

## The True Witness.

AND  
CATHOLIC CHRONICLE,

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J. GILLIES.

S. E. OLERK, Editor.

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MONTREAL, FRIDAY, AUG. 30.

ECCLIASTICAL CALENDAR.

AUGUST—1867.

Friday, 30—St. Rose of Lima V.

Saturday, 31—St. Raymond Nounat, O.

SEPTEMBER—1867.

Sunday, 1—Twelfth after Pentecost.

Monday, 2—St. Stephen C.

Tuesday, 3—St. Louis C.

Wednesday, 4—Of the Feria.

Thursday, 5—St. Lawrence Justin, B.O.

## DEATH OF THE ARCHBISHOP OF QUEBEC.

—It is with feelings of sincere sorrow that we have this day to announce the demise of the good and gifted Archbishop of Quebec, Mgr. Pierre Flavian Turgeon. For several years the venerated prelate has been in precarious health, though the Catholics of his extensive diocese fondly cherished a hope that he would ultimately recover. During the past week he gradually sank, and finally fell into the sleep of death at 12.30 on Sunday morning. His lordship during a long missionary career whether as a pastor or bishop endeared himself to all who had the pleasure or the privilege of esteeming him. The lamented deceased was noted for great amiability of temper, and worthy of filling the high apostolical functions delegated to him by the successor of St. Peter.

QUEBEC, August 27.—Mgrs. Langevin, of Rimouski, Larocque, of St. Hyacinthe, Bourget, of Montreal, and Horan, of Kingston, are in town to attend the funeral of the the Archbishop.

The English sermons, followed by Benediction, in the Church of the Gesù, which have been interrupted for the last two months, will be resumed on Sunday, 1st of September. Service at 8 o'clock in the evening.

## NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The Greek steamer Arkadi has been pursued by a Turkish man-of-war whilst the former was endeavoring to run the blockade around Crete. The crew of the Arkadi finding their retreat was impossible destroyed their vessel and took to their boats.

The action of Napoleon in the Salzburg Conference has been denounced by the semi-official journals of Berlin. These newspapers assert that in spite of the denials which have been published definite arrangements for a Southern German Bund have actually been made between Austria and the States of Southern Germany.

A despatch for Richmond says a Royal decree has been promulgated, opening all the ports for the admission of crops at greatly reduced duties. The decree will continue in force until the latter end of December.

Count Bismarck was in a railway carriage lately travelling through Prussia. The door of the carriage in which he sat accidentally closed upon his hand lacerating his fingers.

Next week an interview will be held at Aix or Chambéry, France, between Signor Ratazzi and M. Frey on the subject of the conversion of church property in Italy.

It is a hackneyed saying, that "Democracy is on its trial in America." It is perfectly true however, because only in North America has democracy ever been attempted upon a large scale and for any length of time. Republics the world has seen both in ancient and in modern times, but none of these were true democracies, oligarchies. The republics of antiquity were aristocracies. So far from recognising the principle of human equality, and of human brotherhood, they were all based upon the opposite or contradictory principle: they were all of them oligarchies, or aristocracies in which all governing power was vested in the hands of a small minority, whilst laboring classes or workmen, i.e., the vast mass of the population, were slaves, or things not men. Thus it was in the Republics of Greece, in the Roman Republic, in all republics of the pre-Christian world, with which history makes us acquainted. Slavery, in short, was the very corner stone of the social and political system of the Pagan world.

Venice and the other so-called Republics of

modern Europe were as little democracies in the modern or Yankee sense of the word, as was ancient Rome. They were aristocratic communities; their vices and their virtues were the vices and virtues of the aristocratic communities.

In France, in the last decade of the last century, democracy had a trial, but hardly a fair one for from the first day of its existence, it had to contend with foes foreign, and with foes domestic. We can not therefore cite the break-down of democracy in France, as conclusive, either for or against the system.

But in the U. States of North America democracy has had a full, fair, and lengthy trial—that is to say in the Northern States, from which, because it did not pay, negro slavery was, at an early period of their distinctive national existence, eliminated by the thrifty descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers. Finding that their niggers were an unprofitable investment, and discovering that it was cheaper to import European laborers than to breed slaves, they soon sold the latter away South; and having by this process established their superior morality, and at the same time lined their pockets, they started on their democratic career without let or hindrance. No one can deny that in the Northern States democracy has been fully and fairly tested.

And the results are now before the world which is fully competent to pass its verdict thereupon. We know not how we can better sum up those results than by quoting the following remarks from a late issue of the Montreal Daily News:—

"How can we explain the fact, that in the opulent, educated, and populous State of New York, numbering more souls than the 'Dominion,' surpassing it in all the elements of wealth and civilization, a State wherein one newspaper expends more money in catering for the public and paying the best talent to instruct, guide, and advise the people, than all the combined journals of Canada, that under such favorable conditions, public virtue and morality should be sought in vain; that unbounded vanity and barefaced peculation should rule supreme. The tree is known by its fruits; why then should we not assign to the electoral system prevailing in the State of New York, the evils which every moralist deplora (it has touched the lowest depths of universal suffrage. Ingenuity can devise no newer form for instilling ignorance and vice with a voice in the selection of representatives, and behold the results,—rapacity and fraud rampant; both houses of the Legislature accomplices and conspirators in an organized system of swindling, and the press impotent to arrest or ameliorate the social cancer.—Montreal Daily News.

Every form of government or political organization has its characteristic vice; and of a democracy that characteristic vice is always pecuniary dishonesty and corruption. The sentiment of honor, of chivalry, characteristic of our monarchical aristocratic governments is always wanting, both in Asiatic monarchies untempered by the hereditary aristocratic principles, and in your pure democracies, whether of the Yankee or Jacobin stamp. Disregard for the laws of honesty, an entire absence of the weakness called shame, and an absolute incapacity to understand the subtle distinctions of Old World moralists betwixt right and wrong, are the qualities that prominently distinguish the political communities of the Northern States, and are inseparable from all democracies.

Nor can it be otherwise. Democracy inevitably brings all the filth to the surface, but drives all high minded, honorable men to the bottom. It excludes the latter from public life, whose prizes in consequence fall to the lot of the most thoroughly depraved, and the most corrupt of the community. Thus it is that, in the U. States, "politician" is used as the synonym of "rogue." A gentleman in the Northern States would feel himself morally polluted by entering into the political arena with such a villainous lot of combatants as those whom he would have therein to engage with: and against whom he would not have a chance of success. He cannot stoop to the dirty work imposed as indispensable on every candidate for political advancement in a Yankee democracy. The "roughs" therefore, the political adventurers, have it all their own way. The liquor sellers, the keepers of gambling saloons, of the foul dens whereunto unwary victims are lured to be ruined in body and in soul; the loafers at bar-rooms, and bullies at low billiard tables, the knaves, sharpers of every description: these are the class of men, for whom, in a democracy the prizes of political life are exclusively reserved, and none others will demean themselves even by contending for them. In short, democracy is a cunningly devised scheme for driving away all gentlemen, all men of honor and refinement, and for leaving a free and open course to the vilest of men, to the very scum of society.

These things we read in the official records of the neighboring States—and, not to say it profanely, these things have been written for our instruction and our warning in Canada—that we may take heed to ourselves, lest we also sink into the filthy slough of democracy. For have we not reason to fear that, if our downwards career be not checked, we may soon become, in matters political, even as are these Yankees? Have we not, even as it is, but too little reason to boast of our superior standard of political morality? And is there not, both amongst the Clear-Grits of U. Canada, and amongst these traitors to their country and their Church, to their nationality and their religion in Lower Canada who advocate Annexation to the Yankee Republic, a

powerful and active party, intent upon forcing us to descend, with accelerated velocity, the inclined plane? Let us be wise in time! Let us fix our eyes on that putrid mass of corruption and dishonesty which democracy has engendered in the United States, and learn to loathe it, and pray God that we and our children may be delivered from it!

But where shall we find the antiseptic? In England, the salt of the Constitution, which preserves it from corruption, is an hereditary aristocracy and an opulent landed gentry, from whose members are in great part selected the rulers and legislators of the country, and whose independence is assured by their social position. No one dreams of bringing a charge of personal dishonesty or venality against country gentlemen, against the men of either party in the British Legislature; no one in England is suspected even of entering public life, or of seeking a seat in Parliament, with the view of enriching himself or of raising himself in life. On the contrary, nothing is more common than for English gentlemen to abandon the political career simply because their private means and the exigencies of their families, will no longer permit them to walk therein. They fall back or retire into their domestic privacy, in order to replenish their exhausted purses; exhausted in the bustles of politics.

Here alas! the reverse is the rule. Places in public life, and seats in the legislature are most eagerly sought for—by the very men who are most unfit for them—who, if they had nought of manly pride about them and delicacy of feeling, or any sense of honor, would shrink from such a career even were it attempted to be forced upon them. Briefless barristers, little country pettifoggers of a low order of intelligence, peevish adventurers with a smattering of talents, and consummate impudence, with abundance of brass in their features, but never a cent in their pockets—these alas! form, it not the totality, yet a very large proportion, of our aspirants for political distinction, and legislative honors. And from such men, when they find themselves at last in the desired haven, with patronage and contracts at their disposal, with the public treasury within easy grab, what can we expect, but that they should act, each after his own kind? that having entered public life as a profession, as a means of getting on, they should do as does the regular professional man, and should seek first and above all things to better themselves and to fill their empty pockets at the expense of a too confiding public. Confederation will of itself, can do nothing towards raising our standard of political morality, unless we ourselves take care to send to represent us in Parliament a better class of men, morally, than these of whom, in the past, our Legislatures have been in great part composed: unless we take care to select men, not only of intelligence, and liberal education, but of stainless antecedents, of unblemished moral character, of social position, and possessed of a substantial material interest in the well-being of the country. We do not preach a servile admiration of wealth: but we do insist upon the prudence of limiting our choice of representatives to men whose independent fortunes shall put them above the suspicion, even of being accessible to bribes, or to corrupt influences: to a class of men far above your bar-room loafers, or those other more questionable characters ever oscillating betwixt the gates of a Provincial Parliament, and a Provincial Penitentiary, uncertain which shall first receive them.

But in the unfortunate, and irremediable absence of an aristocracy and hereditary landed gentry, to give wholesome tone to our political system, to impart to it the flavor of "Honor"—we have in Lower Canada, at all events, an antiseptic agent of far more efficacy than that afforded by the mere possession of wealth. We have the Catholic Church as an institution, from which ever flows the sublime idea of "Duty," of moral obligations. She, but she alone, insists that there is an intimate connection betwixt politics and religion; that the politician, the magistrates who execute the laws, and the legislators who make the laws, are all subject to the laws of God, and are never for one moment at liberty to discard that subjection, are all bound to consider God and His justice in all their acts, whether public or private. For a community, or political society, really permeated with this vital truth, there is no fear of corruption; and in it, therefore, or in other words, in the permanence and extension of the political and social influence of the Catholic Church, do we place our chief reliance for the preservation of the "Dominion of Canada" from the rotteness, and stinking corruption which characterises the political system of the United States. On this point we gladly avail ourselves of some remarks upon the same subject which we copy from a late issue of the Montreal Daily News:—

The current of Legislation in Canada has tended for years towards universal suffrage and Republican equality. The 8-ignors were stripped of their possessions; no law of entail exists; hereditary succession is not acknowledged. How then can we incorporate hereditary titles in our social system? The idea is absurd. We must first retrace our steps, and build up what the country most needs—a class of landed gentry. There were the materials for such an order in Lower Canada, and the form of succession favored

But every French Canadian leader's ambition has been to force his fellow-countrymen to become slavish copyists of American institutions, instead of working out their national life in harmony with the instincts and traditions of the population. The only conservative elements existing are found in the organization of the Roman Catholic Church, and in the various incorporated institutions outside of them; the scene is incessantly shifting, and there is no present foundation on which to build up an order of nobility.

## A WEEK IN THE STATES.

To the Editor of the True Witness.)

Montreal, Aug. 25th, 1867.

MR. EDITOR,—If when Pope averred that "The proper study of mankind is man" he had any remote idea of suggesting that each member of the "Genus homo," had a special vocation for the tender care of that most important item in creation—*Self*, he, most assuredly said a very wise and a very wholesome thing. Are there not thousands, to day, of willing, eager devotees to the apothegm in theory and practice?

As usual however, we have, "Tot sentential quot capita." Some think the text points clearly to a voyage seaward—others discover therein a transparency, revealing the calm delights of a quiet country villa; while others again, like myself, find the magnet in the "Great Republic" at Newport, in fine where, above all watering places in the East, abound health, wealth and prosperity—the last benefit, being specially reserved for the natives.

The journey is long, and not entirely without interest. The observation—a stranger's observation—of the manners, dress, qualities and foibles of a strange people becomes frequently a source of amusement, and even perhaps of instruction.

The change after crossing the line is not slow to be perceived. The familiar, home-like faces that were but now grouped around, disappear as it were with the evening's sun and in their stead we behold the severe, over-tasked calculating countenances of a totally different race of men.

Exteriorly, it is true, one seems to find every thing indicative of peace and contentment.—Well dressed, well accoutred, the American has always an appearance of being at ease in the world. His diamond pin and finger-ring tell us he is rich, while his careless lounging air betoken a man at peace with his fellows. And yet—the reservation must come—there is in the pale, worn cheek, the contracted brow of your true American a clue to the unrest—the impatience which turn legitimate pleasure seeking into mere fashionable curiosity and preclude that inward tranquility which makes change of scene a blessing.

At Newport, however, one feels inclined to weigh again that first impression. Till now, it is true, we have but seen the American *en route* while here he is, as it were, at home. Some years back it would have been incongruous to write the word Home in connection with the large majority of Newport's Visitors. Then, Newport was enjoying the first *eclat* of its popularity and the great Hotels were in vogue. But, years have rolled by, and time has worked its change. Those attracted by the mere novelty have suffered from *ennui* and now pursue some new fantasy elsewhere; while those who truly appreciated the resort have in great numbers abandoned the Hotels with their exorbitant prices and countless inconveniences, retiring to the thousand elegant seats, which at present make part of the town a paradise.

As a natural consequence of this filtering process the society formed by the part-residents has become quite *recherche*, and there the "upper ten thousand" enjoy, after a manner, a little world of their own. Business is strictly confined to the lower town, while the "Hill" (a beautiful avenue many miles in length) is solely occupied by summer residences from the stately castle of granite to the modest rose-covered cottage.

The bathing is unsurpassed; for nowhere does the surf come rolling in more grandly and withal more harmlessly that over the soft white sand on Newport's noble beach.

The drives are all that could be desired—one in particular runs for miles upon miles along the very edge of the Atlantic, now leading you by an imperceptible incline to the summit of an elevation whence the eye ranges wide over the ocean, discovering ships and steamers bound away to distant European ports, and nearer to the shore, hardy fisher-boats dotting with their white sails the bosom of the sea—now bearing you quickly over a shining beach which softens away into silence the clatter of your wheels that its murmuring music may come unbroken to the ear. Thence too, on a clear day, can be perceived the celebrated "Point Judith" terminating the sound which opens at Sandy Hook—or rather, off New York.

This point, though bearing a lady's name, is remarkable for its rude treatment of travellers, as but few of the uninitiated escape without, at least, an hours sickness.

A few evenings only after our arrival, we bade a reluctant adieu to Newport and having run the gauntlet without any serious accident, were ushered in, with the following day, to the great metropolis, which certainly cannot be called the "city of the dead."

Oh! the clamor and crush and hurry, which greeted us on our arrival! only seven o'clock

and the streets are crammed with vehicles of every known description. At each rod from the depot our carriage is stopped and we find ourselves in the centre of a swaying mass from which egress seems impossible. But no! our journey is equal to the emergency, yelling at the top of his voice—each phrase graced with a telling expletive, he has risen from his seat—his whip, whistling through the air descends, with cutting force. We move an inch—a policeman remonstrates—is dismissed to the Hades—another iach—and away we go rattling over the pavement.

Thus we arrive at our Hotel and begin to look about us in the great city of the "Manhattans." It is superfluous to say that here there is much to be seen and many lessons to be learned.—Who has not made the experience, or at least has not read of it over and over again. The graceful swans which glide over the lake in Central Park—the bounding deer of its covers, the music—the scenery, are all as familiar to the world as to the daily frequenter.

The institutions too, and Broadway, have long become trite; they are subjects much used and more abused.

The bridge however, which the endless travel of lower Broadway necessitated, still retains something of its novelty. It is constructed of iron—is spacious and of massive appearance, it is much used and is quite creditable to the corporation. Situated at a short distance below the former site of Barnum's Museum it commands a splendid view of the great thoroughfare. What an endless burying crushing mass pass under and over it daily! The same pre-occupied worn look in the men—the same jaunty independent air in the women. But let us be just. The Americans love what they call their "institutions" and this is one of them. Their pride is to struggle and push and risk. If they win, wider speculations open before them—if they lose, try again and again till health, capital, future, all are hopelessly irretrievably lost, and then, says the American, "I'll die."

But amid all this noise and bustle there was a moment of pure, home-like pleasure awaiting us, to which indeed we had not looked forward.

In the very heart of the city where confusion and din are at their full height—surrounded by tall dark buildings alive with hurry and clamor, nestles a holy retreat to which admittance is accorded but to the favored few. No rising tower or lofty fane proclaims its presence. No clangor of bells speaks of the life within. Men come and go on all sides, looking down upon it, some of them from the tottering height of their busy stores without giving a thought to the humble roof which shelters so great a treasure. It is the private oratory of an order of nuns, who, after threading the streets unnoticed through the day, to prison and hospital and lowly tenement, bearing comfort and consolation to the needy and the dying, or after long hours of wearing toil in their crowded school, gather here in the evening to rest, and lay their day's sacrifice at the feet of their Heavenly Spouse.

The interior of the Chapel is a true chef-d'œuvre of taste and elegance. Purely Gothic in its structure—of admirable harmony in its parts and decorations—chaste in coloring and design, it fills one with feelings at once of love and awe. Stained windows depicting scenes in the lives of Mary and her Son admit a softened light to nave and chancel, which falls ever and anon upon the cowed head of some lowly religious breathing an oraison before the tabernacle in rapt devotion.

The day of our visit was the eve of retreat, and through the closing doors, as we retired, voices full and rich were wafted to our ears, intoning the "Veni Creator," and it must be long before their impressive notes cease to reverberate in our heart.

Here we find portrayed the mild but powerful workings of Catholicity on American Society.—Quiet unassuming in its daily operations, it is unheard of, unthought of even by the great agitators of the moment. But when the stately march, and glorious battle are come and gone, and the feeble voice in the hospital is raised for help: when the great aims of life are thwarted or lost; when the sustaining fever of excitement is over and weak nature calls for aid, then the consoling form of Religion is invoked then the gentle hand of the "Sister" begins its mission, and from out such holy cells as the one we have just witnessed come the strength—the stay—and the pride of Catholicity.

The tolling of the steamboat bell on that evening was to us a welcome sound. Tired of the heat and noise of the city, we longed for that trip which Irving loved so much, and to which we are indebted for some of the most glowing pages in his incomparable works. But who so daring as to come back upon a theme which "Diedrich" has exhausted. Let us then be content with a silent admiration of the scenes he has described.

Pleasantly seated on the deck of one of those "Floating Palaces" which certainly writers have not too highly extolled, we behold for more than an hour the great city, like a panorama, defile before us.

The sun was setting over the western heights when we came to the celebrated Convent of Manhattanville, reputed the first female academy in the union; and better known as "Forrest Castle." This building is of vast dimensions and of great architectural beauty. In front, nearer shore, stands the now deserted "Castle" of the great tragedian, presenting quite a picturesque appearance. It is built of granite, has its keeps, its round tower, its embattled walls—is, in fact,