

## The True Witness.

AND  
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MONTREAL, FRIDAY, NOV. 20, 1868.

## ECCLESIASTICAL CALENDAR.

NOVEMBER—1868.

Friday 20—St. Felix of Valois C.  
Saturday 21—Presentation of the B. V. M.  
Sunday 22—Twenty-fifth after Pentecost.  
Monday 23—St. Clement P. M.  
Tuesday 24—St. John of the Cross C.  
Wednesday 25—St. Catherine V. M.  
Thursday 26—Of the Blessed Sacrament.

## NEWS OF THE WEEK.

No important events have occurred in Europe since our last. The latest reports from Spain are to the effect that the political clubs at Madrid have decided upon a monarchical form of government, the King to be elected by universal suffrage. What the Provinces will say to this, we are not told, but an elected King of Spain will reign but for a very short time.

Parliament has been dissolved in England, and the elections for the new House of Commons are being proceeded with rapidly.

Lord Monck sailed on Saturday last for Europe; his successor may soon be expected. In the meantime Sir Charles A. Windham will administer the Government of Canada.

PROTESTANT CASUISTRY.—We do not use this word in an invidious sense, but as aptly applied to the following argument, which we clip from the New York World. Dr. Temple is, as our readers we suppose are aware, one of the foremost divines of the Anglican Church:—

To Dr. Temple, the head master of Rugby, is due the honor of having advanced the first good and perfect answer to the argument that the Queen is debarred by her coronation oath from consenting to the disendowment of the Irish Church. The oath, he says, is not a promise made to the nation, and from which the nation may release the Queen, is a promise made to God, and to which the nation is only a witness. "But, if it can be proved that the promise is an act of injustice, then we have really promised God to do an act of injustice, and what right have we to make such a promise, or to suppose that God would accept it? It is only necessary to prove that the Irish Establishment is an institution which continually does injustice, to make this argument irresistible; and that, it is not at all difficult to do.—New York World.

One of the favorite heads of the long indictment urged by popular Protestant writers against the morality of the Catholic Church is:—That her casuists teach, that unjust oaths, or engagements ratified by an oath, to do an injustice, or a wrong, are not binding on the conscience of him who contracts them: and that he is not only at liberty, but is bound to, break them.

Now this is exactly the doctrine laid down by Dr. Temple, and approved of by the Protestant press. "If it can be proved that the promise is an act of injustice," then, according to the Protestant casuist we are bound not to keep it. But how is it to be proved? Here's the rub, which makes the rule—sound as it is in principle—so dangerous of application in practice amongst a Protestant community, where the exercise of the right of private judgment is, and can be, the sole rule of faith and morals. To teach any community that an unjust promise, even when confirmed by oath, is not binding in conscience upon him who makes it—unless there be a universally recognised tribunal, competent to declare, with infallible certainty, what is just, and what is unjust, what is in accordance with the Divine will, and what contrary thereto,—is to inculcate a doctrine destructive of all private and public morality; a doctrine subversive of all society, for it leaves it to the private judgment of the individual to determine for himself whether he be bound to observe, or to violate, the promises confirmed by oath that he may have made. So a witness might deem it very unjust that he should be called upon by a Court to give evidence that would consign a friend and benefactor, to ignominious punishment: and so he might conclude that, in spite of his oath-confirmed promise to tell the truth, the whole, truth, and nothing but the truth, he was at liberty, indeed in justice bound, to suppress, or qualify that truth.

And so actually in this case of the Irish Establishment. Who amongst Protestants is fit to determine its justice or injustice? The private judgment of the Irish Tory who supports that Establishment, and who deems it to be a just and holy thing, is every whit as good as is that of

the English Liberal, who looks upon it as a crying injustice, and an evil to be put down. It is only necessary to prove it to be an unjust institution says the N. Y. World: but how can it be proved to be so, except upon premises which its supporters do not admit, and the truth of which its Protestant opponents assume indeed, but cannot prove? If the Irish Established Church be what its friends call it, a true branch of the Catholic Church: if Romanism be what Protestants assert it to be, an invention of the devil, the mother of harlots, the great apostasy, then indeed the Irish Establishment is not only no injustice, but a noble protest against the Pope and the Devil, which the Government is bound to uphold at all costs.

The question then of the justice or injustice of the Established Church of Ireland resolves itself in last analysis into a question of the comparative merits of Catholicity, and the Anglican form of Protestantism: for it is not unjust, or contrary to the divine law, for the Government of a country to encourage the true religion, and to confer special favors upon its professors. Who then, where there is no tribunal higher than the private judgment of the individual, is to determine whether the Irish Establishment be a wrong or a right? and whether therefore an oath to uphold it be binding on the conscience of those who have sworn to uphold it?

In so far as the Queen is concerned, the people over whom she rules, who imposed on her the Coronation oath in their own interests, and as a barrier against possible Executive aggression, have the right to absolve her from the obligation of observing it, in part, or in whole: for the most rigid of casuists will not deny that A. can always release B. from any obligation that the latter may have contracted towards him. But the doctrine broadly laid down by Dr. Temple—that oaths to maintain injustice are not binding on those who take them—though true in itself, is in a Protestant community, which has no infallible tribunal to determine what is just, and what unjust, as dangerous and immoral a doctrine or proposition, as ever man laid down.

ANGLICAN DIFFICULTIES.—Our Anglican friends are beginning to experience the evils of self-government. They seem, in short, to have got themselves into the condition poetically described by Yankees as a "fix," in England as a "dead-lock." The facts of the case, in so far as we are able to glean them from the journals, are these:—

In case of a vacancy occurring in a Protestant diocese in Canada, a successor is appointed in this wise. The Bishops send down to the synod of the vacant diocese a list of names; and from amongst the gentlemen so designated, the synod is at liberty to select the future Bishop. Now a vacancy has lately occurred in the diocese of Montreal, whose Protestant Bishop is also Metropolitan, and as such takes precedence of all the other Protestant Bishops of the Dominion. Thus it will be seen that the right of electing a Bishop for its own diocese, confers, practically, upon the diocesan synod of Montreal, the right of electing a Metropolitan.

Now the other Bishops seem to think that it would be unjust to them, if a gentleman not previously holding Anglican Orders as a Bishop should, by a vote of the particular diocese of Montreal, be at one bound raised, not only to the Episcopate, but to the grade of Metropolitan. They therefore determined that they would send to the synod the names of those only who were already Bishops, thus practically restricting the right of the Synod in its choice of a successor to the late universally respected Dr. Fulford, to one of their own members. To this restriction upon its freedom of choice the Synod objected, by refusing to elect any one of the gentlemen whose names the Bishops submitted to it. The Synod in short contended that it should be at liberty to select, if it thought good, a member of the inferior clergy to be Bishop of Montreal, spite of the accident of Metropolitan dignity being attached to that office. Neither party would give way. The Bishops persisted in their resolve that none but one of their own body should be elected to fill the post of Metropolitan: the Synod equally determined to assert its right to take its Bishop from all ranks of the Anglican Clergy, rejected one after the other all the candidates proposed by the Bishops. The latter therefore adjourned for six months, refusing to alter their determination, and the synod consequently remains legally powerless to elect a successor to Dr. Fulford. It is a very pretty quarrel, and we see not how it will end.

FLAP-DOODLE, OR THE STUFF THAT THEY FEED FOOLS ON.—The annexed paragraph we clip from the Toronto Globe of the 11th inst.—It is a fair specimen of the intellectual provender furnished to their intelligent readers by able Protestant editors:—

The prayer in the service of the Mass that all pagans and heretics may be crucified, is to be replaced in Spain by a petition for their speedy conversion "to the Christian faith." Spain now prefers the conversion to the destruction of mis-believers.

Our Toronto contemporary may be surprised to learn—1st. That it is not in the power of any nation or Government in the world, to alter

or suppress one word in the "service of the Mass," or to add one syllable or letter thereto; 2nd. That in that service no prayer for crushing or the destruction of pagans and heretics occurs. When at all alluded to, as in the special service for Good Friday, from which we copy, it is in the following terms:—

"Let us pray also for all heretics and schismatics, that our Lord God will be pleased to deliver them from all their errors, and call them back to our Holy Mother, the Catholic and Apostolic:—"

"O Almighty and Eternal God who saveth all, and would have none to perish; look down on those souls that are seduced by the deceit of the devil; that the hearts of all those who err, laying aside all heretical malice, may repent and return to the unity of the truth. Through Jesus Christ Our Lord—Amen."

"Let us pray also for the pagans, that Almighty God would remove all iniquity from their hearts; that quitting their idols, they may be converted to the true and living God, and His only son Jesus Christ Our Lord:—"

"O Almighty and Eternal God whoseest not the death of sinners, but that they should live, mercifully hear our prayers, and deliver them from their idolatry; and to the praise and glory of Thy name, admit them into Thy holy Church. Through Jesus Christ Our Lord, who liveth, &c. Amen."

A VERY FULL FLEDGED "CANARD."—The finest specimen of this by no means *rara avis* that we have as yet met with in Canada, came over the wires of the Atlantic telegraph last week, and was handed round for the admiration of an intelligent public by intelligent editors, who seem to have had no idea of the creature's absurdity. In substance the thing amounted to this:—That, at a meeting at Rome of the French Prelates and Cardinals, it had been agreed that, at the coming General Council, the discipline of the Catholic Church should be so altered as to allow priests to take unto themselves wives; and to authorise the celebration of Mass in the vulgar tongue of the several nations of the world.—Is not this a fine plump canard?

SINGULAR COINCIDENCE.—The Hawaiian Islands have always been held up to the world as the scene of the chief triumph of Protestant Missions; as a signal instance that the Lord has been, and is with them. How then are we to account for the following statement which we find in our Protestant contemporary the Montreal Daily News of the 12th inst.:—

"Sorcery is on the increase in the Hawaiian Islands, and the police are making extra exertions to put it down."

Perhaps after all the thing is not singular: for we remember how prodigious in England, during the triumph of ultra-Protestant principles under the Commonwealth, was the development of sorcery: so that in one year, and in one shire alone, no less than sixty persons were burned to death as witches—vide Hudibras.

NEW ZEALAND MISSIONS.—The London Times in an editorial on the present condition of this important Colony thus sums up the results of the Protestant mission to the Maories:—

"They have learnt just religion enough to devise a kind of Christian fetish, and just politics enough to elect a King of their own, in the place of Queen Victoria."

This is the testimony of an impartial Protestant witness.

## SPAIN.

The late revolution in Spain has brought to the surface many strange things; but, strangest of all, is the tremendous poems which the Protestant press is singing over what they are pleased to call "the resuscitated nationality." As long as Spaniards were true Catholics,—as long as the spirit of Spanish Society was opposed to the diabolical portent,—(latest born of the Reformation)—called the Revolution, no epithets were too strong,—no sneers too contemptuous,—no calumny too vile, for that unfortunate people and nation. They were effete: centuries behind the age: priest-ridden and slavish: superstitious and lazy: ignorant and revengeful: unable to assert their liberties, or appreciate them when asserted: treacherous beggars and revengeful helots. The popular picture of that land generally set forth a group of ragged nondescripts, dancing interminable *boleros* before dingy inns; while, in perspective, a monk or two might be described belaboring sorry mules up sky-blue mountains. Such sweet *voyageurs*, as the Rev. Mr. Britannia, usually grew more impertinent and lying than usual when chance brought him to the ancient Iberian shore. He would grow weakly eloquent and most sentimentally rabid in describing the vast numbers of padres and nuns—the poverty of the people, and the magnificence of the conventual establishments. When upon this latter subject the reverend gentleman would exercise a prodigious amount of that evangelical humor so peculiar to Exeter Hall. Stories, altogether imaginative, were told with an unctuous leer that suggested an acquaintance with these establishments which existed in every city, and, which, are occasionally purified by the left-handed visits and sanction of many such ministers of the gospel as Mr. Britannia. Then the religious ceremonies of the Church were a continual source of inspiration for the genial criticisms of the godly man. He was generally posted, during grand *fetes*, in some very conspicuous position, attended by a bevy of his delicate-minded countrywomen. He and they, of course, considered it their bounden duty to profess the superior intelligence of Protestant

opinion by the most obtrusive contempt for the Catholic religion. During High Mass, the reverend humorist, would keep up a running fire of dreadfully comical comparisons, which would excite an encouraging display of hysterical giggling in the "ladies." Occasionally, the reverend gentleman so dazzled his companions by those exhibitions, that prosaic husbands were driven to the Court of Arches, or the tribunal of Sir Cresswell Cresswell, before they freed themselves from the influence of such delightful gospel men. If the sexton of the parish bustled the vagabond with the white cravat out of the sacred precincts which he degraded, a terrible *fracas* ensued. Consuls were appealed to: ambassadors were beleaguered: Cabinet ministers were badgered: editors were appalled with a shower of "Now, Sir" literature:—(to the delight of the "devil" who lighted the fires)—popular indignation was excited: the air filled with alarming prognostics. Sometimes the affair assumed national proportions; and gentlemen of Lord Russell's stamp sent "Britons never, never, &c." kind of notes, to the intense gratification of the evangelical world that patted him in the back. When we speak of bullying notes, we refer, of course, to Spain—she was weak.

It was the great hobby of England's proselytizing system, to be eternally quoting Spain and the Spaniards as a species of justification of the senseless, savage injustice of her attacks on everything Catholic. Year after year, fanatical dolts of the Shaftesbury, Whalley, Newdegate stripe, made Parliament and Exeter Hill ring with empty-headed, resounding verbiage sacred to the mob and country parsons. When a few seditious apostates—toys of the revolutionary agitators—were exiled, for making the Bible a pretext for undermining the loyalty of the people to the established authorities of Spain, the outcry in England was deafening. It cannot be denied that the latter country has always shown a marked predilection for the rebels of other states. The reason is, we suppose, that foreign traitors and leaders of sedition are ordinarily imbued with strong anti-Catholic sentiments.—However, the clamor raised on the occasion to which we refer, was so very violent that many impartial minded persons began to suspect that all this noise was raised to distract attention from the real object—the destruction of that authority which, nominally, at least, guaranteed the existence of a truly Catholic spirit in Spain.—Whatever grounds these may be for such judgment, it is certain that the lately de-Bourbonized State, has been, for a long period the object of England's peculiar regard. The present irreligious and degraded position of Portugal—a virtual British dependency—explains what that "peculiar regard" means. The course of English statesmen in arrogantly pointing out to the "dumbfounded Spaniard"—to borrow an expression of Mr. Roebuck—the "reforms" needed in Spain, may appear persistently generous on the surface; but it looks very much like collusion with those revolutionary chiefs who feared to let loose the storm without possessing some such respectable authority to support their own pretended grievances. Public opinion is very powerful, and even Spanish Communists, infidels, and revolutionists cannot afford to condemn the sanction of their actions implied in the remonstrances to the late Government of Spain. Then we have the Bible Society—that Society whose benevolence is so cosmopolitan that it distributes overcoats to the little negroes who sport on the banks of the Senegambia; and buries, free of cost, those unfortunate children that die of hunger and cold on the banks of the Thames.—We have, indeed, this great Society busying itself marvellously in the affairs of Spain. It smuggled dozens of Bibles into that benighted land, while it might have purchased them in thousands at Madrid or any town or village in the country. Besides, there would have been a great advantage in purchasing the Bible at Madrid—it would have been the Word of God as issued from Heaven, instead of from King James' Parliamentary Commission. But those harangues, whom the Society sent with such inferior coals to Newcastle, not being permitted to make a modern St. Paul's Cross of the public thoroughfares of Spanish cities, instead of practising the precepts of the Book which they profess to prize so highly, grew exceedingly wrathful, and began to tell such prodigious lies that Voltaire—had he been permitted to come up and see them—would have given them a very warm embrace.

But the loving intentions of those philanthropists were manifold and, one might say, protean. The good creatures casting a glance at home, and observing the universal spread of education amongst the middle and, especially, the lower classes of England, grew downcast in spirit at the thought that Spain was shut out from such a condition of superior enlightenment. They met at dinners—(by the way, the last day will find Englishmen "speechifying" at some grand dinner or other, to do honor to somebody or something)—They grew, not "melancholy mad" but melancholy widdy.—They "Mr. Chairman-ed" by the hour—they appointed Presidents and Vice-Presidents, Secretaries,

Treasurers and Commissions. Of course those Commissioners went to Spain; and, of course, the state of education in the unfortunate country satisfied them that no comparison could be made between Spaniards and Englishmen of the lower classes with respect to the matter under consideration. Some people were heard to say that if Spanish laborers were less enlightened than their Saxon brothers, the defect must have been in the natural qualities not the acquired, for the Saxon possessed none of the latter. But they were immediately frowned down by the stern displeasure of Britannia.

But all this is passed. Spain is revolutionized, and the conventicles, basements, steeples, houses and camp-meeting tents are in ecstasies. Debating Societies in different concessions and divers Townships, are making upon this subject, direct allusions to the Phœnix. In truth men of wider ambition do not disdain the mythological and fabulous Bird when alluding to the blessed days that have come upon Spain. Books of travel, abusive of everything Spanish, which erstwhile, were eagerly devoured, are now cast aside, in spite of the charms of style, descriptive excellence and truthfulness which mark the productions of such titled, reverend and aristocratic authors. Roar ye as any lion, you cannot surpass the Rev. Mr. Britannia, whose eulogistic howls and gesticulatory vagaries would put to the blush a Feejee village.

As telegram after telegram announces the progress of the revolution over principles and institutions that have made Spain's history a glorious page in the chequered march of our common humanity, the cry of her former enemies grows more loud and exulting. They seem to forget that the most splendid periods of modern nations were reached when the civilization which they created was the obedient offspring of Catholic principles. The stern unyielding genius of Spanish submission to the Church may, for a time, be clothed in the rags of a revolution; but she disdains the paltry garb, and is as queenly in the momentary darkness as in the light which her unrestrained beauty shed upon her country. The vagaries of popular commotion and error may rise with threatening rage toward Heaven, but, high above all, the memory of a mighty Past, born of Catholic truth, will spread her mantle over the troubled waters and, with touching inspirations, soothe and calm the tempest to rest. From the loved shrines of Spain's illustrious children, the dust of saints and heroes is appealing eloquently and pathetically to the monster—that Protestant engorgement—Revolution.—Sooner or later, the wicked spirit shall be exorcised, and his lifeless hand shall drop powerless from the throat of Spanish liberty and glory.

J. M. J. G.

## GARIBALDI AND THE TEMPORAL POWER OF THE POPE.

On Friday night the 13th inst., the Rt. Rev. Dr. Lynch delivered a lecture on the above subject, under the auspices of the Catholic Young Men's Society. Rev. Father O'Farrell and others of the clergy were on the platform.

Rt. Rev. Dr. Lynch began his lecture by referring to the great importance of what is called the Roman question, and the intense interest the whole world had in it. What was the temporal power of the Pope? It means now something different from what it once did; but now it means that the Holy Father was temporal ruler over a portion of Italy. He has been called Primate of all Italy, but his great title was the Head of the Church throughout the world. How has this temporal power grown up? As the mighty oak grew, so grew the temporal power of the Pope. When the cross beamed over the capital of the Roman Empire, then there was an Emperor, who recognised the authority of the Chief of the Christian Church. Constantine resolved to move his seat of empire, and established Constantinople, and there planted his throne. In course of time there was an emperor in the east and one in the west; and so it came to pass that the Sovereign Pontiff stood at Rome, with no authority over him. The envoy who might be there was bound to listen to his advice. They did not always do it, and then came reproofs or an appeal to the emperor, and no voice was superior to the Pontiff at Rome. By and by, as the emperors became more tyrannical, the people began to look up to the Sovereign Pontiff and in the course of time he became the sole ruler. Besides this Constantine had, given the Pope a tract of land outside of Rome, over which he ruled. As time rolled on, the empire grew more and more feeble. The empire was invaded by ruthless hordes, and there was no civil power at Rome to protect it, except the Sovereign Pontiff, who faced the victorious barbarian and charged him to take no step further Romeward, and he turned back at the bidding of the Pontiff. Years rolled by, and another invasion swept the land; the same Pontiff again stood before the barbarian ruler, and again Rome owed her safety to a Pontiff. Again and again the voice of the Pontiff stirred up the people to stand up for the protection of their homes and their country. They obeyed him when they disregarded the appeal of all mere temporal rulers. So by the year 600, it had come to pass that the Pope had full power over a large part of Italy—power given to him by the request of the people, so he became their father, their protector, their civil ruler. But the Roman Empire has perished and all the old Empires of that day have passed away, but the kingdom of the Pope is to-day nearly as extensive—as strong as it was in those olden days.