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# The True Witness



Vol. LVII Senate Reading Room

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1907

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## Interesting Sketch of Daniel O'Connell.

The literary correspondent of the Springfield (Mass.) Republican, in a letter on Daniel O'Connell, Mary Wollstonecraft and Alexander Wilson—"three agitators each in his own way, and all filled with that peculiar new wine of the closing years of the eighteenth century—the French Revolution period," writes as follows of the Liberator:

Daniel O'Connell was growing up to manhood in those fermenting years, and narrowly escaped being drawn into the vortex of the great whirlpool in which so much European culture was for a while swallowed up.

He had been partly educated in France, no suitable education for a Catholic being then provided in Ireland, where O'Connell was born in August, 1775, at Carhen, in County Clare, but near Kerry, where the Clan Connell were numerous, as were the McCarthys, cousins of the O'Sullivans, of whom came the Sulivans of New Hampshire and Maine. It was a wild and lonely region where O'Connell spent his childhood, safe for the most part from the oppression and espionage of the English governors of Ireland. Derryman, in Kerry, where much of his life was passed, is a house sheltered behind mountains to the north and west, and not far from a bay of the Atlantic.

At the age of 15 he was sent across the water to St. Omarr's to be taught by the Jesuits in Latin, Greek and French and after a year or two he was changed to Douay, which he left in 1793, and completed his education in Ireland, until he went to London in 1795, and began the study of law, which he pursued alternately in England and Ireland, though intending to practice chiefly at the Irish bar.

The Journal, here printed for the first time, began in London late in 1795, was continued in Chiswick and Dublin, and finally ended in 1802, but there are not many entries after 1798, the year of the great Irish uprising. Before beginning his quotations, the editor, Arthur Houston of Dublin, who remembers once seeing him, gives this account of O'Connell's person and voice:

His frame was vigorous, his figure tall and erect. He was broad-shouldered and deep-chested; he had a well-set head. In face he was extremely comely. The features were at once soft and manly; the countenance was national in outline (by which he seems to mean that the nose turned up, as his mother's surely did), and the expression open and confident. He had bright and sweet blue eyes, the most kindly and honest-looking. To these natural gifts was added that priceless one, a marvelous voice, powerful, leonine, sonorous, penetrating, melodious,—capable of expressing every shade of human feeling; of speaking in the smallest assembly, in the smallest room, in tones adapted to its limits, or of reaching the farthest extremity of an open-air meeting of hundreds of thousands of people.

Dr. Houston then cites from Dullwer's "New Timon" the passage (best in the poem) that Wendell Phillips always quoted with rich effect in his fine oration on O'Connell:

Once to my sight the giant form was given,  
Walled by wide air and roofed by boundless heaven;  
Beneath his feet the human ocean lay,  
And wave on wave flowed into space away.  
Methought no clarion could have sent the sound  
E'en to the center of the hosts around.  
And as I thought, rose the sonorous swell  
As from some church-tower swings the silvery bell;  
Aloft and clear, from airy tide to tide,  
It glided easy, as a bird might glide.  
To the last verge of that vast audience sent,  
It played with each wild passion as it went.

It was this orator in formation that the Journal describes by its ingenious entries, seldom vainglorious, more often self-condemnatory, but usually noting only his readings and the personal characteristics of those he met. He was in boarding-houses, where he saw both sexes, or else he went into society, and notes what occurred.

The very first entry concerns slavery (December, 1795): "I met De Vigner to-day. He is about to go off to St. Domingo. He told me that the emancipated French negroes were tired of liberty; that they wished for, nay, called for their ancient slavery. I will not detail the causes which, according to him, have stirred up this unnatural hatred of liberty in the bosoms of men who certainly experienced few of the sweets of despotism. I have enough of nonsense of any own."

Forty years afterward, when someone suggested to him that Irish repeal and American antislavery were two weak causes that ought not in common prudence be united, O'Connell said: "No such thing; virtues are gregarious, and so far from being weakened, these measures will gain strength by being combined."

And when some Cincinnati "dough-faces" defended slavery because "the very odor of the negro is almost insufferable to the white," O'Connell replied, "The negroes would certainly smell as sweet, at least, when free as they do now, being slaves."

Among those at his boarding-house in Chiswick was a Mrs. Hunter, from Rhode Island, whom he praises for beauty, good sense, knowledge of the world and politeness, and for agreeable and genteel manners. He also met there Arthur Murphy, the author, and describes him well.

On the whole, this journal is ingenious and sensible, and will raise the good opinion of O'Connell among men.

## The Church and Science.

Dr. James J. Walsh, professor of the history of medicine in Fordham university, New York, writes as follows in the New York Evening Post: I find it rather amusing to have you take so seriously as you do in an editorial of Thursday last, Andrew D. White's book, "The History of the Warfare of Science and Theology in Christendom," as showing that the Catholic Church was constantly opposed to the development of science. Nothing shows more clearly the superficiality of more education than that this supposed contribution to history from the president of one of our large universities should for so many years have been taken as authoritative even by those who are presumed to be sure of their authorities.

Every advance in critical history of the medieval period has contradicted some of President White's assertions. I can speak with confidence for my own department, that of medical history. President White asserts that there is a Papal bull forbidding dissection. The bull he quotes does not forbid dissection, but prohibits a practice—that of cutting up the bodies of the dead and boiling them in order to transport them to long distances, which any modern sanitary authority would at once condemn. Four centuries and a half after the issuance of that bull one of the Popes, Benedict XIV., was asked if it applied to dissection. In the meantime, there had been a Papal medical school at Rome for over four centuries, and for two centuries of that time the greatest teachers in anatomy that ever lived did their work in this Papal medical school. The list of professors of anatomy in Rome includes such names as Eustachius Varolius, Columbus, Caesalpinus, Aranzi, Malpighi, and Lancini. With the exception of Vesalius and Harvey these are the greatest names in the history of anatomy. They did their work at Rome, yet President White says that "dissection was a sin against the Holy Ghost."

President White quotes a bull which is supposed to forbid chemistry. The text of the document shows that what it really forbade was the fraud of pretending to make gold and silver, which was the gold brick industry of the middle ages. The Pope (John XXII.) who issued this bull founded three medical schools, and required that the course in them should be seven years, three for preparatory study and four for professional work. The history of chemistry shows that there was no hindrance to chemical development by the ecclesiastical regulation and that the great names in the science that preceded modern chemistry are all ecclesiastics and many of them saints.

President White declares that because of an ecclesiastical decree forbidding surgery to monks and ecclesiastics "for over a thousand years surgery was considered dishonorable and the greatest monarchs were unable to procure an ordinary surgical operation." It was not until 1406, according to him, because of the decree of a German emperor, that surgery was no longer looked upon as dishonorable. As a matter of fact, the two centuries preceding the year 1406, represent the greatest period in the history of surgery, except the nineteenth century, of which we have any record. The amount of progress made by surgeons at this time is simply marvelous. The father of modern surgery, so-called, Guy de Chauliac, was a member of the Papal household during this period. He is responsible for much more devoted attention to anatomy and especially to dissection, than had been the case before.

Von Toepfli, who wrote the article on the History of Anatomy in Puschmann's "Handbuch der Geschichte der Medizin" (Jena, 1903), the latest authority on the subject says (p. 226) "that while it was the custom of older writers to picture the history of the development of anatomy as to make it seem that the Papal court had always been opposed to it, as a matter of fact, they placed scarcely any hindrance in the way, but, on the contrary, fostered anatomy in every way." He then gives a list of some dozen Popes, each of whom did something to further the study of anatomy.

Those who think that the Popes were ever opposed to medical science in any way should obtain a list of the Papal physicians from the beginning of the thirteenth century down to our own time. There are more important names in the history of the science of medicine on that list than in any other set of names that are commemorated by any school. The faculty of no medical school at any university is as distinguished in the history of medicine as the Papal physicians. The very best way to foster and encourage progress of science is to honor and incidentally give proper emoluments to the great workers in science, and this was what the Popes did in medicine. Until comparatively modern times medicine included most

## Heard in Keltic Brittany.

A sermon was preached in a French church a few days ago which must have been a remarkable one. The theme of an orator and the substance of his oratory are minor factors in the final summing up of an oration, compared with the effect upon the audience. Therefore the sermon, of which I did not understand three words, was a great

Two men sat in a village church in Brittany in the same plight—a foreigner and a Frenchman. But only one enjoyed himself. All that was spoken was gibberish to both. But the foreigner discarded all thought of the language that sounds as if it had been invented by a hare-lipped man afflicted with chronic hoarseness.

It was enough to watch the speaker, as earnest as Savoranola must have been, and almost as ugly; to see the women fold their arms and rock back and forward with their eyes vacant and their lips pinched in mute sympathy; to see the big, weather-beaten, stolid-looking, sea-faring men clench their fists or grip the edges of the benches and swear silently to themselves, if ever I saw men swear. It was not a big church nor a big congregation. But it was worth while being there.

I do not think that the other man who did not understand was favorably impressed. He seemed distinctly uncomfortable and uneasy. He was the sort of Frenchman that you elbow in every provincial town—ponder of saucer than of exercise; prosperous in his business, to which he devotes three hours a day, while six are allotted to settling the fate of nations in his favorite cafe during the degustation of certain "aperitifs" and liqueurs and coffee "in the glass" or in cups, so well scattered, sipped and interspersed with talk that they harm him in no way except by increasing his avoirdupois and his self-sufficiency.

His whole pig-eyed, pudgy personality showed him the village orator. His high, flat and crooked nose hinted that he was present in a ceremonial capacity, even if across what by courtesy may be called his "nose," though there was neither beginning nor end thereto, there had not stretched the tri-colored sash which proclaimed him the representative of the government. He was present as a censor and he could not understand one word.

There was a pathetic touch to his dilemma. He must resign his post of dignity and his income as a "fonctionnaire" or he will grow thin. For he is worried and will be more and more worried. Without knowing it, he is suffering from Brittany the same vexation that his Parisian masters are suffering.

That is why that fat man writhed and perspired away pounds. The concordat was a great asset of the French government. Part of its jurisdiction was the power to forbid any preacher or teacher or public speaker from a pulpit to use the Breton language in Brittany.

The moment the "separation" was accomplished, something happened in this part of France, which is almost as distinct from the rest of France in sentiment as the James-town of John Smith's time would be from 1907 New York.

No order nor hint came from Rome or Paris—that I have confirmed—but the words of the churchmen since have been Breton words only. And nobody but the Breton knows what has been or is being said.

The government cannot control the manner of conducting services any longer, because the separation is done not recognize officially any religious exercises. The minister could punish adverse criticism—if they could prove it. But since the Bretons are stubborn in religion, as in all other things, the government was forced to employ in Brittany men who are not true Bretons.

All the "travel letters" tell you that French is as useless as English in the province that gives France its best sailors, and that the Highlander, or by preference the Welshman, has a better chance of making himself understood by using Gaelic than the Parisian. That is not wholly true.

In the towns like St. Malo, which neighbor fashionable resorts like Dinard, French is fairly well understood. And even in the villages back from the coast the children speak and understand the language, though even they are true Bretons—reticent to the point of silliness with an outsider, whether he comes from Paris or New York. With the adults the curious stranger does not



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fare as well. Courtesy but not confidence was obtainable from the orator of the day.

"Speak in Breton? Naturally. They like their own language, and it is only lately that we can speak it."

"Affected by my talk? That is strange. I said nothing of importance. Only the usual matters. Not in the least worth discussing outside the church."

"Yes, you were right. You heard me mention the word 'Jena.' No, I was not talking about the old battle, but the battleship which was blown up. They are naturally interested because most of the sailors were men of this province. That was all. Nothing of interest." And then "good day."

It was a Breton talking. But he had said enough. In that land which is the nursery of the French navy; in the land where the Venetian spirit has survived; to the people, primitive in many ways, among which their unquestioning understanding of their religion as an indivisible part of themselves is not the least, he had been telling the story of their brethren of the Jena.

He had been telling of what revolts an appeal an American—of the unrelaxing, unrelenting inflexible partisanship of the typical Frenchman. He had told—exaggerated perhaps what in cold truth was bad enough—of how the burned, maimed, scalded, shattered, dying Bretons were carried into the Toulon hospitals and denied the last comfort of the faith in which they were born, because there is a government regulation concerning the secularization of hospitals.—Ernest L. Aroni, in Syracuse Catholic Sun.

## Note: Priest-Writer Publishes His Subscription to the Holy See.

The following is a translation of the document by which Father Romolo Murri, the famous Italian writer, proposes to submit himself to the decision of the Holy See and which he has already presented to the Holy Father:

"Greatly afflicted by the measures your Holiness has thought fit to take against me, I feel it, above all, my duty to signify to your Holiness my firm resolution to remain a devout son of the Church, and therefore to accept and recognize her authority and that of this Holy See, to whose commands I submit, both as regards my profession as a believer and the exercise of my sacerdotal ministry. And, as your Holiness recently, with grave words, denounced and condemned certain errors in which you saw the poison of all heresies, so do I, even I, condemn them, even as your Holiness reproves them, grieving and full of sorrow at the fact that any one should have been able to attribute either the one or the other to me, or presume to find traces of them in my writings.

"Your holiness has, moreover, judged that some of my recent writings in which I made an analysis of some contemporary events and of certain forms of political action on the part of Catholics were lacking in due respect to the guidance, even political, of the Holy See, and I declare myself grieved to have caused, by these my writings, displeasure to your holiness, and I renounce the promised republication of the same. I resolve in future to hold in the highest esteem the guidance of the Holy See, even in politics, as becomes a Catholic and a priest, not opposing the rights constantly recognized by the Church herself, of historical research and a just liberty of political and social opinions."

It may be interesting to recall the fact that the late Cardinal Sgrampa was a friend of Father Murri, the noted Italian "Modernist." Several months ago he wrote to an admirer of Father Murri:

"You are right in saying I have a special liking for Murri. I understand his position—many abandon him; many molest him; many flatter him. It is as if there were a conspiracy to put him to the severest test. God grant he may not take a false step! When Mgr. Castellani came to see me before leaving for Perno, I spoke to him at length regarding Murri; asked him to receive him, to treat him with benevolence and gain

him by kindness, all of which he willingly promised to do."

A card written only five days previous to the Cardinal's death ran as follows:

"I am deeply grieved with regard to Don Romolo—for whom personally I have always had a great liking—and I am the more grieved because I can do nothing for him. We must trust in God."—Pittsburg Observer.

## Pastor of St. Mary's Bereaved.

There passed away on Tuesday evening at St. Antoine Abbey, Mr. Philip Brady, father of the Rev. P. Brady, pastor of St. Mary's Church, this city. Having immigrated from Milltown, County Cavan, Ireland, he settled in 1835, with his parents in Huntingdon County, where, like the early settlers of his time, he hewed out a home.

The deceased married in 1842 Miss M. Murphy, and had a large family, of whom survive the Rev. Philip Brady, P.P., St. Mary's Church; Rev. Robert Brady, P.P., St. Mary's Church, Hamilton, Ont.; Dr. Thomas Brady, Helena, Mont.; Mr. W. Brady, advocate, of Great Falls, Mont.; and Mr. James Brady, who resides on the homestead.

## Father Mathew Anniversary.

As customary, this festival is strictly kept by the St. Patrick's T. A. & B. Society. This year will not be inferior to any yet. The executive is now busy making all necessary arrangements for a splendid concert to be held in St. Patrick's Hall, Alexander street, on Tuesday, the 28th inst., when no pains will be spared to provide for the comfort and enjoyment of their many patrons. Tickets may be had from members of the Committee of Management and at the door on the evening of the entertainment. Refreshments will be served during the evening by the well-known caterer, A. W. Mulcahy, St. Antoine street.

## Correspondence.

RETRIBUTION—A COINCIDENCE.

Editor True Witness:  
Sir,—In Donohoe's (Boston) Magazine for October is given a full biographical sketch of the late Archbishop Williams and incidents connected with his long priestly and episcopal life.

Among other interesting items is the following extract from one of his few public speeches—apart, of course, from his religious discourses—delivered before the Catholic Historical Society of Boston on the occasion of the celebration of the centenary of the first Catholic church in that city, in 1903. His Grace said: "Remember it was on the 11th August, 1885, that the Ursuline monastery in Charlestown was burnt by a mob. On the 11th of August of the following year I stood on Warren bridge and saw all Charlestown Square in flames, and the tavern which stood between the two bridges destroyed that night by fire, while I looked on, and we knew that the men went from that tavern to burn the convent, and that was a year after, precisely, on that very night."

Assuming that the foregoing will prove of interest to your readers I suggest its reproduction.

I may add that the consequence of the outrage was the dispersion of both religious and pupils; the latter to the homes of their parents, and the former to various religious houses throughout the States and Canada. Two of the nuns (both daughters of the remarkable Barber family) found a home with the Ursulines of Quebec city and lived in that venerable institution till their death some years ago at a good round age.

Yours,  
M. F. W.  
Ottawa, Oct. 20, 1907.

Nip Disease in the Bud.—It is difficult to eradicate a disease after it has become seated, therefore it is wise to take any ailment in its initial stages and by such remedies as are sufficient, stop it in its course. Gold is the commonest complaint of man, and when neglected leads to serious results. Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil will cure the severest cold or most violent cough.

## Count Plunkett.

Count George Noble Plunkett has been appointed the director of the Science and Art Museum, Dublin. As the Dublin Metropolitan School of Art and the National Library of Ireland come under his jurisdiction the appointment of Count Plunkett is excellent, for he is a recognized authority both in art and literature. He has paid many visits to the art centres of Italy, and his published works include a book on Botticelli.

Count Plunkett has taken an active part in the movements for promoting the language, literature and industries of Ireland. In addition to his work on Botticelli he has written poetry, edited "Hibernia" (a review of literature and art), and acted as co-director of "No Jacobite War in Ireland."

In the days after the Nationalist "split" in 1890 he took the side of Parnell, and in 1895 he contested the St. Stephen's Green Division of Dublin, and failed to get into Parliament by 456 votes. He contested the constituency again in 1898, when the adverse majority was only 138 votes.

Personally Count Plunkett is a perfect type of the Irish gentleman.

His title of Count came from the Pope and is hereditary.

## Another Encyclical Will Prove the Church the Friend of Science.

A reliable Rome correspondent writes as follows:

If I am rightly informed, we are not far from another Papal document which will clear up an allusion made by the Holy Father towards the close of the recent Encyclical, where he says that he intends to give still another proof that the Church is not the foe but the friend of science.

His Holiness apparently intends to form at once a special commission of Cardinals to study the best means for the promotion of science, duly secured from error, amongst Catholics. Doubtless this will be an extension of the idea contained in a recent circular drawn up by a number of university professors, of which some account was recently given. Cardinals Rampolla, Maffi and Mercier, who were to have been the protectors of the proposed organization, will be members of the Cardinalial Commission to be appointed by the Holy Father, but others will be added—among them, it is reported, Cardinals Vives and Satolli.

The commission will seek to group into a closely united body Catholics who have distinguished themselves in various branches of science, and other Catholics of means will be asked to subscribe for the purposes of the organization.

Cholera and all summer complaints are so quick in their action that the cold hand of death is upon the victims before they are aware that danger is near. If attacked do not delay in getting the proper medicine. Try a dose of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial, and you will get immediate relief. It acts with wonderful rapidity and never fails to effect a cure.

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## Irish College to Remain.

The French Government has decided, at least for the present, not to suppress the Irish College, Paris. This announcement has been hailed with genuine delight by the Irish people, who cling tenaciously to old associations. Perhaps this news is a mad career of plunder and destruction of religion may be the harbinger of a saner council amongst those to whom the destiny of France is for the time being entrusted.

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