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THE TRUE WITNESS
AND
CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, OCT. 8, 1852.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The death of the brave old Duke—England's Duke *par excellence*—is the all-engrossing topic of the day. Men recall to mind his great deeds on the field of battle, his sage counsels at the Council-Board, and feel that in the loss of the Duke, England has lost her most illustrious warrior, and wisest Statesman. The grief is universal; from the Queen on her throne, to the peasant in his cabin, all mourn the loss of the departed hero. The funeral, is to be a public ceremony. By his last will, the Duke left the disposal of his remains in the hands of his Sovereign, of whose dominions he has long been the brightest ornament, and, humanly speaking, the surest defence. Below we have given the particulars of the last short illness of the Duke from the *Times*, and an appreciation of his character and influence upon the destinies of England, by a writer in the *Morning Chronicle*:

(From the *Times*.)

There is little to be told immediately bearing upon the event which was this morning announced to the world—that the Duke of Wellington had ceased to live. A sudden death, caused by fits of an epileptic nature, at a very advanced age, left no opportunity for final adieux or parting words. Nothing had occurred in the usual state of his grace's health to cause serious uneasiness. Preserving to the last those temperate habits and that bodily activity for which he was so remarkably distinguished, on Monday he took his customary walk in the grounds, attached to the castle, inspected the stables, made many minute inquiries there, and gave directions with reference to a journey to Dover on the following day, where Lady Westmoreland was expected to arrive on a visit to Walmer. His appetite had been observed to be keener than usual, and some remarked that he looked pale while attending Divine Service on Sunday, but otherwise nothing had occurred to attract notice or to excite uneasiness, and after dining heartily on venison he retired to rest on Monday night, apparently quite well. Lord and Lady Charles Wellesley were the only visitors at the castle.

Early on Tuesday morning, when Mr. Kendall, the valet, came to awake him, his grace refused to get up, and desired that the "apothecary" should be sent for immediately. Mr. Kendall despatched a note to Mr. W. Hulke, surgeon at Deal, who has been attached to the family for many years, and whom he desired to repair at once to the castle, and to make a secret of the summons. So great had for many years past been the public interest in the duke's health, that rumors and fears magnified his most trifling ailments, and the news of his desire for medical aid was consequently suppressed. Mr. Hulke hastened to the castle, where he arrived at about nine o'clock. He found the duke, to all appearance, suffering from indigestion, and complaining of pains in the chest and stomach. He was in the full possession of his faculties, and described his ailment very clearly. This his last conversation on earth related entirely to his state of health, and so slight were the symptoms that Mr. Hulke confined himself to prescribing some dry toast and tea. He then left, promising to call at about eleven o'clock, but at Lord Charles Wellesley's request he said he would come at ten. Mr. Hulke on leaving called upon Dr. McArthur, and told him what he had done, which the latter approved of. Neither of the medical gentlemen appear to have been present when the fatal attack commenced—an attack to which the Duke's constitution has for years been liable, and which, a year and a half ago, had been conquered by their successful treatment. His Grace, when seized, lost the power of speech and consciousness. On the arrival of the medical attendants emetics were administered, which, however, produced no effect. Every effort was used to afford relief, but in vain. His Grace was removed from bed into an arm chair, where it was thought he would be more at ease; and the attendants of his dying moments stood in a group around him watching the last efforts of expiring nature. On one side were Lord Charles Wellesley and Dr. McArthur, on the other Mr. Hulke and the valet. As the time passed on and no sign of relief was visible, telegraph messages were despatched first for Dr. Hume and then for Dr. Ferguson, who, however, were unfortunately both out of town. Finally, Dr. Williams was sent for, but he did not arrive at the castle till eleven o'clock at night, when all earthly aid was useless. About noon a fresh attack, shown in the exhausted state of the patient by shivering only, came on, and from that time hardly any sign of animation could be detected. Mr. Hulke could only ascertain by the continued action of the pulse the existence of life. He felt it from time to time till about a quarter-past three, when he found it had ceased to beat, and declared that all was over. Dr. McArthur tried the other arm, and confirmed the fact; but Lord Charles Wellesley expressed his belief that the duke still breathed, and a mirror was held to his mouth by his valet. The polished surface, however, remained undimmed, and the great commander had departed without a struggle or even a sigh to mark the exact moment when the vital spark was extinguished.

(From the *Morning Chronicle*.)

The leading and prevailing idea of "the Duke's" mind, was the sense of duty. In the common meaning of the word, the Duke was not a man of prejudice. He might have a distinct and very impregnable personal sense of what was right and reasonable, but he always accepted facts and a changed position, and worked in deference to them. He might think the bargain a bad one, and he might say so in language idiomatic and intelligible to a fault; but he always made the best of the bargain. He was just as likely to have served under Richard Cobden, the worthless indigenous Generals of Spain. He asked, and with no little bitterness, the famous question, How was the Queen's government to be carried on, and yet he knew it to be right, and honest, and loyal to help to carry it on, and to keep in office the very men whose principles had, as he considered, made all government an impossibility. And shallow talkers think this an evidence of inconsistency, for they point to it as a proof the Duke of Wellington's selfish desire to appropriate power. The nobler, and we believe the truer, view—the reconciling and the mellowing estimate—is to believe that, in all such cases, Arthur Wellesley saw but plain intelligible duty. If the University of Oxford deemed him likely to be a good and useful Chancellor, he accepted the office, because it was so because he thought it was his duty. So with his Premiership—so with his various offices and commands, subordinate or paramount. He would have defended London against the Chartist, or have taken an Afghan command, or have mustered the Kentish Fencibles, or have bored through the drudgery and foppish of the Trinity Board, or have pre-

sided at an uncongenial Oxford *Encenia*—or, if anybody else had been ready, he would have sailed in the Channel fleet, or have become a Poor-law Guardian—all on the same simple, if unenquiring, principle of duty. He fought the Spanish campaigns, not because he had confidence in Downing-street, or in his recruits or allies, but because it was his definite personal work. He went to the Chapel Royal in the grey morning, because he knew it to be right; and he was present at every ceremony—and was ever the earliest and the foremost at every ceremonial and pageant, at drawing-room, and at opera and wedding—because it was expected of him, and he thought it his duty not to disappoint legitimate expectation. In others, this apparent love of the *monstrum digno* would have easily degenerated into the commonplace passion for distinction; but in the Duke of Wellington it was sustained by a high and elevating principle. The Duke was above vulgar vanity. One who recognised duty in minute particulars, and who answers all calls, however trifling or onerous, on that true-hearted, self-devoting sense of duty, must obviously make himself prominent and fill the public eye. And never did he fill it too largely. Never were those grey hairs unwelcome to any assemblage of Englishmen. Never was that stately presence, even when overcast by the shadow of toil and anxiety, seen in public, but it was cheered as that of our common friend, and councillor, and defender. Can those who witnessed it ever forget his ovation at the opening of the Great Exhibition? And it is no small praise to recollect that to flattery as to misunderstanding, his iron character was alike invulnerable.

For the last few years of his life the Duke still continued to be consulted by ministers, and indeed by her Majesty herself, who is understood to have liked to take his opinion on all matters of importance. His last appearance in state was on the occasion of the dissolution of Parliament, when it became his duty to be bearer of the Sword of State. The venerable Duke, feeble with age, was accordingly seen in his due place carrying the heavy and venerable weapon: nay, even playfully pointing it at Lord Derby, who was jesting with him about his difficulty in carrying it.

In the political world, the event most significant for the future, during the past week, has been the organisation of the members for Ireland, or ("Irish Brigade") as a regular Parliamentary Opposition. Forty-one members—a force amply sufficient, if properly directed, to coerce any ministry, by rendering all government, which refuses to concede its demands, impossible—have agreed, sinking all minor differences, to act in concert, and to make the principle embodied in Mr. Sharman Crawford's Tenant Right Bill, their *cheval de bataille*; to every ministry which will not recognise it, and make it a ministerial question, they are agreed to offer an uncompromising opposition upon all questions. This policy, if acted upon, would, no doubt, be successful; but from what we have already seen of the conduct of the Irish members, we doubt if the union will prove of long duration; there are too many petty jealousies and rivalries amongst them as to which shall be first, and accounted the greatest among them, for us to hope that any combined system of action will be long pursued. Since the death of O'Connell there is no man to whom all will yield—to whom all will look up, as to a leader; there is none with sufficient influence, to direct the energies of all to one common object, and to convince them that if the battle of Ireland is to be won, it must be won by concentration of force, by unity, and simultaneousness of action, and not by desultory and isolated efforts. What Ireland wants is a man, she has plenty of men already. The following is the "Resolution" agreed to at the "Tenant Right Conference":—

"That in the unanimous opinion of this Conference, it is essential to the proper management of this cause that the members of Parliament, who have been returned on 'Tenant Right' principles, should hold themselves perfectly independent of, and in opposition to, all governments which did not make it a part of their policy, and a Cabinet question, to give the tenantry of Ireland a measure fully embodying the principle of Mr. Sharman Crawford's Bill."

A question of far more importance to the welfare of Ireland than the foregoing, has also been in consideration—the question of "Religious Equality." As will be seen in our Irish intelligence, at a meeting of the Irish representatives, a committee has been appointed where duty it will be to lay before a general meeting, to be held on the 28th inst., a series of facts, showing the disastrous effects upon the social, and political condition of Ireland, of the Holy Non-Catholic Faith, as by "law established" and "enforced at the point of the bayonet." This is the question for Ireland; for from the loathsome State-church establishment, as from a perennial fount, flow all the social miseries of the country. Beat down this monster grievance—choke up the spring from whence the evils flow, and the evils will rapidly, and of necessity, disappear. Protestantism—far more than Landlordism—is the curse of Ireland, the cause of all her woes; for the former is the cause of what-soever is monstrous in the latter. When the tithe-exacting parson, and the State Bishop, shall have disappeared, the Landlord will be but a very tame monster.

The aspect of affairs at the Cape of Good Hope is becoming highly interesting: General Cathcart addresses the Colonists in the language of the Romans addressing the dispirited Britons, and tells them plainly that they must henceforth trust to themselves, and to their own powers of resistance, for the mother country can no longer afford to fight their battles. It is the story of the Roman Empire in the days of Honorius. "The Romans," says Hume, quoting Bede, "reduced to extremities at home, and fatigued with those distant expeditions, informed the Britons that they must no longer look to them for succor, exhorted them to arm in their own defence, and urged, that as they were now their own masters, it became them to protect, by their valor, that independence which their ancient lords had conferred upon them." General Cathcart tells the Colonists that—

"In the latter event I should probably be ordered to withdraw my army; and my parting advice to the colonists of the eastern half of this colony could only be, keep few sheep and oxen, and provide yourselves with more shepherds and herdsmen, for wild men and wild beasts will soon again recover their ancient sovereignty in the Fish River and Zuurberg, *et ultra*; and you will be unable to drive them out as your fathers did in the olden time."

In Australia matters are not much better. In spite of solemn engagements, in reckless disregard of the determination of the Australians no longer to allow their fine country to be made the cess-pool of British iniquity, with an infatuation that would be wonderful if we did not remember the old proverb—the present ministry have dispatched another ship-load of convicts to Australia. Now it is almost

certain that the colonists won't allow them to land, and it is quite certain that the British government cannot compel the colonists to receive them against their will. To talk of sending a military force to reduce the refractory Australians would be absurd. British soldiers, in spite of discipline, would soon find out the difference betwixt picking up gold at the "diggings," and shooting their fellow-creatures, and being shot at, for three-pence a day. Australia can make good her independence the day her people have a mind to do so, and if the British government attempts to send her rascally felons there, her people will very soon have that mind, if they have not got it already. Truly, in the present condition of the Colonial empire of Great Britain, an attentive observer can see the "Beginning of the End."

The Prince President is on his tour to the South and West of France; wherever he goes he is well received, and enthusiastic shouts of "*Vive L'Empereur*" greet his appearance. The key to his future policy may be found in the following reply to an address of the Council General of Nevers, in favor of the re-establishment of the Empire:—"When the general interest is at stake I will try to anticipate public opinion, but I follow in the case of an interest which may appear personal."—"That is, I won't take the Imperial Crown, but I have no objection to accepting it. The Bishops of France are bestirring themselves in the cause of Dr. Newman. The Archbishop of Cambrai, announced to his diocesan Synod that he had received a letter from the Archbishop of Westminster, calling upon the Catholics of France for assistance; and the Bishop of Carcasson has addressed a circular letter to the Clergy and laity of his diocese, exhorting them to exert themselves to repair the wrongs inflicted on the illustrious English divine, by the dishonesty and perjury of a Scotch judge, and a Protestant jury. The Bishop of Mans has also issued a pastoral to the same effect.

Our readers are aware that the policy of the government of Piedmont has, for some time, been to degrade Matrimony from the rank of a Christian Sacrament to a Civil Contract: in fact to make the union betwixt man and woman a mere legalised concubinage, as it already is in most Protestant, or Non-Catholic, countries, and as it was throughout Heathendom before the coming of Christ. We learn from *L'Ami de la Religion* that "the Catholics of Piedmont display at this moment to the world an admirable spectacle of courage, faith and piety." The whole Catholic population have bound themselves by a solemn vow to yield obedience to the Episcopacy, and to be ready to suffer everything rather than prove traitors to the Church. The intrigues of Sir Henry Bulwer, the British agent in Italy, are exciting the anxious attention of the Austrian Government.

Everything seems to portend another outbreak in the Island of Cuba; the Spanish authorities are on the alert, and have subjected several American vessels to a stringent search, imprisoning some of the passengers; arrests of suspected persons continue to be made daily.

The *Asia* arrived at New York on the 6th inst., by telegraph we learn that—

The Earl of Derby, in a letter, announces that the Queen will await the action of Parliament, respecting the funeral of the Duke of Wellington, and intimated that, as soon after the meeting as possible, the remains will be interred at the public expense, by the side of Nelson, in St. Paul's Cathedral. The body lies in Walmer Castle.

It is doubtful whether Parliament will be called together earlier than the 11th of November.

The fishery question is again discussed, but the London press appears glad that the question is settled quietly.

Accounts from the south of France make it appear that Louis Napoleon has thrown off all disguise respecting his designs on the Empire.

CHARITY AND PHILANTHROPY.

The City Concert Hall was filled on Wednesday evening, the 29th ult., by a numerous audience, attracted by the desire to hear the long-announced lecture by Dr. Brownson, in aid of the funds of the St. Patrick's Orphan Asylum. Upwards of twelve hundred tickets had been sold, and the net receipts of the evening amounted to upwards of \$340.

The learned gentleman commenced by observing that, as the object for which he had been called upon to lecture was a charitable one, no subject could be more appropriate than the one he had announced—"Charity and Philanthropy." It was his intention therefore, to show the difference between these two erroneously confounded qualities; men often spoke of Charity as if it were the same thing as Philanthropy, and of Philanthropy as if it were Charity; in a self-boasted Philanthropic age it was important to have a clear conception of the difference betwixt them.

Philanthropy, the lecturer defined, as a natural sentiment of the human heart, denoting the love of man; a sentiment never rising above the natural strength of man.

Charity, the lecturer defined, as a supernatural virtue, denoting the love of God, and love of man for the sake of God. Thus, by his own force, man can be a Philanthropist, he can have Charity only by the grace of God.

He did not condemn Philanthropy; he did not speak of it as opposed to Charity; for in its source Philanthropy is good, as is all that belongs to our nature, considered as the work of God; for all that God has made has been by God pronounced good. God is to be honored in Himself, and in all His works; hence the reason of the veneration that Catholics pay to the Blessed Saints, for God will be honored in His Saints. All that God has deemed worthy of His making is worthy of man's honor. To deny this, or to assert that what God has made is evil, is to fall into the pernicious heresies of the Manicheans, a heresy which pervades the so-called *evangelical* world at the present day. So, as man, and all man's natural sentiments are the work of God, he honored them, as the work of His Father who is in Heaven.

But man, by sin, has fallen from his high estate; by his fall, man has lost grace, God's supernatural gift to man. Hence man's natural sentiments have been diverted from God, and must be converted to God ere they can lead to good—for the natural sentiments having been diverted from God, lead from God—to evil—to death—and to destruction: converted to God they lead to God—that is to all good.

Thus Philanthropy, a natural sentiment, is not evil *per se*, is not condemnable; but, as a natural sentiment, diverted from God, Philanthropy, when made the sole principle of action, leads from God, or all good, and exaggerates the very evils it would, *in remedium*. Never was there an age more remarkable for its Philanthropic tendencies—for its Philanthropic societies—its Philanthropic combinations—than the present. Philanthropy was to cure all the sores of our political and social system, to alleviate all the evils of man's earthly condition, and to bring about the golden age, of which poets sing, and beardless philosophers prattle. Such were the promises made by Philanthropy. Alas! how meagre has been its performance.

Philanthropy saw men poor, and in the eyes of Philanthropy, poverty is the evil of evils. So Philanthropy set itself at work to abolish poverty, and to give to all men an abundance of wealth; and so Philanthropy begat Socialism, and Socialism begat Revolution, and would we know the fruits of this Revolution begotten of Socialism, the offspring of Philanthropy, we have but to cast our eyes over the surface of Europe. There we see order overthrown, and society shaken to its foundations—industry discouraged—trade diminished—commerce threatened—pauperism increased—the rich made poor—the poor and wretched made more poor and wretched still. The very evils which Philanthropy proposed to remove have, by Philanthropy, been fearfully exaggerated.

In the XVIII. century Philanthropy rejected the doctrine of the fall of man, and set itself to preach the perfectibility of human nature. The world, according to Philanthropy, had been all wrong from the beginning. "What right had man?" asked Philanthropy, "to punish his brother man?" Jails were barbarous, the gibbet was eminently barbarous: according to Philanthropy, men were to be governed by reason and by love, and men who loved one another would no more stand in need of jails and gibbets. Such was the Philanthropic cant of the day, and to work Philanthropy went to reform—on a large scale—for Philanthropy scorns small beginnings, and proposes always to commence operations on the masses. Of this new Philanthropic evangel Robespierre was one of the most ardent Apostles; his first appearance in public life was as the author of a tract against "Capital Punishments," and Robespierre the Philanthropist had many colleagues almost as active, and quite as consistent as himself. And so punishments were relaxed, and the reign of love, and universal brotherhood commenced. Alas! man would not love his brother. In spite of that brother's alternative—"Love me, or I will cut your throat"—love and reason seemed as far from the earth as ever. As punishments were mitigated, crime was strengthened. Under the influence of Philanthropy, Europe became one vast slaughter-house; Kings and Nobles—Bishops, Priests and Nuns—old men and young women—were dragged to the scaffold, and the reign of love was drowned in torrents of innocent blood.

Philanthropy could not bear to see the criminal hung—Philanthropy wept maudlin tears over the blood-stained villain about to expiate his crimes, and terminate his infamous career, on the gibbet; but it had not one sigh for the victims of the criminal's brutality—not a feeling of compassion for the family who, by the ruffian's crimes, had been bereaved of its head—it had no time to think of the anguish and desolation, that the cut-throat had brought upon the innocent sufferers. Alas! the sympathies of Philanthropy were all for the criminal; and the greater the rascal the more intense its sympathy. And thus has Philanthropy, by its morbid sentimentality, taken from vice all its horrors, and opened the flood-gates of iniquity. Under the influence of Philanthropy, life and property are daily becoming less secure, and society is fast retreating towards barbarism. There was much sound wisdom in the speech of old Pharamond to the criminal who complained that it was a hard thing that he should be hung, because he had killed a man:—"It is not because you have killed a man that you are to be hung," said the King of France, "but you are to be hung that men may not be murdered." Philanthropy may tell us that "to hang a man is the worst use you can put him to;" Philanthropy lies: the very best use you can put a man to in certain cases is to hang him.

The lecturer proceeded to show the effects of Philanthropy upon society, as exemplified in the popular movements of the day. He pointed out the disgusting and demoralising results of the "Woman's Rights" movements; and how in trying to assert her physical and political equality with man, woman had unsexed herself, and was in reality degrading herself below the level of the beasts of the field. Then he alluded to the "Maine Liquor Law," as another of the humbugs of the day. Philanthropy saw, and was justly horrified at the evils of intemperance; it looked round for a remedy, and saw none, save in the Statute-book; and therefore appealed to the Legislature to do the work of God. What was the result? Why in his own country, where the "Maine Law" was part of the law of the land, there was, to the lecturer's own knowledge, more drinking, a greater consumption of spirituous liquors than ever, only it was done on the sly.

Next the lecturer touched upon the question of "State-Schoolism." The Philanthropist says that State education will cure all evils, and so calls upon the State to take the child and educate him. But the State must respect, the religious convictions of all; it cannot teach religion, and, therefore, if it attempts to, inculcate morality, it must be a morality divorced from religion—that is an atheistical, or irreligious, morality. The result has been that the children, the victims of this State education, grow up without either Faith or Morals—for morality can only be inculcated as the obligation, which man is under to obey God as Supreme Lawgiver. Education belongs not to the State, but to the Church alone, for to her was the commission given to teach. The Church takes the child and blessing him at the baptismal font, sprinkling him with the waters of regeneration, guiding him through life, comforting him in his sorrows, strengthening him in his temptations, mourning over, and with him, when he falls, encouraging him, and rejoicing with him when he stands, ministering to him in sickness, and on the bed of death, leaves him not until she has sung the requiem over his grave. But Philanthropy would supersede the Church by the State, and hand the child over to the latter to educate. The result has been that children so educated, grow up, infidels, live as heathens, and die reprobate. So much for Philanthropy.

How different is Charity from Philanthropy! Charity knows that human nature is diverted from God; but Charity knows that human nature when converted to God—that nature elevated by grace from the natural