

THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE,

WILL BE PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY AFTERNOON,

At the Office, No. 3, McGill Street.

TERMS:

To Town Subscribers. . . . \$3 per annum.
To Country do. . . . \$2½ do.

We request our subscribers to remit, without delay, the amount of subscription, addressed—Editor of THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE; who will give receipts for the same.

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

Subscribers not receiving their papers regularly, are requested to make their complaints known to the Editor of the Journal.

The Agents for this Journal, who are authorized to receive subscriptions, and to give receipts, are, for—

Alexandria.—Mr. D. McGillis.
Aylmer, C. E.—Mr. Jas. Doyle.
Brantford, C. W.—Mr. John Comerford.
Bytown.—Mr. Ewd. Burke.
Carillon.—A. E. Montmarquet, Esq.
Chambly.—Mr. John Hackett.
Cornwall, C. W.—Mr. A. Stuart McDonald.
Counties of Kamouraska and L'Islet.—Rev. L. A. Bourret.
Dundas County.—Mr. Alex. McDonald, (Ich).
Eastern Townships.—Mr. Patrick Hackett.
Lochiel.—Mr. Owen Quigley, P. M.
Norwood.—Rev. Bernard J. Higgins.
Oshawa.—Rev. J. B. Proulx.
Pembroke, C. W.—Mr. Thomas Lee.
Perth, C. W.—Mr. John Doran.
Picton, C. W.—Rev. Mr. Lalor.
Quebec.—Mr. Mathew Enright, 24, Mountain St.
Sorel.—Mr. Robert McAndrew.
St. Hyacinthe.—Mr. Patrick Flynn.
St. Thomas, C. W.—Mr. Patrick Bobier.
Shipton, Dunville, and Melbourne.—Mr. A. Donnelly.
Terrebonne.—M. Prevost, Esq., N. P.
Three Rivers.—Mr. John Keenan.
Toronto.—Mr. Thomas Hayes.

THE TRUE WITNESS
AND
CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, JAN. 31, 1851.

There are two objects, which, above all others, attract the attention of the sight-loving visitors of the fair city of Boston—Bunker's Hill and Mount Benedict. Of the first, and of the memories which it recalls, American citizens may well be proud, for it tells of gallant deeds, of tyranny manfully resisted, and of independence nobly won. Nor has the stranger from a far-off Eastern isle, cause to blush, whilst listening to the history of a well-fought field. He may regret the folly and incapacity of Britain's rulers, without being ashamed of the conduct of Britain's valiant soldiers. But, from Bunker's Hill to Mount Benedict, is but a step, and Bunker's Hill is not the only spot in Charlestown, of which history will have to speak. It will tell how, on the night of the 11th August, 1834, the Protestants of Boston, excited by the inflammatory harangues of a ruffian-gang, who, calling themselves ministers of the gospel, bring disgrace upon Christianity, and render the very name of religion odious and contemptible, came gallantly "to the rescue" of the Convent of the Ursulines. They had been told, by their spiritual advisers, as we were told the other night by the Rev. W. Taylor, that within the Convent, young and tender women were forcibly detained, and cruelly treated. They were called upon to "come to the rescue," even as the Rev. W. Taylor called upon his auditory to "come to the rescue," and they came with a vengeance. It is well that Catholics should know what this phrase means. Here is the story.

Some years ago, a few ladies formed themselves into a community for the double purpose of imparting the blessings of education to the young, and of worshipping their Father and their God, as the great majority of Christians, for more than 1800 years, have worshipped. Here, in the retirement of the cloister, they vainly hoped that they might be permitted to end their days in peace. Injuring and giving cause of offence to none, they were simple enough to think that, in a nominally Christian country, none would be found brutal enough to offend or injure them. Dwellers in a land which boasts of its civilisation, they could not deem it possible that amongst its inhabitants, could be found one, base enough to assault a woman. They were much mistaken. They were residents in an eminently Protestant country—in a land of religious liberty, and gospel privileges; and so they found out to their cost. On a sudden, they were driven half-naked into the open air, to weep in silence over the destruction of their peaceful home, the desolation of the sanctuary, and the profanation of the loved remains of their departed sisters, torn, by Protestant hands, from the repose of the tomb, where they had been laid in hopes of a joyful resurrection, but now exposed to the ribald mockery of the spoiler. Meanwhile, the work

of "coming to the rescue" progressed merrily. Even the soul of the Rev. W. Taylor would have been satisfied, could he have witnessed the scene which then took place. Those walls which, till then, had heard no sounds, save the praises of the Lord, and the songs with which God's saints upon earth sing the glories of the Lamb, were now vocal with curses, and resounded with the shouts of blasphemy. The tabernacle was torn from its place, and the Blessed Sacrament cast out into the fields. Soon the flames spread in every direction. Priests' vestments, the sacred vessels of Christian worship, and—as if in mockery of God, as well as of man—the Bible, were cast into the blazing heap; nor did the good work cease, until the Cross itself, the symbol of man's redemption, was wrenched from its pedestal and cast, with shouts of exultation, into the flames, the appropriate finale of this fiend-like, or, rather, truly Protestant exploit, which, while the glories of Bunker's Hill are had in remembrance, should never be forgotten.

And is it to renew scenes like these, that reverend mountebanks, and evangelical Jack-puddings meet together upon platforms, and, with the name of God upon their lips, but the malice of the Devil in their hearts, revile the persons and the religion of Catholics? Is it that the sky may be red with the flames of the Grey Nunnery, whilst his soul may rejoice in the work of havoc, that the Rev. Mr. Taylor calls upon his auditory to "come to the rescue" of captive Nuns therein confined, and exposed to cruel tortures? Why, the men must be mad. Are they foolish enough to think that the Catholics of Montreal will stand tamely by, like whipt curs, to see the Convents pillaged, and their inmates outraged? Or do they imagine that, when the torch of the reverend incendiary shall have applied the spark, the flames will cease at their bidding? Yet, we are thankful to these gentry—they have given us fair warning of their intentions, and we shall know to whom, in case of accidents, we ought to return our thanks.

But, perhaps we may be told, that Mr. Taylor exhorted his audience to keep the peace—"don't use violence." But of what avail are these exhortations after the previous appeal to their passions. We wonder if the Rev. W. Taylor ever heard tell of the Irish gentleman's address to a lot of Tipperary boys, who had just caught an obnoxious bailiff—"Is there a pump in the backyard boys?" "Yes, your Honor." "Then, don't duck him." Had we nothing better than the Rev. W. Taylor's exhortations to keep the peace, to depend upon, we might tremble for the results; but we thank God, that we have a lot of Tipperary boys in Montreal, as the "rescuers of captive Nuns" will find out to their cost, on the day when they shall attempt to carry their worthy minister's advice into execution.

But the most singular, and certainly the most amusing circumstance connected with this ebullition of Protestant bile, is to be found in the fact, that all these invectives against the Catholic religion, all these incentives to violence against the Nuns, are represented as emanating from an ardent zeal for the glory of God, and an earnest desire to rescue souls, ready to perish. This little touch of evangelical hypocrisy, is all that was needed to make the picture complete. Hardly has brother Tadger resumed his seat, than up gets brother Stiggins to follow suit, whining out—"Oh, how we love the souls of those poor papists; those immortal souls ready to perish for lack of food"! and a strange way they have of showing their love. If they call that loving their friends, why, a plague on such loving, say we. They seem to follow the advice Dogberry gives to neighbor Seacoal, with respect to his literary accomplishments, and do then mostly manifest their love for immortal souls "when there is no need for such vanity," but when there is a demand upon them, the saying is verified, "that the love of many waxes cold." We refer especially to that sad year, when the victims of British Protestantism fled in thousands from their native country, finding a grave where they fondly hoped to find shelter, and a home. Then, when typhus fever was daily carrying off its hundreds of victims, when the pestilence was hurrying those immortal, yet papistically idolatrous, souls into the presence of an Almighty Judge, then, surely, was the time of all others, when one would expect this great love would have been displayed;—then was the time, when one might have expected to see these undaunted, tender-hearted, soul-loving ministers, day after day, exhorting the sick, and never failing in their attendance by the bedside of the dying; crying aloud, and sparing not; yea, pleading earnestly with the departing sinner, "that he would renounce the errors of popery," "that he would come out of Babylon, that he might not be a partaker of her plagues." Alas! alas! for the inconsistency of human nature. It is one thing to be bold upon platforms, and valiant in speech against Nuns, but a

very different affair, when real danger has to be encountered. Alas! for these men of God!—these holy professors!—their love, like the courage of Bob Acres, oozed away, as it were, out of the very palms of their hands. Amidst the scenes of death, at which the boldest might well tremble, were to be seen, some of the Clergymen of the Church of England—the Bishops and Priests of the Catholic Church: there, too, might be seen the unwearied Nun, the humble Sister of Charity, who ceased not from her labor of love, until such time as she heard the voice of her Heavenly Master, bidding her be of good cheer, and calling upon her to enter in unto the joy of her Lord. But where then, were our Evangelical denouncers of Popery; these tender lovers of immortal souls? Why tarried the wheels of their chariots?—They were busy with their farms and their merchandise.—One had bought a piece of land, and must needs go and see it,—another had married a wife, so he could not come,—and a third, perhaps, would have been very glad to attend, "only he did not see of what use he could possibly be." It is indeed whispered, that the recollection of the striking contrast, between the heroic devotion of a few feeble women, and the pusillanimous behavior of the great majority of the evangelical canters, upon the occasion of the great fever in 1847, is one of the causes which excites the latter to such unseemly exhibitions of hatred, as were afforded by the speakers at the F. C. M. Society meeting, on Thursday week. We know what their love to souls is worth, by their conduct then. The less they speak about it, the better for themselves. Well-informed Protestants will but laugh at their hypocritical pretensions; and Catholics scorn their love, as they despise their hatred.

We had the pleasure, last Tuesday evening, of assisting at the festival given by the young men of the St. Patrick's Association, in aid of the new Orphan Asylum, and we can only hope that the gay company whom we met there, enjoyed the evening as heartily as ourselves.

The magnificent hall in the new building of Mr. Corse, was prepared for the occasion, by being well warmed, lighted, and decorated with a great number of banners and flags. Opposite the door on entering, we saw the noble figure of the Patron Saint upon a banner, surrounded by a wreath of the "immortal Shamrock." Nor was the "harp of Erin" forgotten among the symbols. The Patron Saint of once Catholic England, was also there; and we were glad to recognise the drapeau of the "Société St. Jean Baptiste;" while, as a testimony that the Irishman never loses sight of his cherished faith, the Holy Cross was conspicuously emblazoned upon another banner.

The number of those present was about 300; and we were pleased to see a goodly number of Franco-Canadians, embracing some of our first ladies, among the assembly.

Who is CHRIST?—Two discourses, as to the nature of Christ, have lately made their appearance: one from the pen of the Rev. Mr. Wilkes; the other from the Rev. Mr. Cordner, minister of the congregation of Unitarian Protestants in Montreal. Whilst our ears are still ringing with the silly cry of the Bible, the whole Bible, and nothing but the Bible, the appearance of these two pamphlets is singularly opportune, as proving the utter insufficiency of the Bible alone, to make men wise unto salvation. From the Bible alone, it seems that Protestants cannot yet, after three hundred years disputing, decide whether Christ be God or no—whether He be indeed that Great Being, from whom it is damnable infidelity to withhold the homage of supreme worship; or a mere creature, to whom it would be idolatry, no less damnable, to render it. Dangerous, as opponents like the Rev. Mr. Cordner are likely to prove, to the ranks of those who style themselves Orthodox Protestants; Catholics behold in these controversies, only a signal proof of the necessity of some infallible guide, upon whose teaching they may rely with a child-like confidence, and learn to thank God that He has in His mercy afforded them such a guide in the Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church.

We see by the *Catholic Herald*, that Dr. Brownson has been lecturing with great success at Philadelphia. Crowds of attentive listeners flocked to hear him every evening, and returned highly gratified and instructed. We hope that the learned gentleman may be induced to favor the Catholics of Montreal with another visit.

We learn from the *Melanges Religieuses*, that the Rev. Mr. Chevigny has been appointed to the Curé of St. Henry de Mascouche; Rev. L. H. J. Brunelle, to the Vicariate of St. Geneviève; Rev.

C. A. Loranger, to the Vicariate of St. Hugues; Rev. L. J. Martel, to the Vicariate of St. Eustache; Rev. O. Desorey, to the Vicariate of Longueuil; Rev. U. Duprat, to the Vicariate of St. Aimé; and Rev. F. A. Jacques Duhaut, to be sub-Director of Chambly College.

No news as yet of the missing steamer, which sailed on the 28th ult. We copy the following list of her passengers from the *N. Y. Freeman's Journal*:—

W. A. Wheeler and lady,	A. Lawrence, Jr., Boston,
New York,	Charles Schrader,
W. E. Case and lady, N.Y.	Mr. Schlieman,
J. H. Easther, Baltimore,	Mr. Klaener,
R. H. Harris,	W. Benjamin, Jr., N.Y.,
L. Pottinger,	G. McKenzie,
C. C. Hatch and lady, N.Y.	J. S. Lowrey,
H. P. Walker,	Mr. Alexander and servant.
Mr. Butterfield,	Mr. Wadsworth and servant,
Mr. Sutton,	M. Goldstein,
E. H. Griffin,	G. A. Curtis,
D. Rankin,	J. J. Loring.
G. B. Reese, Philadelphia,	

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the *True Witness and Catholic Chronicle*.

DEAR SIR,—I take up my pen in extreme trepidation, fearing lest I may be disappointed in my hope of seeing myself in print this week. Now "do tell!" can your *Catholic Chronicle* withstand the blast from the Wesleyan conventicle, blowing all last week as though it meant to blow heaven and earth away, as well as Popery. Surely the hour is come when your journal is to give way to the gales of truth—when the slippery foundation on which you stand is to move away from beneath your feet—why, Mr. Editor! I can go no farther in that direction—the danger impending over the TRUE WITNESS is so terrific that I am quite nervous all of a sudden, and my mind is haunted with a chaotic vision of broken ink jars smashed printing presses, and all the varied ruins of a newspaper office, amid which I see in bold relief certain wicked sprites in *colporteur* guise, puffing out with distended cheeks the gales aforesaid—the gales which have blown you to pieces. Oh horror! what a scene! Do try and keep your journal afloat this one week, till I give those who were your readers a small specimen of "evangelical truth," (so-called!)

But, then, where to begin is the question—which Anniversary deserves the precedence?—whether shall I give the *pas* to the Auxiliary Bible Society, or to your old favorite, the French Canadian Missionary Society, or to the Tract Society or Sunday School Society—pshaw! what use is in taking them separately—let me rather class them all under one great head—the Anti-Popery Humbug Society, resolving itself into the various branches above mentioned—in part. As I cannot pretend to give even a synopsis of the whole affair, I shall confine myself to the most prominent amongst the *gemmen* who made last week eloquent, and the rafters of the Wesleyan place of meeting vocal, with the No-Popery cry, intoned in every key, and in every pitch of voice, from the deep, guttural double bass of some of the reverend humbogs, to the shrill, mincing treble of certain others who affect the *beau* in air and bearing.

First there was the report of the Bible societies, *home and foreign*, and a' stating in good round numbers the amount of Bibles and New Testaments distributed—that is to say, made away with. Lor! what a cackling was there over the great numerical quantity of Bibles and so forth sent afloat. Really to hear the grave spouters, young and old, who took occasion to glorify themselves on this announcement, read by the Rev. Dr. Spruce, you would think they had gained some great point. Bless their dear hearts! how they do go it, thinking in their simplicity that Catholics pay any attention to the number of Bibles they send out. If they have nothing better to exult in than their millions of Bibles sent abroad, they had better keep their mouths shut, for the taunt has only the effect of making Catholics laugh heartily at their expense. All their puffing and blowing, and toiling, and *collecting*, for the spread of the Bible, only reminds us of the feat commemorated in an elegant ballad, wherein:—

The king of France with thirty thousand men,
The king of Spain with thirty thousand more,
They all march'd up the hill, to kill—a poor old Black-amoor!

Of equal value is the result of our humbug society's mighty labors—*vide* reports on the Sandwich Islands, the only thoroughly evangelised nations we know of. The report being happily ended, the Rev. Mr. Somebody related a most moving anecdote of an old woman (*name, deponent sayeth not*) who wept—ay verily—wept because of the ungodly hard-heartedness of her relations, who loved not to see her read the Bible, whereupon the pious old dame requested to be allowed to read her Bible in the reverend's own room, whereupon the latter was deeply touched, and escorted her to the room aforesaid, and did humble himself exceedingly before that righteous woman. Oh Taurus! oh Gemini! I wonder did he cry too, and go down on his marrow-bones before the dame, as his humility would suggest? Another story did he tell of a man who got the leaf of a Bible round some butter he had bought, and on the leaf was that text, so exceedingly *à-propos*, "man shall not live by bread alone," on reading which, said man first cried, and then laughed, and then praised—lack-a-day! I should think the laughter made him cry, and probably he found the butter deserving of praise.

The retailer of these precious anecdotes was followed by the Rev. Jacob Faithful, who informed the meeting that in an evangelical career of thirty years