

REMITTANCES

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THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE,

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THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, DEC. 14, 1855.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The steamer *Ariel* brings dates from England to the 25th ult. We learn that Omar Pacha was expecting an attack from the Russians. In the Crimea nothing new; the Russians kept up a warm fire. A large body of Irish had arrived at Liverpool, assigning as the reason for fleeing from the land of "civil and religious liberty," the cruel persecutions to which Catholics were exposed in the United States. The result of Gen. Canrobert's mission to Sweden is still doubtful.

The *Baltic* arrived on Thursday, bringing news that Russia has professed a willingness to treat for peace, on terms that the Allies can honorably accept. Bread stuffs have declined. *Consols* advanced 8 3/4.

"MISSIONARY RECORD" of the French Canadian Missionary Society—December 1855.

This is the last bulletin from the Allied Protestant Camp; containing a full and particular account of the campaign of 1855 against the Romish Sebastopol; and setting forth in vivid colors, how the hosts of Popery have been put to flight, and the forces of the Man of Sin utterly routed, by the desperate onslaught of the Light Brigade of Tract Pedlars, under the orders of the late Directors of the Montreal Provident and Savings Bank of swindling notoriety. As, from time to time, it may be interesting to notice what progress these gentry are making in de-Catholicising our simple French Canadian population, we purpose to lay before our readers a few extracts from their bulletin; in which, we may be sure, that the enemies of Catholicity represent that progress in the most favorable light, and do not fail to make the most of every petty skirmish in which they have been engaged with the troops of the "Scarlet Woman, who sits upon seven hills, and whose hinder end," &c., &c.

Meagre as was General Simpson's despatch announcing the failure of the British assault on the Redan, we cannot but think that even our Protestant friends will admit that this last bulletin from the F. C. M. Society, is still more meagre and unsatisfactory; and that the victories which it celebrates are, after all, hardly worth the paper on which they are ostentatiously recorded. Indeed, if the Allies in the Crimea had as little to boast of as have, by their own showing, our French Canadian Missionaries, the campaign would soon be at an end; Gortchakoff would have but little to fear from the tactics of a Pellissier or the dash of the Zouaves; and it is precious little singing of "Te Deums" that there would be, either in Paris or in London. That we may not be accused of unjustly depreciating the noble army of Jumpers, or of undervaluing their exploits, we will notice, one by one, the principal events of the campaign, as chronicled in the "Journals of the Missionaries." By some strange oversight, or mayhap, through some masterly stroke of policy, the names of these gallant soldiers are withheld from the admiration of the world. Their sweetness—and they have most sweetness—is utterly lost.

The first mighty deed of valor of which the F. C. M. Society gives us an account is, the sudden and wonderful conversion of a Mr. D—; who seems to have been "took pious" all of a heap, and to have set to work praying *in public*, most vigorously, and with a more than "forty parson power" of utterance. This great event is announced under the heading—

"A FIRST PRAYER.

"At a meeting of our Sabbath School last Sunday, we had for the first time the gratification to hear our friend Mr. D— pray *in public*, which he did with so much unction and fervor that I was taken by surprise with his progress."

Here was a decided case of conversion to Protestantism we admit; for this "praying in public" is a disgusting exhibition peculiar to Protestants, and held in abhorrence by all Catholics who remember our Lord's injunction to His disciples:—

"When you pray, you shall not be as the hypocrites, who love to pray standing in the synagogues and at the corners of streets, that they may be seen by men. But thou, when thou shalt pray, enter into thy chamber; and having shut the door, pray to thy Father—not in public like Mr. D—, but—in secret."—St. MATT. vi., 5, 6.

* Let us should be misunderstood, we would remark that there is an essential difference between "prayer," and "praying in public." The first is a social act of devotion; the other, a disgusting exhibition of cant and hypocrisy; a pouring forth of spiritual pride, fit only to gratify the morbid curiosity of the hearers, who go to "hear a man pray," as they would, to see a man hanged, or the Bonapartist at the Zoological Gardens regaled with live rabbits.

Mr. D— prayed beautifully though, and with a will. "He prayed for another convert":—

"Yet weak in the faith, and much tempted by powerful inducements to attend Mass, worship idols, and thus conform to the rest who follow the broad way which leads to perdition."

This "encouraged us," says the bold pedlar boy who recounts this daring feat of "praying in public;" and assured them that the exhibitor on the platform was, in very deed, a brand snatched from the burning. Our friend D— turns up again "in the woods," with the New Testament under his arm, and "tears in his eyes." He "seemed happy," says our informant, and exhaled no doubt a strong odor of sanctity.

Another victory is reported over a Mr. C— who, with his wife, was persuaded into—"Renouncing Idols":—

"One evening I visited the house of Mr. C—, who with his wife had been for some time inquiring after the truth, and doubtful whether to abandon their unsatisfactory religion."

After a short parley, Mrs. C— capitulated, and surrendered two rosaries at discretion—saying: "Henceforward we have no need of these things."

"May the Lord take the place formerly occupied by idols in their hearts"—is the commentary of the triumphant pedlar. It may perhaps interest our readers to learn that a few days after this memorable event, Mrs. C— said "she was happy." The next success that we meet with is headed—"A Bible in Good Hands," in which Mr. C— cuts a prominent figure.

The pedlar having effected a lodgment in Mr. C—'s house, takes to eating his dinner, and expounding the saving truths of the Gospel to the garrison; laying down a doctrine with every mouthful that he swallowed, and resolving doubts in the minds of his hearers, as efficaciously and as promptly as he cleared the viands off his plate. His "gift" and his appetite seem to have been on a par; for at supper time we find him again pegging away at the victuals, and doing wonders with the Word of God. Attracted by his eloquence, another young woman—school teacher in another parish—made her appearance at the supper table; and having confessed to a New Testament in her possession, the pedlar at once summoned her to surrender. The following conversation then took place:—

Pedlar—"Have you got it"—the New Testament—"still?"

Unconverted Young Woman—"Yes. I have it at home."

Pedlar—"Do you read it?"

Unconverted Young Woman—"Yes, Sir, I do."

Pedlar—"Do you understand it?"

Unconverted Young Woman—"Some parts; but not all."

At this reply the Pedlar was evidently disconcerted, the case not being provided for in the "Printed Instructions." She should of course have made answer according to the orthodox Protestant formula—"that she understood it thoroughly—that the wayfaring man, &c., could not err therein; and that it had made her wise unto salvation." But being yet in the bonds of sins, the poor girl honestly confessed that she did not understand it—thus turning the Pedlar's flank, and compelling him to fall back upon his second line of defence. He pressed her with no more questions, however, looking upon her as a very "hard case;" but contented himself with exhorting her to persevere in reading the book she could not understand, and seeking the salvation of her soul. Shortly afterwards he presented Mrs. C— with another Bible.

Another Pedlar lends a Bible to an Italian image maker, who had received permission from a priest to make Idols on the Sabbath. Another, or it may be the same, frightens another unconverted young woman by his denunciations of Popery, and puts her to flight. He also records with much glee the smart practice of a half convert—a farmer at St. —, who by way of cheating the priest out of his legal dues, "postponed threshing his grain," and thus contrived to avoid "paying the tithe." At Easter, this honest man went to the priest with a lie on his tongue, as he was anxious, "for the sake of keeping up appearances, to go through his religious duties;" and told the priest that—"he had not had time" to thresh out his grain—but "promised he would discharge the tithe as soon as practicable." This farmer, being a liar, a hypocrite, and a defrauder of his neighbor, is, no doubt, a convert; and the F. C. M. Society do well to parade him before the public, as a sign of the progress of their arms.

At St. L—, a Pedlar takes by surprise a large body of Papists, and overwhelms them with his arguments against Purgatory. He then proceeds to open a very heavy fire upon "Fasting" and "Good Works," and makes the position of the Blessed Virgin as Mother of God, utterly untenable. The results of the operations at St. L— are not given; so we must suppose that no prisoners were made.

Shortly afterwards, the same Pedlar seems to have been repulsed in an attack upon a family in his neighborhood, and he retired threatening to call again. He is called in however "to advise in the case of a young girl who was very ill," and makes a very favorable impression, but no converts. "If"—he adds in his report—"If the Lord would only pour His Spirit upon those around us, who now listen to His Words, we might expect a great harvest."

Lastly, a "School Teacher," a gentleman with a roving commission, who "spends half his time in teaching, and the other in visiting the families in the neighborhood"—what the profane call "sponging"—boasts that he has been well received in spite of the priests—that the gates of several Romish strongholds have been opened to him—that one father of a family was talking of getting a Bible—and that, "on returning from Montreal, he met a Canadian, nominally a Romanist, but in reality a Protestant"—one therefore of whom—as being a hypocrite, as profess-

ing one thing and practising another—we willingly make a present to the F. C. M. Society, as containing the makings of a first-rate Protestant.

There is a report also from the "Girls' School," and "Boys' Institute" at Pointe aux Trembles. Of the first nothing is related; but of the other, it is remarked that there has been a regular Pentecostal season of late; and "that this outpouring of the Spirit of God was quite unexpected, and took us by surprise." Seven have been converted out and out, and a lot more "are under serious impressions":—

"It is well to state that those who are converted, or mostly under the influence of the Spirit, are the flower of the establishment. The seven who were received into the Church are all young men of prepossessing appearance: 18 to 24 years of age, robust, active," &c.

It is to be expected that the next outbreak will be in the "Girls' School;" and that an equal number of the flowers of that establishment, of prepossessing appearance, &c., will be attacked with similar symptoms.

The funds of the Society are not flourishing. The chiefs cry out "for immediate and vigorous help":—"Meanwhile, not only is our treasury empty, but we are in debt several hundred pounds, and the larger portion of it is just now demanded."

Thus crippled in their operations, a burden to their friends, and the laughing stock of all the respectable portion of the community, there is, thank God, little to fear from the Pedlars and School Teachers of the French Canadian Missionary Society.

The grossest libel upon, and the foulest calumny against, the Catholic people of Ireland that we have ever met with, is contained in an article in the *Glasgow Free Press*—a Scotch paper, pretending to advocate the cause of the Catholic Church. In an article which appeared in that journal on the 17th ult., the writer had the effrontery to insinuate that the Catholics of Ireland subordinate their faith to their politics, and would sooner abandon the former, than consent to any change in the latter.

It is against His Grace, the Archbishop of Dublin and the Apostolic Legate, that the wrath of this miserable "Kawtholic" is principally directed. "If even"—he says "Dr. Cullen"—he will not so much as assign him his proper ecclesiastical rank, having, we suppose, the fear of the "Ecclesiastical Titles Bill" before his eyes—"would succeed with his projected scheme, the day on which he would succeed would be a black day for Catholicity in Ireland, but particularly for the Bishops and priests; for as soon as the people would perceive that the clergy had shut up their mouths against politics, and would no longer defend them against their oppressors, they would soon after disregard them, as having turned against them, and their disregard would not be confined to temporal matters, for they would also disregard them in spiritual matters."—*Glasgow Free Press*.

That is—if the Apostolic Legate in Ireland succeeds in the mission confided to him by the Successor of Peter, it will be a black day for the cause of Catholicity in Ireland—that is, the attachment of the Irish to their religion, and their fidelity to the Church, are conditional upon the active support given by the Bishops and priests to secular politics! A more insulting libel upon, a more infamous falsehood against, the honor and fidelity of the Catholic people of Ireland was never published, even in the most rabid organ of Orangeism. Why, if the Catholicity of the people of Ireland were dependent upon the conditions that the *Glasgow Free Press* assigns—if the Irish themselves were the vile wretches that the *Free Press* represents them to be—ready to renounce their faith, and deny the Lord Who bought them with His Blood, for such paltry motives—their allegiance would not be worth retaining; they would be already, apostates and renegades at heart, and of the very worst description—hypocrites, ready to barter the inestimable jewel of the faith for a dirty mess of political pottage—fit only to be the friends and associates of the "Soupers," and the obscene members of the "Unclean Priests' Protection Society."

But it is false, false as hell; and the man who penned the lines in the above extract from the *Glasgow Free Press*, is no Catholic, and can not know what is that love which every Catholic—in good repute and in evil repute—bears to the Church, the Spiritual Mother that bore him—that love and fidelity in which the Catholics of Ireland have ever approved themselves the true children of St. Patrick, and for which they have earned for themselves, the respect and gratitude of the Catholic world.

What may be the precise nature of the instructions that the Apostolic Legate in Ireland has received from the Sovereign Pontiff, we do not pretend to know; nor are we able to indicate the reforms which he has been enjoined to carry out. But of this we may be sure—that the Government and guidance of God's Holy Church has been committed to St. Peter and his successors, and not to newspaper editors; that it is from the Chair of Peter, and not from the hustings, that the Holy Spirit watches over the interests of, and addresses the faithful; and that "it will be a black day for Catholicity" all over the world, when such atrocious sentiments as those expressed by the *Glasgow Free Press*, and attributed to the noble, faithful people of Ireland, shall fail to call forth the reprobation of every faithful son of the Church throughout the world.

A new weekly journal—*The Protestant*—to be published in Montreal, is announced. It is to be edited by a Clergyman of the government church, assisted by ministers of different isms; and is intended to supply "the want of a thoroughly sound Protestant paper" which "is deeply felt by a very large portion of the Protestant population of Canada East."

The result of the deliberations of the American Irish Aid Society is before the public, in the form of an "Address to the Irish Race" on this Continent and in Ireland. After recapitulating the wrongs of Ireland, the members of the Convention—having as they somewhat comically remark, "learned what freedom is in this free republic," where Catholic priests are tarred and feathered, where Catholic churches and convents are burned and pillaged, and where Catholics are shot down in the streets like dogs—profess their willingness to aid their Irish brethren in the establishment of another free republic, like that of the United States; and resolve that, the relief of Ireland "from the worst government, on the part of her vampire oppressor, the world ever saw, would be an act worthy of the noble character of American freedom."

The Convention so much talked about has thus passed over quietly enough, and has given but little real cause of alarm to the British Government. That there is much truth in its complaints against the oppressors of Ireland there can be no doubt; but we do not see that the Convention has suggested any feasible scheme for the restoration of an independent Irish nationality; neither do we believe that such freedom as Protestant America has to offer, is worth the acceptance of Catholic Ireland. When the Irish Catholics in the United States shall have secured for themselves the blessings of civil and religious liberty—when their churches shall be no longer desecrated, and their priests assailed, by the vile hands of a Protestant rabble—when for themselves and their children they shall have conquered from their Protestant oppressors, "Free Schools" and "Freedom of Education"—then, but not before, will it be time for them to think of stamping "the noble character of American freedom" on the institutions of Ireland. Ireland has far more to dread at the present day from the United States and Yankee principles, than from the British Government, or even the Law Established Church. A Yankeeified Irishman, is, God knows, a pitiable object; but what would it be if Ireland herself were converted to the Gospel according to Barnum?

The letter from the Rev. Dean Kirwan of London, C.W., which we published a few weeks ago, and in which the writer suggested the propriety of a meeting in Buffalo to take into consideration the best means of making provision for the settlement of Irish Catholic immigrants on the waste lands of Canada, has elicited the following spirited letter and Resolutions from the brave Catholics of Ingersoll.

The meeting was held at Ingersoll on the 2nd inst., at the instigation of the zealous pastor, the Rev. R. Keleher, whose active exertions for the good of his parishioners have won for him the esteem of all who know him:—

Ingersoll, C.W., Dec. 2, 1855.

To the Very Reverend J. Kirwan, London, C.W.

VERY REVEREND SIR—

From a letter bearing your signature, and published in a late number of the *Toronto Catholic Citizen*, we learn that you, if sustained in your benevolent undertaking, wish to call a meeting in Buffalo, or in any more convenient place, with the truly charitable object of instituting a Society, the duty of whose members would be, to aid destitute Catholics to settle on the waste lands situated nigh the borders of the Ottawa River, and which are granted gratuitously by the British Government.

Very Reverend Sir, it is incumbent on all Catholics, and for Irish Catholics more especially is it a sacred duty, to aid and support you in your efforts to relieve your countrymen, and to preserve to them their holy and Apostolic faith. Let, then, all Irish Catholic congregations throughout the country hearken to your paternal and Christian advice; let them come forward, and obey. Especially are they called upon to unite in adopting every means to preserve in its integrity the Catholic faith, when, as at the present time, we see its professors in the United States despised, oppressed, and murdered; when that holy faith itself is proscribed in the same accursed land, whose Yankee inhabitants trample upon the Cross of Christ, whilst they encourage the worship of the impure Venus; and when we see the thousands who, from the contagion of a corrupt society, and the necessity of earning a precarious living in cities, villages, and districts where infidelity is rampant, lose, in the great republic, that faith, for which in their native land their ancestors made so many sacrifices.

Resolved—therefore:—

"That we fully concur with you, Very Reverend Sir, in the necessity of holding a meeting for the purpose above mentioned."

"That, to show how cordially we enter into your views, two of our fellow-Catholics from Ingersoll will attend the projected meeting."

"That we will enter into a subscription—if needed—to aid and assist those who may be willing to avail themselves of Her Majesty's favor."

JAMES MURDOCH, Chairman.

WILLIAM FEATHERSON, Sec.

At a fire that occurred lately in Paris, and which for some time threatened serious consequences, and excited very general alarm for the safety of the Exhibition Building—so much so that the Emperor himself and suite were on the ground—great praise was awarded to the Montreal Fire Engine built by Mr. Perry. In the correspondence of the *London Times* upon this subject, we find the following notice, which is highly creditable to Canada and its manufacturers:—

"At the commencement of the fire the appearance was so alarming, and gave such indications of extension, that the Canadian Commission were induced to place at the disposition of the authorities their prize fire-engine. It was put into the charge of Mr. Perry, an old officer of the Canadian fire department. The engine was early on the ground, and drawing its water direct from the Seine by its own action, kept several engines supplied with a constant stream. At one time, during the height of the fire, Mr. Perry put on his own jet, and the stream from it was so strong and effective as to attract the attention of Marshal Magan and his staff. The engine has been at work all the night, and is still found useful at 10 o'clock this morning."