

some dangerous to the peace of society; none so revolting to every rightly constituted mind, as appeals to the religious convictions and prejudices of the people. In Canada, more especially, where, in the eye of the law and of the state, no religious sect can claim an ascendancy over others, where all are free to worship God as their own reason and conscience dictate, no possible excuse can be found for the politico-religious. For ourselves we trust the readers of the *Herald* have long since been satisfied that while ever ready to defend our own religious rights, we are equally ready to respect those of others, however widely they may differ from us in their belief and practice, so long as the latter are neither in conflict with morality nor with the laws of our common country. It is, then, with feelings of mingled dread and detestation—for all history evidences the unvarying and inevitable results of religious fanaticism—that we witness the base use which such mere politico-religiousists as the *Toronto Globe* seek to make of the boldest sentiments of the human heart, by appeals to the religious prejudices of its readers. So long as this self-appointed champion of Lower Canadian Protestants confined himself to misrepresentation and abuse, we were unwilling even to notice his ravings on the subject of the alleged oppression at the hands of our Roman Catholic brethren, under which he would fain persuade his readers in the Upper Province we were basely and unresistingly contented to submit. We know the futility of arguing either with a religious fanatic or a political demagogue, and we were silent. It is otherwise, however, when we find this ambitious and thoroughly unscrupulous political firebrand passing the limits of mere misrepresentation, and appealing to the most patent and palpable falsehood in support of his slanders, alike of our Protestant and of our Catholic population. We should be wanting to the interests of truth, and forgetful of what is due to ourselves and our fellow-citizens, were we to allow such statements as the following—which we find in the *Globe* of Monday last—to circulate without contradiction. After gloating with demoniacal satisfaction over the lamentable riot and loss of life which disgraced our city on the 9th of June, 1853—a text upon which he is never tired of preaching—the *Globe* says:—

"There has been no outrage on Protestants for some months in Lower Canada, because there has been nothing done to draw it forth; but is there any greater security for them now than in 1853? Could Gavazzi, or any other distinguished opponent of Popery, lecture in a Protestant Church? We trust not. The venerable Kirwan visited Quebec and Montreal lately, but he did not dare to speak. No man who valued his life and limbs would venture. The liberty of speech is practically as completely lost in Montreal and Quebec as it is in Rome and Naples."

"Now, is it possible that so great an admirer of the 'venerable Kirwan,' as the *Globe* professes to be, could be ignorant of the truth in this matter? It is certainly possible, but by no means probable: inasmuch as, not only did Dr. Murray, 'that distinguished opponent of Popery,' lecture in a Protestant Church during his late visit to Montreal, but the public were invited, by advertisements in all the Protestant papers, to attend his lecture, a full report of which lecture was published in our columns, on the 17th of last month. Full well does the *Globe* know the absurdity of his comparison of Montreal and Quebec to Rome and Naples; but, at all events the only proof of similarity adduced by him is, thus, we should hope, pretty well disposed of. As to the 'Gavazzi riot'—it was, certainly, and admittedly, a most disgraceful and lamentable outbreak of fanaticism and lawlessness; but did the *Globe* never hear of the ultra-Protestant 'Lord George Gordon riots' in London; of the 'Charleston Nunery riot,' at Boston; of the 'No-Popery riot,' at Bradford, in Yorkshire, in 1852; of the 'Nell Dow riot,' the other day at Portland; to say nothing of the more recent 'Circus riot,' in the *Globe's* own pattern city?—The guilt of the 'Gavazzi riot' rests on the heads of a comparatively few fanatical law-breakers, and the fatal results of it on those of Her Majesty's undisciplined troops. It is alike unjust and ungenerous to attempt to fix either upon the citizens of Montreal, Catholic or Protestant."

We read in the *Toronto Colonist* the following account of the state of morals in the capital of Upper and Protestant Canada:—

"The Toronto jail is now so crowded with prisoners, that it is impossible to find room for more. Out of a long list of offenders brought before the Police Magistrate yesterday, not more than one or two were sentenced to jail on account of this state of things. Indeed, we are informed that the Police might have made several more arrests of drunk and disorderly characters, but thought it useless, as they could not be sent to jail for punishment."—*Toronto Colonist*.

Would it not be well to send a few missionaries to try and convert the brutal heathenised masses of Upper Canada? Would it not be a good work to empty the jails, and fill the churches?—good for immortal souls, and for the pockets of rate-payers? We commend the subject to the notice of the French Canadian Missionary Society.

"WANT OF EDUCATION IN THE NORTH OF ENGLAND.—The other day a large meeting of coal-owners and coal-viewers and others interested in the colliery population, was held in Newcastle-on-Tyne, to see what could be done to educate it better. Mr. Nicholas Wood, the Chairman of the Institute of Mining Engineers, stated that 'at the annual bindings there is scarcely a single man or boy who signs his own name to the bond'; and yet these men and boys have gone through the schools, and we suppose that they have learned to read and write, but they have left school at so early an age that they lose what little they have learned, and you find them incapable of writing their own names."—*Illustrated London News*.

And yet they—these same ignorant colliers—may be heard reviling the Irish—"the poor Papists"—and taunting them with ignorance. These wretched English colliers may be found abusing Irish Catholics, and sacking and burning their churches, and even murdering those Catholics when they endeavor to defend their property. These English Protestant colliers, who cannot write their own names, and who have not been kept in their present deplorable state of ignorance by priests, are now and then convicted of the murder of their wives or children, for the sake of the paltry sum they expect to receive from the funeral societies. Sweet fruits of the "Reformation!" Are the Cullin murder, and the late child

murder at Bristol, to be reckoned among these fruits? Pity it is that those "religious gentlemen"—Strachan, Bates, and Co. did not, when they had the means, expend some portion of their easily-gained wealth in the endowment of schools for lessening the amount of Protestant ignorance, and thereby repressing as much as possible Protestant vice.

"THE HISTORY OF THE CRUSADES." By J. F. Michaud, translated from the French by W. Robson, in 3 vol. Redfield, New York. For sale by D. & J. Sadler, Montreal.

M. Michaud's "*History of the Crusades*" is a work so well known, and from the length of time that it has been before the public, so thoroughly appreciated, that it is scarce necessary for us to say a word about it. As a record of battles and sieges, of the marchings and countermarchings, the heroism, the errors, the sufferings and the victories of the Crusaders, no better history of the long protracted struggle between the Cross and the Crescent has been given to the world. But when from facts the author proceeds to theories, and pretends to criticise the motives of the leaders and originators of that great movement which precipitated the chivalry of Europe on the burning sands of Asia—above all, when he treats of the Sovereign Pontiffs, under whose auspices the Crusades were undertaken—we must be very careful to discriminate between the chronicler, and the historian properly so called. Throughout his work M. Michaud manifests a strong anti-papal bias, and a profound contempt for the religious fanaticism of the people. In his eyes devotion is a crime, for which the headlong courage of the soldiers who scaled the walls of Jerusalem, and humbled the hosts of Islam on the bloody field of Ascalon, can hardly atone. He writes, if not as a Protestant, yet as a Gallican, which is as bad; and therefore, sees every thing through a false medium. A Pope who censures the vices of a King of France, is with him a proud priest, an insolent shaveling; whilst the monarch so reproved, though stained with the guilt of murder and adultery, is raised at once to the dignity of a saint and martyr, of a champion of the liberties of the Church. These are sad blemishes on an otherwise excellent work—admirable indeed for the beauty of its style, and the deep research which it displays, but not altogether one to put into the hands of the young student of history. In promoting the Crusades the Popes approved themselves the best—the only true statesmen of the day; by their policy they saved Europe, and European civilisation from Oriental barbarism—and history, impartial history, will yet do them justice. As Gibbon says, when speaking of the victory of Charles Martel over the Saracens, but for these Holy Wars, but for the fanaticism of the Crusaders, and the superstition of the Popes, "perhaps the interpretation of the Koran would now be taught in the schools of Oxford; and her pulpits might demonstrate to a circumcised people, the sanctity and truth of the revelation of Mahomet."—c. 52.

We hardly think that M. Michaud has been fortunate in his translator. Not that the latter is ignorant of French, or unable to write English; but because he is too fond of obtruding his—to Catholics—very disgusting commentaries upon the text of the author. From a translator, if he ventures upon notes and explanations, we expect some of the qualifications which we look for in the historian. We expect impartiality, good taste, moderation, and some acquaintance with the cotemporary literature of the age. In all these qualifications Mr. Robson seems sadly deficient; indeed, from the style of his remarks upon the saints and warriors of the Middle Ages, we should fancy him fitted only for the post of President of some Yankee "Know-Nothing Lodge;" he has, it is evident, done M. Michaud's "*History*" into English with an especial eye to the Protestant market. What for instance must we think of the honesty or intelligence of the writer who speaks of St. Bernard—whom even many Protestants delight to honor as the "last of the Fathers"—as a sordid knave, as a liar, cheat, and impostor, who preached the Crusades from the basest and most interested motives! "No one," says the translator in his preface—"can believe that this shrewd man"—St. Bernard—"imposed upon himself by the tricks with which he deluded the multitude, or practised his jugglery gratuitously"—p. vii.

These volumes have been got up by the Publishers in first rate style; they are beautifully printed, handsomely bound, and are accompanied with excellent maps of the seat of war. We only regret that the blemishes which we have pointed out above, prevent us from cordially recommending the work to the young Catholic readers of history, who have not access to other, and more truly Catholic sources of information.

To the Editor of the True Witness.

Ottawa, 24th Sept., 1855.

DEAR SIR—Having made a tour through these provinces recently, it seems to me that you might be glad to hear what I think of them, and what I have seen worthy of remark. With respect to the physical appearance of the country, its fine scenery, so varied, so fantastic and picturesque, I find nothing to be said; I have only to unite with those who have already described its beauties, declaring that the admirer of the grand and the beautiful will never regret to have made a tour through Canada. One thing, however, I cannot pass unnoticed. From statements made in several newspapers regarding the prosperity of the Upper Province and its great superiority over the Lower, I must say I felt a little disappointed. The difference between them, if any, is trivial, though this is indeed in favor of Canada West. The crops in the environs of Quebec, appeared, if at all, very little inferior to those about Toronto.

Every lover of peace and order cannot fail to rejoice at the harmony which exists between the Catholics and their Protestant neighbors in Upper Canada, if we except a miserable venomous clique of bigoted fanatics, whose spokesman is Mister George Brown of

the *Globe*. These are a sorry class of weak-minded individuals; so spiteful in their impotent malice; that one might suspect that they belonged to another sex. I visited the site of the new College, called St. Michael's, which is being built at Cloverhill, a lovely spot in the vicinity of Toronto, to which city it promises to be an ornament. His Lordship the Bishop of Toronto has manifested great prudence, foresight and zeal in the great efforts he has made to procure for his diocese that excellent establishment, wherein the young candidates for the holy and sublime office of the priesthood are to be imbued with the virtue and the learning required for that formidable charge, under the direction of those amiable and eminently virtuous ecclesiastics, the Basilians. The Catholics of the diocese of Toronto are indeed deeply indebted to their good Bishop, through whom they have obtained this admirable institution. I was glad to see a nice little church erected at Port-Hope, in lieu of the one that had been maliciously burned, some time since. It is under the direction of a worthy young Priest, the Rev. Mr. O'Keefe. As an instance of the harmony existing between Protestants and Catholics there, as well as in Toronto, it is sufficient to observe that the former contribute liberally to the church in one place, and to the college in the other. Take away the Methodist fanatic, and the venomous Swiss missionary, who is everywhere a firebrand, and I promise you there would not be any ill-feeling between Protestant and Catholic.

As to the system of education, no matter how fair it may be in theory, it will be productive of little good to Catholics, while Ryerson is Superintendent. It shocked me dreadfully to hear that the school-law imposes an oath on Catholics which it does not require of Protestants, as if the former were not to be so easily trusted as the latter. Surely we, Catholics, will not long tamely endure this insulting distinction, nor rest content until that oath is set aside. Why should Ryerson—a Methodist tub-preacher—be empowered to do injustice to an entire people—to throw every obstacle in our way, and to detract from the efficiency of Catholic schools? We must get rid of the "white-chokers," and then we may expect fair play.

Yours, truly,

VIATOR.

To the Editor of the True Witness.

New York, September, 1855.

DEAR SIR—As I promised you in my last some further notice of what I saw during my brief sojourn in the land (facetiously called) of freedom, I will take up my pen at the railroad depot in Boston, whence we started by an express train for Fall River. On and on we went, village after village appearing and disappearing in quick succession, the verdant slopes and well-tilled fields of thrifty Massachusetts looking bright and cheerful in the gay sunshine. We saw factories of every kind located at intervals all along the line. Amongst these were the three Bridgewater, famous for the manufacture of religion, if we may judge from the number of Meeting-houses, one of which belongs to a sect known as the "Come-Outers." Surely the budget of names must have been nearly exhausted when that turned up. The route from Boston to Fall River is extremely interesting, as well from the pleasing character of the scenery, as the historic associations connected with every hill and vale. It lies through the heart of the Old Colony—the scene of most of the stirring events in the early history of the Bay State. We travelled with a party of friends from New York, one of whom was well acquainted with the local history of the region; and just as the last sun-beam faded from the earth, he pointed out to us the rich green slopes by the winding stream where the great Indian hero, Matamora—better known as King Phillip—fought and struggled, bled and died, in the vain attempt to break down the aggressive power of the wily, calculating Puritans who had taken possession of his hunting-grounds. Surely a just God took cognizance of the wrongs so foully perpetrated on the brave children of the forest in the sacred names of religion and truth! The persecuting Puritans are gone to their account, but their spirit still rules from end to end of Massachusetts. Catholicity has as yet no hold on this hard, cold region; and it will be long before its genial influence can obtain a fair field for its exercise amongst the worldly-minded, self-righteous children of New England. All along this route it is all but invisible, hiding away in the hearts of the Irish waiters in hotels and the workmen about the railroads. But still it is alive, strong and fresh and vigorous, though little seen by the unthinking throng of passengers constantly hurrying to and fro, regardless alike of God and their own souls. In New York I found Catholicity in a most flourishing condition. The churches are numerous, and so are the schools, the great bulwark of religion. From the Archbishop down to the humblest layman, all good Christians are engaged in the grand work of providing Christian instruction for the rising generation. I can truly say that, during my stay in and around New York, I heard no sermon in which there was not some allusion made to the subject of Christian education. There is a school attached to each of the principal churches; some of them are taught by the Christian Brothers, some by the Sisters of Charity, and some are so fortunate as to have both. Of the latter class are the Cathedral, St. Joseph's, St. Mary's, and I am happy to say that St. James's will soon be of the number; as the zealous pastor, the Rev. P. McKenna, had a meeting of his parishioners a few days ago for that purpose, and was nobly seconded by them in his charitable purpose. It is his intention to furnish the boys and girls attending the schools with books, paper, slates, &c., so that no inducement may be wanting on his part. It is only a few years since this excellent clergyman purchased the building known as the Mariners' Church in Roosevelt street, where he established a school, which has been a blessing to that large parish. At St. Peter's, the Rev. Mr. Quinn is doing his part nobly. In fact, let us go where we may around New York, we see evidences of the rapid increase of Catholicity. Churches and schools there go hand in hand; the good seed is being sown on all sides, and the fruit will appear in due season. It must be remembered that the good Catholics of New York put up these schools and support them; notwithstanding that they are taxed for the support of the Common Schools. All honor to them, and may they be amply rewarded in the spiritual and temporal prosperity of their children.

While speaking of schools, I must not forget to mention the noble institutions of the Sisters of Charity at Mount St. Vincent, of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart, and of the Christian Brothers at Manhattanville.

It is hard to say which of these establishments deserves most praise. They are all delightfully situated on the highest ground in Manhattan Island. From the dome of Mount St. Vincent, and the Cupola of the Sacred Heart, there is a prospect to be seen of unrivalled beauty and vast extent. New York itself, is not in sight, but the bright waters of the North and East Rivers are seen encircling in their embrace the beautiful Island of Manhattan with its numerous villages, wide-spreading woods, now rich in autumnal beauty, and railroad-tracks running here and there in all directions. It was on Sunday evening last that we visited the Sacred Heart; and as I looked abroad from the cupola over that magnificent landscape with the mists of evening gathering over the woods and waters, and the new moon skimming up into the deep blue sky, it seemed as though earth contained no lovelier scene. To Madam Hardy, the accomplished Superior, and to Mother Jerome of Mount St. Vincent, we were much indebted for their kind attention, as also to the Superior of the Christian Brothers. There is a spacious chapel attached to each of these institutions; that of Mount St. Vincent is a perfect gem of architectural beauty. It is a chaste and graceful specimen of the Gothic style, light and elegant in its proportions, and finished with exquisite taste. It is dedicated to Our Blessed Lady under her favorite title of the Immaculate Conception, and is every way worthy of her whose name it bears. The Chapel of the Sacred Heart is also very beautiful; but the gloom of evening would not permit us to examine its beauties in detail. Close by the handsome establishment of the Brothers, is the beautiful church of Manhattanville, built under the pastoral care of the Rev. Mr. Donnelly. It is a tasteful edifice, constructed, like the house of the Brothers, conjointly of brick and that brown stone now so much used in the better class of buildings around New York. Over the altar is a large and beautiful window of stained glass, representing, in compartments, several sacred and holy personages. This window was presented by a merchant of New York, Charles M. Conolly. It was a princely offering to the glory of God. This church of Manhattanville is quite a spacious building, and is finely situated on a high hill overhanging the Hudson River.

The Jesuit College of St. John's at Fordham, a few miles beyond Harlem, is, in all respects, one of the finest educational establishments in America. It is a large and handsome edifice, advantageously situated on rising ground in the midst of a beautiful park. The railroad runs close by its gates, thus placing it within an hour's ride of New York. It is now under the able management of Father Tellier, formerly of St. Mary's, Montreal. The Jesuits have also a flourishing establishment in Sixteenth Street, New York. Father Driscoll, whose memory is so cherished in Montreal, is now President of this institution; and the reputation of St. Francis Xavier's College and Church is daily on the increase. Father Driscoll is ably supported by Father Ouellet, and other distinguished members of the Order.

As this letter is already too long, I shall reserve my concluding remarks for another letter, which I hope to send you next week.

Believe me to be, Dear Sir, &c.,

HIBERNIA.

To the Editor of the True Witness.

West Osgoode, Sept. 21, 1855.

SIR—On Sunday, the 16th instant, the holy Sacrifice of the Mass was offered up for the first time in the new church in West Osgoode, where the handsome sum of £28 5s. was collected. The Rev. Father Coopman preached a very appropriate sermon on the occasion; in the conclusion of which he made some allusions to his leaving this parish, which drew forth many a sigh from the whole congregation. Father Coopman has resided in this parish over three years, and has accomplished a vast deal of good. All are aware that he has been, under God, the noble means of raising no less than four churches in this part of the country, during this short period; and that he has ever been most energetic in bringing the splendid church of Gloucester to a state of completion. As a pastor, he has always shown himself most active and indefatigable in his labors; whilst as a gentleman, I have no hesitation in stating, that he is esteemed by all who know him. The exemplary manner in which he discharged the ministry of the Gospel in this locality—his unexampled perseverance and indefatigable zeal—have earned for him a character among us as irremovable as the faith that is in us.

Wherever the field of his operations may be hereafter, he has the best wishes of this people for his welfare and happiness.

I understand the place of his destination is Burlington, in the State of Vermont; and I congratulate the faithful there, for they soon will have among them a devoted and zealous priest.

In conclusion, I again repeat that he has the united wishes of this people for his welfare.

M. W.

The Rev. Mr. Larocque, who last autumn accompanied His Lordship the Bishop of Montreal to Rome, has arrived once more in good health amongst his own people. The Reverend gentleman brings with him many valuable and interesting mementoes of his visit to the Holy City.

Since the year 1839 the Catholic diocese of Quebec contributed the sum of £26,688 18s. 7½d. for the propagation of the Catholic faith; the diocese of Montreal, £20,935 17s. 7½d.; and Three Rivers, £6,438 19s. 1½d.; in all, £54,063 15s. 4½d.

The Rochester Democrat states that an American Protestant lady of that city, a few weeks since, entered the pale of Judaism, and last Sunday she was married, according to the Jewish ritual, to a descendant of Abraham.

Birth.

At Aylmer, Ottawa, on the 21st instant, the wife of P. J. Roney, Esq., School Inspector, of a daughter.

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