

THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE,

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MONTREAL, FRIDAY, AUG. 1, 1851.

MORE AGGRESSIONS.

Except as the record of Ministerial defeats, the report of the proceedings in the Imperial Parliament is of but little interest; defeated by large majorities, on Sir F. Thesiger's amendments on their own Penal Laws, Ministers have been defeated again and again, upon Lord Grosvenor's motion—upon the motion for the vote by Ballot—and upon Lord Naas' Spirit Bill. On Monday, the 7th ult., the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill was carried up to the House of Lords, and read for the first time; the second reading was appointed for Monday, 21st July. Lord Monteagle, although voting for the first reading of the Bill, has threatened opposition to it, in its subsequent stages; but it is not likely that the Penal Laws will be much endangered in their passage through the Upper House; and it is generally expected, that by the first week in August, they will have received the Royal assent.

But alas for the transiency of human enjoyment! Alas for the instability of human triumphs! Hardly has Protestantism had time to raise its Poems of victory—or, in the cant of the conventicle,—“to get its Ebenezer up,”—the hymns of praise, wherewith Evangelical ministers return thanks to Heaven, for the passing of the Penal Laws, and the still greater mercy, which it has vouchsafed to the prayers of the elect, in the extermination by famine and disease, of the Popish savages of Ireland, have not died away, ere we have to record another aggression of the Pope, more “insidious and insulting” than the restoration of the Catholic Hierarchy,—we mean the establishment of the *Anglo-Italian Mission* in London—of which we gave a short account in our last. This piece of unparalleled insolence, has again lashed the Protestants of the United Kingdom into a state of frenzy. Without asking leave of her most gracious Majesty—without craving permission of the Commons of England, or so much as enquiring whether they desire to be converted or not—with the same disregard for their feelings upon this point, and with the same tender regard for the salvation of their souls, as animated Gregory, when he dispatched Augustin upon his Apostolic mission to their Saxon ancestors—Pius IX., as Christ's Vicar upon earth, has been pleased to establish a mission for the conversion of the English, in the very centre of the metropolis. “It will be a strange sight,” says the *Times*, “to see amid the buildings of London, erected for gain, for ornament, or for convenience, an edifice which owes its origin to none of these things;” but which is erected, solely for the purpose of bringing back, within the fold of the great Shepherd, the long lost sheep of the house of Israel. The Londoners have been long accustomed to look with complacency, upon what once were Temples of the Most High God, but are now degraded to the rank of meeting houses, profaned and defiled with specimens of Protestant statuary, villainously executed; they have seen, with indifference, the rapid growth of theatres, conventicles, brothels, gin-palaces, and houses of correction; but a missionary establishment, in the most frequented part of London, for the express purpose of converting them to Catholicity, is a sight at which they will stand aghast. It is not only the place, chosen for the site of the mission, but the time when the Pope has thought fit to establish it, that rouses the fury of John Bull. At the very moment when Britain's legislators are legislating against Catholicity, and declaring in immortal statutes, that the re-establishment of the Church of Christ in England, is a violation of the laws of the realm, does the Pope, guided by light from on high, testify the most supreme contempt for all their enactments. Ah, John Bull! It is a sad thing that the Pope has so little regard for you and your Acts of Parliament, that he should thus render you so supremely ridiculous in the eyes of the world; for John is a wise fellow enough; and what is more, a householder; with a State establishment of his own, which he funnily enough calls a Church; and one that knows the laws, and enacts them too; and a rich fellow; and one that bath a fine Crystal Palace in Hyde Park, with every thing handsome about him; and yet the Pope scruples not to write him down an ass, and to treat his outcry against Popery, with as little respect, as does the nurse the screams of master Johnny, indignantly protesting against the outrage of being put into a tub of cold water, for the good of his health. Where this disloyal conduct on the part of the Pope is to end, no one can tell. John Bull says that he don't want to be converted—that he won't be converted, or come into the Church at any price; he protests against every act of his lawful Ecclesiastical superiors; when lo! by way of answer, the Pope sends him an *Anglo-Italian Mission*, and ere John has recovered from the shock, the mission has commenced its labors, by the erection of a “spacious Church in the centre of London, in a fine position, in one of the most majestic streets in the city, for the use of the Italians, and other foreigners, as well as of the natives.”

The indignation of the Protestant press, at this

fresh aggression, knows no bounds; the *Times* is frantic, and calls the attention of its readers to it:—

“Not on account of the traffic in instalment of the Divine mercy, which it invites, nor the ostentatious selection of a central situation for a Church, built with its proceeds, but on account of the deliberate and studied repetition which it contains, of the insult so wantonly offered to the Crown, and national independence of England. The Pope, an Italian Prince, (certainly he is an Italian Prince, but he is also a good deal more,) in an address to the whole Italian nation, takes the opportunity to speak to them of the Most Rev. Cardinal Wiseman, Archbishop of Westminster, Ordinary of London. The Pope knows no Archbishop in England but him whom he has himself created,” (of course not, for there is no other, and none other has the power to create an Archbishop;) “no ordinaries, but those whom he has sent to govern the inhabitants of the dioceses which he has established.” He insolently parades before Europe, and his own country, that while the Parliament and people of England recognise one set of Bishops” (the Parliament and people of England are not God) “he knows them not, and treats, as the ecclesiastical rulers of an independent kingdom, those whom he has been pleased to set in their place.”

Yes, thank God, the Pope treats the Acts of Parliament, which presume to interfere with the free spiritual action of the Church, with contempt, and thereby sets an example, which it is the duty of every Catholic in the British Empire to imitate. Surely the contortions into which excess of wrath has thrown John Bull, are amusing to contemplate. It is a hard thing, John, for you to kick against the pricks; you had better submit to your fate, be converted, and save your soul alive.

ECCLESIASTICAL CORPORATIONS.

Our Evangelical cotemporary, aided and abetted by *Scrutator*, the lynx-eyed detector of discrepancies in the Catholic translations of the Holy Scriptures, is still croaking out his raven notes, and predicting all kinds of horrors to this unhappy Canada, as the inevitable results of allowing ecclesiastical corporations, peaceably to possess their honestly acquired property. We have once already pointed out the absurdity of these gloomy anticipations; but some men take a melancholy delight in visions of evil to come. Burton, in his *Anatomy*, well assigns the cause of this peculiar species of melancholy: “Envy and malice are two links of the chain, and both, as Guianerius *Tract* 15, *Cap.* 2, proves out of Galen. 3, *Aphorism Com.* 22, cause this malady by themselves. Envy so gnaws many men's hearts, that they become altogether melancholy; for so often as an envious wretch sees another man prosper, to be enriched, to thrive, and be fortunate in the world, to get honors, offices, or the like, he repines and grieves; for to speak in a word, envy is nought else but *Tristitia de bonis alienis*, sorrow for other men's good, be it present, past, or to come.” Our cotemporary is evidently far gone in this interesting malady; but we would bid him cheer up, and not to mourn as one who has no hope; he may find solace in the reflection, that, in spite of all the Acts of the Legislature, giving to ecclesiastical corporations the right to hold, no power on earth will ever be able to compel him, to give, sell, or bequeath to them of his substance, or to commit a single virtuous, or charitable action.

With *Scrutator* we have a few words to say, and purpose examining the arguments he has brought forward from European history, in support of continuing the old Mortmain laws, or laws which are intended to prevent societies, incorporated for religious and charitable purposes, from acquiring and holding property. We object to these Statutes, because they create an arbitrary interference with the rights of the individual, and because any such interference is, to say the least, unnecessary, in the present state of society; because they are laws which say to the individual, you shall not sell, give, or bequeath of your substance to any religious, charitable, or educational establishment; because they are laws which prevent the individual from doing what he will with his own; a right for which, unless it can be proved that its exercise will entail inevitable, and very serious injuries upon society, we contend in the fullest sense of the word. Not indeed as before God, for that would be as impious as it is absurd: for as before God, man has nothing that he can call his own; he is but the steward of his Creator's bounties, responsible for the use which he makes of them. But as before man, no such responsibility exists, and we contend that, until it shall have been proved that the community will certainly and grievously suffer thereby, every man has, as before his brother man, the right to do what he will with his own. *Scrutator* endeavors to prove from history, that the good of society requires the restrictions imposed by the Mortmain laws; he argues thus—These laws were enacted in the middle ages, and at later periods; they were necessary then; therefore they are necessary now, and ought to be retained. Now, we admit with *Scrutator*, the fact of the enactment: we admit, also, in certain cases, the necessity for these enactments, in another, and very different state of society; but we deny the existence of that necessity now, and as we cannot conceive the possibility of its ever existing again, we deny also the conclusion at which he arrives, that these laws ought to remain in full force at the present day. In support of our assertion, we will examine some of the examples from history, adduced by *Scrutator* in support of his views, and pointing out the causes to which the enactment of these laws was due, will endeavor to show that these causes are not in operation in the XIX. century; and that the laws themselves, to be defended, must be defended upon other principles. The first example brought forward by *Scrutator*, is that of the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa, who, in the middle of the XII. century, first, in modern times, set the example of putting restrictions upon the acquisition of property by the Church. It is true that

the Emperor did so; but before *Scrutator* can make any use of this fact, he must show, that Frederick did well in so doing; that the motives by which he was actuated were good, and that the results were favorable to the well being of mankind. The character of this Prince, as given to us by Protestant historians, the situation of Europe, and the enterprise in which he was engaged, enable us easily to discover, the cause of his hostility to the Church, and why he was so anxious to diminish her power and influence in Italy, by depriving her of her right to hold landed property. Frederick the First, whom Gibbon (an excellent Protestant authority), represents to us as endowed “with the arts of a statesman, the valor of a soldier, and the cruelty of a tyrant,” who caused himself to be proclaimed the absolute master of the lives and properties of his subjects, was busily engaged in warring down the Lombard republics, and endeavoring to crush the nascent liberties of Italy. Opposed to him he found the influence of the Papal, or Church party, that party which was known for many a long year afterwards by the name of the Guelphic faction, and which bore upon its banners (we quote Gibbon again), the sacred motto of “Liberty and the Church,” then, as now, inseparable. To crush, or at all events to weaken the power of the Church, was essential to the success of the schemes of the despot; because, in the words of Hallam, “It was the interest of Rome to enfeeble the imperial power, and consequently to maintain the freedom of the Italian republics.” The subjugation of the Church to the State, is ever the policy of the tyrant, and such, we perceive, was ever the policy pursued towards the Church by the head of the Ghibelines; but in this conduct and policy, we can certainly see nothing worthy of our imitation in the XIX. century. On the contrary, the consideration of the fact, that the Church was, in the middle ages, as she is now, the object of the hostility of tyrants of every description; that the diminution of her power and influence, by diminishing her wealth, or power of doing good, and relieving the needy, was always the first step towards the establishment of arbitrary power—is well calculated to bring in doubt the justice and the policy of the princes of the House of Swabia, the hereditary enemies of “Liberty and the Church.”

We must postpone, until next week, an examination of the arguments which *Scrutator* brings forward, from the conduct pursued towards the Church by Louis XIV. and XV.

DINNER TO T. B. McMANUS.

We are happy to see by our American exchanges, that the good news of the escape of T. B. McManus, is fully confirmed. His safe arrival was celebrated at San Francisco by a public dinner, at which C. Brenham, Esq., the Mayor of the City, presided.—We have not room for all the toasts that were proposed, and speeches that were delivered, but must confine ourselves to the toast of the evening:—

“The Mayor then gave—*Our Guest, Terence Bellew McManus;—Ireland gave him birth, England a dungeon, America a home, with a hundred thousand welcomes.*”

Mr. McManus said:—Mr. Mayor, Senators, Soldiers, and Citizens of California, and you, fellow-countrymen.—It is impossible for me to find language on this occasion to express the tumultuous feelings that fill my heart. I am so overpowered with the excess of your kindness, that I would not attempt to embody in words the feelings which it has excited in my breast. (Cheers.) I am a plain, blunt man, and though at the best but a bad hand at clothing my thoughts in language, it is utterly impossible for me to do so to-night. I do not wish to refer to the past. We failed in our efforts, and I paid the penalty. I have now another career before me, and under the folds of that flag (pointing to the star-spangled banner above him,) I intend to remain, and cling to it with fidelity and devotion; wherever the principle it embodies has an enemy, and wherever that flag has a foe, there will be found my right arm. (Great cheering.) Citizens of California, I swear allegiance to it. (Mr. McManus here kissed the flag, which elicited the most tremendous cheering.) Gentlemen—I cannot proceed further; I shall therefore conclude by thanking the Almighty Giver of all good, that He has directed my steps to this land—to the land of freedom and equality—to the land that is sanctified by the ashes of a Washington.—*American Celt.*

Differences of opinion may prevail as to the prudence of the exiles of '48, in provoking a contest with that colossal power, which has so long and brutally trampled upon the liberties of their country; but there can be no difference of opinion, as to the purity and honesty of their motives. To deliver the land of their birth from the accursed yoke, under the weight of which, for so many centuries, she has groaned, was the cause for which they periled all, and for which they have suffered; and though cautious and prudent men may condemn the time when, and the manner in which they attempted to carry their objects into execution, we think that all men will rejoice at the escape of McManus, and would rejoice still more, if all his brave companions in arms, and in exile, were also his companions in a land of freedom. McManus is now, to all intents and purposes, an American citizen, and adds one more to that numerous, and daily increasing band of gallant spirits in the United States, who, calling Ireland their native land, curse England as their foe. Day by day the Irish element in the Great Republic is growing in importance; rapidly are the enemies of Great Britain increasing upon this side of the Atlantic. Wherever there is an Irishman, or the descendant of an Irishman, there is the hereditary enemy of England, because the victim of her persecution. How can it be otherwise? How can a true son of Erin not hate his country's oppressor? It is so natural; for what has Ireland received from the hands of England, and England's rulers? Chains and Stripes, insults and Penal Laws. But the day of vengeance, too long delayed, must come at last. Vast as is the power of

England, apparently exhaustless as is her wealth, there is in store for her, as there was for other nations, as rich and powerful, a day of trial, and of shame, and of weakness, and that day will be the day of Ireland's joy and triumph; when the proud persecutor of her children, and of her children's religion shall be humbled in the dust; “for the Lord will break the staff of the wicked, and the rod of the rulers; that struck the people in wrath with an incurable wound; that brought nations under in fury, that persecuted in a cruel manner.” Amen. So be it.

The following remarks from our admirable cotemporary, the *American Celt*, are so appropriate, that we cannot forbear from inserting them:—

Irishmen in America, treasure up the memory of this Census of 1851. Commit it to memory—take it to heart—teach it to your children. Vengeance will come in God's good time—to strike is His, but we, perchance, shall be the instruments of His Almighty hand. In the hour of preparation remember the Census of 1851, and do not spare sword, or shot, or sinew.

This must not be left to “the next generation.” No next generation can do our duty. We have seen the deed, and it is ours to arrest the murderer. Posterity cannot catch him. His guilt is three years old, so is your patience. Remember you have the decimation of an ancient Christian nation to vindicate, and in that responsibility all minor feelings must be lost.

We charge you, children of Ireland, by the red unweaned graves of the famished; by the crumbling gables of your early homes; by the deserted chapels where you first received the Christian name, to remember this Census of 1851, and those who made it what it is.

Ours shall be no vulgar revenge. Personal hatred is too little to be felt in so great a cause. We preach only the conviction, that God, who counts the sparrow as it falls, has not lost one of the groans of this suffering Irish nation; that in good time He will requite them; and that, in all probability, He will make the Irish who survive, the instruments of His will, upon the destroyers of their brethren. For this let us live in hope; for this let us become citizens and soldiers; for this let us be thoughtful, and deep, and active, remembering the Census of 1851, and leaving the rest to God.

CLERGY RESERVES MEETINGS.

Toronto has been again the scene of a disgraceful row, upon occasion of the *Pro* and *Anti*-Clergy reserves meetings, the first of which was held on Wednesday evening, the 23d ult., in the open air; the other, upon the same evening, in the St. Lawrence Hall. We copy from the *Mirror* and *Colonist*, an account of the proceedings, which were of a most violent description, and necessitated the calling out of the military, and the reading of the Riot Act. The *Mirror* hesitates not to give it as his conviction “that the spirit and temper in which the Anti-Clergy Reserves meeting was called, after the disturbance a few nights before, showed a manifest desire to invite opposition.” He then describes the Anti-meeting, held in the St. Lawrence Hall:—

“The Hall was well filled, not fewer than 1,000 persons being then assembled. The Hon. Mr. Ferguson was in the chair; several clergymen, if we may judge by their white chokers, were on the platform, and a Rev. Mr. Roof was addressing the audience. . . . The resolution which he proposed was seconded by Mr. Peter Brown, who made a fair, but by no means, an eloquent speech on the occasion. Next came an old Rev. gentleman, whose name we understand to be Burns, and for one mortal hour he bored his hearers with reading dry, though important extracts, from the despatches of various Governors and Secretaries of State. . . . It was during his discourse that the out-door meeting of the *Pro*-Clergy Reserves party broke up, and moved *en masse* towards the St. Lawrence Hall.”

We must now see what the open-air meeting had been doing; for this purpose we copy from the *Colonist*:—

“Whilst these proceedings were going on in the St. Lawrence Hall, the Clergy Reserves meeting in the lower market, was also in full operation. Mr. Arnold occupied the chair, and the chief speakers were Messrs. Sherwood, M. P. P., O'Brien, Denniston, Dixon, &c. At this meeting, resolutions of a very opposite character to those which were adopted at the meeting of the *Anti*-Clergy Reserves Association, were introduced by loud and long speeches, and passed with acclamation. About half-past nine o'clock, the business of this meeting having been declared over, most of those who composed it, proceeded to the other meeting, but were refused admittance by the Mayor and the police; and they therefore remained outside the door, shouting and hissing.”

We now resume the thread of the narrative, as given by the *Mirror*:—

“The cheeks of the valiant party in the Hall blanched considerably, as the yells of the besieging force fell upon their ears. We are forced to acknowledge that a more dastardly set of men we never saw; many of them actually trembled like children, though there were enough of them to repel any attack that could be made from outside, if numbers were of any avail.”

Some pieces of wood, thrown by those inside the building upon the crowd without, was the signal for the commencement of a regular fight, which was only put an end to, by the arrival of a detachment of the 71st, under the command of Captain Hope, who succeeded in raising the siege of the St. Lawrence Hall, and liberating the gallant *Anti*-Clergy Reserves agitators, shut up therein. Several persons received severe bodily injuries, and, according to the *Mirror*, “Several old ladies, and nervous young men, fainted at the sight of the soldiers' bayonets.” Amongst the casualties, we find the name of his Worship the Mayor, as wounded slightly, and one policeman severely beaten; luckily no lives were lost, and about midnight, peace was once more restored. The *Mirror* concludes its account of this discreditable affair, with the following remarks:—

“While no language is strong enough to denounce the outrageous conduct of the mob, we must admit, with many peaceable and well-disposed citizens, that George Brown, through his newspaper, has caused