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THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, FEB. 9, 1855.

We have received several complaints from subscribers, at Kemptville, and other places, that their papers come very irregularly; that they are often not delivered for days after they arrive, and are sometimes not delivered at all. We beg leave to assure our friends that the fault rests entirely with the Post Office authorities; and that it is to the negligence, or dishonesty of these functionaries, that they must attribute the irregularities of which they complain. Every precaution is taken here in Montreal to secure the punctual and safe delivery of the papers to our subscribers; but we have reason to fear that they are purposely delayed, or altogether withheld, by some of the gentry in the country Post Offices.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The negotiations in progress at Vienna have not been allowed to interfere with the operations in the Crimea, where large reinforcements were continually arriving, and every effort was being made to get the heavy guns into position. The long continued wet weather had considerably delayed the labors of the Allies, by rendering the roads almost impassable. Clothing for the troops, and huts had arrived in great quantities; but for the same reasons the greatest part of these stores, so indispensable in a climate like that of the Crimea, were still lying in heaps in the little town of Balaklava, whilst the men in front of Sebastopol were perishing from cold, and long continued exposure to the rigors of the climate. The London Times, who is somewhat given to croaking, draws but a melancholy picture of the state of the British army, which is so reduced by deaths and sickness, that it can scarce muster 15,000 effective men. All speculations, as to the result of the expedition, are worthless. By some officers of experience, Sebastopol is spoken of as almost impregnable, and certainly not to be taken without a three years' siege; others again, men of considerable note in their profession, talk sanguinely of the result of the meditated assault, and pretend that the city is incapable of holding out for more than three days, against the force which the Allies are able to direct against it. One thing however seems to be admitted on all hands—that the defences of Sebastopol are not only uninjured by the Allies' fire, but that on the 1st of January they were stronger and more formidable than on the first day of the siege.

The reports from the hospitals at Scutari are still very gloomy; though the heroic exertions of the Nuns, and of Miss Nightingale and her fellow-laborers, have done much to repair the negligence of the British Government. Against these admirable ladies, the evangelical press in England is beginning to vomit its filthy slanders; just as it has long been in the habit of doing against the Catholic religions. The foul-mouthed, impure-minded frequenters of the conventicle, look upon Miss Nightingale's benevolent mission to the East as little better than a "Romanising" movement; and consequently dread its effects upon British Protestantism, whose interests require that our suffering soldiers should be waited upon, not by young ladies, but by snuffy, bearded eyed, gin-drinking hags of the old Sairey Gamp, and Betty P. school; such as we find in the Hazlar Hospital, and kindred establishments, where the wants of the inmates are provided for by hirelings, or "regular nurses" as they are called. Regular devils they are too, as many a poor soldier and sailor has found to his cost. However, as pure Protestantism is more sacred in the eyes of the evangelical world, than the interests of mere common soldiers, a great outcry has been raised against Miss Nightingale; and the Times, which could hear unmoved the filthiest calumnies, when Catholic Nuns alone were calumniated—now that the same poisoned chalice is presented to his own lips—now when Protestant ladies are spoken of in terms not half so gross as are habitually employed against Catholic Sisters of Charity—even the Protestant Times cannot restrain his indignation at the "sheer beasts" of the evangelical press, as he very properly styles them:—

"Will it be believed that persons have been found of minds sufficiently impure and polluted to charge Miss Nightingale and her companions with want of delicacy and propriety? What had young women to do among wounded men? Why Miss Nightingale?—why not Sairey Gamp? Why a lady? Why not an iron-fisted old witch, reeking of onions and rum,

In Her Majesty's Naval Service, the term "Hazlar hag" has long been employed to denote, everything that is beastly and revolting in womankind. For the benefit of the uninitiated, we may add that "Hazlar hag" means a "regular nurse" in the military hospitals.

with one hand on her patient's pillow and another in his pocket? Why, in fact, were not regular nurses sent out? We might, perhaps, be induced to join in with this question, and also to say—why not? The fact is, none were sent, and a noble-hearted Englishwoman stepped in to supply the deficiency. Miss Nightingale invented female nurses at Scutari as one discoverer invented the steam-engine and another the printing-press. Your "regular nurses" comes before us as an amendment, not as an original proposition. On the sheer beasts—has the English language a stronger phrase?—who can attribute indelicacy to such actions we think it unnecessary to waste a further word."—London Times.

We recommend the above extract to the consideration of the friends of Achilli and Gavazzi. "Sheer beasts" they are, God knows.

From Western Europe we have little new to report. Prussia seems inclined to cast in her lot with the Allies; but she is looked upon with suspicion by France and Austria. In Sardinia, a Liberal government is actively engaged in robbing the Catholic Church. A measure is now pending, the object of which is to despoil the convents and religious establishments of their private property, to convert it to State purposes, and to suppress the religious orders—a piece of rascality against which the indignant protest of the Bishops has been uttered indeed, but it is to be feared, uttered in vain.

ANOTHER EXODUS.

"We do believe that the present proscriptive movement in the United States, will develop itself, either in penal laws or a massacre, or periodical outrages on life and property, for which no legal redress can be obtained. We do believe that the only way of reasoning with such an enemy is to touch his pocket by showing him, or them, that a part of us can do without their insolent patronage, and can retreat beyond their savage hatred. Take 30,000 Irish producers out of New England, 20,000 out of this State, and 50,000 out of all the rest of the Union, and find them a home on this continent somewhere—anywhere—beyond the range of the Know-Nothings' knife, but not beyond the reach of his hearsay, and you give a practical lesson, which will be felt and remembered by every order of 'natyze' from the merest tract pedlar, to the Senator in Congress.

"The enemy has taught us a lesson we would be more stolid than the beasts of the field if we did not profit by. He has taught us that we are to be used as tools are used, and as tools thrown away; that our blood may float his flag to victory, but that the 'brave adopted citizen' of the war time, is, after all, but 'the disbanded alien' of the days of peace. He has taught us that we are to be always wanted, but never trusted; flattered when the country needs us, and spat upon when we need 'the country'; in short, should this proscription continue to gain and exercise power, no man of Irish birth within the United States, can any longer consider this confederacy as the best home for himself or his children."

The above is an extract from the American Celt; in which the writer, himself an Irish Catholic immigrant in the United States, declares his opinion that—the only practical remedy against the cruel tyranny of "Know-Nothingism" left for his co-religionists and fellow-countrymen to adopt, is, another exodus, and the formation of an Irish colony, either on some part of the North American continent, or in Australia. The Celt then discusses the comparative advantages of Australia and Canada as the future home of the Irish Catholic; and seems inclined to decide in favor of the latter—a decision in which we entirely agree with him; as also in the opinion that "no man of Irish birth," or professing the Catholic faith, "can any longer consider the United States as the best home for himself or his children."

The only wonder is, that Irishmen, and Catholics, should have been so long in making this discovery; or that they should ever have allowed themselves to fall into the error of expecting to find, in the United States of America, a fitting home for themselves and children. The people of the United States—of the Northern States at least—are the inheritors of the traditions—religious, social, and political—of the persecuting and tyrannical Puritans of the seventeenth century. They are the legitimate children of the blood-thirsty, treacherous soldiers of Cromwell, to whom a priest was an abomination, the Mass-house an unclean thing, and Papists as the children of Amalek—to be put to the sword. And though modern Yankees may have discarded some of the trilling peculiarities of dress and manners which distinguished their ancestors, they are the heirs of all their worst, and most thoroughly Protestant characteristics—especially of their hatred of Catholics in general, and of Irish Catholics in particular. Of all countries then on the face of the earth, the United States present the least attractions to the Irishman who is faithful to the religion of his ancestors.

And now that the Irishman has found out that the United States offer no fit home for him, or his children, the question arises, whither next shall he turn his face? To Canada, or to Australia? The American Celt, wisely, we think, decides in favor of the former.

There are two reasons that should be conclusive as to the advantages of Canada over Australia as the home for the Irish Catholic. The first is the comparative ease and cheapness of emigration to the former; and though for soil and climate, Australia is far superior to Canada, yet the length and expense of a voyage thither, are so great as to fully counterbalance those advantages. But there is still another reason, and that to the Irish Catholic, one of more importance than any, based upon considerations of material welfare. In Canada, the immigrant will find himself in the midst of a numerous, and influential Catholic population; go where he will, he will see Catholic churches, Catholic institutions, and will be within hearing of the voice of a Catholic priest. In Australia it is not so; and though doubtless in Sydney, Melbourne, and some others of the principal cities, there are Catholic priests, churches and congregations, yet in the country parts, the settlers, from year's end

to year's end, may be left without spiritual instruction of any kind, and utterly destitute of the consolations of religion. Nor is this an evil likely to be soon remedied, and for a very obvious reason. Whilst Canada is essentially an agricultural country, and one therefore in which the tendency of its settlers is to unite, Australia is essentially a pastoral country, where settlers are in consequence compelled to disperse themselves over enormous tracts of country in order to find grass and water sufficient for their flocks and herds. In Canada it enhances the value of a property if it is in the midst, or vicinity of a thickly settled country. In Australia, on the contrary, the highest recommendation of a station would be—1. that it was well supplied with water all the year round; and 2.—that there was not another settlement within thirty miles. Now, where from physical causes, the settlers are obliged to spread themselves over such large tracts of country, it is impossible that the Church can provide for their spiritual wants so easily as where, as in Canada, they are grouped together around certain great centres of population. It was a few years ago, and we dare say is still, no uncommon thing for persons in Australia to grow up to manhood without ever having seen even the exterior of a church, or the face of a clergyman, and whose only knowledge of a God was derived from the strange oaths perpetually issuing from the mouths of their friends and companions. Under such circumstances it is clear that the Catholic emigrant in Australia, unless he remains pottering about the sea ports, must make up his mind to live without church, without priest or Sacraments; and for such a sacrifice no amount of material prosperity—no quantity of beef, wheat, or mutton—will compensate. We therefore do not at the present moment feel inclined to recommend an extensive Irish Catholic immigration to Australia.

The Irish Catholic will do far better in Canada; and Canada will be much the better for him. The future of Canada depends upon the maintenance of her Catholicity. Her happiness, her distinctive nationality, her laws, and her language, are inseparably bound up with her religion. This is well perceived by a nasty, half-Yankeed, and thoroughly depraved class growing up amongst us; who see that, in order to carry out their favorite dream of Yankeeifying Canada, it is first of all necessary to un-Catholicise her, and that the faith and morals of her Catholic population must be perverted, ere Canada can be Yankeeified. To prevent this, we desire to see a considerable infusion of new blood; we desire to see our Catholic population augmented by an extensive immigration of the Irish Catholics of America; who still smarting under the curse of Protestant ascendancy, and who having learnt from bitter experience, how foul, how cruel a thing democracy is, will be the better prepared to oppose, in the land of their adoption, the insidious designs of the enemies of our holy religion. Give us, in fine, a large influx of Irish Catholics from the States; and in a few years we shall be able to counteract the schemes of our opponents; we shall be able to force from the Government, and in full measure, that "Freedom of Education" which is now either altogether withheld, or meted out with a niggard hand; and thus we shall be able to hand down to our descendants, that precious legacy of civil and religious liberty, for which Irish Catholics have so long pined, but hitherto pined in vain.

"RELIGIOUS LIBERTY" IN THE UNITED STATES.

"Were it doubtful what these words—"Religious Liberty," in the mouths of Protestants meant, the action of the different Legislatures in the United States would soon enlighten us upon this point. We have already seen what the "Barebones" of Massachusetts are about; the knaves and fanatics of the New York Legislature seem determined to evince a similar zeal for the holy protesting faith. Several measures for the suppression of the Catholic religion are now before the last named body: one prohibiting any pious or charitable minded person from giving or bequeathing of his own, to any Bishop or religious society; another, authorising all "such persons or societies as are, or may be authorised to bind out by indenture, any child to be apprentice, clerk, or servant—to bind such child as a child by adoption, instead of apprentice or servant, and to change its name; and such child shall thereupon be entitled to the same rights and subject to the same duties, in respect to its new parents, as if it were their natural child."

The meaning of this is, that the State claims the right to seize upon all Catholic orphans, and to bind them over—or apprentice them—to Non-Catholics; who are authorised—for fear that on arriving at years of discretion the little Papists should discover their origin, and relapse into the faith of their fathers—to "change their names" and thus effectually conceal from them the fact that they are of Irish Catholic descent. Commenting upon this infernal tyranny, the N. Y. Freeman says:—

"All this is to be accomplished by the aid of the State, and under the name of humanity. It is idle for us to entertain the belief that the matter will end there. No; the signs of the times give token of more than this. After poor Patrick Murphy, has been metamorphosed into Gustavus Adolphus Serogus—Francis Xavier Muller, into Diogenes Tubbs—Maria Ximenes, into Semiramis Paggins—Charles Ignatius Borromeo, into Luther Calvin Knox—Agnes Clifford, into Cleopatra Tomacina-Paine—then, the public mind will be prepared by the outrage for the abolition of all names—the assumption by the State of the rights of the parents—the moulding of all in a common mould after the fashion of ancient Sparta and modern Prussia, but on a more systematised plan. Then children will be the property of the State—father, mother, son, daughter will be heard of no more. Citizen shall be the only designation, and that shall represent but a cipher, for the State shall be all in all—the individual shall have become absorbed in the mass, and personal rights shall be unknown."

It is idle to talk about liberty whilst such movements are encouraged by any large portion of the people, for its first elements are trampled on. The principle that to the State belongs the child, is destructive alike to Christianity and freedom; if carried out it will result, in open Atheism—in unbearable despotism."

"Thank God!" may the Irish Catholics of Canada well exclaim in sight of the vile despotism which now crushes their countrymen who have been silly enough to make their homes in the United States—"Thank God! we are not Yankee citizens—Thank God—we are still freemen, because not members of a democratic republic!"

How to "MAKE YOUR ELECTION SURE."

Shoot a man or two; get tried and convicted for the offence; be converted by a Methodist ranter, and your "election is sure." Do this, and you'll "be in Abraham's bosom" before the hangman has well turned you off. This at least is the lesson which the account of the execution of two desperate ruffians convicted of murder at Cincinnati is evidently intended to convey. The particulars are given by the N. Y. Times.

Two men—Short and Hanning—were sentenced to death for murder, both very "hard cases;" for we read that:—

"As they were given considerable time to prepare, they spent the first part of it in a shocking manner. Short blasphemed at the ministers who visited him, so horribly that they fled from his cell, and amused himself by hanging rats, and speculating on the analogy between the death struggles of those animals and men.

"He swore that when he died, all he wanted was ten feet of rope in the clear, and for a band of music to play 'Jordan is a hard road to travel.' When his legs were being ironed, he said, 'That's right—shoe this old hoss well—he's got a hard road to travel.' Hanning was more quiet, but not less desperate. But about four weeks ago a change came over the spirit of their dreams, and they gradually became "anxious inquirers;" and losing all hope of pardon, respite, or escape, they were glad to see the ministers, and finally became zealous professors of religion, saying that the fact that they were to be hung was the most fortunate event of their lives. If they had not been found guilty of murder, and doomed to hanging, they expressed a belief that they would have died drunkards and vagrants; now they thought they were good Christians, and would be taken from the gallows to Abraham's bosom."

The "ministers" who wrought this wondrous change were "niggard ministers;" a peculiar class of preachers, whose functions are singularly illustrative of the "social institutions" and money making propensities of our republican neighbors. These "niggard Methodist ministers" are of course slaves; who having manifested "gifts"—that is having voluble tongues, and a lot of Biblical expressions ever in their mouths, which they most ludicrously, not to say most barbarously, misapply upon every possible occasion—are "let out" by their thrifty owners as "gospel preachers" or Protestant ministers. These poor creatures are thus extremely valuable to their owners; and their ministry is often wonderfully blessed to the saving of souls, as in the case before us. Indeed they are remarkable for their "unction, their 'sweetness"—not bodily, but spiritual, of course—and the depth of their experiences. It is from this class that the ranks of the Methodist divines in the United States are chiefly recruited; and a lot of these "niggard ministers" having got access to the convict above named, tried their "gifts" upon them with eminent success. The following is the account of the last moments of the condemned—an account which would simply be ludicrous, if it were not painfully blasphemous:—

"At an early hour Friday, great crowds of people gathered about the street corners of the town, where the 'hanging' was to take place. Everybody talked of the 'hanging.' People came in all directions, along by-roads, big-roads and no roads at all; in skiffs, waggons and buggies; mounted on all manner of horses, asses and mules, of all conditions; one, two and three persons to an animal; some with saddles and some without; some on foot and on crutches; male and female, they came; old and young; black, white, and of all intermediate colors; with hair whose variegation of tints was astonishing—aged women and blooming country lasses, women with children in their arms and children clinging to their skirts; men with horrid beards, boys with no beard; well-dressed and ill-dressed, drunk and sober, with cigars and pipes, many who chewed tobacco, and few who didn't. They marched and counter-marched, singly and in couples; by platoons, by companies, by regiments, by grand armies, by processions that to all appearance extended 'back to the crack of doom.' Horses stood in rows, in strings, in phalanxes, far along the fences. The groceries were overwhelmed, the taverns more full than omnibuses when there is not room for one more.

"Meanwhile, half a dozen ministers were praying and singing fervently in jail with the men who were to suffer the extreme penalty of the law. The jail was a little hewn log structure, about twenty feet square; and a motly, gaping multitude assembled around while the funeral services progressed, and never was heard more mournful music than the familiar old Methodist hymns sung by broken voices in that dungeon of the doomed.

"The gallows was erected about two hundred yards above the mouth of Little Sandy, and was simply formed by placing two locust posts firmly in the ground, and joining them by a cross piece, which was about ten feet long and twelve feet high. The hour for the hanging was between 12 and 1, but some delay took place at the jail. That institution was so constructed that the prisoners had to make their exit from the second story, and descend to the wagon which was 'backed up' for their reception, by an outside railway.

"This afforded the surrounding crowd a good look at the wretches, who, with ropes about their necks, (the hangman's knots nicely soaped and adjusted under their left ears), and their arms fastened tightly behind by the elbows, took seats on their own coffins, in a shakeling old wood-wagon, hauled by a dirty bay and a dingy gray horse, (each animal with bars