

Wilson had as little to do with the extraordinary conduct of the 26th regiment, which led to the deplorable slaughter of so many of our fellow-citizens, both Catholic and Protestant, as had the "man in the moon." Granting, for the sake of argument, that on the occasion alluded to, Mr. Wilson cried out "Fire, Fire," till he was red in the face—who, but the veriest snob that ever crawled upon the face of the earth, could possibly believe that soldiers would care one straw for the orders of a civilian?

It is with extreme reluctance that we find ourselves compelled again to allude to the melancholy and disgraceful riots of June 1853. There are no pleasant reminiscences connected with this sad affair; and we feel convinced that all good citizens, all Christians of whatsoever denomination, will join with us in denouncing the fanatics who, after the lapse of two years, attempt to resuscitate the angry passions of that epoch, and to open anew the wounds which the lapse of time, and calm reflection, have already in a great measure healed.

In a moment of great excitement many things may have been said and done, by Protestants and Catholics, which the better judgment of both condemn—shall we then for ever continue to indulge in mutual recriminations? We cannot indeed recall the past, nor restore the slain to life; but standing over their graves, from their sad fate we may learn a profitable lesson. We may learn to abstain for the future from needlessly provoking one another to wrath; we may learn, since our lot is cast together, that it is our interest and our duty to bear with one another, and to respect one another's opinions; and, above all, should we learn mutually to extend to one another—Protestant to Catholic and Catholic to Protestant—that forgiveness for injuries inflicted, which, God knows, we all need, and which, in our daily prayer, we implore Our Father Who is in heaven to extend to us, for the trespasses which we all have committed against Him.

Under the heading—"Montreal Sabbath Day Amusements"—the *Montreal Transcript* gives utterance to the following complaint:—

"Every Sunday of late, the quiet of the Sabbath has been broken in upon by large numbers of idle young men, playing ball, in the vicinity of St. Catherine Street. We would ask, has the Mayor, or the Chief of Police, no jurisdiction over that portion of the City? We would ask, how long the ears of well disposed citizens are to be shocked when passing, by the horrid blasphemies uttered by these young men? A short distance from where they play, apple stealing goes on merrily in broad daylight."

We scarce know what to make of this extraordinary jumble of—"apple-stealing, blasphemy, and ball-playing." To which of these enormities is it that our cotemporary calls the attention of the Police? or is it to all of them? He would ask—"how long the ears of well disposed citizens are?" &c. but in the name of fortune, what has the length of their ears to do with the matter in hand?

Apple stealing, whether on Sundays or Tuesdays is a grievous transgression of all laws, human and divine, and is very apt to engender colic, and to bring forth gripes amongst those who give way to the wicked practice. Apple stealing therefore should be put down by the strong arm of the Police.

Blasphemy, likewise, is an offence, which, when committed publicly calls loudly for the interference of the authorities. On every day of the week, whether Sunday or Monday, blasphemy is an offence against morality and public decency which deserves to be punished.

But the poor creature "ball-playing!" What has the *Transcript* to say against "ball-playing" *per se*?—that is, "ball-playing" unaccompanied by the horrors of either apple-stealing, or blasphemy? Ball-playing, we contend, is an innocent, healthy, and perfectly legitimate amusement on every day of the week, whether Thursday or Sunday; and, so long as it does not lead to any blocking up of the public thoroughfares, or to any breach of the peace, there is no reason why the Police should interfere to prevent it, either on Sunday or Thursday. For to play ball on Sunday is not a violation of the law of God—whatever crop-eared Puritans may say to the contrary.

The question may be brought to a very simple test, as it is eminently a religious one. Protestants lay it down as their fundamental principle, that, in religion, nothing is to be believed but what can be proved from the Bible. If then ball-playing on the Sunday be contrary to the law of God, it must be positively forbidden in the Bible. We would therefore call upon our Puritanical friends to give us chapter and verse from the Bible against ball-playing on Sunday. If they cannot do this—then—surely their fundamental principle is humbug—and the remonstrance of the *Transcript* against Sunday ball-playing, sheer, unmitigated cant.

If however they tell us that Sunday is the Sabbath—and that all amusements, innocent *per se*, and involving no necessity for servile work, are forbidden by God on the Sabbath—we rejoice by defying them to prove, from the Bible, either of their propositions. There is not a shadow of proof, adducible from the Bible, that the obligations of the Jewish Sabbath have been transferred to the Sunday—or that, amongst the Jews, music, singing, dancing, or any similar amusements, were prohibited on the Sabbath day. "Thou shalt do no manner of work," is the law—neither thou nor thy servants, nor yet thy cattle; but in the Bible, amusements, entailing no servile work on either man or beast, are no where forbidden, or spoken of as sinful on any day of the week.

The *Transcript* calls upon the Mayor, and the Police. We too would call upon the people to evince their determination to keep Canada clear of the curse of Puritanical Sabbatarianism—and to allow no interference with their innocent Sunday amusements. Shall we put up here with a burden, which the cat-

ridden people of England are beginning to cast off, as too heavy to be borne? God forbid.

A man of the name of Melchior, and styling himself Professor of the French language in the College of Victoria, Canada West, has been endeavoring to thrust himself into notoriety by publishing in the Protestant journals of the Province, a challenge to His Lordship the Bishop of Toronto, to a public discussion with him, M. Melchior, on the following topics—1. Must we not attribute the decline of the Spanish nation to the influence of the Catholic clergy? 2. Was not the presence of Mgr. de Charbonnel, at the banquet given by the City Council of Toronto to Captain Belvéze, of evil augury for Canada? The missive winds up with a threat—in case His Lordship the Bishop of Toronto should not accept the challenge—to look in future upon the Catholic Church, as a public scourge—"un fléau public."

Of course, neither M. Melchior, nor any one else, ever for one moment supposed that a Prelate of the Catholic Church, that a gentleman holding the high position held by Mgr. de Charbonnel, would condescend to notice the cackling of a goose like this Melchior. But a short notice of the antecedents of the man, given in the *Minerve*, and which we subjoin, will, we should trust, suffice to convince every reasonable person, every one who professes the slightest respect for public decency and morality, of the propriety of the course that has been adopted towards him by the Bishop of Toronto.

M. Melchior is, it seems, well known in Montreal, where he resided for some time, and where he has left behind him a very unsavory reputation.

"Not only"—says the *Minerve*—"was he unable to obtain employment in the humble, but useful trade of scouter, which he practised for some months at Montreal, but he earned for himself the contempt of all respectable persons, by the immorality and barefaced impudence which characterised his whole conduct, which was rather that of a maniac than of a man in the possession of his senses. His efforts to give a series of public lectures in this City, proved that his object was to speculate on the credulity of those who should be silly enough to go and listen to his foolish and obscene declamations. The very mention of the topics which he announced, as intended to form the subject of his lectures, was sufficient to prevent fathers of families, and all decent people, from going to listen to him. Thus they turned out as unprofitable, as his trade of scouter, and he was thus compelled to direct his attention to other subjects. His advertisements, signed with his name, have left evidence of his skill in these matters; for the ear-witnesses of his eloquence in the lecture hall were so scarce, that it would be difficult at present to find any to attest the truth: but these famous advertisements still remain, and of themselves are sufficient witnesses. We cannot pollute the columns of our journal by reproducing all that they contain; but we will cite one passage, to show that, to the double calling of scouter and public lecturer, he added that of *sortier bohémien*." Here it is:—

"Price of admission 1s 3d; children, half price." "Fortunes told, either in public or in private, by means of an Electric Pendulum invented by the undersigned. Ladies, married or unmarried, may rest assured that their little secrets will never be divulged, seeing that it is not necessary that the operator should know them, in order to predict the result."

"Private information given by addressing to—"

"B. MELCHIOR, of Paris." Such is the man—a professed charlatan, a fellow who some years ago would have been tied up to the whipping post as a cheat and impostor—on whom the Directors of the Victoria College have conferred a Professor's Chair; and who sets himself up as the champion of the Holy Protestant Faith in Toronto. If misfortune makes us acquainted with strange bed-fellows, it must be admitted that Protestantism has a wonderful knack at picking up all manner of disreputable acquaintances. However there is no use in disputing about tastes. M. Melchior, charlatan and "Jack-Pudding" though he be, may very likely, nay no doubt is, an excellent Protestant Professor, and a staunch Protestant champion—yet not altogether one whom a gentleman, or a man of common education or common honesty, far less a Catholic Prelate, would condescend to encounter in the lists of controversy.

"Fortune-teller."

To the Editor of the True Witness.

New York, August 27, 1855.

DEAR SIR—We have been sojourning for the last week in various parts of New England; and your readers will, doubtless, be pleased to have some impartial testimony regarding that privileged region. I will, therefore, give you for their special benefit a short sketch of such matters as are likely to interest them. Travelling through the mountain regions of Vermont and New Hampshire, there is much to gratify the eye; the route, especially that through the Green Mountains (*les vers monts* of the early settlers) is extremely beautiful, the mountains being generally clothed with wood or herbage to their very summits, and presenting every variety of size and form. At times, indeed, they assume shapes the strangest and most fantastic; yet there is beauty in all—beauty and majesty united. In New Hampshire, on the contrary, you are continually reminded that you have entered upon the rocky confines of "the old Granite State." There—at least in that portion of it which bounds the Vermont Central Rail-road—all is wild, and bleak, sometimes grand, but very rarely beautiful. Still the traveller can enjoy the character of the White Mountain scenery, by force of contrast. You see passing little of Catholicity, in journeying through New England. Here and there in some large town, such as St. Alban's, Vt., Concord, N. H., &c., you will see a modest frame-building of snowy whiteness, crowned with the cross, as if to remind you that there is still hope for the beautiful land whose material prosperity, and temporal advantages, cannot but excite our admiration. On reaching Boston, you look around for Catholic churches;—you say to yourself—there is here a large Catholic population, and here we shall find some architectural monuments to represent our holy faith. In this you are not altogether disap-

pointed; though unfortunately Catholic churches are, in Boston, too much akin to Angel's visits, as described by Campbell. The Cathedral of the Holy Cross is anything but creditable to our brethren in Boston; and I should be sorry to have it taken as a criterion of their faith. Its interior is well finished, however, and over the high altar is a fine full length painting of the Crucifixion. The churches are characteristic of New England—they have all its neatness and extreme cleanliness, but nothing of the vastness or vigor of Catholic faith. I was much pleased with the new church of St. James, now in progress of completion. When finished, it will do honor, not only to the zealous pastor, the Rev. Mr. Walsh, by whose exertions it has been erected, but to the whole city of Boston. We were not so fortunate as to see many of the Boston priests, but the few we saw impressed us favorably. The Jesuit Fathers have a small establishment in Boston, and they have purchased a large and valuable property, part of which was formerly occupied as a Court-house. Here they propose to erect a college and a church. The location is very good, fronting on two streets, and bounded on the other two sides by narrow strips of property, which may, in time, be purchased; so that the Jesuits will have the entire square. About the noblest monument of Catholicity which I saw in Boston, was Father McElroy, a Jesuit Father, who is now in his seventy-fifth year. I had long been familiar with his name, and desirous of making his acquaintance; and he more than answered my expectations. Father McElroy may, indeed, be considered an apostle, and the people amongst whom he labors, look up to him with filial love and respect. Notwithstanding his great age, he is still hale and vigorous, and his whole life is a series of good works. His church of St. Mary's is no ways remarkable for architectural beauty, but the good pastor and his docile flock have done what they could to ornament its interior. On the day when I visited St. Mary's, there was a young artist engaged in painting a copy of the Altar-piece, a very good Crucifixion. The copy was not quite finished, but it was quite evident that, when finished, it would exceed the original—that is, in beauty and harmony of shades and colors. Father McElroy has been, and is, a kind patron of this young artist, whom he mentioned to us as a Mr. Nagle, a native of Cork. He is undoubtedly a young man of great promise in his art, and deserves every encouragement that can be given him.

Father McElroy kindly showed our party through the spacious school-rooms of the Sisters of Notre Dame, a community which he was mainly instrumental in establishing in Boston. The Superior, a Belgian by birth, supplied all the necessary information. There are about six hundred children in regular attendance at the schools. The greater number of these are taught gratis, though the Sisters have latterly commenced a select day-school for young ladies. I also visited the establishment of the Sisters of Charity, in Purchase Street. These good ladies, in addition to their other various avocations, keep a free-school for the poor children of the neighborhood. Their house is in a most flourishing condition; and they have a prospect of obtaining a larger house at no very distant period.

I had forgotten to mention a series of twelve portraits which I saw at Father McElroy's. They consist of the most remarkable Saints of the Society of Jesus, from St. Ignatius down to St. Peter Claver, St. John de Brito and St. Andrew Bobola—all recently canonised. They are done in oil-colors, and will, when framed, form valuable and appropriate ornaments for the hall of the new College, which the Fathers have in contemplation. At some future time, I hope to lay before your readers some of the interesting details connected with these portraits which Father McElroy was kind enough to furnish. For the present, my space is too limited.

After spending a day amongst the sea-beat rocks of Nahant, another in Hingham-grove, a little farther down the Bay, and part of another on Chelsea Beach—all delightful resorts for the summer season, where the good people of Boston and its vicinity go out almost daily in search of health, and to "drive dull care away,"—we went by rail-road to Salem, and were well rewarded for our pains. Exclusively of its numerous historical associations, Salem is undoubtedly one of the most interesting towns in New England. Its streets, or rather ranges of noble villas, are shaded by rows of lofty trees, and furnished in many places with a strip of green sward on either side, adjoining the side-walks. Salem is the great seat of the East India trade, to which it owes its remarkable prosperity. Many of the merchants have amassed princely fortunes in that trade. There is an air of old-fashioned quiet and repose about Salem, and a freshness in its air that are quite invigorating. Puritanical as Salem is, it has two good Catholic churches, under the pastoral care of the Rev. Messrs. Conway and Shahan. With the former gentleman, I spent an hour or so in social, and not unprofitable conversation. He had seen many a change in New England history, and many a phase of New England life, and spoke of his people as a man who knew them thoroughly. Mr. Conway has a valuable property purchased in Salem for the purpose of building schools, both male and female. His church, a handsome frame-building overlooking the harbor, is styled St. Mary's. It is consulting to find, wherever we go, traces and monuments of the Church's devotion to the Blessed Mother of God.

Next week, Mr. Editor, I may probably send you a few more "notes of travel."

I am, yours, &c.,

HIBERNICA.

We would call the attention of the *Christian Guardian* of Toronto to the following extract from "*Leudes from Western Africa*"—an article contributed by Colonel O'Connor, Governor of Gambia, to the *United Service Magazine*. Colonel O'Connor is a Protestant. Hear how he speaks of those whom the Methodist ministers of Canada brand as prostitutes, and "brothel-keepers":—

"The Sisters of Mercy, and the Roman Catholic missionaries are indefatigable in their acts of practical good. The former, six in number, under the direction of their Superiors—a true Samaritan—clothe the naked, feed the hungry, give medical aid, advice, and comfort to the poor and miserable and patiently watch over the bed of the dying sinner. The most deadly disease or pestilential fever has no terror for the Sisters of Charity; the most menial offices are constantly and cheerfully performed by them, without fee or reward. The difference of creed is no barrier to them; the Protestant, Methodist, Mahomedan, Pagan, are all God's creatures, and as such, worthy to receive their commission, and more than one officer is indebted for his life to their indefatigable

and soothing attention. Country, home, family, friends, fortune, have all been abandoned, every tie severed, every domestic comfort resigned—in poverty and privation they struggle to fulfil the often perilous and painful mission, these ever kind, watchful, and patient nurses conscientiously and firmly believe to be their sole vocation in this valley of tears."

The editor of the *Toronto Catholic Citizen* gives the following, as having fallen under his own notice, whilst residing in New Orleans. If true—and we cannot doubt it—what a precious set of chaps these Yankee judges must be; drinking in public bar-rooms, and proposing blasphemous toasts! Thank God that with us the elective principle is not applied to the Judiciary; or we also might have as big blackguards as this New Orleans' judge on our Bench!—

"The office of Judge for the First District, or Criminal Court of New Orleans, became vacant. Among other candidates, there was a Native American, whose name, if we mistake not, is, or was, Larue. His hostility to foreigners in general, and to Irish Catholics in particular, was well known. This man was elected by an overwhelming majority to the office of Criminal Judge. A short time after his election we saw him drinking in a bar-room, and heard him propose as a toast—'DAMNATION TO THE BLOODY IRISH.' Next morning we were in the Criminal Court, and the same man was sitting in judgment on the life and death of three or four unfortunate Irishmen. We do not pretend to say that he did not administer justice to the accused; but this we do say and assert without fear of contradiction from one Irishman in the United States, that the State or Country where such things happen, not once, but yearly, is not a fit or safe asylum for Irish Catholics. Our cotemporary will pardon us for writing warmly on the subject. We are Irish and Catholic. We have lived for years together in the United States, and he therefore cannot prevail on us to believe that his country is that paradise of religious freedom which he has pictured for our especial admiration."

AN AMERICAN MISS NIGHTINGALE.—We read in the *Christian Inquirer* that a Miss A. M. Andrews, a young, wealthy, and accomplished Protestant lady has volunteered her services to attend upon the Yellow Fever patients at Norfolk. She has also largely contributed from her purse to the relief of the sufferers. All honor to her.

We would call attention to the advertisement of Messrs. McDunnough, Muir & Co., which will be found on our 7th page. Their assortment of goods has been selected with great care and judgment, and is excelled by none in the Province. Intending purchasers would do well to call and pay Messrs. McDunnough, Muir & Co. a visit.

We beg to call the attention of our readers to Mr. Anderson's advertisement—"Evening Classes for Young Gentlemen" studying for the Army, which will be found on another page.

We would take this opportunity of returning thanks to our active travelling agent on the Ottawa, Mr. Meelan and to Mr. Thomas Francis O'Brien for their exertions in behalf of the TRUE WITNESS. To the kind assistance which Mr. O'Brien has extended to our agent, we are indebted for a very handsome addition to our list of subscribers.

We beg permission to state, for the information of the *Pilot*, that there are nearly 50,000,000 acres of unsurveyed lands in this portion of the Province alone, and that those that are surveyed and for sale, are better, cheaper, and are to be disposed of on more reasonable and advantageous terms, than those of the United States in any particular location. Every inducement is held out to settlers amongst us, both as to security of property, the ample remuneration of labor, and the maintenance of that civil and religious freedom which has now fled the shores of our false friends.

To conclude this part of the subject, we may dispose of the last observation quoted from this unworthy communication, by directing attention to the absurdity of alluding to the presumed powerless state of the Catholic population of Upper Canada. For this circumstance we are indebted to our own supineness alone. We are in a minority, but that minority is respected.—Its public institutions are not invaded. Its members are not desecrated. Its members are not assassinated in open daylight. The ladies of its religious Orders are not subjected to the lewd and unholy touch of every official scoundrel who may choose to prostitute his name and standing in society; and as a whole it is not viewed as incubus on the state worthy of being consigned to sword and flame.—*Toronto Catholic Citizen*.

#### REMITTANCES RECEIVED.

St. Johns, T. Caldwell, 3s 11d; J. Brennan, 12s 6d; A. Burgeois, 12s 6d; Long Point, E. Quinn, 18s 9d; Salem, U.S., Rev. T. Shelton, 12s 6d; Worcester, U.S., J. Leonard, 18s 9d; Catholic Institute, 12s 6d; T. Lawler, 3s 3d; Vank-leekhill, T. Curran, 6s 3d.  
Per J. Meelan, Travelling Agent.—Ottawa City, D. O'Connor, £1 5s; Palace, £1 5s; M. Ronayne, 12s 6d; College, £1 5s; R. Farley, £1 5s; C. B. Gilligan, £1 5s; F. Grant, £1 18s; John Henry, £1 5s; D. Bourgeois, 12s 6d; D. Coghlan, £1; H. Hagan, £1 5s; R. C. Bennett, 12s 6d; E. Cunningham, £1; Thomas Morrow, 12s 6d; E. Smith, 12s 6d; E. Mosse, £1 17s 6d; E. Proulx, £1 11s 3d; J. Donohoe, £1 17s 6d; T. Hanly, £1 5s; J. Brown, 7s 6d; R. M. Scott, £1 11s 3d; J. Rine, £1 5s; J. Wade, £1 11s 3d; J. Burke, £1 11s 3d; F. Friel, 10s; J. Devlin, £1; W. Slattery, £1 17s 6d; J. Carney, 12s 6d; Hospital General, 12 6d; J. Myers, 17s 6d; Wm. Kehoe, 18s 9d; D. O'Neil, £1; D. O'Brien, £1 5s; A. Ryan, 12s 6d; J. McKeown, 2s 6d; M. Boyle, 12s 6d; P. Nolan, 12s 6d; Mrs. Touhey, 12s 6d; M. O'Meara, Cumberland, 12s 6d; H. R. McDonald, Brockville, 6s 3d; C. Driscoll, Smith's Falls, 6s 3d.

#### Died.

At Elmira, N. Y., on the 31st ultimo, of inflammation of the brain, Mr. John MacNamee, late Mail Conductor between New York and Toronto, son of Mr. Geo. MacNamee, Montreal.

In this city, on Saturday, the 1st inst., John Lee, son of Bartholomew Lee and Mary Murphy, Goverbridge, Co. Kilkeny, Ireland, aged 5 years and 8 months.

#### WANTED IMMEDIATELY.

TWO only qualified TEACHERS, for the Parish of St. Bridget, County of Bouville, capable of TEACHING the French and English languages grammatically, to whom a liberal salary will be given. Testimonials of moral conduct will be required.

For further particulars, apply to the undersigned at St. Bridget.

W. MURRAY,  
Sec. and Treasurer.

St. Bridget, 5th September, 1856.