

THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE,  
PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY AFTERNOON,  
At the Office, No. 3 McGill Street.  
TERMS:  
To Town Subscribers. . . . \$3 per annum.  
To Country do. . . . \$2½ do.  
Payable Half-Yearly in Advance.

All communications to be addressed to the Editor of THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE, post paid.

# THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, DEC. 5, 1851.

## NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The Irish papers contain the most flattering accounts of the progress and prospects of the Irish Catholic University. The amount of receipts, since the last meeting of the Committee, exceeds £1,000.—Dublin has been unanimously selected as the site of the new University, of which, it is confidently asserted, that Dr. Newman is to be President. At a meeting of the Committee, on Wednesday, the 12th Nov., His Grace the Primate in the chair, letters of the most promising character were read from the Rev. Collectors in this country. The amount collected in Newfoundland, in a few days, by the Rev. Mr. Hearne, was £400. The *Tablet* mentions, that the statutes of the Synod of Thurles are in the course of publication among the Clergy for official purposes, and that that part of them, which most immediately concerns the public at large, will soon be made generally accessible. At the opening of the third session of the Goddess or Queen's College at Cork, there was, according to the *Times*, a good attendance of Protestant ministers of the Government church, "but not a single dignitary, Priest or Curate" of the Catholic Church.

There has been a well attended meeting of the General Committee of the Catholic Defence Association, the Archbishop of Armagh in the chair; amongst the Prelates were the Archbishops of Tuam and Cashel, and the Bishops of Meath, Killaloe and Elphin. We read in the *Freeman*, that "the basis of decisive and early operations has been laid by the Committee," and that "the organization of the old and victorious Catholic Association will soon stand revived in its whole force and extent."

A meeting of all the Catholic Bishops of England was to take place at the residence of His Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, on which occasion, for the first time for many centuries, thirteen English Bishops will be assembled together.—This bodes some more audacious violations of the Penal Laws.

The *Freeman* publishes a letter from the unfortunate O'Donoghue, giving an account of the atrocities exercised upon him, and his brothers in exile, by order of the British Government; that very Government which pretends to be so horrified at the manner in which the convicts of Naples are treated, and which deifies Kossuth, for doing in Hungary, what Smith O'Brien and his companions attempted to do in Ireland:—

Oatlands, Van Dieman's Land, Wednesday, May 7, 1851.

I have so much to say, I scarcely know where I shall begin, but the most natural way is to commence where I left off in my last letter. I think I wrote poor James a letter in the first week in January, while I was lying sick in bed in custody of the police, stating the fact of my arrest, and that I was sentenced to three months' imprisonment and hard labor in the chain gangs of Port Arthur.

I remained in this state fourteen days; but having heard that O'Dogherty and McManus had been sent to their penal stations in Tasman's Peninsula, I resolved that, sick or well, I should be removed, lest it should be said I acted as a coward, or was shrinking from danger. Full of those feelings, I sent word to the controller that I was ready for removal. Whereupon, on the 8th of January, 1851, I was taken at five o'clock in the morning in custody to the prisoners' barracks of Hobart Town, stripped of my clothes, and dressed in the convict grey uniform—they even took off my shirt, and put on me a filthy chequer one—and conveyed me to a government steamer, and placed me on board with thirty robbing, thieving, murdering convicts.—The steam got up, and we were soon aloft. The distance we had to sail was about 80 miles. I must tell you Tasman's Peninsula is situated at the southwestern extremity of Van Dieman's Land, divided from the main land by an isthmus called "Eagle hawk neck," which is guarded by wild dogs chained at such distances as to meet at the centre of the isthmus.—The most extreme point of the peninsula is Cape Pillar, which is the most southerly headland bounding the Pacific, and near the mouth of the Derwent. On this peninsula, situated so securely, is the famous penal station of Port Arthur. There are three other out stations on the peninsula, but not so severe. The "Cascaides," where McManus was sent, is one of those stations. "Impression Bay," where O'Dogherty was sent, is another of them. "Saltwater River" is another station. To this I was at first sentenced, but, on second thoughts, the government finding me so ill, and with that characteristic humanity which the British government ever show to their victims, finding me so very ill, sent me to Port Arthur, the severest penal settlement under the British crown! Little did they know how honored I felt at this heartless and inhuman sentence. This was the spot where they sought to take the life, by slow tortures, of the noble-hearted O'Brien, and thither I was doomed to go, there to suffer, and to live or die. Myself, and the group of rascally vagabond convicts that surrounded me, arrived on the evening of the day we embarked at a point of the peninsula called Norfolk Bay, and from thence we had to walk, guarded by police, across a neck of land, nine miles in breadth, to Port Arthur station.

On disembarking at Norfolk Bay, the thirty were chained together and handcuffed. The head-constable was a man named Kelly, from Dublin, and would not

chain me. A fellow named Major Smyley, of the 99th, inspected us there. He is brother to the Queen's Counsel of that name in Dublin—one of Blackburne's pets, and his father was "devil" to blood-stained Saurin when Attorney-General for Ireland. Having marched the nine miles, and arrived at Port Arthur, without food or drink all day, I was placed in a black hole, and kept there three hours, when a doctor came and ordered me to hospital, he having found the three broken ribs still bad and unknit. At the end of ten days I was quite well, and ordered into a gang chain to work. They first took me to a convict store-room, stripped me of the grey clothing, and dressed me in black and yellow striped clothes, which is the most degrading of all dresses, and is termed the magpie dress. I got a leathern cap to wear on my head, which they call a commissary, and strong clumsy shoes, without stockings for my feet. Thus equipped, I was numbered with the figures 147, and placed in a hard labor chain gang, with a brute named Hulme placed over me as overseer. I think he is a relative to the wretch who arrested Smith O'Brien at Thurles.

Now, I must tell you, as concisely as I can, my hours of labor, its nature, my hours of rest, the accommodation for repose, and the general discipline; but in doing this, it will be merely an outline, as I am about to write a "narrative of my residence in this colony."

The entire number of convicts at this station of Port Arthur was 300. These were divided into gangs of about 60 each, with two overseers over each gang. I was placed in the gang called the "agricultural gang," at task work. The 300 men slept in a long, narrow, low roofed shed, called a dormitory, their beds, or berths, or places of sleeping, are called "bunks."—There are two tiers of them, one over another—the bunks being separated by mere laths—each bunk is merely the length and breadth of a man—you must crawl in on hands and feet, roll yourself in a filthy rug and blanket, alive with vermin, and there sleep if you can. A clean pig-sty in any part of Ireland is preferable to a Port Arthur bunk! Having crept into this loathsome hovel, nothing but oaths, imprecations, and obscenity met the ear from the wretched companions all around, and between these sounds, the darkness of the den, and the torture of all sorts of vermin, it was truly an earthly hell. It was summer when I was there; 9 o'clock was the hour for retiring to this place of rest, and 4 o'clock in the morning the hour for rising. A bell rung at 4, and you were allowed 5 minutes to dress, fold your rug, and sweep out your "bunk." The 300 men were marched, rank and file, two deep, to a cistern to wash; and here men with inveterate ophthalmia on the eyes, ulcerated legs and arms, and all manner of diseases, performed indiscriminately their morning ablutions. This process lasted half an hour; the gangs again mustered rank and file under their overseers' orders, and were marched to their respective places of worship; prayers lasted half an hour, and at five o'clock the gangs again were mustered, and marched, rank and file, two deep, through the outer gate of the prison, where the superintendent and muster master stood and called out each man's name, to which an answer should be given, accompanied by a salute. The gangs were then marched to their work, and each man was at his daily labor at half-past five o'clock in the morning. We worked till eight, and were marched in to breakfast, when we got some coarse brown bread, and a pint of skilly. Skilly is made of coarse flour and water, without salt. After breakfast we mustered again, and were marched back to our work, where we continued till 12 o'clock, then we were marched to dinner, when we got some coarse broth and bread, with a very few ounces of very bad meat—mustered again, and marched to work till six o'clock—brought to prison again, rank and file—general muster—names called over—stood in columns with legs bare and uncovered (this was the most insulting and degrading scene in the vile discipline—it was quite humanely), got some brown bread and skilly—to prayers at half-past six, prayed till seven—then to school—remained at school till eight, listening to atrocious recitals of crimes of every enormity—after school to the "bunks."

This is a short account of one day's life at Port Arthur—multiply it by 97, and you will form a sort of estimate of what I had to endure. During the early part of my time I was kept sowing corn, digging ground, and sowing vegetables. It was broiling hot weather, and to be kept 17 hours, out of every 24, standing under a blazing sun was hard enough. I remember one day being marched eight miles into the bush with a scythe to cut down grass, tie it up, load a bullock dray with it, and then walk eight miles back, and never taste food or drink all the while. I presume the Whig press, including the London *Examiner*, will call this "merciful treatment" of an Irish rebel.—During the latter days of my sentence I was put to besom making. This was considered a sinecure!

While undergoing my besom making probation I had to go into the bush at half-past five o'clock in the morning, with a sickle in my hand, out down a load of "cutting grass," tie it up, carry it three miles on my back to a hut, then cut down New Zealand flax, split it up, make twisted gads of it, then sit down and make twenty four besoms, tie them up, and carry them in on my back, and deliver them to the store-keeper; and if it were one short of that number I should go into a black hole for solitary confinement. This was the most dangerous work that could be invented for me, because every time that I put my hand among the tufts or tussocks of cutting grass I was in danger of being bitten by a snake, and yet this was a sinecure! How merciful those Whigs are! Are there any hearts or souls remaining in the priests and the people of Ireland? If there be, surely, surely, those "dogs of office," Russell, Grey, and Clarendon, must be driven from their bones. I should rather hear that the land of my birth perished and disappeared from the earth than that her people should submit to the misrule of those miscreants—those "base, bloody, and brutal Whigs," whom the man who thus stigmatised them, afterwards, in the plenitude of his power, left as a legacy to Ireland! Alas for human weakness.

Well, at the expiration of my sentence, a second sentence was passed upon me—that was, to be removed to the Oatlands district, in the bush, where I could have no possible occupation or employment. I remonstrated against this fresh injustice; but in vain. I was accordingly sent to this place on the 15th April last; and how am I to live here, or how long, God knows.

P. O'DONOGHUE.

It is hard to say whether the brutality of the government towards its victims, or its hypocritical sympathy for Poerio, and the Italian cut-throats, is the more disgusting.

At New York, at Portland, and at Philadelphia, large meetings have been held for the purpose of petitioning the President of the United States to use his influence with the British government, in behalf of those distinguished Irishmen who are now expiating, in exile, the offence of having attempted to procure Irish Emancipation.

The *Spectator* thus sums up the intelligence from the Cape of Good Hope:—

The last mail from the Cape of Good Hope brings plenty of newspaper writing, but the news amounts to a simple reiteration of the statement that bad is going on to worse. The troops in Caffraria are becoming sensible of a growing ability in the Caffres to annoy them; and Sir Harry Smith's congratulatory orders of the day are less calculated to encourage them, than to throw dust in the eyes of the public at home. In the Eastern districts of the colony every road is rendered insecure by prowling Caffres and Hottentots. In the Sovereignty, considerable alarm has been excited among the settlers by the arrival of several hundreds of Zoolu allies. There is everywhere anarchy and turbulence, and no appearance of either head or hand to restore order.

## PROTESTANT CHURCH AT ROME.

We copy from a Protestant cotemporary, the *Church*, of Toronto, the following article, headed

### "ROMISH TOLERATION."

"We learn from our English exchanges that the Pope anticipating a demand for liberty to erect a Protestant Church in 'the eternal City,' has abolished a precedent on which much weight was laid.

"The *English Churchman* says:—Permission was given in an impulse of gratitude by Pío Nono, to the American Chargé d'Affaires, Mr. Cass, in return for his preventing the Propaganda College from being turned into barracks for Garibaldi's legionaries during the siege of Rome, for an American congregation to meet within the walls. That permission is now withdrawn, and they may find the best extramural accommodation they can."

"Should the British or United States governments, acting upon the principle of reprisal, adopt a corresponding line of action towards the Romanists inhabiting their territories, would the *True Witness* be prepared to impugn the justice, or liberality of their proceedings? Most probably our Montreal cotemporary would prefer to blink the question, at the present juncture, but we would recommend it to his special consideration. He had better be preparing his reply, as it is not at all likely that Rome's cherished policy of giving nothing and grasping at everything, will be much longer tolerated by anti-papal Christian powers."

So very much has been written on this subject, that in despair of saying any thing new, we have hitherto held our peace; but as our cotemporary thus challenges us, and as it is not our custom to blink a question proposed to us, we shall endeavor to meet our adversary boldly and honestly. In substance, the question he proposes to us is—"Would it be just for the British and United States governments, to put any restrictions upon the full and free exercise of the Catholic religion within their dominions, because the Pope puts restrictions upon the introduction of Protestantism into Rome?" By stating the question in this form, we retain the substance of the subject matter in dispute, divested of the other complicated questions, as to why—and how far—the Pope has prohibited the erection of Protestant churches within the walls of the city. The conduct of the Pope towards Protestant strangers at Rome, cannot alter the duties of the British government towards British subjects at home. Justice is always justice, and cannot be affected by the behavior of a third party. We answer, therefore, without hesitation, that it is, and must always be, grossly unjust, on the part of any Protestant government, to put any restrictions whatsoever, on the full and free exercise of the Catholic, or of any other religion.

No body of men—Government—Church—call it what you will—of which infallibility, in matters of religious doctrine, cannot be predicated, has any right to encourage or discourage—foster or persecute—introduce or prohibit—or in any way interfere with any form of religion, because, as without infallibility, it can have no certainty of truth, and is unable to distinguish unerringly between the true and the false, it might, through ignorance, be encouraging, fostering, or introducing error—or discouraging, persecuting, and prohibiting truth. Absolute toleration of all religions is, therefore, the duty of all societies, of which infallibility cannot be predicated.

But infallibility cannot be predicated either of the British government, or of the government church.

Therefore, neither the British government, nor the government church, has any right to encourage or discourage—foster or persecute—introduce or prohibit, or in any way interfere with, any form of religion whatsoever. Absolute toleration of all religions is its duty, because the inevitable consequence of its position, that is, of its inability to distinguish, unerringly, betwixt truth and falsehood. No act of any foreign power, can release the British government from the obligation of fulfilling its duty towards all its subjects.

Again, as absolute toleration of all religions is the duty of all societies, of which infallibility cannot be predicated—so, absolute intolerance towards all religions, except its own, is the duty of every society of which infallibility can be predicated. This truth is universally admitted, and universally acted upon—by Protestant as well as by Catholic governments, because there are questions upon which even Protestant governments can arrive at an infallible decision. Thus, there are many crimes—not directly injurious to society—but which affect only the individuals who are guilty of them—blasphemy—sins of impurity, which it is needless to specify—which all governments claim the right of not tolerating, because they can pronounce with infallible certainty, that such crimes are—if not directly injurious to any, save those who commit them—yet, offensive in the highest degree to God—and it is the duty of all governments not to

tolerate any thing which they infallibly know to be contrary, and highly offensive to His will.

But false doctrine is as offensive to God—as contrary to His will, as blasphemy and sins of impurity—as adultery or murder.

If, therefore, any government could be infallibly certain of the falsity of any doctrines, (which presupposes the power of knowing infallibly what doctrines are true,) it would not only have the right, but it would be its bounden duty, not to tolerate such false doctrines, and to look upon them with the same abhorrence, as it looks upon the crimes of blasphemy, impurity, adultery and murder. We do not say to treat the holders of false doctrine, in the same way as it treats the blasphemer, the uncleanness, or the murderer, because the errors of the former may proceed from a defect in the intellect; the crimes of the latter must proceed from defect in the will; but the crime itself is, in no case, to be tolerated. Absolute intolerance of all false doctrine, is just as much the duty of all governments of which infallibility can be predicated, as absolute toleration of all doctrines is the duty of all governments of which infallibility cannot be predicated.

Whilst, therefore, the duty of toleration upon the part of the Protestant government is clear, the justice or injustice of the conduct of the Pope, in discountenancing Protestantism at Rome, depends upon, whether the Pope can, or cannot know, with infallible certainty, what doctrines are true, and what are false. If, as a Bishop of the Catholic Church, and as Christ's Vicar on earth, he can so distinguish, then it is his duty, as a civil ruler—as the temporal sovereign of Rome—to use every means in his power to exclude all false doctrines from his dominions. Why, even Anglican Bishops—the mere creatures and tools of the civil power—the efficacy of whose consecration is solely derived from an Act of Parliament, and to whom the decisions of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, supply the place of the teaching of the Holy Ghost—why, even an Anglican Bishop would, if he could, exclude from his diocese, all doctrines, contrary to those which he preaches at so much per annum. Dr. Philpotts would not have allowed the entrance of the Gorhamite heresy into his diocese, could he have excluded it, for his consecration oath binds him to "be ready to banish and drive away all erroneous and strange doctrine"—and to correct and punish the disturbers of the peace, according to the authority committed to him by the law of the land. Shall, then, a Catholic Bishop be more remiss than an Anglican superintendent? Shall the Pope—the successor of St. Peter—be less zealous than Dr. Philpotts, the Queen's Bishop of Exeter? Shall the Bishop of Rome, having the power to exclude false doctrine from his diocese, be asked, not only—not to exclude it, but to allow its introduction? Why this would, indeed, be asking him to stultify himself—to acknowledge himself an impostor—as contemptible, because as inconsistent, as poor Dr. Sumner, with his shuffling, and quibbling about Episcopal ordination, and non-Episcopal ordination. Besides, when the Pope is requested to grant permission for the erection of a Protestant church, in which Protestant doctrines are to be preached—he has the right to know what kind of doctrine, Protestant doctrines are—what form of damnable heresy—what kind of mortal sin it is, that he is requested to tolerate—Whether Trinitarian, or anti-Trinitarian doctrines—whether Mormonism, or Anglicanism, or Hlickism, or Juniperism, or Universalism, is the Protestant doctrine, for whose dissemination he is to allow the erection of a temple. Before accusing the Pope of injustice or *illiberality*, (though the latter is a compliment,) our opponent should define what a Protestant church is, and what kind of error it is to which, *par excellence*, the name Protestant doctrine belongs; as yet, all that the Pope knows is, that a few foreigners demand permission to propagate their heresies throughout his dominions—to preach denial of his authority, and encourage his people to rebellion. And this our Protestant friends may be assured the Pope will not grant; his duty is to keep the wolves out of the fold, not to let them in; it was bad enough that the adversary should sow tares in the field, whilst the husbandman slept; but what should we have thought of the latter, if, wide awake, and in full possession of his senses, and with power to prevent it, he had allowed, nay invited, the adversary—the Satan—to do his best to ruin the prospects of the future harvest.

But we can adduce another reason why the Pope cannot permit the establishment of a Protestant church within his diocese, the force of which our cotemporary, as an Anglican Episcopalian, must admit. By the word Church, of course, he does not mean merely a material edifice—a collection of wood, stones, brick and mortar—but a christian community, and, of course, a community governed by a Bishop, with the right of spiritual jurisdiction; for, if he be indeed a member of the Church of England, he must look upon all other communities as heretical, and schismatic, and cannot, therefore, be supposed to be pleading for the establishment of heretical and schismatic communities. The permission to establish a Protestant church at Rome, must, therefore, with a consistent Anglican, imply the granting of permission to a Bishop to exercise independent spiritual jurisdiction in Rome. Our cotemporary will also admit that there cannot be two Bishops in one diocese; that a Bishop cannot exercise any lawful spiritual jurisdiction in the diocese of another; he must also admit that the Pope is Bishop of Rome, with exclusive right of spiritual jurisdiction within his diocese, and that therefore no other Bishop can exercise any independent spiritual jurisdiction therein; but, as without a Bishop, with the right of spiritual jurisdiction, there can be no church, it follows that the Pope cannot grant permission for the establishment of a Protestant church within his diocese.