

The True Witness.

AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE,
PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY
At No. 696, Craig Street by
T. 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, in case the paper be continued, the terms shall be Two Dollars and a-half.

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.

MONTEAL, FRIDAY, JULY 24, 1868.

ECCLIASTICAL CALENDAR.
JULY—1868.

Friday 24—Vigil of St. James.
Saturday 25—St. James, Ap.
Sunday 26—Eighth after Pentecost. St. Ann, W.
Monday 27—Of the Octave.
Tuesday 28—SS. Nazarius and Comp., MM.
Wednesday 29—St. Martha, V.
Thursday 30—Of the Octave.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

We learn by telegram that Lord Stanley stated in the House of Commons, on the 16th inst., that the British Ministry had informed the United States Government that they were ready to accept the American view of neutralization, but that the question was still under consideration, and, besides, there was no time to pass a bill this session. From Ireland we regret to learn the serious illness of His Eminence Cardinal Cullen; we can only trust that it will be of short duration, as his loss would be heavily felt by his country at this moment.

On the 19th inst., an immense popular demonstration took place in Hyde Park, London, in favor of Parliamentary measures for the abolition of the Irish Church Establishment. Several speeches were delivered strongly protesting against the recent vote on that measure in the House of Lords, and resolutions unanimously carried sanctioning the action of Mr. Gladstone.

The excessive heat of the past week has caused an unprecedented and alarming number of deaths throughout the United States and Canada. In the city of New York, the daily deaths from the effects of the sun are numbered by hundreds; whilst in Montreal the mortuary list reached the fearful number of 209 during the past week.

The Hon Mr. Howland has been gazetted as Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario; and the Hon. Judge Wilmot, of Fredericton, as Lieutenant-Governor of New Brunswick.

THE ORPHANS' PIC-NIC.—We are happy to inform our fellow-citizens that the very energetic Committee entrusted with the management of this charitable work, are sparing no pains to ensure its success. Gailbault's Gardens are in excellent condition, and, with the very attractive programme which is being prepared, we can easily predict the results of the Pic-Nic. It is not often we are treated to such a day's legitimate recreation, whilst at the same time discharging one of our most sacred duties—the relief of the helpless orphan.

THE TORONTO BLUE LAWS.—The case of the young man whose premises were illegally not to say burglariously invaded by the Toronto police a few Sundays ago, and who himself was dragged to jail and fined for playing the "Last Rose of Summer" on a Sunday afternoon in his own room, has provoked some discussion in the Upper Canada journals. The *Globe* defends the action of the Toronto Dogberry, but one of his correspondents with better reason, strongly denounces it as an outrage which free British subjects are bound to resist. The *Globe's* arguments are amusing indeed, and sound strangely from the mouth of one who calls himself the champion of civil and religious liberty. From such liberty good Lord deliver us.

Quoth the *Globe*:—"The question of what ought to be the character of our Sabbath laws is a very important one, in no way to be mixed up with the personal spite which sometimes takes the form of zeal for liberty."

Were there any regard for consistency, any thing like adherence to principle, any true respect for civil and religious liberty in Upper Canada, there would be, could be no question whatsoever as to the "character of its Sabbath laws;" for the simple reason that there would be no Sabbath legislation at all. The *Globe* boasts that in Upper Canada there is no semblance of connection between Church and State; and if the latter therefore legislate on the Sabbath at all, it follows that the State assumes to itself the right of interpreting God's revealed law, and of regulating, not only man's relations towards his fellow-man but his relations towards

God. In other words, in Upper Canada Church and State are one, and the latter is that one.—The Province of Ontario is politically considered, a theocracy.

Where will this infernal tyranny stop? or what shall be the limits of the encroachments of Puritan fanaticism on the one hand, and the concessions of a superstitious and priest-ridden population on the other? Men and boys are fined and imprisoned for fishing on Sunday, for playing a tune on the violin on Sunday, for other innumerable conventional offences of man's devising—the offspring of an anile superstition; carry out the principle which underlies this legislation, and there is no reason why ere long the pillory and the whipping post should not, as in the olden times, and in the glorious days of Protestant Ascendency, be the doom of the so-called Sabbath breaker; why mothers should not be again scourged on Monday for kissing their babes on the Sunday, or why the gallows should not be erected for the profane contemner of Blue Laws who dares to recreate himself on Sabbath afternoons by a stroll in the fields, or lake shores. If the State *per se* have the right at all to define what constitutes Sabbath breaking, or how Sunday is to be observed; if it have the right to inflict any penalty however slight for violation of its decrees on these heads it has the right to enforce its decrees by what penalties it pleases, it is inconsistent to bound to enforce them by such penalties as shall by experience be found most efficacious. This is the logical deduction from the principles laid down by the *Globe*, and according to its logic, no one has the right to sneer at the theocratic despotism which it advocates:—

"A great deal of foolish talk is often indulged in about doing as one likes, and about any interference with individual action being an infringement of liberty. For the thousandth time it has to be said that the very idea of society is incompatible with such claims, and that for the sake of certain advantages, every one, in becoming a member of a civilized community gives up a portion of what he might claim and exercise were he perfectly alone. The regulations made by these communities may be wise or foolish, just or unjust, but those aggrieved have no alternative but to leave that community altogether; or submit, and seek to have these laws changed by argument, or resist, and endeavor to have them changed by force."

We fancy that the *Globe* would change its tone were the Catholic majority of Lower Canada to enforce by law upon the Protestant minority the observance of their peculiar holidays, and to punish violations of that law by fines and imprisonment. In such a case we fancy that the *Globe* would forget its Liberalism, and like an ultra-Tory stand up as the champion of that "individual liberty" and freedom of action for which it now betrays such supreme contempt. In such a case we can well fancy that the *Globe* would stoutly maintain "that every one has a right, as before the State, to do as he likes" so long as he does no injury or wrong to any one of his fellow citizens, or deprives no one else of the right of doing as he likes. The *Globe* has apparently been reading, or making believe to read some of Jean Jacques' *Contrat Social*, and has not been able mentally to digest what he has read. Hence his flatulence, and wordy but meaningless eruptions.

And what will the *Globe* say in future about the legislation of countries which like Spain punish the vendors of irreligious, heretical, and obscene books, and fine blasphemers, and imprison the preachers of false doctrine, and contemners of God's revealed law? with respect to the Sacraments, and the honor due to the Saints? Wherein does such legislation differ in principle from that of the Toronto magistrates? Nay! rather wherein it does differ is not all the advantage on the side of Spain. No one is injured morally or materially, by another man's fishing on Sunday, or by another playing "The Last Rose of Summer" on his violin in his own room, and if the sole legitimate function of the State be the prevention of injuries—in these matters the State has no right to interfere. But the public blasphemer, but the itinerant vendor of heretical and obscene works, spurious bibles, and seditious treatises, who like our Upper Canadian contemporaries whose pages are on one side devoted to the preaching of a high morality and on the other side to the dissemination of useful information about abortion medicines, and certain "*Female Pills*" peculiarly suited to married ladies—(see advertising columns of *Globe* for instance)—well know how to reconcile the service of God and Mammon—but men like these we say are offenders against man as well as against God—doing not only to the latter foul dishonor, but to the former grievous and irreparable injury. Rightly therefore does the State step in to punish the scoundrels, and to protect its subjects.

THE ESTABLISHED CHURCH.

And so the abominable iniquity of Irish State Church is approaching its termination. A creature of that peculiar legislation by which Ireland was governed in the past, it could only thrive so long as the spirit which evoked that legislation existed. But a new generation, and new times, are upon us, and the worn-out piece of state machinery is cast contemptuously aside. Is there no helping hand to save that system which furnished the world with the admirable spectacle of a compromise between the most crying injus-

tice and the most exalted piety. Where are the Beresfords? What has become of Todd Magee and the other uncompromising champions of the blessed Establishment? What has become of pious Plunkett, and the other mighty men who were the pillars and most secure foundation of that Establishment in days of yore. Alas! we have fallen upon evil times. The arguments that were considered perfectly satisfactory and conclusive in defence of the cause, are now scornfully rejected, not only by the English people themselves but by every nation on earth.—Public opinion has become too strong for the vampire robber that has so long been sucking away the hearts' blood of a gallant, generous, and faithful nation. The *fat* has gone forth—this State Machine—this willing instrument of venal Premiers—this purchased support of tottering Cabinets—this headless, handless, stupid, powerless Dagon of state-craft—this boast of petty squires and amecure parsons—this rotten bulk that tried to float upon a sea of soup, the souls of the true-hearted Catholics of Ireland, into the devilish breakers of heresy—this *Church* is about to fall.

Thank God! it has come at last! It was tardy; but the cause had to pass through the weary Chancery of bigotry, prejudice and hatred.

To Mr. Gladstone there is a certain qualified meed of praise due. We say qualified, for not so much to him as to the peculiar circumstance of the times, is due the present almost unanimous movement against the great wrong. We are afraid that if those circumstances were other than they are, neither that able man, nor any other English statesman, would defend the right for mere justice sake. Public sentiment is aroused in opposition to the Establishment. To take advantage of this, is Mr. Gladstone's object. It happens luckily to run counter to the State Church in Ireland. If it expressed itself upon any other subject, in the same manner, it is probable he would throw himself into the foremost ranks, and become an ardent advocate of whatever the people desired. And this he would do, not so much through affection for Catholics, not so much from antipathy to the Establishment in Ireland, as from a spirit of opposition to Disraeli. The successful audacity of the latter statesman has aroused in Gladstone and the party he represents a fierce antagonism. The trickery and cunning which the Israelite Premier displayed in manoeuvring the hard-earned laurels of others into his own hands, in the late measure of Reform, rankles in Gladstone's breast. The latter, in advocating the disestablishment of the State Machine, is, in reality, attempting the overthrow of his clever antagonist. Were Disraeli down, we suspect that Gladstone would not find so many good reasons for rejecting Disraeli's proposition for postponing a discussion of the question. He fully understands the object of the Premier's extreme anxiety for delay. That purpose is to so work upon the passions and prejudices of the English people, by vague allusions to the Throne and Constitution—to indulge in such dark forebodings for the stability of Protestantism—that a reaction may set in which may effect the majority of voters and thus enable him to appeal to the country with the certainty that he should carry the election in his own favor. Mr. Gladstone is fully acquainted with the fickleness of the larger portion of his supporters, hence his eagerness to push forward, without delay, his attack upon the State Church in Ireland. While we praise him for his advocacy of the right, we must not forget that he does so simply because such a course is under present circumstances, the most effective way to overthrow Disraeli.

Indeed, it must be perfectly apparent to any one who gives himself the trouble to study the matter, that Irish Catholics have very little reason to applaud either Whig or Tory for any consideration they may receive. If English policy demands that concessions should be made to Catholics, they will be made. No question affecting Irish Catholic interests favorably, is ever discussed upon its merits alone, no matter what political party may be in power. Truth, right and justice are made subservients to the triumph of party. The moment that the Irish State Machine ceased to be a political weapon, English statesmen began to prose eloquently about injustice and the dangerous irritation of oppression. Slaves of popular opinion, they care little whether a cause be good or bad, so long as they can please the people. Like the *Times* newspaper, they do not lead that opinion, but dexterously follow it while pretending to lead. The crowd cry "Injustice," and forthwith statesmen fall to moralizing, and tickle the public ears with solemn disquisitions on the enormity of not treating others as we would be treated ourselves. Another mob shouts "It is not justice!" and lo! wise men begin to scan the political heavens with gloomy brows, and indulge in oracular anticipations of the destruction and ruin that must surely follow any departure from the well-tried, time-honored principles of our forefathers, &c. Advocacy or opposition depends solely upon the relation of a question to a majority of the "masses"—not upon its relation to right and justice. The remark applies to public men in

general, although there have been, and are, many honorable exceptions.

It is not to be supposed that the present movement against the State Church of Ireland does not excite the most rabid opposition. Fearful of losing their fat berths and sinecures, the parsons are in a state of frantic distress and fear. It is not, they say, because their livings are endangered that they are disposed to howl so loudly and piteously. Disinterested men of God, they are far above any such mercenary motives. The past testifies so strongly to the truth of this assertion, that further reference to their pious plea is altogether unnecessary. The sole cause of their anxious wailing arises from the consideration of the dreadful danger to which the Throne, &c., is exposed. We are creatures of that Throne, they argue, (it not in words, by implication), and what is an attack upon us but a covert onslaught upon the fountain-head of our order, dignity and benefices? Poor, dear gentlemen, their care is very touching, indeed!—That such sensitive loyalty should be so buffeted about by justice and common sense, is certainly very aggravating, especially when theirs is no abstract loyalty but a real Simon Pure article, founded upon substantial motives of pounds, shillings and pence. But alas! to what refuge shall they fly, when even the Royal Lady,—who is the object of their holy, unselfish affection—snubs them as did Her Most Gracious Majesty a short time ago? Such a cringing, fawning, whipped spaniel sort of petition they got up—such mean, contemptible, Eastern idolatry they displayed. Such a whining, writhing pack of Uriah heaps they were, that every honest Protestant must blush for shame at such an exhibition of helpless inanity and terror. O, glorious days of Ascendency! how are the mighty fallen!—once so proud: now "so very umble." The cause which once counted a Whately and Usher amongst its defendants, is now so fallen that it receives comfort from the support of an Ogle R. Gowan, or the renowned Billy Johnson of Ballykilbeg. But, in spite of all their efforts, the tide is setting in that shall overwhelm the poisonous fungus of an Establishment that has so long cursed and darkened the existence of a great people.

Let us be thankful, then, that the day has come when prejudice begins to waver and to admit that Ireland, in this respect, at least, has just cause for complaint. As this hideous monster of state-craft becomes more and more exposed to view, so shall the execrations of indignant civilization increase and deepen, up from the unknown graves of myriads of a stricken race,—wherever one of the oppressed people of Ireland has laid down his weary head to rest, there shall arise a glad cry of rejoicing. For, it robbed them, and then sneered at their poverty; it drove them to bay with injustice and cruelty, and then murdered them in vindication of outraged law and loyalty; it deprived them of education, and then quoted their ignorance as the necessary result of their faith; and, as if all this were not enough, it broke sacrilegiously into the sacred temple of conscience, and strove to elevate, above the ruins of the Cross, the filthy satyr of Pride, Lust and Falsehood, called Protestantism.

Earthly legislators may abolish, but the injustice, the heartless cruelty, the cynicism and appalling record that this Establishment has furnished the world, have yet to pass before that All-Wise Legislator, Who hateth iniquity and loveth justice. The sophistries which now deaden the guilty consciences of the Pharisaical parasites of a monstrous wrong, shall be subjected to the test of an awful philosophy of which they have never dreamt. Before that Tribunal millions of the sainted dead of Ireland are lifting up their hands, praying for justice. They petition O? Who is mindful of the widow's tears and the orphan's cry—O?e, Who was Himself a man of sorrow and acquainted with infirmity,—O?e, Who, through weary centuries, has looked down, with infinite sympathy, upon the poor, suffering, faithful Catholics of Ireland,—O?e, Who Knoweth how to avenge.

J. M. J. G.

WILL THE GARRISON CHURCH BE DISENDOWED?—Without pretending to discuss the justice of the case in this simple and momentous question, we may still be allowed to speculate upon the chances,—for, after all, it is but a matter of chance,—that a Garrison Church ought to be disendowed, its very structure propped up by an Establishment, or be it for a Dynasty. It may do well on the teated plane or on the bivouac. The snowy canvass stretched upon an improvised triangle of bayonets makes no mean shade for thirsty and footsore and weary soldiers; but after all 'tis at best but an improvise—a prop—to be blown over by the first rude blast and can never form a permanent or stable stay for any edifice. Christian faith has ever symbolised the apostles in the pillars of the material fabric of the Church. That as the foundation of the true Church is Christ, so the pillars are the Apostles. How different all this is in the Garrison Church, is seen at a glance.—

Bayonets for pillars shew the truly nomad character of the edifice, and its utter want of claim to aught of permanency. And the inconsistency of its advocacy (for, gentle reader! there are men found inconsistent enough for this advocacy) is in nothing more clearly seen than in this: that whilst the Protestant world is declaiming loudest against the maintenance of Papal temporalities by French bayonets, as the phrase has it, this same Protestant world is battling hardest for its own Garrison! Church. Perhaps it is with them after all only a squabble for the temporalities, and could these be but retained, all the rest might go without a sigh.

We have said that the disendowment of the Garrison Church is but a matter of chance; and if the resultant of innumerable and unequal and unknown forces may be said to be chance, then it is so. The different interests of the combatants are so many and so various, their motives of action are so dissimilar, that it is impossible to calculate the result. One thing however is certain; justice and right will never be considered in the struggle. They may perhaps be made a political shibboleth by English radicals, to be used by canting hypocrites as battle cries, but though the scarf be on the arm, depend upon it, the heart will be far from the lady fair.—Justice and right in the scramble for power will be found the least appreciable units of the future and at present unknown resultant.

There is one phase of this advocacy of the Garrison Church which is not unworthy of a passing notice. The most zealous defenders of the Establishment—those precisely, in fact, who, enjoying its revenues, may be said to be most interested in its preservation—oppose its disendowment on the principles of justice. "You are destroying vested interests." When we hear this plaintive plea our mind irresistibly falls back a few centuries in our country's history, and hears, or fancies it hears, the faint echoes of the voice of some grey-haired priest of God's Catholic and Apostolic Church declaiming from his pulpit, at the risk of his head, against the spoliation of God's Church by England's myrmidons—Cromwell's samts. We have even looked upon the principles of justice as immutable and invariable; as independent of the gross accidents of time; as one in all ages and in all climes. If, then, it be robbery to alienate these temporalities *now*, how much more was it robbery to alienate them *then*? If the voice of the whining and pampered sycrurist be to be heard *now*, how much more ought the warning voice of the priest to have been heard *then*? The voice of the priest was the voice of the servant, claiming and defending his master's goods, that master a divine master. The voice of the modern interloper is the voice of the thief, calling "right! right!" when he himself has never respected right. It is a maxim of morals, that an unjust title can never be made good by lapse of time. Where then is the right that can ever be acquired in this spoliation?

Were we to declare our belief that the Church Establishment *will not* be disendowed, it would only be declaring, in as many words, our belief in another and a cognate proposition—that English bigotry will be too strong for the occasion. We know the justice of the cause, and we know the proverbial love of our countrymen for fair play; but there is a justice, too just for English bigotry—a fair-play, too fair for English constitutions to stomach. An Englishman's love of justice is indeed all but universal, extending, as it does, to Mahometan, Jew, and Atheist, but stopping short alas! at Papist. That the radical element in English politics is all but supreme, we admit; that the principles of Reform are essentially opposed to a State Church we likewise admit, but there is a principle instilled into the breast of Englishmen—sucked in with their mother's milk—engrafted in their very nature, which will, when duly evoked, override it this and turn in due time this lover of fair play and justice. It only requires the No-Popery cry to transform the staid Englishman into a Danton or a Robespierre, into the flaming firebrand and howling fanatic. Let it not be said, that Englishmen are now-a-days too enlightened for all this, that this is the picture of the Englishman of former years. That Englishmen now-a-days are better educated and better read, and, consequently, raised above the petty quarrels of sectarian strife. How much the Englishman of the present day is superior to his brother of former days, when the No-Popery cry is heard in the land, may be seen by comparing the Murphy riots of to-day, with the Lord George Gordon riots of former years—the rejection of the Bill, for the Repeal of the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill with the solemn mockery of justice in the court of Judge Jefferys.

SACERDOS.

ADDRESS AND PRESENTATION OF A PURSE OF \$140 (ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY DOLLARS), TO REV. JOHN O'DONNELL, WESTPORT.

On Sunday, July 19th, a deputation of St. Edward's Church, Westport, waited on Revd. John O'Donnell, and presented him with a purse of \$140, and the following

ADDRESS:

Rev. and Dear Sir,—Please to accept from the Congregation of St. Edward's Church, Westport, the accompanying purse, as a token of our esteem towards you. Though small, yet we trust not less acceptable, as it overflows with our affections. It is but an expression of our gratitude as a people, towards our pastor, which we are always ready to perform.

Since your arrival among us, you have by your unwearied zeal, and pastoral devotion, shown yourself a true successor of that Holy Apostle-ship, which our Lord sent forth to evangelize and save a fallen world.

We shall conclude this hurried expression of