

The True Witness AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

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MONTREAL, FRIDAY, October 13, 1876

ECCLESIASTICAL CALENDAR.

Friday, 13—St. Edward, King of England, Confessor. Saturday, 14—St. Callistus, Pope and Martyr. Sunday, 15—NINETEENTH SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST. Purity of the Blessed Virgin Mary. Monday, 16—St. Theresa, Virgin, (Oct. 15). Tuesday, 17—St. Hedwig, Widow. Wednesday, 18—St. Luke, Evangelist. Thursday, 19—St. Peter of Alcantara, Confessor.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

A despatch from Ragusa, to Reuter's Telegram Co., says on Saturday night, the Montenegrins having received reinforcement of 2,500 men attacked Moutkar Pacha, and compelled him to retreat to the frontier. It is stated that 850 Turks were killed, while the Montenegrins lost in killed and wounded was but 115. The opposing forces are now confronting each other on a line extending eight miles.

A despatch to the Times from Belgrade says the Bosnian chiefs have held a meeting and rejected the autonomy scheme as totally inadequate to meet the merits of the case.

Russia still continues making every necessary preparation for war, including arrangements for moving the Russian colony from Constantinople to Odessa in case of hostilities.

The peace and war parties in Serbia are struggling hard for ascendancy. The peace party under Ristic is thought to have a little the best of it at present.

Cossacks and Russians arrive in Serbia by hundreds daily.

A special from Madrid to the Standard reports that Gen. Martinez Campos is in Barcelona completing his arrangements for going to Havana; he will sail about the middle of the month with a squadron of five men-of-war and several transports with troops, and his acceptance of the command has been telegraphed to Captain-General Jovellar, who is expected to return to Spain about the end of October.

At a meeting in St. James' Hall, London, Monday, on the Eastern question, a letter was read from Mr. Gladstone severely censuring the Government for persevering in a policy which had been so condemned by the country and was not supported by Parliament.

On Monday morning the telegrams announced the death of Lord Lisgar who was Governor-General of Canada from November 1868 until May 1872. He was born in August 1807. He was the son of Sir William Young, the first Baronet. He was educated at Eton and Corpus Christi College, Oxford, graduated in 1829, being called to the Bar in 1834. He was M. A. for Cavan from 1831 to 1855. He was Lord of the Treasury from 1841 to 1844, Secretary to the Treasury from 1844 to 1846. He occupied the position of chief secretary to the Lord-Lieut. of Ireland from December 1852 to March 1855; lord high commissioner of the Ionian Islands from March 1855 to February 1859; and, according to usage, was made a G. C. M. G. on receiving that appointment; and created K. C. B. (Civil) on retiring from the office. He was Governor of New South Wales from 1860 to 1867; appointed Governor of the Dominion of Canada November 1868; and was created a peer for his long official services 1870.

The Bazaar of the religious ladies of the Sacred Heart Hospital, Quebec, just brought to a close, realized \$1,400.

A list of twenty-one Ecclesiastical changes in the Catholic diocese of St. Germain, Rimouski, is published.

Last week's Official Gazette contains the following: Hon. David Laird, a member of the Queen's Council for Canada to be the Lieut-Governor in and over the North West Territories.

His Excellency the Governor General arrived in Toronto on Saturday evening, on his return from British Columbia, accompanied by Her Excellency Lady Dufferin.

LITERARY CHIT-CHAT.

Who was Strauss?

In the year 1834—just 42 years ago—a work of considerable learning and ingenuity, composed in a tone of dogmatic assurance and unsurpassed coolness, concentrating in one focus all the blasphemous sophisms of all preceding Rationalists, appeared in Germany. That work claimed to be a Life of Christ; its author was Dr. Strauss, Professor of Theology at the Protestant University of Tubingen. Strauss was the logical terminus of Private Judgment in the direction of Deism, as the Swabian pietists were its logical terminus in the direction of emotional piety. As it may serve to give us an idea of the two great extremes of Protestantism, as exemplified in our own Unitarianism and Methodism, it is well to glance at the same time at these two termini.—Just eleven years before Strauss astonished the Christian world with the cold rationalism of his Life of Christ, Margaret Peter, the daughter of a Zurich peasant, horrified the world by a fanaticism unparalleled since the seventeenth century. This Margaret Peter had by her intercourse with the Herinuthers become possessed with the idea that she was exclusively charged with the spiritual salvation of the world. As Strauss annihilated

Christ by making Him only an ideal personage, Margaret Peter annihilated Him by making herself another Saviour. Her tone of spiritual authority led the pious people of the canton to revere her as a saint, and though she even fell into that crime which, in a woman, is the most disgraceful and least saint-like, she still never lost faith in her mission to save. Carried away by that emotionalism which is the logical conclusion of the Methodist phase of Private Judgment and Protestantism, she caused her spiritual sisters to be slain, and pretending to have received a divine command to sacrifice Christ anew in her own person, she let herself, with wonderful constancy, be crucified in order to redeem many thousand souls. Margaret's Protestantism was emotional; Strauss' was rationalistic; both sprang from the same source—Private Judgment.

Strauss' theory is curious. Although he does not absolutely deny that our Saviour ever existed, still in the exercise of his Private Judgment he arrives at the next door conclusion, that the Christ of the New Testament—(His life, ministry, and miracles)—is purely fictitious, a myth, or parable, invented out of the Jewish mind to typify its ideal Messias. In support of this curious theory he invents another if possible more curious still. The Gospels we now possess, he asserts, were not composed before the close of the second century.

Strauss must have been very blind not to see the sad havoc this precious bantling of his plays with all Christian and Pagan history. To accept his theory, one must accept seven others equally startling, and quite as impossible.

His theory presupposes—1st, that the writings of all the Apostolic Fathers, the contemporaries or immediate successors of the Apostles, which contain such evident and numerous quotations from the Gospels and other portions of the New Testament, were forgeries of the third century; 2nd, that the writings of St. Justin Martyr, Irenaeus, &c., which are still more abundant in such quotations, were also forgeries of the same or a later period; 3rd, that the writings of heretics of the first half of the second century, as found in the pages of the early Fathers, and which furnish such ample testimony of the authenticity and genuineness of the Four Gospels, and other portions of the New Testament, are also fabrications of the same period; 4th, that the work written against the Christian religion by the pagan philosopher Celsus, about the year 176, and which admits the miracles of our Divine Lord as matters of incontestable notoriety, and which refers to events contained in the Scriptures with such distinctness as to leave no doubt of their identity with the Gospels we now possess—that this work, composed by an acute but malignant enemy of Christianity, was a Christian forgery of a later date; 5th, that the Jewish Mishna, compiled in the second century, and which, while explaining away, still admits the reality of Christ's miracles, is not a Jewish production at all, but a Christian fabrication of the most subtle kind; 6th, that not only was the whole Christian world of the second century imposed upon by these spurious gospels, but absolutely believed them to have been in universal circulation for 150 years; 7th, that the Christian Church not only actually antedated her existence 150 years, but absolutely succeeded in hoodwinking her own members, the heretics who came out of her, the Jews and Gentiles, as to her true age.

Verily, Dr. Strauss' untenable theory rests on seven others equally as impossible as itself.

"Then he goeth and taketh with him seven other spirits more wicked than himself, and entering in they dwell there. And the last state of that man becomes (seven times) worse than the first."—(Luke XI., 26.)

GOLDEN WEDDING.

An imposing ceremony took place at the Church of Notre Dame, on Wednesday last week, 4th inst., the occasion being the 50th anniversary of the ordination to the priesthood of the Rev. Mr. Baile. The solemnization of this "golden wedding" commenced the day before, when the children of the Christian Brother's schools, to the number of 5,000, assembled in the Seminary garden, where addresses were delivered in French and in English; after which the children sang a cantata, and presented Father Baile with a magnificent bouquet, in token of gratitude for the generous support extended to the schools of the Christian Brothers by the Seminary. It may not be known that this support takes the form of an annual gift of \$12,000 which goes to pay the teachers, &c. On Wednesday High Mass was celebrated by the Venerable Mr. Baile, with Rev. M. Poulin as deacon, and Rev. M. Plamondon as sub-deacon. The Right Reverend Bishop, Mgr. Fabre, presiding on the throne, and a large number of the dignitaries of the Church and of the clergy assisting, among whom were Archbishop Lynch, of Toronto, and Archbishop Williams, of Boston; the letter was formerly a pupil of Father Baile; Bishop de Goesbriand, of Burlington, Vt.; Bishop McNeirney, Administrator of Albany A. D. M.; Bishop Duhamel, of Ottawa; Bishop Crinnan, of Hamilton, and Bishop Healy, of Portland, Me. There were also in attendance: Monsignor Raymond, of Ste. Therese prelat domestique, Monsignor Vinet, of Montreal, Grand Vicar Moreau, and Canons Plamondon and Dufresne. There was a very large congregation, among those present being many of our leading citizens and public men. There were present among others, His Worship the Mayor, and several Aldermen, Judges Monk and Mondelet, Hon. J. A. Chapleau, Sheriff Lablanc, Dr. Schmidt, Hon. Mr. Lemaire, Mr. Rouer Roy, Q. C., Mr. Edward Murphy, Judge Berthelet, &c. &c. The church was almost without decoration. The freshness of its new ornamentation requiring nothing to be set off. Indeed, the only attempt at anything like embellishment was that the rude scaffolding which had been put up in the Sanctuary, to enable the painters to complete their work, was festooned with evergreens, flags, and emblems. Two prominent mottoes attracted notice which read "Corona dignitatis sanctus" and "elegit cum ad sacrificandum sibi". The sermon was preached by Rev. Mr. Collin, director of La Grand Seminaire, one of the most eloquent priests in Canada, who took as his text: "A jubilee shall the fiftieth year be unto you." 25th Leviticus, verse 11.

He commenced by an allusion to the long services to God, and the country which had been rendered by Mr. Baile, who had been one of those who had aided in building up the character and intellect of many of the people of Montreal, and of the Province. The amount of good he had done was inestimable, and had cost him almost endless sacrifices. The priesthood he said, was the most honorable and dignified of all offices, the intermediary between God and the people, and was a sacerdos in eternitate. He dwelt upon the continuity of priests after the Order of Melchisedec in which Mr. Baile has taken part, and exhorted his hearers to follow in his footsteps. It was fitting that the fiftieth anniversary of that venerable gentleman's career as a priest should be celebrated as a jubilee, and he expressed his gratitude at seeing so many priests and Bishops present. He concluded by calling upon his auditors to follow in the steps of the esteemed Superior of the Seminary.

The Benediction having been pronounced by Monsignor Fabre, the congregation dispersed. Over 500 voices took part in the singing of the Mass, which was very fine. After the service a grand banquet took place in the Cabinet de Lecture, at which upwards of two hundred and fifty persons were present.

CELEBRATION AT VILLA MARIA.

On Tuesday Sept. 27th we had the pleasure of assisting at a grand entertainment given on the occasion of the Golden Wedding of the Very Reverend Mr. Baile, Superior of the Seminary of St. Sulpice.

Villa Maria Convent under the Ladies of the Congregation of Notre Dame, inaugurated the first of the series of feasts held in honor of the fiftieth anniversary of the long and useful career of that distinguished and venerable priest.

About 4 o'clock p.m., the Very Reverend Mr. Baile accompanied by Fathers Dowd, Lenoir, Marichal and other distinguished clergymen, arrived at the "Villa." The scene then began, nothing was spared to give this magnificent feast the solemnity of a Sacred Jubilee. The Grand Hall was brilliantly illuminated, the walls were tastefully decorated with beautiful garlands of flowers and emblematic devices, inscriptions were hung around indicative of the occasion, and what added to the beauty of the scene was the simple and graceful demeanor of the charming young girls, numbering nearly 200, who were arranged in a very effective and pleasing manner as an amphitheatre around the hall. After the overture piece, performed on pianos and harps, a large choir of cultivated voices in joyful strains invited all present to unite in the celebration of the "Golden Wedding" of their venerable and Reverend guest. In a dialogue, appropriate to the occasion, delicate allusion was made to the many eminent virtues and great learning of this distinguished Divine, to whom this country is so largely indebted for so many celebrated and illustrious men in Church and State.

France, his native country, was personated by Miss Le Blanc, Canada by Miss Loranger, Villa Maria by Miss Trudel, the United States, Miss Royal, each of these young ladies, in the name of the countries they represented, gave expression to their gratitude by enumerating the many benefits received under his able direction, and referring to the many holy Bishops and zealous priests, now the glory of religion and the consolation of the faithful, who were trained under his able guidance. At the close of these discourses, they laid rich garlands at the Reverend gentleman's feet. Ireland then paid her tribute of homage in eloquent poetry, other young ladies represented the "Angel of the Congregation of Notre Dame," "Happiness," "Peace," "Charity," &c., &c. We remarked with great pleasure at the scene the great purity of accent, in both languages of the pupils combined with the artless simplicity which characterizes the solid and brilliant education imparted by the ladies of Villa Maria.

The music was of the highest order and great artistic talent, both vocal and instrumental was displayed, reflecting the highest credit on the musical directress of the institution.

The Reverend Mr. Baile then addressed a few feeling remarks to the ladies of the Villa, thanking them for the entertainment. The scene was brought to a close by a grand thanksgiving hymn in honor of the happy and eventful occasion.

"NO IRISH NEED APPLY."

Every one remembers this simple ballad, which was so popular some years ago, and every one has smiled at the naive astonishment of the willing but unfortunate seeker for a place when to use her own words—

"'Twill be long before I get one, Though indeed it's hard to try, For I read in each advertisement 'No Irish need Apply.'"

This was no hyperbolic complaint, as any one glancing over the London Times of 1868, and later, will meet with many such strange notices. This does not, however, call for any astonishment, as an advertisement of such a nature, in the columns of the Times, was, if we may use the expression, "The right man in the right place." The Times has always been both able, willing and ready to throw the first stone at anything Irish or Catholic. But when one sees such an appeal as this, "Want'd a thoroughly competent housemaid, Only English need Apply," staring at one from the columns of the "London Universe," one may well ask, "Why is this thus?" Why be so exclusive. It is out of our line to descant on the individual abilities of the English, Scotch or Irish housemaids, nor do we intend to comment on this advertisement in particular. "An Irishman" writes a very able letter to the Universe, and expatiates on what he justly terms "insidious deception, the characteristic of English Catholics." Want of space forbids us reproducing his letter in full, but we quote the following: "Only English need Apply" reminds one of the writing on the gates of Bandon, Turks, Jews, heathens are welcome, but "No Irish need Apply." Do what they will clothe their language, in what garb they please, there remains lurking

in some corner of their nature a dislike of everything Irish, etc., etc. And it is to this unjust ill feeling we take exception "No Irish need apply" was not the cry of the French soldiery at Fontenoy. We might mention many other instances of the welcome given to Irishmen in every age, but Fontenoy of itself is immortal. And yet we are looked on with scorn, to use the words of the late talented Father Murphy in his eloquent lecture on the Irish Race "we are very much lower than the angels, the angels being of course, the English and somewhat lower than a nation too matter of fact to be angelic, the astute people north of the Tweed." And why? Not surely that the Irish have sought to be ashamed of. They are true to their religion, true to the faith implanted centuries ago by St. Patrick when both Scotland and England, adored their rural divinities under the guidance of their druids. Perhaps had they been less faithful, their earthly prospects would brighten, but happily for dear old Erin, she was discriminating enough, despite the centuries of bondage and ignorance, to choose between adherence to the faith of her Fathers, and the new reformed (?) faith of Henry 8th of matrimonial memory. It is this hatred to the religion of the Irish which calls forth, objections from our English neighbors. Added to the hatred of the creed is the almost more astonishing hatred of the race. With all the policy they, at times, assume, the real state of their feelings shows forth now and then, and always the same old, incomprehensible antipathy to the Irish is visible—Witness for a proof of this—the advertisement "Only English need apply"—which we gleaned from an English Catholic paper—The Universe. Why do they scorn us? Is it on account of our ignorance, Ignorance! When Ireland ranks among her children, men like O'Beirne, Young, Kirwan, as Theologians, Curran, Shiel, Grattan, Emmet, O'Connell, McGee, as Orators—Goldsmith, Sheridan, Macklin, Burke, Edgeworth, Lady Morgan, Tighe, and Tom Moore, as poets and Authors—Barry the painter and hosts of others. No, not ignorance. The Irish can not be accused of this—or if they are—it is falsely, unjustly. On the roll of fame, there are Irish names as great as bright, as, and as numerous as those of any other country. And again, had England been steeped in the ignorance of centuries like Ireland has been, her name great, as it is to-day, would be blotted off the face of the Earth. Had there been a law, in proud Albion, making it a crime to attend any school, save those whose first teachings made the scholar despise the religion of the Catholics, education there would have died out centuries ago—or the inhabitants would have "bartered God for Gold," and sacrificed their religion to their personal comfort—Not so in Erin, in every village, the saggarth was to be seen, in some hidden spot, a barn, a cabin, oft times a cave, dispensing to the children of his parish the inestimable blessings of education, while a watch boy stood at the entrance to give the alarm should he see the spy. Under circumstances such as these, our only wonder is that Ireland has produced the bright stars we have mentioned—stars that would shine in any firmament with as powerful a refulgence as they do in their own native sky. It seems almost unworthy of us to take notice of such trifles as the scrap which has called forth this article. We only allude to it to show the feelings entertained towards Hibernia by her Sister England. And yet, they, the English, hold up their hands in holy horror that the "ungrateful Irish" do not accept the terms of the Union (save the mark) with every expression of joy and gratitude—That they are always asking for Home Rule or Emancipation. Yes, with such well disposed masters, fit successors of Clare and Castlereagh, it is indeed strange that they long for the rights, of which they were so shamefully robbed.

HARD TIMES!

Some time ago we ventured on a word of advice and admonition respecting the Winter prospects for the poor and unemployed. Let us in brief examine the outlook for the Business Community. After a long stretch of financial dullness extending not only over months but years it really seems, by accounts from the States, though here the darkness still enshrouds, as if a bit of blue sky were beginning to be perceptible. For many a month a thick black pall has been spread over everything relating to business. The rich and the poor and the middle class alike have grumbled until it appeared as though all hope had died out of the land and nothing was left to mortals but to sit down in grim unending despair. Numerous souls who do not know, and who do not profess to know the solution of intricate financial problems have looked in vain to political leaders for some consolation in the crisis, but none has been vouchsafed. The truth is that few men are more ignorant about the remedies to be applied to financial crisis than mere politicians. What with chicanery, ignorance, prejudice and gross self-interest some of the worst advisers of the hour are the men who figure prominently in political caucuses.

In this state of things when financial depression continues for a long time the people begin to place faith in the gradual drift of human destiny and the national bent of national events. They believe that as the grand course of nature is uniform, history will be so too, and that a great financial depression instead of lasting permanently will presently disappear under the returning mantle of prosperity. In other words, we have been suffering from a sort of low nervous financial fever which like every other disease has a certain term to live before the bad symptoms disappear and health reasserts itself. Just now the outlook is beginning to be brighter. There is a more hopeful tone among business men. They look with brighter eyes towards the future notwithstanding the near presence of some untoward collapse, and speak with greater confidence because of the ground thus cleared. In all the principal marts there is a less doleful prediction of hard times still to come and a more readily expressed conviction that the worst has passed. It is easy to detect a growing tendency to prophesy good and to look forward with faith to the month just opening on us and the months that are to follow. This feeling even if it were illusory would be a valuable indication of a healthful social temperament.

But we do not think that it is illusory. We are not claiming that times have not been disastrous; that poor people have not suffered, and that much suffering is not still in store for them; that those in middle life have not been obliged to forego many luxuries which had become necessities to them, or the tradesmen who had expected to be able to breast the storm have not been swept into at least temporary ruin. But we believe on the re-actionary force of the strong nervous temperament of our Continental society—American as well as Canadian— which depressed for a little while will finally assert itself with a springiness and resiliency all its own. Instead of listening exclusively to the dismal predictions of octogenarians who have lost their reasoning powers with their youth, and their hope with their activity, we prefer to trust the present indications of business that are bristling all around. Rather than lend too willing an ear to dyspeptic grumblers who see nothing for the country but financial ruin we turn to the young and middle-aged men of business—the true grit of the country who frankly acknowledge that they are beginning to see their way to commercial sunshine.

But the "hard times" will remain for the unemployed working men nevertheless; hardly any revival of trade and commerce can appreciatively dissipate the sad outlook of the coming Winter for the homeless and foodless poor; and while we rejoice in any prospect mitigatory of the disaster which threatened our commercial integrity, we should in our thankfulness be all the more ready to lend a hand in timely provision for the poor and the security of society. Come, who makes a beginning? Municipal authority has the first duty in the initiative: and then let local wealth and charity follow—but let the beginning be made!

IRON-CLAD UMBRELLAS.

It is proverbial that Yankees can see further ahead than the rest of mankind; but really if the report of Professor (aerial) Wells "the great American aeronaut's" lecture be correct, the Professor can see very much further ahead than his fellows. In fact he out-Yankees Yankeeedom. It was to be expected that a man taking his point of sight from the elevated region of a balloon would be able to take in a far larger field of view, than his less elevated neighbours, but the Professor's vision, if it be not a vision, is certainly the most extraordinary on record. The Professor has been lecturing at Lahore in India, and has astonished the natives and shocked the sensibilities of India's English rulers by visions of Russian balloons bristling with Russian warriors to the tune of 100,000 gliding noiselessly and unjarringly over the mountains of Northern India, and landing safely on the fertile plains of that most unfortunately ruled of countries. Verily! King Stork will be worse than King Leg, if the vision of Professor (aerial) Wells prove no vision. England's Indian Empire is evidently in jeopardy, and and tide permitting, Professor Wells speaking of the improvements made in balloons of late years says: "These improvements are of such a nature that balloons may now be employed for the transport of large bodies of troops with armaments," &c., and he goes on to say, "that from personal examination made in 1874 of the war balloons under construction by the Russians of St. Petersburg, he is impressed with the belief (verily his faith is strong though his brain be weak) that the time is not far distant, when Russia will be able to (and will more than probably do so) descend on British India over the mountains in balloons with 100,000 warriors," &c. This is a matter for the English Government's most earnest and prayerful consideration; and certainly it must form a subject of no small congratulation to Her Majesty's British subjects, that who so strenuously objected to the title of Empress of India, seeing that through this "more than probable" aeronautical expedition, that exalted title would so soon have been knocked into a cocked hat, nor are we in Canada without our own particular subject for congratulation. The purchase of Alaska by our Yankee neighbours (albeit they were out-Yankee in the purchase) has been the salvation of our infant Dominion. Even balloons will require "refreshments" as long as their freights are human, or at least until Professor Darwin's "survival of the fittest" and "natural selection" have invented Russian soldiers without stomachs. Without Alaska as a Russian victualing depot Canada is safe. Of course it will suggest itself to the intelligent mind, that this dark cloud of Russian balloons and iron clad warriors is not without a silver lining. There is hope yet for India. Silk balloons are highly pervious to rifle balls. Hit one balloon and down comes a detachment of Russians. No doubt the balloons can be made in air tight compartments so that a rifle bullet through one compartment will only cripple the monster not destroy; and will only necessitate the throwing over board of a few Russians more or less as ballast, and the huge machine like a moor cock shot in the leg with the loss of a few feathers will sail on as blithely as ever. Be this as it may, a shower of 100,000 Russian soldiers is a serious affair by the side of which hail stones the size of paving stones, is nothing. No doubt "the great American aeronaut" will forthwith set up a manufactory of iron clad umbrellas, as sure to be a remunerative speculation. We wish him all success.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the True Witness. Sir,—On reading over your article "Protection Wanted" in your issue of last Friday, don't you think but you have gone a little too far in your clerical denunciation? For my part I think and indeed I am sure you have. A few more such articles would I assure you leave you without many subscribers in this district, your humble servant amongst the number. Your writings as the mouth-piece of the Irish Catholics of Canada, while branding Irish Catholic priests as clerical swindling adventurers, is, to say the least of it, a piece of most unwarrantable affront. However it appears that to insult Irish Catholic priests is becoming fashionable at the present day. Even the amiable noble-hearted Father Tom, Burke, could not escape the slime of an ignorant jealousy, on the part of writers in some distant Catholic newspapers. But Irish priests have passed unscathed through more trying ordeals—