

desire to promote harmony amongst all the friends of Ireland, went on one occasion so far as to sacrifice his feelings as a Catholic, by identifying with the Dublin Corporation and consenting to drink their charter toast. The pious, glorious and immortal memory of the man who enslaved Ireland, and doomed her to long years of suffering and degradation, to be blasphemously ascribed obscene, and which may be found at length in Barrington's Sketches of his Own Times. Our readers will excuse us for copying it, as we should be loath to pollute our pages with anything so beastly as the Orangemen's Charter Poast. But we may remark that it concludes with the pious prayer, that he who would drink it may be fired into the kitchen of hell, where the Pope is roasted on a spit and basted with the fat of Charles James Fox, while the devil stands by pelting him with Cardinals. p. 368.

To the Editor of the True Witness.

DEAR SIR—An old friend of mine, though I fear, from having been too long resident in a Protestant country, an indifferent Catholic, and whom I shall take the liberty of calling "Iconoclast," attacked me a short time since on the subject of sacred images, and the Church's object in recommending our veneration and use of them as adjuncts to divine worship. He disapproved of the extent to which we in Canada carried our observance of the practice; alleging that, as there was no explicit warrant for it in the decree of the Council of Trent concerning sacred images, pictures, and other representations of sacred subjects, we thereby rendered ourselves justly obnoxious to the Protestant charge of image worship—idolatry and superstition; the only end contemplated by the Church in our use of them—images—being, as he contended, to aid the dullness or weakness of our imaginations, whenever warmth of devotion required that vivid impressions should be made upon them, or when from grossness of soul, we were unable to form to ourselves sublime immaterial representations.

To his objections against our Canadian orthodoxy, I opposed—1.—the striking examples of the Saints, whose lives and practices of devotion have been recorded for our instruction; and which display such a love for holy images, as the proud "common sense" of the present day would stigmatise as absurd and fanatical in the extreme—2.—the approbation of the practice given in the decree of the Council of Trent respecting sacred images. But seeing that these two arguments were sufficient to exonerate any true Catholic from the charge of heterodoxy in the use of images, or from any undue stretch of the precept to venerate them, he endeavored to destroy their force, by ascribing the devotion, apparent in the lives of all the Saints, to images and sensible representations of sacred subjects—to their national habits, to the peculiar customs of their age and country, rather than to their sanctity, or progress in the religious life. In support of this view, he argued that, in saintly martyred, and truly Catholic Ireland, there was none of that excessive "jov' for, and display of images, and sacred pictures, which he complained of as prevalent in Canada, and in all Catholic countries of Continental Europe. With regard to the decree of the Council of Trent, he maintained that it only permitted, but did not enjoin, the use of such images; and that it was to be looked upon rather as a concession to human weakness than as an obligatory precept.

The subject is an important, and difficult one, seeing that the tendencies of all modern, as well as ancient heresies are so decidedly iconoclastic. I had not the opportunity to continue the argument farther with my friend "Iconoclast," in whom I take a deep interest; so I determined to request you to write me an article on the subject of his objections against our Canadian devotion, at your earliest opportunity. Trusting that you will excuse this liberty, and favor us with a short essay on the subject,

I remain yours truly,

THEODORE.

Montreal, August 29th, 1855.

"Theodore" does well to call "his friend" an "indifferent Catholic," for he is as illogical in his argument, and as false in his statement of facts, as if he were a Protestant, born and bred. It is the "extent" to which we, in Canada, use images, that, according to "Iconoclast" renders us "justly" obnoxious to the Protestant charge of "idolatry and superstition;" it is, according to this wonderful logician, in the number of images that we venerate, and not in the nature of the veneration that we pay to any one of them, that the crime of idolatry consists. He does not pretend, that, to bow the head reverently before one image, or picture, of our Crucified Redeemer would be idolatrous; but to bow in the same manner, and with the same sentiments, before two or more such images in succession renders us "justly"

obnoxious to the charge our Protestant friends are so ready to use against us. To meet this objection of his opponent, Theodore, need only remind him that idolatry is a crime *sub specie*; and that it consists, not in venerating many images, but in giving to any one of them that veneration which is due only to God. The extent, however, to which we multiply the number of images in our churches cannot change the nature of the veneration that we pay to them, and cannot therefore transform a legitimate respect into an idolatrous worship. "Iconoclast" errs in saying that "the only end contemplated by the Church in the use of images is, to aid the dullness of our imaginations and to enable us to form more vivid conceptions of divine realities." This is, no doubt, one object that the Church has in view, but it is not the only one. By means of images the Church intends, not only to instruct the unlettered to whom books are useless, and to excite the devotions of her children, but to do honor to the Saints or object represented. She desires of course to arouse within the bosom of the worshipper a noble emulation of the Saints and Martyrs, and to excite to imitation their patience in suffering, their ardent charity, and unconquerable fortitude; but she intends as well, by means of their images or pictorial representations, to honor the Saints whom and whose actions they represent, irrespective of the purely subjective emotions wrought thereby in the spectators. As in the natural order the State honors its great warriors and legislators by erecting statues and monuments to their memory, so in the supernatural order, the Church, by the employment of images or pictures, intends to do honor to her heroes, and to commemorate their brave deeds, their victories over the world, the flesh, and the devil.

"Iconoclast" errs again most grievously, we hope not intentionally, in what he says about Catholic Ireland. There may not be so many images or handsome pictures in a humble Irish chapel as there are in the magnificent churches of Continental Europe; but this can be explained without recourse to the hypothesis that Irish Catholics are indifferent, or averse to the use of images or pictures in their places of worship. In the first place, before the Reformation, they had plenty of both, but they were wantonly destroyed by Protestants, as numberless ruins testify to the present day; in the second place, Irish Catholics are generally poor, and cannot therefore so well afford to decorate their churches with pictures and images, as can the people of Continental countries, which have never felt the scourge of a "Protesting Reformation."

In the third place "Iconoclast" is greatly in error when he pretends that there is no "explicit warrant" for the use of images, in the decree of the Council of Trent; and that the intention of that Synod was, merely to permit their use as a concession to popular feeling. We refer "Iconoclast" to the decree itself, Sess. 25; where he will see that the Council commands all Bishops to teach the people committed to their care that it is good and useful to invoke the prayers of the Saints, reigning with Christ; that their images are to be retained in churches—and that due honor is to be paid them.

"Mandat sancta Synodus, omnibus episcopis..... de sanctorum intercessione et legitimo imaginum usu, fideles diligenter instruunt, docentes eos, sanctos, una cum Christo regnante, orationes suas pro hominibus Deo offerre, bonum atque utile esse suppliciter eos invocare. Imagines porro Christi, Deiparæ Virginis, et aliorum sanctorum, in templis præsertim habendas et reitendas, eisque debitum honorem et venerationem impertiendam."—*Conc. Trid. Sess. 25.*

Here we have more than a bare permission—but a positive explicit injunction; disobedience to which exposes the refractory to the strongest censures of the Church:—

"Si quis autem his decretis contraria docuerit aut senserit—Anathema Sit."—*ib.*

These remarks must suffice for the present. We would however recommend "Theodore" not to argue with his friend, but rather to pray for him—as for one proud, self-willed and puffed up with extravagant notions of his own spirituality. Controversy with such a one is not only of no use, but tends to harden the heart still more; whilst prayer, the humble, earnest prayer of the faithful Christian, can remove mountains, and accomplish all things.

To the Editor of the True Witness.

"The great fend stop that clapper."

—New way to pay Old Debts.

SIR—It is a matter of profound speculation to a few of us simple ones as to how, or in what manner, this Montreal Sunday amusement question, which has just been started, is likely to terminate. It occurs to me that it has been brought on the carpet for the purpose of exciting a holy horror in the souls of "pious" Protestants, and to keep alive the coals of hateful bigotry in the hearts of ignoramuses, against their Catholic fellow-citizens. It is intended, as I think, to act as a sort of auxiliary, in the cause of "Know-Nothingism" here—a sort of projectile launched headlong at Popery, because Popery tolerates ball-playing on a Sunday. The inference is obvious. They want to make it appear that none but "Papists"—as they in their gentlemanly phraseology designate Catholics—or what they almost admit is nearly as bad, Protestant blackguards, would play ball on a Sunday. I am not a Catholic myself; but I repudiate with scorn such mean and dastardly attempts to bring the Catholic religion into contempt. If it be not a true religion, let them meet it openly and above board with the weapons of reason and sound judgment.

But when they come to treat of the bell-ringing on the Sundays at noon, and advise the discontinuance of the custom here, I am amused; I cannot greatly enough admire the modesty of such a request. To abolish a time-honored and excellent practice, merely to please about twenty or thirty individuals—of how modest a class, is a Sunday amusement—rather a laborious one I fancy—which he thinks should be given up. I have

been till now marvelling, what the result would be should the authorities of the French Church decline to "break about" (more honored in the observance than in the breach) notwithstanding the "ripe wants" on the subject of our friend of the *Transcript*, who "loves Tennis-ball, and hates steeple-hats." But, Mr. Editor, what is your opinion?—that is, what we simple ones would be at. What do you think, Sir, will be likely to happen, should the bells continue ringing?—not anything awful, I hope, will ensue; it is a very modest request, not acceded to. It is a request at present by-and-by it will grow into a demand, if some modest folks get their own way. But what, in the name of wonder, is to be the consequence of a refusal to discontinue the amusement of the Sunday noon bell-ringing? Some fearful phenomenon, no doubt, in the air, earth, or river. I begin to tremble for the bellman.

Ah! yes, I fear you must drop the ringing; though, Mr. Editor, I for one am sorry that such a catastrophe should happen; I have been long an admirer of bells, and would not like to relinquish the pleasure of listening to their music as yet. Besides, for the sake of old reminiscences, I would retain them—for the old associations called up by the sound of the bells, reminding us that we are a day older—that our sand has run yet another twenty-four hours—and compelling us to pause and ask—will it run as many more?—Oh, yes, I go for the continuance of the bells. So do, Mr. Editor, in your next paper, give us some encouragement to hope that the city may still, and for a long while yet, be enlightened every day, no exception—with the merry peals from the belfry of the Parish Church.

A FRIEND TO THE BOURDON.

Montreal, Sept. 12, 1855.

A SLIGHT DIFFERENCE OF OPINION.—We often receive most contradictory accounts of the social, moral, and religious aspect of the United States. By some it is represented as a terrestrial paradise, where all the virtues flourish, and where a real downright evangelical Christian finds himself like a cow in a clover field. By others again, we are told that the land is little better than a hell upon earth; a modern edition of Sodom and Gomorrah, greatly enlarged, with copious illustrations. Whom are we to believe?

For instance—one Baptist minister, a Reverend Mr. Shannon, testifies as follows:—

"I am a Christian, and a proclaimer of the unsearchable riches of Christ; for many years I have been fully convinced that God has raised up these United States as His own chosen instrumentality for the regeneration, political, social, and moral, of a debased and down-trodden world."

On the other hand, we read in a Baptist journal, the *Western Recorder*, that:—

"Our cities are strictly missionary grounds; and we have now almost come to the conclusion that *neither* is little more so."

Again, whom are we to believe? the Reverend Mr. Shannon, or his brother Baptist who speaks through the *Western Recorder*? Is the Republic of the United States the centre from whence a new civilising and reforming influence is to go forth to convert the nations, and to renew the face of the earth? or is it itself still a portion of the Kingdom of Satan, and like the rest of heathendom, in need itself of being converted? Do tell.

We address ourselves particularly to the *Boston Pilot*, who on more than one occasion has taxed us with doing injustice to his native land.

A PROTESTANT MINISTER SENT TO JAIL.—We read in the *Bombay Times* of an affair that has caused no little excitement in the Mauritius. A Catholic procession was passing along the streets—such processions being authorised by law—when the Rev. Mr. Beaton, a Protestant minister, endeavored to dash furiously with a carriage through the ranks, thereby endangering the lives of a number of little girls. A gentleman seized hold of the reins, and stopped the horses, when he was violently assaulted by the Reverend Jehu. For this offence the latter was put upon his trial, and sentenced to ten days imprisonment, to pay a fine of fifteen pounds and all costs of the trial.

The *Canadian Monarchist* discourseth upon the itinerant "Apostles of the Pump":—

"The new apostles of the pump, are a sad lot; the old Spartans made their slaves drunk as an example to their children; the apostles of the pump do exactly the same thing—one of them keeps himself with much effort, sober; induces a white, or whity-yellow choker, and lectures on the horrors that wait on beer; and the other fellow, with eyes like burnt holes in a blanket, and a general seediness and mouldiness of person and habiliment, is presented as the horrid example. It is an excellent speculation, generally, and probably pays as well, as cheating at "all-fours," or cogging the dice at "chicken hazard."

The *Monarchist* "is a sad reprobate," and if he does not quickly amend his life and conversation, will have the saints of "our Zion," about his ears, as a warning to all scoffers.

We copy from the *Commercial Advertiser*:—

"It has been charged to the Roman Catholic Church that in Lower Canada it has attempted to exclude education from the people; the truth is that it was the seignior with his attendant brother robbers, the Notary and the Advocate, that struggled to keep knowledge from the masses; and instead of the Clergy having placed obstacles in the way of learning, it is to them alone that the French Canadian population owe the light which has reached them, and which their natural enemies would gladly have intercepted."

BWARE OF COUNTERFEIT NOTES.—Notes are now in circulation in this city of the Zimmerman Bank of Upper Canada altered from \$1 to \$10, and \$3 to \$10—which are well executed, and difficult to be detected. It is supposed that some person or persons are circulating the same; as four or five have been offered at one office within a few days. One store-keeper received no less than 18 of them for goods purchased from him.

Mr. Hincks has been offered the Governorship of Barbadoes. Four thousand pounds is the salary we believe.

ROMAN.

THE SEAT OF GOVERNMENT.—A Toronto journal expresses the following severe judgment on the character of the capital:—

"A pretty place this for the Seat of Government! No Fire Brigade! A delightful place to bring the few books of Canada, our archives, and the public papers! A police condemned for incompetency and cowardice, and two thirds less in number than they ought to be; cases of rape, stabbing, murder, theft, unsought for, undetected and unpunished. Here, too, we have Magistrates allowing felonies to be compounded, murderers to be bailed; we have a Coroner and advocates calling each other liars and scoundrels; and other such epithets, all juries, more or less destitute of proper elements; Coroner's Juries influenced with evil passions, urging verdicts of willful murder against medical men, whose patients die from diseases which demand unusual remedies;—another jury returned a verdict of Justifiable Homicide for the murder of a man in the Queen's highway, guilty indeed of a fearful crime, but one which even he had no right to avenge after such a fashion! 'Vengeance is mine; I will repay saith the Lord.' Is it to be expected that God's blessing will continue to rest upon a lawless, Godless country?"

We fear there is more truth than poetry in the above. If true, it is indeed a pretty place for the seat of Government. A city that can get up such impromptu mobs, and riots, and which can show itself so powerless to restore order, as Toronto has done on several occasions lately, ought to be anything but a seat of government. The country at large cares no more for Toronto than for any other place, as the seat of government. What it must have, however, is security for the public archives, and safety for its Legislature from the violence of mobs and the overbearing influence of crowds of any sort. Two prerequisites which have not always been found in Toronto, and we fear will be found less than ever now.—*Niagara Mail.*

ROWDYISM.—At 10 o'clock on Monday night, two gentlemen, who were walking up York street, were knocked down and beaten at the corner of Queen and York streets, by some ruffians with loaded whips. After beating them severely the fellows decamped. The assault was entirely unprovoked, as the gentlemen were walking along very quietly. The strangest part of the story, however, is, that when the gentlemen were knocked down, a constable, who had surveyed operations from the other side of the street, walked over and informed them they had been knocked down—that he had seen the fellows retreating—and that he wondered very much what was up. He also consoled them on their misfortune—informed them, probably, that it was a blessing they were not killed—and then took his departure. Of course the gentlemen were exceedingly obliged for his information, and will for the future have a very high opinion of the efficiency of our Police Force. Both gentlemen have suffered severely from the injuries they received, and one of them, we believe, has been confined to his bed.—*Toronto Leader.*

The *Globe* informs us that during the last month no less than 476 cases have been tried in the Toronto Police Court.

BALL-PLAYING ON SUNDAY.—Protestants lay it down as their fundamental principle, that in religion, nothing is to be believed but what can be proved from the Bible. If then ball-playing on the Sunday be contrary to the law of God, it must be positively forbidden in the Bible. We would therefore call upon our Puritanical friends to give us chapter and verse from the Bible against ball-playing on Sunday. If they cannot do this—then—surely their fundamental principle is humbug—and the remonstrance of the *Transcript* against Sunday ball-playing, sheer, unmitigated cant."

The above we clip from the *True Witness*. It is part of a reply to some strictures in the *Transcript* against ball-playing on Sunday in Montreal. It has very much the appearance of a *poser*; and as we are not Theologian enough to answer it, probably some of our readers could furnish the Scriptural condemnation of ball-playing and similar amusements on the Sabbath day.—*Bathurst Courier.*

No Sir-ree—they can't. If they attempt it, they will only make fools of themselves.

Died,

In this city, on the 17th inst., David Gorrie, infant son of Mr. James Potts, aged 10 months and 9 days.

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ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY.

THE Members of the Committee of the above Society are requested to attend a Meeting at St. Patrick's Hall, on Monday Evening, 24th inst., at Eight o'clock, to receive the By-Laws. By Order, T. C. COLLINS, Recording Secretary.