

The True Witness

AND
CATHOLIC CHRONICLE,
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MONTREAL, FRIDAY, Feb. 25, 1876.

ECCLESIASTICAL CALENDAR.

FEBRUARY, 1876.

Friday, 25—St. MATTHIAS, APOSTLE.
Saturday, 26—Office of the Immaculate Conception.
Sunday, 27—QUINQUAGESIMA SUNDAY.
Monday, 28—Of the Feria.
Tuesday, 29—Of the Feria.

MARCH, 1876.

Wednesday, 1—ASH WEDNESDAY; beginning of Lent.
Thursday, 2—Of the Feria.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Whilst Italy is proving itself each day more and more unworthy of the position assigned to it by the Christian ages, from all other parts of the world deputations and addresses are flocking in to the Supreme Pontiff, testifying to the reverence and fidelity felt for him and for his see by all, except by the traitors of his own race and his own States. Even Russia appears to advantage, when her conduct towards the Holy Father is placed side by side with Italian falsehood. Pius IX. has once more borne witness to the steadfastness of the Irish people to the Church of God and to their undying fidelity to the see of Peter. This is the chief glory of the Emerald Isle, and one that her most deadly enemy has labored in vain for centuries to take from her. "For God and fatherland" has a truer and a nobler ring about it than the modern sycophantic scream of "an Englishman in the first place." We may be certain, at all events, of this—that the former will outlive the latter, and will be heard among Christian nations long after Lord Macaulay's New Zealander shall have finished his clever sketches of the ruins of London. To settle the whole question of a successor to Pius IX., how he shall be elected and where, who he shall be, and who shall be his rulers, has been thought a not unbecoming subject for discussion in one of the London daily papers. It seemed so natural to these men at the commencement of another year to reckon up the chances, and to take the "long odds" for or against (as the case may be) certain eventualities. Its course is altogether a matter beyond the possible reach of their thoughts. The Catholics of Brazil have forwarded to the Holy Father a most fervent address full of loyal sentiments.

The law regulating the administration of the Church property is supposed to be now in full operation throughout the Prussian dominions. This law reserves to the Bishop of each diocese the supervision and control of the proceedings of the several Church boards within his ecclesiastical jurisdiction. But how about the three Dioceses of Gnesen-Posen, Paderborn, Breslau, the prelates of which have been "deposed"? Who is to be presumed to be legally invested with the right of diocesan control in these cases? The law itself seems to have foreseen eventualities, assigning in the case of vacant dioceses some portions of the general control to the Minister for Ecclesiastical Affairs, others to the Governor-General (*Oberpräsident*) of the province. And it further defined a vacant diocese to be one which had lost its Bishop through death, resignation, or legal sentence, and in which there was no Vicar-Capitular, or a new Bishop had not been appointed within the legally fixed limit of time, viz., one year from the vacancy of the see. This latter provision brings the Diocese of Fulda within the net. The late Bishop of Fulda died in August, 1873. A Vicar-Capitular, Herr Laberenz, was canonically chosen, and is since dead. His successor, as Vicar-Capitular, is the present administrator of the diocese, Dr. Hahne. The provisions applicable to ordinarily vacant sees would not apply to this case. But a clause enacts "if a vacant episcopal see has not been within a year from the vacancy provided with a Bishop recognised by the State, the clauses referring to the appointment of a Commissary for the administration of the temporalities, as well as to the sequestration of the same, shall be applied." Under this clause a Commissary, Herr Cornelius, has assumed the temporalities of the See of Fulda. Dr. Hahne is not only permitted to exercise the ordinary functions of a Vicar-Capitular—*gratis*, however, without any compensation out of the sequestered revenues—but, further he is called to account severely, under the May laws, for any omissions of legal duties, for the performance of which he is not paid. In this way there are Royal Commissaries, administering the temporalities in each of the divisions of the united dioceses Gnesen-Posen, in Paderborn, Fulda, and Breslau. The Commissaries for Posen, Fulda, and Paderborn have all claimed the right of *ex-officio* exercising the episcopal control over the respective diocesan Church boards. The Commissary for Breslau, Herr Schuckmann, is keeping quiet, and has not advanced the slightest pretension to any such right of control. The Paderborn administrator, Herr Himly, seems to have given rise to a feeling of more than passive resistance among the Westphalians. He has been more active than he need be in carrying out his odious task. So his attempt to usurp the episcopal control over the administration of the parochial property throughout the diocese of Paderborn has aroused the most active opposition.

Senor Canovas Del Castillo read in the Cortes on Saturday a despatch announcing that Estella, the Carlist stronghold, had surrendered unconditionally and that the Carlists, routed at Penaplatas, and Vers

were fleeing to France. Despatches also state that King Alfonso has arrived at Vergara. Don Carlos has dismissed his Ministers, and confided the direction of his affairs to the military authorities. Advice from Hondaye state that reports of alleged Carlist victories lack confirmation. The Carlists claim a victory in repulsing the Alfonsoist attack on Estella and Santa Barbara along the whole line; inflicting great losses and taking 1,008 prisoners. It is asserted that the Carlists have recaptured Sarauz and the coast. It is officially reported that at the capture of Fort Mont Jurra, near Estelle, on Friday, the Carlist leader, Gen. Calderan, was taken prisoner. The Carlist loss is heavy. The Alfonsoists lost 300 men. The *Times* publishes a private letter from a Carlist General who fought in the recent engagement at Elguita, in which he says:—"The battle lasted all day. We lost our position which was an important one, being the key to the country leading to Azepeitia. The Alfonsoists numbered eight or nine times our forces, but we would have defeated them nevertheless, if our ammunition had not become exhausted. For hours some men had no cartridges. I cannot say where we shall be able to establish our lines. My own opinion is that the enemy will reach Azepeitia, and perhaps we shall have a struggle to keep him out of Tolosa. King Carlos went to Tolosa last night." The letter is dated the 14th.

The elections in France of members of the Chamber of Deputies, have resulted in favor of the Gambetta party.

In the British House of Commons Mr. Disraeli moved a Bill enabling the Queen to take the style and title of "Empress of India." The *Morning Standard* says that telegraphic instructions have been sent to Wade, British Minister to China, to support Germany's claim against China, for plundering the German schooner *Anna of Foo Chow* last September. A portion of the detached squadron has been ordered to China for the purpose of strengthening Mr. Wade's hands, but there is no reason to believe that any cause for a hostile demonstration will arise.

A committee from the Workingmen's Independent Labor party waited last Friday upon Peter Cooper, the venerable philanthropist, and tendered him their nomination and support for Presidency of the United States at the coming election, but he declined, on the ground of being too feeble and old to fulfil the duties of office.

The Canadian display at the Centennial Exhibition promises to be creditable to the Dominion. Every foot of the space allotted to us will be occupied.

THE DISPERSION OF THE IRISH RACE.

Scattering is a principle of nature. The flower grows for a while and refreshes the eye with its beauty and the breeze with its perfumes; then the rich bulb bends with golden seed; the grateful breeze carries them to other gardens; they are scattered through the land, and another year finds a thousand for the one that charmed nature's field.

Thus the Irish race has grown to a flower of great moral worth; rich in the odours of the virtues most pleasing to heaven—purity and patient suffering. A beneficent Providence bade the storm to waft the seed to other lands, and behold in the Irish race to-day, the prolific increase of a favorite stem.

The details of the dispersion of the Irish are the most harrowing in the annals of human misery.—Before the exodus of '48 and succeeding years, not only were all hopes of redress blighted in the failure of the promises of O'Connell, but Heaven, all-wise in its designs, rained down a disastrous and decimating famine. Whilst the felon's cells of English prisons were filled with political prisoners whose greatest crime was to shout "Hurrah for Ireland," the ditches and the roadsides were the death-beds of the evicted tenants of some tyrant English landlord. Oh! God! We remember with a thrill the scenes of the famine of '47; we remember bringing bread at the injunction of a pious father, to the poor man's cabin; the cold winter blast howled through the dismantled roof; the smouldering embers of a turf fire were dying on the hearth; the children were naked and lying on straw, and the old man whose hair was whitened with the snows of many winters, had no curse for the authors of his misery—no blasphemy for the author of his being, but from his chattering lips murmured the sweet prayer of thanksgiving and resignation. His wife and the mother of his little ones, had long since sunk in her sorrows and slept in peace under the green grass of the graveyard, and his son already shattered by want in his manly constitution, lay in a horse-rug in the fore-castle of some squalid emigrant ship, whose sails were the plumes of a hearse that bore thousands of our countrymen to a watery grave.

The survivors plunged into the trackless wilds of the new world, and cities now stand where the log shanty of the exile was the only habitation, and a busy and wealthy people revel in mansions of comfort where once the axe that hewed a way through the forest kept time with the ballads of old Ireland. The success that followed the change of climate, makes the Irish almost forget the sorrows that drove them from their native hearth. There was a destiny in the change: not in favor of one nation or continent, but for almost every land under the sun.

Nothing has struck us more in our rambles, than the ubiquity of the Irish race. We have seen them ruling the destinies of nations in the cabinets of Europe; digging with strong arm the wealth of the West, and sweeping the wide waste of waters in the floating homes of the deep, to the uncivilized islands of our antipodes. Driven by destiny, or attracted by wealth, they are found wherever the sun shines or the breezes blow. But the facility with which they accustom themselves to the habits and manners of other nations seems more remarkable than their proverbial ubiquity.

They are digging gold in Australia; doing police duty in Siberia; preaching in Patagonia; whale fishing at the Crosettes; leading the armies of Don Carlos in Spain, and struggling with the Brigands on the Apennines. We have seen them in the liveries of Buckingham palace; and the Vatican; in the turban of the Mussulman; in the

que of the Chinese, and in matrimony with the savage girl of the wild tribes of South Africa.

Once, when on missionary duty in this latter place, we were caught in a thunder storm late at night, in an off-shoot of the wild and rugged range of the Katerberg mountains, about six hundred miles from the Western Coast. The rain was terrible, and the darkness made more palpable by the vivid lightning that now and then, enveloped us in the momentary glance of day-light, and pointed out the dangerous road that skirted the precipice.—When the storm ceased, we saw a welcome gleam of light seeming to proceed from a house further up the mountain. This surprised us as we knew there was no house within a hundred miles. Wet and wearied we pushed on the falling horses. The light came from a temporary hut attached to the rocks. We rapped, and after a few minute's delay, a rough voice with unmistakable accent asked from within:

"Musha, then, who is that that wants to disturb decent people at this hour of the night?"

A few explanations were sufficient. He was one Denis Murphy, from Cork, and had charge of some negroes who were repairing the mountain pass.—Welcome and fortunate was the little hospitality he was able to give.

The following anecdote is, however, more characteristic of the noble and generous Irish heart: One morning after celebrating Mass in a small town on the confines of the civilized districts, a handsome young Irishman came towards me and said he wished to get married. We asked where was the bride, and he told us she was outside, but ashamed to come in. We followed him out of the village and for some distance into the bush.—We came to a young colored girl sitting on the ground, and covered over with a sheepskin kaross which she drew close around her, seeing us approach. Believing the young man was playing a hoax, we commenced to reprove him, but he drew his hands over his eyes to hide some emotion, and leading us aside told us the following touching story:—

He had been travelling amongst the tribes and exchanging beads, trinkets, etc., for ivory and skins. He fell sick with fever in the bush, his servants abandoned him, and unable to move, he saw death staring him in the face. A whole day and night he lay in the bushes under the canopy of heaven, no friendly ear to respond to his groans, not knowing whether disease, the jaws of the lion, or starvation, would first bring death. On the morning of the second day, some black women in their naked state passed by, and taking pity on the young man, made him a little house of the bushes, gave him something to eat and drink, from his own boxes; towards evening he was much revived, and they left with the exception of one who was the youngest.—She remained with him three weeks, nursing him with a tender hand; she got some of her own people to bring fresh meat, which they killed with his rifle, and she made for him daily a delicious dish of herbs which she gathered in the wild. The young man recovered and proceeded on his journey homewards, bringing with him his benefactress. In gratitude to the young negress, he determined to save her soul. This was only possible by keeping her henceforward near him, and near him alone—for he learned she would not remain with a white mistress; he bravely made up his mind to spend the rest of his life with her in the wilderness. In a few days we had her clothed, instructed, and baptised, and united in hymeneal bonds with, perhaps, some descendent of the royal blood of Ireland.

We have since heard from our young friend; he has several thousand sheep, wealth that is no use to him, and a home in the desert, which, as the monks of old used to say, supplies the wants of all things. Their influence in every land shows the designs heaven has had in the dispersion of the Irish. What would Christianity be in Australia, in New Zealand, were it not for the Irish? What would it be on the parched and shrivelled plains of South Africa, were it not for the Irish? And in this vast continent of America, where we see in every flourishing town of the Union the little church bearing the cross on high and a Catholic people worshipping around altars of gold and marble, we have only to ask the name of the tutelary saint, to find a congregation who have brought with them from old Ireland, the memories of its ancient glories! There are six Cathedrals on the Erie canal that recognize their origin in the Irish emigrant.

ASPIRATIONS OF IRELAND.

There are three things which are desired by honest men all over the world; two hundred-million's of earth's population sigh for them daily; they are wrapt up with the hopes and aspirations of three great nations; they are the restoration of the Holy See; the conversion of England, and the freedom of Ireland. We are convinced, the historians of the future, will have to record the realization of these hopes.

In the whole range of literature there is not a subject that has called forth grander bursts of eloquence and song, than the freedom of Ireland. Scattered over the face of the civilized world, from the Rocky Mountains to the Wall of China, there is not an Irishman but believes in the future greatness of his country. There is scarcely a legend or a prophecy, that has floated down to us on the stream of time, from the days of Ireland's greatness, but is interwoven with the hope of her return to her position amongst the nations of the earth. These hopes that have lived for long years in the heart of nations, have been in the world's history realized, oftener than they have been disappointed.

It is remarkable, the Irish have preserved their nationality in a marked degree in those places whither the winds of destiny have wafted them; like the chosen people of God, they are among the nations but not of them. In the large cities, they have wards for themselves—their own churches, and their own *Soggyark* *aroon*. The national desire is not debased by any sordid selfish consideration. We believe there is not an Irishman in America, Australia, or Canada, who would look forward to the restoration of Ireland, for personal aggrandizement.

Although holding office in the Government or raised to independence by industry you will find the Irishman either secretly or openly, a member of some association that has for its end, the freedom of Ireland.

This sentiment has caught the sympathy of noble and great men outside who know our history and our aspirations. "I look towards a land both old and new—" wrote the venerable Newman some forty years ago, "old in its Christianity, young in its promise of the future;—a nation which received grace before the Saxon came to Britain and which has never questioned it, a church which comprehends in its history, the rise and fall of Canterbury and York, which Augustine and Paulinus found, and Pole and Fisher left behind them; I contemplate a people which has had a long night and will have an inevitable day,—I am turning my eyes towards a hundred years to come, and I dimly see the Ireland I am gazing on, become the road of passage and union and the centre of the world."

On one occasion the aged prisoner of the Vatican, receiving a deputation from Ireland, whose hands were weighted with the offerings of the poor, expressed his hope that our country would one day gain the freedom she so ardently desired and so nobly deserved.

There is not, perhaps, under the sun of heaven a sentiment so powerful or so universal, as the future destiny of Ireland to be a free nation. This hidden but powerful current of feeling, rolls from Europe through the pillars of Hercules; increased in volume, by the men of the red uniform on the rock of Gibraltar; from the sentinel camps on the Ashantee territory, it rebounds from the lonely Ascension and the rock-built St. Helena; greeted by a feeble but fervent response from the arid shores of the Cape, it leaps the treacherous Indian ocean, and like the breeze that freshens to the storm, it rolls over Australia and New Zealand; from the shores of Asia, from the cities of China, and Japan, it crosses the Pacific and finds its home in the American Continent. From the peaks of the Rocky Mountains to the Quays of New York, through the large cities of the Union, from millions of the exiled Irish people, there is but one grand irresistible sentiment, the freedom of Ireland.

But this aspiration for freedom, has filled with its martyred victims, many an early tomb; it has crimsoned many an Irish field with the noblest blood of her children; it has widowed many an Irish home and filled many a felon's cell in English prisons with the sigh of blasted hopes. The struggles for freedom pass before us like dark shadows in the picture of Ireland's destiny; these struggles form the history of the last one hundred years.

In 1796, we find Wolfe Tone in the councils of Paris; he has gained the ear of the redoubtable Carnot; the French nations promises for the glory of France the downfall of England and the freedom of Ireland. An expedition was to land on the shores of Ireland, but it never came, and the hopes of Ireland were blasted; a meteor has flitted across her lurid sky and left the night of slavery darker than it found it.

Then came the saddest epoch of Irish history; the maddened children of the soil, urged on by this irresistible destiny that even to-day is desperate in its demand for freedom, rushed with reckless bravery, unarmed and unmarshalled, on the whole power of England. Despair lent force to the first onslaught of battle and for a moment fortune smiled in triumph on their cause.

Oh how I recall the bitter tale,
My aged sire has told
Of foeman's deeds of shame and wrong,
That made the blood run cold.
And when with quivering voice he'd tell,
Of how in field and town,
Before their wild unguided might
The British flag went down,
Till from his heaving chest
I've caught and from his flashing eye,
The madness of that moment
Where our standard waved on high.

But the smoking ruins of Irish homes, the grass covered mounds of Irish dead, are the simple records of failure; for Ireland's destiny was still in the hands of Him who even now bids her wait her time.

Then in 1803 comes the tragic fate of Robert Emmett. Ireland was bleeding but not defeated and this noble youth urged even another struggle, on his hapless countrymen. Banished from the halls of Trinity College for his love of Ireland, he too found favor for his cause in the war councils of the French metropolis. Napoleon, then first consul of the Empire gave him flattering promises of an assistance, as soon as he would take the field in Ireland; deputies from nineteen counties swore their adhesion to his cause; but again stern fate had doomed the patriot to the gallows; he was hung in the streets of Dublin, the saddest but most honored victim of our nation's desire for freedom.

With the exception of a few faint signs of eruption in the volcano of Irish liberties, in '48 and '68, three quarters of a century rolled on in undisturbed plunder of Irish resources, in insult to Irish faith and exile to Irish people; a partial check came in an event of happy memory—the Emancipation of O'Connell. A great deal was then achieved but not all. The aspirations for freedom the longings of the national heart still throbbled, as it does to-day for complete emancipation.

It is not ours to pause over the propriety or prudence of the expression given to the cause of freedom by the patriots of '48, much less those of our own time; we know that every failure tightens the rivets of thralldom; but we also know had the patriots of these desperate efforts succeeded, their names would have been emblazoned in immortal honor on the tablets of our country's history, and a grateful posterity, would celebrate their victory with centennial honors, such as now garland the memories of American independence.

BUSINESS NOTICE.

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IF HOME RULE FAILS — WHAT THEN?

A few years ago, the hopes of Ireland were formed by national enthusiasm, into all the prospects of a civil war,—a war the bloodiest in the annals of revenge. But scarcely did that cloud, which portended a disastrous storm to sweep over the land, leave the Irish sky, the nation leaped with some unaccountable rapidity to a policy of conciliation, which comes to us under the favorable auspices of constitutional agitation for Home Rule. But a few days ago, the Mechanics' Hall of this city, rung with enthusiastic approbation of the cause, as pleaded by its eloquent representative, O'Connor Power. Its promoters have pretty fairly gained a verdict of the American people.

In this measure, we recognize the noblest phase of a national humiliation. Ireland sinks to a policy of conciliation, without losing a particle of her honor, or sacrificing her claims on absolute freedom. She has it in her power to tear England to the very heart, with a bloody and endless internal revolution, yet to save our firesides from the desolation of war, to hush the wail of the widow and the orphan, to save the country from merciless bloodshed, they have consented to appeal (although done in vain a thousand times) to a sense of British justice.

We hail thee, rising star of freedom; although thou emittest a fitful gleam in our native sky; thou mayest perhaps guide our baffled patriots to their long sighed for destiny!

Peaceful agitation, gained without the shedding of blood, the Catholic Emancipation, the Church bill, the Land Bill and other important recognitions of our civil rights; it may now too, be the means destined to break up the frigate of English bigotry, which has for centuries, rained death and desolation on our country; agitation may now pull it to pieces plank by plank, until in the calm and the sunshine; it is cast in the miserable fragments of a wreck on the shores of liberated Ireland. Let even legislative independence be gained for Ireland, how many hearts will beat for joy, when the flag of green silk with the gold harp of Ireland, shall float over the house of Parliament in Stephen's Green, to tell a rejoicing people that its own Senate are sitting in the halls beneath; there the Currans, the Shiels, and the Grattans of a rising generation, shall inherit the spirit of their fathers, and legislate in forcible eloquence the weal of their country.

But some spirit of evil is hovering around and bids us pause in our dreams of anticipated glories of Ireland. This last destiny which we have grasped with such eagerness, is perhaps "the baseless fabric of a vision."

Home Rule has not yet been granted; notwithstanding the approbation given it by the loyal citizens of Montreal, notwithstanding that a similar oration greeted its eloquent representative in the cities of the Union, notwithstanding its boasted power of seventy votes in the British Parliament, Home Rule may be another failure added to the long list of injured Ireland's unnumbered wrongs. It has not yet taken hold of the people, the silence of the Hierarchy is ominous; it has nothing to depend upon but the sympathy of the British Parliament, a favor to be granted by our most inveterate enemies.

Planting the horoscope of our political vision on that part of the horizon where looms in the faded splendour of its sunset, the unyielding, the unrelenting British Senate, we have not been able to detect any indications of that sympathy, which will grant Legislative Independence to Ireland. On the contrary, Home Rule has been refused with an overwhelming majority; and the Home Rulers have been sent away sucking their thumbs like school-boys who have been refused a holiday!

There are men of stronger sentiments than we are willing to express, who indignantly reminded us of the historical fact, that England never yet granted anything to Ireland, except through fear; there are men who would tell us, that Home Rule will never succeed except when written in blood, and presented to Parliament on the head of a pike. There are men who can see further into a millstone than their fellows, who will quote with sarcastic glee, the truism of a national poet,

"The very subtlest eloquence,
That injured men can show,
Is the pathos of a pike-head
And the logic of a blow;
Hopes raised upon fine talking
Are like castles built on sand,
But the pleadings of cold iron
Even kings can understand."

In quoting the sentiments of others, we do not endorse them. But suppose the thrilling alternative, that in a few years hence, Home Rule, has really proved a failure; when Ireland on her knees at the British throne, has been spurned; when her cause has been rejected with scorn of the British Parliament; when appeal after appeal, backed up with the eloquence of her gifted sons, is flung into the political waste paper basket; when the blighted hopes of Ireland shall shriek their knell of despair over the last effort of her patriots, who will account for the future?

If Home Rule fails, we see a dark day coming; all the influence of the hierarchy of Ireland, all the eloquence of her leaders, all the muskets and cannon that English wealth could land on her shores, will not allay the popular indignation, which like the pent up fire of a volcano, will burst through its prison and scatter ruin and desolation around; the shock of the revolutionary wave will shake the politics of the world, and nations far away, will be dragged against their will, into the war of retribution.

If Home Rule fails, it may be that heaven has another role of destiny for Ireland—for *Queen Deus imperat prius demerit*. The maddened children of Ireland will be brought together by some invisible power; then will come a stupendous organisation the most marvellous in the history of the world; then will come the realization of the startling assertion of the great O'Connell, once thundered in Westminster with such vehemence, that the whole British Parliament was paralysed, as if their awful doom were written in the blazing letters of Balthasar on the walls of their Senate:—"The winds, cried out O'Connell "which block up your fleet in the channel, will waft across the ocean, tens of thousands of the maddened children of exile, who in one