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AND
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MONTREAL, FRIDAY, FEB. 21, 1851.

Our attention has been drawn to a report of a controversy, between the Rev. M. Chiniquy and Mr. Louis Roussy, at the Parish of Ste. Marie de Monnoir. As we have not, at the present moment, any authentic information of what did really occur upon that occasion, we will refrain from any comments upon the manner in which the discussion is said to have been conducted. The Rev. M. Chiniquy is, if willing, able no doubt, to give a full explanation of all the circumstances connected with the affair. Of Mr. Louis Roussy, we know nothing; but the editor of the *Montreal Witness* ought to know if there existed nothing, in the antecedents of Mr. Roussy, to render it prudent upon the part of the Rev. M. Chiniquy, to make certain investigations into the character of the opponent whom he was requested to meet in the lists of controversy.

Our object in noticing the business at all, is merely to point out a singular delusion, under which many of our separated brethren seem to labor—that betwixt themselves and us, betwixt Catholics and Protestants, there are many subjects of controversy; whereas, the truth is, that there is in reality one, and but one, which is: Did Christ establish a Church? and by the word Church, we intend to denote a body of men appointed to teach all nations, until the end of the world.

There are many things which most Protestants hold, or profess to hold, in common with all Catholics. They will both admit the historical truth of the events connected with the origin of Christianity, appealing to the evidence of certain historical works contained in a book called the Bible, and to the testimony afforded by the writings of many authors, both Christian and Heathen. They both believe that, by miracles wrought, and especially by His resurrection from the grave, Christ clearly proved that He was the promised Messiah,—that Christ *did* make a revelation, from God to man,—that it is essentially necessary to salvation, that man should believe in, obey, and consequently *know* that Revelation,—that, in that Revelation are contained mysteries, unfathomable by human reason, or they would cease to be mysteries; undiscoverable by human reason, or there would have been no need of a Revelation from God, to make them known. Thus far, both Catholic and Protestant will be found to agree. It is not till we come to the question—How is man to ascertain, with infallible certainty, in what the Revelation made by Christ, consists? that the essential difference between them is manifested. Did Christ establish a Church or body of teachers? All agree that He revealed a religion; but it is by no means a necessary consequence that He established a Church; for a Church may be established, without the promulgation of a new religion, as a religion may be promulgated, without establishing a Church. Moses in his character of the Jewish lawgiver, gives us an example of the one; Mahomet, of the other. Moses divulged no new belief, proclaimed no faith, different from the faith of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob, to the assembled thousands of Israel; but, by Divine command, Moses

established a Church, in order that the ancient faith might be preserved, and the religion duly practised, until the advent of One greater and mightier than Moses. On the other hand, Mahomet proclaimed to the children of the desert, a new faith, enjoining a religion differing entirely from the old idolatry, and reclaiming them from the adoration of all the "host of heaven," to the worship of one God. He gave a book also, which, he affirmed, contained the whole of God's revelation to man. But Mahomet established no Church.

The question is, therefore, what precautions did Christ take, that His revelation should be communicated to all men, throughout all generations. The thesis which the Protestant undertakes to maintain, with reference to this question, is, that Christ directed His apostles to commit His revelation to writing, and that from these writings, men were to discover, in the best way they could, what He had commanded to be believed and practised. The Catholic thesis is, that Christ appointed a body of men, to teach all nations, promising to be with that body, even unto the end of the world, to send them the Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, to abide with them for ever, that thus the gates of Hell might not prevail against the Church;—that, by this promise two things are guaranteed—the continual existence of the body of teachers, or *ecclesia docens*, until the end of time (for it would be impossible for Christ, or for the Comforter, to be present with a body which did not exist); and its continual immunity from error (for where Christ and the Holy Ghost do continually abide, there error cannot intrude);—that this body has existed, and continues to exist at the present day, for Christ cannot lie. In a word, the Catholic maintains, in opposition to the Protestant, that Christ established a Church, and that it is only by listening humbly to the teaching of that Church, that men can arrive at the knowledge of things pertaining unto the Kingdom of God.

We contend, therefore, that the question, as we have stated it above, is the *only one* upon which there can be, between Catholics and Protestants, any discussion; for, if it can be proved that "Christ did establish a Church," it is an easy matter to distinguish "which is the Church"; for, in the first place, it must necessarily be One, and, secondly, there is but *one* body which proclaims itself to be that Church. Of all the sects into which the Protestant world is split up,—Baptists, Congregationalists, Hicksites, Jumpers, Methodists, Mormonites, Presbyterians, Shakers, Swedenborgians, and we do not know how many thousand besides,—there are but two which have even the most remote outward semblance of a Church, or whose claims are worthy of one moment's serious consideration—the schismatical Greek Church and the Church of England. All the objections advanced by Protestants, against the doctrines of the Catholic Church, tell, with equal force, against the first of these, which, with the exception of the Procession of the Holy Spirit, and in the use of leavened, instead of unleavened bread, in the Eucharistic sacrifice, agrees, in every one of the contested points, with the Catholic Church; for the second, it is sufficient to remark, that so far from its being a body established by Christ Himself, it owes its very existence to the creative power of Kings, Lords, and Commons, and that its Formularies are, as has been happily expressed, merely Acts of Parliament, about three hundred years old, and which Parliament can alter, whensoever and howsoever it, in its wisdom, may think fit. The idea, therefore, of the writer in the *Montreal Witness*, that the TRUE WITNESS would, if engaged in a controversy about the mystery of the Trinity, quote passages of Scripture in support of the dogma, citing a little bit of a text here, and a little bit of a text there, is simply ridiculous. The TRUE WITNESS knows of but one supreme authority in all matters of faith,—the Holy, Catholic, and Apostolic Church,—upon whose teaching it will always rely, as upon the Word of the Living God, who cannot deceive or be deceived. If all the books which were ever written upon the subject of religion, were to be destroyed,—nay, if the sacred Scriptures (which God in His mercy forbid) were to perish utterly, so that no memory of them should exist upon earth,—the faith of the Catholic would be the same then, as it is to-day, and as it was before one word of Christ's revelation had been committed to writing. Should doubts or uncertainties arise within his breast, he would seek the truth in the decisions of the Church, and that Church, strong in the promise of Her Heavenly Spouse, would answer them, as of old she answered, "It hath seemed good unto the Holy Ghost, and to us."—Acts, xv. c. 28 v.

A HINT TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

We have seen in the *Literary Garland* for February, a sort of nondescript composition entitled "Michael McBride," said sketch or tale, or whatever it may be, being coupled with the name of Mrs. Moodie. With this lady's literary pretensions we have nothing to do—we have heard that she yields the romancist's crayon with considerable skill, but we would strongly advise her, if she values her reputation for either truthfulness or common sense, to leave the Irish unwritten about, and never to commit herself again as she has done in this "Michael McBride." It has been whispered to us that this is not Mrs. Moodie's first attempt at murdering Irish character; she wrote, it would seem, a certain *Village Story* some time ago for the *Garland*, wherein she introduced certain Irish individuals, all of whom were cruelly, barbarously, unmitigatedly wicked—in fact, the villains of the drama. The lady is evidently ignorant of all the genuine characteristics of that fine

people—their depth of feeling, their eccentric modes of thought, their shrewd and ready wit, their gratitude, their faithfulness: she draws them, it is plain, from the exaggerated accounts of those who love them not, and the consequence is, that they come from her hands distorted and unnatural. Even their peculiar idioms and forms of expression are strangely burlesqued in Mrs. Moodie's pages, nor does she even make any distinction in favor of the higher classes, so that her Irish gentleman is as vulgar, and speaks nearly as bad English, as the peasant, the cottier, while both are deeply-dyed ruffians. Ah! truly, Mrs. Moodie knows nothing—nothing of the Irish people—probably the most marked of the European nations.

Then her "Michael McBride" we take the liberty of pronouncing a regular rigmarole—having neither head, tail, nor body. Silly as it is, however, (and unworthy a place in the front of our British North American Magazine,) we should have let it pass, "with all its imperfections on its head," had not the good lady chosen to make her precious hero—whose moral character, by the bye! we leave to more learned casuists—recant the errors of Popery on his death-bed, refuse to receive "the praste" (!) and call out for some one to read the Bible to him, whereupon Mrs. Moodie herself charitably laid hold of the book—resolutely put the man's Papist mother aside from the bed, and read for several hours, selecting such chapters as she (in her wisdom) considered most suitable to the occasion. Whereupon Michael was moved to weep in an ecstasy of joy—in fact, "Never did a human creature drink in with more eagerness the words of life." And all this time where was the mother, with her old Popish faith? Ah! Mrs. Moodie tells that too: "The old mother," says she, "glared upon me from a far corner, and muttered over her beads, as if they were a spell to secure her against some diabolical art!!!" So Michael died in peace, we are assured. Here again we would strenuously advise Mrs. Moodie to avoid such evangelical tramping up for the future, if she wishes to avoid making herself ridiculous. When was a Catholic ever known to become a Protestant on his death-bed? While daily experience, in every country, shows numberless Protestants calling out for a priest when death is approaching, and endeavoring to make their peace with God even at the last moment—that is, if time be given them. No doubt Mrs. Moodie is a good Bible Christian, and may probably find consolation herself in reading the sacred volume; but we tell her that if it were read over from end to end to a dying Catholic—one trained in the Church of Christ—it would afford him small comfort, unless he could at the same time confess his sins to Christ's minister, who has received the power of *loosening and binding* here on earth, and partake of that bread which "giveth life to the world"—that bread which is to "raise him up on the last day." Catholics cannot easily get rid of their habit of faith—their habit of believing in the divine word, and it is as natural to them as to trust in our Lord's promise, "He that eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood abideth in me and I in him"—while it is just as natural to them to fear the terrible threat, "He that eateth not the flesh of the Son of man shall have no life in him." For shame! Bible-reading authoress!—how could you get an unfortunate scape-grace who had been a Catholic, to believe that your reading of some select chapters could supply to his soul these tremendous wants?

To the enterprising publisher of the *Garland* we cheerfully say "God speed;" but if he wishes to retain Catholic subscribers, or enlist Catholic talent, he must not suffer such absurd burlesques or such gross libels to appear in his magazine. We shall look close to this matter in future.

We noticed in our last, the assertion of the *Transcript*, that the French Canadians seem to consider that the eleemosynary endowments of the Catholic Church in this country, are intended solely for the relief of French Canadians, and that in these establishments the Irish Catholic "is considered an intruder." This we positively denied, and in support of that denial, we appeal, not to figures of rhetoric, but of arithmetic. Since we last wrote, we have obtained a report of the number of inmates of the following charitable establishments: the Grey Nunnery, the Providence Convent, and the St. Jerome Asylum, which may be considered as a branch of the Providence Convent, as it is superintended by the Sisters of that establishment. We have classified the inmates, as French Canadians, British, and doubtful. By British, we mean natives of Great Britain and Ireland. The numbers are as follows:—

| | French Canadian. | British. | Doubtful. | Total. |
|----------------|------------------|----------|-----------|--------|
| Grey Nunnery, | 267 | 155 | 20 | 442 |
| La Providence, | 88 | 35 | 1 | 124 |
| St. Jerome, | 3 | 39 | 0 | 42 |
| Total, | 358 | 229 | 21 | 608 |

From the 22nd November, 1850, to the 17th February, 1851, there have been admitted into the hospital of the Hotel Dieu, one hundred and forty-two patients of British and foreign origin—Catholics and Protestants. We have not a return of the number of French Canadians admitted within the same period.

It is surely unnecessary for us to add any remarks to the above statistics. They proclaim, with a voice not to be mistaken, how unfounded was the assertion of the *Transcript*.

We would call the attention of the editor of the *Montreal Witness*, to the fact that, in his last number, he has neither made good his accusation against the gentlemen of St. Sulpice, nor yet apologized for the vile calumnies of his anonymous correspondent. We call upon him again, to do

either the one or the other. Let him tell us when, and by what Governor, a grant of a "Seigniorly or free estate, consisting of three square leagues of land," (for such are the very words of "Ojibwa,") was made to the Indians, at the Lake of the Two Mountains. So particular is "Ojibwa," that he can tell us the very size of the grants: let him then tell us where the record of this grant may be found. It is in vain to say, that it was only meant to insinuate that the Seigniorly was granted to the St. Sulpicians, for the Indians; for "Ojibwa" expressly alludes to the title deeds, which deeds, he says, the St. Sulpicians "spirited away;" ergo, the deeds must have existed, and records of them must be still discoverable somewhere, particularly as the "seigniorial grant was confirmed by the British Government, after the conquest." We still wait for a reply.

The *N. Y. Independent* informs us that, as a nation, the Sandwich Islanders "observe the Sabbath, attend upon the means of grace, read the Bible, and seek for God, with their families." We will admit all this. We know well, that men may observe what, in their fantastic cant, they term the Sabbath, meaning, we suppose, the Sunday,—read the Bible, and yet be the most profligate scoundrels on the face of the earth. What "the means of grace," afforded to the Sandwich Islanders, are,—except in so far as "turnips and water" are "means of grace,"—we do not know; and if they are seeking God, with their families, it is very clear, from the statistics of prostitution and syphilis, that the Sandwich Islanders have not, as yet, succeeded in finding Him.

The *London Daily News* announces the performance of another apostate Priest of the name of Gavazzi, who is playing over again, the game of our old acquaintance Achilli. With that regard to decency, and for the due observance of Sunday, which so peculiarly characterizes Protestants, this fellow Gavazzi gave a lecture in the Concert-room of the Princess' theatre, between the morning and evening service. The man, the time, and the place, were all very happily chosen. To render it more attractive to the long-eared gentry who usually frequent these kind of meetings, Gavazzi was attired in the costume of a Barnabite Monk; in the same way, as we see it announced on the outside of caravans, that the famous wild Indian chief, Kow-howhonietchou is about to perform the celebrated war-dance of his tribe, clad in his native costume. This Gavazzi will, we suppose, run his allotted course, be made the idol of evangelical coteries for a few weeks; then some cruel writer in the *Dublin Review* or *Catholic Standard* will give the real history of the man, and the infamy of the vile apostate Achilli, will be the portion of his fellow-laborer Gavazzi.

We have been requested to mention, that this evening, at 7 p. m., a meeting of the electors of St. Antoine and St. Anne Wards, will be held in the large brick building, Chabouillez Square, with the object of taking into consideration such measures as may seem necessary, in order to secure the return of Messrs. Frechette, Larkin, and McCambridge, at the approaching municipal elections.—*Vide* advertisement on our seventh page.

We have to acknowledge the receipt of the following monies:—Mr. J. Burke, Bytown, £1 10s.; Rev. Mr. Huberdeau, 18s. 9d.

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

Sir,—The editor of the *Transcript*, in prefacing your very temperate remarks on the treatment of widow Thomas, regrets your having used the phrase, "Catholic, of course," and then rather coolly comments on the inhumanity of dragging a fellow creature from an asylum expressly established for the houseless and poor. Why, it may be reasonably enquired, was this unfortunate woman thrown at the door of the Jesuits? Was it for the evangelical purpose of insulting these rev. gentlemen, so distinguished for their meek, mild, and inoffensive Christian qualities? The *Transcript* hopes that, should your statement be true, the guilty parties may be exposed. Here, it may be asked, who are the guilty parties? Certainly, not the wretched instruments by whom the outrage was perpetrated, but those under whose auspices—perhaps, orders—they were acting. The English hospital is under the management of some board or committee, the members of which, and not their minions, are to be arraigned. No matter what their private character may be, should they tacitly sanction the cruel treatment of this unfortunate widow, they merit, and justly, the execrations of the public, and the severest censure of the law. The *Transcript* tells the *Minerve*, that the curse of the French Canadians, is "their dirty, dishonest press," and, by induction, insinuates that the English journals are the reverse. I shall not controvert the accuracy of either the assertion or insinuation: but whence the guarded silence of the *Montreal press* on this infamous affair? The *Gazette*, whose bowels of compassion were wont to yearn so piteously at the sight of some ragged urchin, has not a word to waste on the matter. The *Herald*, the *Courier*, the *Pilot* (!), and, marvel of marvels, the *Montreal Witness* (!!), have never even alluded to this monstrous act of inhuman cruelty. The *Montreal Witness* is, perhaps, pre-occupied in compiling letters to Lord John Russell. Whether those letters are to be displayed at the grand exhibition, I know not, but so absorbed is the editor in their compilation, that he has never even alluded to the affair. Were the case reversed, what would have been his cry? I ask the *Montreal Witness*, emphatically, what would he say were a Protestant patient to be driven from the