

THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

WILL BE PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY AFTERNOON,
At the Office, No. 3, McGill Street.

TERMS:

To Town Subscribers. . . . \$3 per annum.
To Country do. . . . \$2½ do.

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MONTREAL, FRIDAY, MARCH 21, 1851.

It will be seen, in another part of our columns, how futile have been all the attempts at reconstructing a Ministry devoted to the principles of protection. Lord Stanley, who was sent for by her Majesty, resigned the task in despair, evidently perceiving that the nation is determined to support free-trade in every thing except religion. The differential duties upon foreign corn are extinct, and can no more be revived,—the people's bread is, and must remain, duty free. Catholic bishops and Catholic doctrines alone are to be excluded by the new tariff; and the grace of the Holy Spirit, which is given by the imposition of hands, is to remain a prohibited commodity. The Protectionist party having failed, an attempt was made to form a Ministry upon the principles of a coalition, between the late men, and the remains of the Peelite party, who acknowledge Sir James Graham as their political head. This also failed; Sir James Graham declaring his repugnance to any extension of the franchise, and deprecating all attempts at legislative enactments upon the subject of "Papal Aggression." Everything, at the present moment, seems to indicate the return to power of the Russell Ministry, with some slight modifications. The obnoxious Chancellor of the Exchequer will probably be offered up as a sin-offering for the sins of the budget, and, with all the faults of the Ministry upon his head, will be driven forth, as the goat of old, to expiate the offences of his colleagues.

In Ireland the good work of opposition to the re-enactment of penal laws, goes merrily on. The Celtic blood is up, and the country promises soon to be in a blaze, from one end to the other. The Clergy, headed by their venerable Prelates, have set the example, which the people of Ireland, ever foremost amongst the nations in defence of the Faith, have not been slow to imitate. From town and country, from her green mountain sides, and from the depths of her valleys, the cry of indignation has gone forth, and the firm resolve expressed, to submit no more to Protestant tyranny, or to bow the neck beneath that vilest of all vile yokes. The blessing of God be upon the brave men of Ireland. May His right hand sustain them in the coming fight, until such time as all their enemies shall have been trampled under foot. So strong is the display of feeling in Ireland upon this subject, that it is not improbable, but that the framers of the bill will beat a retreat, and abandon, as hopeless, the attempt to include Ireland within the operation of their beastly laws. They know that their execution will be impracticable. We should like to see the attempt made, to hale the illustrious Primate of Ireland, or his Grace the Archbishop of Tuam, to prison for refusing to pay the penalties inflicted upon them, because of their making use of their legitimate titles. However, be the result

what it may, one thing is clear, that it is the duty of every Catholic to disobey these penal laws, and to set them at defiance, upon every possible occasion. It is better to obey God than man. Lord John Russell will learn, to his cost, that in attempting to legislate against God's Church, he has imagined a vain thing.

We have been challenged to point out some "of the many other false translations" which occur in David Martin's French version of the Word of God, and to which the Rev. Mons. Chiniquy objected. Although the slightest error in any single verse, or even word of what is called the Bible, is amply sufficient to prove the utter worthlessness of the remainder as the sole rule of faith, because, if it be possible for a single error to have crept in, in any one passage, it is equally possible that errors still more important occur in other passages, which, without an infallible guide, cannot be detected; still, at the request of our cotemporary, we will point out several glaring discrepancies between David Martin's Word of God, and the Word of God which for nearly two hundred years, has been in use amongst English Protestants. Now, as of contraries, both cannot be true, it follows that of these two different versions, or translations, one at least must be a lying and corrupt version. Both may, one certainly must be false.

In the English Protestant version of the Word of God, St. Matt., 26 c. 26 v., we read, "And as they were eating, Jesus took bread, and blessed it, and brake it." In David Martin's translation of the same passage, we read, "Jesus took the bread, and after that he had blessed God, he brake it—Jésus prit le pain, et après qu'il eut béni Dieu, il le rompit." In the first translation, the bread, in the second, God, is represented as the subject of the blessing pronounced by Jesus. Now, unless "bread" be the same thing as "God," we have here two very different translations of the same history. Both cannot be true; one of them, therefore, must be a lie.

In the English Protestant version of the Word of God, St. Mark, 14 c. 22 v., we read, "Jesus took bread, and blessed, and brake it." In David Martin's translation of the same passage, we read, "Jesus took the bread, and after having blessed God, he brake it.—Jésus prit le pain, et après avoir béni Dieu, il le rompit." Here, again, one translation represents to us Christ as blessing the bread, the other translation represents him as doing no such thing, but as blessing God. These translations differ from one another,—both cannot be true; one, at least, must therefore be a lie.

In the English Protestant version of the Word of God, Acts, 3 c. 21 v., concerning the ascension of Christ, we read, "Whom the Heaven must receive." In David Martin's Word of God, we find the same passage translated, "Whom the Heaven must contain—Lequel il faut que le Ciel contienne." Now, as according to the dictionary, the meaning of the word "receive" is very different from the meaning of the word "contain," it follows that of these two different translations of the same Greek word, one is corrupt.

One more example will we give, and then conclude, not from lack of matter, but because we are sure we have perfectly redeemed our pledge, to prove that of the two different Protestant translations, one at least is false. In the English Protestant version of the Word of God, in the second epistle of St. Peter, 1 c. 20 v., we read, "That no prophecy of the Scripture is of any private interpretation." In David Martin's Word of God, the same passage is rendered thus, "That no prophecy of the Scripture proceeds from any private impulse—Qu'aucune prophétie de l'écriture ne procède d'aucun mouvement particulier." The meaning of these two different translations, is entirely different; one of them, then, must be a false translation.

This precious trash, which we have ventured to designate as David Martin's Word of God, is published at Paris, by the "Société Biblique Française et Etrangère—The French and Foreign Bible Society," and is, we believe, pretty generally circulated by Evangelical Missionaries. All who admit the English Protestant version of the Word of God, to be a correct version, must approve of the advice of the Catholic Clergy to their flocks, to burn or destroy the adulterated abominations of David Martin.

We may be told, that the discrepancies which we have pointed out, are trifling, and affect no important doctrines. But, even were it so, as we said above, no reliance can be placed upon a book in which the existence of a single error can be proved. We maintain, on the contrary, that they are most serious discrepancies, and that they do affect most important doctrines. In the first two extracts from David Martin, we see how carefully it is made to appear, that Christ did not bless the bread. The evangelical argument intended to be deduced from thence, is, that there is no authority for any particular consecration of the Eucharistic elements,—that in the breaking of the unblest bread, and in the subsequent act of manducation, consists the whole essence of the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. The intention of substituting "Whom the Heaven must contain," for "Whom the Heaven must receive," is, as Beza informs us, "To keep Christ's presence from the altar; and we have no doubt but that a desire of evading the force of St. Peter's express declaration against the right of private judgment, dictated the travesty of that sacred writer's text; the word *prophecy* being used in the English Protestant translation, to denote not only the power of

predicting future events, but generally, the act of enunciating any such information as could only have been obtained by Divine inspiration. Thus, we find the Jews, in the palace of the high priest, saying, "Prophecy unto us, O Christ, who is he that smote thee?" The word "prophecy" clearly relating not to a miraculous knowledge of the future, but of the past. We must apologize to our Catholic readers for these trivial remarks, but they will remember that many things with which they, from their childhood, have been familiar, are hidden mysteries to those, who, rejecting the authority of the Church of Christ, to follow their own imaginations, and the phantoms of private judgment, have, in consequence of their reprobate spirit, been given over to strong delusions, that they may believe a lie.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

Monday last being the festival of the glorious apostle of Ireland, a Pontifical High Mass was celebrated in St. Patrick's Church, by his Lordship the Bishop of Montreal, assisted by the Rev. Mr. Billaudel, Superior of the Sulpicians.

Nearly all the reverend gentlemen of the Seminary were present, together with some of the Jesuit Fathers, and the full splendor of ecclesiastical ceremony was put forth to do honor to the occasion. The vast edifice was decorated throughout its entire length with rows of evergreens—meet emblem of the faith of the Irish nation—and the hearts of the Irish people were gladdened by the sight of the ancient and time-honored banners of their country ranged around the sanctuary. The scene was, without the slightest exaggeration, grand in the extreme, and well worthy the occasion—the triumphant festival of a nation's joy, and the ever vivid manifestation of the faith of Ireland's children—scattered abroad as they are over the face of the earth, yet annihilating space by their unanimous celebration in every land of the feast of their beloved apostle. Poor, exceeding poor are many, many of the sons of Ireland—doomed by years and years to eke out a scanty subsistence by the sweat of their brow—exiled they are from their own beautiful land, and far away from those whose hearts beat responsive to their own, yet when the 17th of March comes round, the poorest and the saddest amongst them flings care to the winds, and sets off to hear Mass as gay and as blithesome as a bird. How well has our own Moore sung, regarding this our festival:—

"Though dark are our sorrows, to-day we'll forget them,
And smile through our tears, like a sunbeam in showers,
There never were hearts, if our rulers would let them,
More form'd to be grateful and blest than are ours."

A beautiful discourse was delivered by the Rev. Mr. O'Brien, who took for his text those words of Isaiah: "He shall be a light to the revelation of the Gentiles, and the glory of His people." He gave a passing glance at the triumphs achieved by Christ our Lord and His first apostles, in the primary establishment of Christianity, then coming down the stream of ecclesiastical history, he gave a luminous and glowing account of the early life and labors of St. Patrick, dwelling particularly on his being sent to Rome by St. Germanus, and receiving his mission from the holy pope, St. Celestine. Then going on to show how firmly that connexion between the Irish Church and the chair of Peter has ever since been maintained, and predicting in truth all the energy of conviction, that in the present crisis as in all past time the decision of the Holy See shall be carried out, and acted upon in Ireland, despite all the threats and all the machinations of those who guide the helm of the state. Knowing that there are always many Protestants present on St. Patrick's Day, the reverend gentleman gave a short explanation of the Catholic doctrine of the Invocation of Saints, and administered a strong reproof to those who affect to ridicule that salutary practice. On the whole, we think Mr. O'Brien did ample justice to the greatness of his subject, and more than realized the expectations of the people. Many parts of his discourse, vigorous and energetic as it was, yet reminded us strongly of the rich poetic imagery of some of our best Irish orators.

The choir music was very good, though by no means the best specimen of what our accomplished amateurs can do. We have much pleasure in saying that Mozart need not have been ashamed—critically fastidious as he was—had he been within hearing of his Mass No. 12, sung in St. Patrick's Church on that occasion—the *Credo* was, however, from Hadyn's Mass No. 1, and incorporated into Mozart's splendid composition, made a beautiful and harmonious whole. It is certainly saying a great deal for our musical performers, vocal and instrumental, when we say that they succeeded in carrying out the magnificent creations of these great masters.

After Mass, the procession was formed in front of the Church, and moved on in excellent order through the appointed streets. For our own parts, we must be allowed to say that Ireland might well be proud of her sons, as they marched along to the inspiring music of "Patrick's Day" and "Garryowen"—the old familiar strains so associated with their fondest memories of home;—the banners of Ireland floating above and around them, awakening proud recollections of the days when Ireland was a nation. On one was the gorgeous sunburst on its green ground—the well-known ensign of the Milesian monarchs, carrying the mind back to the temporal glory of pagan Ireland,

but dearer, more touching far—was the blue banner that displayed the golden cross—the hope and trust of the Irish nation. The Young Men's St. Patrick's Association has one of the most tasteful banners we have ever seen. On one side it has the Apostle of Ireland looking down in all his venerable majesty on a landscape of Erin's true scenery. On the reverse is seen the Cross, standing erect, and supporting "the Harp of Erin," while the Irish wolf dog is starting forth from its shade. Beautiful association of ideas!

The Temperance Society has a very handsome banner, displaying the great apostle of Temperance, in the act of giving his benediction. The mottoes of all these banners are strongly characteristic of the faith and piety of the Irish as a nation, while breathing that undying love for Ireland, which seems as it were to be the more fondly cherished by her children in proportion as they go farther away from her lovely but impoverished shores.

It may be well to observe that when passing the Government Buildings, the Young Men's St. Patrick's Association stopped, and caused their band to play the national anthem of Britain—"God save the Queen."

It is painful to think that this strictly national observance is regarded with dislike by some, even of those who call themselves Irishmen (though having nothing in common with the Irish people). From several petty circumstances which occurred on Monday last, we cannot avoid seeing that the old rabid animosity of the Orange faction—the bane of Ireland—is still alive, even in this city. Trilling as these incidents were, they serve to show the actuating spirit of the L. P. S. worthies, in the same way that the motion of a straw shows the course of the wind. We shall only allude to the shameful conduct of the firemen of the Union company, who rang their bell as the procession was passing, and forthwith the crew gathered to their station in the Haymarket Square, and out they hauled their engine, steering right through the ranks, although they ought to have known better than thus publicly to outrage the sons of St. Patrick. But the Union did not go through, for it was pitched back, the driver hurled to the ground, and his own whip administered his well-merited chastisement. The gallant Union men were glad to scamper off, and leave their engine to be put up by the police. They may thank their stars that temperance presided over our people on that occasion, or assuredly they would have had cause to remember their unjustifiable attempt. Now, it is a positive fact that the Irish never offer an insult to any of the other societies when walking in procession, and it is very strange that they cannot be allowed to march peaceably through the streets, seeing that they molest no one. But, on the other hand, the sister societies hung out their banners in token of respect, and the French Canadians had the whole line of St. Paul Street gaily decorated with all manner of green branches and streamers. On the whole, the day passed off pleasantly, and when "the evening fell," the numerous company of Irishmen and the friends of Irishmen, including His Worship the Mayor, sat down to an excellent dinner in Ryan's Hotel, St. Paul Street.

The manifestation of Monday last was in every respect a most imposing one, and it is allowed on all hands that for many a long year the Irish of Montreal have not made such a *turn out*. We are glad of this, for we love to think that the good old spirit of Celtic nationality, ennobled by religious feeling, which was wont to actuate the Irish people, has lost none of its fervor for being transplanted to this far northern clime. May it ever live, and flourish, and bear good fruit, as in all past time, is our sincere wish.

THE DINNER.

About 7 o'clock, the members of the Young Men's St. Patrick's Association dined together at Ryan's Hotel, St. Paul Street. The chair was taken by the President of the Association, Mr. James Hayes. A large number of guests were present; among whom were his Honor the Mayor, A. Montreuil, Esq., City Councillor; William Bristow, Esq., J. M. Bonacina, Esq., A. Ramsay, Esq., — Wilson, Esq., of the *Montreal Herald* Office; J. McArthur, Esq., J. Mullin, Esq., President of the Hibernian Benevolent Society; and a number of other gentlemen, whose names we were unable to obtain. The President was supported on the right by his Honor the Mayor, and on the left by Wm. Bristow, Esq. The Vice-President, Mr. Daniel Lanigan, acted as Croupier, and was assisted on the right by Mrs. McDonnell, Esq., and on the left by P. Conolan, Esq., M. D., honorary members of the Association. The table was sumptuously provided, the wines were excellent: in fact, the whole of the dinner arrangements do infinite credit to Mr. Ryan's skill as a public host.

After dinner, the President rose to propose the following toasts, which were received with enthusiasm: "The Day, and all who honor it." Song—"Erin is my home."

"The Queen and Royal Family." Song by Fred. Dalton.

"The Governor-General." Song—"Scots wha hae," by A. Ramsay, Esq.

"The Mayor and Corporation." Responded to by his Honor the Mayor, and Councillor Montreuil.

"The Memory of Daniel O'Connell." Drunk in solemn silence.

I. Mallin, Esq., rose to reply. He said he felt his inadequacy to speak all he felt of the great O'Connell; but he revered his memory too much, to permit it to be drunk, without paying to it a just tribute. If there were any present who had differed from the lamented Liberator, he would say to them, "De mortuis nil nisi bonum." He revered the memory of O'Connell, for his untiring efforts to serve Ireland, and would ever drink it with respect and gratitude. The gentleman sat down amid unbounded bursts of