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ILLUSTRATIONS OF NATIONAL PROVERBS.

BY SAMUEL LOVER, ESQ., R. H. A.

There is not a people on the face of the earth who possess a more elastic temperament than the Irish: no circumstances, however adverse, can subdue their cheerfulness; no fatigue breaks it down, and even hunger, which, as the proverb says, "breaks through stone walls," even that potent agent, cannot conquer an Irishman's habitual hilarity. There is certainly no people in Europe, and, perhaps, not in the world, so ill provided with the comforts, I might almost say, the necessities of life, as the humbler classes of the Irish, and it is a fact they may be proud of, that they do not repine at the want of such bodily enjoyments as their neighboring countrymen are in the possession of. A peasant, to whom I once spoke on the subject answered me in a proverb - "Sure, Sir," said he, "what the eye never sees the heart never grieves for;" and sure we never see any thing from year's end to year's end but the praties, and well off we are when we have the buttermilk along with them, and though we know that there's more cattle and pigs, and sheep, sent out o' the country than it feed nine times over what's in it; yet, as none of us can afford it, why one isn't bethler off than another, and so as I said afore, 'what the eye never sees the heart never grieves for,' and we're used to the hard living."

Scott apostrophises the hardihood of the Irish soldier, in the midst of the dangers of war, where even the prospect of death cannot impair the mirthfulness of his nature.

Hark! from yon stately ranks what laughter rings. Mingling wild mirth with war's stern minstrelsy; His jest while each blithe comrade round him flings, And moves to death with military glee.

Boast, Erin, boast them!

A friend of mine mentioned to me that in travelling through Scotland, at a period when there was a great scarcity of provisions in that country, he happened to have seated beside him, as fellow-passenger, outside a stage-coach, an Irishman who seemed to be a dependant on one of the inside passengers, and this Irishman seemed very much surprised at seeing large posting-bills stuck upon every prominent wall, pier, and gable, stating the dreadful hardships the lower orders were suffering, and appealing to the humanity of the public for their relief. The coach-offices and turnpike-gates were studded with these appeals to the charitable, in hopes of inducing travellers to contribute, and at one of these places, the Irishman I have mentioned, had time to read over the contents of this petition. It stated, amongst other grievances, that such was the uncommon distress of the poor, that they were absolutely reduced, in some instances, to two meals a day!

"Two meals a day!" said the Irishman aloud; "faith, an' myself often seen them in Ireland with only one meal a day; and they never put it in pret as a curiosity. Two meals a day—faix an' its many a strappin' fellow is workin' on that same, in poor Ireland. "Arrah then, Sir, do you see that?" said he, turning to my friend; "throth then it's long till they'd put sich a postscript at the beginnin' of a famine in Ireland;—but it's a folly to talk of comparin' with us at all;—augh! sure, there is none of them can stand the starvation with us!"

What a melancholy ground of national triumph!

Some few days ago I saw a group of Irish laborers near Kingstown; they had, evidently, travelled a long way, and were sitting down on a bank, near the harbor, to rest themselves, while awaiting the time for the sailing of the Liverpool steam-boat, for they were all going to England, to look for work at the ensuing harvest, as the reaping-hook slung over the shoulder declared. I entered into conversation with one of these men, and asked him if he had been in England before. He told me he had. I asked him if he liked being there.

"Why then, indeed, your honor, I'm not covituous of goin' there at all, only in the regard of makin' the rint, and keepin' the house over the heads of the wife and the childer."

"Then you do make the rint," said I.

"Oh yis, Sir!" said he, "they give fine wages when the crap is heavy, and the saison onsartin—and maybe a scarcity of hands at the same time—and they know that we'll slave a power to rise the money."

"Then why should you not like to go there?" said I.

"Oh! Sir, sure they despise us, an' look down on us, for laving our own country, and sure how can we help that? when them that ought to stay home wid us, and give us work and pertuction, goes away from us, and laves us to the mercy of the wide world?"

"But if you tell the English people that they won't despise but rather pity you?"

"Pity is a covold word, Sir, and it's not behowliden I'd be to any man's pity; moreover, far less a stranger's—and that same a proud stranger."

"But the English have cause to be proud," said I.

"Sure, and that's true, indeed, Sir; but they might take pride out o' themselves without hurtin' another man's feelings; and, indeed, sometimes my blood rises when they go on with their coisait, and throw our poverty in our teeth."

"And are they in the habit of doing that?"

"Throth and they are, but I never let it go wid them without giving them a word or two in exchange, and more, maybe, if they're saucy." And he gripped his stick tight as he spoke, and gave it a knowing jerk.

"One thing, Sir, they're mighty coisaited about is, their fine aitin' and dhrinkin' and God knows but it's a poor thing for a Christian to be proud of, for sure a brute baste is as sensible of good aitin' as a man, and a man ought to know better; but as I was sayin', Sir, they are coisaited about it, and a chap says to me, one day, that I was workin' task-work, just as he was aitin' his dinner in the field, under the shade o' the hedge, and as I raped up to him, when I kem to the end of the ridge, and says he, 'do you know what that is?' says he, 'howldin' up a fine big piece of ham fornist me.'"

"Isn't it cheese?" says I, "purtendin' not to know, and humbuggin' the fellow."

"No, it aren't cheese," says he—"he said arn't, Sir;—indeed, they all say arn't—not understandin' the jography o' their own language, which is far greater disgrace than poverty." "It are n't cheese," says he, "but a dam fine piece of ham," says he—"Think o' that, Sir, he said dam to the ham! cursin' the mate that was feedin' him."

"And what is that?" says he, "howldin' up a brave big mug of fine yolla ale."

"Indeed and I don't know," says I; "if it be milk," says I, "it's very much tanned with the sun."

"It are n't milk," says he, "you poor ignorant cretter," says he—"he wanted to say cray-daw, but they can't say them soft words at all, but chops them all short like a snarl'n dog." "No it are n't milk," says he, "but dam fine yale." "You must know they say yale instead of ale—they dunnaw how to converse at all!—And you see he said dam to the dhrink as well as the mate."

"But you harn't no yale in Ireland," says he.

"No," says I, "glory be to God, we've whiskey!" says I.

"And if you harn't ham, nor yale, nor cheese, what do you feed on?" says he. "Pratees," says I. "Is it taytees," says he. "No—its pratees," says I; "don't call them out o' their name and you'll oblige me." "And what do you drink?" says he. "Wather," says I, "when we're no better; but sometimes we relish the pratees with a squib of buttermilk." "Oh, that's what we feeds our pigs on here," says he.

"It's well for the pigs," says I. "And your poor cretters," says he, "harn't you no better than buttermilk to drink to your taytees?" says he. "We think ourselves well off when we get that same," says I. "I wonder then how you can work at all," says he, "on such poor victuals." "Well you see we can," says I.

"But you can't be strong," says he, "on sich rubbishy stuff." "Think o' that, Sir, to call the fine pratees, that God's word makes grow in the earth for his craythurs, and the fine milk, rubbishy stuff!" "Oh! don't talk o' stuff," says I: "we don't use them for stuff," says I; "we only ate to satisfy wholesome hunger, but it is you that stuff yourselves at every hand's turn, making your stomach a most like a panthry, cramm'n' all the mate you can get into it, at all hours." "Aye!" says he, "and look at the fine stout fellows we be," says he—"there be three inches o' fat outside o' your ribs," says he. "Aye, and the same inside o' your head," says I, "and a power o' sinse outside. And are you the stronger in arm, or stouter in heart, for all your cramm'n', says I: "would you cut as much corn in a day?" "I wouldn't make a slave o' myself like you do," says he. "I am a slave, it's thrue," says I; "but if it wasn't God's will that I should be a slave it wouldn't be, so I'm contint," says I.

"But tell me, Paddy," says he, "how you can work with nothing to eat but taytees and buttermilk?" "Then I'll tell you," says I, "whatever we ate, we bless, but you curse what you ate; and so the few pratees we have does us more good than all your meat." "We don't curse what we ate," says he, in a great rage. "Oh! but you," says I; "sure you say damn to every thing—sure it's only a while ago you said it to your ham, and to your ale, while it's only on dhray pratees, without even a grain o' salt, we say, God bless it, and ar course He makes it thrive with us; so you see, Sir, I was down on his taw there."

"Well, I hope," said I, "you will always continue in the same humble spirit of contentment, and submit with cheerfulness to whatever lot providence has been pleased to call you."

"Please God! Sir," said the poor fellow, in the truest spirit of Christian resignation.

"But," said I, "however you may have your temper and forbearance occasionally tried in England, where the comforts of those in the same class of life with yourself are calculated to create comparison likely to make you jealous, yet, in poor Ireland, so many are obliged to submit to the same lot that it makes it the easier for you to bend your back to the burden."

"Thru, for you, Sir."

"Besides when you see no others enjoying the comforts of life, a great cause of jealousy is removed, for 'what the eye never sees the heart never grieves for,' said I, thus making use of what I heard one of his own class say on the subject."

"Indeed, and a good saying that same is, Sir."

"But you seem tired," said I.

"And no wonder," said the poor fellow, "I have walked bethter nor forty miles since mornin'."

"That's a long march."

"Well, sure I'll sleep the soundher an the deck o' the steamer."

Just at this moment a blind fiddler made his appearance, groping his way by a blank wall, until he arrived at the porch of a house, that stood nearly opposite to where these travel-tired Irishmen were resting, and having ascertained his position in front of a gentleman's house, he began to rasp his fiddle most furiously, in the hope of making himself heard; but in vain. With a view to conciliate the tastes of the quality he endeavored to scrape acquaintance with some of the most popular modern airs, but finding these unavailing, he dashed out into an Irish jig—one of those imitably joyous compositions that might make a man dance at his own wake, as we say in Ireland. The poor wearied fellow, who had walked forty miles that day, exhibited strong marks of excitement, the moment the fiddle had been played, but as soon as the jig commenced he jumped up, ran over to the porch, where the blind man was playing, and stepping up softly, immediately behind him, began to dance, in true Connaught style, to the characteristic music, and as he capered in the rear of the fiddler, he cast a waggish look behind him at his companions, as much as to say "see all the fine dancing I'm getting for nothing!" Nothing could be more irresistibly comic than the quiescent unconsciousness of Paddy; the example was electric in its effect, for all the reapers got up and began to dance as well as their companion. The blind fiddler never perceived the extensive fraud that was practised upon him, and not having been able to reduce the house he had laid siege to, to a contribution, he decamped.

After having mused in wonder for some time, that any man, of however lively a nature, should dance, from choice, after a walk of forty miles, I addressed my dancing acquaintance, and said, laughingly, I thought he had taken an unhand-some advantage of the fiddler.

"Not at all, Sir," said he, "sure he wasn't playin' for uz at all, but for the quality, that often gives him nothin' I'm thinkin'—and sure, when I seen him standin' over there, with no livin' craythur to hear him, barrin' the door he was playin' fornist, myself thought it was a pity so much good music should be goin' to waste, and, by dad, I couldn't keep my heels quiet at all at all."

But you know there's an old saying that—"those who dance should pay the piper."

"Oh! but he's only a fiddler, Sir, and more-over nor that, he's a blind fiddler—and sure your honor towld me, not ten minutes ago, that 'What the eye never sees the heart never grieves for.'"

PROTESTANTISM IN OCEANIA.

(Continued from our last.)

We continue our translation from the *Univers* of the doings of the Protestant Missionaries in Oceania.

A French Bishop, a short time ago, who was desirous of visiting the American Consul, at that time residing in a Methodist village in Viti, was repulsed with outrage and violence: the populace, armed with axes and clubs, and headed by the Ministers in person, took post on the shore and drove back the boat. The Bishop caused Thakobau (under whose authority the village was) to come forward, and he was asked why these people acted in this manner. Thakobau, pointing with his hand towards the house of the Wesleyan Minister, said, "They have proved to us that you were come to seize our lands, to abuse our women, and to exercise upon us all sorts of cruelties; and that you belonged to the wicked nation called Frenchmen and Papists, and that we ought to drive you away in order to preserve our goods and our lives. Therefore, do not think that you will be allowed to set your foot on shore in our archipelago."

In the Samoa Islands the same scenes have taken place. The first Priest who made his appearance there in 1845 was twenty days before he could land; he was driven away at all points with threats and violence—the only native who

at last consented to receive him into his house did so weeping, and overwhelmed by the reproaches of his family and the remorse of his own conscience. "Yes," said he, "I have done a great evil—it is a pestilence which I have introduced into the country, but I wish to try it, and we shall at any time be got rid of it." he did try indeed—he harbored the Priest, and was one of the first to embrace the Catholic Religion. To recount all the persecutions fomented in these islands against the French Priests and their neophytes by the Methodists would be too long and fatiguing. For more than twelve years past they have constantly had to struggle against the most scandalous and absurd calumnies against the vexations of every day and almost every moment. To contradict an imputation formally posed, and to prove its untruth, is easy when one is innocent; but to have to meet a deluge of falsehoods renewed and reproduced under all sorts of shapies, and this in a country where the light of civilisation has not yet penetrated, is by no means an easy task: their absurdity, which in a civilised country would render them ridiculous and improbable, has not the same effect in a country still steeped in ignorance—and, again, the continuous repetition of the slanders leaves no leisure for refuting them. Is a calumnious report refuted and exposed? another more malicious is immediately set afloat. It is like the Hydra of the fable—cut off one of its heads, and another springs up in its place. Ask the Protestants of Tonga, of Viti, or of Samoa, if they have any news to tell of the Catholic Missions of Wallis or Futuna: "Those islands," they will tell you, "have the misfortune to be under the domination of the Papists; the inhabitants do not now possess a single inch of ground—everything belongs to the Priests, who have reduced the people into slavery. These same Priests have seized all the women of the country, and keep them shut up in subterraneous places; they murder the children, the fruit of their incontinence, and make horrible repasts of them. The Chiefs have fallen into contempt, and all their power is passed into the hands of the Priests, who have become the tyrants of those islands." Go yourself to Wallis and to Futuna to ascertain the truth of these abominable imputations, what will you find there?—a population truly Christian, Chiefs enjoying full authority, and governing their subjects according to the maxims of the Gospel—some Priests living in a poor manner, without one inch of landed property, and entirely occupied in instructing and directing the Faithful confided to their care. Interrogate the people as to whether any suspicion exists in the country against the Priests, if any infraction of their vows of continence have taken place, you would find nothing that could give rise in this matter to the slightest suspicion. Go back again to the Protestant islands—repeat what you have seen and heard—you will have thrown at you, for the most complete answer, the word *Papist*; and, as an insult you will be told that if those things which have been spoken of have not yet taken place, they will take place at a later time. However, as for that, it matters little; for, for one lie exposed they have ready a hundred others to put forward. Ask for information in one part of the Archipelago what the French Priests are doing in the other, you will meet the same calumnies, the same abuse. In one place they are reported as ripping up the women, in another they have seized all the land—elsewhere they are laying plots to induce their nation to exterminate the natives—in another place they are seeking to have the Methodists, who refuse to be converted, hanged. Everywhere their proselytes are rebels to all authority, who ought to be massacred and annihilated.

Everywhere there is the same system of defamation and calumny; sometimes spread about secretly and underhanded in order to frighten, sometimes expressed loudly by cries or insulting songs—by pamphlets or engravings representing Priests and Bishops in the act of committing sin. There are no persecutions and dangers to which this system has not exposed the French Priests, incessantly occupied as they are in refuting the most odious imputations, or in defending the neophytes from the continual vexations put upon them. What humiliations have they not to suffer—what insults and inquiries have they not to endure! While everything is permitted against them, the slightest act of justice towards them, or in their favour, is considered as a crime. At Lakeba, one of the servants of the French Priests ventured to fire at a goat which was destroying his plantation. He was fully justified in so doing, the authorities of the country having passed a law ordering such animals to be shut up, and allowing the public permission of killing such as should be found straying. The owner of the goat, in the present case, had been informed of the damage done by his animal; but, unfortunately, the owner was the Methodist Minister himself, and he had no idea of attending to the complaint of a *Papist* and a *Frenchman*. The goat was dead, and the Mi-

nister furious, and resolved to exact a fearful revenge. He immediately sent several men to the Priest's servant's house, who dragged him outside and began labouring him with their clubs, and would doubtless have left him for dead had not the Priest, alarmed at the noise, rushed to his assistance and rescued him from his assailants. How many times in this same Island of Lakeba have not the native Catholics been threatened with the axe by the Wesleyan Chiefs, and forced, under pain of death, to renounce, against their conscience, the profession of their religion! To what vexations and insults of all kinds have those whose rank preserved them from the penalty of death been obliged to submit to during the whole existence of the Mission!

The Priests and the neophytes of Tonga have not been better treated during a great number of years. The Catholics have been condemned as rebels for refusing to submit to Methodism. War has been waged against them; they have been treacherously seized, their village has been burnt, the chapel and house of the French Priests have been sacked and pillaged. They have been overwhelmed with insults and injuries, and have been reduced to the last stage of poverty. Whoever has refused to embrace Methodism has been threatened with death, and has been cruelly exiled. Married people have been separated; the father would be sent to one part and the wife to another, and the children have been torn from those who gave them birth. All the Catholics have been dispersed in the most cruel and humiliating manner. The French Governor at Otaheite, hearing of these vexations, has been justly indignant. In 1853 he came himself to avenge the wrongs inflicted on the members of the French Clergy. He was on the point of exacting full expiation from the Methodist population for their unworthy conduct and odious proceedings; the Priests restrained him, and placing themselves as mediators, they gave up all claims to indemnification for the losses they had suffered; they simply asked that a treaty should be concluded between the French Government and King George, which should guarantee that for the future at Tonga it should be perfectly free for any one to profess the Catholic religion. This treaty has been concluded. It is stated in one of the principal articles that the Catholics exiled on account of their religion should be recalled and reinstated in their homes, that they should enjoy the same rights and privileges as the Methodists, that French ships shall be piloted and victualled the same as those of other nations. This article is sufficiently significant, and requires no commentary; it fully indicates the nature of the acts which gave rise to it.

Such, in a few words, are the means which the Wesleyan Missionaries have employed to bring over to their belief the populations of Oceania, and that they still employ to maintain and propagate it. I leave those who pay them so liberally to judge if in this they have carried out their views, and if such means appear to them conformable to the maxims of the Gospel.

Let us now see the results obtained by the Protestant Mission. That the islands of Oceania are at this time more accessible to ships, that trade is beginning to spread and is carried on with more security, is not precisely the effect of religion, but rather the consequence of the great number of vessels frequenting these regions, of the great number of whites of all nations who have taken up their abode in the islands. The natives have comprehend from all this that these white foreigners were numerous, powerful, and rich; that any aggression on their part would be dangerous; and that it was to their advantage to maintain peaceable and commercial relations with them. This effect, would arise independently of religion, as it has been seen in those islands which have not yet been visited by the missionaries, but which have been touched at by numerous vessels.

It would indeed be grossly deceiving oneself to pretend that the aim and end of a religious mission should be the cultivation and development of commerce. The object of a religious mission is to spread the knowledge and the belief of Christian faith, and along with this knowledge and this belief to introduce good faith and good manners, which are the basis of all true civilisation; but in this double view of instruction and morality the Methodist Mission is far from having produced happy results. The only book of instruction which has been put into the hands of the natives, as containing the Christian doctrine, is the Bible; but this sacred book cannot be translated fully in the Polynesian languages, as they do not possess words necessary to express the profound truths which it contains, nor even to relate the greater part of the histories with which it abounds, and which presuppose some slight general knowledge of our state of civilisation, of which these people are profoundly ignorant.—However, the Bible has been translated—the whole has been done in the language of Tonga, and partly in that of Viti. But this sacred book, thus translated, what is it in reality in the hands of a native save a series of words of which he