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AND
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MONTREAL, FRIDAY, SEPT. 5, 1851.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

"The fruits of the policy, opposed by ministers, to *Papal Aggression*," says the *Speculator*, "are harvested in Ireland. The faint dawn of industrial enterprise has been overcast by clouds of faction, of the deepest theological hue. At the Limerick election, the once popular cry of 'Ireland for the Irish,' was scouted. 'Our religion!' was the watchword. Encouraged by these symptoms, the project of an exclusively Catholic University is pressed with redoubled vigor." If such be the first fruits of Whig Penal Laws, Catholics have more cause to rejoice, than to mourn over them. By the admission of Protestants, their first effect has been, to arouse a deep religious enthusiasm amongst the people; and to band them together, in defence of their religion. The second, has been to give increased vigor, to the plan of founding the Catholic University. In seasons of religious indifference, it might have been difficult, by an appeal to a greatly impoverished people, to collect, in so short a time, the funds requisite for carrying the beneficent designs of the Church into execution; but thanks to the violence of our adversaries, the storm of persecution has but served the cause of the Church, by purifying the atmosphere, of the foul miasma, engendered by religious apathy; tempests have their uses, in the moral, as well as in the physical order; and for the present tempest, wherewith the Church in Ireland is assailed, we may thank God.

By our Irish extracts, it will be seen that his Grace the Archbishop of Armagh, has signified his intention of presiding at the Aggregate Meeting of the Catholic Defence Association, which was to have been held in the Rotundo, on the 19th ult. A Mr. Fresham Gregg, a Protestant minister, has done his best to excite his co-religionists, to disturb the peace of the meeting, and to repeat, if possible, in Dublin, the scenes enacted at Dolly's Brae. For his own sake, and for that of his friends, we hope the rev. gentleman will be unsuccessful; for if violence be attempted, the Catholics are in sufficient force, to be able to turn the tables upon their ruffianly assailants. The letter of Dr. Cahill, exposing the dishonest policy of the British ministry, will repay an attentive perusal.

COLPORTEURS.

The faith of Catholics is not much in danger, from all these proselytising gentry can do; it is clear, that the French-Canadians have more good sense, than their English brethren are generally willing to give them credit for, and that in spite of the ignorance, with which they are so bitterly taunted, they are not yet far enough gone in folly, as to allow themselves to be wheedled out of their cash, and their religion, by a few tract and Bible pedlars. We have just been perusing an account of the adventures, which occurred to one of these itinerant Gospellmongers, as recorded by himself, or, as he terms it, "A record of the incidents and results of the campaign, and the token of the Divine favor in our various fortunes."

During the summer, a Mr. H. R. Edson, started from Andover, in the United States, with some elect brethren, on a Colporteur trip, for the purpose of disseminating Gospel truth, and Yankee notions, amongst our benighted habitants, and of imparting to

them a few of those evangelical, or, as we would term them, knavish tricks, for which our New England neighbors are so pre-eminently distinguished, and through the performance of which, they have obtained the reputation of being *sound Gospel professors*, and *smart men of business*.

Durham, a town situated on the River St. Francis, about fifty miles from its mouth, was the spot favored by these worthy men, as the field of their labors, and a terrible account Mr. Edson does give, to be sure, of the state of Protestantism in Durham. There is a Congregational church there, only they don't keep a minister; the rev. gentleman, who was in the habit of doling out the bread of life, having gone to England, there were no religious services in his church. The Methodists were a little better off: they enjoyed the ministrations of a worthy man, once in two weeks. The Anglicans had occasional meetings, and another Protestant sect, called *Adventists*, with whose tenets we are not acquainted, "sometimes met together;" but, upon the whole, Durham seems to be preciously badly off for *sanctuary privileges*. The Protestant inhabitants should club together, and, as each is not able to keep a whole minister, they might be able to job one amongst them. A regular long-winded preacher, might get through the business well enough. Early in the morning he might read the Liturgy to the Anglicans; hold forth to the Congregationalists in the forenoon, upon the infinite mercies of God, as manifested in the damnation of little babies; get up a small religious excitement, or revival; with the Methodists in the evening; and wind up at night, with prayers, and brandy and water, with the Adventists.

The spiritual condition of the Catholics of Durham, contrasts favorably with that of their separated brethren; the former seem to be blest with the services of an active and zealous Clergyman, one well aware of the importance of keeping the wolves out of the fold: the laity seem also well disposed to second their worthy pastors, if we may judge by the following complaint of Mr. Edson, of the way in which the natives "sport the oak." After mentioning that he had met with a warm reception, Mr. Edson adds:—

"Of course you would expect me to except the Catholics, who closed their hearts against the truth, and their doors in our faces. The priest, in the Township of Durham, publicly warned his flock not to harbor us or our books."

Rather bad this, Eh, Mr. Edson! You could not manage to sponge upon the poor habitants, Eh! Well, we don't pity you, but feel rather inclined to admire the good sense of the Catholics, who, by the advice of their priest, closed their hearts against your doctrines, and their doors in the faces of a parcel of evangelical loafers, like you and your comrades.—The only success these colporteurs met with, was amongst the Protestant part of the population, and there they seem, not to have done badly. They managed to get a *Scotchman* to subscribe a dollar! What for, do you think, reader? No. There you are wrong. It wasn't for sulphur—it was for books—good books, such as *Bunyan* and *Baxter*, the *Spirit of Popery*, and that remarkably veracious work, *D'Aubigné's History of the Reformation*. Books, to the amount of \$1,400, were put in circulation, and, as a natural consequence, the colporteurs felt very much interested "in the people, and fields they had visited," and determined to thrust in again the sickle, there, where they had already reaped so good a harvest: in other words, they found that they had made so profitable a job of it, that they made up their minds to try it again, next year.

But the Catholics were sad reprobates, regular vessels of wrath; wouldn't buy tracts, at any price. What though a Scotchman came down with his dollar, not a sou could the colporteurs wring from the Papists; whence they conclude, naturally enough, that priest and people, are booked for something uncomfortable. "When we did call, satisfaction was generally apparent when we took ourselves, and piratical books, off from their premises," says Mr. Edson; the literature of the conventicle was at a discount; and fools as they are said to be, the French-Canadians were not fools enough to give good money, for bad tracts, or to part with their honest earnings, for the purchase of the namby-pamby trash, of the Tract distribution society. One convert Mr. Edson makes, and only one; and as the case is remarkable, as showing the wonderfully rapid argumentative powers of this Yankee apostle, we will let him tell it in his own words:—

"One Catholic, however, did take a copy of the French Testament. It was thus: we were at near sunset, on the banks of the St. Francis, waiting for the canoe an Indian chief sent for us; we fell into conversation with a young Canadian. He could not read. His wife, he said, was a good scholar, i. e., could read well. I persuaded him to take the precious gift to his home, after convincing him that it was simply God's word, without comment, and that every human being had a right to read it, and could understand it."

We called this a remarkable conversion; indeed we may say that it is the most remarkable case of conversion that we ever heard of. Mr. Edson, whilst waiting for a canoe, falls in with a *Canadian who cannot read*; pulls a book out of his pocket, or pack, and in the course of an hour's, or two hour's conversation, is able to convince this young man, who cannot read, that said book is God's word; without comment, and that he (the illiterate Canadian) is able to understand it. We do not hesitate to say, that if Mr. Edson could do all this, he is a precious sight a cleverer fellow, than the wizard Francisco, who has lately been astonishing the good people of Montreal. Will Mr. Edson publish his secret? Will he, through the columns of the *Montreal Witness*, inform us, how, in the course of a short conversation, he managed to convince a young man, unable to read, that the contents of a book which he held in his hand, were genuine and authentic, faithful translations, and copies

of the writings of *inspired men of old*? And above all, how he contrived to persuade this young man, that he was fully able to understand them. Greater men than Mr. Edson, have thought differently: after a long study, and diligent investigation of the writings of the Bible, they have come to the conclusion, that their sublimity is exceeded by their obscurity, and that the judgments of God, are a great and impenetrable abyss.—Ps. xxxv. 7. "How great and difficult a thing is it," says Luther, "to understand the Scriptures. Twenty years labor are required to understand the Georgics of Virgil; twenty years, passed in the management of affairs, to have a clear comprehension of the Epistles of Cicero; a hundred years with the Prophets Elias, Elijah, John Baptist, Christ, and His Apostles, to have a *glimpse* into the Scripture," and yet, a few minute's conversation with a pedlar, on the banks of the St. Francis, is sufficient to convince a young man, unable to read, that a book which he sees for the first time, is the pure word of God, without comment, and that he is able thoroughly to understand it!! No, no, Mr. Edson, you may have made a Protestant of this young man; but it was not by convincing him, that your books were the pure word of God, without comment. You, and yours, have another, and very different mode of proceeding, with the Catholic who falls into your net: you persuade him, for instance, that fasting is as unnecessary, as it is unpleasant; that confession of sin, is as superstitious, as it is painful; and that cleanliness, and elasticity, are as displeasing to God, as they are difficult for man to practice; you persuade him, that he is a clever fellow, a competent judge upon all the most important and difficult questions which can present themselves to the mind of man. It does not require a labored argument, to convince the ignorant *habitant* that he is wise, or to persuade him to abandon penance, austerities, and mortification. The pride of his heart, and the lusts of his flesh, are more powerful advocates, than you, or your comrades; his animal passions plead more strongly in favor of Protestantism, than any thing you can advance in its behalf; and finally the ignorant *habitant* yields, not because he is convinced that the book which you flourish so ostentatiously before his face, and whose praises you sing with the orthodox, and nasal twang, is the pure word of God; but because he perceives, intuitively, how easy it is to be a Protestant, and knows, perhaps from experience, what a continual conflict with the world, the flesh, and the devil, it requires to remain a Catholic.

HOW PROTESTANTS ARE HOAXED.

From articles which occasionally appear in the United States evangelical journals, in the form of communications from Roman Correspondents, we were well aware, how prone are the Italians, to indulge their propensity of hoaxing, or poking fun at, strangers from far off Protestant lands; knowing the general ignorance of Catholicity, and the credulity that prevails amongst them, these light-hearted dwellers in the South, cram their visitors, with all kinds of impossible stories, about "relics," and the "horrors of the Inquisition." In a short time, these wondrous tales are sure to find their way into print, and being extensively circulated, serve the double purpose, of gratifying the morbid taste of the Protestant community, for the horrible; and of keeping alive, a holy hatred of the Scarlet woman, whose hinder end reposes upon seven hills, "whose top reaches unto heaven;"—for the remainder, *vide Kirwan's "Decline of Popery."*

Relics, especially, furnish a fertile theme for the small wits of the conventicle. Although it is not ridiculous, or worthy of censure, for Protestants to retain relics, or memorials, of Luther, Calvin, Knox, or some of the founders of their new fangled religion, it is the height of folly and impiety for the Catholic to preserve, and regard with feelings of respect and loving admiration, aught that once appertained to holy men of old, to the Saints of Christ's Church, to the living temples of the Holy Ghost. But the usual way of dealing with the subject, with Protestants, is, as usual, misrepresentation. If they have not wit enough to concoct new, or tact and memory enough to select old, falsehoods, they ransack Joe Miller, and Punch, in search of some extravagancies to impute to Catholics; or imposed upon, in their travels, by some laughter-loving Italian, they bring back with them to their native land, some such list as the following, of the relics exposed to the adoration of poor benighted Papists:—

SOME OF THE RAYS OF THE STAR THAT APPEARED TO THE MAGI.

A VIAL OF THE SWEAT OF ST. MICHAEL, WHEN HE CONTENDED WITH SATAN.

A RIB OF OUR LORD, OR, AS IT IS PROFANELY STYLED, OF THE VERUM CARO EACTUM.

A FINGER OF THE HOLY GHOST.

A FINGER OF A CHERUBIM.

THE FACE OF A SERAPHIM, WITH ONLY A PART OF THE NOSE.

THE SNUOT OF A SERAPHIM, THOUGHT TO HAVE BELONGED TO THE PRECEDING.

Our readers will perhaps imagine that we are joking; that it is impossible, that any Protestant writers, should have given to the world, such a string of absurdities, as real *bona fide* Catholic relics, and as such, exposed to the veneration of the faithful. We assure our readers, that we are perfectly serious; that we have copied the above from a list of relics, published in an extensively circulated Protestant periodical—*Chambers' Papers for the People*—a work, which on its title page, professes to be mainly addressed "to that class of readers, whose minds have been educated by the improved schooling, and the popular lectures, and publications, of the last twenty years, and who may now be presumed to crave a higher kind of Literature than can be obtained through the existing cheap periodicals." If

the class whose minds have been educated by the improved schooling, can swallow all this trash about *fingers of Cherubim*, and *snuots of Seraphim*, what must be the nature of the mental pabulum afforded to the subjects of the unimproved schooling? This list of relics originated, probably, in the stories wherewith Italian Catholics are too often apt to hoax their Protestant visitors; the Italians are, as we all know, excessively addicted to this kind of sport; but we did not expect to find the American Consul at Rome, taking an active part in this mischievous amusement, and devoting his energies to making a fool of the correspondent of the *New York Journal of Commerce*; and yet, so it is; at least we find the said correspondent, attributing to that august official, the following romance, although, for our own parts, we strongly suspect that the original is to be found in one of the legends of our old friend Samuel Weller, of Pickwickian notoriety; the "Cylindrical Pit," set all round with "knives and cutlasses," has so very much the appearance of an old acquaintance in a new dress. Sam's version ran thus, as well as we can recollect:—"An eminent Sausage maker in the Strand, had invented a Patent Sausage grinding machine, which was the pride and solace of his existence; but being, upon one occasion, more than ordinarily troubled with the bitter tongue of a vixenish wife, the poor man cast himself headlong into his machine, and in a fit of temporary insanity, rashly converted himself into sausages. An elderly gentleman, passionately attached to pork sausages, broke one of his teeth whilst eating one of these delicacies; an examination of the hard substance, the cause of his misfortune, followed, and the result was, that it was identified by the disconsolate widow of the amiable defunct, as one of her lamented husband's trowser's buttons. Thus was the fate of the suicide brought to light." The correspondent of the *New York Journal* calls his legend—"The Inquisition Opened." The scene of the catastrophe is shifted from the Strand to the Porta Cavalligieri; heretics, instead of respectable tradesmen, are made mince-meat of; and the American Consul at Rome—who, whatever may be the amount of the salary wherewith a grateful people remunerates his arduous services, in the task of propagating calumnies against the religion of a large portion of his fellow-citizens, does not seem to be overburdened with work, or else he would find something better to do, than picking up old bones in the streets—is the chosen agent through whom Providence brings to light the "Horrors of the Roman Inquisition." Not only is Sam Weller's story more interesting; it is also more probable, and has an air of truth and reality about it, which our talented correspondent of the *New York Journal* vainly strives to imitate. But we will let our readers judge for themselves:—

"The Consul was particularly struck with the imposing dimensions of the 'Chamber of Archives,' filled with voluminous documents, records, and papers. Here were piled all the proceedings and decisions of the holy office from the very birth of the inquisition, including the correspondence with its collateral branches in both hemispheres. Upon the third floor, over a certain door, was an inscription to this effect—'Speak to the first Inquisitor.' Over another—'Nobody enters this chamber, except on pain of excommunication.' They might as well have placed over that door the well-remembered inscription of Dante over the gates of Tartarus—'Abandon hope all ye who enter here.' That chamber was the solemn Hall of Judgment, or Doom room, where the fates of thousands have been sealed in death. Over a door directly opposite, another inscription reads, 'Speak to the second Inquisitor.' Upon opening the second door of that department, a trap door was exposed, from which the condemned, after they left the Hall of Judgment, stepped from time into eternity. The well or pit beneath had been built in the ordinary cylindrical form, and was at least 80 feet deep, and so ingeniously provided with projecting knives and cutlasses, that the bodies of the victims must have been dreadfully mangled in the descent. At the bottom of this abyss, quantities of hair, and beds of mouldering bones remained. Not only at the bottom of the pit, but also in several of the lower chambers of the building, were found human bones. In some places they appear to have been mortared into the walls. The usual instruments of torture in such establishments were likewise manifest. The Consul presented me with a bone which he brought with him as a memorial of his visit."

And very kind it was of the Consul to be sure; though we should have been well content to have been informed what manner of bone it was. Bones are by no means rare, even in Montreal, and we can supply the *Italian Correspondent* with them, upon as reasonable terms, as the American Consul himself: we did intend to have sent him the jawbone of an ass, only, upon second thoughts, it struck us that such a present would be superfluous, the Italian Correspondent of the *New York Journal of Commerce* having one of his own already.

LIBERAL CATHOLICS AND GODLESS EDUCATION.

"Inimici hominis domestici ejus." A man's enemies are they of his own household, said the prophet of old; and so said we, as we read a somewhat lengthy communication, signed by a *Liberal Catholic*. This communication our correspondent requests us to publish, a request with which we cannot comply; we will give him our reasons, and reproduce his arguments in favor of the godless system, in so far as any thing he has adduced in its favor, is worthy of the name of argument.

A Liberal Catholic, objects to the subscription, set on foot in this continent, for the purpose of aiding the Catholic Hierarchy of Ireland, in their glorious undertaking of furnishing the youth of Ireland, with a Catholic University; because, the success of that undertaking will ensure the downfall of the Queen's, or Godless Colleges, of which he professes himself to be an ardent admirer, "notwithstanding all the Bishops of the present day may say to the contrary." He