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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 Ireland, 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 behalf of his ragged clients."

"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 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."

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."

There runs throughout this, as throughout all the writings of the English press on the same subject, a very flimsy deception. They contrast the treatment of political offenders in Ireland and 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 countries.

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 liberty 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.

PROTESTANT HERO WORSHIP; OR, CALVINISM AND CARBONARISM.

(From the Glasgow Northern Times.)

Sometimes we called attention to the Carbonares or Secret Societies of Italy, which may be called an affiliation of assassins, since they 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.

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 since 1831, had been notorious as one of the Carbonari, and who, with his associates, rivalled the horrible Circo. So long ago as 1837—nearly twenty years ago—his crimes had made him infamous.

that when the French entered Rome they found 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 the Ciceruacchio; they likewise remembered his intimacy 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 murderer, but a murderer of priests, and that was a virtue; especially 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 Agag, and other Scriptural authorities for heaving "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 Ciceruacchio was a man after their own heart.

It is a curious circumstance 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 Florence, entitled "The Roman Revolution."

But what is in these acts for which we do not find Calvinistic precedents in Scotland? Were not the old Catholic prelate 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 hero and a patriot. Garibaldi testifies to his character; Garibaldi, the very appearance of whose ruffian legions 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 while ago that even boys were tortured to death in this way—strapped tightly to the wall, and deluged with torrents of cold water, to force them to work, with ruptured 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!

years chaplain to our penal colonies, has borne the testimony of an eye witness to their unutterable horrors, in his published evidence before the House of Commons. And at home more than one poor wretch has lately been hanged for murder in taking a deadly revenge on the cruelty of some prison official. And yet the Government 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 of Mr. Gladstone against the Government of Naples contain nothing equal to the atrocities disclosed a year or two ago in our houses of correction. And our workhouses are too often, it appears, as bad as our prisons. At this moment a surgeon awaits his trial for causing the death of an aged pauper, in the manner we have alluded to. And an inquiry has just concluded, in which it was disclosed that the habit, in one of the largest workhouses in London, for ruffians 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 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 policy, for the poor regard the workhouses with horror. But the horrible "workhouse test," as it is called, has 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 fellow-creatures literally starved to death in the great metropolis—the Babylon which so vaunts itself on its civilization, its Christianity, its charity! 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 these awful calamities are caused by your brutal and unfeeling system. You keep established a test so severe that it keeps even starving wretches from your workhouses until they faint, stagger, and totter down, and gasp, and die—at your doors! And this is no rare occurrence. Not long ago, the Registrar-General gave deaths from starvation at about one per diem, and gave a great number of deaths unaccounted for. Moreover, suicides take place daily, nightly, al-

most hourly, and many of them are caused by distress. Cases have lately occurred of respectable persons starving themselves rather than enter the abominable workhouses. Nor is this all. The majority of the poor prefer stealing to starving. And, thus, the workhouses serve to feed the jails. Where is the use of trying the starving system? It does not even save money!

So horrible a sight does not occur in Rome—or, 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 you came to some monastery, where you could get a piece of bread and a glass of ale. Men did not—could not—starve to death under such a system. But it was contrary to political economy; as practised by Protestants—the science of selfishness. It can easily be shown that it was so, for amongst so many it must often happen that a lazy man gets a meal. And this is far more to be avoided than deaths by starvation. Rather let men starve than get along lazily. Such is Protestantism. Upon that their whole system of "relief" is founded. It is a mockery to call it relief. It is cruelty on system.

The Catholic Church teaches otherwise. Rather let a hundred live lazily than one human being die the horrible death of starvation. They mean 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 so.

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 industrial institution, in which the poor, young and old, are 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 to death.

DR. OAHILL ON ENGLAND AND NAPLES.

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 the perfidious, persecuting character which England, since the reign of Elizabeth, has universally evinced towards all Catholic countries. Her Cabinets, Ambassadors, historians, novelists, editors; her admirals, generals, statesmen, tourists; her aristocracy, her merchants, her artisans; her universities, corporations, public bodies, down to the very gools, poorhouses, bridewells: in fact her universal population have imbibed from their infancy the irradicable creed of contempt and hatred 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: and the simplest fact, the common civilities, the ordinary good breeding of Catholic society, are all misrepresented; distorted, jaundiced, and stained when it falls under the diseased eye, or passes through the lying mouth and the corrupt heart of "the English correspondent." Ridicule against