross, victorious over all tyranny. In fact, we have in every quarter of India thousands of Christians who know how to resist even unto death the unjust will of their princes, and who, instead of prayers, address musket-shots to the *divine serpents* who attack them or their idolatrous brethren.

Let us gain for Christianity those innumerable tribes who are groaning in hopeless misery, with resources around them squandered away, or still undeveloped, which require only an idea of order and a little industry to spread plenty over the whole earth. These nations will restore to us an hundred fold what we give to them. The same ships which bring them missionaries, shall return laden with necessary provisions, of a superior quality, and at a cheap rate for the lower orders; others with objects rare and precious, to minister unto luxury and opulence. The surplus of our population will flow towards those favored climes, in the wake of merchants and missionaries.—Our dear emigrants shall amass fortunes, more or less, with ease and celerity, and we shall sleep calmly in the midst of our prosperity.

It is feared that our manufacturing interest should suffer? Truly it would be no great harm, if the fearful population now stifling in our factories had somewhat more air and room. Then, be it remembered that, even laying gratitude aside, necessity would long oblige our juniors to be mindful of their seniors.

For the rest, whether we will or not, we must come to that, if existence be dear to us. We shall conclude with one consideration which addresses itself to all, but especially to those who rule by height of thought, or length of arm.

Let the subject, which is infinitely important, obtain favor for the way in which we treat it—perhaps too lightly. Our horror of long disquisitions, which no one reads now-a-days, induce us to adopt the figurative style.

THE TWELFTH OF JULY IN LIVERPOOL—LETTER OF THE REV. DR. CAHILL.

TO THE RIGHT WORSHIPFUL THE MAYOR, AND TO THE MAGISTRATES OF LIVERPOOL.

"Gentlemen, this court is sometimes called upon to deal with the cases of riot and assault, arising out of those multitudinous processions which occasionally interrupt the traffic, and endanger the peace of this town. It is, therefore, with peculiar satisfaction that I learn St. Patrick's Day passed over without any procession. The Irish seem spontaneously to have adopted a more rational mode of celebrating the anniversary of their patron Saint. It is probable that this has been done in deference to the opinion of persons in authority and wisdom amongst them. If so, I can only observe that it is as honorable to give, as it is creditable to adopt, such advice. It shows in all parties a desire to show respect to the law, and to promote peace and harmony in the public. I think such a line of conduct peculiarly creditable at the present moment; because when I look to the transactions of last year, I cannot but remember that there are some circumstances which might naturally lead to feelings of irritation in the minds of the Irish population at the present moment; and it is, I think, magnanimous on their part, that they have not allowed any such feeling to stand in the way of the proper line of duty. After such an example, it is not too much to hope that other processions of a similar nature will cease. Any attempt to revive them would, in my opinion, be very reprehensible, and, I will add, illegal and dangerous. It is, therefore, to be hoped that by the example that has now been set, we may get rid of one element of discord, riot, and tumult in the town. If so, it will be a great advantage to all of us; and I think that much will be due to those who, in this last instance, have been

the first to lay aside a mischievous practice."—*Extract of a charge of the Recorder of Liverpool in April 1852.*

July 1st, 1852, 12, St. Paul's Square, Liverpool.

Mr. Mayor and Gentlemen,—I feel very happy on the present occasion to be enabled to quote the judicial language of the Recorder of your city, and to propose the wisdom of his observations as an example for the public imitation. I must premise, gentlemen, that in the present letter, which I shall take the liberty to address to you, I do not presume to come before you in the spirit of dictator; I appeal to you in the respectful attitude of a petitioner making an humble, but yet a firm request; and hoping in a favorable result from your known impartiality, your justice and your authority.

The 12th of July is now near at hand—a date signalised by the disastrous recollection of party strife in England and Ireland. And although the past anniversaries of this political festival have been sometimes celebrated heretofore under circumstances of infuriated and insane excitement, which has not unfrequently ended in the shedding of blood, I think you will agree with me in believing that the events of the last two years in this country invest the approaching day with an amount of perilous anticipations beyond all former precedents. This is not the place, nor is it the appropriate time, nor is it my own wish or feeling, to discuss here the causes, or examine the political machinery, which, during nearly the two last centuries, have ranged citizens of the same country in hostile conflict, have divided the national strength, paralysed commercial energy, spread civil discord, inflamed religious animosity, and loosened and dislocated the very framework of Irish and English society. The present is not the occasion to hold up this melancholy picture to public view; the records of our fatal history are already too vividly imprinted on the national heart to require any additional remembrance; and in the present instance I merely point to these painful recollections to remind you of the magnitude of "my case," to awaken your judicial vigilance, and to urge you to place your magisterial executive authority in the most favorable attitude of combined power and instant action. It is painful to be compelled to say that the present government have encouraged at the present time factious hostilities and religious animosities; and while I charge the head of the administration, and "the first guardian of public justice and law," with the crimes of promoting, for interested purposes, civil and religious dissension, I cannot pay a higher tribute, gentlemen, to your personal and public official character, than to appeal to your recognised honor and justice for protection against the imminent perils which the bigotry and the injustice of the present government have accumulated against the Catholic name. The disgraceful conspiracy of riots at Stockport are a practical commentary on the meaning and the intent of the late proclamation, and when the innocent and interesting, and inoffensive (admitted) assemblage of little school girls, celebrating a joyous school holiday, has led to the wrecking of houses, the destruction of private property, the pillage of churches, and to the awful crime of murder, it is time that you should make prompt and efficient preparations to prevent any public demonstration which may have the effect of offering a national insult, giving a public challenge, provoking retaliation and revenge, and, perhaps, terminating in conflagration and blood.

The history of the whole world furnishes no parallel to the political commemorations of factious strife which stains the annals of England and Ireland; there is no record of an insulting national festival, held by the connivance and the indirect sanction in any country of the whole world except Great Britain. When the partisans of the Queen of Spain triumphed over the Carlists, in 1833, there was not, and has never been since that time, an annual insulting procession to celebrate their victory. When the Queen of Portugal succeeded in occupying the throne of Don Miguel, we hear of no armed assemblages of her party, hooting, insulting, and shooting the friends of her fallen opponent. When Louis Philippe, by mean, usurping intrigue, ousted Charles X., and when he was again expelled by the Red Republicans, and when they, in their turn, were overcome by Louis Napoleon, there was no man, or set of men, in France who ever thought of organising a public armed procession to insult their conquered countrymen, and to trample on the faithful but fallen adversary. And when the Americans expelled the English from their soil, there was not, and there never has been, from that day to the present hour, any anniversary held at Bunker's-hill, or at New Orleans, in derision of the fallen friends of England, or in insult to her name or creed. And when the Belgians expelled the Prince of Orange, and erected their country into an independent dynasty, these Catholic victors have never had since that time any insulting procession to ridi-

cule or degrade the conquered Dutch. Bernadotte, the traitor to his master, Napoleon, still had the decency of never establishing a national festival or insult in Sweden; nor did King Otho in Greece ever think of evoking old Athenian fury against the vile Mahomedans, who wasted that land of liberty, science, poetry, and patriotism, with fire and sword. No; the conquerors of modern times have been governed by the laws of truth, honor, justice, and generosity, and they never soiled their brilliant victories with mean bigotry, or with cowardly revenge. No such practice has ever been found to exist in any country of the civilised world; and the universal, and the invariable result of this generous feeling in every country has been the oblivion of past animosities, the gradual union of all parties, and the consequent combination of the whole public mind, and the willing concentration of the entire public zeal in every national struggle. Gentlemen, it is an admitted historical fact, that England stands alone, before all the nations, a solitary exception to this noble, generous feeling of honor, justice, and national magnanimity. I speak a historical fact, an admitted record—England alone keeps up an interminable warfare against the conquered; she alone has stereotyped at home and abroad the history of Dolly's-brae in Ireland; she alone exhibits her red flag of galling triumph in the days of cheerful loyalty and of peaceful commerce; she alone insults without provocation; puts on her armour without necessity; threatens the unoffending and marches in the order of battle, in ferocious triumph over the tombs of the ancient dead, and in derision of the living, dishonoring the ashes of the fallen slain; she alone unites in indissoluble wedlock politics with religion, government with bigotry, insult with loyalty; and, consequently, as the legitimate offspring of this monstrous union, must be a hideous progeny of civil discord and religious hatred, it follows clearly that, until the auspicious day arrives, when England will learn to imitate the policy of other people; or, till the happy time comes when this anti-social, anti-Christian union shall be dissolved, we must be doomed to have a government without obedience, religion without conscience, law without justice, power without strength, a nation without fellow-citizens, and a country without a home. If you doubt the accuracy of the picture I have drawn, just cast your eyes on the map of Ireland, and I undertake to say that, in the poor-house, in the demolished villages, the deserted fields, the crowded emigrant ship, and the gorged churchyard, you will see the terrible glowing original from which I have tried to make my faint and imperfect copy. But I need not have directed your attention to Ireland for an example of the disastrous feeling which has made Ireland a desert, and which has made England a byword of reproach throughout the habitable globe. I need not have travelled beyond your own city for an exemplification of this anti-national feeling; you have it in Liverpool; you have it in almost every town in England, where the name of Catholic is known. You hear it in the pulpit; you listen to it on the woolsack; you find it in the jury-box, and it lives in the senate-house; it influences the speech, taints the cheek, and pollutes the blood of the dominant party; it tarnishes the colors of Waterloo, disfigures the flag of Trafalgar; degrades the bar, and enslaves the press. It is the shame of omnipotent England, and the disgrace of our boasted constitution; it is the palpable refutation of governmental honor, and the scorn of the surrounding nations; it stamps our laws as a public lie, and brands the religion of the state as an organised and consecrated hypocrisy; it is the bane of society, the ruin of Ireland, and it is the corroding cancer which will yet consume and destroy the life and the name of England.

But, gentlemen, you must not mistake me; it is because I am a lover of peace, that I so much abhor discord; and because I value so highly the general principles of the British constitution under which I live, that I lament so much her disgraceful abandonment (in particular instances) of the clear principles of national faith and public justice. I desire the union, the sincere union, of all my countrymen of every shade of politics and of religion. I should, for this desirable object, undertake any labor or make any sacrifice; and if I could succeed in producing an oblivion of all the irritating past, and a friendly intercourse for the present, and for all the future, I should consider myself the best benefactor of Ireland, and the truest friend of the real interests of this country. It is under the recommendation of such sentiments as these that I address myself on the present occasion to the judicial authorities of Liverpool; and I have a strong claim on your attention and co-operation. Aided by the Catholic Clergy of your city, I have been mainly instrumental in preventing the public procession of my countrymen on last Patrick's Day. I am aware that for this judicious control over the obedience and the affections of my countrymen, I