

THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE;

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THE TRUE WITNESS
AND
CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, APRIL 18, 1851.

IRELAND AT HER POST.

Most assuredly Lord John Russell was *non compos mentis*, when he inserted that luckless phrase, *the United Kingdom*, in his Ecclesiastical Titles Bill. Now, it appears to us that any man capable of putting two and two together, could have foreseen the consequences, having the experience of three centuries before him. No Catholic nation has ever been subdued into compliance by penal enactments, and Ireland least of all. The storm of persecution lashed her faith for well nigh three centuries—but it rose triumphant over all. The spirit of her people was crushed and broken, until they were looked upon as the veriest wretches on the face of God's earth: and then the haughty Philistine who had ground down that faithful nation—ay! into the dust—began to boast of his unparalleled success, and to announce, with the coolest self-complacency, that the Celtic race was on the eve of disappearing from the earth—starved out by the deathless hate of England. Ireland lay prostrate, begging for life itself, and the English minister, taking advantage of her supposed helplessness, went down to the House of Commons, and brought in a bill, so insulting to Catholics, both individually and collectively—so audacious in its manifest malice and injustice, that even those who, on ordinary occasions, professed no love for the Catholic Church, were roused into earnest, uncompromising opposition. And Ireland—how did poor, faithful Ireland—meet the aggression on the liberty of her religion? She met it as became her reputation. Scarce had the ill-omened words passed the premier's lips, when Ireland—prostrate Ireland—started at once into sudden life, and springing from her abject posture, as might a resuscitated corpse, struck him such a blow for his pains, that he reeled like a drunken man, and has not yet recovered from the shock, but stands gaping in half-waking astonishment at the sturdy arm which dealt the unexpected blow. Yes! in an evil hour Lord John "sowed the whirlwind," and he is but beginning to "reap the storm." When he dared to attack the Heaven-chartered liberties of the Catholic Church in Ireland, and to assail that venerable Hierarchy founded by St. Patrick, he did nothing less than

"Beard the lion in his den, the Douglas in his hall;" and if the brand of civil war be not kindled, the fault is not his, for he has applied the spark to a train of gunpowder, and what has he to expect but that it take fire? He has slung down the gauntlet, and Ireland has taken it up, on behalf of all the Catholics of "the United Kingdom." English ministers had, it seems, calculated wrongly, when they acted on the surmise that the spirit of "the Celtic race" was utterly broken—annihilated. Woful, indeed, was their mistake: for four successive years has the famine and the pestilence strode hand in hand over the fertile fields of Ireland—her people have been decimated—ay! more than decimated—they have been driven down, down into the dark, damp grave, or haply sent to wander on far, foreign shores, but still the spirit has not left the dear old land—the mother of saints rises again into new animation, and the world sees with astonishment that Ireland has shaken off the weeds of her mourning, and stands forth a mailed warrior, armed to the teeth for battle. No! never, in the memory of man, was the pulse of Ireland so strong—never did it throb so wildly as at this moment—not even when the commanding genius of O'Connell roused the national mind and heart into exuberant life.

Lord John Russell has played his game badly, and each successive move of his, is but making the matter worse. He made one false move at the outset, in writing that fatal letter to the Bishop of Durlin—fatal to his character as a statesman—whereby he aroused the Catholics, and placed them on the alert, showing them what they had to expect at his hands. Then he gave offence to the ultra-bigots of the Establishment, by the utter inefficiency of the measure he introduced in fulfilment of his promise. Lastly, and worst of all, he suffered his hatred of the Irish prelates, who opposed the State Colleges, to carry him so far as to extend his penal laws to Ireland—to Ireland, so lately emancipated from the shackles which had for ages cramped her energies, and frozen her ardent spirit. So forgetting, or seeming to forget, that he could not smite John of Tuam, or William of Ardagh, or his Grace of Armagh, without insulting—outraging the whole of Catholic Ireland, he put forth all his strength, to deal a heavy blow, on the heads of the mitred offenders, and lo! the seven

millions, who sit at the feet of the Irish prelates, are up as one man, ready to peril life and limb, to revenge the insult, and defend their time-honored Hierarchy. From the iron-bound coast of Antrim to the swelling shores of Cork, the Catholics of Ireland are alive and stirring:—sickness and suffering—hunger and thirst—all are for the time forgotten, in the overwhelming sense of the outrage offered to the Church. Let the matter be glossed over as it may, the naked truth is, that Ireland and the English government stand pitted against each other, with the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill lying between them—a flaming firebrand. It is now only too probable that this measure, so disgraceful to enlightened England, will pass into a law, but a law which Catholics—Irish Catholics above all—will glory in setting at defiance. Law is only obligatory on the conscience, when emanating from legal authority, representing the Almighty Law-giver, whose fiat controls the universe. He established a visible authority here below, for the guidance of men, in things appertaining to His service, and no human power has the right to set aside that authority, or assume to itself its functions. Any law, therefore, which comes into collision with that Divine authority, or would impede the exercise thereof, can never be binding on the conscience of a Christian. Christ's holy law is before all others to be observed: He came down to earth and founded a church: that Church has developed itself under his eye, and by favor of His abiding presence, and no human law has the right to cramp that development, or to interfere with her internal discipline, or that form of government which has been hers from the apostolic age. The law of the land is to be respected and observed in all things, wherein it does not infringe on the law of God; but when it does, even though the encroachment be in things of small moment, it is to be resisted at all hazards. God *must* be obeyed, in all times and in all places, and the voice of conscience heard, though all the powers of earth forbade it, and hence it is that the Irish people are determined to make this obnoxious law nugatory, as far as they are concerned. True—they may be fined, and imprisoned, and expatriated, to bend them to the will of the English government, and detach them from their beloved prelates; but they have borne all that, ay! and much more, in times past, and are ready to bear it again, for the sacred interests of religion. Persecution is blunted, when directed against Catholic Ireland, encased, as it is, in the armor of faith. Ruffianism may desecrate the legislative halls of England, with its ribald attacks on communities, persons and things which are dearest to the hearts of Catholics; but right *will* prevail, and religion be avenged, for "there is a God in Israel"—a high and mighty God, who said long ago, by the mouth of His prophet, that "Vengeance is His, and He will repay."

PROTESTANT MISREPRESENTATIONS.

The importance of the subject, will fully justify us, for having devoted so large a portion of our columns to the case of *McTearie v. Wiseman and others*. This, and the affair of Miss Augusta Talbot, have furnished ample materials for misrepresentation, and abuse of the Catholic Clergy, to the English Protestant press, which, with its usual keen sense of justice, whilst giving the statements of the plaintiffs at full length, has carefully abstained from inserting the counter statements of the defendants. From the documents which are now before the public, it will be evident to all unprejudiced persons that the evidence of *Hamilton*, upon which alone, the case for the plaintiffs rests, is utterly worthless. If the account which he wrote in 1847, be a true account of the circumstances attendant upon the death of Mons. Carré, then the story to which he swears in 1851, is a lie; and if what he says to-day be true, then was his letter in 1847 a falsehood. Besides, the little circumstance to which he positively swears, about having heard the expression, "I leave the sum of fifty pounds to pray my soul out of Purgatory!!!" is amply sufficient to prove, to all those who know anything about the Catholic religion, that this fellow, *Hamilton*, is an unprincipled perjurer. Protestants do very well, so long as they confine themselves to generalities, but when they condescend to particulars, their gross ignorance of Catholicity, invariably leads them to the "lie, with a circumstance," by which they are at once detected, as in the case of the *Rev. Mons. Fincher* and the "F. C. M. Society."

The case of Miss Talbot is as follows:—Miss *Augusta Talbot* is the daughter, and only surviving child of the late John H. Talbot, half-brother to the present Earl of Shrewsbury. After the death of her father, who was a Catholic, her mother, who was a Protestant, contracted, within the third month of her widowhood, a clandestine marriage with Mr. Craven Berkeley, a scion of the notorious, if not honorable house of Berkeley. In 1841, Mrs. Berkeley died, and the young lady, being then about ten years of age, was transferred to the care of her aunt, the Countess of Shrewsbury, as the character of Mr. Craven Berkeley was hardly such, as to render it prudent, or even decent, to leave a young lady under his guardianship. By her aunt, and with the knowledge of the Lord Chancellor, she was placed as an inmate of the Convent at Taunton, where she remained, until her education being completed, she returned to the family of her aunt. In September last, it being the intention of the Earl and Countess of Shrewsbury to go abroad, and it being impossible to take Miss Talbot with them, it was decided by Miss Talbot's relatives, and natural protectors, that the young lady should return to the Convent at Taunton. As the Convent does not receive boarders, it seems that Miss Talbot wrote a very pressing letter to be admitted as a postulant. This proposal

astonished the Nuns, many of whom objected to it strongly, for the reason, that they would be accused of having inveigled her to enter on account of her worldly advantages. His Lordship the Bishop of Clifton, as Ecclesiastical Superior, was applied to, who at once wrote to Miss Talbot, and told her that he did not consider her fitted for the Conventual life,—that before she became of age, there would be ample time for her to ascertain, whether such a life would be agreeable to her, and for the community to determine whether she was fitted for it. To the Lady Abbess, his Lordship wrote in a similar style, and accordingly about the beginning of September last, Miss Talbot was admitted into the Convent, at her own earnest request, with the full consent of her nearest relatives, and with full power to leave it whenever she felt so inclined. Now, although in all this, it seems that every thing was conducted with the greatest propriety upon all sides, Mr. Craven Berkeley began to feel very uneasy. By her brother's death, in 1843, Miss Talbot had become entitled to a sum of £80,000, and here was the young lady owner of this fine fortune, residing in a Convent, about to devote herself *perhaps* to the service of God, and a large portion of her fortune to the glory of His name, and the relief of the poor. What a shock must not this prospect have caused that good Mr. Berkeley! True, he had not the most distant claim of relationship with the young lady, not the most remote pretensions to exercise any control over her actions; but, then, how abominable must have seemed to him, the profession of chastity, and dedication to Christ! He began to consider, how it was not impossible, that if Miss Talbot could be prevailed upon to leave the Convent, and return to the world, she might be made the means of improving his fortunes. As the husband of her mother, he might perhaps be able to gain some influence over her, and be thereby enabled to sell her, body and fortune, to some noble gentleman like himself, in need of a wife, and more in need of money, realising, as broker, a handsome commission upon the transaction, some ten or fifteen per cent.; and then, what a deal of good might not he, Mr. Craven Berkeley, a true hearted Protestant gentleman, be able to do with such a sum! What services might he not render to interesting young ladies in short petticoats, gauze wings, and flesh-colored silk stockings! What glorious triumphs at *Rouge et Noir*! How imposing his appearance on that great day of the Derby, with the fear of the *Levant* no longer before his eyes! All this rushed through his brain, so off he posted to Taunton, to see Miss Talbot, and endeavor if possible to prevent the calamity he so much dreaded, of £80,000 being lost to the world and the devil. But, alas! Miss Talbot received the good, disinterested gentleman very coldly, and with an ingratitude similar to that of *Oliver Twist*, when he declined, at the request of the respectable *Mr. Fagin*, the Jew, to learn the trade of a pickpocket, gave her dear papa-in-law to understand, that he need not trouble himself about her,—that she was an inmate of the Convent of her own free will, with the consent of those who alone had any right to interfere in her affairs, and that she had no present intention of leaving her residence. What could poor Mr. Berkeley do? With all the tender feelings of a papa-in-law thus cruelly outraged, he hurried back to London, determined to expose the worse than *Regan* or *Goneril* conduct of Miss Talbot. Ah! if it be sharper than a serpent's tooth, to have a thankless child, how much sharper must it be to men of the Berkeley stamp, to have rich daughters-in-law, over whose property they have no control? And so the much discomfited gentleman prepared his famous petition to the House of Commons, in order to procure by force, the removal of Miss Talbot from the Taunton Convent, upon which the *Spectator*, a journal as violently opposed to Catholicity as the *Times*, has the following remarks, with which we conclude:

"The general manner of this petition suggests a suspicion that it is brought forward less on behalf of Augusta Talbot than of the Whig Ministry. We say this because it is manifestly intended to create an impression among the uninquiring which the facts are not likely to warrant.

"Although it is not so stated in the petition, the reader is led to infer that Augusta Talbot has been taken away from her natural relative, and is wrongfully under detention. Now, in the first place, according to the statement of the petition itself, Miss Talbot is nearly related to Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury, and is not at all related to Fitzhardinge Berkeley. In the second place, if there is any wrongful direction, if Mr. Craven Berkeley has, by the will of the father or the mother, any claim to the custody of Augusta Talbot, the law will provide for him a remedy.

"Parallel cases occur, both of a laudable and a censurable kind, amongst other sects, without any attempt at invoking legislative interference. If any young lady were to devote her money to building more churches about the West-end, is it conceivable that Charles James London would raise any objection, or that a Berkeley would appeal to Parliament? On the contrary, a neat paragraph, of which the original manuscript would be in a highly clerical hand, would go the round of the papers, eulogizing the young lady, and immortalizing her as a new *Helena* or *Theodosia*. She would be praised for emulating the example of the excellent *Angela Burdett Coutts*.

"Sometimes cases of hardship occur in sects not Roman Catholic. We have heard of blood relations, sworn enemies, flocking round the deathbed of a father, coercing his mind while under its mortal feebleness, and snatching away his daughter, with her property, from her friends, to begin a process of forcible conversion: but then, those interlopers were "serious" orthodox Protestants. In this case, as in the case recited by the petition, the fault appears to have lain with the parent, in not providing suitable custody for the infant. The petition does not state that there is any personal grief inflicted in Miss Talbot's case, as there was in the Protestant case; but we do not hear of attempts to prevent orthodox Protestants from over-persuading weak fathers and getting young ladies within the fold of the faithful by very equivocal means."—*Spectator*.

"THE SABBATH OBSERVANCE ASSOCIATION."

When we first saw this announcement, we involuntarily looked among the names of the getters-up, expecting to find at the head, the Rev. Dr. DeSola and some others of our respected Jewish citizens; but, in this we were mistaken, and were compelled therefore to await the publication of the proceedings of the meeting, for further information. Judge then of our surprise, when we found that this *Sabbath* observance meeting had nothing to do with the Sabbath at all,—that our Jewish friends repudiated the whole affair, and that the object of the meeting was to enforce the religious observance, not of the Sabbath, or seventh, but of the Sunday, or first day of the week. We would say to the members of the "Sabbath Observance Association"—Tell us, by what authority do ye these things? or who is he, that hath given ye this authority?—Jews we know, and Catholics we know, but who are ye? By what authority do you endeavor to enforce the observance of the *first* day of the week (for remember, we are not speaking of the Sabbath or seventh day)? The authority of the Church you have rejected, and your own, we laugh to scorn. Who has authorised you to pronounce the first day of the week holy, or to tell us what is "God's Divine Law" respecting it? Your idle resolutions are but ridiculous, though they would doubtless become tyrannical enough, had you the power to enforce them. A glorious example of Protestant liberality is this, and a precious exercise of the right of private judgment, truly. But you talk of the necessity, in the physical constitution of man, for one day in seven, as a season of rest and relaxation from labor. Granted: but wherefore do you compel us to choose the first day of the week rather than the second, to give repose to ourselves, our men, and our horses? Why shall not our own convenience, or that of our neighbor, dictate to us in this matter? One of two things must the Protestant do; either he must recognise the Jewish law, requiring him to keep the seventh day, with all the strictness enjoined upon the children of Israel, or he must descend to the lower ground, which only recognises the necessity of devoting one-seventh of the time to the wants of our physical nature. The first course he has by his acts already admitted to be untenable, and if he adopts the second—then the defining of any day to be observed by Act of Parliament, is a piece of gross tyranny. To such a condition is the Protestant Sabbath-keeper reduced, who has thrown off the yoke of the only inflexible authority; who has rejected the decision of that one power which, amid a world of change, remains like its Divine Head, the same *heret, hodie, et in secula*. He is, however, like some other logicians that we have seen, who, when they were conscious that both the one and the other of their arguments were equally weak and untenable, turn from side to side, and as soon as one is attacked, present the other before the eyes of their adversaries, until these, if not convinced, are puzzled and confounded. So our Sabbatarians. The other night, they first talked of the Mosaic law, which commands the sanctification of the seventh day; then they turned to lament the desecration of the Christian Sunday, the first day of the week, and, finally, insisted upon the one day's rest in seven, which, for anything they can show to the contrary, may be any day that any body chooses. Some sort of fusion into one of all these days, was, however, thought to be necessary, and so the representatives of all the different sects upon the platform, whose creeds may be represented by a symbol something like poor Mrs. Skewton's "There is no What's-his-name but Thingamy and What-d'ye-call-him is his prophet," agreed to lump the whole, with all its sanctions and penalties, and put it upon the Catholic Sunday, the first day of the week, which they have dubbed the Sabbath.

But seriously, we cannot imagine what more reasonable grounds than these, Protestants can urge for the observance of an ordinance which most certainly "is not in the Book," and which, although undoubtedly of Divine appointment, is an apostolical ordinance, which has come down to us through the traditions of the Church, the sole depository of truth. To the Catholic, the Sunday comes not only as a day of rest from labor, and an interruption of the toils of the week. It brings with it a remembrance of the resurrection of his Lord, who, on that morning, brought light and immortality to light. It is the day when, with sacerdotal pomp, and sweet music, the Universal Church offers, from hundreds of thousands of Altars, the unbloody sacrifice of the Mass to the Eternal Father; and chants anew the angelic song, whose echo has never ceased to be heard upon the earth, since the heavenly host over the stable at Bethlehem first sang, "*Gloria in excelsis Deo*."

Such was the Lord's day over all Christendom, until three centuries since, a few self-conceited heretics separated from the true Vine, and, cast forth as withered branches, attempted to frame a system of religious observances in accordance with their own gloomy Calvinism. Their God was a detestable monster of their own imagining, with whom the less they had to do the better, and, shutting up accordingly the churches for six days in the week, they thought to propitiate him, and compensate for their indifference during this time, by opening their conventicles one day in seven, and there listening to edifying sermons upon Unconditional Election—Infant Damnation, and the Wickedness of Good Works; and by enjoying for the rest of the day a saturnine gloom and sullenness,—and abstinence from all genial amusements and social pleasures, which well accorded with their system of—we had almost said devil-worship, only we would not insult the Yezidi. This absurd observance they sought to justify by reference to the