

THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE,  
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MONTREAL, FRIDAY, FEB. 3, 1854.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Gloomier, and more warlike, are the tidings which every fresh arrival from Europe imparts; even the most sanguine have now apparently abandoned all hopes of an amicable solution of the Russo-Turkish question. In addition to the anticipated horrors of war, we have to mourn over the actual sufferings from famine in many parts of Europe. Wheat has risen to a famine price, and the first necessities of life are placed beyond the reach of the poorer classes of society; great misery, and serious outbreaks may be anticipated. Deprived of their daily bread, and doomed to the slow agonies of famine, the starving masses are ripe for revolt and insurrection; for anything, in fact, which promises them deliverance from their protracted tortures—whether it be death by the sword, or the pillage of the stores of the rich. In England, bread riots have already commenced, and though they have been, for the moment, suppressed, it is to be feared that they will soon become general, and assume more formidable proportions. A hungry belly has a logic of its own, which ignores the finest theories of the political economist, and sternly refuses to be put off with a learned dissertation on the laws which regulate supply and demand; nor will it be an easy task to persuade the poor to sit down, and starve quietly, whilst capitalists and speculators are growing fat upon their wretchedness, and coining dollars out of their groans and dying agonies. We should not therefore be surprised to hear—if unfortunately the present high prices of food should be maintained—that serious outbreaks, similar to those which characterised the first French revolution, had occurred against the persons and properties of the rich, in all parts of Europe.

From the seat of war, we have accounts of further Turkish successes. On the 6th Jan., the Turks stormed the Russian camp, and routed, with considerable loss, a corps of 15,000 men. In Asia, the Russians have obtained some partial successes. The allied fleet had not, up to the latest date, entered the Black Sea; the Czar persists in his declaration, that such an entrance will be accepted as a declaration of war.

Mgr. Bedini arrived at Boston on Tuesday, and was entertained by Bishop Fitzpatrick. Some hostile demonstrations were made by a body of German Protestants, but no actual violence was resorted to.

THE GAVAZZI TRIALS AT QUEBEC.

After seven months of anxious expectation, and careful preparation on the part of the Protestant Vigilance Committee, during which every artifice was resorted to in order to procure the condemnation of the prisoners, these trials terminated on Friday last, in the acquittal of all the accused, who were not even put upon their defence, there being, in the opinion of the presiding Judges, no evidence whatever against them, and no case having been made out to lay before a Jury. The Judges therefore instructed the Jury to acquit the prisoners, which they did immediately without so much as leaving the Jury-box. The conspiracy of the Protestant Vigilance Committee, against the persons, property, and liberty of the accused Irish Papists, has thus been thoroughly exposed, and triumphantly defeated.

Let us recall the efforts that have been made at Quebec to bring about a different result. The prisoners, many of them poor men, saw arrayed against them the wealth and influence of the Protestant party at Quebec. Partisan magistrates had been found to commit them, without a title of evidence; partisan Sheriffs did their best to secure their condemnation by means of packed Juries; and as if this were not enough, had recourse to bribes to the prisoners' counsel, in order to persuade them to desert the cause of their unfortunate and persecuted clients. A malignant and mendacious press labored incessantly to misrepresent facts, and to prejudice the minds of the public against the accused; the services of the Solicitor General were enlisted on the same side; large sums of money were collected in order to make assurance doubly sure, and to deprive the accused of all chance of escape. Never was a conspiracy more carefully hatched; never were conspirators more reckless or unscrupulous in the means employed; and never, may we add, has so vile a conspiracy been more effectually defeated, or its concoctors more thoroughly exposed.

Against the wealth and influence of their persecutors and slanderers—against the dishonest practices of the Officers of the Court of Queen's Bench—against bribing and jury-packing Sheriffs, dishonest magistrates, a mendacious press, and partisan witnesses—what had the accused to oppose? Nothing but their innocence. Strong in the justice of their cause, they calmly awaited the result; and that result has not belied their expectations. After a trial of four days—after hearing upwards of forty witnesses for the persecution, and not one for the defence—the Court dismissed the case and absolved all the prisoners; so utterly groundless, so evidently false and malicious, were all the charges against them.

In one respect, it was unfortunate for the Irish Catholics of Quebec that the cause of their oppo-

nents was so ludicrously weak, and that the prisoners were not called upon for their defence; for, in that defence, some important facts, connected with the Gavazzi riots, but which have been hitherto carefully suppressed, or impudently distorted, would have been brought to light, and displayed in their true proportions. It would have been proved, for instance, that the contradiction given to Gavazzi by one of the accused was provoked—we may say challenged—by the lecturer. Having assailed the chastity of the Nuns,—having denounced the Sisters of Charity as "devils and prostitutes"—vide *Sheriff Sewell's evidence*—and having accused the Irish Catholic clergy of being "murderers—souls of Satan, and of the devil himself—and the promoters of Ribbonism in Ireland"—Gavazzi defied any one to contradict him. He had often made the same statements in England and Scotland, he said, and no one had dared to impeach his veracity to his face; though, when his back was turned, he had been abused as a liar, and the truth of his assertions had been called in question. So would it be at Quebec, he added; whilst present, no one would dare to deny the truth of what he said; but after his departure, Papists would then be found to contradict him. Stung by these taunts, and accepting them as a challenge, a Catholic in the audience jumped up, and gave Gavazzi the contradiction which he defied—certainly a very natural, a very excusable, if not a very prudent, proceeding. Ere Protestants blame it too severely, we would ask of them if they would not, under similar circumstances, have done as much? If any of our Protestant fellow-citizens were present at a lecture, at which their clergymen were assailed with the most opprobrious epithets, and their sisters and daughters stigmatised as "whores" and "she devils," amidst the reiterated and prolonged plaudits of the audience—if the lecturer were then to turn round, and dare any body to impugn the truth of his assertions—would there not be found amongst Protestants some one with manhood enough about him to start up, and thrust the foul lie down the slanderer's throat? Aye! would there; and who would have the right to blame him for so doing? And yet this was the only crime that, after four days' hard swearing, could be established against the accused at the late trials; the very head and front of their offending had this extent, no more—that one of them gave Gavazzi the lie.

Another fact, which the examination of witnesses for the defence would have clearly established, is, that the Protestants inside the Church, were the first aggressors, the first who appealed to physical force. When Hearn gave the lie to Gavazzi, he was immediately attacked, and cruelly beaten; to the truth of this fact, we have the evidence of Andrew McCort, Sub-Constable of Police, and one of the witnesses for the prosecution. This witness deposed—"That, at the commencement of the row, he saw two men beating Hearn,"—who was unarmed—"with sticks;" other witnesses also deposed to the injuries Hearn had received. Why were not these assaults complained of in June last, and the assaults committed? it may be asked. They were complained of; witnesses came forward to testify to them—we reply; but the magistrate, a staunch Protestant, refused to receive their depositions, as his object was to make out, by fair means, or by foul, a case against Irish Papists, and not to criminate his own party. The fight, in the course of which a few dollars' worth of injuries were inflicted upon the church, was commenced by the Protestants themselves, and the rush of the crowd outside, was made with the view of rescuing the few Catholics, who were known to be within the building, from the hands of their dastardly assailants. If the Protestants got a drubbing in the row, which they thus provoked, however much we may regret it, we cannot deny that it served them right.

A Mr. Symes indeed, who, in this Gavazzi drama, has played many parts—appearing, first as an active partisan of Gavazzi, at the lecture; then as Magistrate, raking together calumnies against Papists, and refusing to take down the depositions of Papists against their Protestant assailants—and, last scene of all, that ends this strange eventful history, as witness for the conspiracy against the prisoners—this Mr. Symes indeed, did swear most positively, and conclusively, against the prisoners; but, fortunately for the ends of justice, the Court did not believe his oaths, and reprimanded him for his improper testimony. Symes, and Symes only, swore to an intention, a premeditated plot, on the part of the prisoner to demolish the church. With an eye, keen as that of Titus Oates, and with an assurance which would have done credit to a Protestant witness in the days of the Popish Plot mania, this Symes swore that he saw Bowen, one of the prisoners:—

"Running about, and concerting a Plot."  
 This same lynx-eyed Symes detected a Plot likewise, in the twinkling of Charlton's eyes, and the nod of Bowen's head, in which he read unutterable things. And this was the stuff that, for day after day, the Court had to accept as proofs of a felonious intent on the part of the prisoners! Thank God! whatever cause we may have to complain of the conduct of the Sheriff, or his subordinates, the liberties of the subject are safe under the protection of our Judges; they understood the motives, and fully appreciated the value, of Mr. Symes' testimony—the only witness who had the unblushing effrontery, and such utter disregard for the sanctity of an oath, as to swear to the existence of a felonious intention to demolish the church,—or a Plot amongst the prisoners. And all that Symes could testify about this horrid Plot was that he saw, one of the prisoners "concerting it," and another winking it, out of the corner of his eyes. Oh sapient Symes! Titus Oates was a mirror of prudence and integrity compared with you; and yet this Symes is a Justice of the Peace; whilst poor Titus was pilloried, and whipt at the cart's tail. Alas! how capriciously are the good things of this world meted out!

After the acquittal of the prisoners, we read that a procession was formed; and that, marching through the streets, they gave three cheers opposite the houses of the different counsel for the prisoners; after which they burnt Gavazzi in effigy, and then dispersed quietly and peaceably. We trust that this may be the last manifestation of party spirit arising out of the unfortunate affairs of June last. The Irish Catholics of Quebec have come out of the ordeal triumphantly; their vindication is complete, their position is a proud one, and nothing can be more contemptible, or pitiable, than the position of their adversaries. Our friends can therefore well afford to be generous, and to abstain from any obtrusive displays, which can do no good, but must rather tend to keep alive those angry passions, and unpleasant recollections, which the interests of society, no less than the dictates of religion, require us to bury in oblivion. It would be well to forget the past, for in that past there is much that, as Catholics, we should regret, as well as forgive; there never yet was a row in which the blame was all on one side, and those springing out of Gavazzi's visit to Canada, offer no exception to the general rule. Catholics were in fault, because Catholics should not attend the lectures of these itinerant mountebanks; from the Leacheys, the Achillis, the Gavazzis, *et id genus omne*, they should carefully abstain, as by frequenting their society, and listening to their diatribes against the faith, they can gain nothing, and are very apt to lose their temper. A morbid curiosity to see a man whose vices, whose infamous life and scandalous conversation, may have earned for him an unenviable notoriety, as in the case of Gavazzi, is no excuse for violating the precepts of the Church, which bid us keep away from all heretical and impious assemblages. Catholics should bear in mind that, if they themselves do not give importance to the libellers of their Church, no body else can—that if they will only treat these scoundrels with perfect indifference, their calumnies must fall harmless to the ground; and that if Catholics will but refrain from all notice of these contemptible miscreants, their career will soon be at an end. The best way to silence an Achilli, or a Gavazzi, is to take no notice of him; and thus shall we be saved a repetition of the melancholy occurrences of which we have, we sincerely trust, this day heard the last.

AN ANGLO-SAXON MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

"One good turn deserves another" surely; and the least that our French Canadian population can do, in return for the interest which the Protestants of Canada display for the spiritual and temporal welfare of their benighted Papist fellow-subjects, is to get up an "Anglo-Saxon Missionary Society" for the conversion of the Protestant pagans of England: who stand greatly in need of a few lessons, in chastity, temperance, personal cleanliness, and common decency. If, by the example and exhortations of the Popish Canadian Missionaries—the Protestant husbands of England could be induced to refrain from brutality towards their wives and daughters—and the Protestant mothers of England be persuaded to give up prostitution, and child-murder, no slight service would be rendered to the cause of humanity; nor do we think that the principles of Christianity would be thereby much endangered, whatever might be the effects upon Protestantism in general.

Our Evangelical Societies too, are very anxious to ameliorate the material condition of the Canadian *habitans*; whose small horses, diminutive cattle, and badly fed pigs, indicate an alarming deficiency of Sanctuary privileges. The "Anglo-Saxon Missionary Society" might also see if some little improvements might not be effected in the Protestant dwellings of England; and their task would be to impart a few of the blessings of civilisation to the "savages" of England, as the *London Times* calls them. Here is the description of the dwelling places, of these Protestant "savages;" a perusal of which should surely arouse the sympathies even of a Popish Jean Baptiste:—

"You plunge through a muddy lane, where a few days' work, a few fagots, and a few barrowloads of stones, would construct a footpath dry in all weathers. You approach a cottage, on the walls of which are neither creeper, nor wall fruit, the garden of which is wasted, trampled down, and sopped with rain, and the fence of which admits all cattle, because, as the tenant tells you sulkily, the landlord will not send a carpenter to make a job of it; and take a quarter's rent. You enter with your boots in a state which assures you that neither man, woman, nor child can have known the luxury of dry feet in that house for the winter. The house is in confusion, as it always is, either because it is Saturday, or washing-day, or a day for taking in wood, or no day at all, and nobody expected. The children, such as are left,—for it transpires that they are only a remnant,—have pale cheeks, blubber lips, red noses, blear eyes, shaggy locks, thin legs, and blue fingers, with only thin summer clothes in the depth of winter, excepting what they have, winter and summer,—huge lace boots, always wet and hard. A tea-kettle and a vessel for boiling potatoes, constitute the whole of the culinary apparatus. There is not a comfortable corner in the room, unless it be comfortable to sit with one's toes in the fire, one's eyes in the smoke, and one's back in a cutting draught fresh from the outer air. The woman, holding a squalling child, whose bare legs hang in the blast, expatiates on her numerous hardships, and on the general indifference of mankind to the sufferings of the poor. On the walls you see a few tawdry pictures of amatory scenes, intermixed with others still more tawdry of the Gospel history. On the shelves are heaps of Bibles, Prayer-books, and tracts. This woman, thus slovenly and utterly incompetent, was brought up at a National school, and her children, too, go irregularly to the National school. She is visited by the clergyman, and several ladies,

\* The remainder have been poisoned off, for the sake of the burial fees.

with some of whom she is a sort of pet, and is permitted to gossip. She belongs to a coal club, a clothing club; has a share in various distributions; receives unreadable books from a lending library; and enjoys the full light of our parochial system, except that, for want of proper clothes, she does not often go to church, and confines her own religion to strictures upon that of her neighbors. This is not a solitary specimen, it is a class; and a class which we humbly conceive admits of being greatly reduced, just as vermin and human pests of all kinds have been reduced; and we really do think that if such a woman besides learning her catechism, collects, and psalms,—besides reading through the Bible right on, from Genesis to Revelations, had been taught a few "common things," and practised in them, as far as possible, she would not have been a savage in a civilized land."

Thus, it will be seen that there is plenty of work, spiritual and temporal, for our projected Anglo-Saxon Missionary Society; and we trust that this hint, which we throw out, may yet bear fruit in the conversion to Christianity of the brutalised masses of Protestant England; it is thus that Jean Baptiste will best shew his gratitude for the kind offices of the French Canadian Missionary Society. We hope that the *Minerve* will recommend the scheme to his fellow-countrymen, and point out its necessity, from the great increase of drunkenness, prostitution, and child-murder in Protestant England.

WHAT DOES THE PROTESTANT WORLD HOLD SACRED?

The *Ottawa Railway and Commercial Times*, thus alludes to the Hon. Malcolm Cameron's presence at the lecture lately delivered at Quebec by the Rev. Mr. Kerrigan—upon the influence of the Catholic Church on Liberty and Civilisation.

"What does he, a staunch Protestant mean, when he encourages by his presence, a rabid ultra-mountainist Romish priest, in his diatribes against everything that the Protestant world holds sacred?"

We have often been sorely puzzled to find out what "the Protestant World does hold sacred," but the editor of the *Ottawa Railway and Commercial Citizen* has thrown much light on this very obscure subject. "EVERYTHING that the Protestant world holds sacred"—was denounced by the Rev. Mr. Kerrigan in his lecture: consequently the Protestant world holds nothing sacred which the lecturer did not denounce, or against which his diatribes were not directed; and, on the other hand, those things against which his diatribes were directed, the Protestant world does hold sacred. We have here a clue to the Protestant Faith; for we have only, by examination of the lecture, to see what Mr. Kerrigan did, and did not denounce—the former being what the Protestant world *does*, the second what it *does not*, hold sacred.

Now, throughout his lecture, Mr. Kerrigan breathed not one syllable against any one doctrine of Christianity. No diatribe was by him directed against the Office or the Person, the Mission, or the Divinity of Christ. But, as the lecturer's diatribes were, according to our Ottawa cotemporary, directed against "everything that the Protestant world holds sacred," it is clear that these fundamental doctrines of Christianity, cannot be classed amongst the "things that the Protestant world holds sacred."

Neither did the lecturer utter a word repugnant to the principles of true morality: not one diatribe did he direct against purity, temperance, chastity, honesty, or brotherly love. It is clear therefore, that—as his diatribes were directed against "EVERYTHING that the Protestant world holds sacred,"—purity, temperance, chastity, honesty, and brotherly love, are not very highly esteemed by the "Protestant world."

On the other hand, the lecturer was severely indignant and unmeasured in his denunciation of, infidelity and blasphemy,—drunkenness, prostitution, and infanticide; and in proof of the prevalence of these vices in all the Protestant countries of Europe, he cited the testimony of Protestant writers, of Protestant Reviewers and Journalists, and official documents contained in the Parliamentary Reports. If therefore, the *Ottawa Railway and Commercial Times* may be relied upon, infidelity, blasphemy of God's most Holy Name, drunkenness, prostitution and infanticide, must be classed among those things which "the Protestant world holds sacred."

We know not if our cotemporary will be pleased with this definition of the Protestant faith; but he must remember that it is his, and not our's; that it is the logical consequence of the premises with which he himself has supplied us, in the statement that the diatribes of the lecturer were directed against "everything that the Protestant world holds sacred." Now, as it is certain that the lecturer said not one word against Christianity, or pure morality, it is the verdict of our Ottawa cotemporary, that neither Christianity, nor pure morality are amongst the things which "the Protestant world holds sacred." We say it again; we defy the *Ottawa Railway and Commercial Times* to point out in the Rev. Mr. Kerrigan's lecture one single diatribe against the Godhead, the Trinity, the Atonement, the Resurrection, or any other Christian dogma. That he denounced nevertheless the Protestant Faith may be, for aught we know, perfectly true; for we do not know, and never yet met any body who did know, what the Protestant Faith is; though we know easily enough what it is not, *viz*—It is not the Catholic Faith.

It was no doubt an oversight—though an extraordinary one—on the part of the *Ottawa Railway and Commercial Times*, that, whilst condemning the attendance of a Government officer at a lecture in which not one personally offensive expression was made use of, he forgot to condemn the conduct of an officer of our Courts of Law—Mr. Sheriff Sewell of Quebec—who—on the occasion of Gavazzi's lec-