

THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE,

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AND  
CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, OCT. 10, 1851.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

On Wednesday, the 24th ult., was to have been held the First General Meeting of the Committee, appointed by the Aggregate Meeting, for the purpose of organising the Catholic Defence Association. The address to the Catholics of the empire, has already received the approbation of his Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, and of the Catholic Hierarchy of the United Kingdom, and will be laid before the committee on the day of meeting.

On our first page will be found a highly interesting letter, from his Grace the Archbishop of Armagh and Primate of all Ireland, upon the subject of National Education. It seems that the Drogheda Corporation, have been engaged lately in discussing the propriety of establishing a "Model School;" some difference of opinion existed upon the subject; and they therefore, very properly, determined to have recourse to their legitimate ecclesiastical superiors for instructions, and to be guided by their advice. At the present moment, the opinion of the Archbishop of Armagh, upon such an important, and highly exciting question, is worthy the attentive perusal of every Catholic.

We receive the most contradictory reports, with regard to the state of the crops, and more especially of the potato crop, in Ireland. Some papers represent it, as at the least, an average crop; whilst others speak of the potatoes, as having been entirely destroyed. The *Evening Post* is very depending; it says that the potato crop, especially in the counties of Louth, Meath, Monaghan, and Armagh, "has failed in the year 1851, in as large a ratio as it had failed in the most disastrous year of the famine." The evangelicals will be delighted with this: souls will be going cheap in the proselytising districts; and the pious Editor of the *British Banner*, who ardently petitioned for the return of the famine, will be looked upon as quite a favored vessel, in the way of getting his prayers answered.

Mr. Gladstone's famous letter, upon the State Prosecutions at Naples, is not likely to add much to his reputation; even the *Times* is turning round, and condemning it. Mr. Gladstone may not have wilfully mis-stated facts; but there is no doubt, that he has allowed himself to be grossly imposed upon, and that he was guilty of great negligence, at the least, in writing as he did, without giving himself the trouble to consult the proper sources of information, as to the truth, or falsehood of his assertions. The most ridiculous hearsay evidence, seems to have been, to Mr. Gladstone, amply sufficient, to support the most extravagant accusations. Somebody told him, that somebody had said, that somebody had heard—and out came Mr. Gladstone's note book, and the hearsay was put down at once as a fact. Thus the letter tells us, that the prisons of Naples, are filled with from twenty to thirty thousand innocent victims; and men believed it, until the government of Naples published an official list, showing that the total number of prisoners, does not exceed two thousand. Next came dreadful accounts of the manner in which the prisoners were treated; accounts, which if true, proved that the prison discipline of Naples, is almost as severe as that to which the convicts of England are subjected, at Norfolk Island, and Port Arthur; with this difference, that Naples keeps its prisoners at home, *en evidence* to the whole of the civilised world; whilst England sends them to the Antipodes, trusting that the distance will prevent their groans from reaching the ears, and disturbing the repose of the frequenters of London, and Parisian saloons. The history of the penal settlements of Great Britain, has yet to be written: it will not be well for England, if the task be committed to one, as addicted to taking for Gospel, the tittle-tattle of the prisoners themselves, as is Mr. Gladstone. We know stories of the convict discipline of New South Wales, as well authenticated as any of Mr. Gladstone's statements, but compared with which, the worst atrocities related of the Neapolitan government, would appear as amiable; and this we will positively assert, that even, if all that we have heard of the treatment of the state prisoners of Naples be true, still, they are far better off, better lodged, clothed, and fed, than are the convicts in the gangs, to which *McManus*, and his brothers in exile, were sentenced in Van Dieman's Land. A return of the number of lashes, weekly inflicted upon the convicts, in one of our penal settlements, or of the number of coffins, and fathoms of rope, issued on hanging, or working, off-days, would rather astonish some of our chicken-hearted philanthropists, who take such an interest in the felony of Italy. The only question is—do these men deserve the treatment they are receiving? Are they guilty? Mr. Gladstone says they are not: he derived his information from the mouths of the prisoners themselves, and surely they ought to know.

We assure Mr. Gladstone, that if he will take the trouble to inquire of the English felons, he will not find a man amongst them, but what is the pattern of every virtue: they are the victims of the hatred of magistrates, and the infamous conspiracy of judges and jurymen. But then, most sensible persons object to the evidence of convicts, in favor of themselves: even the *Times* admits this, and remarks, "that it finds with some surprise, on comparing the passages of Mr. Gladstone's first letter, in which he relates Poerio's case, with Poerio's own defence, that the statements adopted by Mr. Gladstone, are simply those of the accused party, which he has transferred, without comment, or alteration, to his own pages." This would not do even for so unscrupulous a journal as the *Times*. The principal correspondent of that paper in Italy, was sent to Naples, to get all the information in his power; the result, as published in the *Times* of the 13th ult., pretty clearly establishes the guilt of Poerio. After a "careful and impartial examination of these records, and of the depositions on the trial, our correspondent avows it to be his opinion, that Poerio was guilty of the charges brought against him;" that is, of fomenting "another democratic revolution, under circumstances of great atrocity." Instead of being hanged, this Poerio is sentenced to imprisonment, in company with another political offender, and not a common malefactor. Compare this with the treatment of the Van Dieman's Land exiles, and say, whether is England, or Naples, the more harsh in its treatment of prisoners. But we forgot. Naples is Catholic—and therefore must be wrong.

The organisation of the Catholics of Canada, is, we are happy to say, rapidly progressing. In another column, will be found a report of a meeting of the Catholics of Kingston, by which it will be seen, that our brethren of that diocese, have formed themselves into a Catholic Institute. From other parts of the country, we have tidings of similar intentions.

At a meeting on Thursday evening, the 2nd inst., in the St. Patrick's Hall, the Rules and Regulations, for the formation of a Catholic Institute of Montreal, —with a Reading Room attached—were adopted; the following gentlemen were also elected office-bearers for the ensuing year:—

- President, . . . . . Mr. G. E. Clerk.
- Vice-President, . . . . . Mr. A. Larocque.
- Treasurer, . . . . . Mr. J. Sadlier.
- Secretary, . . . . . Mr. B. Devlin.

Committee of Management:—Messrs. Cogan, Dufort, Collins, Harkin, and Lanigan.

The terms of annual subscription to the Institute, and Reading Room, are as follows:—

For Apprentices, Laborers, Junior Clerks, with salaries not exceeding £25 per annum, 5s.

For Journeymen Mechanics, Master Mechanics, Senior Clerks, with salaries not exceeding £75 per annum, 10s.

All other subscribers will be expected to pay the full amount of 20s.

All subscriptions to be paid *in advance*, into the hands of Mr. Sadlier, Treasurer, who will give receipts for the same.

The objects of this Association are, to afford to men of all classes of society, a cheap and easy access to the Catholic literature of the day; and, by uniting Catholics of all origins, in one association, to inculcate the great truths, that religion is the best, the only durable bond of union; and that the interests of all Catholics, whether they call themselves French Canadians, Irishmen, Englishmen, or Scotchmen—are essentially the same.

IRISH AND ENGLISH CRIMES.

"Thou hypocrite, cast out first the beam out of thy own eye, and then shalt thou see to cast the mote out of thy brother's eye." Protestants are generally dead hands at a text, and ready with a verse of the Bible, for every emergency; but then, they never, or seldom fancy, that the denunciations or threatenings of Scripture, can apply to themselves. They are all saints, a chosen, a peculiar people, sitting in Gospel light, and in the enjoyment of sanctuary privileges. What have they to do with the menaces of our Saviour? Yet we think that the above is a text, from which the Protestants of England might deduce a practical application; and learn, that it would be wise on their part, to effect a little moral reform at home, before launching out into violent abuse of the immorality, and lawlessness of their neighbors. The murder of Mr. White, is an atrocious crime, no doubt; but compared with the deeds of infamy, daily, hourly perpetrated in England and Scotland, it sinks into insignificance. Some late English papers are lying before us; it is worth while to contrast the criminal statistics of Ireland, with those of her Protestant neighbors. We shall certainly find that acts of violence are by no means uncommon in Ireland, as in the case of the unfortunate Mr. White. The peasantry think themselves unjustly treated; they know that they are starving; they take the administration of justice into their hands; and assassinate him, whom they look upon as the cause of their sufferings. For their conduct, there is no excuse; but Protestants should remember, that it is but the natural consequence of the system of legislation, long enforced in Ireland. If Irishmen hate, despise, and, therefore, so oft trample upon the laws, it is because the laws with which Ireland has been ruled, have been almost always worthy of nothing better than the hatred and contempt of those who have been subjected to them; because, in Ireland, law has long been synonymous with injustice, cruelty, and oppression; because a legal act, has long meant nothing more, than a mean or brutal act; because, instead of being, as in other countries, a blessing to the people; a shield to the poor, against the tyranny of the rich; a refuge to the weak, against the oppression of the strong; it has ever been a sharp sword in the hands of the rich and

powerful, wherewith to smite,—a heavy load wherewith to crush, the poor and needy. Because laws, in Ireland, have been little else than monstrous edicts, in direct opposition to every precept of christianity—repugnant to every principle of justice, and humanity. It is but natural that the name of *Law* should be hateful to the Irish. When the son sees his widowed mother's blanket dragged from her bed, in order that some bloated Protestant parson may get the full amount of his tithes, he is told that is, the *Law*. When the Irish peasant sees his crop, the product of his toil, snatched from him, at the point of the bayonet, and has no choice left him, except between a speedy death in the next ditch, or a more lingering, but far more cruel death, in the nearest Protestant poor-house, he is told, that it is by *Law*, that he is robbed, and left to starve. And so, in despair, he often rashly and wickedly seeks to obtain, by violence, that redress which the *laws* deny him; and loud are the outcries of the moral English Protestant, against the brutality and lawlessness of papistical Ireland. Our Protestant friend should first have pulled the beam out of his own eye, that beam which prevents him from seeing what is going on, under his very nose; he would, if this beam in the eye—his prejudices, national and religious, did not prevent him, see another, and a very different sight, from that which so much pains him in Ireland. Mothers murdering, and mutilating their children. Wives poisoning their husbands. Parents trafficking in the chastity of their daughters, selling their innocence to the highest bidder—but a sense of decency forbids us to continue. The crimes which appear in the columns of the Scotch and English papers, are so foul and loathsome, so beastly, so unnaturally beastly, that it is impossible even to allude to them. We will content ourselves, with giving one or two specimens of English crimes—crimes, which could only occur in a thoroughly Protestantised country—crimes, which proclaim in language, stronger than any used on platforms, at anti-Papal aggression meetings, that Britain is Protestant to the heart's core. The first case is, we think, a very pretty set off against that of the unhappy man, Mr. White. It is copied from the report of a trial, at the last Gloucester assizes, in which nine criminals were concerned. We cannot venture upon the details, as given in the *Times*,—they are far too beastly; we abridge the report, therefore, from the *Dublin Freeman's Journal*.

The prosecutrix, a poor Irishwoman, about 35 years of age, who had left Ireland about 7 years ago, and had lived for some time in London, as a servant, started on foot for Bristol, to find her brother, who, she was told, was at work on some of the new lines of railway. Poor creature, a stranger, in a strange country, she longed once more to look upon the face of a brother; she knew, that in her own green isle, a woman might go, without fear of insult, alone, from one end of the country to the other; foolishly, she thought that she might do the same, in Protestant England. So, off she started, on foot, and earned her bread as she toiled along, by sometimes working at needlework for the country people, and, occasionally, at haymaking. She was going from Chepstow to Gloucester, on the 29th of July, and, after leaving Coleford, about two o'clock, passed through the skirts of the forest of Dean, by a by-road, which would bring her directly into the main-road. She was very weak, and ill, exhausted with fatigue, and not knowing her way, got benighted in the forest; she saw a light, which turned out to be a fire, in an open uncovered hovel, near the mouth of a coal pit. There, faint, and weary, exhausted by cold and hunger, she cast herself down near the fire. In a short time some men (the prisoners) came up, and seeing this poor creature, spoke to her. She told them that she was ill, and very weary, and begged of them, for mercy's sake, to procure for her a drink of water. A deserted cabin was at hand; into this cabin these nine ruffians forced her, where she was assaulted, in the most beastly and brutal manner, by them all, in succession. The details, as given in the English papers, are unfit for publication, and are almost incredible, even when told as having occurred in a Protestant country. Towards morning, they cast their victim out into the road, where she was found, about 5 o'clock, by the police, still moaning, but almost torn to pieces. It is some comfort to know, that the prisoners were all found guilty.

The next case our eyes stumble upon, is that of a Mrs. Mary Cage, a mother in this Protestant Israel, who was hanged at Ipswich, for poisoning her husband, after having debauched one daughter, aged 16, and destroyed by poison, five out of fourteen of her other children, within a fortnight. Here is the report of the case from the *Times*:—

"The sentence of the law was this morning carried into execution upon Mary Emily Cage, who was found guilty at the last assizes of poisoning her husband, James Cage, in the village of Stonham Aspal, 12 miles from this town.

"For years past Cage and his wife have lived in continual strife, caused principally by her absenting herself from her husband's cottage for nights together, for the company of other men. On other occasions she has been known to be entertaining men under the roof of her own cottage, while she has had her husband locked up in a room, or one of her sons has been drinking with his father at a public-house, to lull suspicion. About this time last year, she left her husband in company with a man named Tricker, taking with her a daughter only 16 years of age, who was also accompanied by a young man with whom she led a debauched life. After being from home about six weeks, the mother and daughter returned, and the latter gave birth to a child, in the lower room of the cottage, while her father was lying upstairs in bed, suffering the most excruciating pains from the small doses of arsenic which had been administered to him by his wife.

"Mrs. Cage has, there is little doubt, been guilty

\* For the disregard of chastity, the practice of impurity, and all bestiality, perhaps the New England states, are worse than any part of Great Britain.

of more than one murder. She was the mother of 14 children, five of whom died within the short space of a fortnight, about six years ago. Rumor was, on that occasion, rife—it was said that foul play had been practised. The body of one of the children was exhumed, and a coroner's jury empanelled to inquire into the cause of death, but we are informed that no chymical analysis was made of the contents of the stomach, and the jury returned a verdict of 'Natural Death.' There are only four children now living, the eldest a son about 30 years of age, and the youngest a girl about six.

"The murdered man, after suffering from the effects of the poison administered by his wife, died at the end of a fortnight raving mad. Preparations were at once made by his wife to have his body interred as quickly as possible; and, notwithstanding that she was suspected of poisoning him, every arrangement had been made for the funeral without any opposition being offered, or any inquiry into the cause of death being gone into. The church bell was tolling, the coffin, containing the body of the murdered man was placed on the bier outside the cottage door, when, just as the bearers were raising the coffin to their shoulders to convey it to the grave in the churchyard, the rector of the parish, the Rev. Charles Shorting, went up and requested that the corpse might be taken back into the house. A coroner's inquest was held over the body on the day following the inquiry, and it resulted in the deceased's wife being found guilty of wilful murder."

Don't see much like that in the Irish papers? Eh? But we might go on to all eternity. Not an English paper, but what is full of the accounts of similar, and more atrocious crimes. We will conclude with the following extract, from the Editorial of the *Spectator* of the 30th of August last, headed—"Increase of Revolting Crimes."

"No reader of the newspapers can have failed to observe a lamentable increase of crime of a particular order—violence, or dishonesty, of the basest, and most revolting kind, towards women, or young girls. Scarcely a day passes without the papers containing one of these stories, if not several. And some of these outrages are perpetrated in open day, or in the very public thoroughfares. It almost looks as if society were becoming shameless in its depravity." No doubt of it. But the *Spectator* recommends an inquiry. "Some inquiry should be made into this obvious, but ill-exposed subject—this vital subject which the law handles in judicial blindness, and ignorance prepense. By whom is the inquiry to be made? There is the difficulty."

No one will suggest a Parliamentary Committee—a disgusting, and probably impudent inquiry into the uglier mysteries of *civilisation*! by honorable members who have as much right to laugh, as they have to wear their hats and swagger." No; parliamentary committees are of no use as agents, in the work of moral reformation. Societies for the suppression of vice won't do either, says the *Spectator*. "Societies for the suppression of vice have, before now, been among the propagators of depravity, by denying truths, not to be denied safely, and by forcing aberrant human nature into darker retreats than before." No; neither parliament, nor Protestant societies, will be of any use. There is but one agent, one which has always been successful when tried, and one which, if society can yet be saved, must be tried again—The Catholic Church.

The *Courier* has put forward a reply to our remarks of last week, upon the inconsistency of *Anglicans*, in pretending to condemn, as sinful, all amusements upon Sunday: said reply, consisting of a good deal of personal abuse, of which we will take no notice—a little dishonesty, in misrepresenting, and mutilating what we did actually say—and no argument. He says—"that if we may credit the *TRUE WITNESS*, or take his authority for it, the Christian Sabbath ought to be a day of festivity—a day of dancing, feasting, running, wrestling, fire-works, cock-fighting, and—where bear baiting cannot be had—of dog-fighting." When the *Courier* wrote the above, he wrote a deliberate untruth: we defy him to adduce a single passage, in which we asserted that Sunday ought to be kept as a day of dancing, feasting, running, wrestling, or fire-works, or even contended for the lawfulness of cock-fighting, bear-baiting, or dog-fighting, on any day of the week. This is a fair challenge, but one which the *Courier* will not accept. He wilfully misrepresents our meaning, by giving a mutilated quotation of what we did really say. We remarked, that in a mixed community like *ours*—that is, in a community, of which Protestants form a considerable proportion, large crowds are, almost always, productive of gross immorality; but it does not thence follow, that men of other climes, and of another religion, cannot meet together, and separate innocently. It is the Protestant, and Anglo-Saxon element in our population that makes open-air meetings, after dark, especially objectionable. But the real question at issue betwixt us is, not whether amusements are sinful on Sundays, but whether the Protestant Church of England did, or did not, countenance, and enjoin them? It is to this question that we demanded a reply; and, of course, it is this question that the *Courier* shirks, seeking to escape from the difficulty under a cloud of words. He knows that the *Book of Sports* was put forth by the highest ecclesiastical authorities of the church of England: he knows that he cannot condemn amusements on the Sunday, without condemning the conduct of the church of England, in the person of its Head, and of its glorious Martyr—without condemning the conduct of Laud, the Primate, and the other Bishops, of the reign of Charles I.—and without approving the conduct of the Puritans—the enemies of the church of England—the authors of the great rebellion. The *Courier*, therefore, prudently avoids all allusion to the only question at issue betwixt us.

Wisely, also, has the *Courier* changed its position, with regard to the authority by which the observance of Sunday is rendered obligatory, at all. He knows that he cannot adduce the slightest authority from