

hospital of the Hotel Dieu, and left, almost in the pangs of death, at the door of the Rev. Mr. —? I would implore of you, Mr. Editor, to call on our city authorities to investigate this business. It is no sectarian or party question. It is a question of humanity—outraged humanity—of which all, by whom it is not denounced, should be considered culpable. The *Transcript's* "further information" is "so slow to come forth," that the duty necessarily devolves on you, to expose the guilty parties.

The public cannot doubt, but the actors in this affair, have had the approbation of their employers, and until those doubts are dissipated, on the employers, and not on their underlings, the odium of the barbarous deed rests. I would also suggest an immediate inspection of the hospital registry, for, from the criminal silence of the city press, doubts have arisen that widow Thomas is not the first, who has been thus summarily discharged. In the last number of the *Montreal Witness*, the Catholics are called on to oppose their Priests; but not a word of censure does the philanthropic editor utter against the persecutors of a friendless, unfortunate widow. Would not the *Montreal Witness's* solicitude for Catholics, remind one of the "treaty of defence" proposed and ratified between the wolves and the sheep?

Yours truly,
INQUIRER.

Montreal, 18th Feb., 1851.

To the Editor of the *True Witness and Catholic Chronicle*.

Sir,—I see that you have noticed the controversy now going on between some of the Protestants of this city, and turned the same to your own advantage. I do not deny your right to do so; but I must complain of the injustice you do to one of the parties. You represent the Rev. Mr. Cordner, as resting an argument on a disputed clause of Scripture, which is not the case, although it suits the captious and uncandid critic of the *Montreal Witness*, to represent him as doing so. Look, for yourself, at the Rev. Mr. Cordner's pamphlet, and you will see that the argument is against the possession of absolute power by the Lord Jesus Christ; and to sustain this, the Lord's words to the mother of Zebedee's children, are quoted: "To sit on my right hand and my left, is not mine to give, but it shall be given to them for whom it is prepared of my Father." Here the pedant critic formally announces what every Sunday-school scholar knows,—that the words "it shall be given to them," marked in italics in the common Protestant version of the Scriptures, are supplied by the translators, having no equivalent in the Greek, and he, in the stead thereof, supplies the words "to those." But this does not affect the argument. The declaration of our Lord Jesus, still stands for the purpose alleged, disclaiming absolute power, and showing that his power is limited by the superior power and disposal of his Father. Of this clap-trap character, is the whole of the criticism in the *Montreal Witness*. Must Dr. Wilkes be helped, by the aid of such writers, out of a controversy which he himself commenced? Must the Protestant version of the Scriptures be depreciated, as that reviewer has done,—must the translators be charged with leading their readers into "unhappy blunders,"—in order that the cause of Protestant orthodoxy may be sustained? If so, it ought, indeed, to take refuge in your Church. Oh! the flippant pedant! Well may he affect to sneer at the living, to serve his party purposes, when he hesitates not to traduce the venerable dead. Had there been an independent Protestant religious journal in this city, through which he could have been exposed, his criticism would never have been ventured. Though writing against one whose name was given to the public, yet he withheld even his initials. Perhaps we ought to applaud him for this, since it shows that he had some sense of shame left.

FAIR PLAY.

Montreal, 20th Feb., 1851.

[If we insert the above communication of "Fair Play," it is solely because he seems to think that, in our notice of the controversy, we have been guilty of injustice towards the Rev. Mr. Cordner. We should be very sorry, indeed, if any remarks of ours could possibly be considered in that light, and we beg leave to assure "Fair Play," that, if anything we have written upon the subject, has caused pain to the Rev. Mr. Cordner or his friends, we are sincerely sorry for our inadvertence. "Fair Play" cannot expect us to sympathize with his theological opinions.—Ed. T. W.]

To the Editor of the *Montreal Witness*.

Sir,—During the months of October and November last your paper contained many things in reference to me, which I was resolved to let pass; even had not your evangelical allusions been clearly and conclusively answered by the Hon. Mr. DeWitt. But, as you assert that the letter of the Hon. member for Beauharnois is far from satisfying you on this matter; and inasmuch as you have not retracted your ungenerous calumnies and insinuations, my friends absolutely desire that I should reply to them. I should have done so ere now, were it not for my continued labor in establishing the sacred cause of temperance in the parishes of St. Hyacinthe, Chambly, Beauharnois, St. Mary, St. Grégoire, and Sault St. Louis, where I had preached for more than two months.

You seem to doubt my right to the donation of my country, in preference to that of the inconsiderable cotery, of which you appear the chief. I assure you, Sir, my country has treated me beyond my deserts; the idea had never entered my mind, that either myself or my humble labors would receive a moment's consideration from the Parliament of Canada. I had been so unprepared for the proposition of the Hon. Mr. DeWitt, that I instantly and energetically entreated him to withdraw his motion; and he would have done so, had not the house unanimously opposed its withdrawal. For more than two hours there had been a

noble and generous rivalry among members of every shade of politics, as to who should develop in language the most magnificent and sublime, the blessings—moral and material—which would flow from the continued efforts of the Temperance Society. And I candidly avow that my pleasure and surprise were equally great when the Parliament of my country unanimously awarded to me in particular, so signal a proof of esteem—which has since subjected me to the scorpion slander—the dark and fell malignity of jealousy and hatred. As a Temperance preacher, that day was to me, the proudest of my life—the most glorious of the Temperance cause—in having gained a triumphant victory in the Parliament of Canada; as such has every man of honest, and elevated feelings considered it; and I flatter myself that, unless you, there could not be found a man to insult me in consequence of this mark of esteem awarded to my humble efforts in the sacred cause of Temperance.

Would you wish to know, Sir, how the matter stands between you and me? Simply this: I have never asked, nor even thought of having merited such a mark of esteem from my country. Nevertheless, I have received it; while you and your clique—in sadness of soul, believe to have merited—but not received it. According to your assertions, it is you, not I, who have extended the blessings of temperance through the length and breadth of Canada. If so, I am really sorry our common country should be so ungratefully forgetful of you, and prodigally generous to your humbler fellow laborer, and I beg of you to consider how supremely unjust you are in pouring forth your wrathful fury against me on this subject. You ask, how could I have contracted debts in establishing the temperance society? and assert that "some explanation is necessary to stop the murmuring of Protestants, and evade suspicions arising from this gratuity." (*Witness*, 20th Oct. 1850.)

Permit me, Sir, to tell you, your question is the most impertinent I have ever been called on to answer. Sir, last autumn you declared your paper to be the organ of the most opposite sects of Protestantism. This candid avowal of a total want of religious principle, proves your creed to consist of hatred and bigotry against every thing Catholic, yet I did not consider you so devoid of the commonest principles of decency and social life, as to interrogate me on the debts I have been forced to contract. You say your demand is in the name of the Protestants of Canada. I have too high an opinion of Protestants to believe them capable of such discourtesy. Nay, I am certain that were I to appeal to the honorable feelings of the Protestants of Montreal, they would repudiate as an insult your allusions to them. Hence, your allegation I believe to be untrue. And besides, having never asked a shilling from them or from you, their self constituted interrogator, I have no account to render them or you, as to how my debts may have been contracted. And yet, how impertinent sever your inquiry may be my friends require that I should reply to it.

I expended above £200 on a Temperance manual, for which I have never received £80, not but I could have sold it, only for reasons conceivable to every man of honor, viz., for a man in my position distributing copies of it among friends was much more congenial to my feelings, and conducive to the cause, than the more lucrative, but less enviable trade of tract vending. During my stay in Toronto, I, in this manner, distributed above 300 copies. I also gave a number of them to honest pedlars, who disposed of them to advantage, but who, in consequence of the "bad times" have not, and probably never will account to me for them. I trust you do not intend to question me as to the number of suffering creatures whose misery—cold and hunger—I have endeavored to alleviate. You assert, by one of your correspondents, that "having neither wife nor children, I have but few occasions of expending money." Such remarks from a Protestant are not unjustifiable; Protestant clergymen having no other call on their revenues, than the care of their wives and children,—care, it is true, the Catholic priest is not troubled with. But his wife and children are the distressed and suffering who hold forth to him a supplicating hand. And this may probably account for the murder of myriads by want and starvation, in the British Isles, blessed that they have been by a Parliamentary Protestant church. That church by plundering and impoverishing the Catholic clergy, deprived the poor of their most affectionate parent, patron, and friend.

I do not even suppose you will question me on the number of talented, but poor young men, I have enabled to enter our colleges; to fit them for becoming useful members of society; nor will you, I presume, call on me to proclaim how far, or to what amount I have aided the different institutions of Canada, which deservedly receive the support of every Christian philanthropist. No, doubtless you will not.

To any or all of these questions, I should give very inaccurate replies, for I assure you, that for the last ten years, I have studied arguments against Intemperance more than the computation of my cash accounts. I am but a poor financier, and I assure you the cash given me from time to time by my friends, ran no risk of mouldering in my purse. And now to the principal as well as the most unexpected and painful of the causes of my debts. I have a brother, dearer to me than life; two years ago the failure of an unfortunate enterprise reduced him to the most painful circumstances. He was advised to become bankrupt. He consulted me on the matter, I dissuaded him from it. I promised to aid him in his fallen state. I besought his creditors to spare him. I told them I had a splendid library which I would cheerfully dispose of to satisfy their demands. I had calculated on other resources which proved woefully delusive. My unfortunate, heart-broken brother prepared for California. I vainly essayed to dissuade him; but I had only to mingle my tears with his, when tearing himself from the arms of his wife and little ones, he pressed me to his heart, and cried—"For the love of God do not let my wife and children perish during my absence." He departed in the fond hopes of gaining wherewith to pay his creditors; but vain, alas, to him have been these hopes. To him, as to others, California has proved a cruel delusion. May the God of mercy forgive it should become his grave. His creditors notified me that should I fail in paying them at a fixed time, they would seize and dispose of my brother's property—drive from home and shelter his wife and six children—the oldest of whom is not nine years old.

Without informing my friends of my painful position, I offered the most valuable works in my library for sale, at an immense sacrifice; but every book in my library would become a burning brand in my hands, were I to retain it, and let the wife and children of my unfortunate brother perish of destitution. The heart-

rending cries of this woman and her children, on being driven from the dwelling left them by a fond husband and affectionate father, I resolved, at all hazards, to avoid. The mere thought of it was anguish to my soul. The trouble I then had suffered, rather than my labor in the Temperance cause, generated that sickness which, a year ago, had reduced me to the verge of the grave. But my friends refused purchasing my books, and without impudently inquiring how my debts had been contracted, nobly set about liquidating them. About that time I departed for Toronto, with a petition signed by more than 6000 Canadians of every origin, praying Parliament to grant the people the right to decide whether Temperance hotels, or taverns, licensed to sell intoxicating liquors, were more conducive to the public good. During two months I had immense obstacles to encounter; a thousand prejudices to surmount. I had forgotten my private affairs when I received a letter from one of the leading citizens of Montreal, informing me that a meeting would be held the following day, to devise the best means to relieve me from my embarrassment. On the following day Griffithown was burned, and, consequently, the meeting did not take place. A few days subsequent, Mr. DeWitt, without my knowledge, submitted his motion to Parliament. You know its result.

Some friends advised me to invest a part of the £500 given to me, in some profitable speculation; but I did better; and the wife and little ones of my unfortunate brother, are still under the shelter of their own domicile. You and your sanctimonious friends desire to know what I have done with my money. I shall refer you to Mr. T. Tachereau, of Quebec, to Mr. Calway of Beauce, to Messrs. Lamiré and Fortier, of St. Michel. You might also learn something of its expenditure by applying to Messrs. Lovell & Gibson, of Montreal. Thus, Sir, have I expended this money, in liquidating debts I had been necessitated to contract—and for so expending it, I run no risk of losing the esteem of my Protestant fellow-countrymen.

I shall not undertake (vain, indeed, would be the essay) to express the pain it has given me to thus publicly reveal my domestic difficulties—nor my contemptuous scorn for the man who has forced me to do so.

Your journal fumes forth tirades about inquisitions from time to time, but so far as I have been treated, Spain has never had an inquisitor more cruel, odious, and insulting than the Evangelical Editor of the *Montreal Witness*. If you do not flagellate and break our bodies, you but lack the means—you possess the will. But you do worse—you torture the soul and tarnish the reputation. You essay to morally assassinate all opposed to your fanatical bigotry and odious intolerance.

Through me you insult the Pères Oblats in supposing me to belong to that Order. By a sad fatality nothing but ignorance, hatred, and calumny flows from your mendacious pen when writing on any thing Catholic.

I did pass a year of novitiate with the Rev. Pères Oblats, but before definitely engaging in that order, I had perceived that the mission to which I was destined, required an independence, and a degree of liberty incompatible with the sacred rules of a religious. It is near four years since I ceased to belong to that Order, but I have never ceased to respect and revere those who belong to it, nor to admire and respect their virtues and apostolic labors. Nor have I the honor of being a Jesuit; as some truth-loving evangelical journalists affirm me to be. I am but a simple Priest, wandering without a home or a place to rest my head—and this you should have known. But you seem woefully irrelative of truth. Aye, as bats fly from the radiance of the sun, so do some editors cower and shuffle before the glare of truth.

In your eyes, I am but "an enemy of the Bible"—a bigoted, fanatical, conscienceless Priest—a wretched sectary who would fain defend his erroneous doctrines,—the errors of his Church,—by his success in the Temperance cause."

As soon as convenient, I shall, with your permission, fearlessly meet you on those questions, as I do on these on which I address you this letter.—In the meantime, I shall only say, that as "the tree is known by its fruit, so are men by their works," and that I fear not to compare the works of the Catholic Church with those of your Methodist brethren. Nor do I fear to have my personal efforts compared with yours. And surely, Mr. Editor, you do not fear—were this comparison to take place—that the ungodly should say, that Mr. Chiniquy, "an enemy of the Bible—an ignorant, contemptible Popish Priest," has done more for the glory of God and the good of his country than all the saints and sages of the Wesleyan Church in Canada. In conclusion, I shall leave the public to judge between you and me; and to decide which of us has apparently been aided by the Grace of God in his efforts to advance the interest, welfare, the spiritual and secular prosperity of his countrymen.

I have the honor to be, Sir,

Your very humble servant,

Longueuil, 4th Feb., 1851.

C. CHINIQUY.

The total assessment for 1850 on the nine Wards, into which the city is divided, was £189,729.

Reckoning this at five per cent. on the capital, which, of late years, has exceeded the usual rate of returns, though it is now improving, and very few houses to let, and many building, it represents a capital of £3,894,570. But, as it is well known that valuations are almost always below the real rental, the whole value of the immovable property of Montreal cannot be taken at less than twenty millions of dollars.—*Transcript*.

We much regret to learn that Dr. McCulloch, while leaving a patient's domicile, on Monday morning, slipped on the ice at the door, fell and broke his collar bone. This accident will necessarily inconvenience many of the worthy Doctor's numerous patients, but we are glad to learn that he is doing well, and, it is to be hoped, the accident will not confine him beyond a week or two to the house.—*Herald*.

Two innocent girls—one of them the daughter of a respectable farmer living in this neighborhood, were brought before John B. Crouse, Esq., on the complaint of T. C. Hunt, of having deserted his service. In defence, the girls proved that they were subjected to the most indecent and outrageous insults, the details of which are unfit to appear in our columns. The Master and Servants Act never contemplated the forcing of defenceless girls to stay where they are subjected to insults which would corrupt their morals, and perhaps blast their reputations. The magistrate, after a long and patient investigation, very properly discharged the poor girls from custody.—*Long Point Advocate*.

The *Cork Reporter* of yesterday contains an account of the arrival at Queenstown of the United States steamer *Atlantic* under the following circumstances:—

"Queenstown, Jan. 23.

"The United States mail steamer *Atlantic*, Captain West, 3,000 tons burden, and belonging to the celebrated line of steamers built by the firm of E. K. Collins and Co., of New York, arrived in Queenstown yesterday, having sustained such damage as to be unable to prosecute her usual voyage from Liverpool to New York. Through the courtesy of the officers we are enabled to present our readers with the following particulars:—

"The *Atlantic* left her moorings at Liverpool on Saturday, the 28th of December, for New York, with the usual mails and a large cargo, together with 28 cabin passengers. So unfavorable was the weather immediately after her departure that the pilot was unable to leave the vessel. From the time she passed Cape Clear she experienced severe weather, with strong breezes from the westward, occasionally veering somewhat to the northward and southward, and at times blowing with great violence. Up to Monday, the 6th of January, however, no casualty of importance occurred, but on that day, during a heavy gale from the north-west, the main shaft of the engine broke and rendered it impossible to make any further use of the machinery. The vessel was at this period in lat. 46° 12' W., long. 41° 30' W., or, in other words, as nearly as possible midway between Cape Clear and New York, being about 1,400 miles from each. The vessel was immediately got under canvass, and some measures taken to secure the engines from any further damage, such as might be apprehended from the working of the vessel. At first it was resolved to shape a course to the southward, with a view to take refuge in Bermuda. After a delay of two days, spent in fitting a maintopmast, and making other alterations, the vessel accordingly proceeded on the 8th on this course, which was persevered in until the 11th, when the wind veered to the south-west, and rendered it useless to persevere in the design of steering to Bermuda. Capt. West accordingly resolved to steer for a European port, which measure he has happily succeeded in putting in practice in a manner which bears testimony no less to the excellent qualities of the steamer than to the skill and attention of her commander. The *Atlantic* was observed off the harbor at an early hour yesterday, and on its being observed that she was partially disabled, two of the river steamers proceeded to offer their assistance, which Captain West, however, declined. She is at present lying in the man-of-war roads, immediately to the southward of her Majesty's screw steamer *La Hogue*, where it is proposed that she should await the arrival of certain steamers, by means of which it is intended to tow her to Liverpool. The injury which the *Atlantic* has sustained, in addition to the breaking of the shaft, is confined to the loss of her bowsprit and jibboom, together with much damage to the paddle-wheels and boxes, those at the starboard side especially being almost completely destroyed. We regret to state also that one of the firemen had his leg fractured by a portion of the broken machinery.

Birth.

In this city, on the 4th instant, Mrs. James Buchanan, printer, of a daughter.

Married.

At Toronto, on the morning of the 11th February, at St. Michael's Cathedral, by the Right Rev. A. P. M. de Charbonnel, Catholic Bishop of Toronto, Mr. E. K. Feehan, to Mary Matilda Charlotte, only daughter of the late John Stacy, Esq., of Montreal.

Died.

At Quebec, on the 9th instant, Mr. George Wright, printer, aged 54 years. Mr. Wright was a native of Norwich, England, and leaves a large family to lament his loss; he was an able and intelligent compositor, and had been employed in the *Quebec Mercury* Office about 30 years.

MONTREAL MARKET PRICES.

CORRECTED BY THE CLERK OF THE BONSECOURS MARKET.

Thursday, Feb. 20, 1851.

		s.	d.	s.	d.
Wheat, -	- per minot	4	6	a	4 9
Oats, -	- - - - -	1	8	a	1 9
Barley, -	- - - - -	2	6	a	3 0
Peas, -	- - - - -	3	0	a	3 4
Buckwheat, -	- - - - -	1	10½	a	2 1
Rye, -	- - - - -	2	9	a	3 0
Potatoes, -	- per bush.	1	8	a	2 0
Beans, American	- - - - -	4	0	a	4 6
Beans, Canadian	- - - - -	6	0	a	6 6
Honey, -	- - - - -	0	4	a	0 5
Beef, -	- - - - -	0	2	a	0 5
Mutton, -	- per qr.	2	0	a	5 0
Lamb, -	- - - - -	2	0	a	5 0
Veal, -	- - - - -	2	0	a	10 0
Pork, -	- per lb.	0	2½	a	0 4½
Butter, Fresh	- - - - -	0	10	a	1 0
Butter, Salt	- - - - -	0	6	a	0 6½
Cheese, -	- - - - -	0	4	a	0 6
Lard, -	- - - - -	0	5	a	0 6
Maple Sugar, -	- - - - -	0	4	a	0 5½
Eggs, -	- per dozen	0	10	a	1 0
Turkeys, -	- per couple	4	0	a	6 8
Geese, -	- - - - -	3	9	a	5 0
Apples, -	- per barrel	5	0	a	12 6
Onions, -	- - - - -	6	0	a	7 0
Flour, -	- per quintal	11	0	a	11 3
Oatmeal, -	- - - - -	7	6	a	9 0
Beef, -	- per 100 lbs.	17	6	a	27 6
Pork, Fresh	- per 100 lbs.	22	6	a	27 6



MONTREAL HIBERNIAN BENEVOLENT SOCIETY.

THE ADJOURNED ANNUAL MEETING of the MEMBERS of this Society, will be held at their ROOMS, HAYMARKET SQUARE, on MONDAY EVENING next, 24th instant.

By order,

Feb. 20.

L. MOORE,
Secretary.