



THE CATHOLIC.

Hamilton, G. D.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 11th, 1843.

We observe an article in the *Cobourg Church* of the 6th inst. entitled the *popedom*, written, we suspect, by a *sham Correspondent*, signing himself *Veritatis Studens*; who, in blaming us for the uncourteous manner in which we repel at times the insolent attacks upon our Religion, begs pardon (Oh! the hypocrisy!), for craving the *Cobourg Editor's* attention to such [he says] that is repulsive to Christian feeling, and utterly unworthy of his Editorial castigation. Indeed!!! And there is no want of courtesy on the part of this puffed-up Editor of the *Cobourg Sheet*, in taxing with superstition—idolatry even—and every foolish, false and damnable doctrine, the Church of every age and nation; in treating as poor benighted heathens—blind and ignorant bigots—all the good and pious; all the great and learned, (and of such, he must own, there are not a few,) who prefer that church, the greatest and the first of any; the only one therefore which the Saviour founded; to which alone therefore he made all his promises; with whose pastors he said he would remain at all times even to the end of the world; together with his holy spirit, the spirit of truth, who should teach them all truth, and should bring to their minds all things, whatsoever he had said unto them; adding, that heaven and earth should pass away—but that his words should never pass away; that church which he said he had built upon the rock, and against whom the gates of hell should never prevail; that church which he commands us to hear, or be accounted as Heathens and Publicans; to whose pastors he said, he who hears you, hears me; which is styled by Saint Paul the pillar and ground of truth. And all those he dubs with scolding Protestant nicknames, and holds them forth to his uninformed and misinformed readers, as unworthy of the name of Christian—worse than Jews, Turks and Pagans; with whom he sympathizes more; though from their Church alone his own national sect pretends to derive all it has to boast of Christianity and priestly dignity. And after all this unmerited abuse poured out upon us so lavishly by him and his accomplices in all their tracts and preachings; he and they have the face to complain that in our replies to their unchristian scurrilities, we do not treat them with becoming respect nor return them courtesy for scorn!

He next this *Veritatis Studens*, endeavours to prove, that because some of the chief pastors of our Church, (and how

few in the long uninterrupted succession of 1840 years) have been wicked or immoral men, therefore that church, which he owns to have been the only church of Christ, must have fallen into error; and that, contrary to the Redeemer's promise, the gates of hell had prevailed against her. Did the Saviour, then, leave his church dependant on the good or bad conduct of individual man? If so, it was built on a very frail and precarious foundation. The infallibility of the popes does not consist in the infallibility of their conduct, but in that of their decisions in perfect accordance with those of all the pastors from the beginning. The pope is the mouth of the pastors, as their predecessor Peter was that of the Apostles. And, however immoral in their conduct some of the popes may have been, they never altered, nor can they alter, the revealed and universally acknowledged faith of the Redeemer. It is in this sense alone that we say they cannot err, nor add to, nor take away from, the doctrine once delivered to the saints.

It is not worth our while to engage in a detailed refutation of the quotations made by *Studens* from his class books of authors professedly inimical to the Catholic Church, and her chief pastors: nor to disprove the absurd fable of the female pope Joan, who was accused as a woman for having been so weak as to have allowed himself to have been outwitted and imposed upon by the crafty patriarch of Constantinople. The expression of contempt for his oversight at the time, has been formed into a fiction by our Protestant Reformers, as is acknowledged by the most creditable Historians. But, if the personal misconduct of a few of the popes be a sufficient reason for declaring that the Church of Christ, over which they presided, has thereby ceased to exist; and that, owing to their wickedness, the *Gates of Hell have prevailed against her*; what shall we say of the Reformed Churches, wherever they sprang up in her stead; whose authors were notorious for their loose and immoral conduct? What shall we say of the Church of England, whose real authors were the lustful, wife-murdering monster, Henry the Eighth? The unprincipled ministers of the Baby King Edward the Sixth? or the petticoat tyrant Elizabeth, the head and final establisher of their statutory Religion? Let our *Veritatis Studens*, if he is contented with his national sect, allow Catholics to rest contented with their Church, and not stir up the troubled waters of religious reformation; in which he, and his parliamentary establishment are sure to be overwhelmed.

If the *Veritatis Studens*, (the student of truth) requires a more full and ample development of historical truth, on the subject in question, we shall hold ourselves ever ready at his service.

Nunquam, hodie effugies; veniam quaque vocaris.

KINGSTON, as we foretold in a former number, could not remain the seat of Government, a place now become a den of Orangeism. How could our Governor fix his residence in a town where the blood-

thirsty worshippers of their Dutch Idol are ready, on every occasion, to disturb the peaceable community with their mad froaks, and murderous exhibitions? The Kingstonians may thank *Ogle Gowan*, and his unruly crew, for whatever loss they may sustain in the removal of the seat of Government. Orangeism with its plague flag, and foul water, have given to our Governor and Legislators a perfect loathing to the Kingston locality.

We are rather surprised that our friend, A. LESLIE, Esq., of Perth, has refused our paper, as reported by the Post Master.

ORANGE GOWAN'S PETS.

From the Kingston Constitution.

To the Editor of the Constitution.—

Sir,—Our town was, on Tuesday last, made the scene of one of those loathing and repulsive spectacles, which a set of miscreants glorying in the name of Orangemen, are so fond of exhibiting. This was, if possible, more disgusting than its predecessor of July, as it was a diabolical attempt to convert an excursion, said to be for a benevolent institution, into one of those sanguinary Orange-gatherings, which have so often disgraced this distracted country. This is an event which men would willingly persuade themselves, could not occur in this enlightened age. It evinces a disposition so evidently malicious—so fraught with rancor—reckless of means to obtain the basest ends, that men are reluctant to attribute it to any body of men calling themselves christians; but when the character of the human herd which is hallooed forth to exhibit these infernal pranks is considered, one only finds degraded in his own eyes, when he feels that he is living in a community which they are not only allowed to disgrace by their existence; but in which they are suffered to carry on their diabolical orgies with impunity—nor indeed would I impose on myself the disagreeable task of showing forth such conduct to public indignation, did not the position which some of them disgrace, give to their insidious lucubrations, an influence which it is not their fortune personally to possess; and did I not consider that the infamous ribaldry which men of sense generally despise demands a refutation, then it may be taken by any portion of men however degraded for truth.

During the past week, a report was current that the Conservatives of Kingston intended to grace Brockville with their presence, for the purpose I have before stated, and the restless spirit who presides over the *paunde monium* held here, thinking this a favorable opportunity to prolong the existence of the disgraceful notoriety which his infamy has earned for him, issued special invitations to all "good men, and true," to be at their post. But I feel a pride—an honest pride in stating, that at any time the independent conservatives of Brockville, never made part of his motley gatherings; and on this occasion, those in the surrounding country gave sufficient proof that they are beginning to see into the deceptions so long practised on

them, by remaining at home; so the appeal, even coming as it did from such an orthodox and *Worshipful* spirit was entirely disregarded, save by the squallid wretches who infest the town, whose ruffianly conduct has earned for them the opprobrious epithet of "*Gowan's pets*."

About two o'clock, about a score of ragged "*pets*," whose well known characters deprived them of the privileges of even a borrowed coat, so usual on those occasions, hurried towards the wharf where a boat laden with the precious cargo of your Kingston Conservatism was about to land. Being anxious to see what extent *Gowan* had been able to impose on them, I proceeded to the wharf, where a scene met my eye which baffles anything like description. First, allow me to state, that if the position of the Conservative party in Kingston can be judged from the appearance they made here, it is no deviation from truth to say, they are depending on a forlorn hope. But, to return—the scene was truly indescribable; even him whom we thought nothing could shame, seemed for once to feel his situation. He gave one desperate *Ogle* at the scarecrow pet who held a stick, from which was suspended a sooty shred, and then sneaked away cur-like, and got into some nook, from which he did not venture during the day. The feelings and appearance of your Kingston clauwobocus who had been promised a dinner, and who, no doubt had been regaling their olfactory nerves with the imagined dreams of the substantial, prepared for them, may be better imagined than described, at seeing only a parcel of wretches who, if all taken together, could not even give them a glass over which they might wish the Pope to a certain uncomfortable region. They remained still for a while as if bewildered; at length one lynx-eyed there's-no-help-for-spill'd-milk-looking-fellow, from whose neck was suspended a drum, covered with what appeared to have been for the last seven years employed in certain culinary offices, jumped ashore, and the others followed, with a desperation I never saw surpassed. Although the effects of their disappointment were visible in every countenance, they paraded the streets; yet, they gave a fair specimen of what they would do if they had the power, and regaled our ears with their mellifluent croakings, to the tunes of—"Croppies Lie Down, Boyne Water," and others of the same odious nature. At their departure they exhibited one of the most disgusting spectacles I ever witnessed; in fact, in compassion to the beings in shape, or more properly speaking, in dress usually worn by females, who appeared amongst them, I shall only mention, that more than one of them was cast by men from the wharf on board the boat, apparently lifeless. Had the proceedings ended here, they might have passed over in silence; but no—as well might it be expected that the savage tiger could lay aside his nature, as that an Orange meeting could separate without bloodshed. It owes its origin to deeds of blood and murder, and rapine—it cannot