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## THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE,

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THE TRUE WITNESS  
AND  
CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, NOV. 12, 1852.

## NEWS OF THE WEEK.

There is little British news of any interest by the  
steamer *Africa*. Until the meeting of Parliament,  
on the 4th inst., Ministers will take care to let as  
little of their future financial policy leak out as pos-  
sible. Rumors there are of fresh, or rather of a  
revival of the old, Penal Laws against refractory  
Papists, who most contumaciously persist in their re-  
fusal to have their spiritual affairs regulated by Act  
of Parliament; the presence of the Spooners, the  
Drummonds, and others of that stamp in the House,  
is a sufficient pledge that it will not be long ere the  
anti-Maynooth cry is raised again; connected with  
this subject there is a certain "Report of the Oxford  
University Commission" which will, no doubt, be made  
good use of by the Catholic members, when the day  
shall come for making enquiry into the system of  
University education. The report that Lord Derby  
was prepared to recommend Her Majesty to sanction  
the revival of that exploded old humbug, Convoca-  
tion, has been formally contradicted by the Ministe-  
rial organs; the usual farce at the opening of Par-  
liament will be gone through with, and the affairs of  
the State Church, its discipline, and doctrines, will  
be quietly arranged for it by the House of Commons,  
as of old. The murder of the soldier of the 31st,  
which was reported some weeks ago, and severely  
commented upon by the Protestant press, as a proof  
of the existence of a conspiracy against the lives of  
H. M. troops in Ireland, has turned out to have been  
merely the result of a brutal drunken brawl; the  
men who were apprehended have been liberated on  
their own recognisances. The extensive, and con-  
tinually increasing emigration to Australia has already  
had a considerable effect in diminishing the amount  
of pauperism both in Great Britain and Ireland, and  
of raising the rate of wages; recruits for the militia  
are, in several districts, obtained with difficulty.

Amongst the *memorabilia* of the week, we find  
chronicled the departure of Sir Culling Smith, and  
some other old women, who, together with certain  
other old women from Prussia and Geneva, are to  
present to the Grand Duke of Tuscany a memorial  
from the Protestant Alliance of London in favor of  
the Madaias, lately sentenced to imprisonment, for  
circulating corrupt copies of the sacred scriptures.—  
Sir Culling Smith, who is quite a great man amongst  
the small fry who congregate on the platform of  
Exeter Hall, had the impertinence to ask Mr. Lucas  
of the *Tribune* to make a fool of himself by allowing  
his name to be appended to the said document. Mr.  
Lucas declined upon the grounds that, having no in-  
fluence with the Grand Duke of Tuscany, he could  
not presume to dictate to an independent sovereign,  
how the laws of his realm should be administered; at  
the same time, lest so much zeal should be balked,  
he pointed out to Sir Culling Smith and his demure  
colleagues, that in the Protestant Kingdom of Swe-  
den, laws of the most brutal character against the  
professors of the Catholic faith were in force, and  
recommended the evangelical men to commence their  
crusade for "religious liberty" by making an effort  
to knock the fetters off the Catholics of Sweden; then  
indeed they might hope for a favorable hearing from  
a Catholic sovereign; to this Sir Culling Smith and  
his companions have vouchsafed no reply. It remains  
to be seen what kind of a reception these puritanical  
knights-errant will meet with from the Grand Duke,  
and how far His Royal Highness will be moved to  
clemency towards his Protestant subjects by the re-  
monstrances of the subjects of the leading anti-Ca-  
tholic government of Europe, of a government which  
has never refrained from cruelly persecuting the  
Church when it had the power, and whose sanguinary  
code—of hanging, bowelling, and burning—repealed  
but a few years ago, not from any love of toleration,  
but simply from fear of revolution, would be re-im-  
posed to-morrow if, thank God, it were not as cow-  
ardly as it is malignant. Perhaps, too, His Royal  
Highness will point out to his self-dubbed councillors,  
that it behoves British Protestants above all men to be  
very chary of criticising the conduct of others—that  
English Courts of Law, defiled as they have of late  
been by corrupt and venal magistrates like Lord  
Campbell, and by perjured juries like that which ac-  
quitted the unclean beast Achilli—whose verdicts are  
lies, whose sentences are a mockery of God and jus-  
tice, whose ermined judges are but the abject tools  
of an impure fanaticism, the ready instruments, for  
the perpetration of every wrong, for the protection  
of every villain, and the oppression of the upright—

do no stand quite so high in the estimation of honor-  
able men on the Continent of Europe, as to authorize  
the impertinent interference of Sir Culling Smith  
and his colleagues—and that, if faults do exist in the  
Penal Code of Tuscany, it is not from the country-  
men of Lord Campbell, and the co-religionists of the  
men who by their verdict in a late trial have proved,  
that in Protestant England unchastity is the surest  
passport to popular favor, and that the bestiality of  
an Achilli is a better safeguard than the virtues of a  
Newman—that he, the Grand Duke, would take les-  
sons in reform. Some such well merited rebuke we  
may expect His Royal Highness to administer to the  
evangelical deputation—that is, if he deigns to re-  
turn a reply to it at all, which is more than doubtful.  
Truly the impudence of English Protestants is some-  
thing wonderful; they go abroad to ask clemency  
for the Protestant subjects of a Catholic Prince,  
whilst at home, they deny justice to their own Ca-  
tholic fellow-citizens. Is it not on record in the  
*Times*, the great anti-Catholic journal of England—  
"That Roman Catholics will have henceforth only  
too good reason for asserting—THAT THERE IS NO  
JUSTICE FOR THEM in cases tending to arouse the  
Protestant feelings of Judge and Jury?"—*Times*,  
June 26, 1852. When Protestant England shall  
have learnt how to be just, it will be time enough  
for Protestant Englishmen to call upon Catholic So-  
vereigns to be lenient.

The Provincial Parliament adjourned on Wednes-  
day the 10th inst., to the 14th of February. The  
ostensible reason for this unexpected interruption of  
the public business was the prevalence of cholera at  
Quebec, and the consequent impossibility of procur-  
ing the attendance of members; the ministry it is  
said are glad of the delay, because it will give them the  
opportunity of reconsidering their measures, and the  
whole community, especially the readers of the *Globe*,  
will be glad of a short respite from the wearisome  
travelling of Mr. G. Brown, who speaks as if he were  
determined to earn his wages by sheer verbosity;  
\$4 a day we think his wages are—and very high  
wages too for so little work. Before adjourning, the  
Bill for incorporating the College of St. Marie passed  
its third reading, not without some queer shuffling on  
the part of certain ministerial members; this has of  
course irritated the Ultra-Protestants, who, justice  
loving men, having their own Protestant McGill Col-  
lege cannot understand why Catholics should presume  
to have a College of their own as well. It must be  
admitted that our "separated brethren" have very  
peculiar notions of "religious equality."

In France every thing points to the immediate  
restoration of the Empire, though some difficulty exists  
as to the title of the future Emperor. He cannot as-  
sume the title of Napoleon II. without ignoring the  
hereditary right of the son of the great Napoleon,  
and thus dealing a fatal blow to the hereditary prin-  
ciple in the Napoleonic dynasty—the very principle  
which he seeks to re-establish; for it is as the successor  
and heir of Napoleon I., that Louis Napoleon pre-  
tends to the Imperial throne. Neither can he take  
the title of Napoleon III. without recognising the *de-  
jure* empire of Napoleon II., thus asserting his own  
inalienable and hereditary right to the throne, ignor-  
ing all that has occurred in France since 1815—the  
reigns of Louis XVIII., Charles X., Louis Philippe,  
and the Republic—and setting aside all the interna-  
tional treaties as so much waste paper. Perhaps the  
easiest way to escape from this difficulty will be for  
him to take the title of Louis Napoleon I.; thus will  
he be able to preserve the idea of hereditary right,  
without irrevocably breaking with the past, and  
offending the great powers of Europe. The Prince  
of Canino is spoken of as likely to be chosen heir  
presumptive to the throne. Considerable reductions  
in the French army are spoken of as decided upon.

## PROTESTANT CHARITIES.

What shall we do with the poor? is the social ques-  
tion of the day—the great question which in every  
country in Europe and America, attracts the atten-  
tion of the philosopher, the statesman, and the  
Christian; for the poor are always amongst us, and—  
what shall we do with the poor? Transport them,  
says Protestantism—shut the rascals up in Poor  
Houses, says Protestantism—starve them, says  
Protestantism, triumphantly pointing to Ennistymon  
and Kilrush, where this policy has been effectually  
carried out—"a pauper's death is a saving to the  
community," says Protestantism coolly calculating the  
price of a parochial coffin, and the expences of a  
pauper funeral—scourge them, brand them with hot  
irons, and gibbet them, says Protestantism, speaking  
by the mouth of the Elizabethan poor-laws. And  
accordingly Protestantism, for the last three hundred  
years, has scourged and branded and gibbeted its pau-  
pers—has sometimes starved, sometimes imprisoned,  
sometimes transported its poor—but has always most  
brutally ill-used them; and as pauperism still conti-  
nues, still menaces the safety of society—still society  
keeps asking the old question—"what shall we do  
with the poor?"

But whilst society has been asking, and vainly  
asking, this important question, the Catholic Church,  
taking counsel only of her Divine Spouse, has prac-  
tically answered it, by providing for the poor, and  
supplying their every want. Asking of the State  
nothing save non-interference—demanding no greater  
favor from the civil power than that it should refrain  
from robbing her, and from throwing obstacles in her  
way—whenever, and wherever she has been left un-  
molested, and allowed freely to develop her own  
resources—the Church has proved herself fully ade-  
quate for all the exigencies of society. If hospitals  
were needed, she built and endowed hospitals; she  
founded convents, and other charitable asylums, in  
which tender virgins consecrated their lives to God,  
and devoted their days and nights to the service of  
their fellow-creatures: wherever and whenever the

Church has been left free, pauperism, if not erad-  
icated, has at least been robbed of all its horrors, and  
the great social problem which distracts the Protest-  
ant world—what shall we do with the poor?—has been  
practically solved. Alas! how seldom has the Church  
been left free, how seldom has she been permitted to  
go on her way, unrestricted by the accursed trammels  
of the State.

Alas for society! Alas for the poor! The State  
was jealous of the influence of the Church, and dis-  
honest rulers cast longing eyes upon the patrimony  
of the poor, which the Church faithfully administered.  
And so there was enmity betwixt the palace and the  
Church, and the castle declared war against the con-  
vent; princes and nobles laid profane hands upon that  
wealth which their corrupt hearts coveted—they di-  
vided the spoil with their sycophantic crew, and plun-  
dering the poor, said in their hearts—"God seeth not;  
He will not require it." Fools—God hath required it  
—of them, and of their sons, and their son's sons—  
and they cannot answer Him. Day by day the cry  
—what shall we do with the poor?—is waxing  
louder and more urgent: day by day the Protestant  
world feels itself more incapable of giving any an-  
swer. It has tried chains and the lash, poor-laws,  
exile and imprisonment—it has blasphemously thanked  
God for the famine, and the pestilence, and erect over  
the grave of the victim of Cholera or the Typhus  
Fever, has blessed His holy name, that the pauper is  
mouldering in corruption below its feet, and is no  
longer able to disturb its repose by his importunate  
clamors for food and shelter; but still, in spite of the  
temporary check, caused by disease, and emigration  
to the gold regions, pauperism exists in the very heart  
of Protestant society, threatening, at no very far  
distant day, to avenge itself upon that society by  
taking the solution of the problem—"what shall we  
do with the poor?"—into its own hands.

We have in this country fools or knaves—we know  
not which—though it is probable that their knavery  
is as great as their folly, and their folly as great as  
their knavery—who would, if they had the power,  
confiscate the property of the Catholic Church—  
that property to which alone it is owing that Canada  
is not cursed with pauperism, like Great Britain and  
Ireland, and give us, in lieu of the Catholic hospital,  
the Catholic Convent, and the Catholic Sister of  
Mercy—what? Aye, what indeed? they themselves  
know not. Poor-laws, perhaps they will say; but  
poor-laws have been tried and found useless, nay,  
worse than useless—a curse, a cruel curse to the poor  
who are the especial objects of them—a disgrace to  
the community that is compelled to enact them. "A  
poor-law," says Carlyle, no mean authority upon  
social questions—"can be no lasting remedy: the  
poor and the rich, when once the naked parts of their  
condition come into collision, cannot long live to-  
gether upon a poor-law. Solely as a sad transi-  
tory palliative against still fiercer miseries and  
insupportabilities, can it pretend to recommend itself,  
till something better be vouchsafed, with true healing  
under its wings."

"Alas"—continues Carlyle, addressing the late  
Dr. Chalmers:—

"The poor of this country seem to me, in these years, to be  
fast becoming the miserablest of all sorts of men. Black slaves  
in South Carolina, I do believe, deserve pity enough; but the  
Black is at least not stranded, cast ashore from the strain of  
human interests, and left to perish there: he is connected with  
human interests, belongs to those above him, if only as a slave.  
Blacks, too, I suppose, are cured in a beneficent wrap of  
stupidity and insensibility: one patid Paisley weaver, with the  
sight of his famishing children round him, with the memory of  
his decent independent father before him, has probably more  
wretchedness in his single heart than a hundred Blacks. Did  
you observe the late trial at Stockport, in Cheshire, of a human  
father and human mother, for poisoning three of their children,  
to gain successively some £3 8s. from a burial society for each  
of them! A barrister of my acquaintance, who goes that cir-  
cuit, informs me positively that the official people durst not go  
farther into this business; that this case was by no means a  
solitary one there; that, on the whole, they thought it good to  
close up the matter swiftly again from the light of day, and in-  
vestigate it no deeper. 'The hands of the pitiful women have  
sodden their own children!' Such a state of matters cannot  
subsist under the firmament of Heaven: such a state of mat-  
ters will remedy itself as God lives—remedy itself, if not by  
mild means, then by force and fire!"

This is the condition to which the people of Eng-  
land have sunk under the operation of the poor-  
laws.—May God in His mercy deliver us from poor-  
laws in Canada.

Or we may be told that Protestant charity will  
suffice for the relief of the indigent and infirm mem-  
bers of the community—that instead of convents and  
nunneries and monkeries, we shall have nice Pro-  
testant workhouses; nice asylums for the poor truly,  
if the "Report of a Special Committee," appointed to  
inquire into the management of these Protestant  
workhouses—extracts from which are now before us  
—may be credited.

By this "Report" it appears that the inmates of the  
workhouse are starved, and in every way neglected.  
"Their beds," say the examining surgeons, "are not  
only wet, but in a stinking state;" the workhouse  
is described as "in a filthy state of dirt and neglect."  
The bath was found half full of urine, and excre-  
ment." Nice places these Protestant workhouses! The  
condition, both physical and moral, of the child-  
ren, the objects of the tender mercies of Protestant  
charity, was still more disgusting. "They were not  
kept clean; they were often lousy; had seen," say  
the witnesses, "dirt of several days' growth upon  
the girls . . . wet beds are injurious to their health;  
quite believe that the beds stank—for the children  
even stank from dirt." The souls of these victims  
of Protestant charity are, as may be expected, fouler  
still, but decency compels us to draw a veil over the  
moral abominations of a Protestant workhouse—  
even the nurse thinks "of all devil's places it is  
the worst;" whilst the Protestant Guardians of  
the workhouse console themselves with the reflec-  
tion—"These kind of children"—mere paupers—  
"will do it." Really, for the sake of common de-  
cency, we trust that the soil of Canada may never be  
polluted by a Protestant workhouse.

Here is the description of another Protestant cha-

riety, for which we are indebted to the *London Spec-  
tator*. Instead of a Protestant workhouse, we have  
a Protestant Hospital—this time the Bethlehem Hos-  
pital. This Protestant institution excited the atten-  
tion of the Legislature in 1816; a Committee of the  
House of Commons was appointed to enquire into the  
mode of treatment, and fearful was the amount  
of vice and misery then brought to light, and vainly  
attempted to be reformed, for Protestant Hospitals are  
not so easily reformed. In 1852, the same Hospital  
attracts the attention of the public again; enquiries  
are set on foot, and the following disgusting disclo-  
sures are made:—

"The atrocities in Bethlehem Hospital, indeed, are not so  
bad as those detected in 1816; thirty-six years of indignant  
discussion, examples of feeble improvement, have extended  
their moral effect even to the basement story of that great pre-  
servoir of barbarism; but the injuries are exactly of the same  
kind. Here we find lunatics sleeping naked, on straw; laid  
upon the bare stones and washed with cold water and a mop;  
and crammed with sopped food out of a bowl, given to them  
with the fingers. Miss Anne Morley was admitted to the hos-  
pital infirmity; within a fortnight she was found to be in a state  
of total imbecility; and sent to the basement story, where the patients slept  
with only a scanty blanket between their naked skin and the  
straw on which they lay, that blanket, of course, seldom re-  
maining between. Not long after she 'became a dirty patient.'  
The causes are not difficult to be understood. She was now  
laboring under a distressing and humiliating aggravation of  
her infirmity; the cold affected her, but her complaints brought  
no warmer clothing; and the 'night nurses' were occasionally  
heard in the passages of the cells; but, says one witness, they  
never unlocked the doors of the ward, but, says one witness, they  
Miss Morley grew madder, more infirm, and more odious to  
herself. For all this time she was more than sane enough to  
know how she was tortured and humiliated. Is it not horrible?  
Keenest by her relatives, conveyed to an asylum at Northampton,  
treated as such patients are treated in properly-conducted  
places, she recovered in a month. Men were equally neglect-  
ed, and worse handled, although the women seem to have  
been struck occasionally. One man remained for hours fasted  
to a chair waiting to be fed; another was 'strangled with the  
stockings;' 'to exhaust him,' and thus to render him tractable;  
another, who needed a minor surgical operation for his natural  
relief, instead of being visited every six or eight hours, would  
be left from the Saturday, till Sunday night, in agony. The  
strangled man was taken away, but he died in his home. Fif-  
teen patients seem to have been subjected to this kind of treat-  
ment; and of forty curable patients prematurely removed within  
the year, there is reason to suppose that the majority were  
taken away because they were badly treated.  
The fact is not absolutely known, because, save in name, no  
records are kept."—*Spectator*.

After reading the above we know which is the  
most wholesome—a Protestant Poor-Law, a Protest-  
ant Workhouse, or a Protestant Hospital. From  
all Protestant charities, Good Lord deliver us, say  
we—to which we think most of our Catholic readers  
will respond—Amen!

## "JACK-IN-OFFICE."

He is a terrible fellow is "Jack," especially if his  
emoluments are threatened; but hint to him that his  
services can be entirely dispensed with, that society  
can go on very well without him, and that his dismis-  
sal from office will by no means be attended by a  
universal "break up," but that the world will still  
continue to jog on much the same as ever, and poor  
"Jack" will become perfectly furious. There is not a  
supernumerary clerk in the "Red Tape and Sealing  
Wax" department, tranquilly seated in an office chair,  
before the office fire, calmly and contentedly perusing  
the office newspapers, during office hours, who does  
not firmly believe that the health of that noble animal  
the British Lion is in some mysterious manner bound  
up with the due performance of these his clerkship's  
onerous functions, and that the internal prosperity, and  
external greatness of the British Empire is inseparably  
connected with the punctual payment of his quarter's  
salary. "Jack-in-Office" is "Jack" all the world  
over, in Canada as in England, at Toronto as within  
the precincts of the Treasury.

It is by bearing in mind this great characteristic of  
"Jack" that we can understand, and appreciate the  
rebuke administered by the worthy "Chief Superin-  
tendent of State-Schools" in Upper Canada, to the  
presumptuous writer in the *Canadian Churchman*,  
who has had the ineffable audacity to insinuate that  
Anglicans are competent to superintend the educa-  
tion of their own youth, and that they stand in no  
need of the advice or assistance of Dr. Ryerson—  
his government salary notwithstanding. Now, here is  
an attack upon that highly important functionary, the  
"Chief Superintendent of State Schools!"—here is a  
laying of the axe to the root of the tree with a  
vengeance! "We demand separate schools," say the  
Anglicans, but with separate schools the Chief Su-  
perintendent's occupation is gone. We demand that,  
if we are taxed for schools, we shall receive value  
for our money, in the shape of schools to which we  
can honestly and conscientiously entrust the educa-  
tion of our children. All very well; nothing can be  
more just and reasonable; but Oh, Anglicans, see you  
not, what an enemy you will have to encounter, what  
resistance you may expect, ere you shall succeed in  
obtaining these your reasonable demands; there is a  
lion in the way—there stands "Jack-in-office" in  
the path, whose salary you menace, whose bread and  
butter you ruthlessly threaten to cut off; think you  
that "Jack" will resign these without a struggle, or  
that he will not make the conventicle ring again with  
his roaring against such most monstrous encroach-  
ments upon his fees? Ah, no—"Jack" gets his living  
by "State-Schoolism;" small blame then to "Jack" if  
he sticks up for it, and woe to the unhappy wight, be  
he Anglican, or Catholic, who shall expose himself to  
the fiery indignation of the "Chief Superintendent  
of State-Schools."

It is beautiful, the castigation which "Jack" has  
administered to the presumptuous Anglican; it is  
quite a caution to see the way in which he lays down  
the law, and tells us, Anglicans, and Papists, how  
our children should be educated—who shall venture  
to contradict him? "Jack" speaks as one having au-  
thority—though in fact he has only a salary; as one  
who should say, "I am Sir Oracle, and when I open  
my lips let no dog bark." "I lay it down as a fun-  
damental principle," says "Jack," "and 'I remark  
again,' says 'Jack,' and, what have Anglicans and  
Papists to say now? Ah, 'Jack-in-office,'—good