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REV. DOCTOR CAHILL ON THE PRESENT ASPECT OF AFFAIRS IN NAPLES.

(From the Catholic Telegraph.) Leighlinbridge, Oct. 1, 1856. In modern times, when an aggression is made by any power against a neighboring state; when even a casus belli is clearly made out, according to the constitutional statutes of international law, still the first effort of diplomacy is exhausted before the hostile nations come to blows. Judging, therefore, from the past experience of European states (with some few exceptions) one asks, of what national, social, or commercial aggression against England has Naples been guilty to deserve the fierce denunciations and warlike menaces which are now openly expressed by the entire English press, against an independent and ancient and universally acknowledged monarchy? The plea set up by England is, that the liberty of the Neapolitan subject is there abridged, that penalties and imprisonment are every day there inflicted beyond the patience of the people, beyond the laws of justice; that, therefore, a revolution of the two Sicilies is imminent; that this conflagration may probably spread through the surrounding kingdoms, and consequently that it is the duty of England specially to interfere, and by an armed force, to compel an organic change in the constitution, to model the administration of the laws, and to transfer the government and the protection of the Catholic clergy and the Catholic people, from the King of Naples to the Protestant Government, and the Protestant Church and the Protestant Queen of England. This fond desire on the part of England to sympathize with the Neapolitans against the pretended oppression of their King; this hurried preparation for war, in favor of Catholic subjects, to aid these Catholics in their struggles for liberty against their legitimate Catholic monarch, seems very singular, indeed, when we consider that this same England is the calumniator, the persecutor, the oppressor of the Catholics in her own territory at home. When we reflect on the extermination, starvation, expulsion, and death of hundreds of thousands of the Catholics of Ireland; when we read the galling slanders of her Spencers, her Drummonds, her Russells; when we examine the despatches and conduct of Lord Palmerston, and his staff of conspirators in reference to the Catholics of several countries of Europe, we cannot comprehend what new element exists in Naples, to gain the friendship, to excite the love, and to move the British Navy, under the Cabinet-command of this same Palmerston, in support of the Catholics of Naples!—What difference can there exist in his mind to make the Catholics of Naples different from the Catholics of Switzerland whom he and his tool, Sir Robert Peel, permitted to be robbed and banished and killed in the year '47? What point of attraction for Great Britain can there be towards the Neapolitan Catholic who never paid English taxes, fought English battles, bought English booty; what preference can Palmerston have for these foreign Papists beyond our own countrymen, who, through British misrule and British hatred of their creed and name, died of starvation; their unburied, putrid remains being eaten by pigs and dogs in several instances, as recorded by Coroners' juries at Coroners' inquests! What then has moved England to show so much and such loving kindness to the Papists of Naples in the year 1856, when all the world knows, and when all modern history records that she has spilled more blood of Catholics (because they were Catholics) than any other nation, Pagan or Mahomedan, of which we have read in the history of either ancient or modern persecution? This new predilection, therefore, of England for the oppressed Catholics of Naples is too thin a cover to deceive any one who knows the character of England; and hence all Europe clearly sees in this policy of Great Britain, that under pretence of advancing the liberties of Naples, she conceals the well-arranged, the long-devised stratagem of revolutionizing the Sicilies; and thus approaching the ardent, the burning consummation of her malignant desire to make a successful advance upon Rome, to oppress the Pope, and to enchain in her own English fetters the Catholic creed which she hates. And when we hear the English press prate about the necessity of protecting the neighboring States from the terrors of Revolution, we are led at once to inquire why England did not aid Austria in '47 against the Revolution of Hungary?—or why she did not send a fleet to Venice in the same year to crush the rebellion of Lombardy?—or why she did not menace, in the same year, the King of Sardinia for joining the rebels of Northern Italy against the Emperor of Austria? We also ask, why England did not send her three-deckers to Cherbourg or Bordeaux, in '47, to aid Louis Philippe against the Revolution in France? And above all things we look for some argument to discover on what grounds she, in 1831, not only did not join the King of Holland against the revolution of the Belgians, but

on the contrary, assisted the rebels, and even placed Leopold, one of the eternal Cobourgs, on the throne of Belgium? No one who has read one page of English history, and English perfidy, can be ignorant that the present move on Naples is an attempt to bring to a final issue the long-desired conspiracy against the Pope, and to complete the work in which Lord Minto and his colleagues have been engaged during several years of active stratagem; but the writer of this article believes that both the King of Naples and the Pope were never more secure on their respective thrones against the plans of the English conspirators than at the present moment. The King of Naples, so much calumniated in England, moves every day amongst his subjects, sometimes without an escort; and receiving wherever he goes the heartfelt cheers and the benedictions of his loving subjects: the laws of the country, framed by a domestic legislature, in free assembly, have, since the restoration of Ferdinand the Fourth, in 1818, given universal satisfaction. He has an army of at least sixty thousand men devoted to his service: and the clergy and the people are attached to the constitution with a sincere and ardent national fidelity. The discontented party are those whom England has corrupted here, and as she has done all over the world where she can raise an outcry against a Catholic throne and a Catholic creed. When in the year 1818 she aided the Allies, after the battle of Waterloo, in placing Ferdinand on the throne, from which Napoleon expelled him in order to bestow it on his brother Joseph, and afterwards on Murat, England in that hour (the King being her slave) commenced, as is her invariable plan, to organize an English party. Her ambassadors, her agents, patronised the discontented, bribed the needy, encouraged the rebellious, offered hopes, place, and power, to the ambitious, and ever and ever received the enemies of the priest amongst their most intimate friends. By ridiculing everything Catholic, by taking advantage of every act of legal severity of the King and Cabinet: by a constant secret combination of every element of revolution, England has, beyond all doubt, organised in Naples that party which now cries out for revolution.—She has fomented the rebellion which she now, forsooth, wishes to crush: she has been the guilty conspirator in bringing about the state of things which she now seeks to change: she has created the Mazzinis, and the ferocious faction which now cries out for revolution, plunder and blood. The disorders of Italy are confined to her own faction: and the well-known result of her practised propagandism. In order to understand what is the cause and what is the character of an English party in Spain, Portugal, Naples, &c., &c., the inquirer has only to glance at the notorious facts connected with the English embassies. Let us suppose, for instance, that Lord Minto is appointed a quasi Ambassador in Rome, and Mr. Villiers, or Bulwer, or any other Englishman, is accredited to Madrid, Lisbon, or Florence, or to any other weak, dependent, Catholic state—let us imagine that these Ambassadors watch every unpopular incident of the administration of the laws, note every stern denunciation of the Church against the profligate: that these English agents admit into their confidence the most notorious enemies of the Church and the State; that they distribute money amongst the public calumniators of the Government and religion of the country—let us fancy that the entire English press utters one united cry (a lie) against the enormities, the impieties, the tyrannies, the persecution of the Kings, the Clergy, and the Catholics of these kingdoms: that the public apostates here are invested with English decorations, known perjurers honored with having their portraits taken, their busts modelled, one being hung up in the drawing-rooms, the other placed in the halls of the English Embassy. Let us add to this patronage that every citizen who speaks, writes, acts, conspires against these countries is taken under the protection of England, lauded as Reformers, the opponents of tyranny, and the true exponents of glorious liberty, as it is known in England. Let this known statement of facts be further strengthened by the circumstance that all these nations happen to be weak, just recovered from the late shock of Napoleon's victories; that England is strong, powerful, wealthy, with a vigorous army, an invulnerable navy, an unrivalled commerce. Will any one pretend to say that such a conspiracy, organised, worked, maintained, encouraged, and urged by promises of place to some, of station to others, of money to the needy, of hopes to the ambitious, of revolution to the rebellious, of revenge to the wicked, of military and naval assistance to all; will any one assert that this machinery, set on by a powerful nation, in a weak, unsettled state will not create what may be called "the English revolutionary party" and which will effectually disturb in these dependent nations the public order, threaten the throne, and shake the very foundations of Christianity? Every line in this picture of English foreign conspiracy the writer of this article has already co-

ped from the English original: Naples, in the present instance, is the grand European point from which Rome can be menaced; it is the high road to the domain of Peter: it is the citadel to command the Papal power: it has cost England millions of cash, and upwards of a quarter of a century of perfidy and scheming. It is the Baklava of Italy; the entrenchment round the Papal Redan: England will give it up only with her life: hence she is now straining every nerve not to abandon her last, her only hope, not to lose her iron-grasp of the Pope; and thus perfect the long-cherished scheme of annihilating the venerable prestige, the infallible centre of Catholicity, which have withstood the perils of the past hoary centuries, and bids fair, in spite of England, to maintain her ancient glories through the unborn generations of coming time. England, therefore, without doubt, created the Mazzinis, the Garibaldis, and the infidel faction, which were preachers of blood and plunder in Italy; and whatever disorders prevailed in Naples, they are the well known result of English revolutionary Propagandism. She has, since the battle of Waterloo, attempted to practise in Europe her known Indian policy. She may be said to commence her conquest of India at Seringapatam, in 1792, by Lord Cornwallis; and from that time—that is, from the expulsion from his dominions of the King of Mysore to the dethronement of the late King of Oude—England, by causing divisions amongst the petty Princes of Hindoostan, has extended, by this stratagem, her dominions, from the inhabitants of a petty town to the territories and kingdoms which, at this moment, contain the almost incredible number of one hundred and twenty-one millions of souls!! This Indian policy of creating disorders by divisions in States, and then conquering them successively, in their weakness, being so successful, in India, has been attempted in Europe in all the surrounding Catholic countries: and by placing several Cobourgs on several thrones: by confiscating Church property: by weakening the influence of the Clergy with the people, England had well-nigh raised the standard of William and the colors of Luther on every Catholic throne and Catholic Cathedral in Europe. Fortunately this policy is now perfectly understood all over the world; and this fact, combined with the presence of France in Italy, is a sure guarantee that England, in concert with her tool, Sardinia, cannot now succeed in her scheme on Naples and Rome. The union of France and England, in reference to King Ferdinand, is the union of the faithful shepherd and the wolf, in reference to a beloved flock. The presence of a French fleet (if such will be found necessary) is the guarantee for the protection of Naples.—Surely the Emperor cannot oppress in the Sicilies what he protects in the States of the Church; he cannot join the fanatical, malignant English schools, in ridiculing the creed which he openly professes and protects; and which his amiable, beautiful Empress practises with Castilian pride and with Spanish fervor. Yes, if France should dispatch her war-ships to anchor before Vesuvius it will be to assure Neapolitan freedom, not to suppress Italian liberties, or to encourage the Indian policy of persecuting England. The Emperor is the Protector of Rome by the French military, and he will realize the same hopes at Naples by the French Navy. The Emperor plays a game which France well understands; which England feels in terror, but which she would fain conceal even from her own counsels. France has already taken Spain under her imperial care: she will soon release Portugal from her English master. She is avowedly the Protector of Rome from the presence of her army; she will soon show herself the generous ally of the Sicilies. She is destined to reverse the policy of England in Europe: she will restore and maintain order and religion, and check revolution and infidelity. France, under Napoleon the Third, is called, under Providence, to give peace to Europe, to check the revolutionary schemes, and to overthrow the deistical doctrines of England. No doubt, as Ferdinand is a Bourbon, his extinction would remove an enemy to Buonapartism: but it would add prestige to England, and be an argument for successful disorder and irreligion. Better for Napoleon to have a Bourbon enthroned than to have revolution crowned; better for France to have a feeble neighbor at Naples, than to have a powerful perfidious English ally encamped on Mount Aventine. Their united fleets may anchor on the same waters, but their fighting orders will be in perfect opposition; and as France has been and will be the mistress, the friends of Neapolitan order and of Catholicity may rest assured that both Ferdinand and Pio Nono were never in a more secure political, and religious position than at the present moment. D. W. C.

THE CONFESSIONAL.

(From the New Orleans Catholic Standard.) Father Hecker, in his charming "Questions of the Soul" commences his chapter on Confession, with the lines of Tennyson: "Am I mad that I should cherish that which bears but bitter fruit? I will pluck it from my bosom, though my life be at the root," and then in his own simple and luminous style proceeds to show how in the confessional the church of Rome "opens her arms like her divine founder to all who have missed the path of virtue in seeking happiness," refreshing the sinners' soul "with life, with hope, with peace, and with rest." In his further explication of the subject, this elegant writer asserts the necessity of Confession as proven by universal practice; those who do not unburden their consciences in the manner established by the church, seeking other means, sometimes in confidential revelations to a friend, at others, through the medium of the press, making the wide world the witness and confidant of their weaknesses and crimes. "For what else is the great mass of our modern popular literature but an examan of conscience publicly made by the author before his readers, and the whole wide world?" In illustration of this "natural instinct of man," we copy from a northern paper the following sketch:

TWO HUNDRED POUNDS REWARD. A DEATH-BED SCENE.

"If I were to tell you all, sir, they cannot drag me from my death-bed here and hang me, can they? Besides, I am innocent. But what does that matter? More innocent men than I have been hung for less crimes than murder, before this. I will not tell you." "Murder?" said I, with unfeigned astonishment. "Murder, Charlton?" For this man I was attending in my capacity as house surgeon of the Henborough work house. I had known him for years, and of all my present patients he had seemed the simplest and less violent. His anxious eyes—which closed so lightly even in sleep—his averted looks when spoken to, his nervous timidity, at the sight of any strange face, I had set down as the outward signs of a broken spirit and a waning brain; for he had enough of sorrows to shake a stronger mind than his. I could remember him with wife and children about him, in a respectable, if not an extensive way of business; and why it suddenly fell off and was given up, and what misfortune had changed the couple who had before been so blithe, I had often wondered. Their son, Robert, was now in the Crimea, a sergeant; their daughter, Clara, a milliner's apprentice in the North; Mrs. Charlton had died a few months after the failure of their trade, of a lingering and somewhat strange disease; her husband was, indeed, as he had said, upon his death-bed. I had offered to send for Clara at my own charge, but he would not hear of it. "I would not have a soul at my bed-side, save you, doctor, for worlds," he said. He was quite friendless, too. His chamber was common to five other workhouse folks, but it was a July day, and they were sunning themselves in the paved court outside. The noonday beams which poured into the long bare room found nothing fair to rest upon; no print upon the white-washed wall, no commonest wild-flower in any of the few drab-colored mugs that strewed the table; no signs of comfort anywhere. The sick man lay upon his little iron bed, and I was sitting upon the wooden stool beside it; his hand lay upon mine, and his face was turned towards the door listening. I rose, and locked it: and it was then that he began, as I have said, to speak of murder, and his innocence—to ask if it would be dangerous to confess all. I said "No, nothing can harm you now. What you say to me is a secret as long as you live; you may speak as if I was the clergyman,—whom he had refused for some reason, I know not what, to see. "It will ease your mind to tell me anything, say on." "You have known me doctor, this twenty years, and will easily believe me when I say that I no more expected to become dependent on this parish, and die in this work-house, than I dreamt of the possibility of my committing—any very terrible crime. I was young to the world then, and foolish; and my wife was not older or wiser. We were not strong-minded folks—nor, alas even straight-forward. Through a plausible story of dear times coming—which may yet have been partly true—we sold many a pound of butter and ounce of tea; and if it was not always a pound nor always an ounce, it was never over the just weight, but under. Spirits, also—there being no public house close by—which we of course had no license to sell, we would let our best customers purchase, and drink in our back parlor; which appeared in their weekly bills under the head of candies or what not; so that speaking before our own children, we had to fabricate strange stories,

and give things their wrong names; and many other devices we had, which, though they got us little gains, seemed not much, on the whole, to benefit us. I have purposely told you the worst of us, because it will explain our future conduct the more easily; but you must not suppose that we were thieves, or very wicked people. We scarcely knew what wrong we were doing to others, and far less to ourselves; and I don't think in other respects we were a bad pair. I know Sarah loved me, and I her and our two children, dearly. Our shop, as you remember, was between Henborough and Swaffham, which were then quite separate towns with straggling houses and long lines of railing to connect them. Our house was the farthest of the last row, not detached." Here the sick man raised himself on his hands, and whispered—"Are you sure there's nobody at the keyhole?—nobody at any crack or cranny, nor at the sky-light?" I assured him that there was not; and then the wretched creature pulled out from a sort of oppossium pocket in his very skin, and under his flannel vest, a thin piece of paper folded, keeping it carefully beneath the bed-clothes, so as to prevent its being visible from without. He opened it, and read these printed words: TWO HUNDRED POUNDS REWARD. "The above will be given to any person, not actually concerned in the crime, who shall give such information as shall lead to the discovery of the murderer or murderers of John Spiget, in the Swaffham road, Henborough, on the night of December the thirty-first, eighteen hundred and thirty-five. "Why, you, Charlton, were one of the jury-men, if I remember right, who were upon the inquest in the matter, I said. "I was, doctor—are you sure there's nobody under the bed, or in the cupboard, or behind the chimney-board?—and his murderer also?" "Good heavens!" I exclaimed. "Why, what a hypocritical ruffian you must have been!" "Doctor, good doctor, have mercy upon me; don't tell! don't tell! and don't think so harshly of me until you have heard me out; I am not so bad as I seem. "It was on a New Year's eve, near twenty years ago, and very late at night, close upon twelve, when I had put up my last slutter, and was going to lock the door of my shop, that a stranger called. He had come from the Swaffham end of the road, and I had never seen him before in my life; he could hardly speak at all, he was so awfully drunk. Red in face, thick in speech, and trembling all over like a thief, he said he must have more rum. I told him that we only had some ginger-beer and such like drinks; and, besides, that it was too late at that time of night to sell people anything. He swore horribly at this, said that I and my wife (who was still behind the counter in the shop) were both liars; that we had sold rum often enough to other folks, he knew very well. He managed to stagger up the two steps and push in at the door. He should get in at the back parlor, and sleep there all night, he said. I took him by the collar, intending to set him outside the door, but he was a tall, stout-made man, and I could not—he struggled with me in a dull, heavy manner. I had hard matter to thrust him from the parlor. I did so, and pushed him violently, and he fell on the floor, full length, like a log. He never groaned after he had touched the floor, but lay silent and motionless. My wife cried, "What have you done George? You've killed the man." "Nonsense," I said; but when we tried to raise him, and saw the glassy look of his eyes, I knew it was true. A number of horrible thoughts would have crowded into my mind at once, but that swifter than they, devices for getting the corpse away, and removing suspicion from ourselves, had already filled it. The simple, honest plan of telling the truth, and calling in the police, never so much as suggested itself. What if a neighbor should step in, as this poor murdered man had done, and find him lying there? If one of the children even should be awakened by the noise, and come down in the shop? If the watchman himself, seeing our door yet open at that time of night, should call! There was not a moment to lose; I took the dead man by the head, and my wife all in a tremble, managed to raise his legs, and shutting the door carefully after us, we bore our dreadful burden about fifty yards along the Swaffham road. We tried to set it against the railings which run along both sides of what is now Macartney street, but the inanimate thing slipped down again each time in a mere heap. It is surprising how anxious we were to prop it up, and although every instant was precious to us, we spent five minutes in doing so—it seemed inhuman, however, to leave it on the pavement. In a sort of desperate terror at last, I twined the arms about the bars, and we fled back in silence. "Nothing was stirring." We heard the tread of the watchman outside our closed door, and his "Past twelve o'clock!" die away in the distance, but we had put out the

A lawyer got into a war of words with another member of the bar, and knocked him down, remarking, "I'll make you behave like a gentleman, you scoundrel!" "No you won't," cried the other, spitefully, "no, never, I defy you; you can't do it!"