

The True Witness.

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NEWS OF THE WEEK.

After a long and stormy passage, the Europa has arrived at Halifax, but brings nothing very interesting in the shape of news. The French and British journals are occupied in discussing the affairs of this Continent, and the probability of an arrangement between North and South.

The most important event since we last wrote has been the raising of the blockade of Charleston by the Confederate Navy; which sailing out, attacked, and destroyed several of the Yankee cruisers, and drove off the remainder.

TROUBLES OF ANGLICANISM.—Though many an angry storm has the "Church as by Law Established" had to pass: and hitherto these storms it has weathered pretty well, by the simple expedient of throwing overboard the cargo to preserve the hull.

But now a new and more formidable danger menaces it; one from which no wholesale throwing overboard of cargo, or doctrines, will deliver it; and indeed by this time the vessel's hold is pretty high empty, and cargo, or positive doctrine to throw overboard, there is, strictly speaking none of any consequence left.

upon them. We will describe it in the words of the London Times:

There are signs about us that the Established Church is entering upon a different ordeal from any she has yet gone through. It is no doctrinal crisis, no secession, no row, no succession of clerical meetings, no judgment in the Ecclesiastical Courts. It is a perfectly noiseless, quiet, and practical ordeal. It is simply this—that the number of men of education and social position who enter into Orders is becoming less and less every year, and that the void has to be filled up by an inferior class, commonly called 'literate,' who have not been at the Universities. This change is now going on rapidly.

The above clearly indicates the severity of the tempest which has burst upon the good ship, and menaces to overwhelm it. That which, as the Times truly observes, has all along been the great support of the Establishment—the social respectability, and literary attainments of its crew—is now in imminent danger of being lost for ever.

How the crew of the storm-tossed ship will act under these difficult circumstances, it is impossible to say. Some of them, the more high-minded and consistent, will perhaps take service under the Cross, and enter themselves upon the book of the Catholic Church, which is also the Book of Life.

For this catastrophe, the Times hints that the present crew are in a great measure responsible. They, by their incessant squabbles and disorderly behaviour at mess, have contrived to make Her Majesty's Ecclesiastical Service unpopular and disreputable; and so, as a necessary consequence, gentlemen of refinement, of delicate conscience, and of quiet orderly habits, decline entering it.

Other causes besides pecuniary ones, perhaps, contribute to this formidable shrinking from the profession of the Church on the part of men of education. The last twenty years have been eminently prolific of theological strife. The two parties in the Church have been abusing one another virulently, denouncing each other before the Ecclesiastical Courts, and charging each other with impudence and dishonesty in retaining Church benefices when each in the other's opinion contradicted, gainsays, and vilifies the doctrines of the Church.

him once a week—he is a flagrant impostor and a perjurer, who has sworn to certain doctrines and holds the contrary ones? The older and settled members of the clerical body no more feel the weight of these charges and counter-charges than they do that of their own skins. They regard it as a good old immemorial usage, like the fight of St. George and the King of Egypt in the Christmas drama—a usage which does nobody any harm, and it is absolutely confined to paper.

And that such must be the case where men look upon "the Church as a profession," and not as a "vocation," or sublime calling to the more immediate service of God, it needs no argument to prove. In England, the "Church as by Law Established" is a "profession," in the same sense that the Army, the Navy, and the Bar, are professions; which men enter with a view to their own personal interests, to the promotion of their fortunes in life, and for the gratification of their peculiar tastes, without the slightest reference to higher or spiritual motives.

This is the actual condition of Her Majesty's Ecclesiastical Service. It no longer attracts the highly educated, and ambitious by its high prizes for talents and energy; and on the other hand, by its intestine strifes, by its unseemly squabbles, and by its evident disregard of that for which alone a "Church" should be "established"—viz., the preservation of dogmatic truth as delivered to the Fathers—it effectually repels the high minded, and strictly conscientious.

Is not our contemporary the Irish Canadian of Toronto unreasonable, not to say captious? Are not his strictures upon our qualified approbation of the Irish Canadian, as unjust, as they are ridiculous? Wherein we could praise, we freely praised: wherein we were ignorant—we abstained from either praise or censure, of any kind.

What more would our contemporary have?—If we cannot read the riddle of his Prospectus, is it not more honorable on our part to confess our inability, and to refrain from all comment, whether friendly or hostile, than it would be to pretend to a spiritual insight which we do not possess, and to criticise that which we cannot understand? But to convince our contemporary how alien to our design it is to wrong him, or to distort his meaning, we here cheerfully reproduce in its integrity, all that portion of his Prospectus, which refers to the "principles" upon which the Irish Canadian is to be conducted; omitting those portions only which relate to business, or the pecuniary department of the journal. Now in the first place, according

to the terms in which this document is drawn up, the Irish Canadian is to be:—

"Devoted to the interests of the Irish people of Canada, and to a more Thorough Development of their National Character."

We have read these words most attentively, and have to the very best of our abilities, but in vain, endeavored to extract from them some positive or definite meaning; and we suspect that, if the truth could be told, not only other readers of the above mystic passage, but the writers thereof themselves, are in the same predicament. Dictionary and Grammar in hand, we have diligently essayed to turn it into plain English; such as men use towards one another when they employ language as the vehicle for communicating, and revealing, not for withholding or concealing their inward thoughts—and in sheer despair we have cast Grammar and Dictionary to the ground.

Again we have hopelessly puzzled, may we say obfuscated ourselves, by repeated but ineffectual efforts to fathom the mystery involved in the projected "More Thorough Development of their National Character."

"Apart from the success of the Irish Canadian in a commercial point of view, it will lay a higher claim to the patronage of the Irish public. Having no personal or interested motives to serve, and the Editorial Department being placed, by a strict supervision of the Managing Directors, beyond the reach of outside influences, it will prove a reliable and earnest exponent of National opinion.

From the above utterances we can extract naught to enlighten us as to the part which the Irish Canadian intends to take in those great social and politico-religious questions now violently agitated in the Province; and upon the solution of which the moral well being of the present and future generations depends.

The Irish Canadian indeed suggests that we ought not to be so very scrupulous; and that, seeing that the N. Y. Metropolitan Record in particular—a journal enjoying the public sanction of His Grace the Archbishop of New York, has been pleased to give its unqualified approbation of the principles of the Irish Canadian, as "the principles which need to be disseminated wherever individuals of the Irish race are found"—the TRUE WITNESS might have adopted a similar course.

race are to be found," is zeal for and attachment to the religion preached by St. Patrick, and hitherto faithfully preserved by his spiritual children through long ages of persecution. Now if these be indeed the principles which it is the design of the Irish Canadian to insist upon, and disseminate, we regret that he did not say so at once and clearly; in which case we should have spoken out as has the N. Y. Metropolitan Record. But if these be not the characteristic or distinguishing principles of our Toronto contemporary, then we think that, as a Catholic journalist, the editor of the N. Y. Record has acted very imprudently and inconsistently—to say the least—in giving an unqualified approbation to the principles of the Irish Canadian.

A SNARL FROM SACERDOS.—Such is the elegant heading of a recent article against "Sacerdos" in the courtly Globe. Taken all in all, and as coming from a "modern liberal," it is a right choice production, and one every way creditable to the "modern civilization" of the Globe. "No faith to be kept with heretics"—they tell us is a Popish maxim. The Globe has improved on this, and "No courtesy towards a Popish Priest" is the approved practice of that office. Sir Clodpole is irate because we neglected to notice his first attack. We certainly had no idea that he would deem it a slight, nor had we any intention of offending him.

And in very sooth before we borrowed a copy of that paper to-day from a friend to read "A Snarl," &c., we had not seen a copy of that paper since October last. We are a reader of the Globe; and for this reason—because we have no faith in the honesty even of its bad intentions. Its "radicalism" is not radicalism from conviction—else would it win our respect at least, if not our admiration. It loves the people only as a stepping-stone to power, and flatters their passions for its own aggrandisement.

Before entering upon the discussion of the particulars of this affair, we would ask Mr. Globe two plain questions. 1. How does it happen that he directs his anger against poor humble Sacerdos, and not against the Mighty Thunderer? The Snarl was begotten of the Times and not Sacerdos. Surely then to blame Sacerdos and not the Times, were to imitate the insensate conduct of the cur, who bit the stone, and not the hand that threw it.

With apparent candor this Sir Quixote, in his insane battlings for the fair damsels held in thrall-dom by Giant Famine, admits that if these £4,000,000 in the people's Banks do belong to the starving operatives, then indeed they are impostors. But the truth is, he says,—(and mark you, gentle reader, 'tis his assertion only—the ipse dixit of the Globe; value that as you may):—

"But the truth is, the deposits in the Savings Banks are the property to a very large extent"—(how large exactly, Mr. Editor? that's the question)—"of the small tradesmen whose shops are shut up. The amount"—(part of it, you mean)—"represents the capital upon which these people have been accustomed to trade. . . . The reason the £4,000,000 has come to be mentioned"—(by the Times, and you, first, and Sacerdos afterwards)—"as the property of the laboring class, arises mainly from the fact, that the Savings Banks are institutions especially established for that class, but which are nevertheless used for a variety of reasons by the small traders we have mentioned."

An ingenious theory certainly! but lacking novelty. John Francis McGuire, Mayor of Cork, has anticipated it by nearly two months; and yet the Times, seeing the different interpretations given to its words—the wrangling and jarrings they have occasioned, and having this Right Worshipful explanation made for it so opportunely to its hands by the Mayor of Cork, has not dared as yet to accept this gloss upon its text. Can it be then that it really meant what it said, and not what his Worship of Cork, and the three-days Honorable of Toronto would wish to make it mean? (Query. Could not the Globe write to the Times by the next post, to ask to know what it did really say? and more important still—what it did really mean? An intimation accompanying it—that the Hon. G. Brown's "friend" would wait upon the editor in