

The True Witness.

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MONTREAL, FRIDAY, JAN. 24, 1868.

ECCLIASTICAL CALENDAR.
JANUARY—1868.

Friday, 24—St Timothy, E. M.
Saturday, 25—Conversion of St. Paul.
Sunday, 26.—Third after Epiphany, St. Polycarpus, B. M.
Monday, 27—St John Chrysostom, B. D.
Tuesday, 28—St Agnes, V. M.
Wednesday, 29—St Francis de Sales, E. O.
Thursday, 30—St. Martina, V. M.

In our next we will lay before our readers the Manifesto of the condition of Ireland by the Clergy of the Diocese of Limerick.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The Fenian excitement continues in England and Ireland, but no fresh outrages are reported. The details of the so-called capture of a Martello tower near Cork are to hand, and are very simple. The tower in question was occupied or garrisoned by two artillerymen with their wives and children: the armament consisted of two old carbines with sword-bayonets. The garrison was taking its tea on the evening of the 20th ult., when four or five men walked in, and compelled them, or it, to capitulate. The only thing strange in the business is the folly of the authorities in leaving large depots of powder so exposed.

Mr. Traio, passenger by the Cunard steamer, Scotia from New York to Liverpool, was, together with two other passengers, M.M. Grinnell and McGee, arrested on the arrival of that steamer at Queenstown on the evening of Friday the 17th inst. The charge against them has apparently some connection with Fenianism, but the particulars were not given by the telegram announcing the arrest. The Dublin *Nation* as well as the *Irishman* newspaper, is about to be prosecuted for seditious libel. A man named Mike Marratt said to be the person who fired the match at the Clerkenwell explosion has been arrested in Glasgow, and sent to London for examination.

The Continental news is not of great importance. War rumors are still abundant, and an uneasy feeling prevails. In the United States matters are apparently approaching a crisis.—The so-called Congress makes no secret of its intent to tear what remains of the old Constitution to pieces; and the President is firm in his determination to be faithful to his inauguration oath, and therefore to maintain that Constitution against the inroads of his enemies. A reaction in favor of the President seems to be setting in, even in the Northern States.

In the Ontario local legislature there has been a fine backguarding match betwixt a Mr. Blake and a Mr. Ferguson. At Quebec the members behave more decorously, but as yet little work has been done. In Nova Scotia the feeling of hostility to the Union spreads, and grows in bitterness, and the people, by the newspaper reports that reach us seem to be almost unanimous in favor of repeal. The Imperial Legislature will be petitioned to this effect, and if the petition is disregarded, it is hard to say to what lengths the people of Nova Scotia may not go. An attempt to blow up a powder magazine at Toronto is reported.

A LESSON AND A WARNING.
(Communicated.)

In whatever way we view the late Pan-Anglican farce, there is but one conclusion at which any rational man can arrive; and that conclusion is, the miserable weakness that is ever attendant on a rejection of Catholic truth. Each one of the elderly gentlemen were Fathers of course—in a natural way, and went there with vast determination to settle everything objectionable that had crept into their beloved system. Neither distance nor the high fares on the Atlantic steamships, not to speak of the inconvenience of leaving their wives and little ones—could deter those zealous men. From Canada the United States, and other parts, the mustering of lawn sleeves and silk aprons was imposing.—Lambeth had spoken—the Church was in danger

—and it behooved the watchmen of Zion to unite in one vigorous, unanimous shout against the enemy.

Well, they met, and it was soon apparent that their mighty resolution was something after the style of ancient Pistol. The Protestant press mercilessly ridiculed the devoted Pastors, and plainly told them that it was rather too much of a good thing to dare to play at Pope and Council under the very shadow of the Parliament which was the source of their Orders, and jurisdiction. Blinded by zeal, this alarming objection had never troubled their apostolic stomach. They became as helpless as porpoises on dry land. Remonstrance was useless, for if they attempted to carry out their original idea, popular petition would have flooded the legislature, and perhaps the poor gentlemen would have returned to their homes, not pretended Bishops but real laymen. Prudence is an evangelical quality, so they ate their leak. But it was now under protest—"I eat, and eke I swear"—cried Pistol, and so did the Fathers in God of the "genus" Pan.

Now, to return home without having done something or other would have been an appalling dispensation; so with as good grace as possible under the circumstances, they laid their heads together and forthwith began to incubate. The blessed result puts one marvellously in mind of the poet's words: "Parturient montes nascitur ridiculus mus," or "muss" as the Down Easter might more properly term it. They had congregated to eliminate from the "Church" such dire abuses as Ritualism, Colensoism, Essayism and that dangerous grace that is leading the best Anglican minds into the pale of the Catholic Church. To avoid distractions in this great duty they expelled the reporters and outsiders generally. Some uncharitable persons insisted that this course was pursued because, as the discussion was to be general, the reporters might have been furnished materials for half a dozen new heresies. However, the doors were closed—legislative blue books were opened—the genius of the Constitution was invoked, which was met with a demurrer from the American gentleman unless their "Constitution" were included. The first chapter of Genesis was read, as treating more particularly of creation—and the Pan-Anglican became a fact.

Now we much doubt if the great God Pan himself had as many pipes to his mouth-organ as there were opinions enunciated by the 'Fathers.' The Anglicanism of the Home Bishops was so very English that the Yankees felt as wretchedly "sold" as any victim of the "bounty jumpers" during the war. One poor gentleman—he of Louisiana we believe—made a desperate effort at conciliation. "If England," quoth he, "had given the Colonies a larger invoice of Bishops the Revolution would never have taken place. It is very strange that none of the English thought of any ingenious reply. Less of the innocence of the dove, would have boldly asserted: "Why the Tea we sent you, was intended for the instalment of Bishops that Government was about to send out." This would have made the gentleman of Louisiana despair.

We can imagine the perplexity of the episcopal Pans when the question of Colenso was introduced. Without any intention of being irreverent, we think the following pretty near the mark:

"My Lord of Cantuar, what about that Colenso?"

"Ahem: Brother Derry,—ahem, sir. Colenso is—ah—in fact. I'm afraid, he's not orthodox!"

"Orthodox!—why he's a skeptic!" This from several.

"Come, come, Brothers," exclaimed others, "that's a hard name. What's the use of private judgment, if a man cannot draw his own conclusions from the sacred text. Freedom, dear brothers,—don't forget the blessed Reformation."

"But he has actually written a look full of unbelief," cries one.

"Ingenious,—ingenious," exclaims another, "but by no means skeptical."

"Nevertheless," says Cantuar, "he must be deposed. We have threatened to do so, and the enemy will scoff at us if nothing be done. It would not be prudent to condemn his writings, as the Government is not favorable to any decisive action. It would not do, my dear brothers, to come to any conclusion which might be annulled by the Cabinet. Besides the Reform element is so strong in the Commons that I, a strict Tory, cannot expect at present, a majority of votes on any question whether of dogma or of moral. We shall depose him by vote and leave the rest to time. It is unfortunate, of course, but the Fabian policy is the true one with Colenso. It is a Gordian knot, dearest, but I hope we shall find an Alexander in the African climate. A very unhealthy climate, gentlemen, I assure you."

Cantuar rubs his hands gleefully, and the subject is dropped.

After sitting for some time looking at each other rather foolishly, a bright thought strikes one of them. Popery—Mariolatry! these were the golden apples which relieved their minds and

caused a tumultuous scramble amongst the rare old boys. "Richard's himself again!" All the worn-out calumnies and ragged balderdash of three hundred years are dragged from the hiding places where public opinion and common sense drove them, and made to do duty for the Pans. With a tremendous flourish the Council commenced; it ended in a very dismal little quaver. "The Popery and Mariolatry dodges did not take; in fact, even Protestants themselves were disgusted. In vain did a series of public shows wind up the concern; in vain did Father in God Pound-text attempt to prove Popery a carnal device; in vain did Brother Maudlin roll up his apostolic eyes in "fine frenzy" at the enormity of honoring the Mother of God; the public would none of it. They did not wish to turn like dogs to the vomit of calumny, so the Fathers had to suspend operations and wend their ways disconsolately to their respective homes. And so, after a world of terrific preparation and formidable bluster the result was—Nil.

It is true Colenso was excommunicated, but what of that? The delinquent of Natal knows, and everybody knows, that it can effect nothing. Canterbury and his brother Pans are not the head of the recalcitrant bishops religion. Her Majesty is; and whilst he holds her Letters Patent and the apostolical jurisdiction they give, no number of bishops can oust him, even when threatening the appalling anathema of a Pan-Anglican common ion.

What a sad spectacle does this meeting exhibit. What a solemn warning to those who still adhere to the lifeless system of Protestantism! It would seem that Almighty God permitted this farce, in order to show the weakness of error. Can any man, not wholly blinded by insane prejudice, pretend to say that such a Church came from God? Human legislators enact systems of government competent to deal with questions that belong to their jurisdiction. If Protestantism came from God, then He must have failed to equal the wisdom of His creature. This would be blasphemy. Then what shall we say of that religion that makes such an argument possible? Is it any wonder that good, honest men are every day opening their eyes to the falsity of this tattered demoralization cheat, made up of the odds and ends of every heresy that has existed from the time of Christ. If the antiquarian wants to find the period when the first Protestant Council was held, he will probably end his investigations at the Tower of Babel. He will there discover such a striking similarity that the conclusion will be forced from him. Here is the origin, prototype and exemplary of the Pannish tribe! The ancients wished to rear a tower to Heaven; and the moderns their false system. But both being an insult to God, He confounded the one with strange tongues and the other with jarring opinions, and truncated dogmas.

We may very properly consider the late exhibition as a display of Protestant strength. Probably twenty more bishops could not have been drummed up in the whole world. Other nations would have no connexion with the Council. The Germans laughed at the Canterbury summons, and indulged in metaphysics, and allusions to the legend of the "Spider and the Fly." They would not walk into the Pan-Anglican parlor for any consideration whatever. They foresaw, with Teutonic shrewdness, what a specimen of Protestant power would be displayed, and so stayed at home. In fact, in spite of their opposition to the Catholic Church, they knew full well that a Council—a real living, united, authoritative body—was only possible within Her pale. For, as long as a religion is a mere piece of State machinery, it will be affected by national hatreds and prejudices. Hence when English, American or German bishops meet they bring with them a mass of "notions" as much national as religious; and as there is no power amongst them which could hold personal feelings in abeyance for one moment it follows that anything like a Council is impossible.

Now let any one compare the position of the Church of God with this pitiful pretence. The Pope speaks, and hundreds of real bishops obey the call. From every spot on the civilized globe they hurry to the centre of Catholic Truth. Their political feelings may differ—their forms of government may be dissimilar—their notions even at war with each other—yet they meet and all is peace and harmony. The reason is, because the Catholic Church elevates Her children, and especially Her Pastors, above the petty conflict of earthly things. They are free to support the civil authorities as ardently as they please in all things just; but above this is a region of perpetual calm where no clashing voices are heard—where one authority alone, divinely constituted, and dignified with the splendid past of two thousand years, is obeyed. It is this great fact that so perplexes the enemies of the Catholic Church. They talk loftily of Union when there is no union. They cry Peace, Peace, and there is no peace. They affect a supreme contempt for the Church of God and Her glorious mission—and yet they fear her: nay, they unconsciously do her homage. For what is meant by those sorry attempts at Councils—those windy anathemas &c., but a feverish desire to ape the legitimate exercise of

such power in the Catholic Church? They would give half of their loaves and fishes if they could induce people to look upon their performances with any other feeling than that of contempt and ridicule; and that outsiders do so, we have the recent Pan-Anglican Council as a proof. We shall return to this subject again.

J. M. J. G.

"If the English Government has a right to abolish tithes in Ireland, the Italian Government has a right to secularise Church property in Italy."—*Montreal Gazette*.

Our respected contemporary is at fault in his logic: at all events his argument is not *ad hominem* to Catholics, to whom he addresses it.

The *Gazette* must remember that in the eyes of the latter, the Establishment in Ireland is just as much a mere secular or purely human institution as is the Custom's Department, or the Constabulary; and that therefore the British Government, has just as much right to transfer the tithes of which at the Reformation the Catholic Church was robbed, to any other secular purpose such as drainage or the making of roads—as it had to seize upon them at the time of the Reformation, or as it has to retain them for the support of another purely secular object, to wit the maintenance of the "Church as By Law Established." The tithes in Ireland have been secularised these three hundred years, and the only question now concerning them which the Government will entertain is this—To what secular purpose shall they be applied? shall they be kept as heretofore for the sustenance of a government institution called the Established Church, which is repudiated by the great mass of the people, as an insult and an injury? or shall they be applied to some other secular purpose of more general utility?

Now this is a very different question from that which the revolutionary government of Italy has raised. The question there is not merely,— "How shall secularised Church property be applied? but this: Shall Church property be secularised at all?" Now a consistent Catholic might well return a negative answer to this last question; and yet when in spite of him Church property should have been secularised, and no prospect remained of its restoration to its original and rightful purpose, the same man might without any sacrifice of consistency exert himself to effect the application of the secularised property to such objects as he deemed the least injurious to Catholic interests. For if it is never permitted to do evil that good may ensue, it is often quite lawful to choose the least of two evils, when both are presented, and one or the other is inevitable.

At the same time we agree with the *Gazette* that that which chiefly helps to avert the long menaced abolition of the Government Church in Ireland, is the difficulty of settling the question of the application of the property which it holds; but of which property the State has, as against the said institution, the right to dispose, since the State created it, and the State endowed it with the spoils of the Catholic Church the sole rightful owner of the property in question.

PROTESTANTISM AT THE PARIS EXHIBITION.—In an article in the *Montreal Witness* we find an amusing notice of the display of Protestant manufactures at the great Paris show:—

"As you enter the precincts of the Palace by the Port d'Jena, the principal door facing the Seine, turn by the first path on your right. You will see the space of ground occupied by Great Britain for its evangelical missions. * * * At that window stands a young German; at the next an Englishman highly honored as the chief promoter of this Christian enterprise; at the third a Frenchman; at the fourth a converted Jew, whose energy and deep conviction have so greatly contributed to the success of this work; at the next a Russian gentleman; at the other an Italian; and at the neighboring window a Spaniard who for two years was the fellow prisoner of Matamoros."

Nor were these—as the reader might at first suspect was the case—mere wax work figures: they were all first rate articles of Protestant manufacture; real genuine evangelical converts of flesh and blood, and therefore far transcending in interest anything that Mr. Barnum can show, or that is to be found in the celebrated collection of the immortal Arctus Ward. The only thing neglected by the exhibition, and the omission is important—was a ticket on the breast of the several converts, showing the cost of each particular article to the Society that exhibited them. We should for instance much like to know what was the original price of the "young German;" how much the French convert came to; and what the average daily cost of keeping the "Jew" in good evangelical order. This latter charge forms by no means a trifling item in the annual expenditure of the Societies. Good middling converts in Spain, Italy, and especially in Palestine, are to be had very reasonable; but the mischief is that they are very apt, especially the last named, to relapse, backslide, or get out of order; so that it often costs more to keep a convert up to the mark, or in good evangelical condition, when made, than to make him. They require frequent "winding up," and this is a serious drawback to the success of evangelical missions; for as with "scuzzes" at a livery stable, their converts may be said to "eat their heads off."

We suspect that our exhibitors at the Paris

Exhibition must have had recourse to the dodge commonly attributed to an old friend Anacharsis Clootz, representative of the *genre humain*, what time he presented himself at the Bar of an as-tounded Assembly with his diversely clad, and many tongued constituents: but whom the irreverent, much laughing Parisians maintained were after all made up of the dregs of the populace, hired at so much per head per hour, and for the nonce dressed out in the borrowed garments of one of the minor theatres. Anyhow, Paris which has witnessed many a strange, many a ludicrous sight within its gates since the outbreak of the Revolution, has witnessed none more strange, none more ludicrous, if we rightly consider them—than these of Anacharsis with his specimens of the "human race," and of the Evangelical Missions of England, with their show of "converts."

If things go on much longer in the same manner as they are at present progressing, the Protestant world will soon, we suspect be forced to acknowledge the soundness of the action taken by the Catholic Church against secret societies. We were wont to be told, that it was a relic of "medieval barbarism and oppression" to forbid men to band themselves together by secret oaths and pass words. Men grew eloquent—demagogues red in the face in railing against the "tyranny of the priesthood"—"papal aggression"—"encroachments upon the liberty of the subject"—when the Church in her divine singleness of purpose declared all secret societies illegal, and excommunicated all their founders and abettors. Freemasonry, Carbonari-ism, and Continental secret societies were all legitimate and praiseworthy institutions as long as their bombs were exploded at continental Catholic sovereigns, Mazzini-ism, Garibaldi-ism and Orange-ism are all very good, in as much as their aim is No Popery and No Surrender, Rome or death. But the moment these same principles are evoked against Protestant governments that moment the whole case is altered. Secret societies as far as Whiteboyism and Fenianism are concerned are immediately found to have many inconveniences—their members are branded as traitors, and their whole organisation is condemned and reprobated. And yet the explosion at Clerkenwell—the Greek fire of Belgravia (if it be not a fabrication of the Police) are only the results of the self same mechanism as that of the Trades Unions of Sheffield—the Orsini bombs of Paris, and the blowing up of the Jesuit Barracks at Rome. We are no apologists for the cold blooded atrocity at Clerkenwell; but we do love consistency, and should like to hear some of our highly evangelical editors wax as eloquent over the explosion at Rome, as they do over the Clerkenwell massacre—over Garibaldi-ism as they do over Fenianism. The Catholic Church declares all secret societies whatever,—Catholic as well as Protestant—to be wrong and contrary to the law of God. She stays not to enquire whether they be for her or against her—Fenian or Orange. Her decree is against all alike, for she has the law of God to interpret, and that law is the same for Catholic as for Protestant, and she promulgates her decrees accordingly.

But the Protestant world has no such singleness of purpose. Expediency is the great gauge of all its principles. As long as secret societies have for their object the overthrow or injury of Catholicity, so long it looks on with complacency and satisfaction; but the moment they are turned against herself—the moment her enemies learning a lesson from her, turn her own engines against herself, that moment she begins to realise their heinousness and denounce them as traitorous.—And in her punishment of the crime, she is equally inconsistent. She hangs three men for participation in the murder of one man, though no one of the three is the actual murderer, and she raises a howl against "priestly oppression" because the Pope is (*falsely*) accused of confiscating the property of the participants in the Garibaldian raid. Oh! consistency thou art a jewel! When will 19th century Protestantism place thee in her diadem?

SACERDOS.

CONVENT OF THE CONGREGATION.—The Ladies of this Community, with their accustomed zeal for the sacred cause of education, opened on Monday last 20th inst., their newly built Convent at Pointe-Claire, for the reception of pupils. The site has been selected with much judgment, and cannot be surpassed for salubrity, and all natural advantages. Distant only about an hour's run in the cars which pass the village two or three times a day, this establishment holds out great attractions to parents in Montreal; and the system of education pursued by the Ladies of the Congregation is so well known and appreciated by the public as to need no eulogy from us.

AN ARGUMENT FOR ANNEXATION.—In Canada, taxation amounts to about \$3.50 per head of the population: in the United States to \$30 per head. What the people of Canada would gain in a pecuniary point of view by Annexation is therefore a matter of very easy calculation.