

VII. Interactions with the World

J. Current Events

a. Italy

544.

Letter, *The Catholic Telegraph and Advocate*, Aug. 30, 1849

This letter was published in The Catholic Telegraph of August 30, 1849 and repeated on September 7 under the title "Roman Correspondence." Although unsigned, Rosecrans mentions writing it under the date of July 4, 1849 in his Journal. The original is in the Archives at the University of Notre Dame, marked 8460; and a copy is in the Archives, Diocese of Columbus.

The French Free Rome, 1849.

A young man, a native of Ohio, who resides in Rome and was a spectator of many of the events which took place there since the proclamation of the pseudo-republic, gives us the following account of the operations of the siege and character of the defenders:--

"Yesterday the French entered the capitulated city, and today, for the first time in eight months, we breathe freely, feeling an arm over us stronger than the assassin's. We have been confined to the house for more than two months --ever since 30th of April-- during all which time, scarcely a priest has been in the streets in the clerical dress. Though we have escaped, yet danger has constantly stared us in the face. And now only the consciousness that you would rather hear what has happened than listen to my *Te Deum*, prevents me from transcribing that hymn of triumph, as the best expression of my feelings today. The French occupy the city. Garibaldi, with all the free corps of Poles, Lombards, Tuscans, murderers from all the countries of Europe, has left the city pursued by several columns of the French Army. The assassins are now in the minority and have to keep under cover.

"Before the city capitulated it made an obstinate defense. Barricades in the course of three months became almost fortresses, and all the blacksmiths, wagoners, &c., had been incessantly employed in making cannon-carriages and the like. When on the 3d of June the French made a move towards the city, taking possession of Villa Pamfili, which is equal in height with the highest hill within the walls, there was an immense commotion amongst the Republicans. The soldiers of the Line, the freebooters under Garibaldi, and the *mobilized* citizens went out and fought during the whole day, until after suffering tremendously, they were constrained to yield the villa to the French. They tried to recover it several times by surprising the French, but always returned without saying how they had succeeded; and the Triumvirate always issued on such occasions a decree forbidding any one to speak of the issue of the attempt. They made a night attack on the French, but instead of surprising Oudinot, found him

in battle array, and they suffering greatly from a heavy battery. The French commander commenced his parallel nearly a mile from the bastion, and with incredible labor, in a few days, ran a ditch along towards the wall, within a half mile of which he planted his cannon. He then summoned the Assembly to surrender, and on their refusal, commenced battering down the wall. In three days he made it level with the ground for a mile in length. The Romans, in the meantime, began building barricades on each side of the break nearly perpendicular to the wall, so as to command the entrance. The hill divided just where the breach was, and passing to the right and left leaves a hollow between. On the night of the 31st [sic] of June, Oudinot took the height to the left of the breach by surprise, and the Romans dared not drive him from it. Here he planted one battery, in the breach another, and with a third commenced making a second breach in the wall--such, that once made, he could sweep with the battery along the barricade behind which the Romans were stationed. The cannon roared from morning to night, but no bombs were thrown on this side of the Tiber. Many were sent to burst in the air and terrify the people, but none to injure the churches or monuments. Finally, on the night of the 30th of June, he attacked the barricade I have mentioned, took 300 prisoners, ten pieces of cannon, and though the Romans made many desperate attempts to recover it, he held it at the point of the bayonet. In these conflicts, the besieged lost more than a thousand men. Garibaldi, who had been made Generalissimo by the Mob, ordered the soldiers to charge again, but they refused, and thus the French were left in possession of a hill that commands the whole city. Then came the offer to surrender. "The Popular Club" refused to sanction this capitulation, and stated that they would resist unto death; but when they saw Garibaldi making preparations for flight, all resistance ceased; and the French entered. They were received, as far as I could see, with great joy, ill-concealed through fear of assassination. In the Corso, however, when they passed the "Cafe delle belle arte," an infamous hole where Rossi's murderers had his picture hung up, the ruffians there assembled had the audacity to hiss, whereat the French wheeling towards them and making a sign as if to charge, put them to a most precipitate flight. While the French were entering the city there were eight men murdered for showing signs of joy, three of whom were priests. In the Corso a poor man was asked by some French officers where some place to which they wished to go was situated, and he told them. But scarcely had they passed when he was beset by two or three ruffians with daggers in their hands. He shouted for help. His cries attracted the attention of the officers, who had not passed far. They drew their swords and the rascals took to flight, but one was captured. "Do not imagine," said the officers, "that you are under Pius IX. now, to do what you please. A court martial will bring you to your senses to-morrow." If the people had dared to give free expression to their joy, yesterday would have been the greatest festival held in Rome for a year.

"The cannon of the French unhoused many, particularly of the Transtevernini, for

whom the government had to provide quarters on this side of the river. They took colleges, convents, &c., and commissioners came to take our college also. Remonstrance, arguments, entreaties were useless, and at last our professors applied to Mr. Cass, who at once agreed to take it under his charge--and not only he said, the American students, but all who had any connection with the establishment. He accordingly went to the Triumvirs and procured a revocation of the decree. The college was placed in his hands and we had a flag prepared to unfold in case of necessity. Mr. Cass has acted most honorably and the rector told him that the whole house was at his service.

"This is the 4th of July! Hurrah for the stars and stripes! How many an orator is sweating over the popular theme today! If any body at home is foolish enough to sympathise with the Roman Republic, all the harm I wish him is that he could have to live under it for three months! Yours, &c."

Another letter from Rome, "From our Roman Correspondent," was written for the Telegraph and appeared in the issue of September 7, 1849. That one, however, appears to be from a man more experienced than Rosecrans and with a broader perspective.

545.

Letter, *The Catholic Telegraph and Advocate*, March 29, 1851; reprinted with slight editing in *Fifty Years in Brown County Convent*, pages 96-98.

News from Rome.

ROME, January 17, 1851

REV. MR. [Edward] PURCELL--Having heard that the Bishop is probably on his way to Europe, I direct to you the letter which it is now full time for me to write home. I did intend to write to you on the day of Epiphany, but what with the various rites in the morning, followed by the pontifical mass of the Most Rev. Archbishop Hughes of New York, with the sermon of the same after the gospel, and in the evening the solemn vespers, kept me nearly all day in the church; and since then my time has all been taken up in things if not so pleasant as writing home, as least more necessary. The scene the little church presented on that morning is still present to my mind. You should see it before you can judge of its beauty and its effect. There are in it five altars--one high altar, and two small altars on either side of the high one. The floor of the church is unencumbered with aught save kneeling worshippers or standing spectators--for in Rome they have not the custom of filling a church with benches or cribs. At each one of these altars there was a Mass of a peculiar [particular] rite. At the high altar you would see an Armenian pontifical, with a splendor of vestments and of numerous acolytes and thurifers, and attendants--not equaled even by the Latin pontifical Mass in a Catholic

country. At the first side altar to the right, was a Latin low Mass by a Polish bishop; at the second, a Maronite Mass, in which either the assistant or the priest is continually singing and in which the vestments are the same as in Latin. At the left, on the first altar, you saw a Chaldean with his long vestments and flowing beard, carrying you back to the time when the Apostles themselves first said Mass in Syro-Chaldaic. In this Mass also there is a continual chaunt either of the celebrants or of the assistants. And, finally, at the second altar on the left, you might have observed an aged priest saying Mass in the Slavonic rite, dressed in the long white robe similar to that used by the Latin celebrants at vespers. I have seen nothing more beautiful and impressive in my whole life; no symbol so striking of the Church's vastness and unity--vastness that comprehends all lands and all time--unity not strained, external, material, a union of forms and ceremonies while hearts and intellects remain far asunder; but unity internal, spiritual, real, in the seeking of the same great end by means of the same faith, the same Baptism, by the same Holy Sacrifice, through which faith is possible, and Baptism efficacious. The Protestants who were present in great numbers as you could see by their eye-glasses and vacant looks, might have seen silently refuted that demagogic objection they make about concealing the Gospel and liturgical prayers from the people. All the rites, except the Latin, are either in the tongue used by the people, or else in the tongue once the language of the nation, but which has been left in its purity to the liturgy in the downward "progress" of ages.

After the high Mass, Cardinal Fransoni confirmed Viscount and Lady Camden, Archbishop Hughes and the Princess Doria being sponsors. The poor lady wept for consolation at finding herself thus safe with her husband in the ark of Peter. Archbishop Hughes had already had the consolation to receive their first Confessions, and gave them their first Communion. He had also received into the Church at Marseilles the abjuration of the curate of Archdeacon Manning. A curious anecdote is told of the conversion of Lord and Lady Camden. They had a private audience with the Pope, who after talking with them some time, was struck by observing their little girl, almost like an infant, walk before him and make a very low bow. The tender heart of Pius was touched by the unconscious homage of guileless innocence, as contrasted with the cold and doubting and hesitation which the world and the flesh throw in the way of age--and stretching out his arms over the little child he burst into tears; as did also, as if taken by the same thought, both the parents. After a little more conversation they parted, about nine o'clock in the evening--Lord Camden to hunt up Archbishop Hughes, and prepare himself for being admitted to the Church.

On the 14th of this month was the Academy of Languages at Propaganda. There were forty-two. The English piece, making allusions to the present intolerance of the English, seemed to irritate some of those who understood it, a thing not to be wondered at since there were many Protestants there. I sometimes wonder what such a lot of

Protestant ministers, with their white neckcloths, can find to amuse themselves with here in Rome. There are many of them.

With regard to Rome and Roman affairs, I have no need to tell you anything. There is a rumor out, especially among the foreigners in Rome, that Dr. Hughes is to be made Cardinal, and though it may be well founded, still I have no reason for saying that it is so; and even if I had, as in fact, I have something that might be construed into a foundation, I would not tell it to you, because you are an Editor.

Yours &c., S.H.R.

546.

Editorial, *The Catholic Telegraph and Advocate*, November 27, 1852

Death of Vincenzo Gioberti.

This talented and unfortunate man has gone to his last account. He expired in Paris on the 28th of October, in the 45th year of his age. His disease was apoplexy.

No modern writer has exercised a wider influence on the politics of Italy, or done more harm to public sentiment than Gioberti. He was made, by his own vanity, the instrument of the Italian Secret Societies, in giving a sort of religious aspect to their nefarious projects. His "Primato Religioso e civile dell Italia," written in a style, seemingly more earnest than the ordinary rhodomontade of revolutionary authors, having in it a show of piety in the wish to see the pope at the head of Italian "progress," seduced many unwary youths from the old paths: and many a "University legion" was formed of noble young men--who but for "the great philosopher" would have remained quietly in the lecture rooms, instead of crimsoning with their blood the plains of Lombardy, and have grown up to shed lustre, by their talents and virtues, over their native land.

Gioberti was a priest; but for the last ten years--about the date of his connexion with the Secret Societies--he has never said Mass--a circumstance rather in his credit than otherwise.

He has seen all the ups and downs of revolutionary life. In 1849 he came to Rome the idol of the people. The street on which his hotel was, had its name changed into Gioberti street. He was toasted, and feasted, and *processioned*, and speech-becovered: he had a diplomatic audience with the pope, as the People's Representative: Rome was a perpetual gala during his stay there. But, three months afterwards, when the pope had fled, and the Roman Republic was declared, he, refusing, as head of the Sardinian Cabinet, to acknowledge the Republic--fell into the most profound disgrace. His name was ignominiously erased from the street: and the press teemed with the vilest abuse of him. Soon after he resigned his ministry. On the triumph of the Austrians at Novarra he was sent, as Minister Plenipotentiary of the Sardinian Court, to

Paris. Here he published one or two works, in which the bitterness of disappointed ambition, and crushed vanity, is more apparent than intellect or profound thought.

As a philosophical writer, we think Gioberti's importance has been exaggerated, through the influence of the Secret Societies, whose instrument he was. A brilliancy of expression--a varied but encyclopediac erudition--a self-coined phraseology of part Greek, part Latin, part Italian--a lofty rejection of all modern philosophy as proceeding from Cartesianism, the errors of which system he attributed sweepingly to all writers since Descartes, were, besides the interested adulations of the Carbonari, the claptrap that secured him his short-lived reputation.

For the rest, he was not a patient and profound thinker: whatever of depth he may have is only here and there a flash, one of those efforts of a far reaching mind which if patiently elaborated is a mine of truth; but which for lack of labor may often prove pernicious.

A letter was published, last summer, in the "Cattolico" of Genoa, in which Gioberti, writing to one of the wire-pullers of the secret Societies,--as far back as 1845--says, that Pantheism is the only religion for the Italian. The Catholic religion will not allow them to *progress* (*i.e.* to overthrow the government, plunder the public property, and divide the spoils): the Protestant is too palpable a humbug to be imposed on Italian acuteness: Atheism is too dreary: therefore Italians must become Pantheists before they can be free.

One of the critics of Gioberti's writings, an acute, and laborious writer of the Franciscan religious, professes to find throughout the Abbe's philosophy, evidences of this design to pantheise Italy. His examination of the philosopher's definitions, phrases, doctrines, is rigid, and dispassionate. It was published in an octavo volume of 250 pages, and elicited a reply, full of personal abuse.

All of Gioberti's writings have since been put on the index. He, far from submitting according to the example of Rosmini and Ventura, wrote a pettish defense of himself against the Holy See: and four months after, we behold him summoned suddenly--without previous warning--from walking up and down in his library, before his Judge to answer the charges of those accusing souls, whom his writings have perverted. Verily, we know not the day nor the hour.

547.

Editorial, *The Catholic Telegraph and Advocate*, April 2, 1853

Gavazzi.

Some time since we saw it announced in the English papers that this apostate monk had embarked for America, after having exhausted the patience of the English country people by his vulgar exhibitions. He has arrived, and been welcomed to New

York by a public meeting in the Tabernacle. He announced his mission to be against Popery and everything that tends to Popery: consequently against Protestantism.

He told his audience, coolly, that "they were Protestants, because they were not Italians"--but that he, not wishing "to copy the copyists," could not choose "Protestantism for a religion for his Italy." He said his mission was principally to the Irish, "on account of their genius and warm-heartedness,["] &c. After his speech, a course of lectures in Italian--for the benefit of the Irish, we suppose--was announced.

What a pity that our country can be made the laughing stock of Europe, by the conduct of a few men in New York! Gavazzi has not even talent; when his party was in the ascendancy in Rome, he was used as a tool and a messenger by the knowing ones. He never had an office of trust. We have seen him in 1847, passing from quarters to quarters of the civic guard to announce some trifling victory gained by the Romans over the French, and take off his hat, and raise a "viva."

His chaplaincy to the army made it his duty to preach to them that they would go to heaven, whatever might have been their previous crimes, provided they fought well; and when some poor fellow, struck by a ball, would be laid on his death-bed in the hospital at the Quirinal Palace, Gavazzi never went near him--but lewd women circulated through the Palace, tempting, even in their last agonies, the remorseful soldiers to sin and blasphemy. But he was always despised by his own party.

He is now a Catholic, he says, and a "Romanist Catholic," but he hates the Pope--and so he finds friends and sympathisers. The New York Herald speaks of the meeting thus:

A very large meeting of citizens assembled in the Tabernacle last evening, pursuant to a public call, to extend a welcome to the celebrated divine and patriot Father Gavazzi. The sentiments uttered, and the whole tone of the meeting, were of a very discreditable character. It tended, as they were, to create and increase religious dissension in this community, and to organize a war of creeds. Such a thing may do very well in Europe, where religious animosities and persecution for conscience sake, are part of the social elements, but we deprecate the attempts, recently commenced in this metropolis, to import and nourish such a baneful spirit in this land of social, political and religious equality. We give a report of the meeting elsewhere.

548.

Editorial, *The Catholic Telegraph and Advocate*, June 4, 1853

Italian Secret Societies.

Secret societies are not, necessarily, *bad* societies. They take their character from the character of their leading members. They are forbidden by the Church, because any *good* purpose that they may have need not be kept secret, and because they, as a matter

of fact, have almost uniformly had a *bad* end, in Europe.

Italian secret societies are pre-eminently instituted for evil, and governed by evil men.

They are instituted, as Mazzini has declared in a public letter, to socialize Italy-- to destroy government, religion, domestic ties, and to reduce society to the state of brutes, wandering promiscuously through the fields, without home or property or individuality.

Their organization is most iniquitous. They are divided into provinces, depending on a central head. This head is unknown even to the initiated. The only duty of the initiated is to pay the periodical contribution, and *obey* orders. Any member who reveals the secret is doomed to the *dagger*. And the member who, when ordered to *use the dagger* on such an one, refuses, is himself doomed to death.

In like manner, whoever refuses to stiletto any public or private man, whose death is proposed as a means of *socializing* Italy, is doomed to the dagger.

The name of the leader who issues the order, his residence, his character, are unknown to the man who is commanded to execute it. He is commanded to murder, it may be his own brother. *He must obey, or die.*

Charges like these, we know, were made once against the masons, in this country. We do not believe they were true. The character of a *human* society is determined by that of its members. And, while in this country, the character of the men who appertain to secret societies is not, generally, bad, (at least in those societies that are controlled by American influence); in Italy the contrary is true, as is shown from the atrocious features of their constitution above adduced, and from their practice during the years '47, '48, '49.

Some innocent people think that Mazzini wants a *republic* in Italy. He wants no such thing. He himself says that he only wants *political* equality as a stepping-stone to *social* equality, to abolition of any "exclusive right" of a man to his property, of a husband to his wife, of a parent to his children. He wants to conglomerate all the individuals of a society, body and soul, sex, age, condition, into one mass, and himself be its leader and mover and controller.

Those Europeans, who, accepting from despots the principle that the civil government has the right to *control* everything, differ from them only in the wish to rule by other means, though not *according to other principles*, are no friends of liberty.

549.

Editorial, *The Catholic Telegraph and Advocate*, June 25, 1853

The Gavazzi Riots at Quebec and Montreal.

Gavazzi has succeeded in causing blood to be shed. The corporal blood of many Canadians is now mingling its cry for vengeance on the miserable apostate, with that of the *souls* which he suffered to go forth "unanointed, unanealed" from their bodies in the hospitals of Rome, while he had the name of chaplain to the Roman forces. Oh how that cry must ring in the ears of the poor wretch, when, after a day's grimacing and excitement and lying, he counts the money, the price of his sin and of his shame! Poor Gavazzi! once the simple-hearted butt of ridicule for his friar companions and of his secular acquaintances,--never respectable, never powerful, until among sects inferior in intellectual training to himself, he commenced a career of crime! Poor Gavazzi! a sad death-bed awaits you--a doubtful repentance, a complicated restitution of money and character, a hard retraction of unnumbered calumnies!

As was to be expected, the secular-sectarian papers tried hard to make this foul-mouthed miscreant a martyr of freedom. He was represented as having been attacked by the Catholics, and most tyrannically forced to desist from speaking. And he himself, with an effrontery of which none but an apostate friar could have been capable, tries to throw the responsibility of the blood shed on the Irish Catholics and Irish priests.

The facts are simply these: In Quebec, Gavazzi proceeded undisturbed with his lecture until he came to tell the outrageous lie that the Irish priests were the authors of Ribbonism in Ireland. At this juncture some young man arose in the middle of the church and pronounced the assertion a falsehood. Hereupon the friends of Gavazzi leaped upon the young man, and, instead of thrusting him out of doors as he deserved, commenced beating him furiously. The friends of the young man entered the lists in his favor, and a general fight ensued in which some cowardly rascals attacked Gavazzi himself, and maltreated his "*Secretary*." Gavazzi escaped to a basement room, and the riot ended.

In Montreal there was no riot at all. A crowd collected about the church and cheered outside, while the audience of Gavazzi, men and women, delighted at an opportunity of listening to impure tales, rendered moral and modest by being called the "horrors of convents, &c." were cheering inside. When the lecture was finished the crowd began to disperse, and as the outside crowd did not make way rapidly enough for the inside audience, a cowardly soldiery, without orders from the mayor, fired on them, killing and wounding many men, mostly Protestants.

With regard to the conduct of the Catholics as a body, Gavazzi himself bears witness, 1st, "that the Canadian Catholics totally disapproved of it." 2nd, "that the people were warned and entreated from the altar by priests, not to attempt violence on

Gavazzi." 3dly, that the "Priests posted large placards in the public places, warning the people to stay away from the place of the lecture."

The N. Y. Times says, that "*nobody* thinks that the Irish Catholics were the *exclusive* or the *main* cause of the disturbances in Montreal; that the Priests were most conspicuous in their efforts to disperse the mob; that in fact there was not the *least semblance* of a preconcerted attack on Gavazzi or his hearers."

The Montreal *True Witness*, the only English Catholic paper published in Canada, entreats the people, in its number issued between the Quebec and Montreal disturbances, for God's sake to keep the peace; as likewise it does in an extra issued after the arrival of Gavazzi in Montreal.

Some persons, it seems, broke the windows of an Episcopalian church in Montreal,--whereupon the Catholic citizens met and passed resolutions to pay all damages and to use every effort to ferret out the authors of the outrage.

It is therefore certain, that the great body of Catholics in Canada had nothing to do with the Gavazzi riots,--that their hands are not dirtied nor their consciences stained by any interference with the Italian mendicant. We are glad of it. We would rather that Catholics should show an example of forbearance and meekness.

550.

Editorial, *The Catholic Telegraph and Advocate*, July 16, 1853 (3)

[Ugo Bassi.]

Gavazzi says that Mons. Bedini, caused his friend *Dr.* Bassi to be shot. Ugo or Hugh Bassi never made any pretensions to the doctorship during his life. He was shot by the Austrians for treason. Before dying he made his confession, and publicly acknowledged the justice of his sentence. The Almighty God have mercy on his soul and convert his infatuated underling!

Ugo Bassi was the man who celebrated the sacrilegious High Mass, at the great altar of St. Peter's, on the Easter Sunday when the Pope was in Gaeta. The Canons of St. Peter's were fined \$120 each, for daring to be absent from that profanation of holy things.

551

Editorial, *The Catholic Telegraph and Advocate*, July 30, 1853 (1)

[Mazzini's Failed Program.]

Mazzini in his programme, or plan of operations in 1847, instructed the secret societies to use as means for *socializing* Italy, 1st. the *sovereigns*--of whom, he said, the Pope would go on from inclination; Charles Albert for ambition; the Duke of Tuscany

552 - The Italian Revolution Remembered

by the force of example, and the Neapolitan for fear--by flattering and intimidating them into concessions, to be used as stepping stones to other demands. 2d. the *clergy*, by promising them religious freedom and unalloyed attachment to the Catholic faith. 3d. the *people*, by frequently holding public meetings and talking ever of the *rights*, and never of the *duties* of subjects. 4th. the *military*, by making them understand that they were to defend the country from foreign foes, and not to meddle in domestic politics.

With the aid of all these means, he hoped to go forward, step by step, to the abolishment of all government and all religion. He was foiled.

552.

Editorial, *The Catholic Telegraph and Advocate*, April 17, 1858 (2)

[The Italian Revolution Remembered.]

A Cincinnati daily reports some lecturer to have made a number of assertions concerning the Italian revolution of 1848, which show a low estimate of the intelligence of a Cincinnati audience.

Every one at all conversant with what has been published repeatedly, in this country knows perfectly well, that the French troops under General Oudinot, after approaching Rome and having a skirmish with the anarchists never retreated to Civita Vecchia, but took a position a few miles from the city, and there awaited the result of negotiations carried on between M. Lesseps and the Triumvirate.

Every one knows that General Oudinot, conducted the siege which lasted one month, with vigor and ability, and that, so far from petitioning his imperial master for any thing, at present, he is in disgrace with Louis Napoleon for his persistent opposition to the empire. Every one knows that at the time of the league of intervention between France, Austria, Spain and Naples, Ferdinand had obtained the complete mastery over the mob not only in the city of Naples but also in the island of Sicily.

Every one knows that during the war, the Romans captured no commanding positions, but were driven successively from all they had originally held.

Every one knows that "the ladies in charge of the Hospital" (of whom Margaret Fuller was *not* one), were of the worst class of women. We had it from eye and ear-witnesses at the time, that they turned the Quirinal palace into a pandemonium--that in mockery of the last Sacraments usually given to dying Catholics, they went through lewd ceremonies over the expiring soldiers, instead of pious ejaculations, they suggested to the fast fleeting souls words of indecency and blasphemy, instead of holding the crucifix, or a picture of the Virgin before the failing eyes of their patients, they exhibited to that last gaze images and objects of loathsome impurity.

Although in Rome, from 1848 till 1852, we do not remember ever to have heard the name of "Prof. Gaini." If ever he was a member of the Constituent Assembly, and is

not some strolling cook, barber, or discarded *maggior domo* it is rather to his credit that he was not distinguished among the cut-throats, perjurers, and robbers, who plundered and devastated Rome from November 1848 till July 1849.

553.

Editorial, *The Catholic Telegraph and Advocate*, September 24 and October 1, 1859

[Italian Injustice and Elections.]

The *Commercial* thinks that the inhabitants of Modena, Parma and Bologna are showing wonderful wisdom and capacity for self-government. Yet the continental European papers teem with accounts of the most atrocious injustice and oppression practiced by the self-constituted committees.

As for Italian voting, we have seen enough of that to know that it is a thousand times a greater imposition than that of the most rowdy ward-meeting in Cincinnati or New York, and some worse than an election in Baltimore or Louisville.

Louis Napoleon has inaugurated the policy of giving revolution rope to hang itself with.

+ + +

The *Daily Commercial*, of Saturday last, contains an able article, censuring a paragraph in our last issue on the Italian question. There are several points in the article fairly put:

1. "We have not seen an account of a single instance of the most atrocious injustice and oppression by the self-constituted committees with which the *Telegraph* says the continental European papers teem."

Very likely--because you do not see the "continental European papers." We took the statement from the London *Tablet*, which adds that these accounts are suppressed by the English papers. We have seen an account of several priests having been shot in the Romagna for crying "Viva Pio IX!" in the Roman correspondence of the *Ami de la Religion*; but probably that is no injustice!

2. "The elections have been conducted with invariable order, and the voice of the people has made itself unmistakably understood."

Now, in the first place, the people of Central Italy never saw a ballot box. The vote was taken by having a board hung up in a public place, headed with the question on which the ayes and noes were to be taken, under this was a column for affirmatives and one for negatives. Each voter had to march up between two rows of men armed with daggers, and write his *aye* or *no* before the eyes of all. No wonder the vote was unanimous.

Secondly, "the vote of the people" was understood to be a farce. The dictators, as in Parma, appointed their successors, and then called on the people to sanction what

they had done. The great mass of well to do people looked on the call of a few demagogues for a vote as absurd; and busied themselves with saving their property.

3. "The Italian voting which the editor of the *Telegraph* has seen and of which he gives so unfavorable an account, was probably not that of the people acting for themselves."

It was not. It was in Rome in 1849. The vote was on the question of the *constituente*. The clubs were supreme. *Mazzini* was dictator, through them. Good men barred their doors, and little children hid themselves under the beds as the crowds of "voters" came in from their work on roads and public buildings, howling with excitement. "Who is this lady we are hurrahing for?" they asked of one another as they passed along. "*Chi e sta costituente?*" A loafer was hired to dress up as a Capuchin, and pass from ward to ward to create the impression that "the fathers" were going to vote. The plan failed. But the vote was "unanimous;" and people who had kept their window-shutters closed all day, found out, next morning, that they had "spoken in their majesty," and the papacy was practically fallen.

The clubs are supreme now; and the voting is now what it was ten years ago, if eye witnesses are to be believed.

4. "But why should the *Telegraph* manifest displeasure at the establishment of Republican forms of government in Italy?"

Because such establishment, in the actual state of things, is a pure humbug. Republican government in Southern Europe means the triumph of an infidel faction, the robbery of churches, the persecution of priests, the increase of taxes, the depreciation of currency, the paralyzation of trade, the prelude to despotism. It has nothing to do with liberty except to take it away. If we thought the people would be benefitted by it we would say, God speed it--for the Church has nothing to fear, while the people prosper. But it is because we believe it opposed to the interests of the people, of science, art, virtue and peace, that we "treat it disparagingly."

554.

Editorial, *The Catholic Telegraph and Advocate*, November 12, 1859

The Elements Fermenting in Italy.

Each new steamer that comes in from Europe brings us the telegrapher's grave assertion that "the Italian difficulty is becoming more complicated." Whether it will urge Louis Napoleon on hopelessly in the track of his uncle, and end in a great European war, or be settled by some effort of statesmanship, is hard to tell. In the meantime, our readers ought to know something about the elements of discontent in that unhappy country, in order to be able to extract from the great mass of *anglicised* continental news the grains of truth it may contain.

We think the agitators of Italy may be classed as follows: the Sardinian government; the English government; the secret societies, as the sources of revolutionary activity; and the educated and ambitious, the poor and vicious, whom this activity sets in motion.

Charles Albert inoculated the reigning house of Piedmont with the ambition of being the head of an Italian nation. To obtain it he sought the embrace of revolution, and revolution strangled him. His son, the present king, has inherited his personal courage and ambition, with little of his honesty. He is quite content with the mere name of king, so long as his ministers maintain his state and extend his dominions. These ministers are playing a desperate game. With an exhausted treasury, a discontented and overtaxed people, their only hope is the excitement and lucre of acquiring territory and revenue from without. Their emissaries, therefore, circulate throughout the entire peninsula, their newspapers lie without limit, and, in their hands, the power of the government is used to crush any journal that speaks the truth.

The English government would be glad to extend the influence it now holds over Malta and the Ionian Islands to the peninsula and its dependencies. British trade wants a market, and the Protestant spirit of the English needs gratification, in the confiscation of Church property and the dispersion of religious orders. Respect for justice and peace, weighed against the interests of trade, is found wanting always. British emissaries are in parts of Italy now using influence and money to stir up strife, open ports to British goods, and "promote the interests of the Gospel."

The secret societies have scarcely a parallel in America. They are thoroughly organized, and thoroughly corrupt. Their war is against the present order of things, from God downward. It is not an atheistic war--against a God in whom they do not believe, or a virtue which they suspect to be hypocrisy--but a fiendish war against a God whom they acknowledge to be the Creator, and against virtue which they believe to be such. This starting point authorizes them to assume every form of virtue, or use any art of wickedness that may further the subversion of the present order of society. Hence to the Englishman they are Protestant, while they go to Communion to the Pope. They order novenas in churches, after murdering the pastors, have Te Deums sung by laymen in parishes where a priest would meet the *stiletto*; they blame the clergy for not going on sick calls along roads beset by the assassins of their confederacy; and ingrained and despicable cowards, they declare, with "a student from Forli" in the correspondence of the *London Times*, that if they are interfered with by any Great Power, they will murder the priests. Plug Uglyism in Baltimore is the pink of propriety and the cream of decency in comparison with the cohorts of Mazzini--"the students of Forli."

The members of these clubs acting "like hounds on the leash," as "the student of Forli" says, operate in many ways to further the agitation; but principally by lying and

stabbing. They murdered Rossi and poor Anviti. They have had a foothold in Sardinia for twelve years, and during that time have published falsehoods without number. They are busy now--for now when the French emperor seems entering on a new career, of opposition to the Church, is their hour and the power of darkness.

The educated and ambitious desire change, for now all the offices are filled, and they would prefer being in to being out. They desire the Italian nation, too, because the government of all the Italians is a mighty power for ambition to aim at.

The poor and lazy can be hired on any side. The side of change promises plunder and idleness. So a demonstration in favor of the Sardinian ambassador, or any other ambassador, can be easily gotten up in Rome. Any shrewd man could originate a "movement of the people," a torchlight procession and fireworks, for twenty-five dollars.

These seem to us to be the elements of discontent in Italy. The great mass of the people are well fed and well clothed. They desire no change. They would be satisfied to live and die as their fathers did; and will never be content with a system which banishes their priests and their worship from their midst.

555.

Editorial, *The Catholic Telegraph and Advocate*, April 14, 1860

The Italian Vote and Italian Public Sentiment.

The figures of the Central Italian vote for and against annexation to Piedmont, are solemnly paraded by anti-Catholic journals from Turin to Cincinnati. The vote stands, an incredible number for annexation, two or three hundred "void through informality," and from two to five "against." These figures are exhibited with a solemnity calculated to throw infinite discredit on our national intelligence. In the first place the vote of the Sardinian faction, alone, exceeds the number of voters given in the statistical tables for the provinces.

Secondly, the number of votes against annexation, given by those who pretend that voting expresses the will of the people, is absurdly small. Are not those provinces "swarming with Priests, Friars, Bishops and Cardinals?" Has not every cardinal, bishop, priest, and friar, some few who think with him from family ties, religious belief, personal affection or interested motives? How then could it happen that there were but "two votes" against annexation? Again are there not public officials, judges, policemen, clerks, custom house officers, all sure of losing by the change? Did these vote for annexation? Yet these figures are set before us as the expression of Italian public sentiment, as the recorded will of the people!

Finally, the same papers which set before us this first act of an emancipated people tell us of robbery and murder, under the very eyes of the authorities--of Anviti,

butchered and dragged through the streets, for four hours--of an English gentleman robbed with impunity by brigands, who went laughing from under the nose of the police up the mountains--of carriages stopped and pillaged at the very gates of Florence--of Antonelli keeping his house for fear of assassination--of license rampant and defiant because sheltered and encouraged in the streets of Rome.

Is this liberty? Does liberty mean the impunity of robbers and assassins? If so, break up the chain-gang, burn the city prison, and then boast that Mr. Longworth, and other prominent men in the city are obliged to consult their safety by staying within doors.

As for public opinion in Italy, under the pressure of an agitation like the present, there is none. On the one side, there is terror and silence: on the other, malevolence and triumph. Now, as in the days of the Goth, the extremes of barbarism the most ferocious, and civilization the most refined, have met; and, as then, civilization cowers, and waits to see what will come next. If the men of order had the spirit which adversity will infuse into them, if they would defend themselves with the weapons with which they are attacked, they would be safer and more tranquil. A few returned Californians would teach them how to take care of their "pile," and protect themselves against the insolence of men emboldened by the cowardice of those whom they attack. As things are now a toast at a club meeting, the shout of a man going home from a doggerly, a ribbon displayed by a child, paid for the feat by a stick of candy, is public opinion. Clamorous as that which welcomed Pio Nono to the pontifical throne, it is just as treacherous and far more blood-thirsty. In the meantime those whose interest is order hold back, and seek to protect themselves without disorder, or violence. They neither talk nor vote, because talking calls forth the dagger, and voting concedes the principle that the Holy See has forfeited its right to govern. Italian public sentiment is, therefore, under present circumstances, a delusion.

556.

Editorial, *The Catholic Telegraph and Advocate*, March 16, 1861 (2)

[Red Republican Italy.]

Among the dispatches from Naples by the *Prince Albert* we read: "The Papal Zouaves massacred Dr. Satri and his little daughter at Callalpo."--Boston Despatch of News by the *Niagara*. Of course this is false. Where is Callalpo? Who is Dr. Satri? What put the Papal Zouaves on a footing to "massacre" any body at a time when the "French authorities have taken possession of the Capitol," (at Rome), and "Victor Emmanuel is about to be there proclaimed King of Italy?"

This shows that the Sardinian Liberals are still carrying on the war. They have bought up the Neapolitan soldiery, and conquered the king. Now they turn their

557 - Mazzini's Bust

bayonets against women. In '48 the Austrian Haynan was gibbeted by public opinion on the doubtful charge of whipping a woman. Now the same persons who execrated him are applauding the brave Sardinians for rendering homeless a second time those who have forsaken all for Christ.

The poor who get soup at the convent gates are discontented and clamor; and the National Guard "disperses them!" Brave National Guard! To disperse widows and orphans, and chase at the point of the bayonet men on crutches, and women with hungry children in their arms, is to fight for Red Republican liberty.

557.

Editorial, *The Catholic Columbian*, June 6, 1878 (2)

[Mazzini's Bust]

All the pride in our country's freedom to erect monuments to whatever we please cannot keep back the flush of shame at the ceremony of setting up and unveiling a bust of Joseph Mazzini, the arch conspirator, Infidel and Communist of Southern Europe, from the cheek of any well-informed American. No wonder William Cullen Bryant had a syncope after partaking in the affair. We cannot conceive a character more detestable than that of Mazzini's class. Educated and talented, he commenced public life by a conspiracy to blow up some reigning prince in a theatre, in Genoa. Subsequently all he did was to intrigue for the destruction of the existing order, and the substitution of paganism for the religion of Jesus Christ. Author of many wars, he never exposed his person to any danger. A brilliant writer, he never added a line to useful literature. He was a Bohemian of the worst and most dangerous description; who, happening to be a mason, gets a glorification here for what, had he done it among the Communists, on this side of the water, he would have been hung at the nearest lamp-post.