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THE CATHOLIC.

Hamilton, G. D.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 13, 1844.

We did intend this week commencing the publication of MR. SHIEL'S SPEECH in defence of the younger O'Connell, but considered it best to defer it till next number, when we shall then endeavour to publish it entire.

The inevitable consequences of the indirect approbation of Orangeism, given by Sir Charles Metcalfe, in withholding the Royal assent from the Secret Societies Bill, are developing themselves in a manner gratifying, no doubt, to a large class of his Excellency's supporters, but painful to those who really desire to maintain tranquillity and order, and preserve unsevered the connecting link between Canada and the parent state.—Long and unresistingly have Orange abuses been borne, and at the very moment when it was hoped that through the exertions of Mr. Baldwin and his colleagues their brutal proceedings would be arrested with the strong arm of the law, his Excellency discovers that it would be an "extraordinary" thing to do so, and consigns the enactment for that purpose to a lasting repose in the Colonial Office. That a desire to put down a riotous league of persons, combined for no earthly good, notorious as disturbers of the public peace, resolved in carrying their measures on all occasions by the sole power of brute force, and in every way inimical to good order and the distribution of equal rights—that a desire to check the proceedings of such a body of men should be deemed extraordinary, appears to us extraordinary indeed.—Sir Charles Metcalfe's course has contributed not a little to turn the minds of many from their proper channels, and is reviving to an unhappy extent the irritable spirit of '38—so happily allayed by Lord Sydenham. Responsible Government, which was to dispel all grounds of discontent, virtually put a stop to—the constitution suspended, the affairs of this vast country in the hands of a governor and his clerks—factious mobs resuming, unheeded, their former wicked doings, and all supported and approved of by the Imperial Government—confidence in the integrity and justice of purpose of that Government towards us, daily on the wane,—the question forces itself upon us, when is such a state of things forever to cease? When will Canada be raised from a condition so unsatisfactory, uncongenial, and productive only of vexation, both to its inhabitants and to the Kingdom to which, under a mild, just, and respectable government, it would be their pride to belong.—*Long Point Advocate.*

IRREGULARITY IN THE ARRIVAL OF ENGLISH PAPERS.—It is a matter of loud and general complaint, that papers from England are transmitted through the Canadian Post-offices with such extreme tardiness and irregularity as to render them comparatively useless. This is one of the effects of overwrought economy; there being no postage on them, there is no remuneration for this part of the labours of Post-masters; and of course the duty is in many instances either entirely neglected, or carelessly performed. The absurdity of this transmission of newspapers between places so remote as England and Canada cannot be placed in a stronger light than by referring to the fact, that while nothing is charged for a paper received here from a distance of 4000 miles, the people of Beachville, only five miles distant, are obliged to pay a half penny postage for the *Woodstock Herald*. No one who wants English papers would grudge to pay a small postage on them. A half-penny itself, to be paid in all cases, on the delivery of a newspaper, would secure that delivery. As it is, we do not believe that one half of the papers mailed across the Atlantic either way ever reach their destination.—*Woodstock Herald.*

Another act of incendiarism has occurred in Hamilton, by which the building erected for the use of emigrants has been destroyed. There is a difference of opinion as to whether Hamilton is a *Reform* town or not; but there does not seem to be much ground for calling it a *reformed* one.—*Lb.*

SELF.

Gentle Reader, I hail thee! The morning is propitious and promises a pleasant ramble. Onward, then, to the Palace of St. James.

It is a maxim of English jurisprudence, that "the King can do no wrong;" with much more semblance of reason, then, must we admit that our gracious Queen is impeccable. Unfortunately, however, English jurisprudence extends not beyond the grave; and few, I think, would be willing to risk their hopes of future bliss on so doubtful an issue. But, if ever reigning sovereign were entitled to such a privilege, we might hope to throw the shield of irresponsibility over our well-meaning, moral, and illustrious Victoria. Truth seldom finds its way to the ears of the great; still fewer are the avenues through which it can wend its way to a throne; and these few are obstructed by mistaken interests. Self, under the misrule of passion, seems to have taken possession of the councils of England; and—whether Tory or Whig wield the destinies of our unhappy country—when Truth ought to speak, and Justice raise her voice, Faction alone is permitted to whisper its treachery into the ears of the Sovereign. Does Victoria know the wrongs and sufferings of her people? The first she might—the second, perhaps, she could not entirely remedy. Oh! could but the scenes daily witnessed in the *Bastilles*, now provided in England for honest and unavoidable poverty; could but the cries for bread proceeding from the thousands of victims of distressed poverty, and the naked, trembling limbs which daily besiege our doors, and with difficulty drag their emaciated frames along our highways, force their way into the *Presence Chamber*, it would have required still more seasoning in the high-seasoned dishes—which the public prints inform us have been so copiously supplied to her Majesty during her recent tours—to have made them tasteful to her palate. Oh! did but the fumes arising from the streams of

Irish blood, warm from the sword of injustice and oppression, ascend before her throne, as they do before the throne of Omnipotence, her crown would weigh heavy on her forehead; and she would tremble at the thought of retributive justice hovering over her land? Ought Ireland to sit quietly down under these accumulated oppressions? No! Did she do so, she would only prove herself worthy of those outrages under which she has been so long groaning; but which—unless averted by, now, too tardy justice—must recoil on the head of her oppressor. Let Ireland agitate, and may heaven protect that spirit which is so humanely working out her moral regeneration, and her liberty! Englishmen are proverbially short-sighted; our brethren in Scotland are more calculating; and Glasgow has set us an example which we cannot too speedily imitate. It has long been to me

a source of astonishment that Englishmen—with all our natural prejudices and animosities against Ireland—can quietly look on whilst our sister is robbed of her liberties and her rights. Cannot England see through the gauzy veil which conceals such shallow policy! The chains are only rivetted, for a while on the rougher limbs of the Irish, to rub off the rust and polish them for the English. The dart is ostensibly shot at Ireland, and England and Scotland receive the wound. The injustices of England have made her a byword to surrounding nations; already has she outstripped the autocrat of Russia: Ireland is her Poland. Can the Minister who plans such policy believe in, or reflect that an over-ruling Providence watches the actions and writes down the doings of little man!

But if the conduct of our rulers has earned for us the enviable distinction of oppressors, as a nation, what are we as individuals? What is the general rule adopted by the rich in their dealings with the poor? Is it not to obtain the maximum of labor for the minimum of wages? And, should the pressure of the times increase the number of hands, or any possible circumstance, place the victim of helplessness still more under their iron sway, do they not immediately avail themselves of that excuse for still further reducing the pittance already scarcely sufficient to protract a lingering and miserable existence! There is a crime called oppression of the poor; and that crime calls to Heaven for vengeance. Tell me what is oppression of the poor if this be not.—Look at that superb structure where the inmates are revelling in every luxury; where every art is ransacked to whet the appetite, which satiety, indulgence and repletion have long since exhausted.—Within the circuit of a morning's walk, perhaps upon the very domains of the owner, reside hundreds of fellow-beings eking out their days in sorrow and want; unsupplied with clothing sufficient to protect them from shame; subsisting upon food which he would not cast to his dogs; and who would willingly pick up the crumbs which fall from his table, but no one will give them. These, too, probably the very persons by whose labours and oils he is enabled to riot in pleasure, and

banish from his abode all the evils of fallen nature but two—remorse of conscience and death. If this be not oppression, tell me what is.

There was a time when workhouses and poor laws were unknown and unheeded in this land: these are the natural children of Protestantism. There was a time when two maxims were sufficient to banish sorrow from affliction, and distress from the habitations of the poor: 1st.—"Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself. By this shall I know that you are my disciples, if you have love for one another." 2nd. "Do unto others even as you would that they should do unto you." But those were the days of Catholicity; the days of scriptural ignorance and superstition! A new light, the gospel light of Protestantism, has overspread our Country, and banished such cloudy maxims from amongst us! But why quote texts of scripture? It is with reluctance I appeal to them. In these days of Bible reading, and private interpretation, scripture is at a discount; and in the estimation of too many, instead of adding strength to an argument, only weakens that which it was intended to establish.—Produce a text, clear as the sun in meridian splendour, if its suit not the inclinations or passions of the person to whom it is addressed, he has another signification of his own; or if that be impossible, he has two more texts at his finger's end to demonstrate that yours is not to be taken in a natural but figurative sense. Thus wrenched from their true meaning, the sacred scriptures are no longer the word of God, but wrested to man's destruction; and I shrewdly suspect, that could the clergy of the Establishment, retrace their steps, they would willingly again cast around them the Catholic shield of respect, and thus make them once more the interpreter of God's will to man. But they have thrown down the die, and must win or lose by the cast. Already have they begun to smart under the effects of their ill-judged but designing folly, and find themselves the dupes of their own duplicity. The days of the Church of England have been numbered. "She has been weighed in the scales and found wanting." "A house divided against itself cannot stand." What is the Oxford movement? It is an inexplicable something: a neoteric, that wills and wills not; a finger-post, that points the way to Catholicity; but whilst it sees and points the way to others, does not, dares not follow. The Puseyites are in troubled waters, "tossed to and fro by every wind of doctrine;" themselves without resolve. Did they ask me how to find rest to their souls, I would tell them frankly; I would give them a *nepenthe* composed of two ingredients—sincerity, and a disengagement of the heart from the love of self. This would restore them to a perfect calm.—They would fain advance, but the good things of the Church by law established are too adhesive. They cannot carry them with them; and they are unwilling to leave them behind. The tide, however, has set in at Oxford, and already overspreads the land; nor will the cunningly designed Royal visit to a rival university stay its onward flow. Onward, friends of Oxford! an eternal is better than a temporary Crown.—*Dioc. Dk. [London Tablet.*