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

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

19.—STATE OF EUROPE.—WHAT GOD IS DOING TO SAVE IT.—OBJECT OF THE SCOURGES WHICH HE SENDS IT.—A WORD TO CATHOLIC WRITERS.

Who does not see that our fair Europe is seriously indisposed? From head to foot what alarming symptoms!

Her noble countenance, alternately faint and contracted, passes incessantly from rosy-red to death-like paleness: Her eye, once so clear, so commanding, is now troubled, closed, opens with a fearful stare, or is fixed in stolid indifference. Her mouth, so worthy to command, now utters but wild, incoherent words. Her feet, where are they? In the mire, which she does but increase, by her tramping. Her arms either hang listlessly, or move convulsively. She does things which would provoke a smile, were they not so deplorable. She tears the hair from her head and throws it under her feet, to see whether the latter members will feel better when they trample on the honours of the head.

Decidedly our Europe must lose either life or reason, if the remedy be not speedily applied. What, then, is to be done?

Some say—You are frightened for nothing. It is merely a swoon. Our Europe, having conceived by the modern spirit, is pregnant of a new world. Do not treat as disease what is no more than a quail—a state of transition. Leave it to us to take care of the patient; we have *vinegar from four robbers*.

Away with you, quacks! it is because she has taken vinegar, not from four, but from a hundred robbers, that Europe is so much disordered. You propose to be but sharpers, you would be assassins. Europe is only pregnant of the millions of children, whom she is accustomed to give us every year. The transition so perceptible is that from life to death, if the remedy be not at hand.

Others say—It is a rush of blood, a severe fit of apoplexy. Let us haste to open at least two veins. Let us burn powder close by her. Without a prompt effusion of blood, and a stimulating fumigation, the catastrophe is inevitable.

Away with you, once more, physicians who partially know the disease, but have only the treatment of the butcher-school! Has there been any want of bleeders during the last three centuries? Has not the patient lost enough of blood, and inhaled enough of the smoke of power? It is only now that the terrible effects of the last fumigation are beginning to clear away! What a stench of smoke and blood! The feet of the patient are still red with gore.

If Europe have had blood, that blood may again become good. No more remedies, at least, no more violent remedies! No more drugs! A good regimen, wholesome food, fresh air, and suitable exercise, these are all that are required.

Why leave that fair queen of nations immured within her capital? Let her visit her immense empire, especially those distant provinces now miserably worked by thousands of blood-suckers. Let her demand an account of their administration from the pitiless Paclias of Asia, and of Africa; let her enlighten them, menace them, and, if necessary, depose them, had they an hundred tails instead of one. She will every where obtain admiration, gratitude, and love, and will return home in renovated health. The congestion whereby her life is now endangered, and which proceeds solely from inaction and the irregular use of her strength, will be found to have disappeared.

This is what simple common sense would say of, and to Europe, if Europe could reflect, or if those who are commissioned to reflect for her would only dive into the frightful convulsions which, to every enlightened eye, are plainly discernible, springing up in the bosom of our society, so as to meet them with the remedy, the only safe and efficacious remedy that Christian statesmen can or ought to apply.

God, who knows better than we do, the tendency of the system of doing nothing, or, at best, but trifles; God, who happily for us, occupies himself with the fate of the world, and the investment of capital which he has given, He acts in default of men. What is it that He does?

God acts now with the family of Japeth, as he formerly acted with the three great families wallowing in corruption around the senseless enterprise of Babel. He then struck to dissever what was too much united; He now strikes to join together what is too much divided. Now, as then, He strikes as a father; but if we hold out, He will strike as a master.

God said to a minister of wrath, brought forth and kept up on the shores of the Ganges by Asiatic fatalism, filth and carelessness—Thou art not from me;

but I will give thee a mission. It is one of the prerogatives of my goodness and mercy, to make evil subservient to good. Here thou art every year hurrying millions and millions to the grave; the Europeans know it, yet they take but little heed; "The sufferings of others is a dream," as they have been told by those who despise my law. Go, then, no sanitary rules shall restrain thee: strike on every side, frighten much, but kill little; these are my eldest born; I will correct, but not destroy them. Perhaps, when they see their science at bay, their strength powerless, before that Attila of a new kind, they may then turn to me. Then will I say to them—Pray, it is well—but act also, and act as children of the Most High. Those hands which you raise to me, extend them also towards your younger brethren, who lie grovelling in the mire, otherwise the deadly miasma of the filth will reach yourselves. It is my will that my children should make but one. Choose, therefore, between a community of goods, or a community of misfortunes!

The cholera has fulfilled its mission. People have raised their hands a little; but they did not stretch them towards the east—God has changed His rod.

He said to a host of idlers, and of unrequited laborers—"You either want work, or that which you have is the work of hell; ask, therefore, for some other employment. You see that the great are beguiling themselves with the idea of their power and wealth, so that they will no longer hear my voice; make them tremble for their wealth and power, and cry so loudly that they must hear you; but do not strike; for no sooner would you have overthrown them, than there would arise from amongst yourselves others like unto them, who would make you regret the sleepers. Extermination is My last resource."

Again He said to some—"Children of darkness, you have decided on doing that which is wrong: well, you are free to ruin yourselves, but aim your strokes against the great ones of the earth. You shall do nothing, for I will place my hand between them and you; but they, perchance, seeing so many arms uplifted against them, will say within themselves—There are, then, a host of arms which from idleness fall into crime. It is a sad thing to be often obliged to make a show of great criminals executed or pardoned. Let us, then, think of some way to employ these arms, to turn to account so much ambition, now criminal—to dazzle the eyes of our ardent youth with crowns more tempting than those we wear.

The cholera—a communist, a radical—is every where growling, threatening, and acting. Regicide arms have done their work, and are doing it still. Do men think of doing better? That they are disposed that way, we do believe; but where are the acts? To assist idle speculations, behold what the good Master does:—

"See" he says, "that ungrateful Europe who owes to Asia and America, although she has never done aught but ravage them—all that she has—amongst the rest, an ailment which she highly prizes, and with reason, for it is excellent and serves the half of her people for bread. She is proud of this importation, although it is not the twentieth part of what she might do if she would but hear me. She says—Come hail, come frost and plagues, famine, at least, shall never come. Let us strike with an unknown disease the precious root, and let the evil, threatening all alimentary substances, cause Europe to tremble for her very existence. To this scourge, let us add still others; let the rivers bear death and destruction where they had before spread life and plenty. Without chastisement we shall obtain nothing from these seniors of the human family, who are wearing away their lives, either in luxurious ease, or in narrow and selfish activity."

Will the rod be sufficient to stir us up, or must we pass through hands which leave bloody marks, to say the least? This riddle will be solved ere we are much older.

We must conclude with the inexhaustible subject of the missions, lest any of our readers should imagine that we have merely skimmed over a question in ideas, and broached not any facts. We have only given texts: "Texts are all very well," they say, "but how are they to be got into people's heads?" You think too meanly of Europe and of yourselves. Doubtless, these texts will remain barren if you leave them in the hands of a miserable gold-seeker like us, who may well discover them in a spot which you have overlooked, but gives them just as he finds them, rough and unformed.

You, who have the lapidary's chisel to hew them, and the skillful hand to group and polish them, it is for you to put them in circulation; some years hence you will be more sensible of the power of Christian ideas.

Some folks will say—These are fine projects for the Sacristy! Well, the word makes little difference; but just take the trouble to consider if, in that

sacristy the five parts of the world might not find themselves very comfortable.

(From N. Y. Freeman's Journal.)

Persecution still rages on the face of the earth. The blood of Christians is yet flowing. Where? In Europe? Yes. In Rome? No. In Spain or Austria? No. Neither in Italy, Spain or Austria does blood flow either for the Catholic faith nor for heresy. Where then does persecution rage? Why in England! In England, the temple of heresy and unbelief. The very shrine of Protestantism, where the impure idol is worshipped. Yes, in England persecution rages; edicts rivalling, and closely copying those of the Pagan Roman Emperors of the first three Centuries of the Christian Era are issued by British Ministers in the name of the British throne. The Government and the Courts of law of England stir up the blind fury of the enemies of the Catholic Church; justice is trampled in the dust; the mob are roused to shed the blood of Catholics and to tear down the houses of Catholics and the Churches of the Most Holy; and when the mob has done its worst the servants of English "law" are sent to seize the wounded victims and to imprison them in English prisons.

Persecution, then, rages in England. Persecution for conscience sake. In that England where the most savage errors in religion, morals, and social life have free scope, on the ground that it is the country of personal liberty. In England where Mormons transact their infamous bargains, where the Agapemony is protected in its lewd and revolting rites by the police; where the devil and his works are all encouraged; there, as of right it should be, the Catholic Church has its Sanctuaries rifled, her priests insulted and beaten, and her people slaughtered. How long is this to continue? How long is the England that does such things to continue? We know not precisely how long, but we know that even a heathen had observed enough of the course of the world to have said "*Quem Deus vult perdere prius demorat*."

England is mad, and there are tens of millions who long for her speedy destruction. What say the millions of French Catholics to the blood and the slavery of their brethren in England? What think Catholic Austria? What think the millions of Catholics in northern Germany and in the Lowlands? What think Catholic Spain? What think all Europe united of this diabolical power, which, after having done for many years her utmost to create trouble and revolution throughout the Continent, and being ignominiously defeated has turned with a ferocity unnatural even to wild beasts upon her own children, and wreaks upon those of them who are Catholics the rage she feels against the faith that has saved the rest of Europe from her snares? Oh, it is time for Europe to think and to feel that England is no longer human. She is possessed bodily by the devil, and as she insanely rages against everything good and holy, so, in the name of God and of man it is a duty the world owes to put her down.

She has for hundreds of years been preparing one potent instrument for her own chastisement. Her horrible wrongs done to the country that of all others she was under most obligations to cherish and sustain. Ireland, that never did her an injury. Ireland, that foolishly cleaved to her in every fortune, fighting her battles and sustaining her pride—this Ireland she has cradled and tutored and disciplined in the school of the most outrageous wrongs. At length for the last half century this Ireland has been pouring forth her millions upon other soils; on America, and on the colonies of Great Britain. Away from her tyranny they have sprung into the most active and luxuriant growth. They have bold hearts, strong hands; and at length thousands and tens of thousands among them and their immediate descendants are becoming rich. But hearts hands and money are all ready, among these many millions, for one task—it is the humiliation, nay the utter overthrow of the English Government. *They will accomplish it. They will compass it yet.* To the third and to the fourth generation the blood of the Irish, let it mix as it may with French, German, English, or any other, will still burn and tingle with natural antipathy to England.

Yes, Irishmen in America; as you teach your sons their religion, as you teach them their duties in this world, teach them, and tell them to teach their sons, if the end be not sooner accomplished, that the English are the Turks and Infidels of modern times; to abridge whose power, or to root out whose dominion, is the best service a stout heart, a strong hand, or a heavy purse can help to accomplish in this world.

What is the question that has a hundred times been discussed already in our hearing in regard to the two candidates for the Presidency in this country? Are they both hostile to English interests and influence! And, if we did not believe that both of them

were so; if we thought that one of them were, like Daniel Webster, incapable of doing anything seriously to offend England, we would proclaim the fact, for we would consider it synonymous with bitter bigotry, and excessive corruptness.

Yes, Irishmen will yet prove potent among the enemies of England. Whoever among the princes of Europe will make war on England may be sure of the prayers of millions of Catholics for his success, and of aid in money or in men from millions of Irish blood throughout the world.

Let Louis Napoleon reflect on this. He is a man of extraordinary power, and called to perform a high mission. Christendom thanks him for what he has done in France; for stilling the voice of the demagogue and crushing the venomous head of Socialism in its very den. He has done well for France, better than his uncle ever did. Alison tells us in the last number of *Blackwood's Magazine* that this singular man has during his life not only predicted that he would be the Supreme ruler of France, but that he would make war on England, and avenge the fortunes of Waterloo. If Louis Napoleon wishes to rule in the hearts of another nation as he rules over the minds and bodies of the French, let him strike a bold blow at the very heart of England, and the Irish, throughout the world, will bless him. If he wants men they will fill his ranks with the same kind of soldiers that chased five times their number on the plains of Mexico. If he wants skillful engineers there are enough of the very flower of the officers of our army who are Catholics, and who, in such a cause, would hasten to his standards. If France does not furnish him with money enough, the contributions they will raise in the United States and wherever else they are, will fill his coffers. Let him then, in return for all the plottings of England against the tranquillity of Europe strike her a blow that will crush her to the dust.

But, if not so, Irishmen learn in America to bide their time. Year by year the United States and England must touch each other more and more nearly on the seas. Year by year the Irish are becoming more powerful in America. At length the propitious moment will come. Some accidental sudden collision—and a Presidential campaign close at hand. We will then use the very profligacy of our politicians for our purposes. They will want to buy the Irish vote, and we will tell them how they can buy it in a lump from Maine to California—by declaring war on Great Britain, and wiping off at the same time the stains of concessions and dishonors that our Websters, and men of his kind, have permitted to be heaped upon the American flag by the insolence of British agents.

In view of these things we would exhort England to continue fulminating her decrees of petty persecution, and exciting her mobs against the Catholic third of her inhabitants. The disaffection of so many of her own most patient subjects will be no little assistance in making the work of her overthrow easy.

A SISTER OF MERCY.

We read as follows in *l'Indépendance Belge*: "The following scene took place at the hotel of Marshal Soult, Rue de l'Université, Paris:

"The night was dark; a Sister of Mercy was sitting by the side of Count Jules Lacombe de Mornay's bed, and supplied to him, with an evangelical devotedness, all the cares his position required. That Sister of Mercy was a young girl, 22 years old, and of a celestial beauty. The Count was agonised, and the sister of Mercy was shedding abundant tears. On a sudden, eight o'clock began to strike; the religious rose, kissed the forehead of the dying man, and made her preparations to depart. 'My Sister,' said the watching priest, who was reading the prayers for the departing soul, 'what are you doing?'—'I must depart,' answered the religious, in tears. 'Wait a little,' replied the priest, 'you shall receive the last breath of your father.'"

The young Sister of Mercy was Mademoiselle Louise de Mornay, grand-daughter of the Duke of Dalmatia, who entered the order as a novice about four years ago, and is now a Sister of Mercy at the Hospital of Eaghien, founded by the Duke d'Aniane. She had then a dowry of about £4,000, and could have been united to one of the most illustrious names of France. She preferred to all this the unostentatious name of Sister Louise, and devoted her life to the pious care of those unknown persons who came there either to die or to be cured. The Priest wished her to stay. "No," said she, "the rule orders me to leave the place at eight o'clock; I must do whatever the rule orders, and the grief which I carry with me will make my sacrifice more meritorious." She a second time kissed her father, who did not feel that last farewell, and went away praying for him and shedding bitter tears. The Marquis de Mornay died during the night."

* We must confess ourselves wholly at a loss to understand the drift of this allusion, and its point is hidden from the English reader, as the author has not thought proper to offer any explanation.—*Trans.*