

The True Witness

CATHOLIC CHRONICLE,  
 IS PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY BY THE  
 PROPRIETORS,  
 GEORGE E. OLBERG AND JOHN GILLIES,  
 At No. 223, Notre Dame Street.  
 All communications to be addressed to the Editor,  
 G. E. OLBERG.

TERMS:  
 To all country subscribers, or subscribers receiving  
 their papers through the post, or calling for them at  
 the office, if paid in advance, Two Dollars; if not  
 so paid, then Two Dollars and a-half.  
 To all subscribers whose papers are delivered by cur-  
 riers, Two Dollars and a-half, if paid in advance;  
 but if not paid in advance, then Three Dollars.  
 Single copies, price 3d, can be had at this Office;  
 Pickup's News Depot, St. Francis Xavier Street; and  
 at W. Dalton's, No. 3, St. Lawrence Main Street.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, MAY 18, 1860.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

SCARCELY has the work of sacrifice in Italy been consummated, and already trouble, confusion, and shame are falling fast upon its perpetrators. Above the roar of artillery, and the bellowings of the swinish rabble which greet Victor Emmanuel's progress through his new and iniquitously acquired dominions, are heard the murmurs of complaint, and the cry of indignation against Cavour and his accomplices. To the superficial observer, all may appear *couleur de rose*, and the King's progress a triumph; but if we look beneath the surface, we shall find abundance of proof that a storm is brewing, and a meet retribution preparing for the enemies of the Sovereign Pontiff.

The first symptom that strikes us is the anxiety of Cavour to postpone the day when he shall be compelled to give an account of his stewardship, and to make answer to the many and perplexing questions to which he will then be exposed. "There are not a few reasons," says the *Times* correspondent—"why Count Cavour should feel great reluctance to confront Parliament under present circumstances;" and when that Parliament does meet, we may with confidence look forward to an outbreak of indignation against the Liberal Minister, that shall cast him down to the dust, and shake the very foundations of his master's throne. The *Times* never has a word to say against the powerful and successful; and from such passages as these, which we call from its Foreign Correspondence, we may conclude that the cause which Cavour and Victor Emmanuel represent, is no longer in the ascendant. Of the former, and of the Sardinian Government, it speaks in the following terms:—

"Whenever the real history of the Savoy annexation is related it will be an amusing but instructive lesson. The part which the Sardinian Government has played in this solemn farce is such as to deprive it of sympathy wherever political honesty is respected. (It is only your Clear-Grits, and George Brownites, who can fall down and worship before such a vile plaster of Paris idol as this Victor Emmanuel)—The tale will perhaps be told some day, and the world will see how a Minister who once commanded esteem even from his enemies, could descend so low. M. Cavour is at this moment no more than a mere Prefect at the orders of the French Foreign Office."

Of the annexation of Tuscany, and the Emilia-Provinces, the same authority speaks in a similar strain—as "accomplished in words," but, in fact, not so much as yet "sketched out."—The Provisional Government of these Provinces is now discovered to have been a system of fraud and rascality. "In the whole administration of justice in Parma, Modena, and Bologna," says the *Times*, "there is perfect chaos, and public business is at a perfect stand-still." These, be it remembered, are the forced confessions of an ardent admirer, not the venomous invectives of the adversary, of the Italian revolutionists; and as such they must be accepted as a fair estimate of the merits of these Church robbing gentry. Again, the same competent authority tells us that complaints are universally rife against the incapacity of office holders and their "notoriously bad characters"—(another proof that in revolutions the greatest scoundrels always contrive to get themselves placed at the head of the State); and furnishes us with the following detail, all exquisitely illustrative of the honesty and patriotism of Victor Emmanuel's friends and allies:—

"Some people utter loud complaints against the incapacity of persons either unfairly confirmed in office in spite of their unparliamentary precedents, or appointed to offices in spite of incapacity, and in some instances notoriously bad characters; while again others no less bitterly exclaim against the most shocking multiplication of the offices themselves. Unblushing favoritism, and importunate effrontery have led to an intolerable abuse of Government patronage, while the wish to gratify petty local, municipal interests has very nearly doubled that official machine, which it was the object of annexation to reduce. In the Duchy of Modena the judicial body is twice as numerous as it was under the Ducal Government. The whole kingdom boasts no less than three Supreme Courts; the same increase is observable in all the minor tribunals, in every branch of academical education; while, about popular instruction, next to nothing has been done. Every one of the twelve Universities of the Kingdom has augmented the numbers of its professors; and with them the number and salary of inspectors, a perfectly idle office, a mere sinecure, of modern contrivance."—*Times* Corr.

We inflict these details upon our readers, because they throw so strong a light upon the patriotism and political honesty of the Italian Liberal party; and because—since this multiplication of sinecures, and general venality, cannot but entail a vast additional expenditure, and

therefore greatly increase the burden of taxation—there is every reason to believe as well as hope, that another revolution, which shall undo the work of the revolution of '59 is at hand.—Patriotism is, as the proverb tells us, always the last resource of a scoundrel; but never has this truth been more clearly and strongly exemplified than in the case of the patriots of Tuscany, and the revolted Papal Provinces.

From the Southern portion of the Peninsula, we still receive tidings of strife and bloodshed. The Sicilian insurrection still rages, and it is reported that Garibaldi himself is about to place himself at the head of the insurgents. The story about the participation of the monks of a convent at Palermo in the insurrection, has been formally contradicted; the new version of the story being, that these pretended monks were but some of Mazzini's cut-throats in disguise, who obtained forcible entrance into the convent, and tried to palm themselves off as "patriotic religious." The dodge, though a clever one, did not succeed; nor is it likely that the excesses of the revolutionary party will find sympathisers amongst the ranks of the Catholic clergy.

Still from Ireland we receive the most heart-rending accounts of the distress that prevails amongst the peasantry, and of the continued flight of the latter from their native land. "The Exodus"—writes the Dublin correspondent of the *Times* under date 1st instant—"this season—if the reports are not exaggerated—is likely to be as marvellous in its extent as that which followed upon the terrible famine of 1846-47." According to the same authority, the emigrating class is composed for the most part, not of small farmers, but of laborers and household servants. Unless means can be found to check this ruinous emigration, the old Celtic stock will soon become extinct in Ireland; and the long-cherished projects of the "Soupers" and the "Swaddlers" will be crowned with success.

PROVINCIAL PARLIAMENT.—The usual routine business has been transacted during the past week. On Monday, M. Cartier announced that it was the intention of the Ministry to advise His Excellency to prorogue on Friday, the 18th instant, if the state of business should justify them in doing so. Mr. Brown moved the appointment of a Select Committee to assist in making arrangements for giving a fitting reception to the Prince of Wales. This motion was opposed by M. Cartier as unconstitutional, and on a division was rejected by a majority of 59 to 40. An absurd, and in a moral point of view, a most dangerous Bill for the total prohibition of the sale of intoxicating liquors in Upper Canada, introduced by Mr. Cameron, has, we are happy to say, been effectually disposed of for this Session. Is it possible, we feel inclined to ask—is it possible that outside of Bedlam, there is any one simple enough to believe that Acts of Parliament can put a stop to the sale and use of ardent spirits, or other intoxicating drinks?

IS THE CATHOLIC CHURCH EVANGELICAL?

—Anglicanism—not to say it profanely—bears about the same resemblance and relationship to Catholicity, that the monkey bears to man; and just as it would be surpassingly ludicrous to hear the Simia discussing the proportions of the latter, criticising his claims to comeliness, and deploring his want of the caudal appendage of which the former boasts, so are we struck with the surpassing absurdity, not to say impudence, of a controversy betwixt Anglicans, as to whether the Catholic Church is Evangelical. Yet in the columns of an Anglican cotemporary published in Toronto, we find this very subject gravely discussed; the learned editor adopting the negative side of the question, and one of his correspondents, over the signature A.T. espousing the other, or affirmative side of the question. We must do the latter the justice to add that he writes like a gentleman; and that if he is illogical, he is not—(for a Protestant that is to say)—offensively abusive. He admits that the Roman Catholic Church holds the truth; that as an Anglican he has more in common with her than "with his Calvinistic brethren who are within the (Anglican) Church, or the Separatists who are without;" and he insists "that Roman Catholics or the 'Romanists,' notwithstanding their I fear, idolatries, and other sad corruptions of the Faith, are unquestionably Evangelical;" though how he can pretend that idolaters can be Evangelical, or Christian, or anything but idolaters, we cannot well understand.

An idolater is not a Christian, neither can a Christian be an idolater; for idolatry consists essentially in worshipping as God, that which is not God, and in giving to creature that which is due exclusively to Creator. Idolatry is in short a sin against natural religion, as well as against supernatural religion; against reason as well as against faith; so that as St. Paul tells us, even under the natural law, idolaters were without excuse, because "they changed the glory of the incorruptible God, into the likeness of the image of a corruptible man, and of birds, and of four footed beasts, and of creeping things." Romans, 1. 23. Now as these things constitute idolatry, and as under the natural law there could be no excuse for those who did these things, how can they be admitted under the supernatural law as compatible with any form of Christianity?—Idolatry is incompatible with the observance even of the natural law; much more then must it be incompatible with Christianity or the supernatural law. The conclusion, therefore, is inevitable. If "Romanists" are idolaters, or if their religion

tolerates idolatry, then are not Romanists so much as Christians, and their religion is anti-Christian as well as anti-Evangelical. There is no middle course for the Protestant who can reason, to pursue. He must either retract his charge of "idolatry" as against the Roman Catholic Church; or he must withhold from her and all her children, the title of Christian. For no man who believes in One God the Creator of heaven and earth, can by any possibility be an idolater.

Passing over this serious flaw in our friend's logic, we would like to know what he means, what Protestants usually mean, by the term "Evangelical." As we have been accustomed to hear that term applied, we have generally understood it as opposed to "Sacramental," and as the denial of Sacramental efficacy. Or we find it applied as the synonym of "antinomianism," and as the counterpart of the old Lutheran formula—that man is justified by faith alone; without charity, without good works, without penance, without any necessity on his part of leading a holy life. To be an evangelical Christian, in the ordinary meaning of the term as employed by Protestants, is to live in accordance with the Lutheran precept—"Sin, and sin lustily," so long as you have faith; no sin can damn save unbelief.—This is what is generally understood by evangelicism; it implies sanding the sugar, putting chalk in the milk, alum in the bread, together with a regular attendance at chapel on Sabbath days; besides "getting happy" and going into "fits" on special occasions, such as Revivals and Protracted Meetings.

In this sense certainly the Catholic Church is not Evangelical; for she holds out no hopes to her children that they may be saved without labor, exertion, and constant self-denial on their part; that a man is at liberty to cheat, and defraud his brethren six days of the week provided only that he observes the seventh with puritanical gloom; or that faith can dispense with the obligation of bringing forth good fruit in the shape of good works—that is works good, because done from the love of God as their supernatural principle. But in that the Catholic Church, even by her opponent's admission, holds and preaches the Evangel, Gospel, or glad tidings, as contained in the Creeds; and in that the Romish system is logically coherent throughout, so that of its doctrines one is the logical supplement of another—then if it inculcates aught, its most needs inculcate all, of Christian truth in its integrity and its purity. Admit that the Roman Catholic Church holds any portion or fragment of revealed truth, and you must admit that she teaches the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. The marvellous logical coherence of the Romish system, the harmony of its parts, so that of its doctrines one is the necessary correlative of the other—as her doctrine of justification is the corollary of her doctrine of Free Will, her doctrine of Purgatory the inevitable logical consequence of her doctrine of justification; as the Mariolatry with which her enemies taunt her, is the logical, not chronological, development of her doctrine of the Incarnation—this is recognised even by intelligent Protestants, and is the standing miracle of the Church; a miracle which proves that she is no human institution, her teachings the product of no human intelligence, or of any intelligence short of the Infinite. Now as no one doctrine of the Romish Church is inconsistent with, or the contradictory of another; and as even Protestants admit that the Romish Church holds some truth—it is the inevitable logical conclusion that it holds and teaches nothing contrary to truth, and that, therefore, it teaches pure truth. This is the stronghold of Romanism; that, whether true or false, from God or from the devil, its doctrines form one harmonious whole, in such strict logical coherence with one another, that one cannot even be displaced without entailing the complete destruction of the entire fabric. With Anglicanism, with all the religious systems to which the great apostasy of the XVI. century gave birth, the case is the very reverse. Not only is there betwixt their several doctrines no necessary cohesion or interdependence, but they are for the most the direct contradictories of one another. Thus no human ingenuity can reconcile the 39 Articles of the Church of England with its Liturgy; or the Calvinistic doctrines of predestination, with the goodness of God, or with the atoning efficacy of Christ's blood. As the facetious Sydney Smith observed: one man may believe one article, another man may believe another article, and so thirty-nine men may perhaps be found who betwixt them believe all the 39 articles; but there never yet was, and it is a moral impossibility that there ever should be, one man who by himself, accepted the forty stripes save one which the State nominally inflicts upon its creatures of the Establishment.—So too with Protestants in general; their case is that of the boys who at Sunday School recited their Creed, each one reciting one article till the whole was got through with. Thus—1st boy believed in "God the Father Almighty" &c., 2nd boy, believed, in "His only Son our Lord," and so on; till at last when the recital had got as far as "the quick and the dead," an awkward pause ensued, interrupted by the explanation of a little urchin—"Please Sir, the boy that believes in the Holy Ghost is not here to-day."

And, as with Protestants; there is always one boy absent. If it is not the "boy who believes in the Holy Ghost," it is the "boy who believes in the Catholic Church," or the boy "who believes in the Communion of Saints." Do what they will, Protestants can never make up a perfect Creed amongst them; and their religion, if Christianity at all, is but a mutilated Christianity at its best. And herein is the striking characteristic of the Protestant religion. There is no mutual relation, often irreconcilable discrepancy, betwixt its several tenets; whilst with the Popish or Romish system, there is the same intimate connection, the same harmony and logical coherence, betwixt its several parts, as that which existing in the material order, enables a Cavvier, from the inspection of any single bone of some long extinct species, to pronounce with certainty as to the size, shape, habits, and peculiarities of the creature of whose frame it once

formed a portion. Rome, the modern Jerusalem is built, as a City, which is compact together; and the hand of the Divine Architect is, to him who hath eyes to see, everywhere apparent.

Instead, therefore, of discussing the claims of the Catholic Church to be evangelical, our Anglican friends would do well to satisfy themselves whether she is Christian in any sense of the word. If she be, then is she all that she claims to be—the One Church outside of whose pale there is no salvation. If, on the other hand, she be in any sense "idolatrous," then is she not Christian—and under either hypothesis the discussion is at an end. But, and this is what we would impress upon our friend A.T.—it is absurd, illogical to admit as he does that the Romanist believes in all the truths embodied in the Nicene Creed, and is at the same time an idolater; it is absurd and illogical to tax the Romish Church with "dangerous and degrading error," whilst recognising as he does that she holds some portion of truth; seeing that her teachings form one coherent and harmonious whole, of which, if any part is false, all must be false—or if any part be true, all must be true. We defy any one to lay his finger upon any discrepancy betwixt the several doctrines of the Romish Church, or to convict her of inconsistency; and such being the case, it would be as easy for A.T. to persuade us of the carnivorous habits of animals with the teeth and stomach of a sheep, as of "the dangerous and degrading errors" of a system which, logically coherent throughout, manifests indubitable symptoms of holding any one fragment of divine truth.

M. CHINQUY AND HIS TRIBULATIONS.—The course of heresy, like the course of true love, never yet ran smooth; and of this we have a striking instance in the case of poor dear Father Chinquy, and his interesting batch of converts, lately born unto the Lord, through the mysterious agencies of pork and oatmeal. Their spiritual mother has, it must be confessed, had a very hard time with them.

Nor is her condition one whit improved, how that she has brought forth her child. The young one is a remarkably infirm or rickety child, ever ailing, ever crying out, and clamouring for its victuals—for its oatmeal, and its pork, and its potatoes. The poor creature has also suffered many things from the hands of the doctors, or spiritual advisers, who have been called in to prescribe for its complaints; and who—as doctors generally do—differ greatly as to the fitting mode of treatment. There are doctors of the old Presbyterian School, and they recommend one method; and again there is an interloping doctor from the Grand Ligne Mission—(not a regular practitioner it seems)—and he recommends an entirely different mode of procedure. These facts are divulged in a communication addressed to the *New York Evangelist*, giving an account of Chinquy and his flock—from whence we make some extracts:—

"There is trouble in the camp. The colony needs the prayers of God's people now more than ever.—All who have taken an interest in them ought to know their trouble and its source."

This trouble, as our readers may suppose, is one inseparable from Protestantism, or the right of private judgment; and is thus described by a Rev. Mr. Hellmuth, one of the doctors called in to the assistance of the sickly babe of grace.—The reverend gentleman furnishes us with the following diagnosis of the disease. We again copy from the *New York Evangelist*:—

"Rev. Dr. Hellmuth, an excellent Episcopal Minister of Quebec, writes from Kanakakee under date of March 2nd. He says he had spent two days in the colony—Chiniquy being absent—and was delighted with the progress of the converts in divine things.—But!—(and here we come to the trouble and its source)—"I am deeply grieved to learn that Mr. A. who was here and at St. Anne, from the Grand Ligne Mission, has been sending Tracts on the question of Baptism, and while here made efforts to propagate Baptist views. The fact is clear and palpable that he has, and is still corresponding with various parties on the vexed question; he is even ready to come among them, and thus cause an unhappy division, which must prove disastrous to the peace, unity, and prosperity of this newly born people."

Poor dear Mr. Chinquy, writing under date of March 6th, confirms this heart-breaking statement of Dr. Hellmuth. The former says that Tracts on Baptism have been scattered by hundreds amongst the "newly born people," whose spiritual constitution has been quite undermined by the process; and he adds:—

"The result of these letters and tracts is, that the great work of conversion is quite checked. There are two parties now struggling against each other, and the priests of Rome are triumphing. They look upon Mr. A. and his Baptist friends as their best auxiliaries, and they publicly say they are now sure to keep their ground against the Gospel. My heart is broken at the sight of these new difficulties coming from the Baptists of Canada whom I considered my best friends. For God's sake, unite your prayers with other Christians that the eyes of the Baptists may be opened to the sad results of their interference with us here.

"Let all Christians pray for me, because my tribulations which were great, are still greater, since those whom I considered the children of the Gospel are uniting their efforts (unintentionally) to those of the Church of Rome, to oppose the great work of the mercy of God among my dear Canadian people!"

Thus mourns, thus in anguish of spirit groans unhappy Chinquy over the miserable abortion to which he has given birth. But what an amusing, what a valuable commentary upon the Protestant theories of "private judgment" and "free inquiry" do not these tears and groans supply.—Addressing himself to the Catholic whose faith he hopes to unsettle, the Protestant "Swaddler" has ever on his lips the text "prove all things;" and he is never weary of asserting the right, nay the duty, of every Christian man to subject every doctrine to the test of that proof, and of private judgment. To circulate by thousands amongst Catholics, letters and tracts calling in question, turning into ridicule, and treating with scurrility and obscenity, the doctrines of the Catholic Church—is a duty incumbent upon good Protestants; but to! when the process which the "Swaddler" applies to Papists, is by Protestants of one sect applied to Protestants of another, his tears gush forth, his sobs convulse his frame, his groanings are piteous to hear; and with a broken heart, and in a voice of agony he protests against the enormity of tract distribut-

ing; he takes up his parable, against provoking discussion on the efficacy, nature, or proper mode of administering the sacraments; and denounces "free inquiry" and the exercise of the "right of private judgment," as the inventions of Satan, and as the workings of the mystery of iniquity. Alas! for poor Chinquy; he will find it no easy task to convince his "newly born people" that they have not as good a right to exercise their "private judgment" upon his teachings, or expositions of the Scriptures, as they had to exercise the same faculty upon the doctrines of the Church of Rome.

What is taking place on a small scale at Kanakakee and at St. Anne, is but a transcript of what occurred on a large scale in Europe within half a century after the breaking out of the great apostasy of the XVI. century. The divisions, the heart-burnings, and mutual recriminations of the diverse contending sects into which, within a few years from the origin of Protestantism, the Protestant world was split up, operated most effectually to check the further progress of the apostasy, or moral corruption; just as the squabbles betwixt the Baptists and Paido-Baptists—betwixt Chinquy and the Grand Ligne Mission "Swaddlers"—have, as the former tells us, "checked" the great work of apostasy amongst the French Canadians. The latter may not be very learned, or skilled in controversy; but they have cunning enough to know that of contraries both cannot be true, or from God; and to require that, ere they consent to renounce the faith of their fathers, and to abandon the clear and uniform teachings of the Catholic Church, they who seek to make proselytes of them shall at least agree amongst themselves as to what is truth, and define the articles of the new faith which they design to impose upon their proselytes. Now, as in the XVII. century, the "Variations of Protestantism" are at once the proof of its infernal or hellish origin, and the apology of Catholicity or Popery. We rejoice therefore that there is "trouble in the camp" of the Kanakakee Soupers, amongst the deluded followers of the degraded priest; and we heartily pray God that these "troubles" may never be less, but that their dissensions may be multiplied, and that the strife betwixt the two contending parties may become, day by day, more intense, and more envenomed.

SACRILEGE.—The way of the transgressors is hard; but of none can this be said with more truth than of those who have laid profane hands on sacred things, on things dedicated to God, to His Church, and to His poor; of those, in short who have been guilty of the sin of sacrilege.

History is full of examples of the melancholy end of the sacrilegious; of the sudden destruction that has sometimes befallen them; of the slow working, but sure inevitable curse that attaches itself, and clings to the unlawful detention of sacred things or things consecrated to the service of Almighty God. In the annals of most of our old English historic families, we may trace the working of this curse; their names have become extinct, and the property which by violence they wrested from the hands of its legitimate owners, has in the great majority of instances, passed into families guiltless of direct participation in the sacrilegious robberies of the XVI. century; whilst the vile Cromwell, who was the prime agent, and instigator of those robberies, gave in his own person, and his tragic though justly deserved fate upon the scaffold, a signal proof that even in this life the sin of sacrilege rarely goes altogether unpunished. Nor upon individuals only did that punishment fall; for the crime was a national crime, and in the civil wars which devastated England and Scotland in the XVII. century it received a condign national punishment. One of the exciting causes of those wars, and of those intestine troubles which in brutality and blasphemous impiety equalled the worst horrors of the French Revolution, was the dread entertained by the landed gentry that the Stuarts contemplated calling in question the grants of the old Church and Abbey lands made by their Tudor predecessors; and this would have been a source of great trouble to the Stuart dynasty; and thus the whirligig of time brings in his revenges.

In one of his masterly Essays, Cardinal Wiseman has given some striking illustrations of the "Fate of Sacrilege" against religious persons; one or two of which, as they may be unknown to some of our readers, we will venture to reproduce.

END OF AN ORANGEMAN.—"Every one knows," says His Eminence, "how cruelly and brutally the clergy were treated during the Irish Rebellion, as it is called, by the soldiery or Protestant authorities into whose hands they fell. It is not many years since the late Sir W. B. was canvassing for his election, and went into a shop, we believe a bookellers', to ask for votes. The tradesman was an old man, and the canvasser and a friend who was with him, asked him if he remembered the bad times, and asked him if they were as bad as they were represented. The old man replied, that he remembered them well, and that they were much more evil than they were thought; and 'Sir W. B.' said, 'I will remember your uncle had a priest tied up to the triangles, and severely flogged, till the blood ran on the stones.—And years after, I saw your uncle lying dead on the same spot, having fallen out by the window, and dashed his brains out on the same stones on which he had shed that blood.' We have this narrative" concludes the illustrious writer—"from an eye-witness."

Here is another anecdote to the same purpose, which we borrow from the same source:—

"During the same eventful period, a yeoman in the Protestant army shot a priest with a pistol. Some time after he blew out his own brains with the same weapon. A brother of his secured the pistol, and some years later committed self-murder with it.—Their mother now got possession of the fatal instrument of divine vengeance, and flung it far into a deep pond. There was still one surviving brother, and he, as if impelled by some stern fatality, never rested till he had fished it up again, unknown to his mother. He scoured it clean, and made it fit for use. He kept it by him till his hour was come; when he inflicted on himself the same fate with it as his brothers had done before. Perhaps modern medical jurists will call this by some learned name; they may say it was an epidemic monomania; we will venture to be sufficiently old-fashioned to call it THE CURSE OF SACRILEGE."