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THE BRANDY REMEDY.

The homoeopaths say "like cures like. It may be so occasionally. At any rate, doctors cure drunkenness in the military hospitals of Prussia by means of brandy."

Karl Flader was a Rheinland subject of his majesty of Prussia; and Karl, like many others I could mention in Rheinland, as well as out of it, got drunk very often. He drank of the best when he could get it, and when he couldn't he drank whatever he could get. Karl Flader wasn't very particular about his drinking, if only there was alcohol in what he drank, and he could get drunk upon it. Water was his aversion, except when used in his watering-pot; for Karl was a market-gardener. "I don't know what water is good for," Karl would often exclaim, "except for my cabbages." He was destined to know better one day. Karl was an industrious man when he wasn't drunk, which was oftener than he was industrious; and so, you see, there could not be much said in favor of his industry, upon the whole. Karl Flader was naturally a good-hearted fellow. Even drunkenness had not been able to make him quite dead to all shame. He resolved once to do without strong drinks. He kept his resolve: but he was ill. He resolved a second time; and again kept it; but he hadn't any money. So you see the way Karl Flader kept his two resolves wasn't very meritorious on the whole.

"Suppose you could have whatever you might wish for, what would you wish for?" said Franz Muller to Karl one day.

"Rhein-wein and schnaps."

"And if you could get as much brandy schnaps as you liked, would you ever get tired of it?"

"I should think not," said Karl. Karl Flader, to whom the words, Rheinwein and brandy schnaps were suggestive, began to feel as if he wanted some. So fumbling in his pockets, one after the other, and being a little rich that day, he drew out a thaler, and patting his companion on the shoulder, said, "come my fine fellow, now, let's have a glass."

But Franz made wry faces, and shook his head.

"Zounds! what is this, Franz?" said Karl; "you could once drink like the best of us."

"That's when I bought it myself," said he; "and could only get it by paying."

"You're a funny fellow," said Karl; "but I like to be obliging. Here pay for me, if you like; but schnaps I must and will have. 'I can't do without it.'"

Franz hadn't any money, which ended the matter: but if his pockets had been full of money the result would have been the same.

"Stop, my friend," said Karl, "next month when your time of soldiering comes, then you have as much as you'll like to drink, for nothing—perhaps even more."

"Long live the king, then!" said Karl; "I didn't know he was so liberal."

"Then you don't know anything about his majesty," answered Franz; "but tattoo beats, I must away. Adieu."

Now it was as Franz said; the time had almost come for Karl to serve as a soldier, and what Franz had said about the King of Prussia's liberality warmed Karl's heart to such a degree that living on anticipation, he did a thing he did not think he could have done—went home, and to bed, without schnaps, though he had a thaler in his pocket.

A month soon passed over the heads of all of us, and to Karl Flader it seemed to pass more rapidly than it does to you and to me; because he got drunk almost daily, whereas you and I don't get drunk at all, which things all put together come to this—that every moment of drunkenness is a moment stolen from the drunkard's life. The day came, at length, when Karl must doff his gardener's clothes, put on his soldier's attire, learn goose step, handle—not Brown Bess, nor the Minie—but the needle gun; for, of late years, the needle has other besides tailoring work to do in Prussia. Tailors' needles make holes through men's contumacious, and the needles of needle-guns help to make holes through men—that is the difference.

Karl was awkward at first—all recruits are. He stooped, he stumbled, he didn't turn out his toes. But the drill-sergeant is everywhere a smart fellow; he soon licks awkward recruits into shape; and smartest among the smart is the drill-sergeant of Prussia. Karl not only pleased himself in the end, but also pleased his betters. "I deserve something to drink; I wonder if they will give us some!" but nothing of that sort was forthcoming.

"I thought you told me a man had nice things given him to drink in this place?" said Karl to Franz one day.

"How can they expect to give you any until they know you are fond of them?"

"By the great Fritz, I'll show them I am;—this very night I'll show them!" said Karl, draw-

ing a thaler from his pocket. He chucked the thaler up in the air, and caught it in the palm of his hand as it came down again. "There, my pretty little fellow," said he to the silver coin; "look me full in the face once more, for by all that's good to drink in Rheinland, you and I are soon to part company."

It was rare for Karl to make a resolve and not hold to it in such a matter as this. So he went away to the nearest bibbing place, and bibbed and sipped, and bibbed again, until something got into the place where brains alone should be.—Karl was a soldier now, and knew what he might expect if he got to the barracks too late. So when tattoo beat, he ran and fell, then got up and ran again—all of which made him still more drunk than he was before. He arrived at the barracks a little too late, and was duly reported for the same. If he had not been reported, the falling would have told a tale. He was all over mud, and the King of Prussia doesn't allow his soldiers to make themselves muddy for nothing.

Karl went to bed; and in the morning when he awoke, he began to reflect what the consequences of his indiscretion might be.

"Shall I have to ride the sharp-backed horse?" said he to Franz.

"By no means, my friend; on the contrary, having shown what your likings are, you will have brandy schnaps to your heart's content, and all for nothing."

"You don't say so."

"I do though."

Before we acquaint the reader with what next took place, we must describe to him what sort of an animal is the sharp-backed horse. Be it known, then, that the cat-o'-nine-tails is unknown in Prussia—but there are punishments just as bad. One consists in riding astride on a sharp, ridge-like piece of timber, which causes great agony. If you wish to gain a notion of it, seat yourself astride upon a triangular park paling, and stay there until your lesson is complete.

While Franz and Karl were still in conversation, Dr. Krauss, the military surgeon arrived, accompanied by the corporal.

"We are going to place you in the hospital," said Dr. Krauss; "your case is desperate."

"In the hospital," thought Karl, "why I was never better."

Dr. Krauss, however, knew best about that. "You like strong drinks?" said the doctor.

Karl meditated, and scratched his ear; but the case was so mysterious that he made no reply.

"Answer me, my man; nobody means to hurt you. You like brandy?"

Karl pleaded guilty to the delicate imputation. "Come with me, then."

So the doctor put Karl into a room of the military hospital, all alone; and saying, "You will be well attended to," he turned slowly away, locking the door behind him.

Karl wondered what they were going to do with him, and what would come next. He did not wonder long; for the door opened, and in came an orderly with breakfast rations. Mark you what they consist of—a basin of stirabout, and a loaf of bread! The warder having placed these things on the table, asked Karl if his appetite was good.

"Not particularly."

"But taste," said the warder.

Karl tasted the stirabout; it was strong of brandy.

"Delicious!" exclaimed he.

"And the bread?"—it was soaked in brandy!

"Delightful!" exclaimed Karl. He thought he had never made so hearty a breakfast in all his life.

"You like it?" said the orderly.

"I should think so!"

"If," said the orderly, "you like to drink I will send you something."

"What?" demanded Karl.

"Brandy?"

Karl could hardly reconcile himself to the belief that he had fallen so much in luck's way.—"I know what it is," said he to himself; his Majesty, the King, God bless him, like his champagne, and likes his schnaps, and he likes his men to do as he does. Let me have some brandy at once," said Karl.

The orderly disappeared, and presently returned, bringing with him an enormous bottle of brandy, and a large horn.

"If you get drunk a glass might break," said he, addressing Karl. "This horn cannot break. Drink and enjoy yourself."

Deep were the potatoes Karl made that day. Though quite alone, he could not restrain his emotions; he stood up, placed himself in theatrical attitudes, and toasted good King Frederick William so often and so heartily, that before dinner time came he was floored. On the floor, accordingly the orderly found him when he made his next rounds. Karl ate no dinner that day, nor supper either; but when morning arrived, the effects of his debauchery had worn off to

such an extent that he was ready for breakfast, composed, as on the day before, of stirabout and a loaf of bread, each seasoned with brandy.—Karl partook of this breakfast heartily; but he nevertheless left some untouched, which was not the case the morning before.

"I fancy it is almost too rich," thought Karl. Though the brandy bottle was replenished and near him, Karl, for some reason or other, partook of the contents so moderately, that neither did he get drunk, as before, nor was his appetite spoiled for dinner.

Up came the orderly with dinner in good time. Dinner as follows:

- Soup seasoned with brandy.
Cabbage "
Potatoes "
Boiled meat "
Bread "

"I'm much obliged," said Karl to the orderly, as he smelt the brandy fumes escaping from his eatables. "I'm much obliged for the doctor's kindness, but this you see is rather too rich to go on upon. 'I'll take my victuals to-day without the brandy, and drink the brandy afterwards.'"

"We don't keep such victuals," replied the orderly. "The doctor knows what's best for you to eat, man—you'll like it in time."

So Karl ate his victuals, and he thought they were not so bad after all.

"If you please," said Karl, when he had eaten all he could, "I should like a little water—just a teetle."

"We don't keep such a thing," said the orderly.

"No water?"

"None."

"Then could I have some brandy-and-water?" asked Karl.

"Yes, I'll bring some mixed in the proportion the doctor thinks right."

"Please, I would rather mix for myself."

"You can't do that; the doctor won't let you touch water."

"Water isn't such a bad thing in its place after all," thought Karl; for by this time his inner man waxed uncomfortably hot, and his blood rushed to and fro, as if it was forced by a hand-pump.

Supper—Stirabout and brandy.

Breakfast—Brandy and stirabout.

Dinner—Soup with Brandy; cabbage idem; meat idem; bread, potatoes, idem, idem;—brandy, brandy! everything they gave poor Karl to eat and drink steamed and smelt of brandy.

"For heaven's sake, let me have a draught of water," said he, when dinner time on the third day came; "just one draught of water."

"No, not a drop."

"But I shall die—I am on fire—I burn!" roared Karl; "give me water—water!"

"No, drink your brandy-and-water."

"I can't—I won't!"

"Well, then, go without."

Dr. Krauss came on the third day. He felt Karl's pulse, and looked at his tongue, and asked him if he felt better.

"Better!" exclaimed he, "I am dying by inches! Give me water! one draught of water! Let me out—beat me—put me on the sharp-backed horse—shoot me!" roared he, "but don't murder me like this!"

"Why, don't you like brandy?" said the doctor, with a grin so malicious that it might have sat on the face of Mephistopheles, without disparagement to his fiendishness.

"Like it? I'll never taste a drop again."

"Yes, you will," said the doctor; "you'll take it for exactly seven days more." He did; and Karl could never look alcohol in the face afterwards.

And this, reader, is not quite a fiction; for in this way they cure drunkards in the military hospitals of Prussia.

REV. DR. CAHILL.

THE WHIGS OF 1858.

(From the Dublin Catholic Telegraph.)

The Whigs can no more alter their political character than an Ethiopian can change his skin, or a leopard his spots; and in recording their conduct for the year 1858, one is only noting their history for the current time, writing the last contemporaneous page of their natural career. And this office one performs in something of the same feeling as the Astronomical Secretary at Greenwich quotes, during each successive year, the certain fluctuations of the barometer rising or falling, according to the meteorology of the season. Since the hour when Whiggery first existed in these countries, it has never risen one line in public respect except by pressure: remove this external force and Whiggery, or, as O'Connell used to say, "base" Whiggery, falls down to its natural lowest essential level.

The late alliance of Lord Palmerston with Lord John Russell, in reference to the confiscation of the lands of Oude, can surprise no noble acquainted with the conduct of these two noble

lords on the Continent of Catholic Europe, during the period of their past administrations.—Austria, Naples, the Roman States, Lombardy, Spain, Portugal, trace their respective revolutions, and their political and social embarrassments to the perfidious stratagems of these fallen English Whig diplomatists; and according to the old Irish proverb "set a thief to catch a thief," no one with the small talent he possesses could expose with more scathing severity the intrigues of these Whig lords in every part of the world than Sir Robert Peel, their former Envoy at Berne; their trained anti-Catholic emissary and confidential tool amongst the ferocious free corps of Switzerland. For the consistency of the Whig alliance, it is a pity that Lord Minto had not been made a consenting party to the execution of the Oude confiscation, in order that in the just catastrophe which has befallen these Whig leaders, the whole family should be buried together in one political grave: and without the hope of a future ministerial resurrection. In all the political mishaps which have already occurred, or which will hereafter happen to these unhappy lords, the correspondence with Kossuth will be ever flung in the teeth of the one, while the Durham letter will be shaken in the face of the other: and the future historian in writing their biography, and noting the practical results of their official career will be compelled to admit that few public men in these countries have done more to raise up enemies against England from all the surrounding nations: or to involve the kingdom in reckless wars which could be avoided, and in enormous debt which could be saved.

The Derby Cabinet at present claims much credit before the English public for having supported the landholders of Oude against the confiscation of the Whigs. It is scarcely possible that the public can be made to swallow this palpable figment to cover English military weakness, when all the world knows that it is the inflamed combination of the people of Oude themselves, which has defied the power of England, which has called forth the remonstrance of Sir James Outram, and which has changed Whig confiscation, forsooth, into Tory clemency! The people of India know too well that the names of Warren Hastings or Dalhousie; Wellsley, or Canning, are all the same to them: and that annexation, spoliation, and persecution, have ever been the weapons employed by Whig or Tory in the government of their country, since the hated infidels (as they call the English) first set their foot on the soil of Hindostan. Aye, Tory clemency! no, not at all: the clemency which just now is made the subject of such vaunting ministerial bragadocio, is the clemency of the wolf, in presence of the shepherd's dog. It is the clemency inspired by the thinned numbers of our brave, incomparable army: it is the clemency felt by the approach of the dog-days, when armies of Sepoys bask with delight in their own native sun, while European blood is boiled into vapour: and European flesh is baked into original clay. Yes, indeed, clemency! who ever heard of English clemency to her subjects, till like the Americans at Bunker's Hill, they discharge their muskets into the eyes of her battalions, and exact clemency at the point of the bayonet? England has never been known to grant even justice to her suppliant dependencies, till forced by arms or policy: hence the restless, the discontented, and the aggrieved, have ever neglected constitutional means of seeking redress for national grievances: they adopt, on the contrary, reckless agitation: and not unfrequently illegal combination, because England has herself set the example of never conceding the popular claims, till compelled by internal danger or foreign threats. And much as the House of Commons now boast of their liberality towards Oude, it is the Indian climate, our exhausted resources, and the Mahomedan sword, which have so suddenly awakened this unusual sympathy for the landholders beyond the Ganges.

On reading the various speeches delivered in Parliament during the late debate in favour of the people of Oude, and in censure of the confiscation despatch, the Irish historian cannot fail to recollect the argument put forward on this question by the Derby Cabinet, the Tory members, the Conservative side of the House. According to the justice of these legislators, Oude should not be confiscated—for the following reasons:—

Firstly—Because Oude was a nation which really had never been subdued: had never acknowledged English rule.

Secondly—Because the people fought for these unconquered rights rather than against English allegiance.

Thirdly—Because they must, therefore, be looked on as honorable foreign enemies rather than domestic rebels.

Fourthly—Because England has unjustly demanded the right over their private property, rather than enforced the mere transfer of their allegiance from their native king to the Queen of England.

And lastly—Because they believed, though falsely, that England intended to change their religion by force.

On all these grounds, therefore, the Tories declared that the despatch of Lord Canning is a palpable injustice; and hence, that the people of the East, the Hindoos, the Mahomedans, the Buddhists, the Thugs, the Lamatists, the worshippers of Baal, the followers of Juggernaut, the sacrificers of human victims, are not to be disturbed in their political rights; their lands are not to be confiscated; they are to enjoy under the Derby Cabinet, the unmolested possession of their estates, their territorial rights; and they are to live in the free exercise of Hindooism, Mahometanism, Buddhism, Thuggism, Lamatism, Baalism, Juggernautism, with all the varieties of these monstrous, inhuman, cruel, and libidinous rites of worship which degrade man below the level of the beast, and libel the character of God, as the omnipotent encourager of all immorality and crime. This statement, in few words, is the brief sketch of Conservative clemency, Tory justice, and English theology, in reference to the late legislation towards the people of Oude.

When the Irish historian reads these speeches, and hears the defence put forth by the present Government in favor of Oude, what a proof of the gross injustice, the reckless spoliation, and the thrilling cruelty practised towards Ireland from the reign of Elizabeth up to the present hour. When I am now asked why I inveigh against the confiscation of the lands of Catholic Ireland, I quote the despatch of Lord Malmesbury; when any one inquires why I arraign the monarch of these past days with injustice, I direct attention to the speech of Disraeli; and when the children of Ireland are charged with rebellion, when they weep over the cruelties practised on their fathers, they can refer to the decision of the present Government for the accuracy of their judgment, and for the strict propriety of their feelings. If the English Government of 1858 in the nineteenth century have pronounced a verdict in favor of Oude, against confiscation, injustice, and persecution, I quote that verdict in favor of Ireland against the Government of Elizabeth in 1558; against James in 1605; against Charles in 1663; and against William in 1688. If it be a crime against the laws of nations to rob Oude for the reasons already assigned, it must be tenfold, one hundred fold a greater offence before God and man to have, under the circumstances, oppressed Ireland in the reigns referred to with a political and religious persecution unparalleled in the history of the civilized world. What is injustice in the East, cannot be justice in the West; and if modern cabinets can be taken as evidence against the decisions of past legislatures, Ireland can hold up before all mankind, the verdict of the present Parliament in reference to Oude, as a logical, an unanswerable demonstration of the immeasurable tyrannies, which centuries ago have been perpetrated against her, and which for ages past have been continued against her with a vigor of which there is no example in European history.

Ireland never submitted to the rule of England, till finally conquered in the reign of Elizabeth—Mullagimast is my evidence—why not, therefore, concede to her the national justice put forth in the despatch of Lord Malmesbury.

Ireland took up the cause of the unfortunate Charles against Cromwell; advocated royalty against rebellion—why not, therefore, adopt the speech of Disraeli in her defence?

Ireland stood by the fortunes of fallen James, her rightful sovereign, against the usurpation of William: why not, therefore, reward her according to the late verdict of Lord Derby's Cabinet? On this day England is, therefore, judged from her own mouth: and the records of the House of Commons in the year 1858 will supply the future historian with the public confession of England's guilt towards Ireland, pronounced by the lips of the first Minister of the Crown, ratified by the assembled Parliament, and accepted by the public, the universal voice of the nation.

Not like the Hindoos, the Mahomedans, and the Thugs, the religion of Ireland was also proscribed by the successive cabinets of three long and sad centuries: and the legislation of these dismal days (reported in Scully's penal laws) stands an imperishable monument of the enormous crime, with which England is charged before earth and heaven, for her conduct to our unhappy, persecuted country.

In addition to confiscation, banishment, and death, they even changed the names of the children whose paternal estates they had seized: and when I travel through this country I meet few persons, even in the middle class, who have ever read or heard this perfidious conduct of James I. to the Catholics of Ireland: This degraded and beautiful offspring of his persecuted and beautiful mother, was the principal agent who planned to have the names of the ancient Irish families changed into the names of trades and