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AND
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MONTREAL, FRIDAY, OCT. 31, 1851.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Gentlemen may cry news—news—but, there is no news; at least, little, or no political news interesting to Catholics. Nothing has occurred to ripple the surface of the dead sea of religion, and politics, during the past week. There is not so much as a new French Revolution to chronicle. The present seems to be, by mutual consent, a breathing time, or period of complete inaction. Wearied out during the late Parliamentary campaign, both parties—Catholics and Protestants—have agreed, apparently, to a truce, or short suspension of arms, during which they may be able to gather fresh wind, in order to fall to again presently, and belabor one another as sturdily as ever. The *Times* complains of the conduct of his Grace the Archbishop of Armagh, in that he will not place in the hands of the Attorney-General, documents, upon which that worthy functionary may be enabled to commence a prosecution. "Why don't you come down and try issue with us in the courts of law?" is the question tauntingly put to his Grace. The answer is, as the answer given of old, to a great captain, who complained of his adversary, that he would not come down into the plains, and accept battle. "If you be a great general, make me come down and fight;" and so says his Grace, to the legal functionaries.—"If ye be great lawyers, make me come down, and try issue with you in your courts of law."

In Ireland, the *Freeman* says, landlords, and poor-law guardians, are busy discussing, and protesting against, the repayment of relief advances in the form insisted on by the government. In England, and amongst the Anglicans, great excitement still prevails on account of Dr. Sumner's repudiation of the necessity of Episcopal imposition of hands, in order to convey Holy Orders. The worst of it is, that the opinions of Dr. Sumner, are, after all, but the opinions of Dr. Bloomfield, and many others of the Anglican bishops, a little more unguardedly expressed; there is not one of them who dares openly to assert, that without Episcopal ordination, there can be no valid administration of the Sacraments, except Baptism; they twist and shuffle, and talk about *full communion* and *half communion*, which latter seems to be a compromise between a lie, and the truth, a sort of spiritual half-pay, as the *Tablet* calls it, in which Christians *unattached* are supposed to enjoy a dignified neutrality.

The *Tablet* puts the whole question of Ecclesiastical Titles, on a very plain and intelligible footing, in the following article, which we transfer to our columns:—

"When Dr. Cullen signs himself 'Archbishop of Armagh,' &c., and when the same phrase is used by Lord John George Beresford or Mr. Sumner, or Lord John Russell, or the *Times*, two totally different things and characters are described and intended. Paul Cullen means to describe himself as a Christian Bishop, receiving his title and function from the Church of God—the *Times*, and the others understand by it a mere civil officer, whose functions have no necessary connection with Christianity—who is appointed by the Crown to discharge duties of which Parliament supplies the definition—whose rank and function proceed, not from the Church, but from the State—who is to-day a Protestant, because the majority of the Parliament happens to be so, and would be to-morrow a Thug, if the Parliament of to-morrow were ruled by a Thugge majority—who is one and the same thing under all changes of religion—that is, a high Officer of State appointed (one cannot say to *teach* religion, for he is the taught and not the teacher), but to act as fagelman under the direction of the Crown—to give the word as to what, by the will of the majority, the authorised and official devotions of the people are to be. Mr. Sumner is, we repeat, the devotional fagelman who proclaims the last vote upon God, and Eternity, of a Parliamentary majority. Protestant to-day and Mormon to-morrow, if need be, his character is, as the *Times* very properly intimates, that of a mere civil functionary; and if Dr. Cullen, in using the title 'Archbishop of Armagh,' means to degrade himself, by laying claim to any such humiliating office as that discharged by Lord John George Beresford, or Mr. Sumner—then we freely admit that his assumption of this title is as 'false, unjust, 'inconsistent with allegiance to her Majesty and as 'invasive of the rights of others' as it would be for him to claim the office of Lord Chancellor, or Commissioner of Excise. But, as it is, we beg to inform the *Times* that Dr. Cullen puts forward no such pretension. By an old usage throughout the greater part of Christendom, and of very great antiquity in Catholic Ireland, the title of Archbishop is not the title of any civil office, but a purely Ecclesiastical designation. It means a person specially appointed by the Church of God to teach the will of God; a person whose duty it is, not to teach the will of Kings, nor of Parliament, nor of Prime Ministers, nor of any such very small people—of whom we most frankly confess that Mr. Sumner is the proper exponent—but to teach the will of God; to teach the one eternal and immutable truth whatever may be the will of the majority; and, when need is, to rebuke the errors and the crimes of Kings, Parli-

ments, and Prime Ministers, and to give his body to be burned or imprisoned in defence of God's truth whenever such an alternative shall be forced upon him by those civil authorities, whose will, when corrupt, he is expressly appointed to set at naught."

At Glasgow, on the 3rd inst., an Orangeman, of the name of Archibald Hare, was condemned to death, for the murder of an unfortunate man named Ronald McGregor. The deceased had given no provocation, but was mistaken for a Catholic, by this zealous champion of Reformed Religion, whereupon Hare stuck his knife into him, by way of vindicating the cause of religious liberty, assailed by Papists presuming to worship God after the manner of their fathers. The murderer had been deliberately seeking for a victim for some time; it was proved on the trial, that he had been going about the streets, crying the Orange war cry—"To hell with the Pope and Popery," and if there is any Popish b——, let him turn out. As the murderer is a staunch Protestant, it is not all unlikely that his sentence may be mitigated. Had he really succeeded in murdering a b—— Irish Papist, as was his avowed intention, he would, in all probability, have been acquitted.

There has been a special General Meeting of the Catholic Institute of Toronto, at which, we are happy to see, a decided line of conduct, with regard to State schools, was adopted. It was moved by J. Hallinan, Esq., seconded by D. K. Feehan, Esq., and carried without a division, that,

"Whereas, a sound religious education is at once the best safeguard of civil liberty and the surest guarantee of national progress, and whereas we have observed with regret that several constituencies in Upper Canada have endeavored to obtain from candidates for Parliamentary honors, pledges to oppose the religious education of our youth, and force upon us a system at variance with our principles; it therefore becomes our duty, to make timely use of every lawful means, to secure such a system of education as shall conduce to the diffusion of moral intelligence, and the maintenance of good and enlightened government—be it therefore resolved,

"That in view of the approaching elections, it is our duty as Catholics to support such Candidates only, as will consent to amend the present School Bill, so as to allow Catholics and Protestants separate Boards of Education, for the examination and appointment of their respective teachers, in all cities, and towns corporate, in the same manner, and to the same extent as the same are enjoyed by dissentient schools in Lower Canada; also the right to separate schools, in the rural municipalities, and the prevention in good faith of any interference either directly, or indirectly, with the religious belief of the pupils attending the Common Schools throughout the country.—Signed,

D. K. FEEHAN, Recording Sec.

Toronto, October 20th, 1851.

THE PROTESTANT HOSPITAL.

In the month of February, we were compelled to call attention to the brutal treatment of an unfortunate Irish Catholic, a widow woman, 73 years of age, who was turned out of the Protestant, or General Hospital, on one of the coldest nights of a very severe Canadian winter; and to the fact how, by way of superadding insolence to brutality, this infirm, helpless creature was left lying on the snow, at the door of the Jesuit's house, unable even to move, or sit upright, without assistance. It is painful to us, to be again compelled to call the serious attention of our Catholic fellow-citizens, to the infamous manner in which, the Catholic poor, who, by dire necessity—and the Catholic clergymen, who, by the calls of duty, are obliged to enter within the walls of the Protestant hospital—are systematically treated. It is now some time, since the first complaints of this conduct reached our ears, and long have we kept silence, hoping, but hoping in vain, that a change might take place; that all feelings of decency, and humanity, were not utterly extinct in the bosom of those, to whom the management of the internal affairs of the hospital has been confided. But we can remain silent no longer. It is absolutely necessary for the Catholics of Montreal, to speak out, and to express their determination, no longer to permit their dying brethren to have their last moments on earth embittered—their clergy to be insulted—and the most solemn offices of their holy religion, to be made the subject of scorn, and brutal mirth.

We have good authority for all we are about to advance; we have the testimony of the eyewitnesses, and sufferers; we have the dates when, and the names of the persons by whom, the outrages of which we are about to complain, were perpetrated; and if we find it necessary so to do, we will publish them. And here, in justice to a most honorable body of gentlemen, we will at once state, that we do not complain of the conduct of the *visiting* physicians. We know them to be gentlemen, differing indeed from us on religion, but at one with us, on all questions relating to humanity, decency, and that courtesy, which every gentleman cheerfully accords to clergymen of every denomination. We complain not of the *visiting* medical gentlemen, but of the under-strappers; and alas! that we should say so—of the non-professional directors of the hospital, who, if they do not *openly* encourage, by no means disapprove, of the conduct of their subordinates. It is for the sake of currying favor with these men—men, by whom, as it is well known, an insult offered to a *Romish* priest, is esteemed most acceptable service—that the Catholic sick are annoyed and insulted, and the Catholic clergy exposed to every possible indignity.

The hospital is, we believe, mainly supported by Protestant contributions; but it professes to be a General Hospital, open to men of all religions, and of all origins. Upon the strength of this profession, it has been assisted by the contributions of Catholics, and also by an annual grant of public money—money taken from the pockets of Catholics, as well as of Protestants; the former have therefore the right to demand, admittance for the sick of their communion,

and respectful conduct towards their clergy, when engaged in administering the consolations of religion, to the sick and dying. They have another claim; and one which every generous heart will cheerfully acknowledge. In the hospitals attached to the convents, Protestants are freely admitted; their bodily wants are ministered unto by the nuns—their spiritual wants, by the clergymen of their own persuasion; and we would appeal to the latter, if ever they have met with any insult or obstruction, whilst engaged in the duties of their office. Surely, then, Catholics have a good right to demand equal courtesy from their Protestant brethren.

But this courtesy is denied. From the instant that he is admitted into the Protestant hospital, the unhappy Catholic is exposed to every sort of annoyance, and insult, that low-bred fanatics can invent.—Protestant tracts are offered to, and, if refused, are thrust upon him. Every Catholic nurse has been dismissed, and her place supplied by a sound Protestant; as if the denial of Transubstantiation were an indispensable qualification for administering a bolus. Thus, surrounded by Protestant attendants, dependent upon them for all those little nameless cares and attentions, which sickness demands—it sometimes happens, that the poor Catholic is induced to feign an apostacy, which his heart disavows, in order to avoid the neglect and insults to which he is inevitably exposed, if he remains firm, or *obstinate* in his professions of attachment to Catholicity. Let us not judge him too harshly; poverty and sickness—the rich upstart's contumely, and the fawning menial's taunts, are hard to bear—let us rather pray, that we be not led into temptation.

But the conscientious, the obstinate Catholic, finds no mercy in the Protestant hospital; when all hopes of his perversion are at an end, there commences for him a series of the most brutal persecutions. If he tries to pray to God for mercy, or to unburden his sin-laden conscience to the priest of Christ's Church, immediately his tormentors crowd around his bed-side, to make game of him—to laugh and mock at him. Medicine is forced upon him, when about to receive the last pledge of a dying Saviour's love, in order, that from fear of nausea, the priest may be prevented from giving him his *viaticum*. The petty malice of his bigot persecutors ceases not until his eyes are closed in death; and if, at that last dread moment, when the soul is about to wing its flight to the far off spirit-land, he should essay to press to his pallid lips, the symbol of man's redemption—the image of the cross on which his Jesus hung—his Popish superstition is made the subject of evangelical ridicule, and his last sigh is drowned amidst the scarce repressed sneers and titterings of the heartless spectators of his dying agony.

Let us next see how the Catholic clergyman is treated; and we shall find that he is exposed to the same abominable usage, and that in his person, not only all the decencies of social life, but the most awful mysteries of our holy religion, are most shamefully outraged. In these outrages, of course only the underlings appear as actors; but it is an old proverb—like master, like man. Jack, the serving man, or Molly, the serving woman, is applauded by the head of the establishment. We have got so used to it, that we can recognise the thunder of the great *Jupiter tonans* of the French Canadian Missionary Society, the moment we hear it; we could swear to it in a hurricane; and without pretending to any skill in divination, we have no doubts as to the hand from which the following bolts were launched: the fire and fury of the conventicle are everywhere manifest. The moment the Catholic Priest sets his foot within the precincts of the hospital, his trials commence. Ministering angels, with besoms in their hands, are ready to receive him, and to sweep the filth of the staircase in his face, as he ascends, bearing the Blessed Sacrament to some dying sinner. Lay tract distributors lie in ambush, in galleries and dark corners, and darting out, when least expected, thrust their foul wares under his very nose. These dangers passed, fresh annoyances await him: slop-pails and soap-suds gather mysteriously around his path. "Missus says as how the place must be done up;" the *stat* of Missus has gone forth, and there is no redress. But the darling insult is, to interrupt the Priest whilst administering the rites of the Church. Is he hearing a sick man's confession—the attendants gather around the bed, and by their noise and impertinent intrusion, render confession impracticable, and put an end, for that time at least, to the sick man's hope for absolution, from the lips of God's minister on earth; if remonstrated with by the Priest, for their improper conduct, an insolent answer is the sole result. Sometimes they add obscenity to insolence, and under the pretence of inquiring after the sick man's health, ask the most beastly questions, at the most unseasonable times. Thus, the other day, when the Priest was upon the point of administering the Holy Communion to his penitent, up steps one of these *gentlemen*, and leaning into the Priest's face with a look of supreme insolence, begins questioning the sick man—who, at the moment, was anxiously waiting to receive the Body and Blood of Christ—as to the nature of his evacuations; and then, turning round to one of the nurses, orders a dose of medicine to be administered *immediately*; thus utterly preventing the sick man from receiving the Sacrament, because the Priest had *good reason* to believe that the medicine would produce immediate vomiting. The Priest knew it was in vain to remonstrate; and so, sally retired from the bed side, whether he had been summoned, only to be insulted. These facts we are prepared to prove. Other stories have we heard, such as, that emetics are occasionally administered, to the patient who has just swallowed the Host, in order that it may be ejected for the amusement of the bystanders. For this last trick we do not vouch; but the mere fact, that it is commonly believed, and commonly reported as true, shows what the general

feeling is, amongst Catholics, with regard to the Protestant hospital. One thing is certain, that the management of the institution is in the hands of the bitterest foes of our religion; and such being the case, we can readily believe the worst.

And now, what is the remedy for these evils? Remonstrances with the Committee of Management are in vain. Remonstrances have been made—complaints preferred—investigation demanded, but no good results have followed. Grown bold with impunity—supported by the choice spirits at the head of the institution—the perpetrators of these outrages become daily worse and worse. There is but one remedy, and that is in our own hands. We must have a separate hospital for our sick; our Priests must no more set foot within a house where they are reviled and insulted; but casting off the dust from their shoes, as a testimony against it, come forth and leave it to its fate. "For God's sake, Sir, get me out of this; put me somewhere where I can die in peace." Such is the cry of our unhappy brethren, to the visiting clergymen. Let us not neglect it; but insist that they *shall* be removed; that we will have a Catholic hospital, in which they shall be permitted to "die in peace." Catholics can make no use of the existing establishment. Reforms may be promised, but will, most assuredly, not be carried into execution. When men cannot agree, the sooner they part the better; and, therefore, we repeat it, we must have a separate hospital. To effect this, it is necessary that every Catholic should do his duty. It is the duty of every Catholic to withdraw all support and countenance from the Protestant, and to render it to the projected Catholic hospital, which we hope will soon be commenced under the highest auspices. In the meantime, there are two vacant wards in the *Hotel Dieu*, which, with a little exertion on our part, may soon be rendered fit for the reception of Catholic patients, and will serve, until such time as our means shall enable us to erect a new building. And, above all, it is the duty of every Catholic, to insist that the Catholic hospital shall receive its full share of the monies paid out of the public treasury to the Protestant establishment; this we will demand, not as a favor, but as a right, and the coming election will enable us to make our voice heard. Look to it Catholics—especially Catholic Irishmen. The sufferers, whose cause we are pleading, are your countrymen—your own flesh and blood. Will you be indifferent to their wrongs? Have you lost all zeal for your religion? No.—God forbid. Make a good use, then, of the privilege which the elective franchise secures to you, and vote for no man who will not promise to exert himself to the utmost, to obtain a separate grant for the Catholic hospital; that is to say, a fair division of the sum now annually granted by the legislature for the support of an hospital.

And now, one word, by way of "improving the occasion," a practical application, as the *Saints* call it. From this necessity for separate hospitals, Catholics may derive a useful lesson. If Protestants cannot safely be trusted with the care of the perishable bodies of Catholics, how much more unfit are they to be entrusted with the care of their immortal souls. If it be necessary to have separate hospitals for our sick, how much more necessary must it not be to have separate schools for Catholic children. Aye, and by the blessing of God, both we will have. Look well to it, Catholic Irishmen.

PROTESTANT OBJECTORS.

Cats are popularly said to have nine lives, and only nine; slain for the ninth time, there is no danger that puss will any more disturb our repose with his nocturnal caterwaulings: he is a gone cat, and there is an end of him. It is far otherwise with your Protestant objectors to Catholic doctrines. The machine of the immortal Babbage would not suffice to calculate the number of their lives; it is in vain to slay them. Time was, when the brains were out, the man would die; but, now-a-days, the loss of brains prevents him not from rising again, and trying, with his ten thousand-times refuted objection, "to push us from our stools." We have lately, for our sins, been visited with one of these ghastly objectors; and what shall we say unto him? Shall we turn a deaf ear to his objections; or, for once deviating from our established rule, shall we give him an answer?

The objection is against the Catholic doctrine of The Mass a Sacrifice—and runs somewhat after this fashion. "The Catholic Mass is no Sacrifice, because in it there is no shedding of blood—no destruction of a victim; and without shedding of blood there is no remission of sins." We will, contrary to our usual custom, give the objector the arguments which have been given in reply to his objection by men like Bossuet, Suarez, and others; and if, having read them, he is not therewith content, if he be not satisfied of the absurdity of his own objection, all we can say is—that, neither would he believe, though one should rise from the dead.

We say it is contrary to our usual custom, to defend, or argue in favor of any detached Catholic dogma. We know of but one legitimate process of reasoning, when arguing with Protestants; thrown into the form of a syllogism, it runs thus:—

The Catholic Church, being the infallible guide appointed by Christ to teach all nations, all that she teaches must be true.

But the Church teaches such, or such a doctrine, Therefore, such, or such a doctrine is true.

Our Protestant opponent may deny our *major*, or our *minor*; but, if both be good, he cannot reject our conclusion. The sole question therefore at issue is—Church, or no Church; and it is for the Catholic to prove, from genuine historical documents, *Firstly*, that Christ did appoint a body of teachers, or *Ecclesiastical doctors*, to teach all nations to the end of time, with the promise of His perpetual presence to protect it from doctrinal error; *Secondly*, That the Church, or