

The True Witness

AND  
CATHOLIC CHRONICLE,  
INDEPENDENT AND PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY  
At No. 663, Craig Street, by  
J GILLIES.

G. E. CLERK, Editor.

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To all country Subscribers, Two Dollars. If the  
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The True Witness can be had at the News Depots.  
Single Copies, 5 cts.

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MONTREAL, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1870.

ECCLESIASTICAL CALENDAR.

NOVEMBER—1870.

Friday, 18—Dedication of the Basilica of St. Peter  
and St. Paul.

Saturday, 19—St. Elizabeth, W.

Sunday, 20—Twenty-fourth after Pentecost.

Monday, 21—Presentation of the Blessed Virgin  
Mary.

Tuesday, 22—St. Cecilia.

Wednesday, 23—St. Clement, P. M.

Thursday, 24—St. John of the Cross, C.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

TOURS, Nov. 12.—The government authori-  
ties here do not regard the rupture in the ne-  
gotiations for an armistice as final.

BERLIN, Nov. 12.—The *North German Ga-  
zette* referring to the sinking of the German  
barque Charlotte by the French man-of-war  
Desaix, says that it was a flagrant violation of  
international law. Action in the matter will be  
taken at the proper time. Queen Augusta, yester-  
day following from King William, yester-  
day:—"General Von der Tann, yesterday,  
retired from Orleans to Toury, before superior  
numbers of the enemy. He fought the French,  
however, all the way. He has already been re-  
inforced by Gen. Whittich and Prince Ol-  
leych. The latter came up from Chartris.  
The Duke of Mecklenburg will also join his  
forces to those of Von der Tann to-day."

LONDON, Nov. 12.—Germans have occupied  
Branchebourg and Etapes. Six thousand Ger-  
man troops are now marching on Montmedy.  
A renewal of the bombardment of that town is  
therefore expected. Cheering reports are still  
received from the Army of the Loire. There  
are rumours of great advantages gained yester-  
day. Gen. Von der Tann's army, notwith-  
standing the fact that he has been reinforced  
by the entire army from Chartres, is in full  
retreat.

TOURS, 13.—Minister Gambetta, in his pro-  
clamation to the army of the Loire, congratu-  
lates the soldiers on their victory of the 9th  
and 10th. He says:—"Your courageous ef-  
forts recall victory to our cause. France owes  
her first ray of hope to you, and I offer you  
the public praise and gratitude for your re-  
ward. Recovering strength with discipline,  
you have retaken Orleans, inaugurating a  
glorious offensive. You are on the road to  
Paris, which awaits you. Our honour hangs  
on your loosening the grasp of these barbarians.  
Redouble your constancy and ardour, and you  
will overcome your enemies, superiority in can-  
non with French *elan* and patriotic fury, so  
shall the Republic issue victorious from the  
struggle."

TOURS, Nov. 14.—The Prussians have cap-  
tured the Isle sur le Doubs and Clerval, in the  
Department of Doubs, after a brief skirmish.  
The Mobilis who were in possession of these  
towns retired to the southward. The Francis-  
Tireurs have entirely disappeared from that  
section of the country. Gen. De Paladine is  
now executing a movement which is designed  
to outflank Gen. Von der Tann's right. A  
correspondent of the *Herald* writes from Douai,  
on the 12th, that the town, one of the strongest  
fortifications in France, mounts 300 guns, and  
and the citadel 400 more. Douai is considered  
the key to the North of France. The inunda-  
tion of the country commenced yesterday. For  
four miles there is one broad lake, running to  
the village of Lambras, which is entirely de-  
serted. Five hundred families have been driven  
away by the flood. The windows and doors of  
the houses are walled-up to keep out the water.  
The scene of the inundation is eleven miles  
wide, and completely encircles Douai. Over  
fifty thousand persons will be made homeless  
when the inundations are completed. In the  
Departments of the North there are 27 for-  
tresses, defended by over three thousand can-  
nons, the greater part from the fleet. One hun-  
dred and fifty officers and soldiers, escaped from

Metz, reached Lille yesterday. An engage-  
ment occurred on Saturday between the Garde  
Mobile and the enemy near Evreux. The  
French were successful, driving the enemy back  
with loss.

ARLON, BELGIUM, 13.—Thionville has been  
bombarded by the Prussians. Fires had broken  
out there in consequence, and on Saturday the  
entire town seemed to be burning. The special  
correspondent of the *Tribune* at Versailles, on  
the 13th, telegraphs as follows:—"Trustworthy  
information represents that Paris supplies will  
not last exceeding three weeks, and that the  
Prussians are not likely to bombard the city."

VERSAILLES, Nov. 14.—Gen. Von der Tann,  
in his official reports to headquarters, announces  
that in the battle before Orleans on the 9th he  
lost 42 officers and 667 men killed and wounded.  
The French admit their loss was two thousand.

LONDON, Nov. 14.—A special telegram to  
the *World* from Tours was received to-day, as  
follows:—"The main body of the Army of the  
Loire yesterday occupied a position extending  
along the line of the Chateau d'Un road to  
St. Peravy, Patay and Chevilly. The total  
loss of the Germans in the actions of the 7th,  
9th and 10th, before Orleans, including 500  
sick and wounded abandoned, was 10,000 in  
killed, wounded and prisoners."

Associated Press cable.—Tours, 14, eve.—  
Journals announce that the material benefits of  
the battle at Coulmiers are greater than was  
at first supposed. Numbers of Germans are  
now found hiding themselves in the woods and  
outbuildings. Several cannon have been found  
that were abandoned during the hasty retreat  
of the enemy. Many horses have been taken.  
A French General who neglected to surround  
the woods as ordered, thus allowing 5,000  
Bavarians to escape who were ready to surren-  
der, was dismissed the army. On a superior  
German officer, who was captured, a map was  
found indicating the towns to be occupied.—  
Neither Tours nor Blois was mentioned, but  
Vierzan, Bourges and others were named as  
strategical points.

WORKING MEN FOR PARLIAMENT.—It is  
pretty clear that, until the system of paying  
members is adopted by the Parliament, there will  
be but a small chance for working men—that  
is to say, artizans who have to depend upon  
their daily labor, for their daily bread. Mr.  
Olger, a working man, came forward the other  
day to represent the borough of Southwark,  
but being unable to produce the sum required  
by the Sheriff for defraying the primary ex-  
pences, he had to retire from the field.

We expect then that soon the proposition to  
members of for their attendance in the Imperial  
Parliament will be seriously entertained. The  
idea is thoroughly democratic, and indeed, to  
use a Yankee form of speech, must be an in-  
tegral plank of any real democratic platform.—  
No matter what the electoral law may be, no  
matter how low the property qualification re-  
quired from candidates for Parliamentary  
honors, so long as their attendance in the Le-  
gislation is gratuitous, so long must the class  
commonly styled "working class" be excluded.

On the other hand the paying members of  
Parliament, as we may see from its results in  
every country in which it has been adopted is  
fraught with most deplorable results. It lowers  
the moral standard of the legislature, by open-  
ing its portals to all sorts of greedy, needy, un-  
scrupulous political adventurers, to knavish  
pettifoggers and broken down swindlers: bent  
upon restoring by all means, fair or foul, their  
desperate fortunes. Sooner or later a legisla-  
ture whose members are paid must become a  
corrupt, a venal, and a rowdy legislature.

An honest man a man who has any respect  
for himself, will never or only in very excep-  
tional circumstances, unless he be independent  
in pecuniary matters seek for a seat in the  
Legislature; and just as treacle in the  
summer time inevitably attracts swarms of  
buzzing obscene flies, so as inevitably does the  
prospect of the salary attached to a "seat in  
the House" attract the venal, the unprincipled,  
and the political adventurers. And so great is  
this evil, so debasing to the moral standard of  
the community, that it would be a gain if the  
evil system of paying members could be abolished  
altogether.

Except under peculiar circumstances. If a  
man were to be compelled against his will to  
serve a term of four or seven years in the  
Legislature, he would have a right to demand  
pecuniary compensation for his time, and ser-  
vice; but not otherwise most certainly not if  
he of his own free will come forward as a can-  
didate, and courts the support of the consti-  
tuency.

And if we must have paid members of Par-  
liament, every constituency should pay its own  
members by a rate, or tariff mutually agreed  
upon betwixt the representatives and the repre-  
sented. If any particular constituency wishes  
to indulge in the luxury of being represented in  
Parliament by a penniless adventurer, by all  
means let it have the right to gratify its pecu-  
liar taste, but at its own expense, and not at  
the expense of others who have no such longings,

The several candidates should on the hustings,  
state their terms, when a kind of Dutch Auction  
in lieu of an election might be held, which  
would save much precious time and many long  
speeches.

But we protest against the monstrous injus-  
tice of being made to pay for the cigars, for the  
"goes" of brandy, and the miscellaneous drinks  
of legislators in whose election we have had no  
voice. It is not just that we should be thus  
muled; and the only fair principle to follow  
in this matter is this—Leave the question of  
remuneration or salary to be settled betwixt  
the candidates and those who support them.  
Let the latter understand that, if the object of  
their choice cannot give his time gratuitously,  
they themselves must put their hands into their  
own pockets, to provide his salary—and not  
into the pockets of those who do not care to  
give Mr. Penniless Adventurer a seat in Par-  
liament, and a finger in the Treasury pie. In  
fine if members are to be paid at all, they  
should be paid by those, and those only, who  
put them into the Legislature.

The *Montreal Witness* invokes a comparison  
of Catholic with Protestant communities. We  
gladly accept the challenge; and in return we  
invite the *Witness* to ponder well the fact that  
whilst the *Times* finds in the moral state of  
Protestant England *A Parallel* to heathen  
China it thus describes the moral aspect of  
Catholic Ireland:—

"The country was never more tranquil. . . .  
Crime of all kinds has almost disappeared. The  
few crimes committed are only such as might be ex-  
pected in any large community."—*Times*, October  
11th, 1870.

We invite the *Witness* also to consider the  
moral state of Protestant England as partially  
revealed by the hideous disclosures in the  
"Baby Farming" business, and of Protestant  
America as revealed by the dying out of the  
Protestant population in the New England States.

Even the *London Times* speaks contemptu-  
ously of the plebiscite as the "farce of democ-  
racy." Things would have gone on just as  
well without it says the Roman correspondent  
of the *London Journal*:—

"Plebiscites are not in favor just now: and con-  
sidering the small esteem in which they are held by  
political men of our time, things might, perhaps,  
have got on quite as satisfactorily, and attained the  
same results without that favorite farce of democ-  
racy."

THE LATE CATHOLIC BAZAAR.—A CARD  
OF THANKS.—The Ladies of Charity of St.  
Patrick's Congregation desire to return their  
most sincere thanks to the general public for  
the very liberal patronage extended to the  
charities which they represented on the occasion  
of the late Bazaar.

The net result is ascertained and amounts to  
the very respectable sum of \$3,703.62. This  
speaks well, and the Ladies of Charity feel that  
in publishing the simple result of the Bazaar,  
they pay a higher compliment to the patrons  
of the charity than could be conveyed in any  
set form of speech. But they feel that special  
praise is due to their Protestant fellow-citizens,  
who in this, as on all previous occasions, have  
thrown aside all religious and sectional pre-  
judices in their generous Christian sympathy in  
the cause of the orphan.

Foremost, of course, in this category must be  
placed the Honorable the Governor General  
and his estimable lady. It is not often that  
Bazaars are patronized even by the unofficial  
presence of the representatives of Royalty, and  
we feel that this kind and charitable condescen-  
sion on the part of Lord and Lady Lisgar will,  
if possible, endear them still more to the peo-  
ple. We have to thank them not merely for  
the honor of their visit, but also for a very sub-  
stantial and liberal contribution to the funds of  
the Bazaar.

To all who have labored in disposing of tick-  
ets, or who have by work in any way contribu-  
ted towards the different tables, we say, you  
need no public praise. You have labored from  
higher and holier motives; and we pray that  
God may bless and reward you, dear Sisters,  
and may the Father of the widow and the  
orphan so console and protect you, that the  
little ones dear to you may never require that  
charity which you so liberally extend to others.

We would also thank the public Press for the  
advocacy of our charity, and the prominence  
given by it to our advertisements; but espe-  
cially would we mention the *TRUE WITNESS*  
and *Daily News*. These papers have not  
merely inserted our advertisements gratuitously,  
but even editorially called the attention of the  
public to the Bazaar, advocating its interests in  
the strongest manner. It was a kindness and  
charity, which we hope the Irish Catholics will  
know how to appreciate. Nor can we omit our  
grateful thanks to the St. Bridget's Temperance  
Band, who enlivened the Bazaar by the cheer-  
ful strains of their music.

To all we say, God reward and bless you;  
and may your contributions, however small, be  
as the Widow's mite—blessed of God.

Montreal, Nov. 9, 1870.

Romances in our next.

GRAND CATHOLIC BAZAAR OF WINDSOR,  
ONT.—Last appeal to the public before the  
Drawing of Prizes which will take place on the  
1st of Dec., without fail.

All persons who have been entrusted with  
the sale of some of the tickets for this laudable  
work are requested to make a last and supreme  
effort to sell them and remit the amount of  
their subscriptions to Rev. J. T. Wagner, P.P.,  
of Windsor, Ont., by the 29th of Nov., at  
latest. A lithograph of the Pope will be for-  
warded without delay to all the agents for every  
ticket sold—as soon as the returns are made.  
A little more diligence on the part of the per-  
sons who have tickets for sale will secure the  
giving of the extra \$500 prize promised in the  
first Circular.

In another column our readers will find the  
Business Card of Messrs. Longmoore and Wil-  
son, Printers. It is hardly necessary to inform  
our readers that Mr. Longmoore has had, for  
many years, the superintendence of one of the  
largest Printing Establishments in Canada.—  
His knowledge of all the details of the business,  
his promptness and integrity have gained for  
him the confidence of all those who have had  
dealings with him. Mr. Wilson is also very  
favorably known to the Montreal public as an  
excellent printer, and trustworthy man of busi-  
ness. We wish the firm of Longmoore & Wil-  
son the success which its members deserve.

The Charlottetown (P.E.I) *Herald* of the  
2nd inst., comes to us in a new dress and pre-  
sents a very handsome appearance. It is en-  
tering on a new career, and in its first number  
of the new series it shows unmistakable signs  
of vigorous editorial management.

ANNIVERSARY MASS OF THE LATE VERY  
REV. DEAN BRENNAN, OF BELLEVILLE,  
ONT.

On the 3rd of Nov. last was held the anni-  
versary mass of the Very Rev. Dean Brennan,  
for forty years pastor of Belleville, Ontario.  
The Mass was sung by the Rev. Father Davis  
of Hungerford, the Rev. Fathers Lalor of  
Picton, Mackey of Tyendinaga, Quirk of Hast-  
ings, Brophy of Read, and Brennan, nephew  
of the deceased, being in the sanctuary. A  
large and sorrowing congregation filled the  
church, and testified by their sobs during the  
celebration to their intense grief at the loss of  
their late beloved Pastor. The preacher of the  
day a sincere friend of the Rev. departed  
took for his text the words of 2 Cor. xi. They  
are the ministers of Christ; (I speak as one  
less wise) I am more; in journeying often; in  
perils of water: in perils of robbers; in perils  
from my own nation; in perils from the Gen-  
tiles; in perils in the city; in perils in the  
wilderness; in labour and painfulness, in much  
watchings, in hunger and thirst, in fastings  
often. Besides these things which are without;  
my daily instance the solicitude for all the  
churches. Who is weak and I am not weak?  
Who is scandalized and I am not on fire? (2  
Cor. xi).

It is a pleasing duty my Brethren to recount  
the virtues of the departed whom we loved—to  
live over again for a few moments at least in  
sweet recollection the life we lived together—  
and calling them back again from the tomb to  
see them as once we saw them. This duty is  
mine to-day; and I thank God that e'er the  
memory of him whom we this day mourn has  
faded from amongst us, I have had accorded  
me the sacred privilege of speaking one word  
of praise—of throwing one small flower into  
the tomb—of placing one immortal upon the  
grave of him whom you and I, so deeply loved.  
He has gone from us to receive his reward,  
whilst we alas! have been left behind to mourn  
his loss; but amidst our tears and our sorrows  
—amidst our regrets and longings we have still  
the pleasing privilege of recounting his virtues,  
and lingering over those sweet recollections of  
him, which from time to time amidst the busy  
scenes in which we are engaged, burst upon our  
memories like the glint of the sun thro' the  
storm rift.

It is well to recount the virtues of the good.  
For as every crime leaves the impress of its  
wickedness upon the ago in which it was com-  
mitted, so the virtues of the good like sweet  
perfumes leave their fragrance to linger behind  
them. It is a fact well known to moralists—  
that the very recital of crime is an incentive  
to its commission—so extended are the effects of  
this subtle poison. But as with crime—so  
thank God! with virtue. We cannot read of  
virtue, (so great its comeliness), without learn-  
ing to love it—we cannot breathe the atmosphere,  
where it has been present without feeling its  
tonic influence—we cannot think of virtue  
without becoming more virtuous. Let us  
therefore in the example of him, whom we this  
day mourn, learn the virtues which he prac-  
tised.

Forty years ago your late pastor (his body  
lays there slumbering after the labors of the  
day and the heats thereof) entered upon his  
duty as Pastor of this parish. Young—lith-  
of iron frame and sanguine temperament his  
was just the constitution fitted for the giant  
task that was before him. ("And there were  
giants in those days.") By the faculties  
granted him by his Bishop, he took possession  
as pastor of all that tract of country lying be-  
tween Napanee and Colbourne—the waters of  
Ontario where they lave the shores of the  
Prince Edward district and—I might say—the  
North Pole. At least 17 inhabited townships  
upwards of 2448 square miles of inhabited  
country fell thus to his charge—an onerous and  
chafing burden for even his sinewy shoulders.

Let us imagine for a moment the dreadful  
loneliness of this young levite. The near-  
est Priest from whom to receive encouragement

and consolation amidst his ceaseless cares,—at  
Kingston on the one hand and at Cobourg on  
the other—his people for the most part un-  
educated or too busy with their own affairs in  
a new country to afford him any society—every-  
thing wanting but his unflinching zeal, that  
goes to make up a Catholic mission—his mis-  
sion, indeed have been "the breast of oak and triple  
brass" sung of (as tho' by inspiration) by the  
Latin Poet, to be thus able *alone and undaun-  
ted* to launch his skiff upon the stormy adriatic  
of a new Canadian mission of those days of  
our early history.

But alone and undaunted he did set out  
upon his sacred duty. No storm too severe—  
no danger could blanch his cheek. Often on  
urgent sick calls has he ridden over the bay or  
crossed the River Trent after a one night's  
frost, his horse requiring the spur at every step  
it took over the yielding ice. Often at other  
times has he crossed the River Trent amidst  
snow and sleet and blinding storm in the dark-  
ness of the night upon an extemporised raft of  
fragil boards,—a broken board to row and  
steer with. Travelling with him some years  
ago in the Township of Ashpodel, he pointed  
out the spot, where overtaken by the night in  
what was then the forest, he had slept the  
darkness away upon a log,—his cloak folded  
round him,—and his curved arm keeping the  
bridle of his horse, lest it should stray away  
from him ere the morn.

But his was the manliness and Christian  
courage that knew how to meet dangers and  
repel them. When in Madoc the backwood's  
savages of civilization out of hatred for the very  
name of Priest (we have this feeling and these  
savages yet amongst us) attacked him in his  
cutter and sought to take his life, he beat them  
off—though three to one—and left the marks of  
his loaded hunting whip behind him. One of  
these same men sent me a request some years  
ago to come and cure him of the falling sick-  
ness which he attributed to the chastisement of  
God for his sacrilegious conduct on that occa-  
sion. His other brothers participants in the  
crime had long before died violent deaths.

Yes his was indeed a life of dangers and  
hardships!—his was indeed a life of patient en-  
durance! Oh would that you and I—who  
are still struggling after him in the path of  
duty—would that we—when God may call us  
from our Stewardship may be able to lay at  
the feet of the Eternal Throna like dangers—  
like watchings—like hardships as your slum-  
bering Pastor has long ago presented as the  
earnest of his claims to an eternal Crown.—  
Well might this new apostle have addressed his  
heavenly Father on his death bed in those  
words of my text—They are Ministers (I  
speak of one less wise) I am more; in jour-  
neyings often; in perils of water; in perils of  
robbers; in perils from the Gentiles; in perils  
in the wilderness. In labours and painfulness  
in hunger and thirst—in fastings often.

And what shall I say to you of his "solici-  
tude for the churches." "Who was weak and he  
was not weak? who was scandalized and he  
was not on fire?" Tell me you who have  
grown up under his pastoral care from infancy  
to manhood, was there ever zeal in God's ser-  
vice as unflagging as his? Who was weak and  
he was not there to comfort them? who was  
battling against sin and the thralldom of evil  
habits and he was not with them to counsel  
and encourage? And when public sin had  
scandalized any of God's little ones—when that  
crime which Christ declares, deserves more  
than the millstone, threatened to devastate the  
young and thriving vineyard which had been  
confided to his charge—when was he not on  
fire? How often from the steps of this holy  
altar, when some scandal had arisen to disgree  
his flock and to tempt God's little ones away  
from virtue, who amongst you has not seen his  
flashing eye and heard his firm clear voice ring  
out amidst the roof-trees of this church, de-  
nouncing the offender and demanding of him to  
"come forth" and make public reparation for the  
injury you "have done to God?" To him  
had been entrusted the seamless garment of  
Christ's church and woe! to him who sought  
to inflict upon it the slightest rent whilst under  
his guardianship. His was no *carpet* oratory!  
He sought not mincing terms lest he should be  
offensive to polished ears. He feared not to  
loose the gentleman in being the man. To vice  
and its votaries he ever gave their just and  
proper names. The public sinner leading others  
into sin he looked upon as a leper and one  
plague stricken to be driven out into the wilder-  
ness. He loved God's little ones—oh how  
he loved them!—the pure and clean of heart!  
and therefore did he seek to guard them as the  
apple of his eye from aught of contamination  
or of stain.

But I hear some amongst you, who have ex-  
perienced his holy anger, exclaim "He was  
rigid and cross." Oh! holy tribute paid by  
vice to virtue! Now *his was cross*. Yes that  
holy man, who now slumbers from his anxieties  
and cares, was indeed cross—cross with that  
anger that *sinneth not*. With vice and im-  
penitence and negligence in the service of God  
—and public scandal he was indeed severe.  
Like his great patron, the Archangel Michael,  
he could not bear that aught of sin and wicked-  
ness or slothfulness should remain one moment  
to contaminate the pure air of his heaven!—  
as keeper of the Lord's vineyard he could not  
brook that the foxes should burrow and rear  
their pestilent oubs amongst the roots of the  
tender vines. As faithful Shepherd of the one  
Flock he could not bear unmoved and inactive  
the ravening wolves of bad example howling  
around his flock. He was no hireling!—and  
because he *was* no hireling therefore would he  
have sooner laid down his life, than that one  
vice should go unchecked—one scandal go un-  
reproved—one sinner go unadmonished. That  
anger had he that *sinneth not*. Zeal he had  
unbounded. Well of him might it be said,  
"The zeal of thy hours hath eaten me up."  
He was cross with vice *yea!* very cross. But  
with virtue, who ever heard him angry? With  
repentance who ever heard him severe? You  
who have knelt at his feet as humble penitents