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THE TRUE WITNESS
AND
CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, OCT. 21, 1853.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

By the last accounts, Cholera was subsiding in those districts where it had first made its appearance; but several fatal cases had occurred in Liverpool, where the disease was steadily increasing. The Queen remains in Scotland, and the ministry are starting in the provinces, whilst in the city, and on the Stock Exchange the most violent excitement prevails. The Funds have fallen lower than at any time since 1849, and the transactions in the money market are compared to those of the epoch of the first French Revolution. Added to this, there is the panic occasioned by the certainty of a considerable deficiency in the grain crops, a deficiency estimated at about one fourth of the crop, and which is not counterbalanced by any excess in the other articles of consumption; the potato crop, it is now admitted, is very seriously, and very generally, affected. From all these unfavorable circumstances a recurrence of a commercial crisis, like that of 1847, is anticipated.

The news from the East is not calculated to restore confidence. Though much is still uncertain, and though the telegraph is, no doubt, freely made use of by reckless stock-jobbers, to influence the money market, we have positive intelligence which seems to leave no doubt of the certainty of war.—The French and British squadrons have, either in whole or in part, taken up a position in front of Constantinople; nominally to protect the Sultan against his turbulent subjects, though the Sultan protests that he needs no such protection, and the Turkish population are tranquil. This attempt to explain away, what is in reality an overt act of hostility, deceives no body; and it is much to be regretted that this same vigorous demonstration of the determination of the great powers of western Europe to oppose the aggressive designs of the Czar, had not been made at an earlier period; as in all probability it would have prevented the occupation of the Principalities by Russian troops, who will now not be very easily dislodged. Indeed the Russian government makes no secret of its intentions to retain possession of the invaded territory until the spring of next year.

Next we have a report that war has actually been declared by Turkey against Russia, contrary to the advice of the Four Powers; but this wants confirmation. It is certain however that a meeting of the Turkish Grand Council was held on the 27th ult., for the express purpose of discussing the question of peace or war; and as Turkey has a very good *casus belli* against Russia, and as it is also certain that the Moslems are highly indignant at the invasion of their territory, the report is by no means incredible. The question of war is but a question of time: sooner or later, Turkey will have to contend with Russia for her existence as a European nation, and perhaps the contest could never commence under more favorable auspices for the former, than at the present moment. The report of the declaration of war caused a still further decline in the British Funds, which fell on the receipt of the intelligence to 91. As a set off to these gloomy prospects, we are told that the Vienna negotiations are about to be resumed; and that Austria—in spite of all the blandishments thrown by the artful Nicholas over the tender Francis Joseph—is again ready to act in concert with the Western Powers. Austria has also consented to the release of Kosta, the notorious Hungarian refugee, who was to sail on the 21st ult. from Smyrna, for Boston, on board an American schooner.

The French journals are more occupied with the Emperor's triumphal procession than with the Eastern question: their tone is generally pacific, and seems to indicate the intention of the government to maintain peace at any price, even at the cost of abandoning Turkey to her fate—a fate not long doubtful if she be left to contend single handed with the colossus of the North.

The Grand Duke of Tuscany has again afforded most excellent matter for another frantic Exeter Hall demonstration. The facts of the case are these:—As a salutary precaution against the revolutionary designs of the demagogues, who, under the pretence of religion, have so often and so dangerously disturbed the peace of all the continental governments of Europe, the Tuscan authorities have been compelled to enforce the old laws against proselytising, and the circulating of irreligious, immoral and seditious works. As the principal agents in these illegal acts are emissaries from England, corrupt versions of the Holy Scriptures, and Protestant tracts generally, are included in the category of irreligious, and prohibited books. Whether the law of Tuscany

be good or bad, we are not called upon to pronounce an opinion. Its enforcement has been necessitated by the revolutionary intrigues of Mazzini, who skulking like a coward as he is, exposes his dupes to dangers from which he prudently shrinks; and besides, it is not for a British subject—the subject of a government which persecutes Catholic ecclesiastics, passes Ecclesiastical Titles Bills, and issues Proclamations against the wearing of his ecclesiastical costume by a Catholic Priest—to complain of the harshness or illiberality of the laws of Tuscany.—When the Penal Laws shall have been erased from our Statute Book, it will be time enough for us to set about revising the Criminal Code of other nations. But whether good or bad, as an independent nation, Tuscany has the right to enact and enforce its own laws: and if in their execution, these laws prove unpalatable to Protestant foreigners, the wisest course for the latter to adopt is to keep out of the Tuscan territory; but whilst residing therein they have no right to expect that they shall be permitted to violate its laws with impunity.

To these conditions it seems however that a very zealous, or rather very foolish, Protestant young lady, Miss Cunningham, would not submit. Whether *pro-prio motu*, or as the agent of others, we know not—Miss Cunningham, whilst travelling with her friends, took it upon herself to thrust her tracts—corrupt versions of the Scriptures—and other evangelical trash upon the Tuscan peasantry. She would not be advised by her friends, nor would she take a hint from the authorities—that neither her sex nor her country, could justify her, a stranger, in thus ostentatiously violating the laws of the land in which she had of her own free will, come to dwell—and that if persisted in, the Police could no longer shut their eyes to these repeated infringements of the Tuscan criminal code. Miss Cunningham, unfortunately for herself, would not be warned; and at last the authorities were compelled to notice her conduct. Then commenced a series of lies, and subterfuges, on the part of Miss Cunningham's friends, which will not tend to elevate the character of Englishmen, and Protestants, in the eyes of the Italians. Mrs. Cunningham and party waited on the Police—when asked "where was Miss Cunningham?" they answered—"Oh she was sick—she was too much of an invalid to quit her room." These falsehoods were of no avail; Miss Cunningham had to appear before the tribunals; and, as might have been expected, was committed to prison to stand her trial. The Grand Duke, when applied to, expressed great regret at the circumstances, but, at the same time justly observed, that neither sex nor country could palliate the conduct of Miss Cunningham, and that the law must have its course. The general opinion seems to be, that the trial will be hurried on, so as to cause the unfortunate young lady—who appears to have been the victim of an inordinate craving after notoriety—as little uneasiness as possible; and that, the laws of the land having been thus publicly vindicated, she will be set at liberty on condition of leaving the Tuscan dominions. The only danger is, lest the Protestant press of England, by its bluster and insolent bravado, put it out of the Grand Duke's power, consistently with a regard to his dignity, to pursue the line of conduct which his gentle, and benevolent disposition would otherwise lead him to adopt.

In spite of the arrival of the Asia steamer, we have nothing positive on the Eastern Question. One telegraphic report says that the Sultan has not signed the formal declaration of war: another, privately sent to the *Herald*, is to the following effect:—

The *Asia's* news confirms the declaration of war against Russia by the Porte; the latter giving the former Power four weeks to evacuate the Principalities. England and France have notified Russia that they will sustain Turkey.

THE MONTREAL GAZETTE ON
MARTYRDOM.

Never, since the days of that eminent Protestant saint and martyr, Titus Oates, who was whipt at the cart's tail for perjury, has the holy Protestant Faith had so glorious a confessor as the editor of the *Montreal Gazette*, lately indicted by the Grand Jury of the Court of Quarter Sessions, for obscenity; never, since the days when St. Paul addressed his last epistle to Timothy, has a more touching address been put forth than that which we had the pleasure to read in last Tuesday's *Gazette*, and in which the writer invokes for himself the sympathy of the public, as for a just man cruelly persecuted—as for a sufferer for righteousness' sake—as for one who is shortly about to be offered up, for having witnessed a good confession of the truth, as it is found in the pages of Dr. —.

The cries of the interesting and innocent victim are wringing in our ears—we hear the groans, which already, in anticipation of his sentence, the amiable sufferer in the cause of obscenity, is uttering. "His bellowings are frightful to hear," as Macaulay says of the illustrious Titus Oates; and moved to compassion at the sound, we are prepared to recognise in James Moir Ferres, another victim of the Man of Sin, and to assign him a niche in the Protestant Val-halla, by the side of Achilli, Leahy, Maria Monk, and the other saints of the Newgate calendar.

How his co-religionists will relish the attempt, on the part of the editor of the *Montreal Gazette*, to identify his nasty cause with that of their religion—or whether they will feel grateful to him for his efforts to make it appear that, to attack obscenity is to persecute Protestantism—it is not for us to say; the *Montreal Gazette* may be right, though we cannot but think that he will find few sympathisers outside of the brothels. But these matters we leave Protestants to arrange as they please: and if they choose to claim James Moir Ferres as a martyr to their religion, because he has been indicted for advertising

filthy and immoral publications, we shall offer no objections. All we can say is, that we do not envy them their choice, and cannot felicitate them, upon their good taste, or respect for decency. He is but the *dirty* martyr at best.

But we cannot so easily, allow to pass certain statements of the *Montreal Gazette*, in which the writer endeavors to distort the facts of the case, and seeks to palliate the enormity of his offence.—He says that he has been indicted "for advertising a Medical Book"—and for publishing what appeared to be "a Medical Book." Both these statements are deliberately false. The editor of the *Montreal Gazette* well knows that the book was not "a Medical Book"—that is, a book for the use of members of the profession; but that it was a book—addressed to non-professional persons, to young men and women, with the object of initiating them into the filthiest and most abominable of practices. The editor of the *Gazette* was, as we have shewn before, fully aware of the nature of the book; for, as we learn from the *Herald*, Protestant gentlemen of this city, medical men of the highest standing in their profession, waited on him, pointed out to him the nature of the book, and the object of the writer; and urged him, again and again, not to be aiding and abetting in the circulation of a book, so notoriously vile that it had already been stopped at the Post Office, on account of its disgusting immorality, and dangerous tendencies. To all these remonstrances the editor of the *Gazette* turned a deaf ear. He was hired to do a filthy job, and was determined to earn his beastly wages. He has earned them; and if the position he is in, be a most painful and humiliating one—if he stands branded as the Apostle of obscenity, and be held up to the execration of the public as a sordid and mercenary wretch, who, for a few dollars, is ready to pander to the lowest appetites of man's animal nature—he has but himself to thank for it. In all civilised communities, offences such as his are punished. "Bestiality—circulating obscene books—indecent exposure"—and all such nasty offences—are punished in Protestant, as well as in Catholic, countries; and the perpetrators of them, by the universal consent of mankind, are looked upon, not as champions of the cause of religious liberty, to whom the martyr's crown is due, but as the most infamous of malefactors, for whom are rightly reserved the most ignominious punishments that the law can inflict.

We have, as we said last week, no wish to prejudice the unhappy man's case; but if he will be so ill advised as to challenge admiration as a martyr, he must expect to be shown up in his proper colors, as a very nasty criminal, guilty of one of the meanest, and most loathsome offences, of which a man can be accused. If he is wise, the editor of the *Montreal Gazette* will refrain from thrusting himself before the public as a martyr. We shall leave him to be dealt with as he deserves by the laws of the country.

If our French Canadian fellow citizens ever cast their eyes over the pages of our Anglo Saxon, and Protestant Journals, they must feel amazed, if not flattered, at the compliments paid to their intelligence, and at the means proposed for their "redemption." Unhappy Jean Baptiste! in the estimation of your highly enlightened, and—for their pure morality—world-renowned Protestant neighbors, you are in a "parlous state": your cows are small, and give but little milk; your fields are badly tilled; your account at your bankers is but small; and, of course, as the necessary consequence of all these enormities, your account in heaven's chancery presents a sad balance against you. You are but a lost Jean Baptiste, if the Anglo Saxons do not redeem you.

Listen to the crimes which the recording angel of the *Sun* has set down against you—Oh unhappy Papists of Lower Canada—your "inwards," and your "outwards," rise in judgment against you—physically, morally, and spiritually, you are degraded—in your cows, in your boots, and in your tobacco, you are condemned into everlasting redemption. We will read the charges against you—And first for your "outwards":—

"You stick to the grey coat and pantaloons, surmounted by the blue bag for a cap, which never leaves your head except when you perform one of your very frequent salutations. To these it must be added that your shoes or boots are home-made, and of course not much like anybody's else."—*Sun 15th inst.*

And this is more masters than you can deny: you stand convicted of dressing plainly, decently, and economically, in a manner befitting your occupation, and your means. It seems also, from your "very frequent salutations" that, in spite of your poverty in many cases, and your unpretending exterior, you still have the feelings and manners of gentlemen, that in fact you practise the absurd precept of the Apostle, "Be courteous." Well, and with a safe conscience, may your Anglo-Saxon Protestant neighbor reproach you with this, for no one will ever dream of retorting the charge upon him, or taxing him with a like weakness. Rough, coarse, and brutal, in manner and speech, he, at least, is never guilty of "frequent salutations" beyond a "God D—," or "D— your soul;" he, at least, knows how to behave himself as becomes a man, a Briton, or a true bred Yankee. And then, for your "inwards"—Alas Jean Baptiste, what a sad state they are in!—

"One might say behold a vacuum; but no; there is no such thing as a vacuum in nature; and there is here something which has learned to speak, to go through an ancient form of practise styled *farming*, and another form styled *worship*. Your only intellectual culture is of the lowest kind."—*Id.*

It is also down against you, in black and white, that though fond of amusements, you demur to incurring expenses which you can ill afford: and that though you

did not come to the Provincial Exhibition, you will abandon your farm, leave even your crops to decay, to hurry off with your wife and children, to Mass—"an ancient practice styled *worship*,"—towards an ancient, and—in all thoroughly Protestant and go-ahead countries—obsolete Being "*styled God*."—No.—Jean Baptiste—there is no use attempting to deny it; you stand convicted, of neglect of farming, and a superstitious reverence for your Creator; you plainly care more about your soul than you do about your crops; and to save the first, you would evidently, if necessary, leave the other to decay. Besides, you care not to gratify yourself with costly indulgences.—Jean Baptiste, what can be said in your behalf?—Not much; but we will do our best.

We would throw ourselves on the mercy of the Court: confessing our guilt, and urging a plea in mitigation of punishment. Yes, we confess to the "grey coats;" and, in contrition of heart, we acknowledge the "pantaloons, and the home-made boots." We do not attempt to deny our "very frequent salutations," and admit that we have still a kind, and civil word for all whom we meet, whether friend, or the way-faring man: even in our humble cottages, and amidst our ill ploughed fields, we have retained a courtesy, and refinement of manners, which have been pretty generally banished from all Protestant communities. Yes, gentlemen, we recognise our weaknesses; but trust that by following your example, we may, in a few years, become as boorish and churlish as the most sturdy and enlightened Anglo-Saxon amongst you. With such models before our eyes, we cannot fail to amend.

For our "inwards" we likewise offer no defence. We confess that we live honestly and soberly, and that although no way averse to innocent amusements, we do not like incurring debts which we cannot pay. We admit also our sad want of information in the arts of cheating our neighbors, and grinding the poor—of bill-shaving, and fraudulent bankruptcy—in which you gentlemen are such admirable proficient, and of which you have given us such admirable examples.—For our superstition, that is more the fault of our priests than of ourselves; for they are continually preaching to us, that eternity is longer than time; and that it little profits a man to gain the whole world, and save his crops, if he lose his soul. No doubt gentlemen, with the benefit of your admonitions, the exhortations of your missionaries, and the attentive perusal of the immoral, irreligious, and obscene works which you take such pains to circulate amongst us—we shall in time throw off these superstitions, together with grey coats, blue bonnets, and marvellous boots, and become altogether like one of yourselves. Have patience with us gentlemen, and we will rapidly improve.

And in the meantime, in mitigation of punishment, we would urge the advantages which you have derived from our wickedness. If we have not contributed much to your Exhibition, we have cost still less to your Penitentiary; and our "ancient form styled *worship*" to that superannuated, and altogether behind the age, Being, "*styled God*," has preserved you from many an expence to which your more enlightened, more progressive, and decidedly Protestant fellow citizens of the Upper Province expose you. Out of our population of 890,171, we furnish you with 38 criminals; whilst, with a population of 952,000, moral and enlightened Upper Canada gives you 100 to take care of, and provide for: "We are cheap" gentlemen, and that ought to say a good deal in our favor; and though our clients are, in the polite language of the brilliant *Sun*—merely things which have learned to speak—we would put it to the court if, after all, they are not preferable to things which have learned how to lie and cheat, to pick and steal? The Court will, we trust, return a verdict in our favor.

FINDING OF THE COURT.—That Jean Baptiste is very tenacious of the customs of his ancestors.—That the grey coat and pantaloons are proved—that it is found that he has strange boots on his feet, and the fear of God in his heart; that he likes amusements, and is assiduous in worship: that he is an indifferent farmer, but attentive to his religious duties; a bad speculator, but a good Christian; often in church, but seldom in jail.

SENTENCE OF THE COURT.—That Jean Baptiste be allowed to remain as he is, for the term of his natural life.

CITY COUNCIL.—On Monday, a special meeting of this body was held to take into consideration a letter from Col. Gagy, announcing his temporary appointment to the command of the extraordinary police force of two hundred pensioners. On the motion of Councillor Coursol, it was agreed that Colonel Gagy be informed that instructions had been given to Col. Ermatinger to co-operate with him in taking the measures necessary to secure the peace of the city. A strong feeling against placing the command of the city police under the orders of Colonel Gagy seemed to prevail in the Council; and some of the members protested loudly against his appointment, as an insult to the civic authorities; "they neither wanted him, nor the force under his command."

The *Montreal Freeman* has made its appearance before the public, and will continue to be issued twice a week, until its proprietors shall have concluded their arrangements for a tri-weekly publication.

The appearance of our new cotemporary is highly creditable to the proprietors and publishers. For the elegance of its typographical department it is not excelled by any journal in the Province; and its editorials are written with much tact and ability; the selections also are in good taste and interesting.—Altogether we doubt not that the *Montreal Freeman* will rapidly acquire a great popularity, and amply remunerate its proprietors for their expense and trouble.