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A VOICE FROM AUSTRIA.

(From the Nation.)

The Times has been so very recently using the honied words of patronising praise towards Irchard, that it is no wonder we start on finding it this week return for an instant to its ancient grudge, and talk of the time "when O'Connell was howling on behalt of his ragged clients."-Only a few days ago it was engaged in the laudable task of lecturing a Scotch paper on the impropriety of using strong phrases, and knowing the kindly feelings subsisting between Ireland and England, it follows up its lectures by the above elegant and conciliatory sentence. But we are not left to seek for an explanation. The Verona Gazette has hit the British organ in a sore place, and completely spoiled its temper and its style. Had the stroke been less skilful and successful, instead of a yell of rage, the reply would have been grandiloquently dignified or hilariously droll. The Austrian official organ has startled England by its knowledge of facts patent enough in this country, yet erroneously believed to be unknown on the Continent. The Gazette, in fact, has shown that Irish history and the present state of Ireland are not sealed books to the European statesmen, and plainly hinted that if intervention is to become the order of the day, Ireland must have the benefit as well as Sardinia. Under provocation like this it would be too much to expect the Times to be good tempered, and so it flings about the pretty phrases of "tyrant," "despot," butcher," &c., at Austria with lavish profusion; and, like some national wife beater, who administers a castigation merely because some neighbor expostulated with him about his conduct, poor Ireland comes in for a hard knock or two. The Gazette says:—

"To speak of Ireland and India, and the manner in which British Liberalism is administered in those regions, is to throw in the face of the English government all the opprobrium of a barbarism which veriment all the oppropriate of a baroarism which luckily has no example elsewhere. It is well that once more the deformed contradiction between the zeal of England for the welfare of Italy, of Poland, and of Greece, and its conduct towards Ireland, should be laid bare. The possession of that island is a morbid cancer, continually eating the foundations of public tranquillity in the United Kingdom, and highly compromising to its dignity in the face of Europe. Without any participation in the advantages enjoyed by the sister island—onerously bearing the weight of this union-bound in fetters for all that a people holds most dear, in religion, habits, legislation—Ireland is continually on the watch for a bonares or Secret Societies of Italy, which may propitious moment to rise and emancipate itself from be called an affiliation of assassins, since they its powerful bonds with England. The spirit of insurrection is the order of the day there more than in Italy or Poland, and if its manifestations are more rare and do not attain such threatening proportions, it is due exclusively to the much greater pressure exercised by the English government than that which England laments so bitterly, presuming it to weigh on other countries."

We doubt if the case of Ireland was ever stated so completely, yet concisely. Nothing but the blindness of infatuation could have induced English statesmen to presume that before all Europe they could, with impunity, raise their voice about "oppressed nationalities." As if the horrors of the Irish insurrection were surpassed by anything in the history of the Hungarian rebellion. As if the voices of Grattan, Curran, Plunkett, Bushe and Saurin were unheard beyond the Straits of Dover, and Europe were ignorant of the manner in which Ireland was in 1800, robbed of its constitution, the constitution England herself had acknowledged and recognised, and as if it were not known to Austria and other powers that, notwithstanding the apparent quiescence of Ireland from 1803 to 1848, the moment the slightest appearance of an opportunity arose the spark of revolution flashed through the country. The Capitol of Ireland gorged with troops; dragoons bivouacking in the halls of learning; their horses stabled within the walls of Trinity College; citizens seized and bludgeoned in the streets by the myrmidons of Government; the press suppressed; a notorious libeller retained to slander the Irish Patriots. These are things that the Times finds to its discomfiture, are known outside the limits of the island. Not one of them does it attempt to deny. Its defence is a very remarkable one in some respects, a very poor one in all. It offers no contradiction of the statements regarding the treatment of Ireland or India: it merely replies by a tu quoque; its position being (I.) that the Austrian atrocities were worse than the English, and (II.) that the Irish of the present day enjoy more liberty, and are more contented than the Hungarians.

There runs throughout this, as throughout all subject, a very flimsy deception. They contrast in Italy; but they omit to contrast the individuals, to contrast their principles and teachings, or to contrast the elements of society in the two they leave out of sight the fact that the real

land to England. Much stress is laid upon freedom of speech and writing in this country. Here again the elements of society in Italy and Ireland have to be considered: the temperament, manners, and characteristics of the two races contrasted. There is nothing like the same li-berty of speech and writing here that there is in America; this liberty of speech and writing is permitted just as long as it suits the British book and no longer; the moment they were likely to become effectual they were soon strangled. The Habeas Corpus Act Suspension was swept thro' Parliament in one day; why was this? A special Act of Parliament was passed, making it felony to use this "Liberty of the Press" in order that the offenders might not enjoy the luxury of a dungeon nearer home than the antipodes. We have seen a trial by jury, the exclusion of every man professing the Catholic faith. Do these acts not reveal the hollow nature of these constitutional boasts? They are well known in Austria; and it is well known everywhere that, no matter by what name the machinery by which the nations are governed, may be called, government in no country in Europe has borne such bloody fruit as in Ireland. Might not the Gazette ask an account of the Irish population—ask why the peo-ple fly the land—ask why the millions of them famished for want of aid. Or how will the Times explain the fact that the moment an Irishman escapes from beneath the paternal rule of England he is found to be its bitterest foe. Looking at America, is it any wonder that Austria perceives this fact: no sooner does an Irishman touch American soil than the one aim of his life seems to be the overthrow of his country's oppressor. And Austria has within itself the elements of Irish feeling; it knows that English oppression drove from Ireland the ancestors of the man who parried the assassin's thrust at the Austrian Emperor's breast. The relics of Irish exiles lie scattered over the Continent from the Tiber to the Danube; from out their graves those victims appeal to Europe for their country, and may hap their voices have at last found a re-

PROTESTANT HERO WORSHIP; OR, CALVIN-ISM AND CARBONARISM. (From the Glasgow Northern Times.)

Sometime ago we called attention to the Carbonares or Secret Societies of Italy, which may avow that association is their means of action, and a dagger is their emblem. At the close of the session the leader of the Conservative party dwelt upon the same subject, and, we have reason to believe, spoke the sentiments of the French Emperor. He described the dangerous ramifications of these dread societies, and their appalling insensibility to crime. The London newspapers ridiculed him, and in their ignorance of history, made light of the subject. But only ignorance could do so, and the French Emperor and the King of Naples are far better informed. The first French revolution, with all its hideous horrors, was the work of the Jacobin conspiracy, and since that time their successors under various uames-Carbonari, or Socialists, or Red Republicans—have been ceaselessly at work, and numerous assassinations, or attempted assassinations, have shown in our own time that they spare neither Prince nor peasant. Fieschi aimed at Louis Phillippe: Foschini, in our own streets, struck down several of his fellow-countrymen. No person is too sacred for their dagger; no one is safe from its blow. In Rome, a few years ago, they stabbed the accomplished and amiable Count Rossi. Since then Napoleon has had to preserve himself by deluging Paris with blood. The "Central Committee of Italy" only lately acknowledged the principle that the assassination of a tyrant was no crime, and that his murder would be an act of public virtue. Miscreants such as these can only be kept down by severe measures as Murat experienced nearly 50 years ago; for he found himself compelled to denounce the Carbonari, to declare them infamous, and to endeavour to extirpate them. A wretch, named Circo, was caught in Naples, who acknowledged that he had slain some sixty persons with his own hand. Such are the miscreants to whom it is desired to surrender the Papal and other Catholic States of Italy.

Well, in 1848 these wretches had power in Italy; and how did they use it? For wholesale assassination and spoliation. Who was their hero? One Ciceruacchio or Brunetti, who, ever the writings of the English press on the same since 1831, had been notorious as one of the Carbonari, and who, with his associates, rivalled the the treatment of political offenders in Ireland and horrible Circo. So long ago as 1837-nearly twenty years ago-his crimes had made him infamous. When the cholera was raging in Rome, he, with some miscreants of a kindred stamp, set countries. They compare the freedom enjoyed fire to public buildings, in order, amidst the conin Ireland with that permitted in Hungary. Here fusion, to gain occasion for pillage. In 1847-8 -ten years after-he was one of the chief leadquestion would more properly be, whether the ers in the horrors of the Roman Revolution, when extent of liberty enjoyed in Hungary be not priests and laymen were shot in cold blood scribable. And a better authority still, the a great number of deaths unaccounted for through the lying mouth and the corrupt heart of greater in proportion to Austria than that of Ire- Such were the atrocities of revolutionary rule, Catholic Bishop of Birmingham, who was many Moreover, suicides take place daily, nightly, al- "the English correspondent." Ridicule against.

the revolutionary chiefs had carefully burnt the records of their proceedings.

These were the ruffians under whom-Lord Palmerston was so shameless as to say-Rome had never been better governed! The Pope did nothing but just print and publish that infamous assertion of the English minister—to hold him up to the execration of the Roman people.

They knew full well the horrible atrocities of the Revolutionary rule. They remembered Ciceruacchio; they likewise remembered his inti-macy with Lord Minto, who, during his mission into Italy, used to confer with him: and had his bust in his room!

In this Lord Minto was faithful to the traditions of Calvinism. Even Hallam records how Knox and Buchanan taught that killing tyrants was no murder. This was the creed of the early Calvinists: it was the creed of Ciceruacchio and Lord Minto considered him a patriot.

The miscreant was looked upon in another light in Italy. He had long escaped detection. The other day the Austrians caught him, and very

summarily disposed of him. Hereupon we have a burst of honest British indignation about his murder!

It is true he had been a murd rer, but a murderer of priests, and that was a virtue; especial-

ly as he had hated the Pope.

The old Calvinists (as Mr. Hallam tells us)
were fond of talking about Ehud and Eglon, and

Samuel and Agagi, and other Scriptural authorities for hewing "idolators" in pieces. The present race of Calvinists—a little too civilised to do such deeds of blood-have no objection to their being done, at all events, abroad. And Cicernacchio was a man after their own heart.

It is a curious circumstances that the only instance of humanity his admirers allege of him is one in which he saved two soldiers who had killed an aged priest. That was their title to the sympathy of Ciceruacchio. He could scarcely slay them for following his example. His friend, Zambrouchi, the President of the bloody tribunal the revolutionary chiefs erected in Rome, had several priests shot in his own presence. He asked one to have breakfast with him, and then shot him in cold blood! All these horrors were described five years ago in a book published at Florrence, entitled "The Roman Revolution."

But what is in these acts for which we do not d Calvinistic precedents in Scotland? Were not the old Catholic prelacy and clergy hunted down like wild beasts and hung up like dogs? Was it not by such measures that Catholicism was put down in this country? Did not its reign commence by the cold-blooded murder of Cardinal Beaton, and was it not consummated by the hanging of a Catholic Archbishop on the Bridge

of Stirling. So the English public, represented by Walter Savage Landor, cry out at the call of Garibaldi that Ciceruacchio was a here and a patriot. Garibaldi testifies to his character; Garibaldi, the very appearance of whose ruffian legionaries used to scare the people of the Roman States; and whose troops desecrated and despoiled the churches with as much barbarity as the Kelso mob displayed in wrecking the chapel. There is thorough sympathy between Gavazzi and Garibaldi; and Gavazzi has been entertained at Edinburgh. The good people of Scotland have an idea that a man who hates the Pope cannot be a bad man. It is a miserable mistake. But it explains why Ciceruacchio is deemed to have been a hero, when he was simply a scandal.

HORRORS IN ENGLAND: OR MONASTERIES AND WORKHOUSES.

(From the Glasgow Northern Times.)

The most horrible atrocities have been just discovered, or rather again disclosed, in the English workhouses. Poor old men, who happens to offend a brutal official by some trivial fault, are put to death by what may be called the torture of water. They are stripped naked, and hundreds of gallons of water are poured upon their heads, until exhausted nature sinks, and the victims die. This is a treatment borrowed from the English prisons, where it transpired a little creatures literally starved to death in the great while ago that even boys were tortured to death in this way-strapped tightly to the wall, and on its civilization, its Christianity, its charity! deluged with torrents of cold water, to force them to work, with runtured muscles or fractured limbs, upon the prison crank. Such are some of the "secrets of the prison-house" in England, the country which affects such sympathy with the political prisoners of Italy! As if our own convicts, political or otherwise, were not treated with an atrocity unparalleled in the black history of cruelty! We challenge any one to find any and unfeeling system. You keep established a country in which there exists such systematic inhumanity. It is the same at home or abroad. Poor Mr. Frost, the Chartist, and Mr. Barber, stagger, and totter down, and gasp, and die-at and the simplest fact, the common civilities, the the innocent gentleman who was transported for your doors! And this is no rare occurrence; ordinary good breeding of Catholic society, are a crime he never committed, declared the hor- Not long ago, the Registrar-General gave deaths all inisrepresented, distorted, jaundiced, and stainrors of our convict establishments utterly inde- from starvation at about one per diem, and gave ed when it falls under the diseased eye, or passes

the testimony of an eye witness to their unutter- distress. Cases have lately occurred of respectable horrors, in his published evidence before the able persons starving themselves rather than House of Commons. And at home more than enter the abominable workhouses. Nor is this one poor wretch has lately been hanged for mur- all. The majority of the poor prefer stealing to der in taking a deadly revenge on the cruelty of starving. And, thus, the workhouses serve to some prison official. And yet the Government feed the jails. Where is the use of trying the of this country dares to make itself the arbiter of humanity all over the world, especially in Italy! Why, a century ago, when our prisons were as they are now too often hells of cruelty, and our hospitals were as bad, the philanthropist, Howard, found in Rome models of good management and humanity in both. And the reformatory system, which is now the fashion in this country, is an imitation of the system established in Belgium by a Catholic priest. The calumnies you came to some monastery, where you could of Mr. Gladstone against the Government of get a piece of bread and a glass of ale. Men Naples contain nothing equal to the atrocities did not-could not-starve to death under such disclosed a year or two ago in our houses of cor- a system. But it was contrary to political econrection. And our workhouses are too often, it appears, as bad as our prisons. At this moment selfishness. It can easily be shown that it was a surgeon awaits his trial for causing the death so, for amongst so many it must often bappen of an aged pauper, in the manner we have all that a lazy man gets a meal. And this is far luded to. And an inquiry has just concluded, in more to be avoided than deaths by starvation. which it was disclosed that the habit, in one of Rather let men starve than get along lazily. the largest workhouses in London, is for ruffians Such is Protestantism. Upon that their whole of officials to beat women at their will to blackness, to bruises-ay, to blood!

Not long ago the English press denounced an Austrian general for sentencing a female spy to be flogged. It appears now to be the system in English workhouses to flog women until the blood streams down their backs!

A few years ago, it transpired that English paupers were found feeding on green and festering rottenness. Few of our readers remember the Andover case, and perhaps few the Norwood case, in which infants were the sufferers; and an "asylum" was found, through bad treatment, a place of death rather than of nourishment.

These atrocities explain the horror with which the poor regard the workhouses. They know far more than we do; they hear and see what well fed "guardians" or "justices never come to know. It is the system that is vicious; it is essentially mercenary; and hence its necessary inhumanity. You cannot imbue paid officials with charity; they regard their work with aversion, and get through it coarsely and cruelly, not so much from natural badness as from habitual hardness. If men do not deal with the poor from | trial institution, in which the poor, young and old, charity, they quickly become hardened into inhumanity. It is the inherent vice of a poor law; it cannot be cured. It is an accursed system, for it is all mercenary and compulsory, and is hostile to charity and humanity.

The workhouses in England are in fact prisons. They are worse. They are dens of vice. The poor, regarding them with horror, rarely enter them until either they are bound down by age or depraved by vice. The respectable poor avoid them as pest-houses. The inmates find themselves really imprisoned. They are not free to go out and come in. The "regulations" amount to a stringent imprisonment, and are rendered all the more rigid on account of the depravity of too many of those who are confined there. But those make the place unendurable by the few who have any decency. And the officials, accustomed to deal with the degraded, contract a tone of coarseness and cruelty of spirit, from which all suffer indiscriminately.

It was avowed by the wicked and hard-hearted authors of this abominable law that their object was to render the workhouse so repulsive as to exclude all who were not in the lowest state of want, and to give no relief out of the workhouse except to those too infirm to be removed into it. They have certainly succeeded in their infernal horror. But the horrible "workhouse test," as it is called, bas gone too far in England. The poor are driven by want to vice. They steal rather than starve. They starve rather than enter that hell upon earth-an English workhouse. Last week, in one day, a daily paper announced three cases of starvation in London. Three cases of starvation known, ascertained, and reported in London in one week! Three fellowmetropolis—the Babylon which so vaunts itself Are there not hundreds of charitable institutions with thousands of ostentatious subscribers? Are there not tens of thousands raised by poor rates, and dispersed by paid officials? Yes; and the practical result is-men and women starve to death in your streets, at your gates! And their blood will be required at your hands, because test so severe that it keeps even starving wretches from your workhouses until they faint, and

that when the French entered Rome they found years chaplain to our penal colonies, has borne most hourly, and many of them are caused by starving system? It does not even save money!

So horrible a sight does not occur in Romeor, we believe, in any Catholic city—from one year's end to the other. Most certainly nowhere in Italy, or Spain or Austria, or Russia. In Rome, the mendicant need never want a comfortable meal. So it was once in England. Cobbett, in his history of the Reformation, says you could not go six miles in any direction but omy as practised by Protestants—the science of system of "relief" is founded. It is a mockery

to call it relief. It is cruelty on system.

The Catholic Church teaches otherwise. Kanther let a hundred live lazily than one human being die the horrible death of starvation. Try other means to repress laziness or mendicancy. Don't starve men to prevent them being lazy. Is there no virtue in your religion? Ah, there's the rub! There is no virtue in the Protestant religion to eradicate idleness or any other vice. You let men grow up lazy and ill-instructed, and then, with revolting hypocrisy and hideous cruelty, you say you must starve them because they are

In Rome, they manage these things better. Rome is just now the object of rude scorn and ignorant reproach. Ecclesiastics cannot govern! No; not in your way. They have not learnt the science of selfishness, and cannot starve men upon system. But they do far better. They try to teach, not to starve. Many years ago, one of those cardinals who are so calumniated established, under the auspices of Leo XII., in the hospital of St. Michael, a magnificent indusare employed in weaving and other useful trades. The result has been most salutary. Yes; the Papal Government prefer industrial institutions to your vile workhouse test, with your ruffianly porters, driving starving women from their doors, or treating them to wounds, and bruises, and blood when they are inside, and cruel savages ready on, any trivial offence to order them to be tortured

DR. CAHILL ON ENGLAND AND NAPLES." 1

The English press, within the last week, is beginning to show symptoms of retraction in reference to their policy towards Naples. The Cabinet of St. James's think that Austria secretly supports Naples in her present attitude of defiance; and the character and mind of Napoleon is so dark and impenetrable that even he cannot, be relied on, as their ally, in crushing King Ferdinand, and in aiding the Revolutionists. All the English agents are, therefore, paralysed for the present; and they are watching every word, hint and nod of the Emperor; and the Conservative English press beats with a quick or a slow pulse, according as Napoleon smiles or frowns on their policy. The records of ancient or modern Christian history have no parallel with with the perfidious, persecuting character which England, since policy, for the poor regard the workhouses with the reign of Elizabeth, has universally evinced towards all Catholic countries. Her Cabinets, Ambassadors, historians, novelists, editors; her admirals, generals, statesmen, tourists; her aristoeracy, her merchants, her artizans; her universities, corporations, public bodies, down to the very gaols, poorhouses, bridewells: in fact her universal population have imbibed from their infancy the irradicable creed of contempt and batred of Catholicity. And it is quite true to state that in all their pursuits, at home and abroad, their national character may put on some modification from their intercourse with society; but in their anti-Catholic antipathies their intolerance gains strength from age, and their hatred strikes deeper root from travelled experience.

Go where you will. you will meet the Englishman dissatisfied with everything Catholic: you will find "the English correspondent" writing the grossest lies of every Catholic institution, every Catholic ceremony, of every Catholic form of education. Kings, queens, cardinals, priests, nuns, laws, customs, literature, arts, all are marked with the loathsome slime of Anglican slander: