

# The True Witness

AND

## CATHOLIC CHRONICLE,

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MONTREAL, FRIDAY, Nov. 10, 1876.

### ECCLIASTICAL CALENDAR.

NOVEMBER, 1876.

Friday, 10—St. Andrew Avellino, Confessor. SS. Tryphon, Respicus, and Nympha, Martyrs.  
Saturday, 11—St. Martin, Bishop and Confessor.—St. Mennas, Martyr.  
Sunday, 12—TWENTY-THIRD SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST.  
Monday, 13—St. Stanislaus Kostka, Confessor.  
Tuesday, 14—St. Didacus, Confessor.  
Wednesday, 15—St. Gertrude, Virgin.  
Thursday, 16—St. Martin, Pope and Martyr (Nov. 12)

### NEWS OF THE WEEK.

In England preparations are still going on in anticipation of a European war; distant forts are armed more thoroughly and the Fleet which must be England's main reliance is being put into complete fighting order. Public opinion also after going through the wildest stages of alarm, indignation at Turkish atrocities, anger at the supineness of the Ministry and every other feeling incident to exciting times, has toned down and been educated, as Disraeli styled it, to the proper degree of determination and confidence. The Marquis of Hartington the leader of the Opposition, has given the key note and calls upon the Country by its Union to support the dignity of England represented in its Ministry.

In Ireland we have to deplore another of those unfortunate divisions which, being the bane of that country, bring great joy to its enemies; Mr. P. J. Smyth has seceded from the Home Rule party, and has been highly praised by the *Times*; this in our opinion is as great an insult as can be offered to an Irish Patriot, none could be more warmly eulogized than Keogh after his infamous judgment in the Galway case. Still priest and people enthusiastically support Home Rule; those who do not consider that measure the best, should for the sake of Union and strength support it, knowing that at least it would be an improvement on the present state of things.

France is still on the decline leading to Revolution; a new Bill in favor of the Communists has been staved off only by concessions which would not have been thought of a year ago; it has been only adjourned and yet it was such an outrageous condemnation of murder and pillage, that Gambetta had to oppose it. This man seems now, after being a most violent agitator, to wish to become as was Vergniaud among the Girondists; like him and them he will never control the storm he has raised and will be of its first victims when it will again wrap France in the throes of Revolution.

In Italy, at Bologna, a Catholic Congress has been inaugurated; the mob in the name of Liberty, must stop its sittings, and the Prefect on instructions from the Quirinal must bow to the Sovereignty of the People; in consequence he suppressed the Meeting though he expressedly acknowledged it to be legal.

Gortchakoff and his Northern Master are in despair because all their demands are complied with by the Turk. The game was to ask so much that concession would be impossible, but to their dismay all their requests are granted and more is offered; a six weeks' armistice, protection of the Christian, reform, compensation, every thing in fact. The Sultan feels he cannot remain in Europe any longer, unless by the permission of the Christian Powers, he feels that none will go to war for his sake, and stands with arms extended ready to deliver up everything; and this now is the grievance of Gortchakoff. War he must have, and War he will have; his last demand Turkey can hardly grant, it is that the Moslem troops should retire from Servian Territory. Warily has the Czar prepared his allies for the war.

Germany has been conciliated long ago when Russia stood up as Conservator of the peace whilst Austria was crushed with the smaller German States, and Sedan sealed the fate of France. Now the only two powers he cares to conciliate are Italy and Austria, and these two he has impaled on the horns of a dilemma. If Austria resists his will, Italy is to attack the latter in the rear and get the Tyrol with a footing on the other side of the Adriatic. If Austria will support his views, Italy will receive Tunis at the dismemberment of the Turkish Empire, and the two Emperors will divide the spoils of the Moslem. Only one power more to conciliate or to fight, England, and fight will be the word. All Europe feels that the grand duel between the Russian and the Saxon must be fought; no moment could seem more opportune to the Czar; England has allowed France, her natural ally, to be hurled to the dust, and it seems to be the time when in Europe, and in Africa and in Asia this mighty struggle is to commence.

Our neighbors are in a state of frenzy over the presidential election; at our going to press the contest is almost over and for four years our friends will be at peace and free from such contests. At peace did we say? Impossible in a country where almost every office is elective and every resident an elector. Those contests are marked in the States as much and not more than

in other countries generally, by violence, perjury, corruption and fraud; they are demoralizing in the highest degree, and the Reform Bill of America must be a Bill limiting the suffrage and taking from the people powers which they are incapable of appreciating.

We learn by the Cable that Cardinal Antonelli, the Secretary of State to His Holiness the Pope died on Monday.

### THE MONTH OF THE DEAD.

Mighty our Holy Church's will  
To shield her parting souls from ill;  
Jealous of Death, she guards them still—  
*Miserere, Domine.*

Among the many wonderful incentives to lead souls to God which the Church offers to the Catholic, is the consecration of each month and season to some particular devotion; thus the month of May is devoted to the honor of the Mother of our Saviour, the month of June to that of the Sacred Heart, which has bled for us; and among those months so consecrated by Holy precept, none is dearer to the heart of the Catholic than this month of November, devoted to the memory of the departed. Who among us looking back on days gone by, however short they may have been, does not remember some sad, mournful morning when we followed, with weary sorrowing steps, in anguish and suffering, to the grave, some loved one, never to meet again, on this side of heaven; some sweet sister, whose carressing ways will fondle no longer, a brother whose strong arm will never more support, perhaps a mother on whose tender breast we may have often rested a weary head, or a father who has striven and toiled, and has borne the heat of the day and buffeted with the storms of Life, that we might never know the stern realities of its battle.

How sad it would be to leave them in their lonely graves, powerless to console, powerless to help. Oh! the dread day, the day of woe, when the judge shall come each deed of our life strictly to discuss; who can hope to be found guiltless when the saints themselves must tremble? Our loved ones are lost to our sight, but not lost for ever. However strict may be the justice of that day, the mercy of our Redeemer is, we might say, still greater, and if the souls of the dear departed may have been found not pure enough to enter the joys of heaven, God will purify them from every stain and sinful dross by purgatorial fires. There our love can follow them; then we are no longer powerless to console, powerless to help. We may not be able to immortalise their memory in bronze and marble; we may not even be able to give to them any earthly honor, any vain display of reverence, but much more can we do; we can transfer to our shoulders their burden and bear it for them; and each pain that racks our body, each sorrow that rends our heart, the loss of fortune, the betrayal of friends, the wiles of enemies, and harder to bear than all, the calumnies that weigh us down even unto Death, all may be made the instruments of relief for our lost ones and be sweetened, by the thought that, by our patience and resignation, we may through them open the arms of mercy for their eternal beatitude. Blessed thought! Sweet consolation! When weariness comes over us, when the spirit flags and the soul is steeped in bitterness, when the future seems dark and threatening, and all the world a dreary waste, we can lift our hearts to God that He may pardon our sins and give us strength to bear, for the sake of those dear ones who have gone before and may need the assistance of our prayers, the merits of our patience and good works.

*Miserere, Domine.*

### PROTESTANT POLEMICAL HISTORY.

We have spoken in a former article of the insidiousness of Protestant history. We come now to its sly hits.

Dean Alford is a light in the Anglican Church, and what is more, he is a man of no small mark in English literature. His battle for natural English, as against the pedantic follies of the Moon-school, has entitled him to the gratitude of every English scholar. But Dean Alford is an Anglican; that is to say, a Protestant of the true English type—and as such Dean Alford turns up his nose at everything Catholic. Dean Alford has travelled, and as Dean Alford is a married Dean, Mrs. Dean Alford accompanied him; and the Dean has given us his views on all or most of the things that he saw.—Now an English Protestant, of all living beings, should never publish a book of travels, especially if his travels have taken the direction of Catholic countries. When Englishmen travel they make themselves supremely ridiculous wherever they go by everlastingly turning up their noses at every thing which is not English, that England has become to be looked upon as a nation of snobs. This, their snobbishness, is apparent in whatever country they travel; but when their travels extend to Catholic countries it is doubly apparent—the religious being added to the national snob.

As long, however, as this snobbishness is confined to their own particular party and the immediate bystanders, it is comparatively innocuous; but the moment the steam press is called into action, the moment it assumes book-form, the whole world are the bystanders, the whole world becomes witness of the snobbishness.

Dean Alford in the course of his travels visited the Grande Chartreuse, that magnificent monastery whose monks have turned a howling wilderness into a most comely habitation for men. Dean Alford dined at the monastery, and in return for the hospitality of the good Monks, who owed Dean Alford nothing, the Anglican dignitary ridicules the dinner. Because it did not consist of roast-beef, or pork and beans, or *lob-scouse*, or collops and greens, or the (Grande Chartreuse) dinner was funny. "First some soup, simply sage and water, just colored with milk, like a 'forgotten pudding' of the worst kind; then an omelette; then rich muddy (whatever that means) carp, and a *petit verre* of the celebrated Grande Chartreuse liquor, as strong as brandy."

Besides the want of taste (not to mention grati-

tude) in thus describing a dinner given according to the rites of hospitality to men who had come uninvited, and evidently with no friendly feelings towards the entertainers, there is the snobbishness of this ridicule. By Dean Alford's own showing there were some sixty or seventy guests, and to expect that out of this so great number of uninvited guests, the tastes of Dean Alford's party should be alone considered in the preparation of this repast, is simple snobbishness "of the worst kind." Besides Dean Alford knew before he claimed the hospitality of these good religious that they did not taste flesh meat. He should either then have remained away altogether, or have tutored his carnivorous stomach into something like decent abstinence.

But it was not to commemorate Dean Alford's intense snobbishness that we commenced this article; it was to show one of his *sly hits* against monachism. "I got up," he tells us, "to the mid-night office, anxious to see the fathers come in with their lanterns. The howling was awful (this from a cultivated English gentleman, and a literary celebrity at that!). There is a fine 13th century cloister here, and a library which looked to me in too good order for much use."

Here we have Dean Alford and the great Protestant tradition, "nothing good can come from Nazareth" in full blast. If Dean Alford's taste was bad before, it is worse now. The monks offended the Dean's carnivorous stomach by their meagre fare, the cleanliness of their library offends him now, and offers him an opportunity of believing his hospitable entertainers by a covert attack of ignorance. The Dean doubtless found the monks' cells and the corridors and the refectory as scrupulously clean as the library, and yet he does not venture to hint that they never used them. Had he found the library not "in too good order," it would doubtless have afforded him an equal opportunity of substantiating this pet charge of ignorance, though from a different stand-point. This time a disordered library would have been conclusive proof of a want of appreciation for learning.

Thus is Protestant polemical history in the interests of the great Protestant tradition daily manufactured.

### INCREASE OF CRIME.

The Court of Queen's Bench for the District of Montreal, Criminal side, opened on the twenty-fourth Sept., and after a month its Session, closed without finishing its work, several cases of importance still remaining to be tried. The calendar was one of the heaviest that has yet been laid before the Court, and contained a variety of offences, many of them of a most aggravated character. The great increase of crime in our midst, is a subject of painful consideration. There are several causes to which it may be attributed; as regards the petty larcenies, no doubt, many persons who would not, otherwise, be guilty of theft, are driven to that extremity, by the hard times during which, a great number of the lower classes, are out of employment and in absolute want. But this is the least of all the causes, that contribute to swell the list of offences, before our Criminal Courts. Session after Session, we have the same terrible scourge of intemperance, pointed out by our judges, as the root of the vast majority of the evils, that beset our society. We are told, that the unlicensed groggery, is the bane of our community, and we are forced to ask the question, what steps are being taken to suppress this gigantic evil which is stalking in our midst sowing sorrow and desolation broadcast in the land? Take our police reports, annually furnished, and we find that in the City of Montreal, there are so many licensed, and so many unlicensed places, where intoxicating liquors are sold by the glass. Now, why should this be so? Why should those places, where it is well-known, that the illicit sale of liquor takes place, be tolerated? How is it that the number of these places hardly ever decrease in these annual reports? Because, we are told, it is not the business of our police to root them out—and we believe there is much force in the remark. The City police limited as its numbers are, have enough to do to protect the lives and property of our citizens, without being incumbered with the additional duty of protecting the Inland revenue of the Province, and extirpating the *shebeen* nuisance. Are we then to be left to the protection of the common informer, as we have been in the past? If so, then we say, we have no protection at all. The informer-system, as it has been carried out, is of itself a nuisance. No one places reliance on the oaths of the unfortunates, who take to the occupation, as a *denier resort*. Even when they tell the truth, they are suspected, and it is always easy for the illicit whiskey vendor to trump up evidence, to contradict the sworn statements of the informer. What then is to be done? Must we come to the conclusion that there is no remedy for the crying evil that is doing so much to swell the roll of crime in our community. Certainly not. It appears to us, that it is the bounden duty of the Government of the Province, to form a select corps of men, bearing unblemished characters, and receiving good remuneration for their services, and let this body have for their special mission, the detection of and bringing to punishment those who infringe the law of the land by selling intoxicating liquor without the license required by our statutes. Those men, having that special duty to perform, not receiving a part of the fine, in consideration of their services, but being paid a regular salary, the stigma that attaches to the common informer could not be applied to them. As they become known in one locality they could be removed to another. Their testimony in the cases brought forward for trial could not well be impeached, and whilst we got rid of the common informer nuisance we would stand a fair chance of making liquor selling without a license a dangerous experiment. Unfortunately, we cannot attribute all the crime that comes before our courts, to the baneful influence of intemperance—during the late session of the criminal court, we have unfortunately had a list of aggravated crimes against the person and more particularly against females, that is really appalling—not only are grown females attacked by fiends in human form, but little girls, as

yet scarcely emerged from childhood, have been the victims of their lust. For this class of offences the punishment heretofore has been altogether inadequate—and the mere confinement in a penitentiary or gaol of scoundrels of this description, where they are well-cared for, comfortably clad, and well housed, with no other privation than that of their liberty to roam at large, is no punishment at all. We well know, that there is a maudlin sentimentality amongst a certain class of persons, which causes them to shrink from the idea of corporal punishment by means of the lash in those cases. Experience, however, is now as it always has been, the best of teachers. When garroting was at its worst in England, the revival of the whipping post soon brought the garroters to their senses, and the evil disappeared. We have no doubt, but that a like remedy here, would be productive of a similar result. Let the infamous wretches who insult ladies, and destroy little children, once understand, that in addition to their incarceration for these offences, a sound lashing awaits them on their entry into prison, and a like application before they regain their liberty, and we undertake to say that the "outrage" nuisance of which we have had to complain so loudly of late, shall soon be amongst the things of the past.

### THE EXTRAVAGANCE OF FUNERALS

The generosity and hospitality of the Irish, has passed into a proverb, no people are more kind-hearted, ever ready to participate in each others joys, and, more especially, in the hour of trial and misfortune, to offer their tender condolence to the afflicted. The old latin maxim *de mortuis nil nisi bonum* finds practical form amongst them, and once the shadow of death has crossed a man's threshold, all his faults are forgotten and censure gives way to generous sympathy. How great the manifestation of that sympathy is, even in foreign climes, far from the old sod, any one who has lived in a community thickly populated by Irishmen, and their descendants can easily judge by the immense numbers who attend the funeral procession of deceased friends or acquaintances; and no where is this more noticeable than in the good city of Montreal. This practice has its good points which far be it from us to underrate much less would we ignore the noble sentiment that lies at the bottom of it—but, as we have noticed the stand taken by distinguished prelates and clergymen, in this connection, relating to the recognized abuses, which have crept into those funeral processions, we deem it our duty to say a few words, as to the practice here.

In some cases the abuses we have referred to had become so flagrant, that the clergy felt bound to interfere and impose regulations as regards the number of carriages to be in attendance at funerals, and the last expression of opinion on the subject which has come under our notice, is the following published in a Philadelphia Catholic Journal as the *dictum* of the Rev. Chancellor of the Diocese of Savannah.

"It is more consistent with Christianity, and more in harmony with the spirit and traditions of the Church, that in lieu of these vain and extravagant funeral processions, for the relatives of the deceased, to have Solemn Requiem Masses, with beautiful and touching ceremonies, offered up in their Parish Church, for the repose of the souls of the dead, and the consolation and edification of the living."

This is but the echo of the sentiments expressed, in a great many quarters, on this important subject.

Now what is the actual state of affairs in our own city? Certainly, the Catholic population and, more especially, the Irish Catholics are not neglectful of the sacred duty they owe to the souls of their departed friends and relatives, in procuring for them the benefits of the prayers and ceremonies of the Church. But can we honestly say that there are no grave abuses or at least extravagance and lavish waste of money in connection with the burial of our dead? Let any one witness the number of carriages filled with persons attending the funeral of some poor man, who has probably left his family in sorely pressed circumstances. The money thus expended, in vain show, if given to the widow or the orphans would no doubt be of the greatest possible service in a vast number of cases. But it is not in carriage hire alone that lavish expenditure is made—unfortunately, as our readers too well know, these funerals intended as a mark of respect for the deceased and of sympathy for his relations are in many cases the source of indulgence in intoxicating drinks and all the evils that flow from this debasing practice. And how can it be otherwise? at the very gate we may say of the cemetery and in its immediate vicinity, there are any number of drinking establishments, where the mourners are tempted to call, and drive dull care and sorrow away—where they, unseen, have an excuse for moderating the oppressive heat in the summer, and by the application of the same remedy, keeping out the cold in the winter. Let any one attempt to calculate the vast amount of money thus wasted at funerals, and then think of the suffering and want that could be alleviated by its proper expenditure, supposing those who thus indulge were always able to spare the money thrown away which is far from being the case. Then the desecration of the Lord's day that frequently takes place on these occasions, and the great loss of time, that occurs on week day funerals are all subjects, which we sincerely hope, will occupy the attention of those who may not have heretofore seriously thought on this subject. If these few lines, written in the best possible spirit, and with no desire to depreciate a practice, which if followed in moderation, is a highly commendable one, have the effect of putting things in their true light, we shall feel that we have discharged a public duty with a good result.

The International Railway Guide for November is at hand, and is one of the most complete had companions ever issued. The first page consists of a large map of the railway system of the North American Continent. A map of the cities of Boston and Montreal, and maps of the Province and States respectively, are to be found, while the fund of information afforded to the traveller on every subject which he requires to know, is explicit and minute in detail. Published by Chisholm Bros., Montreal.

### IRISH IMMIGRATION.

WHY DO OUR FELLOW-COUNTRYMEN REMAIN IN TOWN?

One of the most striking and painful instances of inconsistency in the world is that shown by our own Irish immigrants when they land in America. At home the principal aim of our people is for land. First among the many grievances which they so justly complain of, is the impossibility of acquiring farms, the uncertainties of their tenure; and on their arrival in this New World, instead of turning their faces to the country and forming, in comfort and with every prospect of wealth, they remain in cities to eke out on miserable wages, a miserable existence, in miserable tenement-houses. Has the breeze of the Atlantic wafted from their thoughts and their feelings that love for the fair face of nature which delights in the old land the heart of every Irish-born, or does the immigrant imagine that cruel laws and cruel landlords will snatch from his grasp the fruits of his labor? Can any reason be given for this strange change of ideas. There is only one; unfortunately it is one which appeals to every distressed man on earth, and in particular to the Irishman leaving friends at home whom he wishes to place in comfort there, or perhaps bring out to join him. While we applaud the generosity of the deed, we cannot but deplore its short sightedness. The cause of this seeming infatuation is the desire of earning immediately. To go into the farming districts would be to find work with difficulty, at low wages and under some discouragement, whilst to remain in the cities has meant to the Immigrant immediate employment and good wages; with those he can send from out his abundant love for his kin, which has been the wonder of the age, assistance to aged parents, to young brothers or sisters, or else he may bring them to share in his prosperity, for to him prosperity is not enjoyment unless shared in by those he loves. God reward his generous heart. But having attained that sacred object of his desires why does he remain in cities? The answer unfortunately is easy. Work in cities though in reality harder on the health, appears easier than on farms, the hours are shorter, the pay better, associations are formed difficult to sunder, the immigrant has made a home for himself, he has bought a little furniture, and circumstances seal his fate as a denizen of cities. It is a misfortune to himself, and a loss to his country; on the farm and in the forest he would have soon acquired a competency, become the owner of his own land and as thousands before him could have pointed to waving fields, to comfortable and sometimes luxurious homes, and bless the day that he left behind him the pleasures and dangers of the city, to find independence in the first and most noble of human occupation, the cultivation of the soil.

### FATHER STAFFORD.

The *Catholic Times* of Liverpool, Oct. 13th, contains the report of two prominent Catholic gatherings, at which the Rev. Father Stafford of Kingston Diocese, (now on a tour of health) appeared. A large assemblage listened to a concert and address on the anniversary of Father Theobald Mathew. The report says among other things:

"Father Stafford then came forward and was received with enthusiasm. The audience rose to their feet in a body and the waving of hats and handkerchiefs accompanied by the most hearty cheers, made a scene seldom witnessed. When silence was restored, Father Stafford reminded them that there was a great many Irishmen living on the other side of the Atlantic, there being some eight or ten millions in the United States and Canada, and those Irishmen were commencing to count very largely in forming the character of the nations. They were commencing to be looked upon as forming a determining portion of the people of the United States; and everywhere, politically and socially, so long as they abstain from intoxicating liquors, they were able to hold their own against all others. (Applause.) The rev. speaker then gave some interesting particulars as to the progress of the cause of total abstinence in Canada and in the States, and proceeded to deal with the question from various argumentative standpoints."

He also took part in the second convention of all the societies of the League of the Cross and Crusade against Intemperance, held at Manchester, and upon a resolution in favor of Saturday night and Sunday closing of dram shops he bore proud testimony to the success of that plan in Canada.

We have been informed by letter, dated Liverpool, Oct. 26th, that our esteemed Rev. friend sailed for home on that day, by the SS. *Britannia*, of the "White Star Line." Our correspondent, who is the Secretary of the Total Abstinence League, says:—"He was accompanied on board ship by Father Nugent and many citizens of Liverpool. The Reverend Father has done good and noble service to the Temperance cause in this country. May God prolong his days."

### SETTLEMENT IN MUSKOKA.

It gives us much pleasure to publish a letter from a most reliable correspondent on the advantages of immigration to the Muskoka District. To the immigrant from the old country, to our own young men unable to find land in the older settlement, the Free Grant Lands offer many advantages. For heavens sake, for the love of our dear old land, let our countrymen follow their natural destiny, by taking possession of the land and not remain in cities where in the aggregate they do not prosper half as well as their more sensible and more fortunate neighbours, who resolve that they and their families will enjoy the purer atmosphere, moral and physical, of the country, as their forefathers did before them.

DEATH OF BROTHER SKRIVILLAN.—We regret to have to announce the demise of the Rev. Brother Skrivillan, of the Christian Brothers. His spirit departed on Saturday night last, at the Mother House of the Order, Cote street. The deceased became a member of the Order about 16 years ago, and he has ever since devoted himself to the education of the Catholic youth of this city, endearing himself to all by his kindness and genial disposition. The funeral took place on Tuesday morning at 8 o'clock, and was attended by thousands of Irishmen who deplore his loss.—R.F.P.