



CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

VOL. VII.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1856.

No. 14.

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ON THE ENTENTE CORDIALE BETWEEN ENGLAND AND FRANCE.

(From the Dublin Telegraph.)

Drapersrow, Co. Derry, Oct. 16, 1856.

Lord Palmerston has so frequently within the last ten years pledged his own official support, and the willing aid of his Government and nation, in favor of the Continental Revolutionists, that for the mere sake of being a consistent European disturber; he clings with a desperate fidelity to the fallen cause of the Neapolitan Infidels. Those who from their position are best acquainted with the state of affairs in Naples, and all over the other Italian States; assert with confidence that the Italian people are as contented as the subjects of other kingdoms; with the justice and equality of their laws, and with the character and conduct of their rulers. Their press, their periodical literature, their statesmen, with one unanimous voice proclaim loyalty to the Throne; and evince no desire, join in no movement, directly or indirectly, to overthrow the reigning family, or change the National Constitution. The evils said to exist in Italy are all the malicious forgeries of the English Press; and the only disturbers of the peace, the only enemies of Religion, are the banded English party, the well-known cut-throats, who, by English money and English encouragement and English promises, have spread the flame of an infidel combination through Austria, Switzerland, France and all Italy; and which, unless checked by Austria and the Emperor of the French, would have renewed the old scenes of blood and murder, and perhaps have shaken the foundations of true Religion in Catholic Europe.

The natives of Italy, and the travellers who visit this country after having sojourned in Naples and Rome, are astonished to read in the universal British press the daily lies circulated here in reference to the revolutionary movements imminent on the Italian Peninsula: no calamity is too gross, no falsehood too prodigious, no cruelty in Naples too revolting for those daily publications, till they have actually corrupted and deceived the British public with one persevering large system of misrepresentation: and they have belied with such plausible correctitude the whole Italian race, the Pope, Cardinals, priests, religion: the King, the dukes, the statesmen, the laws: and all this incredible fabrication is worked with such gigantic machinery and with such success in England, that the attempt to contradict this fierce public feeling would be as vain at this moment as to stem or turn back a mountain torrent in its onward fury. No foreigner can understand this system of misrepresentation by the portion of the press referred to, till he shall have resided for some years in London or Dublin. And when he will have visited our churches, our schools, our convents: have read the principles of our creed: have spoken with our countrymen: have witnessed the administration of our laws: and compare these facts of his observation, experience and personal acquaintance, with the statements of a hostile press, with the literature of a malevolent nation, with the speeches of a persecuting Senate, with the charges of a bloated, rancorous Church, he will learn beyond all doubt that if Ireland be maligned, misrepresented at our very doors, before our faces, and in our hearing, there can be no wonder if Naples and her laws and religion be slandered behind her back, in the fashion practised at this moment by every hireling in the pay of Lord Palmerston, and by every enemy of the Pope and Catholicity in the confidence of Lord Minto.

As an instance of the faith to be placed in any statement of the English Press, in reference to Naples, one indisputable fact will suffice. Within the last four months, the entire English Press published a statement from one of their foreign Correspondents—namely, that there were at that time in the dungeons of Naples, no less than two hundred and fifty-one victims, confined and chained, and starved for political offences! The writer of the present article determined to ascertain the truth of this statement from a foreign source; and he learned on a perfectly reliable authority, that in the entire Kingdom of Naples, there were at that time, only one hundred and ten persons confined for all offences; and only thirty-two for political crimes!!! The readers of this journal may rely on the accuracy of this statement, with the same confidence with which they believe in the unceasing, the inborn mis-statements of the hostile English Press, in every case, where Catholic legislation, or the Catholic creed, is the subject of discussion.

Every one who has read the fable of the wolf-drinking at a high point of the stream accusing the lamb of making the water muddy while drinking lower down the current, cannot fail to recognize the picture of England in reference to Naples. Cruelty; long exercised with impunity, and united with long-dominant power, can oppress innocence and weakness with such insatiable ferocity, as mankind could never believe—if the pages of history did not prove the perfect truth of the facts. When England charges Naples with imperfection

in her morality and law she knows full well that there is more crime committed in one year in Great Britain than in Naples for a century; and when she declares the necessity of giving more liberty to the Neapolitans, she must be insensible to every feeling of shame, while she has filled the Irish grave-yards, with the starved multitudes of the people, and while the gibbet and the emigrant ship proclaim in the ends of the earth the persecution of her laws, and the terrors of their administration. What an obduracy must accompany her shamelessness when she can accuse weak, innocent Naples with national offences; while she herself, in her wealth, in her power, her infidelities, and her crimes stands before heaven under a greater weight of national guilt than Babylon during the drunken impieties of Balthassar. Let any one consult the Neapolitan calendar of crime and he will learn that capital punishment (shooting) has sometimes not been inflicted for seven years in a population of eight millions! that poisoning and murders, and child-killing, and wife-killing, and cutting up murdered men, and roasting murdered women, and wringing the heads of newborn children, and throwing them to pigs to be devoured, and covering the land with a flood of crimes unknown in ancient or modern history, have never been practised or known in Naples.—And he will learn also, that in the Schools, Colleges, and Universities of Naples, the Professors and Fellows are not expelled for holding anti-Christian doctrines: some denying the immortality of the soul, others, the eternity of punishment, the inspiration of the Scriptures, the divinity of Christ, the reality of virtue, and the very existence of God. And the inquirer into the comparative character of England and Naples will learn that one Bishop in England robs the poor in Ireland of more money in one year, than supports the entire Hierarchy of the Pope's dominions: and that the country which boasts most national liberty is the most persecuting nation under the sun; and that the kingdom which prints and circulates most Bibles on earth (as Cobbett used to say), "has more sin and crime than all the world beside." Above all, the advocate of the religion of Naples cannot accuse his country with the well-known charge against England, namely, that more than two-thirds of the population never attend any place of worship on Sundays!!!

And forsooth, England with all her own crimes of law, and social tyranny, is now the European champion to demand in the name of liberty and morality a total change in the constitution of Naples! If the monarchies of Europe permit this interference in a nation, when no one makes the charge except the English Revolutionists; and if this attempt on the part of England prove to be successful, there is a clear political deduction—no European King can hold his crown and his kingdom—except at the mercy of the neighboring States; and more particularly by the kind permission and considerate indulgence of England.—That Austria, Spain, France, and Russia, will not endure this English innovation, appears from authentic information, as their individual and united contempt and hatred of everything English—and that England is perfectly aware of this Continental feeling, is, I presume to say, almost as true as she believes in her utter failure on the liberty of Naples, and on the privileges of Ferdinand. But for a time she will pretend to the cut-throats that her marine will exhibit their menacing power in the Bay of Naples; she will, however, do no such thing; France would not permit it: she dare not; Austria is on a war-footing with Italy: there's the rub. But she will amuse and deceive her confederates in the Peninsula, as is her custom, and very soon she will leave them to their fate under the just indignation and mental chastisement of their good, generous, beloved, and legitimate King.

The Emperor is playing his own part in this English scene: John Bull is making a great noise in the Mediterranean: he is tossing his head in the air near Corsica: he butts the harbor of Ajaccio, and bellows so loud as to be heard along the shore of the doomed city. But Napoleon has a ring in John's nose, and leads him about for his amusement. John thinks he frighten all Italy by the echoes he raises along the Appennines, and by the shout he receives from Gen. de la Marmora and the Sardinians; but Napoleon gives John a small chuck occasionally at the end of the chain—he makes him feel the power of the French ring which he has firmly inserted into the Saxon nose of his taurish majesty, and convinces John that France is the guardian, the keeper, the manager, and the master of the old English beast; that Gaul is allied with John at the present moment only to show John's total weakness, to demonstrate Napoleon's entire mastery, and to cover England with the further ridicule and contempt of all Europe. It is believed, too, that after a few ringings in the Mediterranean and elsewhere John will become tractable, and will acknowledge with due submission his total dependence on the kindness and the power of his French master. The writer of this article does not feel pleasure in seeing John humbled and England degraded; he would wish to uphold the so-

vereignty of England amongst the surrounding nations; but the increasing perfidy of her legislature, the spreading persecution of her aristocracy, the galling mockery of the administration of her laws, the lies of her press, the infidelity of her Church, the crimes of her people, make men long to see her overgrown insolence reduced, and her guilty obduracy punished, in order to teach her social truth, Christian charity, and national justice.

D. W. C.

PROTESTANT PRISONS AND POPISH POOR-HOUSES.

The subjoined is extracted from a remarkable article in the *Dublin Review*, on "Italy and the Papal States," and in which are discussed the merits of the "Neapolitan Question"—as between Great Britain, and the King of Naples:—"We are proud of our treatment of prisoners. We point with pride at the massive and grim edifices, constructed on geometrical lines, and capped by one solitary chimney, which grace every county town, as monuments of our solicitude for culprits, and even convicted felons. We tell the foreign visitor how many tens of thousands, each has cost the rate-payers; we show exultingly the ingenious arrangements for draining, warming, ventilating, bathing, and securing the health of our criminals. We invite them to feel the beds, how fresh and elastic, to taste the diet, so abundant and so nourishing, the bread so white, the meat so ruddy! No foreign prison system on this side of the Atlantic, certainly, is comparable to ours; it is our pet charity. And hence, no doubt, if an Englishman condescends to visit a foreign prison, he passes along with a look of disdain, his head is thrown back as if it were buoyed up by a tide of unsavory odors (very possibly it is so); all looks mean and old, and not at all comfortable, which is his first requirement in a prison; and he wonders that the government does not throw down a solid building, which cost the last generation half a million, and build up a better, on the model of Pentonville. We repeat, that we are justly proud of our prisons, and foreigners admit it.

"But they have their side of the medal too. We fearlessly invite them to visit our jails; we do not so eagerly press them to inspect our work-houses. They court our enquiry, on the contrary, into their treatment of the poor. They are of opinion (no doubt poor Christians! they are mistaken) that between the treatment of culprits and of the poor, any difference should be in favor of the latter. Upon this principle they act; and if a Neapolitan might not ask an Englishman to come and admire his prisons, he would not be ashamed, or afraid, to invite him to come and be edified by his *Albergo dei Poveri*. We have on three different occasions, in this *Review*, given an account of Italian charitable institutions: and it is not necessary for us to do more than refer our readers back to these articles. We will only dwell for a few moments on what was said about Naples. The visitor to that city will not fail to observe a building, like the abode more of royalty than of poverty, presenting a grand front of 1250 feet long, and 140 high, built after the designs of the eminent architect Cav. Fuga. Had it been completed, it would have been one of the grandest edifices of Europe. That it was not, we may thank the revolution and not the monarchy. The works were arrested by the great French convulsion, which led to the subversion of the royal houses of Italy. It has, however, a noble counterpart in the similar institution at Genoa, which fortunately was commenced much earlier, and so completed. In this Neapolitan poor-house, for so we must call it, are, or were a few years ago, poor of all ages, and both sexes, carefully separated. The male inmates are, 2220. The old, to the number of 800, pass their time in the quiet practice of their trade, or in duties about the house. The young from seven years upwards, are trained and exercised in every occupation from the most mechanical to the most liberal, from the weaver's or carpenter's handicraft, to the artistic employments of modelling, engraving, and painting; not to omit music, vocal and instrumental. There too is a school for deaf and dumb; and in a separate, but independent establishment, another for the blind, containing two hundred pupils. In this noble house, the most strict attention is paid to the morals and religious state of the inmates. The least child has a separate bed, the airy dormitories are under watchful inspection all night, prayers are regularly attended by all, Mass of course in the morning. There are four resident chaplains, and twenty-four confessors who come twice a week. The food too is excellent and abundant. In addition, there is the *hospice* for old people, at *San Gennaro*, containing about 1600; half men, half women. But for merely a cursory enumeration of some of the many magnificent charities which honor Naples, we must again refer our kind readers to the article already cited.

"What we wish principally to press on his attention is this. The felon is the predilect object of public charity in England; the poor, abroad. An aged man or woman does not feel degraded, when pacing the ample cloisters and halls, or walking in the orange-planted courts of San Michale at Rome, nor do its boys consider themselves outcasts, when every year, though clothed in homely sacking, they exhibit their architectural drawings, their carpets, and their cloths, to cardinals, princes, and even the Pontiff himself, at their annual visit, or display their musical powers at Carnival before an audience of polished taste. Nor do the inhabitants of the *Albergo* of Naples or of Genoa reckon it to be a reproach, that stricken by one hand of Providence with want, they have found the other held out in the charity of their fellow-Christians. They are cheerful, they are thankful, they are contented. Every one speaks kindly to them, harshness, still less cruelty, is unknown to them.

"Coming nearer home, we would recommend our readers to procure and peruse the excellent work lately published under the name of "Flemish Interiors;" and they will learn how boundless, how tender, and how truly Catholic, is the attention to every form of misery in Belgium. How is it, that in England, an honest man or respectable woman shrinks from the threshold of the "Union," as from degradation and pollution, and will often face starvation sooner than its hated charity? How has it become almost a proverb, that in England, "poverty is a crime?" Is it not because an instinctive feeling, confirmed by experience, makes the poor know it? In the framing of our whole code for the poor, the primary object has ever been, to make public relief as repulsive as possible, to make application for it the last of extremities. The rule given for the forming of its dietary was that it should be barely sufficient for existence, the most painful separations of families are strictly exacted, even the comforts of religion are grudgingly permitted.—It is in this system that foreigners study our weakness, as we do theirs in their prisons; and we may boldly ask, who is right?

"We speak to them reproachfully of prisoners crowded unwholesomely, badly fed, and treated scornfully. What is this more than comes out repeatedly, about our Unions? It is but a few months, since Sir B. Brodie gave a report on the treatment and condition of the poor in St. Pancras's Workhouse, standing in the midst of wealthy and enlightened London. It is too fresh in public memory to require detailed repetition. But we there read, with horror, of the victims, not of crime, or of vice, but of poverty, herded together in cellars, low, damp and unwholesome; some sleeping on benches, some on the ground, some heaped upon one another, on wretched couches, in such a state as no prisoners in an Italian dungeon would be allowed to remain.—The very room in which paupers had to wait for the pittance doled out to them, was so low, so ill-ventilated, that wonder was expressed, that some accident had not occurred, or some epidemic had not broken out. And there seemed to be even an aggravation of wanton cruelty in the manner, in which the poor creatures were made to wait for hours on hours, and even a considerable portion of the day. Within these few days, an enquiry has been conducted in Mary-le-bone Workhouse, in which the free application of the stick to female paupers was clearly established, without sentence of court, or any jurisdiction.—The facts are indisputable; yet the parochial authorities have virtually acquitted the accused, on account of the insubordination, and profligacy of the ill-treated. We do not murmur at this decision, which probably is very just; but why make that a crime unpardonable in foreign prisons, which you admit may be necessary at home, in poor-houses? Have not foreigners some ground to boast, that their poor are not so gross, so violent, so undisciplined, as to require prison treatment, and to retort upon us our treatment of those who have no other imputation against them than that of poverty, when we taunt them with want of tenderness to criminals? Does the reader remember the horrible account published very few years back, of paupers being found gnawing the half-putrid remains of tendon or sinew, on the bones cast into their yard for crushing? Has that ever occurred in any establishment of 'charity' on the continent? And indeed, the very nickname, which our national institution has received, that of *Bastille*, is enough to prove how allied in public thought, are the abodes of crime and of destitution.—*Dublin Review*.

THE CELT AND THE SAXON.

(From the Nation.)

The proper study of mankind, says a poet, speaking a very common sense—prosaic truth, "The proper study of mankind is man"—and certainly among all subjects of speculation, there are few more interesting than to trace the causes and working of the differences of national character between one people and another. These differences, obvious and undeniable in some

cases, and more latent in others, have led in time, past to jealousies and warfare, have dissolved alliance, have caused diversities in religion and perpetuated religious feuds, and have retarded civilization and progress by rendering one race unwilling to adopt improvements coming to them from the other.

It is sufficient thus to indicate the extent of a very wide subject, while we confine ourselves to one portion of it, or rather, to one instance which illustrates it remarkably. There are two nations in which, we, both writers and readers of the *Catholic Institute Magazine* are greatly interested. These two nations not alive side by side, but are wedded together in an ill assorted union, in which, as in so many marriages in private life, the only chances of a fair share of harmony and peace must lie in the mutual exercise of Christian forbearance, in over-looking mutual defects, and in a firm resolution to conquer misunderstandings on either side. These two nations are the Irish and the English, the Celt and the Saxon. We call them *two*, in spite of such titles of state as 'The United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland,' and 'The United Church of England and Ireland,' and 'The Parliament of the United Empire;' in spite of the Irish harp emblazoned with the leopards of England and the lion rampant of Scotland, and the Irish shamrock entwined with the English rose and Scottish thistle; in spite of the United Assurance companies and the Union Jack. They are two, not one, because they differ in those essential characteristics which make a nation what it is; in the creed of the majority, in their view of government, in their race and origin, in the character of their legends and popular songs, in their tastes and predilections, customs, sense of hardships, modes of enjoyment; in their virtues, in their vices, in their by gone history, their present conditions, their prospects for the future. How can any forms or enactments constitute one nation out of two, when this island is inhabited by Protestants and that by Catholics; when the inhabitants of the one are of the slow, patient, Teutonic temperament, and those of the other lively and volatile Celts; when the energy of the one race is consummated by steady perseverance, and the best efforts of the other are too apt to be first dashing and then downhearted? How should they be one, when these are proverbial for a high estimate of truth, at the same time that they present an appalling spectacle of personal vice; and those are unscrupulous in speaking falsely while their purity of conduct is as ascertained as it is surprising? How should they be united, when circumstances have stamped the one nation with royalty and the other with rebellion? when the heroes of the one system have been ever contriving 'how the Queen's government was to be carried on,' and those of the other have agitated for half a century to erect a separate government of their own? when the change of religion in the sixteenth century has burdened one people with a church establishment which they intensely abhor while they are forced to support it, and has provided the other with the same accommodation, and at the same price, while they tamely grumble because they are on the whole indifferent to it? How can you expect sympathy between two parties, when the wit of the one, and the honest seriousness of the other, are mutually unintelligible when what is devotion in this man appears fanaticism and superstition in that? There is Thomas, who has donned his Sunday smock frock, and lounges into the farmer's pew to doze through the sermon: while Mick, in his least tattered great coat of pepper and salt frieze, is kneeling in the mud outside the half ruinous chapel, having managed to push Biddy his wife in among the women out of the rain, where she might the better hear Father Terence 'exhort' after the Gospel. What sympathy have Thomas and Mick of a Sunday morning? There is farmer Stubbles, the churchwarden, a staunch supporter of church and king (supporting the former, like a butress, very much from the outside), who pays tithes to the Rector without much-ado, and does nothing more—and there is his next door neighbor Hiram Toogood, who after paying his tithes with conscientious grumbling, indulges his own view of things, by enabling the ministers of Adullam Chapel to live, besides being at the charges of a horse and gig for the circuit preacher, at the time of a revival? But what is there in common with either of these professors and Pat O'Shaughnessy across the channel, who, after having his rent raised because it is to include the tithe to a Protestant parson with six hundred a year, and six parishioners, thinks it is a blessing and a privilege to squeeze a shilling out of his scanty earnings for anything his Riv'ence Doctor Murphy may have on hand? Well rewarded is Pat for that shilling, which would otherwise have gone in whiskey, but was put by in the broken crock for Sunday—richly repaid for the loss of shilling and whiskey by the 'God bless ye Pat' from his priest when he comes along with the rest to present it at the altar-rails after mass. Compare the three angles of this triangle of men and actions. Is it not plain, that Stubbles and