

The Examiner.

"THIS IS TRUE LIBERTY, WHEN FREEBORN MEN—HAVING TO ADVISE THE PUBLIC, MAY SPEAK FREE."—EURIPIDES.

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[From the London Tablet.]

THE AFFAIRS OF ITALY.

Whoever knows something of human nature and a little of revolutions, must know that the great Roman subject has two sides; that while all good Catholics and honest men detest the open hostility of Austria and the cunning intrigues of France, there are many acute observers, devout servants of the Papacy, and zealous well-wishers of their kind, who really do not see everything in the light in which our journalists have represented it; do positively distrust the present, and look with unfeigned alarm towards the future. Are such men—true, honest, and good Catholics—to be denied a hearing? Or are English readers to be doomed to vibrate between the fanaticism or evil designs of those who make Gioberti their god, and the furious tirades of those who hate equally the Papacy and Gioberti, and desire the whole experiment to be swallowed up in ruin?

Our own opinion keeps something of a middle way between our Roman correspondent and those who see nothing but what is good in the revolution that is, now, not completed, but commenced. We look with a doubtful eye upon universal popularities. They are not lasting; they are not stable; they are not true. If Pope Pius IX. is really a great benefactor and a true follower of Him whose Vicar he is—there is no doubt that he must smart for it. We believe him with all our hearts to be not a reed shaken with the wind; not a stuffed figure for busy meddlers to carry to and fro in processions as they carry Guy Fawkes on the 5th of November; not a miserable pretence of a man set in St. Peter's See to colour the questionable designs of nameless individuals; but a true ecclesiastic, a Prince earnest of purpose, a ruler devoted to the good of his people, resolved to spend and be spent for their advantage, capable of braving their indignation as well as of earning their love, and who fully understands and takes to heart the truth that the tiara is only a covering for a crown of thorns. The work he has to do is a guarantee that he must and will be misunderstood by many. If, as we believe, he is wise and prudent, he must often seem to give way and to concede what a true judgment discerns to be inevitable, however it may be disliked. He must observe the times; use his power warily; provoke no unnecessary animosities; satisfy all exigencies that are just and tolerable; and with such popularity as Heaven shall allot to him complete the outline of his institutions and get the new order of things fairly under weigh.

Then will and must come the time of trial. Unless we very much misread the signs of the times, a change in public opinion, slow, but inevitable and profound, is before us. The French Liberal journals are preparing the way for this approaching revolution. Among his warmest partisans and noisiest eulogists the Pope has hitherto numbered the enemies of all religion, of all order, of all justice, of everything but a wild and turbulent anarchy. The enemies of the Sunderbund have tied to the world that they are his friends. The enemies of the Jesuits have joined in the shortlived mendacity. His praises have been swelled by men who are on the look-out for something even worse than a new Clement XIV.; who wish to see treason in Saint Peter's, and the abomination of desolation in the Holy place; who hope to see the Popedom undermined by the Pope; who desire to turn the thunders of the Vatican against the truest sons of the Church; and to make of the chief husbandman in the vineyard a boar out of the wood to lay it waste. They have clapped their hands and rejoiced within themselves that the old race of Gregorys and Innocents is at an end; that the Church—that faithful mother of children—bears, in what they fondly call her decrepitude, monstrous and unnatural births; and that the keys of God's kingdom will be given up to them by

him who in his successors shall carry them to the end of time.

How bitterly will these impious hopes be disappointed! How would the coiners of them gnash their teeth if they could look into the seeds of time and tell which grain will grow and which will not! If they could look forward but another half-century! Truly, they may take counsel together, but it will be defeated. They may prophesy, but it shall not be fulfilled. They may gather themselves together, and strengthen themselves, and gird themselves for the day of battle; but they shall be overcome, they shall stumble and fall, they shall be broken in pieces, they shall be snared and taken—for God is with us.

High above the tumult of the people, though in it and with it, the Pope looks out upon the past, the present, and the future, and calmly beholds the symptoms and auguries that speak to him not very far off. He knows how to want and how to abound; how to please and how to displease; how to be beloved and how to be hated. Hard lesson, but indispensable for a just ruler in hard times! And those who are boasting over the decay of Roman energy, and look upon it that the Popes are a kind of wild beast whom the spirit of the age have tamed and subdued, will find their error if their days are not prematurely shortened. The revolving years have changed many things, and have given to many old things new names. But if William Abbot of Metz were now alive and were now to felicitate on his election John-Mary Mastai-Ferretti as he once welcomed the redoubted Hildebrand, his words would need very little change, coming to us over a gulf of eight centuries.

"The miserable adversary fears lest in that zeal with which you are wont to flame against the enemies of the Church you may pass sentence upon his shames and upon his crimes. But the more you displease the wicked, by so much the more exactly do you please all the good; for to give offence to the children of iniquity is neither a slight nor unimportant testimony of your uprightness. Now therefore gird thy sword upon thy thigh, oh most Mighty; that sword, I say, which in the words of the Prophet, and by the wholesome promise of the Lord, is not to be kept back from devouring the flesh of the wicked. Truly you have seen the Amalechites and Madianites, and the other plagues conspire against the camp of Israel. You have need therefore of great care, great counsel, and continual watchfulness to subjugate or destroy so many monsters or wild beasts. Let the fear of no man and the threats of no man keep you back from the holy conflict, the spiritual fight; and going out to battle like another Gedeon fear not to break to pieces the earthen vessels in your hand. Behold, you are placed on high, upon a watch tower, and the eyes and countenances of all men are turned towards you; and each man who remembers your past acts and the glory of your preceding warfare desires and expects to hear the great achievements that are to follow."

From the "News of the World."

IRELAND.—THE QUEEN'S SPEECH.

It is strange, the manner in which Ireland and Irishmen were abused by English newspapers for weeks and for months previous to the delivery of the Queen's Speech on Tuesday last, and its threat of a Coercion Bill. When the Irish poor, impressed with the precepts of Christianity, submitted patiently in the midst of famine to the worst of all deaths—death by starvation—they were abused as a base, unmanly, spiritless race of men; and when the landlords, imposed upon the Irish people by the bad government of this country, and protected in their crimes by the worst laws which that Government enacted, commenced a career of extermination with their famine-stricken tenants, and thus provoked the Irish poor to deeds of blood, of foul murder, and of base assassination, then the press of this country, with one unanimous voice, called for an enactment

which should suspend all law in Ireland. Ministers must have been more than men if they could have withstood the demand thus made on them. Whilst the earth reeks with blood, it is fitting the horror of man should be exhibited towards those who take the lives of their fellow-creatures, and that even the Constitution should be suspended, if necessary, to track the assassin to his lair, and to inflict a felon's death upon the homicide.

We have no sympathy with the crime—no feeling of mercy for him who has perpetrated it—and no respect for him who has caused it. What we desire to do, and what we wish to see accomplished, is that the innocent may not be confounded with the guilty; and that not one class of guilty persons alone should be punished, but that all who are guilty should, in proportion to their respective offences, be visited with execration, if we cannot condemn them to any stronger punishment.

The murderers of Tipperary are not the only criminals in Ireland. If they were, a local Coercion Bill would be sufficient for their suppression and final extermination; but great as is the guilt of some persons in that and a few adjoining counties, their atrocity is not more clear than the innocence, the quietude, the terrible poverty, the frightful sufferings, and the miraculous patience of the great mass of the Irish peasantry in all the other counties in Ireland. This is an important fact with respect to the state of Ireland; and it is one of which our newspaper writers are either shamefully ignorant, or scandalously and wilfully conceal from their readers. These newspaper writers—such writers, for instance, as find a place for their lucubrations in the *Spectator*—foully calumniate the character of the Irish people, distort the truth, conceal the fact, and invent charges against the Irish nation; and look for a popularity by abusing large classes who are unfortunate, as other vile writers make out an existence by satires, slanders, and pasquinades upon private individuals.

This is a circumstance which should not be lost sight of in considering the present state of Ireland—of its murders, its assassinations, and its brutal assaults—that these crimes are confined to a few localities, and they no more prove a love for blood, or a disposition to conceal crime, in the Irish population, than the wealth of the inhabitants of Belgrave-square, of Grosvenor-square, and of Regent's-park are proofs that every one who has a house in London is able to keep a carriage, and to maintain in his kitchen a host of livery servants. Crime is not diffused universally throughout Ireland, although misery, poverty, and the mismanagement of the land is as deeply rooted in the country as the supreme domination of the English Government.

Who is to blame for this? Or, who is in fault? If there be crime in this poverty, this misery, and this mismanagement of the land, who are the criminals? The Irish—it will be said by the malevolent *Spectator*; and 'the Irish' will be repeated by the ignorant mob of readers who take their opinions from that and other unworthy publications. But to bring home guilt to the Irish, it is necessary to show that they had power of making laws for themselves—that they were possessed with the full powers of a nation, or the restricted powers of a colony, or the deputed powers of a province. At what time, we ask, had the Irish any such powers? The Irish were first legislated for, and tyrannised over, by a band of Norman adventurers. They were next legislated for, and tyrannised over, by colonies of adventurers from this country, to whom the land of Ireland was given on condition of making the Irish people hewers of wood and drawers of water. Even that thing which was called the 'independent Parliament' was the Parliament of a colony, and the representatives of a sect; and when it parted with its privileges for a price, it did so with the protest of the Irish nation written in its blood—in the torture of hundreds, and the massacre of thousands.