

**REMITTANCES**  
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**The True Witness.**

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, NOV. 21, 1856.

**NEWS OF THE WEEK.**

We have Liverpool dates to the 8th inst., by steamer *City of Washington*, but there is little new in the aspect of European affairs to report. The financial crisis was somewhat subsiding in Paris, though, it is said, that much discontent still prevails amongst the commercial and manufacturing classes. The squadron destined to coerce the King of Naples had not, at the last accounts, made its long threatened appearance, and the Neapolitan Minister still remained in Paris. Russian influence in the Principalities is said to be increasing daily, and the general tone of the press would seem to indicate the probability of another European war at no very distant period.

**FRIENDS AND FOES.**

What is the use of opposing the actual Ministry? We have heard asked—"Would not their successors be worse? and is it not better to bear those ills we have, than fly to others that we know not of?" The questions are asked triumphantly; and the impossibility of replacing the present members of the Administration by men more honest, or more favorably disposed towards Catholic interests, is cited as a conclusive argument in favor of putting up with their insults, and of overlooking their treachery upon the "Religious Incorporations Bill," the School Question—and other matters deeply affecting our rights as citizens and as Catholics. The above questions are easily answered, and it is by no means difficult to refute the argument.

It is of use to oppose the present Ministry—it is of use to endeavor to hunt them from place and to strip them of their official salaries, because, by so doing, a salutary lesson is given to their successors—whomsoever they may be—that they also, if they imitate the policy, will surely share the fate, of their predecessors. It is of use to punish, if possible, those who have betrayed us once, in order that we be not betrayed by others, again. "Our rights" as the *Catholic Citizen* truly observed some months ago, and whilst still worthy of his name—"our rights have been offered up as an acceptable holocaust;" and we know of no more acceptable method of reciprocating the compliment, than that of devoting the present Ministry to the infernal gods.

But "will not their successors be worse?" Impossible we reply—because there cannot be worse, and because, in all probability, their successors will be the open and avowed enemies of Catholicity. We have nothing to fear from our enemies. False friends—time serving, luke warm, moderate, liberal *Kaatholics*, who boast that they take no extreme views, and that they are not "ultra-montane" in their opinions—these are they whom we have to fear; these are they who always have been the most dangerous to the Church, and who alone have hurt her, who alone can hurt her. "God protect me from my friends; I can protect myself from my enemies"—is an old proverb and a true one, and especially applicable to the Catholic Church in Canada at the present moment, with reference to the Cauchon Ministry.

Granted that the only possible successors to that Ministry are our enemies—fanatical enemies if you will. We care not—for they cannot hurt us, and will, by their impotent efforts against us, only bring ruin on themselves. Granted that they hate Popery; but they love place and salary even more than they hate the "Scarlet Woman" and much as they may abuse the old lady behind her back, they will not, for the sake of venting their old grudge against her, risk the loss of that which they most love upon the face of the earth—the patronage and emoluments of office. Besides, if the independent Catholics of the country will but do their duty, they are still numerous enough to secure the return to Parliament of a sufficient number of representatives to render innocuous the malice of a George Brown, and to counteract the hostile manoeuvres of the "Clear Grits." If not strong enough to nominate a Ministry themselves, the Catholic electors of Canada have the power, if they will but exercise it conscientiously and discreetly, to make an actively Anti-Catholic administration an impossibility. If they cannot put a Ministry in, they can always, if they will but act together, put any Ministry out.

And what could a Ministry, even if composed of the most rabid "Clear Grits," and ruddiest complexioned "Rouges," do to injure us, that the present Ministry has not done, and is not prepared to do again, if necessary, in order to enable

it to retain office a few months, or even weeks, longer? What more could a George Brown do than was done by a Cauchon, and his colleagues, when he and they voted for the "Religious Incorporations' Bill" of last session? when, by their votes in Parliament, they put on record that, in their opinion, our Catholic Bishops and Clergy, our Nuns and Sisters of Charity, are such a villainous set of swindlers, such a set of greedy, rapacious vultures ever hovering over the death beds of the sick and dying, ever intent upon defrauding the children, and robbing the natural heirs of the unhappy victims of priestly intrigues—that it was absolutely necessary, in Canada, to enact laws interfering with the natural right of testament—a right inherent in every one, and interference with which can hardly be justified in any case, or even upon the most pressing grounds of State necessity. And yet this right, so sacred, so respected even by the heathens of old, must be interfered with, restricted, and prohibited in Canada, so great is the rascality of the Canadian Catholic clergy, so monstrous the frauds perpetrated by our "Religious!" This is what M. Cauchon, and his Ministerial colleagues, have proclaimed to the world; and it is because they are, or rather because they profess to be, Catholics—and indulge in much periodical "blague" about, "notre sainte religion"—that the world attaches credit to their testimony against the Catholic Church in Canada. It is only because they are believed to be honest Catholics, that our Clergy and Religious are believed to be consummate rogues. For, mark it well. It is only upon the hypothesis that the Ministerial "Religious Incorporations' Bill" was absolutely, imperatively, and indispensably necessary for the safety of society, that its despotic and arbitrary interference with the sacred "right of testament" can be defended. But this interference can be justified only upon the plea that it was necessary to check existing abuses of the grossest description, and universally prevalent—for assuredly one or two, or even hundreds, of instances of undue interference, on the part of a few ecclesiastics, would offer no excuse for such arbitrary exercise of power. And therefore, if such abuses were not in existence, if it were not the constant and universal custom of our Catholic Clergy and Religious to rob, cheat and pillage their dying penitents—there was no necessity, therefore no excuse for such a Bill as that introduced by our present Ministry; and the introduction of it by them was therefore a wanton and cowardly attack upon a body of men, whom, with their accustomed "blague," they pretend to "surround with their respect and devotion." Of two things therefore one. Either our Canadian ecclesiastics are a vile set of mercenary scoundrels—in which case, and in which case only, was such a measure as the "Religious Incorporations' Bill" necessary or excusable; or, M. Cauchon, and his Ministerial colleagues, are—what the *True Witness* and the *Catholic Citizen* of Toronto have pronounced them to be—and should therefore be the objects of the contempt and loathing of every honest, unbought Catholic layman, as the libellers and calumniators of those whom every honest Catholic is bound to honor and respect. It is impossible, we repeat, to serve God and Mammon—to maintain truth, and to support M. Cauchon; and for the same reason it is impossible to respect our Canadian Bishops, and to vote for the Ministry who endeavor to impose upon us the infamous "Religious Incorporations' Bill."

And granted that if G. Brown and his friends were in office, they would introduce (as they probably would) just such a Bill as that introduced by Mr. Drummond, and warmly supported by M. Cauchon—no harm would thereby be inflicted on us, no insult offered to our revered Clergy. For, in the first place, legislate as they will against us, we can always drive a coach and four through their Acts of Parliament, and will we trust ever treat such Acts and their authors with contempt; and in the second place, the hostile legislation of an avowedly anti-Catholic administration would afford no argument against the honesty and disinterestedness of our Bishops and Clergy. As it is—our enemies here and every where, meet us with the taunt—"Oh your Priests and Nuns must be a precious set of cheats and scoundrels, when even such a good Catholic as M. Cauchon finds it necessary to introduce Bills into Parliament with the object of checking their knavish propensities." This is what is said every day; and if we admit the "goodness" of M. Cauchon's Catholicity—how can we answer it?

Besides were such a Bill to be introduced by George Brown and his friends, being in office—we may be sure that M. Cauchon and his friends, being in opposition, would strenuously oppose it; using for that purpose the eloquence, and unanswerable logic with which in May last the *Journal de Quebec* attacked M. Cauchon's Bill—ere yet the Commissioner of Crown Lands had issued orders to his docile "hacks" at Quebec to keep "silent as the grave" upon the painful subject. Thus all we, as Catholics, gained from the fact that M. Cauchon and his friends were in office was this—that, instead of vigorously opposing, they cordially joined with the enemies of our Church in endeavoring to impose upon her, the most insulting and the most iniquitous restrictions ever devised by the worst of European despots in the XVII. and XVIII. century; whilst had they

We are indebted to the *Journal de Quebec* of the 22nd May, for much of our argument against M. Cauchon's "Religious Incorporations' Bill." We have but to quote the *Journal de May*, to refute the *Journal* of November.

been in opposition they would have boldly and eloquently denounced them.  
 We have therefore the best of reasons for opposing the present ministry, and we have no reasons to fear anything from their successors; for though no doubt the latter have the will, they have not, if Catholic electors will but do their duty, the power to hurt us. Neither "Rougeism" nor "Clear Gritism" are really dangerous, for they are our enemies, and we can always defend ourselves against our enemies; our liberal friends, our venal, time serving Ministers, with their Judas-like professions of veneration and respect for our holy religion—"notre sainte religion" as the *Journal* has it—can alone hurt us.

**"A LITTLE CLOUD."**

It is useless for the English press to pretend indifference to the symptoms of an approaching rupture betwixt France and England. The language of the *Moniteur* is but a sign of the feeling that exists generally amongst our late allies towards us; and is important only, in so far as it indicates that they no longer consider it necessary or politic to disguise their real sentiments. The Anglo-French Alliance was useful, perhaps necessary, to Louis Napoleon a few months ago, but it is so no longer; and as he is evidently prepared to contract another engagement, he, as the old song says, thinks that "it is well to be off with the old love, before he is on with the new." Amongst the great mass of the French people, and with the army especially, an alliance with the Czar would be more popular than one with the "perfidious Albion." It is easier for them to forgive the disasters of Moscow than of Waterloo; nor do the snows of Russia recall such painful memories, as do the thunders of Mont St. Jean. An "entente cordiale" is possible betwixt the Eastern and Western Empires; betwixt the latter and Great Britain it was never at best any thing more than a sham—a mere commonplace, conveniently adapted for rounding off a newspaper paragraph. Such as it was however, the *Moniteur* has effectually blown it away.

On the other hand, a cordial alliance betwixt Great Britain and Austria is now spoken of; but this also seems improbable, unless the former is prepared to desist from her revolutionary intrigues in the "Italian Peninsula." Like Mr. Augustus Moddle "the youngest gentleman" of whom honorable mention is made in one of Dicken's novels—England has, or believes herself to have a mission; that mission being to revolutionise Continental Europe, and to diffuse the blessings of cotton goods and a reformed faith throughout all the nations of the earth. "By the labors of the missionary" said a speaker at a recent evangelical "feet" at Liverpool—"a taste was spread over all the world for the manufactures of Great Britain." The "Word" is preached unto the nations sitting in Popish darkness; and lo! the people forthwith put on English broadcloth as a garment of righteousness—and a superfluous British beaver for a helmet of salvation. These are the fruits of the Gospel according to Liverpool, Manchester, and Birmingham; twice blessed are they—blessed to him that gives and him that takes; and these blessings the Saints of Exeter Hall would have to renounce, ere such an alliance as that spoken of betwixt proselytising and revolutionising Protestant England, and conservative Catholic Austria could be consummated.

All then seems to indicate another outbreak of hostilities in Europe; and that Great Britain will find herself involved therein single-handed—without an ally, without a friend upon the Continent of Europe, except amongst the infidels and red republicans who look up to her as the natural protectress of revolution, scoundrelism and Continental Protestantism generally. The *Times* indeed, in one of its late editorials affects to make light of the menacing storm; and boastfully pretends to place reliance upon the inexhaustible material resources of the empire.

"Our resources are untouched"—says the Thunderer—"our spirits are unbroken"—we have been obliged on one occasion to undeceive foreign nations as to the extent of our devotion to peace. It is by no means impossible that we may be called upon to repeat the lesson.  
 But it is not only from without that the stability of the British Empire is menaced. Discontent is rife within. Chartism is still a great fact, for which the operatives, under the guidance of talented and indefatigable leaders—men whom no defeat can discourage—are as clamorous as ever. And then there is Ireland—Ireland the perennial difficulty of England; which will not be swamped beneath the green waves of the Atlantic, and whose people when they cry aloud for bread, will not be content with the hard stone offered to them by their unnatural sister. These things are not unknown to, or unnoticed by the present ruler of France. They have no doubt entered largely into his political calculations; and should a war betwixt him and his late allies break out, he will be prepared to take advantage of them, and of the example which Great Britain has herself set, of interfering in the domestic affairs of the Continental nations. By the last steamer we learn that the French Squadron had not up to that date made its appearance in the Bay of Naples; it is not impossible that the present generation may hear of the landing of a French Army of deliverance upon the pleasant shores of Ireland. That expedition would however, have what to the former is refused—the hearty sympathies of the people whom it was intended to deliver, and the fervent prayers of all Christendom for its success.

Indeed there can be no doubt that, by its officious intermeddling with the affairs of Naples, Great Britain has not only exposed herself to the most severe rebuke ever received by one independent Power; from another, but that she has established a precedent, most dangerous to the integrity of the Empire. No matter what the

faults of the Neapolitan King, or the sufferings of his people; they are not so glaring or so grievous as the faults of Protestant England towards Catholic Ireland. The prisons of Naples are not, and no one pretends that they are, pleasant abodes; but at their worst, they are better than Protestant poor houses at their best; nor in the most loathsome dungeons of the Italian Peninsula are there to be seen sights so revolting to humanity and Christianity, as in those fetid dens to which the poor and friendless are consigned in that country which presumes to read high moral lessons to its neighbors. Neapolitan tyranny is not so cruel as the charity of Protestant England.

The *Times* falls not only into the error of underrating the dangers to which Great Britain would be exposed by a war with France and Russia—but of overrating the material resources of the Empire. Money no doubt, one, but not the only requisite of war, would not be wanting to it; but men, men for its armies and its navies would not be so easily obtained. Even in the last short war, the want, not of disciplined soldiers—but of men, the raw material whereof soldiers are made—was severely felt by the British Government; which in consequence was, obliged, at the risk of involving itself in war with the United States, to have recourse to very extraordinary—if not very dishonorable—means of filling up the gaps in its home population. Ireland has been decimated by famine and emigration; the Highlands of Scotland have been made desolate by the landlords; and if the manufacturing cities of the Empire still teem with a numerous population, it is a population far different from the stalwart yeomen, who in a former generation recruited the ranks of Britain's army. Worn out for the most part with premature toil, and precocious debauchery, its members, miserable abortions of gin and mercury, are physically as little fitted to endure the hardships of a campaign, as morally, they are incapable of the virtues of the gallant soldier. Even honest Jack Falstaff would be ashamed to be seen marching through Coventry with such a set of scare-crows, tattered prodigals, lately come from swine keeping, ticket of leave-men in reduced circumstances, and broken down swell-mob-men, as compose the bulk of the urban population of Great Britain.

"Put red coats on the sheep, and see if they will do instead of men in the field of battle"—was the answer made by the Scotch Highlanders to the importunities of the recruiting sergeant during the last war. The experiment was not tried; but we have little doubt that, if it had, it would have been found that hardy black faced sheep from a Scottish glen would have made as stout soldiers as most of those that the back slums of our large cities would furnish. And yet, in case of a war, it is there, and there only, that the recruits for the British army will be found.—Herein lies the secret of Britain's military weakness, as well as of her commercial greatness.—Everything has been sacrificed to the commercial and manufacturing interests; the policy of the nation has been to raise machines instead of men; and now, that in the prospect of a war, men are wanted, it is the natural consequence of that policy that men are not to be had. These were the symptoms that preceded the decline and downfall of Rome's vast and wealthy empire; and to the attentive reader of history, it must seem that as these symptoms have been always indicative of deep seated, and mortal disease, wheresoever and whensoever they have declared themselves—so in the case of Great Britain, they are calculated to give rise to strong suspicions, that the "material resources" on which the *Times* places its reliance may, in the hour of need, be found wanting; and that the vaunted "commercial policy" of the British Empire is a sign—not of health and strength—but of disease and weakness. This at least is certain—that no purely commercial nation—neither Carthage in ancient times, nor Venice in modern—has been long able to maintain its military superiority, or its national independence.

**COMPLIMENTARY LECTURE OF MR. M'GEE.**

In compliance with the request of several friends, Mr. M'Gee will deliver a lecture on "The Irish Brigade" on Monday evening next, after his return from Quebec, in the Theatre Royal, Cote Street. The subject of this lecture is one of surpassing interest, embracing some of the most stirring events of modern history. The Irish Brigade in the service of France played an important part in the great wars which convulsed Europe from the latter part of the seventeenth, to the middle of the eighteenth centuries. What student of history is unfamiliar with the glorious valor of the Irish Brigade on the memorable fields of Ypres, Ramillies and Fontenoy, and during the famous siege of Cremona.

"When on Ramillies bloody field, The baffled French were forced to yield, The victor Saxon backwards reeled Before the charge of Clare's Dragons!"  
 Of the battle of Fontenoy it has been said and sung:—  
 "And Fontenoy, and Fontenoy, had been a Waterloo,  
 Were not these exiles ready then, fresh, vehement, and true."  
 No better subject could be chosen by an Irish lecturer, or more likely to please an Irish audience than the history of those heroic bands of exiles—the best and noblest blood of Ireland—who did such good service to Catholic France, and whose valiant valor, turned against England, made the English monarch of that day exclaim: "Cursed be the laws which deprived me of such subjects."  
 Let all then who take an interest in the name and fame of Irishmen be sure to attend this lecture on Monday evening, so as to shew their appreciation of Mr. M'Gee's talents, and of his devotion to the cause of Ireland and her exiles at every time and in every country.  
 The Rifle Companies, Nos. 4 and 5, will attend in uniform, accompanied by Prince's Band.

**MR. M'GEE'S SECOND LECTURE.**

EDMUND BURKE.  
 Mr. Darcy M'Gee delivered the second lecture of his course, in "Illustration of Irish Genius," on Friday evening last—Subject, "Edmund Burke."  
 The lecturer commenced by observing that if Great Britain kept a record of Irish crime, she ought also, in common justice, to keep a record of Irish virtue and Irish genius. If she charged Ireland with Burke the *burker*, she ought equally to credit her with Burke, the impeacher of Hastings, and the most powerful foe of the French revolutionary ideas. It was common to hear and read of "Mr. Burke, the celebrated British statesman." Sixty years had elapsed since his death, and every year he was more and more confidently spoken of as a *British* celebrity.—But he (the lecturer) proposed to show that by birth, by education, by temperament, and by the whole tenor of his public life, he was eminently entitled to be quoted in illustration of *Irish* genius.

Edmund Burke, born in 1730, entered public life in 1765. His mother was an exemplary Catholic—one of those Nages of Garnavilla, celebrated for their beauty in the songs of Munster. His father, a Galway Attorney, was of a Norman-Celtic stock, naturalized in the most purely Celtic part of Ireland, for near a thousand years. His youth was chiefly passed on the banks of the Blackwater; that lonely river, well called "the Rhine of Ireland," and celebrated in the early strains of Spenser. His first teacher—O'Halloran—"a Philomath" of the old school—doubtless taught him, not only a familiarity with Greek grammar and Latin prosody, but also a sympathy with the people, and a hatred of the penal laws, which then existed in full virulence. We can also imagine his excellent mother—one of those mothers who *make* men;—we can well imagine her saying to him as he knelt at her knee—"Edmund, my son, God has blessed you with talents, and He may also give you a high position in life: if so, remember the religion of your mother, and render it a service if it is in your power." Like the children of mixed marriages generally, the sons of the Burke family went with the father, and the daughters with the mother. This supposed exhortation was certainly well illustrated in the public life of Burke, who drew the first Catholic Relief Bill (in 1778);—who founded—for Burke's advocacy virtually founded—Maynooth College;—who procured a refuge for the 8,000 French priests who, in the year '92, landed on the shores of England. On that one occasion, England conquered France—conquered her by generosity and charity; but let it be remembered that she did this under the inspiration of a generous *Irish* man of genius.

Burke made literature his pathway to Parliament. With him the ambition *to rise* was inspired by the better ambition *to serve*. His whole life was animated by two strong passions: the pursuit of justice in high criminals, and the exposition of justice towards all men. Goldsmith's humorous lines in "The Retaliation" had given a very false popular idea of Burke's public career. To say of an Imperial statesman, who gave ten years of his life to the study of American affairs, (*then* so little cared for beyond the Atlantic), and fourteen years to the exhaustion of Indian politics, whose greatest work was written on the revolution in France and its consequences towards all governments;—to say of such a man, that—

"He narrowed his mind,  
 And to party gave up what was meant for mankind,"  
 is surely not historically true. Burke himself did not exaggerate the dignity of his position when, as Chief Manager for the Commons in the impeachment of Warren Hastings, he said that they were there, "to try the cause of Asia in the presence of Europe." Africa also shared his unlimited sympathies. Witness his "Sketch of a Negro Code" presented to Mr. Pitt, when the subject of the Slave Trade began to attract serious attention in Parliament.

In range of thought and labor, Burke was certainly cosmopolitan; in temperament, in inspiration, in style, he was distinctively *Irish*. His first and last writings were dedicated to the land of his birth. Though by conviction he felt "the sphere of his duties to be his true country," yet his heart always gravitated to Irish soil. When a journey from London to Dublin was as tedious and almost as perilous as a journey from England to America is, now-a-days, he frequently contrived to visit the haunts and friends of his youth. He rushed out on one of those visits, half shaved to embrace his old Munster schoolmaster, whose accent, not less than his other lessons, he retained to the last. He took the liveliest interest in the politics, the religion, and the education of Ireland. In his conversations with Dr. Campbell and others, he speaks of his Irish studies, and declares his belief that "Ireland has the greatest *unwritten history* in Europe." He laid the foundation of modern Celtic research, by procuring Sir John Seabright's collection of Gaelic MSS. for Trinity College. He also first suggested that Irish scholars should "print the originals" of their history with a literal translation. A great deal has been done in this direction since his time: a great deal to make the story of that nation intelligible and respectable. I speak (said the lecturer at this point) in the presence of one, who to all the gifts of her own sex, has added the mental energy, the industry, and the power of ours—of one whose works ought to shame many of our men, out of their un-Irish objects or their culpable inaction.

[This allusion to our gifted townsman, Mrs. Sadlier, excited the warmest approbation of the whole audience.]  
 Mr. M'Gee continued to show that Burke had never lost sight of the religion of his mother.—He suggested and set on foot a fund for the defence of Father Sheahy and other Catholics condemned to death at Clonmel, in 1776, on a trumped up charge of conspiracy. He was the most active promoter of the public and parliamentary aid to the refugee French clergy, 8,000 of whom landed in one year on the shores of England.—He—not George III.—was the founder of Maynooth College. His correspondence, published by Earl Fitzwilliam and Sir Richard Bourke, shews that Maynooth owes its existence more to him