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MONTREAL, FRIDAY, DEC. 19, 1851.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The columns of the English papers are filled with long biographical notices of the late Ernest, King of Hanover, the fifth son, and the most universally disliked of all the family of George the Third. More good has been said of the deceased during the last week, than was ever thought of him during his lifetime; his character is briefly summed up as follows:—"A had British Peer—he made a fair European Sovereign; and an unpopular and traitorous English Duke, he turned out to be a good and honest German King." Few men were more hated, than was the late King during his lifetime. His virtues—for he had virtues—courage—an inflexible will, and great constancy in his attachments—were injurious only to his friends, whilst his vices proved of the highest service to the cause of his political opponents. As the great head of the Orange party, he was—through the insane project of changing the succession, and excluding her present Majesty from the throne, the instrument by which the power of that body, the oppressors and irreconcilable enemies of Ireland and Irishmen—was finally prostrated. Upon this subject, one of his biographers has the following notice:—

"The report of Mr. Hume's select committee on the Orange Conspiracy, is still within the recollection of most of our readers, and although the dispassionate consideration of time has led to a very general conviction that the Duke of Cumberland was ignorant of half the mad nonsense and treason which were talked in secret, and written in cipher in his name, and as if with his sanction and concurrence, it is still impossible to avoid believing that his own solemn denial of all knowledge of the transactions of the illegal society, of which he was the chief, was, in the spirit in which the repudiation was to be taken, untrue; and that from first to last, his conduct was unwise. Harsher words it would be indecorous now to use; but such words give but a faint idea of the hurricane of public indignation which followed the Parliamentary exposure of the extraordinary conspiracy, to which the Duke of Cumberland, contrary to all the laws which should have governed him, as a prince of the blood, and as a citizen, had lent his name. In this instance he reached the climax of his evil reputation; and his wonted audacity, in the face of the popular sentence, availed him little, for the condemnation was sanctioned and engrossed by a formal Parliamentary resolution. At one time, it will be remembered, there was a very decided inclination in the House of Commons, during the development of the insane conspiracy, to send the Duke of Cumberland, the Bishop of Salisbury, (who was the Chaplain to the association,) Lord Kenyon, Colonel Fairman, and others, before the Central Criminal Court, to take their trials for a criminal offence, and had the documents been forthcoming, which were supposed to be in existence, and of the full purport of which the Duke had probably not been aware, the results might have been more serious than they were. As it was, the Duke of Cumberland escaped with an indirect censure from the House of Commons. He withdrew from the society; the society was suppressed, and Orangeism, in its dangerous shape, became a matter of history."

The general impression seems now to be, that the Duke was, from first to last, as much a gull as a traitor—a tool in the hands of the disloyal Orangemen, rather than an active conspirator. The late king is succeeded by his only surviving child, George Frederick, a Prince of amiable dispositions, but, unfortunately, completely blind. His father, in consequence, left directions that twelve counsellors be sworn to attend perpetually, in rotation of twos, for reading over to him, slowly and audibly, every state document, and for attesting his signature.

A change in the present formation of the Cabinet is spoken of as probable. According to this rumor, for as yet, it is nothing more, Sir James Graham is to succeed Sir George Grey in the Home Office; the Duke of Newcastle is to take the place of the Marquis of Lansdowne, as President of the Council; and the Right Hon. Fox Maule is to retire from the office of Secretary at War, in favor of the Right Hon. Sydney Herbert.

Dr. Newman's application to have the trial, in the case of the Queen v. Newman, postponed, until the first day of Easter term, in order to enable the defendant to procure the necessary witnesses from the continent, has been refused. There is a determination, on the part of the judges, that the Reverend gentleman shall be condemned, and that Achilli shall be pronounced guiltless of the crimes laid to his charge. The surest way of effecting this, is to prevent the witnesses, who could testify to the guilt of the complainant, from appearing in court to give their evidence; and accordingly, the trial is, contrary to every principle of justice and common sense, thus indecently hurried on. It is not difficult to anticipate what kind of a verdict and sentence will be delivered by Protestant jurors, and Protestant judges, who have already prejudged the case. From sad experience, Catholics know how little justice can be expected in Protestant courts of law, whenever a

case of Protestant v. Catholic, comes before them for adjudication; were any additional proofs of this melancholy fact necessary, they would be found in the case of the unjustly condemned Mr. Weale, and in that of the Evangelical prostitute—Miss Adams—the Hammersmith heroine, who has just been acquitted by a Protestant jury, of the crime of perjury, though her guilt was as clear as the sun at noon-day. "We would as soon think of looking for wool on a hog's back," says the *Tablet*, "as impartial justice from Lord Campbell, in a case in which his worst and foulest passions are so deeply engaged." He might have added, that, corrupt as the Neapolitan tribunals are said to be, there is more of honesty in their composition, and far less gross prostitution in their administration of justice, than there is in the courts of law of Protestant England; nor do we think, that he would, by so doing, have paid a very high compliment to the purity and integrity of Neapolitan judges.

The prospects of the Irish Catholic University are most cheering. We read in the *Tablet*, that in less than three months, with a very imperfectly organized system of collection, and with all the difficulties attending the commencement of such a work, the gross sum remitted from America amounts to £2,014 11s 4d. The collection for the next three months is expected to be more than treble the amount; New York alone will send from fifteen to twenty thousand dollars.

The long expected returns, moved for during the last Session of Parliament, and most reluctantly accorded by our precious No-Popery government—relative to the mortality in those infernal charnels—the Protestant poor-houses of Ireland—have been at length published. "Never," says S. G. Osborne, "never has it fallen to my lot to read so awful an exposure of suffering, death, and gross neglect of the commonest decencies of humanity."

From the returns, it appears that for the year ending March 1851, the number of deaths in the Kilrush Union houses was 1,642—and in those of Ennistimon 1,326, or 3,028 in these two unions alone—being at the rate of nearly nine a-day. "Were this mortality not a fact," says the *Times*, "it would be incredible. Unfortunately, it is too natural a consequence, from the miserable food, and other accommodation, inflicted by the cruelty, or the neglect of the guardians, on their miserable charges." How thankful should not the Irish be for the blessing of a paternal and truly Protestant government!

But fearful as is the above dreary scroll of mortality, it is far from giving a true picture of the horrors of a Protestant poor-house. "It being certain," according to Mr. Osborne, "that numbers have entered the Union-houses of Kilrush, of whose exit, dead or alive, no trace can be found; who perished in the crowd, were thrust out unperceived, or disappeared like poisoned rats, nobody knows where"—for which mercies, the true evangelical Protestant will lick his lips, and devoutly thank God, that the famine has done its work upon Papists, and paupers. It seems that the real amount of the mortality was not known, even to the officials, and that the calculations founded on the number of coffins daily required for these troublesome paupers, cannot be relied upon. For the last six months, the expenses for the dead paupers, for coffins, and cartage of corpses, in the Kilrush Union alone, came to £128 16s 1d, or about 14s 2d a-day; whilst during the same period, the expenses of feeding and clothing the living wretches, amounted to barely 1½d per day, per head; so that really, leaving all questions of humanity out of sight, as perfectly unsuited to the atmosphere of a Protestant poor-house, it would have been cheaper to have fed and clothed the paupers properly, than to starve them on three halfpence a day. Oatmeal would have proved, in the long run, less expensive than coffins; but then, certainly, there was this advantage, attendant upon the government system, that by feeding and clothing paupers on Protestant poor-house principles, they were soon got rid of; and as the *Times* truly observes, "the death of a pauper is a saving to the public."

The visit of Lola Montes to the United States has been sadly mistimed. She should have arrived some months sooner, or else waited until the Kossuth-mania had subsided. As it is, she has created no sensation at all; the patriot has it all his own way, whilst the *ballet-dancer* is clean forgotten. The ex-Governor of Hungary has thrown the ex-favorite of Bavaria into the shade, and the long harangues and flowing periods of Kossuth prove "metal more attractive" than the short petticoats, and well turned ankles of the *figurante*.

If the world can be saved by speaking, Kossuth is the man that will do it—for he speaks much, and plausibly; if he is not a great statesman, he is a voluminous orator; and whatever doubts may exist as to his claims as a patriot, no one can charge him with too much modesty, or with underrating his merits, and the important part which he is called upon to play, in the great European social and political drama, of which the second act is about to commence. For Kossuth must speak, and speak good of himself; it is the necessity of his position; an incontinence of words is his besetting sin, which nothing can overcome; not even sea-sickness, which subdueth all things else.

After a fortnight's tossing on the Atlantic, and with his giddy brains still turning round as in a whirlpool, he is still able to whisper confidentially in the ears of the great American people, that "he thinks no small beer of himself," and to let them know "that he, a plain, poor penniless exile, has become almost a centre of hope and confidence to the most different nations." They, triumphing over nausea, this "centre of hope" assured his hearers that, "Humble as he was," (and a very pattern of humility he is, surely,) "God Almighty had selected him to represent the

cause of humanity before them;" though from what we have seen of landmen, after a fortnight's knocking about in a gale of wind, with a heavy head-sea, we suspect he must have been, at the moment, a rather seedy representative of the cause of humanity. The "centre of hope" next described himself as one out of whom "the Almighty has been pleased to make yet another opportunity for a thing, which may prove a happy turning point in the destinies of the world;" and then, as if conscious that he had said enough about himself, commenced a confession of his political principles, which seem to consist in—becoming all things to all men. As the Red Republican of Marseilles, and the well beloved of Louis Blanc, was suddenly metamorphosed into a Constitutional Monarchist by the magic grasp of a Mayor's hand at Southampton; so it seems that he has undergone another change upon his arrival at New York—for he proclaimed himself a "Republican," which, to his hearers, signified the enemy of an hereditary executive; at least such is the meaning generally attached to the word "Republican," in the XIX. century. As a Republican, he represented himself as the advocate of non-intervention, and, by way of a corollary from this principle, endeavored to show how it was the duty and interest of the United States Government, forcibly to interfere with the internal affairs of Russia and Austria, and to encourage a gigantic Cuban Expedition against the Continental powers of Europe. He concluded a long speech, by becoming suddenly tender again, protesting that his heart throbbled at the idea of reviewing the civic militia, and putting the sacred cause of freedom, and the independence of Hungary, under the protection of the citizens of New York.

Thus Kossuth plainly tells his hearers that it is not merely their sympathy that he demands—that it is not only hospitality and an asylum that he requires at their hands—but their active interference with the Czar, should he again interfere to put down the insurrection, which Kossuth, pretty distinctly, intimates it is his intention to excite. At this announcement, a singular scene of confusion ensued at the Castle Garden meeting, which we find thus portrayed in the *Christian Inquirer*:—

"At this moment, strange to relate, numbers on either sides made for the doors. The trampling of feet, cries of 'order!' 'shame!' 'hats off!' 'go on!' drowned the voice of the speaker. He paused—recoiled—looked upon the confusion with a sort of patient indignation, while a gentleman whom we took for the Chief of Police endeavored, with an agony of effort, to prevail upon the crowd to command themselves. It was in vain; the rush to the doors continued, and among those who allowed themselves to offer this apparent insult to the nation's guest, we were sorry to observe some of our first citizens."

Mr. Seward's resolution, to the effect—"that Congress, in the name of the people of the United States, give to Louis Kossuth a cordial welcome to the capital and to the country, and that a copy of this resolution be transmitted to him by the President of the United States," has passed the Senate by a considerable majority; the votes being 33 to 6.

THE SORROWS OF ANGLICANISM.

The events of the last twelve months have been most disastrous to the Anglo-Catholic theory, or, as it is otherwise termed, High Churchism. We have seen the best, and bravest of its defenders, slowly and sadly, one by one, abandoning it as no longer tenable. Dr. Sumner has borne witness against, and Johnny Russell has reviled it—the Privy Council has sat in judgment upon it, and condemned it—the divinities of the Treasury have hardened their faces against it—little boys in the streets have wagged their heads at it, and testified against it, in their handwritings upon the walls of the metropolis—Exeter Hall has taken up its parable against it; the passions of the filthiest of all rabbles, a No-Popery mob, have been summoned to aid in the work of its destruction; and the storm of bigotry, evoked by the restoration of the Catholic Hierarchy of England, which passed harmless and unheeded over the Archbishop of Westminster, and the Primate of Ireland, has burst in all its fury upon the devoted heads of the Tractarian party, levelling them with the dust. It has been assailed by foes from without, and by traitors from within—by Catholics and by Protestants; but it was reserved for the *Edinburgh Review*, terrible as of yore in blue and buff, to deal the *coup de grace*, and put an end to the poor creature's agonised convulsions.

We have already given some extracts from the cruelly clever article to which we allude, headed—"The Anglo-Catholic Theory," and published in the October number of the *Edinburgh Review*; to-day we purpose giving a short analysis of its contents. The object of the writer is to prove, that it is impossible for the Anglican to admit the premises of the Catholic, and to protest against his conclusions—that in religion, a man must either be a Catholic, and admit authority—or a Protestant, and reject authority entirely—that every one must either take his stand upon Protestant principles, or take refuge in an infallible Church—that neither the laws of Christ, nor those of the human understanding, admit of any third alternative; and that there is no *via media* between absolute submission to the authoritative teaching of an infallible teacher, and the assertion of the absolute right of private judgment, with all its absurdities, and extravagances. Unintentionally the writer has rendered good service to the cause of truth and the Church; his logic, as directed against the *via media* of Anglicanism, is unanswerable; nor against Anglicanism alone; it tells as strongly against all forms of heresy or Protestantism, except in its last, and only legitimate development—Atheism, or Absolute Negation; his arguments are as powerful against the authority of the conventicle, as against that of the Church of England; and are as fatal to the impudent dogmatism of the orthodox Mr. Siggins on his tub, as to the more

gentlemanly expressed, but equally groundless pretensions of the Protestant Bishop of Oxford: they boldly proclaim the right of every man to believe just what he thinks fit, or else the duty of all to submit to Rome. His thesis is simply this—Between Ultra-Protestantism—that is, Nihilism,—and Popery, there is "no third alternative."

But the Anglo-Catholic theory, or High Churchism, professes to have discovered a "third alternative,"—a middle ground whereon to rest; claiming the right of private judgment as against Rome, with truly Protestant inconsistency, it asserts the duty of submission to authority as against the Dissenters: avowing the church to be fallible, it sets it up as a guide, and teacher—and demands us to yield obedience and reverence to it as pure, because it professes itself to have been once grossly corrupt.

"In other words, Tractarianism"—or High Churchism, for the terms are synonymous,—"developed the Anglo-Catholic theory of Church Principles; and then its best men pronounced it untenable within the Church of England. Most painful was the struggle; every resource which genius, learning, ability, and deep love could command, was vigorously used to obtain stability of intellectual conviction, and quietness of conscience within the church of their birth; slowly, reluctantly, in not a few instances amidst intense anguish, they came to the conclusion that the Church of England could not stand the test of Church Principles. They saw at last that, if Church Principles were true, no honest seeker for a Church founded on those principles could consistently remain within the Church of England. The competency of these men to try, and judge this great question no one can gainsay. Loving sons of their first mother, reverential, and even passionate admirers of her services, and her doctrine, creators of an organised party which expounded and defended the Anglo-Catholic theory with an energy and dialectical talent, perhaps unrivalled since the days of Plato, cheered by the enthusiastic support of an ever-increasing host of disciples, successful, to the astonishment of all the world, against the strongest tendencies of our age, and rapidly becoming the chiefs morally, if not hierarchically, of the English clergy—Newman and his fellow seceders had every human motive for continuing in that Church in which they were so great, and every qualification for carrying out Anglo-Catholicism to victory and triumph,

"Si Pergama dextra
defendi possent, etiam hac defensa fuissent."

No other cause can be conceived for abandoning a position so dear to natural and religious feeling, except utter despair of reconciling their principles with those of the Church of England. The more profoundly they felt the spirit of those principles, the more irresistibly were they impelled to abandon a church which contradicted them. Upon Church Principles they judged that the Church of England was not the Church of Christ; we re-echo the judgement, and we say that they judged rightly; and that the authority of the sentence thus pronounced binds every logical, and consistent Anglo-Catholic to give up his principles, or, to follow them out to Rome. This is so indisputable, that, instead of wondering that so many of the English clergy who have embraced this theory of the Church, pass into the Church of Rome, our wonder is, that any should have stopped upon the road; for there is in truth no half-wayhouse."

Nothing indeed can be more certain—that, if Christ did establish a Church, in the sense of Catholics, and Anglicans—the Church of England is not, and that the Church in communion with the See of Rome is, the Church so established—that, if we must submit to authority in matters of religion, it cannot be to the authority of a church, created by Act of Parliament, and "appointed by Law." Well and truly does the *Reviewer* remark, that predilections in favor of any particular set of doctrines, have nothing to do with conversions to Catholicity: that both by the Catholic, and the High Churchman, assent to dogmas is demanded, in the name of, and on the authority of the Church alone, independently of any insight of the understanding into their truth. That, "theological dogma neither attracts, nor repels the minds which are agitated by this movement,"—that is, by an ardent desire to know—a profound sense of the insufficiency of the human intellect to discover—and the consequent conviction of the absolute necessity of an infallible teacher to teach—the truth. Such a teacher the Anglican, as well as the Catholic, looks for in the Church, knowing that the True Church, must always teach the truth, and knowing likewise, that without such an infallible teacher, it is impossible to know what is true, and what false, in the supernatural order. But, as the *Reviewer* goes on to show, no Church can claim to be considered the *Ecclesia docens*, appointed by Christ Himself, with the promise of His ever-abiding presence, which does not also claim the attribute of infallibility, as to what it teaches; and as High Churchism does not claim infallibility for its Church of England, it follows that that Church is not the body appointed by Christ to teach all nations, until the consummation of all things.

The *Reviewer* then goes on to show, from history, from the Statute book, that the Church of England had nothing to do with the framing of its doctrines, its liturgies, or its rubrics: that these are but so many Acts of Parliament, commencing with 31, Henry VIII., and continued through succeeding reigns, to which, not even the consent of the degraded Prelates of the government church was requested. He shows that the Reformation was forced upon the church of England, against the will of its bishops—in spite of their opposition, and in defiance of their convictions. That the terrors of a *præmonition* alone coerced them into the admission of the Protestant principle—that the King's Majesty is Supreme Head and Governor of the Church of England—and that, lastly and decisively, "when the Church of England was formally constituted, by the Act of Uniformity, the whole Episcopate, save ONE, refused to recognize that church, and preferred to lose their sees, rather than authorise her (the Queen's) legitimacy and faith." Next, the Anglican theory of the independence of national churches, is dissected, and shown to be irre-