

The True Witness

AND
CATHOLIC CHRONICLE,
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M. W. KIRWAN—EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
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MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 17.

CALENDAR—APRIL, 1878.

WEDNESDAY, 17—Feria. *Spy Wednesday.*
Benjamin Franklin died 1796.
THURSDAY, 18—MAUNDY THURSDAY.
American Independence acknowledged by Holland, 1782.
FRIDAY, 19—GOOD FRIDAY.
Battle of Lexington, 1775.
SATURDAY, 20—HOLY SATURDAY.
Siege of Derry commenced, 1659.
SUNDAY, 21—EASTER SUNDAY.
Death of David Rothe, celebrated Bishop of Oseoty, 1650.
MONDAY, 22—EASTER MONDAY.
Repeat question introduced into the House of Commons by O'Connell, 1834.
TUESDAY, 23—EASTER TUESDAY.
Battle of Clontarf, 1014.

THE VOLUNTEERS.

ST. JEAN BAPTISTE VILLAGE
INFANTRY COMPANY.

THE MEMBERS OF THE ABOVE COMPANY
...WILL ASSEMBLE AT THE...

QUEBEC GATE BARRACKS,
(DALHOUSIE SQUARE),

To-morrow (THURSDAY) Evening,
At 7.30.

There are a few vacancies for recruits. Standard
5 feet 9 inches.

M. W. KIRWAN,
Captain Commanding.

NOW READY.

"LA CAMPAGNE IRLANDAISE."

REMINISCENCES OF THE

FRANCO-GERMAN WAR,
By W. M. KIRWAN.

To be had at DAWSON BROTHERS, Montreal. Price, in
Paper, 75 cents; in Cloth, \$1.

Mr. M. Cleary, our travelling agent for the County of Glengarry, will call upon our subscribers in Cornwall, Williamstown, South Branch and St. Andrews. We trust that our subscribers in those places, who are in arrears, will note this announcement, and be prepared when Mr. Cleary calls upon them.

"DAY DREAMS DESPELLED"

On To-morrow week there will be a drama performance in the Academic Hall, Bleury Street. The drama will be for the benefit of the fund for the relief of the Diocese of Chatham, N.B. The characters will be taken by the students of St. Mary's College, and it is expected that the Catholics of the city will liberally patronize the undertaking. The Catholics of St. John's are entitled to all sympathy and assistance. Their churches were laid in ashes at the time of the late fire, and it becomes us all to do what we can to help them.

ODD.

Spence (Protestant) Cooney (Catholic) were both found guilty of shooting with "intent to do grievous bodily harm." In the case of Spence there was no mistake as to identity, he fired at and hit John Gunning Bell, and yet the verdict was "intent to do grievous bodily harm." In the case of Cooney, the shot he fired took no effect, and yet he was found guilty on the same count. It may be said that the *intent* was the same. But of one thing we are sure, and that is, that Spence "intended" more than mere "bodily harm" if ever a man in the world intended it. The verdict was evidently a compromise.

THE FRENCH CANADIAN MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

We regret to hear that the French Canadian Missionary Society is in want of funds. The meeting which is called to consider the gravity of the situation, is a matter of consideration for Catholics generally. There are a few persons connected with the Society who are paid for "preaching the Gospel." These persons are mostly uneducated and illiterate. There can be no doubt but their efforts have seriously injured "Evangelizers" in this province, and Catholics might consider the propriety of enabling them to continue their labors by subscribing to their fund. Only they drag religion in the mire, we might give a donation ourselves.

THE LONDON TIMES ON ORANGEISM.

The London Times is supposed to be the most faithful exponent of English public opinion. Whether it is or is not may be a matter of opinion, but quotations from it usually carry more weight, than quotations from other papers carry. There was a time when the Times looked with no marked favor upon the orange order. Years ago it almost excused the barbarities which disgraced orangeism in the North

of Ireland. For many years past; however, it has changed its tone, and it now writes of orangeism as it finds it. We all know that as late as last July the Times condemned the idea of having an orange parade in the streets of Montreal, and later still, after the St. Patrick's Day procession in Ireland, it wrote of the orangemen as the "Bashi Bazouks of Ulster." This is the most severe Nemesis of all.

MR. DEVLIN, M.P.

On Friday night Mr. Devlin, M.P. for Montreal Centre, made what most impartial people call "a good speech" on the floor of the House of Commons. With the policy of that speech we have nothing to do. It was the speech of a Reformer, defending the Lieutenant-Governor of Quebec. In its political aspect we put the speech aside. We are sorry that it is too long to quote, but we may say that Mr. Devlin spoke trenchantly and powerfully. While vigorously slashing his opponents, he did not outstep the limits of parliamentary usages. But the Conservative press assailed him with language unnecessarily coarse, and vituperative. The *Ottawa Citizen* led the attack—it spoke of the speech as a "harangue," and that Mr. Devlin "spoke as a demagogue," that it was all "buncombe" and "slang." This was the only reply the *Citizen* gave, and if the Conservative organs can find no better argument than that prescribed by the *Citizen* we shall not be surprised to hear of defections in their ranks. Why cannot there be enough of political honesty to recognize ability where it is found. Mr. Devlin, made a brilliant speech, and Irish Catholics of every shade of politics recognize it, and the petty spleen of rival partizanship cannot rob him of the admiration of all men who value talent no matter whether it be Rouge or Blue. With Mr. Devlin's politics, we repeat, we have nothing to do, nor do we venture to pose ourselves as the champion of his honor, but we can resent the insult given to a public man, and given for no other reason than that he made a speech under the influence of which his political enemies appear to writhe.

And now as we have assailed the Conservatives, we may as well give the Reformers a turn, and we are furnished with an opportunity by a letter which appeared in one of the Quebec papers this week. The writer of this letter implored the Irishmen of Quebec to "rally around" the banner of Reform, because the cause of Ireland has ever been identified with Liberalism, and because the Home Rulers of to-day are Reformers in their way. This is a summary of the reason given why an Irish Catholic should be a Reformer. Just so—this gentleman, whoever he may be, attempts to throw dust in the people's eyes by dragging that green flag again across their path. It is the achme of folly to pay serious attention to such rubbish. By all means let us retain the spirit of Irish Nationality; let us resist every attempt to lower the dignity of our race, and stand up for the old land under all circumstances; but every honest man should look with suspicion upon demagogues who moan and roar about Ireland, and who do nothing for the welfare or the advancement of her people. Reform or Conservative issues in this country have nothing to do with the prosperity or happiness of the Irish people, and he is not an honest politician who would attempt to make the people believe that they have.

HOME RULE.

Mr. Butt has given in his resignation as leader of the Irish Parliamentary Party. This news is significant, and if true, which we do not doubt, it must seriously influence the future of the Home Rule movement. At present it is hard to guess the effect of Mr. Butt's resignation, but of one thing we are assured that it will be difficult to find a man to fill his place. Mr. Butt had all the qualities necessary for leadership but one—he wanted firmness. Of good family, giant intellect, a genial disposition, hospitable and somewhat thrifless Mr. Butt was the *beau ideal* of an Irish leader; and he succeeded in obtaining the confidence of the people at large. He had made many sacrifices in their interests, and he had proved himself worthy of the trust they reposed in him. It may be a very easy matter for Irish American politicians to criticize his actions, and to censure his policy. At a distance it is so easy to be heroic and philosophical, but if some, anyone of the sneering denouncers of this giant among men, were placed in his position, we may picture an undignified end to their short career. He had to lead a party composed of many elements. Conservatives, Liberals, Fenians, Constitutionalists, and above all timeservers and sycophants, and yet he did it with almost faultless skill. All he wanted was—we repeat—a little more firmness. Men who differ from him should at least remember what he has done for the National Cause and when they feel disposed to censure they should try and realize the difficulties by which he was surrounded; the sacrifice he made, and the talent he placed at the service of his country. In

saying this we are not apologizing for Mr. Butt, for Mr. Butt sends no apologists, but we merely wish to place on record our tribute of respect for a man—who—no matter what may be his future—has done more in his day to raise the honour of Irish Nationality above the contending elements of rival partizanships, than any man now alive.

AN "ESCAPED" MONK TO MATCH THE "ESCAPED NUN."

The benighted Puritans of the Western Reserve enjoyed another religious sensation last week. Ordinarily intelligent people have learned to regard every "escaped priest" as a fraud and impostor. They have seen this role played before by penniless tramps, and the denunciation always reveals a cunning knave. But very little of civilization has penetrated certain pious places in northern Ohio, the most noted of which is Oberlin. Its Egyptian darkness is probably due to its University. All religious impostors receive at that noted shrine of Puritanism the warmest welcome. The last lying hypocrite, who tried to reap a harvest in that pious region, by representing himself as "an escaped and converted priest," was Mr. Harold Percival. The name has quite an aristocratic flavor. Introducing himself under this title, he told to the horror-stricken Puritans of Oberlin a wonderful story of his hair-breadth escape from the prisons of Popery. The tale was as sensational and quite as truthful as a dime novel, though not by any means as coherent. Though only twenty-one years old, he claimed to be a priest. Here was a lie, easily detected, for no one can be ordained at that age. He claimed also to be a monk of a Franciscan Convent in Cleveland, and about to be transported against his will to Brazil or Mexico. To avoid this compulsory journey and the violent treatment to which he was subjected, he ran away. This second lie was also poorly concocted, as inquiry proved that no such person had ever been an inmate of a monastery at Cleveland. In giving a history of his wanderings, he informed the very shrewd President of Oberlin University, who swallowed the whole fabrication, that his first place of imprisonment was in a Franciscan college at Montreal; and still earlier in life his innocent childhood had been saddened by years of confinement and torture at another Franciscan institution in Quebec. Had it been necessary he would have added no doubt that in the days of his prattling infancy he was chained in some monastery on the coast of Labrador. But he was dealing with people who would credit anything this precious priestly convert from Romanism would assert; so he reserved the further exercise of his inventive talent for other occasions and a less credulous audience. But his sufferings did not end with his "escape." Plots and conspiracies were laid to entrap and seize and return him to the murky dungeon of a foreign monastery. Several priests tracked him from place to place with kidnapping or murderous intentions. These thrilling details fired the hearts of the pious Puritans of Oberlin and its vicinity, and they pledged their homes, their honor, and their lives that they would defend this martyr. They hurried his "baptism" to make more secure this new accession to the fold. Correspondents already sent far and wide to pious journals the glad tidings of this latest exposure of Popery. This now Amnidab Sleek was already started on a lecturing tour, sounding as he went the death-knell of Popish idolatry and superstition. Then comes a sudden halt in the career of Harold Percival. Truth overtakes at last his swift-footed falsehoods. The hero and martyr turns out to be, as usual, a liar of the Munchausen order. The sensation ends and the knave disappears from public notice, when the following statement from Bishop Gilmour of Cleveland. The Bishop says:—

"I telegraphed last night to Father Lachuer, at Sherbrooke, who is accused by the pretended monk, Percival, of uniting with four priests in kidnaping him at Buffalo. Father Lachuer replied that he had never seen the so-called Jesuit, and had never made an attempt to kidnap any body. That certainly refutes the ridiculous statement of the adventurer who terms himself Father Anselm. He had better call himself 'Father Sell.' In the second place, his assertion that he was taken to a Franciscan College in Montreal is a lie on the face of it, because I received a dispatch from the Bishop of Montreal confirming what I previously thought to be the case—that there is no Franciscan College whatever in that country.

"Now, that alone is sufficient to prove the man a rogue. I hear that a party answering in every particular to the description of Anselm—his left jaw being broken, weight and manner the same as Anselm—had been at Warren, Ohio, pretending to be a priest. To prove him, he was asked to baptize a child. On this request he turned suddenly pale, and immediately left the church, saying he had an engagement at the depot, but would soon be back and go on with the rite. Instead of fulfilling his promise, he took the first train for Cleveland. From Cleveland he wrote a letter to an accomplice, which I bought of the latter for a large sum, saying that he (Father Anselm) had nearly fooled the Catholics of Warren until they asked him to perform the baptismal rite. The following are his exact words: 'When they asked me to do that I was very much alarmed, and trembled like a ghost. Had I not left the church at the moment I did I would have been in a terrible scrape, perhaps imprisoned in a penitentiary as a sharper. I thank my dear ally Satan, that he flew to my assistance.' 'I have telegraphed for a priest to come at once from Warren,' said the Bishop, 'and expect him

by the evening train. He may throw still new light on the unscrupulous trickster. I think his father was not a Catholic. His mother was. His uncle, a priest, placed him in a Roman Catholic College, with the hope that he might enter our priesthood, but the young student soon proved himself utterly unfit morally, though of brilliant intellectual powers, and we at once expelled him."

Again the comedy of an "escaped" priest, always the same in all its parts is ended, and the curtain drops amid the laughter of the rest of the world at the pious Protestants whom impostors of this class so easily dupe.

CIVILIZATION—WHAT IS IT?

The question has been very fully answered by his Holiness Pope Leo XIII. When Archbishop of Perugia, his Holiness addressed a pastoral to the clergy and laity of his diocese, defining in the first place what civilization was, and in the next place what was not civilization. It may have been difficult to define the negative, especially as it had no principles, but it was comparatively easy to define the positive. Negatively, civilization does not mean the emancipation from the restraints of the supernatural law nor the getting rid of every natural authority, nor the indulgence in modern luxuries or comforts, nor the putting the present life before the future. It does not mean the freedom of the press, if that freedom be made use of for evil; nor "the curtailing the number of churches while multiplying the houses of sin;" nor the introducing into theatres or pleasure places a deteriorating character of amusements; nor the impoverishing the workman or the workwoman, with a view to enriching the employer; nor the treating human beings as machines, out of which colossal fortunes are to be made; nor the substituting the *vox populi* in the place of the *vox Dei*, whether in matters doctrinal or moral. Ecclesiastically, civilization does not mean free thought; nor politically does it mean revolution; nor domestically does it mean disobedience. It means properly the exact contrary of all these. So that the modern popular theory of civilization,—which involves the march of intellect beyond control, the freedom of peoples beyond government, and the freedom of sons beyond reverence,—is a theory which does not prove civilization, but a return to the worst forms of barbarism. Yet modern theorists have so far misunderstood Catholic teaching as to suppose that the "Syllabus" was directed against civilization instead of being directed against barbarism. That well-known clause of the "Syllabus" which is interpreted by free-thinkers as the anathema of all true civilization, was on the contrary the anathema of the greatest fallacies and the greatest injuries which have ever threatened to undermine and destroy it. As well might we say that the Ten Commandments of the Old Law were fatal obstacles to the mental progress of the Jews, as affirm that the divine elements of the Christian Law are fatal obstacles to a Christian civilization. Progress and development and enlightenment, and all the other words used to denote growth, are only so far applicable or rational as they are consistent with the revealed will of God. The moment that we say that civilization may be independent of even so much as one known Divine principle, we say that civilization is not sound, but only more or less human or corrupt. The nearness of civilization to perfection will be in proportion to its nearness to God; and this is that truth which Cardinal Pecci demonstrated in his admirable pastoral on this subject. His Eminence showed that human passion, human vanity, with all the nursings and culturings of personal ease; the false refinements which come of natural sloth, and the unmanly worship of one's self, are not civilization but impiety, and this too of a gross carnal kind. Granting that civilization involves, to begin with, the progress, of society, not of one man; that is takes for its postulate that the greater good of the greater number is the best possible object of its aspiration, it follows that all selfishness and effeminacy, all injustice, overreaching, and worldliness are the enemies of true civilization. And yet it must be admitted that in this year 1878 we are more absorbed in our own personal interests, in our ease, and our wealth, and our position, than we are in the care of our neighbours or of the community—in short that we think little about them. It is quite true that materially we have advanced in civilization, but we have not done so morally nor Christianly. "The sum total of physical advantages goes on increasing in an ever-augmented ratio," and thus, materially, we are heirs of past inventions; machinery, and high roads, and locomotion, and communication, are improved by the heritage of experience; judicial systems, private justice, social safety, have advanced by the multiplication of comparisons; even education, of a certain kind, has become more general, and newspapers have spread the knowledge of good and evil; yet if we ask, is there more happiness in the world, more peace, more personal dignity and aspiration, we must unhesitatingly reply that there is not. Whatever civilization can boast, it is material, or physical, or carnal; and these advantages are confined

to the very few, while the immense majority have gone back in human life.

The extreme vagueness of the word civilization, as employed by the admirers of the present time, makes it difficult to pin a meaning to its case, or to be sure what it is not meant to exclude. If we suppose that civilization means the culture of the fine arts, of Sculpture, of music, of painting; and if we add political and commercial prosperity in such a measure as to benefit the majority; then we must allow that in Italy—the country of the Holy See—civilization was anterior to the Reformation. Cardinal Pecci was very emphatic on this point. Venice, Genoa, and Pisa, with Lucca and Florence, so full of monuments of faith and Christian charity, were politically and commercially full of grandeur—considering the material accessories of their time; while Bologna and Milan, with Venice and Naples, were as distinguished for the productions of art as for the prosperity and happiness of their peoples. That the love of luxury should have followed such prosperity was a misfortune as natural as it was regrettable; but this bane was not a reproach to civilization, but to its misuse by the opulent and the powerful. The point is, that the Church, while cherishing civilization, always checked the two consequent indulgence; and it was only when religion was neglected, that civilization began to be an evil. Still, the dignity of labour, the honorableness of poverty, the rights of the artisan, the fraternity of all Christians, were principles which the Church always extolled, and which, but for the Church, would have been ignored. To gain rest for the industrious, and sufficiency for the needy, were objects which the Church first profoundly honoured; nor had industry or poverty ever possessed any dignity until the Catholic religion imparted it. Poverty was dishonourable in the days of Plato and Aristotle; and Cardinal Pecci has quoted Cicero and Terence as authorities for the contempt of manly labour. Whereas the Catholic religion has not only exalted work, but has declared poverty to be a Divine institution. Monasticism was the mother of all those intellectual systems, which not only cultivated art and science, but lifted up the poor to be auxiliaries. We are too ungrateful to the monks of the Middle Ages for all the inventions and the comforts which we owe them. Thirteen centuries ago they planned communities, where learning and "civilization" were carried to their highest point; and where agriculture was so admirably studied that even in these days we inherit the vast fruits. Contending against the rudeness of feudalism, the monks first systematised civilization, made gardens of battle-fields, and homes of deserts, and taught religion and industry to all the poor.

One great distinction between such true civilisation and the spurious kind we possess now, is that Catholics have never separated—what is absolutely inseparable—the principles from the fruits of true progress. For example, take the Catholic cathedrals, of which a number still exist; or take the glorious basilicas which abound throughout Italy; and note the combination of the Christian instinct with the most exquisite intellectual development. The faith was the soul of those buildings; intellect and culture were the body. No such buildings could be reared now in England. Just as Carlyle says of Shakespeare that he was a product of the Middle Ages, and could not conceivably be generated by modernism, so it is true that the great Catholic monuments could come only of a true civilization. But the soul of civilization seems dead; we have now only a cultured materialism. Railways and telegraphs are very wonderful indeed—though not so wonderful as the common fly or the guat—yet the concentration of pure thought which could evolve Catholic cathedrals, and the sustained labors and patience which could complete them, suggest to our mind that the soul of civilization is something deeper and broader than materialism. After all, it is object which makes men civilized; it is not a free press nor silver forks. Temperance leagues show that we wish to cure national drunkenness, but they are no sort of successful protest against asceticism. We may be civilized perhaps in our wish not to be barbarous, but our civilization consists only in returning to the old models, the old maxims, and aspirations of Catholicism. If man, as Mr. Herbert Spencer has informed us, is no more than a concurrence of atoms, acted upon by a voltaic pile, and emitting sparks of thought, he may be content with a civilization which gives him a comfortable arm-chair and provides him with his *Herald* or *Gazette*. But if he be a passenger through life, bound for a home in a better country, he will want a much higher civilization. And adopting this rational view, he will think with Montesquieu—whom Cardinal Pecci quoted as an unwilling witness—"Wonderful to relate, the Christian religion, which seems to have in view no other object than our bliss in the other life, secures also our happiness on this earth."