

## The True Witness.

CATHOLIC CHRONICLE,  
PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAYAt No. 696, Craig Street, by  
J. GILLIES.  
G. E. OLBERG, Editor.

## TERMS YEARLY IN ADVANCE:

To all country subscribers Two Dollars. If the subscription is not renewed at the expiration of the year then, a case the paper be continued, the terms shall be Two Dollars and a-half.

To all subscribers whose papers are delivered by carriers, Two Dollars and a-half in advance; and if not renewed at the end of the year, then, if we continue sending the paper, the subscription shall be Three Dollars.

The True Witness can be had at the News Depots Single copy 3d.

We beg to remind our Correspondent that no letters will be taken out of the Post-Office, unless pre-paid.

The figures after each Subscriber's Address every week shows the date to which he has paid up. Thus "JOHN JONES, August '63," shows that he has paid up to August '63, and owes his Subscription FROM THAT DATE.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, SEPT. 6.

## ECCLIASTICAL CALENDAR.

SEPTEMBER—1867.

Friday, 6—Of the Feast.  
Saturday, 7—Of the Immaculate Conception.  
Sunday, 8—Thirteenth after Pentecost. Nativity of the B. V. Mary.  
Monday, 9—Of the Octave.  
Tuesday, 10—St. Nicholas Tollenline, O.  
Wednesday, 11—Of the Octave.  
Thursday, 12—Of the Octave.

## NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Napoleon has addressed a letter to the Minister of the Interior, urging internal improvements, and increase of means of communication and transportation with the empire.

Paris papers regard the situation of affairs in Spain extremely serious.

PARIS, Sept. 1.—Baron Moustier, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, has addressed a circular despatch to the diplomatic representatives of France at the European Courts, in regard to the existing relations of the Government with the other continental powers, alluding to recent events, and particularly to the conference held at Salzburg. He declares that this auspicious meeting of the Emperors of France and Austria should be regarded as a fresh pledge for the maintenance of peace in Europe.

The Times' Paris correspondent says:—There can be no doubt that warlike preparations are actually making in France, and the work is being carried on with great speed, but the number of Chassepot rifles necessary to supply the whole army cannot be completed before next spring.

The Viceroy of Egypt had arrived at Constantinople.

The insurrectionary Government of Candia has notified the foreign Consuls of its intention to issue letters of marque for the equipment of privateers.

In a circular note the Sublime Porte announces to its Ministers at Foreign Courts, that the war in the Island of Candia has been brought to a close, and that a general amnesty has been granted to the insurgents. The same note promises that many reforms will be forthwith introduced in the Laws and Administration of the Island.

The Reform League were to celebrate the passage of the Reform Bill by a banquet. Messrs Bright and Mill have written letters recommending the League next to turn their attention to a demand for the ballot.

The writs for the elections in Nova Scotia have been issued in that Province, where the law requires that the polling in the different constituencies shall take place on the same day. The nominations will take place on the 11th of September, and the polling on the 18th.

PROGRESS AND PAUPERISM.—Discarding for the nonce the thread-bare arguments against Catholic dogma, and Catholic morality: admitting that, as a religion, it may do for the soul, Protestants still triumphantly appeal to the superiority of their religion in so far as the body and the supplying the wants of the flesh in this state of existence, are concerned. Appealing to the greater smartness, and the keener competition of Protestant communities, our opponents taunt us with being slow, unenterprising, and with lagging behind the industrial spirit of the age. They will complacently contrast Liverpool or New York with Rome; and Guide Book and statistics in hand, they will show that the declared value of the exports and imports of any given country vary inversely as the attachment of its people to the Catholic faith. Protestantism, they will conclude, favors industry: and by increasing wealth, increases the happiness, the material well-being and civilization of its votaries: it has at all events the promise of this world; and for the world to come its prospects are at least as good as are those of Popery.

But whilst thus singing the triumphs and glories of Protestant industry, and the keenness of competition which an exclusive attention to the development of the material resources of the country such as England necessitates—there is an-

other party certainly not Catholic, daily increasing in numbers and influence, which cries out that so far is the existing industrial system with its unrestricted competition, and free trade: that so far is that business activity that prevails in most Protestant countries, and is most conspicuous and most lively there, where the Catholic faith has least influence over the habits of thought, morals and practice of the people—from being a blessing to the mass of the people, it is a curse: that so far from being a system that should be encouraged, and further developed, it is one which must be overthrown and crushed, no matter at what cost: that, so far from promoting the happiness of man, it tends to make the poor man daily more wretched: that so far from elevating, it depresses: that so far from being an agent in civilisation, it brutalizes and degrades the great mass of those subject to it, beneath the level of the beasts of the field. Look, say the writers of this school, look at the actual condition of society! What do you behold? A few rich, daily becoming richer, and alongside of them myriads of poor daily becoming poorer, sinking daily, lower and lower, in their abject, equal misery. Nor is this all;—for whilst the numbers of the rich decrease, since the tendency of all modern industrial systems is to concentrate wealth in the hands of the smallest possible number—so in like manner the poverty or misery of the poor is not only always intensifying—but is always extending, for the numbers of the poor are always steadily increasing. For one man who can now command the luxuries of life there are thousands to whom the bare necessities are almost unknown: and the line of demarcation between rich and poor is also daily becoming more sharply defined, whilst the gulf that separates them yawns ever wider and deeper. This, according to the school of socialists, a school whose disciples are rapidly increasing in numbers, intelligence, and in determination to have a thorough social reform, is the result of our modern industrial system, of our free trade, of unlimited competition and the development of our material resources. Wealth, wealth undreamt of by our fathers, for the few: but misery, abject, hopeless misery, such as it entered not into the heart of man in the days of Romish ignorance to conceive, for the many.

If there be exaggeration—there is also truth, much of sad truth in the facts urged by the Socialists, and the premises from which they conclude to the necessity of a speedy and thorough social reform. It cannot be denied that if the rich are becoming richer, the poor are becoming poorer, and more wretched day by day—and that, in consequence, there is growing up and daily becoming stronger a feeling of hatred, bitter hatred on the part of the poor millions, to the rich units, from which hatred will proceed in due time a storm of rage like to that which at the end of last century burst partially over France. Well has this feeling of deadly hatred, none the less formidable, because for the present its manifestations are necessarily suppressed, been described by the author of a work that appeared a few years ago under the name of *Thorndale, or the Conflict of Opinion*, and in which the great social and religious problems of the day are, if not solved, treated with the skill of a master, and almost the eye of the prophet.—There is in that work one striking scene, descriptive of the relative attitude of rich and poor in industrial England, the indifference of the one to the bitter hatred of the other, ranking in their hearts, waiting eagerly for the favorable moment to display itself, and provoked not by any positive ill usage from the rich, but solely by their stolid indifference to the thoughts, aspirations and sufferings of the poor, from whom in all Protestant communities the rich are separated by a wide and impassable gulf.

The writer is in London: weary he sits down to rest by the side of a great thoroughfare, watches the respective attitudes towards one another of the different classes of society, and skillfully analyses the feelings of the poor as towards the rich and prosperous:—

"I sat down under the portico of a church in Regent Street, a place which at that time, was a good deal infested by listeners of all descriptions. I find myself amongst beggars, itinerant vendors of knives and sippers, women with large pieces of wash-leather displayed for sale Italian boys with their images, and the like. It was November.

"Out there in the street before me rolled by carriage after carriage—elegant equipages as they are called. How very palpable it became to me as I now sat here on the pavement, that those who looked out of the carriage windows regarded us as a quite different race of beings, as quite out of the pale of humanity. Evidently the dogs in the street the lamp posts on either side of the way, or the heaps of mud scraped up for the scavenger's cart, were just as likely to occupy their thoughts, as the human groups to which I then belonged. The lady and gentleman who walked past us, with stately or with careless step, were equally indifferent. Unconscious they of our presence, unless as obstacles in the path, to be especially avoided."

"I learnt something from my new position, and the novel society around me. I felt that the passionless neglect of our superiors was returned by us with something for more energetic. You simply pass us by: you have no hostility, nor dream of exciting it: you think no harm, you would not hurt us—no, nor would you hurt the crawling toad upon your path: you avoid us both, and for the very same reason—the contact would be disagreeable. Simply you do not love us—this is the extent of your feeling; but ours? I detected that we return neglect—with hate!"

"Without a question, we of the pavement, if we had our own will, would stop those smooth-rolling

chairs, with their liveried attendants (how we hate those clean and well-fed lackeys!)—would open the carriage-door, and bid the riders come down to us! come down to share—good Heaven, what?—our refuse, our garbage, the general scramble, the general filth.

"War to the knife rather! they of the chairs would exclaim—war to the death rather than this! and with good reason. Meanwhile they ride there softly, thinking no evil—thinking very little of anything at all.

"I sat on the steps of the Church for some time unnoticed, and undisturbed by high or low; but now a shabbily dressed man took his seat beside me, and without needless preface, or the formalities of introduction, began to talk out the thoughts that were in him."

"You may well look, Sir, at these glittering shops, and all the toys and trappings of luxury displayed behind their plate-glass windows. Here we are sitting on the steps of a Christian Church, and looking at the pomps and vanities which it seems have not been renounced. And here and there, hovering about these plate glass windows, you may catch sight of some of the children of the poor.—Clothed in rags, fed on refuse, they will at night be kennelled like dogs—or worse. Human children are bought up like wild beasts: and these shops are blazing with silly jewellery and gaudy stuffs."

"Equality! Why talk to me of equality? Who cares for equality? What is it to me, that my neighbor lives more sumptuously than I, so long as I am dieted sufficiently? The evil lies here.—That the labor of man is misdirected to the production of superfluities, whilst a number are left unsupplied with the essentials of a humanised existence."

Nor can it be said that the above, though taken from a work of fiction, gives a false or even exaggerated description of the relative positions of the rich and poor in Protestant and industrial England. Rather may it be said that it but glances at one of the most hideous evils of our modern system—we mean the "White-Child Slave" system—to which the attention of the British Government has been drawn, and on which a Royal Commission has just published its Report. The horrors of this slave system—the legitimate product of England's industrial system—cannot be exaggerated, cannot even be more than hinted at in the columns of a respectable paper. Suffice it to say that it has been shown that the custom obtains of buying up young children of both sexes, and of tender years to work in gangs. These gangs made up of men, women, and children are under the control of "gang-masters" who undertake jobs of labor for farmers throughout the country which they travel with their gangs of white slaves.—The labor is excessive, often lasting from eight to eleven hours per day—and the physical evils are the very least. We copy from the *Globe*—which as a Protestant paper, cannot be suspected of any design to misrepresent the last results of the much vaunted industrial system of England—some few remarks upon the revelations of the Royal Commission:—

"Children of seven, six, and even five years of age, are consigned to the tender mercies of these men (the gang-masters), the pay being, for the youngest, from three halfpence to three pence per day. The sexes are not separated in these gangs which number from 10 to 12 to 100 and the vice and immorality resulting from the circumstances to which they are exposed, is frightful to contemplate. Women become hardened, coarse, immoral, and devoid of every quality that adorns womankind. Mothers laughingly speculate on the chances of their new-born children living, and, as might be expected, the mortality among infants is horrid. The most degrading and scandalous crimes are common, and pass without remark among these unfortunate wretches, and whiskey and opium are the only luxuries they crave or indulge in."—*Globe*, April 26.

Had an Imperial Commission, appointed to enquire into the state of the *ergasula* of Pagan Rome during the days of Tiberius, published their Report, we doubt if therein we should have found anything more horrible, morally and physically, than we find in the Report of the Royal Commission in the days of Queen Victoria—and in Protestant England with its "open bible." Yet would it be most unjust thence to conclude to some inherent defect in the English character, or to pretend that English parents, who sell their little ones to the hideous slavery of the gang, are destitute of natural affections. God forbid that we should insinuate so foul a calumny! No! they are the victims of their circumstances, of an inexorable necessity pressing upon them, and of the modern industrial system untempered by Christian charity. It is the constant ever increasing pressure upon their means of subsistence, it is the sharp pang of hunger gnawing at their vitals, it is the keen incessant scramble and struggle for existence, that compel English fathers and mothers to sell their own flesh and blood for a morsel of bread, that they may eat and not die. No! the conclusion at which we arrive is this: Not that the parents of England, who sell their children into slavery, are naturally without affection: but that the poverty of the English poor is so crushing, as to compel them to violate all the better instincts of their nature. Have we not all read in Josephus how, in the doomed city of Jerusalem, and under the pressure of the terrible famine, the delicate woman, the high-born Jewish lady, took and roasted her own child?

There is evidently something rotten in the modern industrial system of which Protestantism so vaunts itself, in which it places its superiority to Catholicism, and which entitles it to reproach the latter as "slow," unenterprising, and stationary on the path of civilisation. But, on the other hand, as a set off, it is equally true that, if in Catholic communities there be, as compared with Protestant, less industrial energy, there is more contentment, that if there is less display of wealth, there is also less pauperism, less of that hideous abject misery which prevails in England

to the extent of stifling the affections of the father, and the instincts of the maternal heart.—On the whole we see not, why, even in a maternal point of view, and with reference solely to worldly advantages, the Catholic country should envy the lot of its more active and "go-ahead" Protestant rival.

MONSEIGNEUR PIERRE FLAVIEN TURGEON.

(Translated from the French.)

In the month of February, 1855, on the 21st 22nd, and 23rd of that month, the metropolitan church of Quebec, and that of St. Rochs, presented a truly touching spectacle to the pious. Priests, ecclesiastics, and laics, bathed those sanctuaries with tears, and offered up their prayers and supplications before the Blessed Sacrament, exposed to their veneration. The chief Bishop of the church in Canada, Monseigneur l'Archeveque Pierre Flavien Turgeon, had been struck with mortal illness on the 19th of the same month, whilst assisting at the obsequies of a Sister of Charity in the St. John's Church, and the faithful thronged from all quarters of the city, imploring the Lord to preserve so dear a pastor to his flock. The Almighty listened to supplications so ardently offered, but impenetrable in His designs, withheld from the venerable sufferer his former vigor; permitting him occasionally, it is true, to re-appear and bless his children at the cathedral church of Quebec, but denying him that activity in his service which had characterized a career already sufficiently full. During the last seven years of his existence, his infirmity had made such progress as to confine him to his chamber, and during the night of the 24th and 25th of the present month, God took him to Himself, at the age of almost 80 years.

Few men outlive themselves without being exposed to lose that merited tribute of praise which would have accompanied their obsequies had they disappeared in the plenitude of their greatness, but the memory of Monseigneur Turgeon will surmount this trial. Notwithstanding the species of oblivion to which his long retirement would seem to have relegated him, memories of him revive to-day around the tomb about to close forever. People love to repeat over again the events of his past life, which, truly, were not wanting in éclat: Religion, recognizing the eminent services rendered by him, publishes his eulogium; she goes back to his childhood, studies with interest his life as a seminarist, but admires above all the acts of his long and glorious episcopate. Quebec, already so proud to have furnished to the church in Canada their Lordships the Bishops d'Esqly, Hubert, Panet, and Signay, glorifies itself again in having given birth to Mgr. Turgeon. He was born on the 12th of November, 1787, his parents being M. Louis Turgeon, a respectable merchant of this city, and Dame Louise Dumont. Distinguished by their religion and probity, they were models of virtue for their child, and succeeded in implanting in his breast, from his tenderest years, that conscientious delicacy which never ceased to distinguish him.

It was no doubt, a subject of consolation for these good parents to behold the application of the young Flavien, become a pupil of the lesser Quebec Seminary in 1800. It is not without interest we read the class certificate of this charming little member of the seventh class, destined one day to occupy the highest ecclesiastical dignity of his country. Here are the terms in which his annual bulletin appreciates his merit: "Adolescens rapit, suavis et extra omne supercilium functus est omnibus exercitiis festine et diligenter." In 1804, having attained a place in the third class, he merited that it should be written of him: "quo sapientior in schola nullus existit." Happy the boy who does not betray the hopes his teachers found upon him, and who sees not wither away the laurels gathered in his earlier college years. It was the fortune of the young Flavien to sustain during the whole period of his studies, that reputation which he had conquered for himself, even at the threshold of the Quebec Seminary, of remarkable success joined to the most tender piety. One of those priests who, the most, cherishes his memory, has said to us that he passed even among his fellow pupils for another Louis de Gonzague. Such was his devotion in church, his modesty, and the reserve of his manners, that those about him were struck with the similitude between him and the angelical scholar whom the church, to-day, honors at her altars.

Mgr. Plessis, with that sagacity which enabled him so keenly to appreciate men, had singled out this scholar among his co-disciples; and, on the completion of the young man's rhetorical course, selected him for secretarial employment near his own person, admitting him to minor orders. The young abbe followed his course of philosophy and theology, while he was thus already being initiated, under so great a master, into the details of ecclesiastical administration. Secretly, Mgr. Plessis nursed the hope of leaving, at death, the episcopal throne to M. Turgeon himself. As we learn from the Abbe Ferland, to whose biography of Mgr. Plessis we owe these details, the great bishop sought beforehand to prepare his young protegee for the important post, and by multiplying his relations with him and familiarizing him with his own views, to enable him to maintain the established traditions of the See.

However, Providence disposed matters otherwise; and it was not until 25 years after the death of his venerable friend that he was permitted to ascend to the episcopal seat. It was destined that before his elevation he should render eminent services to the Quebec Seminary.

Ordained priest on the 29th August 1810, he was appointed to a professorship in the Seminary on the 19th October of the year following, and remained attached to that institution during a space of twenty two years; fulfilling by turns the duties of Director of both the greater and lesser Seminaries, Assistant Superior, and Procurator. This latter post he filled during nine years, from 1824 to 1833; and in it earned the gratitude of the Quebec Seminary. Under his skilful administration, truly, began for the Se-

minary an era of prosperity unknown since the disasters of the conquest. Claver in disentangling old accounts; indefatigable in research; firm in the necessity of enforcing contracts, and nevertheless, quite ready to yield when concession became a duty, he succeeded in clearing from the confusion which enshrouded a portion of the balance-sheet of the *Isle Jesus*, and of several other departments. His successors had but to walk in his footsteps and complete the task begun by him, and often they have been filled with astonishment at the vastness of the labor to which he had devoted himself.

But is this the only precious souvenir that Monseigneur Turgeon has left to the Quebec Seminary? There is another of much higher value in our estimation: it is that which an accomplished priest leaves behind him. Whether it be in communicating, during three years, to the pupils of the greater Seminary, the science of theology, and that of ceremonial with which he was so familiar; whether, during three other years, he forms to all the virtues the pupils of the lesser Seminary; or whether he directs the business matters of the institution—whatever post he occupies, you find in him those qualities which distinguish a perfectly sacerdotal life. His name is linked with those of two other priests, contemporary residents at the Seminary, and who reciprocated that esteem which he bore for them, Messrs. Jerome Demers and Antoine Parant. From the lips of the late Messire L. J. Casault we have often heard the eulogium of these three priests, so full of merit in every sense, and who seemed from a certain point of view to complete each other's existence. The one, M. Demers, more serious and grave, brought his judgment to bear with that correctness which had to be admitted; the other, M. Parant, more benevolent, liked above all things to listen to the promptings of his kind heart; while the third, M. Turgeon, gayer and wittier, tempered by his partees whatever might be too austere or too charitable (pardon the expression) in the conversation of his two confreres. The intimacy of these three gentlemen was agreeable in the extreme. Persons of the world left them fascinated with their conversation; as well with the nobleness and the grace of their manners, as with the amiability and condescension of the reception accorded by them.

Chosen for the episcopacy from his youth, as we have seen, M. Turgeon had occasion to hesitate before the responsibility which that dignity imposes. On the death of Mgr. Plessis, in 1825, Mgr. Panet, then 72 years of age, feeling the want of a coadjutor, laid before the Earl of Dalhousie, Governor of Canada, the names of the three priests whom he believed most capable of aiding him and sharing his functions. M. Turgeon's name appeared on the list, between that of the late M. Demers and Mgr. Signay. Up to that time the English government believed itself authorized to exercise the privilege of the French government in the nomination of bishops, viz., to approve beforehand which of the three selected priests should be presented to the Sovereign Pontiff. Messrs. Demers and Turgeon having been informed officially that their names had been presented to the approbation of the government, after deliberation both arrived at the determination to refuse the burthen which it was sought to impose upon them.

In 1833, on the death of Mgr. Panet, Mgr. Signay, obliged in his turn to share the labours of the episcopate, succeeded in overcoming the repugnance of M. Turgeon, and in making him accept the burthen which he had refused eight years previously. Mgr. Turgeon was consecrated on the 11th June, 1834, amid the general joy of the Canadian clergy and people, with the title of Bishop of Selyme, *in partibus infidelium*, Mgr. Signay himself acting as Bishop Consecrator, assisted by Monseigneurs Lartigue and Gaultin. The sermon of the occasion was preached by the Very Rev. M. Gadeux, V. G. and Cure of Three Rivers, who in terminating addressed the following words to the new dignitary: "I must say that your qualities as pupil, as disciple, as companion, and as friend of an illustrious prelate, whose memory shall ever be dear to this diocese, Mgr. J. O. Plessis, your journey with him to Rome, the seat of the Catholic Church, your visit to the tombs of the martyrs, are for us a guarantee of your apostolic zeal, and that before our choice was made, heaven had selected you!"

And these predictions were not disappointed. Scarcely had he been chosen and consecrated, than he seconded with all his energy the plans of his venerable Archbishop, Mgr. Signay. To him must be attributed a large share of the works which signalized the reign of that prelate: the establishment in 1837 of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith; the foundation in 1838 of the mission in Colombia; the establishment in 1841 of ecclesiastical Retreats; the construction in 1844 of the Archiepiscopal Palace; and the foundation, in the same year, of the ecclesiastical province of Quebec.

The ardour of his zeal was doubled when, on the 10th November, 1849, he found himself charged with the full administration of the diocese, and when, at the death of Monseigneur Signay, he solemnly took possession of the episcopal seat on the 8th October, 1850.

"To protect from the fury of the wolves the fold confided to him, and to supply it with salutary food, such," according to the words recently addressed by Pius IX to Mgr. de Tioa, "such are the results to which a bishop's efforts should tend." It is not difficult to convince one's self of the importance which Mgr. l'Archeveque Turgeon attached to this double duty.

Education, such is one of the means of giving to the faithful salutary food. Here we see Mgr. Turgeon protecting education in all its branches, from the humble country school to the Laval University.

A few years after he became bishop, during a vacation, he was travelling towards that sojourn which he so much loved, that of St. Joachim and Petit Cap. Passing through one of the neighbouring parishes, before a schoolhouse, he perceived the whole troop of children rushing out with haste, gleeful, no doubt, to find their labors finished. The good mistress appeared on the