

THE TRUE WITNESS

CATHOLIC CHRONICLE,

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The True Witness.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, MARCH 26, 1858.

PROVINCIAL PARLIAMENT.

The Legislative Council has adjourned to the 8th, and the Legislative Assembly to the 7th of next month. The last hours of the session were marked by nothing worthy of much notice. The frauds and violence at some of our Lower Canadian elections gave rise to some animated discussions; and the returning officers, and poll clerks of several places in the county of Lotbiniere, have been ordered to attend the Bar of the House. Mr. J. S. Macdonald has given warning that he intends voting against every measure introduced by the Ministry. On the 19th, Mr. McGee brought under the notice of the House the violence to which he, a member of the Legislature, had been exposed whilst attending to his legislative duties. "Dear Brother" Macdonald, whose Orange brethren were the guilty parties in this business, promised—good man that he is—to call the attention of the conservators of the peace to the subject.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY IN TORONTO

At an early hour of the morning of the 17th inst., the Irish of Toronto were all stirring, preparing for the celebration of Ireland's National Festival. About 10 a.m. the procession was formed, and proceeded in an imposing, but most quiet and orderly manner towards St. Michael's Cathedral for the purpose of honoring "The Day" by the worship of Almighty God; little deeming that an act so inoffensive, not to say laudable, would provoke the rage of their fellow-citizens, and lead to the shedding of innocent blood, and other acts of barbarous outrage.

The first attack was made on the Procession near the corner of Queen and Yonge streets; but on this occasion it would appear that the Orangemen met with a repulse. Again they returned to the charge in King Street, near the Cathedral, and a "serious fight," says the Toronto Colonist, "took place" in the course of which Michael Sheedy, a quiet, inoffensive man, who was bearing one of the banners, was stabbed in the stomach with a dagger, from the effects of which he died in great suffering on Friday morning, in the General Hospital of that city. The body of the murdered man was followed to the grave on Sunday by about 6,000 persons. Satisfied apparently with their valorous exploits on the 17th, Attorney-General Macdonald's "Dear Brothers" allowed the remains of the victim of their brutality to be carried to the grave without molestation.

Emboldened by their attack on the Procession, and relying on doubt upon their numerous friends in Court, and the encouragement offered to them by the Governor-General, and the first law officers of the Crown, the Toronto Orangemen determined to signalize themselves by some other gallant feat of arms; and for this purpose planned, and carried into execution a nocturnal attack upon the National Hotel, in which a large body of Irishmen had met together in the evening to commemorate their country's National Festival. "Here" says a Protestant journal, the Toronto Leader—"the utmost harmony prevailed up to about eleven o'clock." The usual loyal, and patriotic toasts had been given, and speeches delivered; a friendly deputation, bearing a daisy, had just been received from the Irish Protestant Society who were dining in a neighboring hotel, when—(we quote from the Leader):—

"Without any previous warning, the cracking of windows, breaking in the lower part of the house was heard, and the dining room was immediately filled by fleeing and terrified men, women, and children. The windows of the dining room were next smashed in by bricks and large stones, and the company obliged to fly for their lives to the stairs and lobbies. The scene at this moment beggars description; the windows smashing, the mob without, yelling like blood thirsty fiends—(these fiends, be it remembered, are they to whom M. Turcotte is quite willing to extend the right hand of fellowship)—and inside the wild rage of the men, and the terrors of the youngsters and the weaker sex. Every moment waters grew worse within and without. The house was searched for arms to make a stand against the mob outside, and soon a dozen of shots were fired on both sides—which seemed however only to enflame the passions of both parties higher. We will not attempt to go any further in the description. On the one side were the loyal Catholic Irish, who had just drunk with enthusiastic cheers the health of Her Majesty and her family, and on the other were a body of equally loyal Protestants, but whose minds were poisoned, seeking to assail their fellow-citizens even to murder."

Rather a strange circumstance no doubt, seeing that according to the Montreal Witness, Protestant training is a guarantee against the crimes of murder and assassination. But let us be just to our Protestant fellow-citizens; for thank God, all Protestants are not Orangemen; and we know that many, very many of them as loudly and heartily condemn the savage fury of the Orangemen of Toronto, as do Catholics themselves. Indeed many Protestant gentlemen rushed boldly forward to rescue their Catholic fellow-citizens from the fury of the Orange canaille; and it was by their active exertions as much as by the interference of the police, that

the riot was suppressed, and a general slaughter of the guests of the National Hotel prevented.

It seems also that the Orange rabble, foiled of their prey at the National Hotel, but like the tiger that has once tasted blood, still clamorous for more—rushed to Sword's Hotel, where D. McGee Esq., was in the habit of lodging, and there with loud cries demanded that Mr. McGee should be delivered up to them. In the meantime that gentleman, who was driving down to the House of Assembly, was pursued by another body of Orange ruffians, who pelted him with stones, and would no doubt have murdered him could they have succeeded in laying hands upon him.

Comment upon the above disgraceful facts is almost unnecessary; only this would we remark—that we are now reaping the fruits of our own apathy, and miserable servility to "Jack-in-Office." Had we, some two years ago, when Orangeism first commenced to raise its hideous head in our midst—had we then firmly and constitutionally resisted the first aggressions of the monster—had we done our duty towards ourselves, by bringing the unstatesmanlike and ungentlemanly conduct of Sir Edmund Head under the notice of the Imperial authorities—had we then boldly and legally protested against any official encouragement to secret politico-religious societies—we should not now have to weep over the murdered body of poor Michael Sheedy, or to blush for the violence offered to our representative, and the insult therein implied to the citizens of Montreal. We have earned, and to a certain extent, merited, the reputation of being a tame "dough-faced" set, who for a "considération" and a little "government pap" judiciously applied, will put up with any amount of kicking and cuffing; and we have only to pursue for another year or two the same timid mercenary policy that has of late been in vogue amongst us, when, not only in Toronto, but in Montreal, and the other cities of Lower Canada, our national and religious processions will be hunted off the streets by armed Orangemen; and the same indignities that were heaped upon the Irish Catholic Clergy and laity of Toronto on St. Patrick's Day '55, will be offered to our Lower Canadian priests and Religious generally. It is indeed time for us to ponder seriously what attitude it behoves us as Catholics, and as British subjects, to adopt towards the foe that menaces both our religious and our civil liberties.

And we should remember that this foe is petted, fostered and encouraged by those who, if they had either the wisdom of statesmen, or the proper feelings of gentlemen, would make it their first duty to discountenance all secret politico-religious associations; particularly those societies whose past, deeply stained with blood, gives assurance of a bloody future. Instead of this, our Governor-General, and his Ministerial advisers—yes, the first legal functionaries in the Province—are actively engaged in promoting the very nuisance which it is their duty to abate. It is all very well for the Leader and the Ministerial press to declaim against George Brown, and his "No-Popery" cry, as the inciting causes of the late Orange riots at Toronto. But George Brown is not the chief culprit; we must look beyond and above the member for Toronto for the real criminals; and we find them in the Council Chamber, and in the Vice-Regal Chair. Yes—we say it unhesitatingly—upon the head of the Attorney-General—upon the head of the Governor-General—upon the head of every man who, being in office, directly or indirectly countenances Orangeism—be the blood of the murdered Sheedy—and the blood of the other victims of Orange brutality.

It is worthy too of notice that, whilst the bloody scenes above enumerated were being enacted in the streets of Toronto, a Bill for incorporating the chief actors therein was being introduced into the House of Assembly. Irishmen—we ask—Catholics, will you allow such a Bill to pass? Will you become parties to your own ruin and degradation?

ST. PATRICK'S DAY AT KINGSTON.

The day was fine, and by about half-past nine o'clock the Procession of the Sons of St. Patrick commenced forming in front of the City Hall. Major O'Reilly's splendid Company of Volunteer Rifles formed the Guard of Honor, marching at the head of the Procession. Then came the pupils of the Christian Brother's schools, the Wolfe Island St. Patrick's Society, and the St. Patrick's Society of Kingston, accompanied by the Band of the St. Patrick's Society, by the Portsmouth Band and Mr. Frazer's City Band. Messrs. Roland Kain, Hilliard, Dawson, Byrnes and Halligan as Marshals, maintained the most perfect order in the Procession as it proceeded to St. Mary's Cathedral, where High Mass was sung by the Rev. Mr. Byrnes, and a most eloquent and appropriate discourse was delivered by the Rev. Mr. Dollard.

After Mass the Procession numbering some 5000 persons, again marshalled in order, and proceeded through the principal streets of the City, to the City Hall, where they were addressed in an eloquent speech by D. Macarow, Esq., the deservedly respected President of the St. Patrick's Society, who was loudly cheered by the dense crowd which composed his audience. T. O'Reilly, Esq., was then lustily called for; and was received with enthusiastic cheers. Much sensation was caused by his allusions to his approaching departure from Kingston, and it was evident that the Irishmen of our city were most unwilling to lose so distinguished a member of their body. Mr. O'Reilly having retired amidst loud and long continued cheering, a very pleasing address was delivered by young Master Ryan of the Christian Brother's School—a lad of about 16 years of age—who was warmly greeted upon his appearance on the platform. This young gentleman in the most chaste and elegant language returned thanks, in the name of himself and comrades, to the St. Patrick's Society, from which they had imbibed their first lessons in patriotism—lessons which they would never forget, and which when arrived to years of manhood they would endeavour to reduce to practise. After a few words from Messrs Kain and Kilduff,

the assembly then broke up; mutually satisfied with one another, and the Day's enjoyments. The annual festival of the Society has been postponed until after Easter.

I should have noticed that a collection amounting to the sum of \$340 was taken up in the Cathedral during High Mass. A fact like this speaks volumes as to the liberality of our Irish Catholics of Kingston, who are always foremost in every good and charitable undertaking.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY AT OTTAWA.

"This is my own my native land."—Sir Walter Scott.

The anniversary of the patron Saint of Ireland was celebrated in this City with that enthusiasm which the fair daughters and intrepid sons of the Emerald Isle can feel. As intimated in our last issue the procession formed at half-past nine o'clock, A. M., at St. Patrick's Hall; and preceded by boys with wands, followed by the several banners of the Irish Societies, proceeded to the Cathedral, where an eloquent sermon was preached by our zealous Pastor, the Rev. Mr. Molloy. After Divine service the procession reformed and marched back in the above order, headed by the splendid Canadian Brass Band, where it dispersed, each to his home. We observed during the day not a single instance of intoxication,—order and harmony were the motto. At night the societies assembled at St. Patrick's Hall to talk over happy reminiscences of the "dear old land," the remembrance of which brings sorrow, tempered by the soothing hand of time, to many a heart.

Eloquent orations were delivered to the crowded audience by the Rev. Messrs. Trudeau, Dawson, Molloy and by Messrs. Ed. Smith and W. H. Reynolds.

We congratulate our countrymen on the manner in which they celebrated this joyous festival, and we hope to have the good luck of being present on many such occasions.—Ottawa Citizen.

We regret that owing to the non-reception, up to the time of going to press, of any communications from our Quebec correspondents, we are unable to give an account of the proceedings in the ancient capital of Canada on St. Patrick's Day. We know only that the Irish of that city celebrated the Festival in a becoming manner and that everything passed off tranquilly, and with the utmost harmony, and in a manner highly creditable to themselves as Catholics and as Irishmen. High Mass was sung at St. Patrick's by His Lordship the Bishop Elect of Kingston.

On St. Patrick's Day in this city, Captain Bartley, Lieutenant Cavanagh, and Ensign Donnelly entertained their Company (No. 5) at a dinner given at the Armoury. The utmost hilarity and harmony prevailed, and the usual loyal and patriotic toasts were drunk with enthusiasm.

Our Perth correspondent's interesting communication was only received as we were going to press. We have therefore been compelled to postpone its appearance until next week.

St. Patrick's Day in New York passed off well. There was a procession—10,000 Irishmen marched.

REVIVALS, AND THEIR PHENOMENA.

Amongst the many strange phenomena which excite the attention of the scientific world, there are perhaps none more worthy of a careful study than those which periodically manifest themselves amongst the Protestant population of the United States; and occasionally amongst Protestants in other countries. These phenomena seem to be amenable to no laws that have yet been discovered. They as readily manifest themselves in summer as in winter; the inhabitants of crowded cities, and the dwellers in the rural districts are alike their subjects; whilst so varied are they in their features, that hitherto they have set all attempts at classification at defiance.

That they are in all, or even in the majority of instances, simulated, that they are produced or withheld at the pleasure of their subjects, we do not believe; that a "Revival," or "Protracted Meeting" encourages a vast amount of hypocrisy is no doubt true; but there is more in them than can be accounted for on the hypothesis of hypocrisy.

To attribute the strange phenomena, the howling and jumping, the "Jerks" of the Methodists, and the violent animal excitement, which characterise a "Revival" to the influences of the Holy Spirit of God, is impossible; for we know that He is not a God of confusion, but of order; and that it is not in the contortions of the Sibly, or the frantic utterances of the Bacchanal, that His Holy Spirit manifests itself. Must we then conclude that, as these phenomena are certainly not of God, they must be of the devil?

We hope not; we hope that it is not necessary to have recourse to the extreme hypothesis of supernatural diabolical interference to account for the well attested phenomena which are at this moment attracting general attention not only in the United States, but in Canada. We would not be understood as altogether denying the Satanic origin of some of these phenomena; many of them indeed—especially that strange religious exercise known amongst the Methodists as the "Jerks"—are strongly suggestive of demoniacal possession; but we still think that, as the attention of men of science is directed towards them, they in a majority of instances will be reduced to something like order, and compelled to take their place in the ranks of those other phenomena to which a purely natural origin can be assigned. Some perhaps will in time be shown to proceed

from a disordered state of the bowels and liver, and a morbid condition of the digestive organs generally; whilst a still greater number will be classed amongst those "nervous" affections, to which we assign a natural and physiological origin, although it is impossible for us to enumerate every link of the subtle chain wherewith body and mind are mysteriously held together.—That the one reacts on the other we know, though of the *modus operandi* we are, and ever must be, ignorant; and we see therefore no good reasons for rejecting the theory of the purely natural and physiological origin of many of the characteristic phenomena of the Protestant "Revival" or "Camp Meeting."

The "Getting Happy," the "Losing One's Strength," the "Jumping," the "Roaring in Prayer," and other concomitants of what Professors call a "Pentecostal season," may, we have no doubt, be satisfactorily accounted for upon this "natural" hypothesis. Tight lacing, causing a predisposition to dyspepsia, and the *ennui* under which so many of them who have no domestic duties to engross their attention, labor, and which necessarily engenders a morbid hankering after excitement amongst the female patients,—indigestion, the result of tobacco chewing, bolting their victuals unchewed, and over application to business, amongst the males—are, we have no doubt, amongst the principal causes which in a season of great commercial depression, when economy is the order of the household, and business is slack, drive both men and women to seek excitement in the "prayer meeting," and render them so peculiarly liable to hysterical and other nervous affections. The bowels, we believe, are primarily in fault in the great majority of instances; in others, love of notoriety, and a desire to obtain a reputation for sanctity at an easy rate, and without the painful process of abandoning vicious habits, offer a still more simple explanation of the strange scenes now being enacted in the United States; whilst perhaps a supernatural and diabolical origin must be assigned to the remainder. We thus obtain three Heads under which all the phenomena of the "Revival" may be classed—the "Physiological," the "Hypocritical," and the "Diabolical."

Those of the first class belong to the domain of therapeutics; those of the second claim the attention of the policeman; whilst those of the third class only fall, properly speaking, within the province of the theologian, and exorcist. In the latter class we should certainly include the "Jerks," which make their appearance chiefly amongst the Methodists; though the members of other sects are liable to be attacked. Of this affliction, a correspondent of the Illinois Baptist gives the following account:—

"It made its appearance in a protracted meeting among the Methodists at Indian Grove. The minister who conducted the meetings moved them from Indian Grove to Avoca, and brought with them five or six of the jerkers, and thus the contagion commenced in the latter place. Our informant was present at several of their meetings in Avoca, and describes the scene as very exciting. From fifty to a hundred were jerking at the same time. Their hands, shoulders, feet, and heads would be violently thrown into the most grotesque and apparently painful shapes. The women's bonnets would fly off, their hair become dishevelled, and in some instances snap like a whip. In some instances it attacked unbelievers in it, and unconverted men who tried to resist it by folding their arms and wrapping them tightly around their bodies; but, in spite of themselves, their shoulders, first one and then the other, would be jerked back, till they lost all control of themselves."

Under which "Head" we should class the following, we are almost at a loss to say. It is copied from the N. Y. Tribune, and is an account of the conversion of a notorious bully and fighting man of New York, known as Orville, or Awful Gardner. The informant in this case is a Mr. Halsted, who seems to have acted the part of spiritual midwife on the occasion, and to have presided over the throes of the new birth of this "babe of grace." The particulars as to the very muscular manner in which the pugilist engaged in prayer, are given with much unction:

SHOWING HOW AWFUL GARDNER "GOT RELIGION." "A Christian who had been laboring with him, said: 'Now, Mr. Gardner, don't you feel as if you ought to change your course of life?' Said he: 'I do.' Then, he asked, 'why don't you do so?' 'Well,' said Gardner, 'I can't begin now.' 'Why not now?' 'I have some matters in New York to settle up first.' 'Ah,' said the gentleman, 'you had better settle with your Maker first.' 'Well,' said Gardner, 'I am going to the city to-morrow morning, and when I return I will seek salvation.' Well, in the morning, he had his carpet bag ready to start; but, said he, 'I guess I will wait until to-morrow morning,' and so he kept on putting it off until to-morrow for a week. The spirit of God had kept him there. On Friday night he went to the meeting, and while he was there the minister said to him, 'Hadm't you better make up your mind to come forward and seek salvation?' 'Well,' said he, 'if I felt like that man I would—referring to a man who showed his desire to be saved, but was not yet converted.' 'Ah,' said brother Gilbert, 'your case is more critical than his.' 'Do you think so?' said he. 'Yes, you know your duty and will not do it.' Gardner went home that night. 'I don't like the remark the minister made,' said he, 'and I won't stay if he thinks I'm in that condition.' His wife said he didn't sleep that night. He twisted and rolled about as if in great distress. He again put off going to the city. He said to another friend, 'I am not satisfied with the life I have had. I am going, by the grace of God to change my course; I am going to try and be a different man.' On Wednesday he came forward and knelt down, but he didn't get converted then. He didn't get converted the next day, and in the meantime the members had begun to frown at the sinful man who had known him, and they came and filled the gallery, saying, 'Let's see what's going on.' But he didn't flinch. He knelt at the altar, but again he was not converted. He said to the minister, 'What does this mean?' 'Ah,' said the minister, 'God means to give you such a struggle that you will never forget it. He means to use you as a means of converting others.' On

Monday afternoon they got him in a private house. He prayed so, that nearly all about the place came around the house. 'What is that?' said they. 'It's Gardner praying for mercy.' That was good, was it not? (Cries of "Amen.") I hope God will make some here pray. On Monday night he went again to the altar. On Tuesday he said, 'I have got to go to White Plains,' and a friend said, 'I will go with you,' and he put up his horse and they left together. They talked on without knowing where they were going until he halted the horse upon one side of the road, and shouted 'hallelujah!'

The pulling up of his horse, and singing out "hallelujah," marked the first stage in the process of poor Awful's conversion. But his trials were not over; for our informant tells us that just as he had sung out as above, and was beginning to get happy:—

"All at once the devil came to him, and said—'what are you doing? praising God? a man so wicked as you have been; you have made a mistake.'"

But though at first Gardner thought the devil was right, he was not to be daunted; a plucky fellow and used to a fair stand up fight, he would not give in. The conclusion of this most interesting case is given by the same authority as follows:—

"Gardner said 'he thought he had made a mistake,' but he came to the church, and while kneeling, the clouds began to dispel, and a bright light surrounded him; soon he took his handkerchief and covered his eyes. Said the minister, 'What are you doing, Gardner?' 'Why,' said he, 'there is such glory shining all around me; I thought it must be a mistake, and I covered my eyes to see if I could see it yet.' 'How is it?' said he; 'all light and beautiful,' said he. (Great sensation and loud cries of "Amen"—'Glory to God, etc.,) and darkness has been succeeded by light and joy of Christ. On Thursday night he said, 'I have got religion; I thought it would be good, but it is a great deal better than I thought it was.' If we live until two weeks from to-day you will hear him talk of Jesus himself in the Seventeenth-street Church."

We scarcely know how to treat such cases when brought before us. They are too grave for mirth, and too grotesque in their several features to challenge our respect; and though it would be nothing less than blasphemy to attribute them to the agency of the Holy Ghost, we naturally feel loath to conclude that the actors therein are either hypocrites, or the subjects of Satanic possession. We look upon them rather as the victims of impaired visceral action, produced by the causes above enumerated, and of a morbid hankering after excitement, analogous to that under which opium-eaters, and drunkards' labor, when suddenly deprived of their accustomed stimulants. This is our theory of "Revival" conversions.

We need scarcely add that we expect no permanent good to society to result from them, or any improvement in the morals of the community wherein they occur. When Sloggin's within "two weeks" from his conversion undertakes publicly to "talk of Jesus," we tremble greatly for Sloggin's, we have but little respect for the moral sense of the community of which Sloggin's is a chosen vessel and a shining light. St. Paul indeed after his conversion, and having been specially and miraculously called thereunto, spoke openly of Jesus, to Jew and Gentile. But then it must be remarked that prior to his conversion St. Paul had not led an immoral life; and that his sin consisted in his too great zeal for the religion of his fathers, and not, as in the case of Sloggin's, in a total disregard of all religion and religious obligations. Besides St. Paul was in a marked manner called of Christ to preach the Gospel; he therefore incurred no risk of mistaking his subjective impressions for the voice of God. Has Sloggin's the same assurance?—can he adduce any proof of his divine mission? When he does, then we will enroll ourselves amongst his hearers, but not before.

Let it not be thought that we would turn the awful subject of conversion into ridicule, or even treat it lightly; it is because we see no signs of conversion in the victims of the "Revival" mania, no traces however faint of the working of the Holy Spirit, that we denounce the movement as dangerous to faith and morals. When the wicked man turneth away from the wickedness that he hath committed, and doeth that which is lawful and right—then, and not when he sings out "hallelujah!"—do we believe that he shall save his soul alive; in the purity and honesty of his life and conversation, and not in the strange capers that he cuts in a moment of wild excitement, or in the uncouth howlings whereby he announces to the world that he has "got happy," do we believe that the truly penitent sinner will proclaim the great things that God has done for his soul; and it is when he offers to the Lord the acceptable sacrifice of a broken spirit, of a heart contrite, and humiliated at the memory of its iniquities—rather than when he "talks of Jesus in the Seventeenth-street church"—that we recognise the presence of the Spirit of Him Who holdeth the proud man in abhorrence, but delighteth to shew mercy unto the meek and humble of heart. In a word, we believe in the conversion of a weeping Magdalen; we have more than doubts in that of a shouting Sloggin's.

"A Protestant, or at least a non-sectarian education of the masses, seems to be the only guarantee against murder and assassination; but even this the Priests will not let us have in Lower Canada, and attempt to put down in the Upper Province."—Montreal Witness.

Before proceeding to test by the history of Protestant communities, the value of the guarantee offered by "a Protestant" education, against murder and assassination, we would take the liberty of remarking, that our cotemporary is in error as to the conduct of "the Priests." In so far as the latter are concerned, Protestants in both sections of the Province, are at liberty to educate their own children as they please; all that we, Papists, ask is, that Protestants presume not to interfere with us in the education of our children; and that they do not take our money