

The True Witness.

AND
CATHOLIC CHRONICLE,
INTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY
At No. 663 Craig Street, by
J. GILLIES.
G. E. OLBERK, Editor.

TERMS YEARLY IN ADVANCE:

To all country Subscribers Two Dollars. If the subscription is not renewed at the expiration of the year then, in case the paper be continued, the terms shall be Two Dollars and a half.

To all subscribers whose papers are delivered by carriers, Two Dollars and a half, in advance; and if not renewed at the end of the year, then, if we continue sending the paper, the subscription shall be Three Dollars.

The True Witness can be had at the News Depot. Single copies 3d.

The figures after each Subscriber's Address every week shows the date to which he has paid up. Thus "John Jones, August '63," shows that he has paid up to August '63, and owes his subscription from that date.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, SEPT. 17, 1869.

ECCLIASTICAL CALENDAR.

SEPTEMBER—1869.

Friday, 17—Ember Day. *Stigmata of St. Francis*, O.
Saturday, 18—Ember Day. *St. Joseph a Cuper-*
tino, O.
Sunday, 19—Eighteenth after Pentecost.
Monday, 20—Vigil of SS. Eustachius and Comp., MM.
Tuesday, 21—St. Matthew, A.
Wednesday, 22—St. Thomas of Villanova, B. O.
Thursday, 23—St. Louis, P. M.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The official reports as to the state of the French Emperor's health are to the effect that he has quite recovered, which, considering that according to the same sources of information, he has never been unwell, are more calculated to excite our surprise, than to encourage our hopes. No reliance can be placed on what the French press says upon this matter. Another report is in circulation that Louis Napoleon is meditating an abdication, and that as a preliminary, the majority of the young Prince Imperial will be proclaimed on his next birth-day. The news from Spain is of little interest. The regency of Serrano is to be prolonged, some say, for three years. Order is restored, that is to say, the country crushed beneath a military despotism, shows no signs of life.

WEEDS AND FLOWERS.—The Montreal *Witness* has got hold of two amiable and interesting converts from the soul destroying errors of Popery to the Holy Protestant Faith. The names of this interesting brace of swaddlers are: Xavier Patenaude, and Louis Barrette, whose respective letters to their parish priest, the Rev. Narcisse Trudel of St. Isidore, announcing their renunciation of the Catholic faith, the *Witness* of the 16th August publishes under the caption of "Two Canadians Renounced Catholicism."

These letters are curiosities in their way. In them the writers attribute their renunciation of Catholicism to the study of the Gospel. "I read and re-read this Book of God," says our friend Xavier Patenaude: "I sought for myself"—so the other convert Louis Barrette is made to say—"what the word of God taught." But on looking at the respective signatures to these letters the marvellous phenomenon presents itself that both the writers are so ignorant as to be unable to sign their own names, as witnesses, but merely make their marks. Thus Xavier Patenaude who read, and reread the Gospel, signs his name indeed to the letter in which he announces the fact of his renunciation of Catholicism to his former parish priest, which is attested by Louis Barrette who however merely makes his mark. But when it is the turn of the latter to warn the parish priest no longer to reckon him amongst his tythe-paying parishioners, Louis Barrette signs his name in full, and his renunciation is in turn witnessed by Xavier Patenaude, who seems suddenly to have lost the power of writing, and attests the fact by his mark or cross. Arcades Ambo.

The truth is, we suppose, that of this pair of precious converts, neither the one nor the other can either read or write, and that of course the whole story about reading and re-reading the Book of God, is a pleasant fiction. Of their literary capacity to interpret this, the most difficult of all books, the meaning of whose contents is still, and has for eighteen centuries been, violently contested by all who repudiate the authority of the Catholic Church we may form an estimate from this fact, that they can neither of them sign their own names. We cannot therefore suppose that the letters attributed to them were of their own composition.

But what end does the *Witness* propose to attain by this publication of the names of two obscure illiterate French Canadians? That from time to time cases of renunciation of the Catholic faith are to be found we all know: and considering the influences that are brought to bear on him, and the advantages which in a worldly point of view the French Canadian derives from the profession of Protestantism, we are surprised

and thankful to God that such cases are of such rare occurrence. But what can be the meaning of heralding them to the world when they do occur?

When such men as Newman, as Wilberforce, as Faber, as Manning and others whom it would be tedious to name—the most eminent scholars of the Protestant Church: men whom Oxford delighted to honor; from whose lips the *élite* of England's youths sought wisdom; whose eloquence won all hearts; whose profound learning inspired all with a respect, which the unblemished purity of their lives augmented: to whom all preferences in the Anglican church were open; within whose grasp were all the emoluments, all the dignities of the wealthiest ecclesiastical establishment in the world, whose pastors are the peers of princes, and the rulers of the land—when men such as these we say, after long, patient, and prayerful study, for which years of mental discipline, and an intimate acquaintance with the history of Christianity had peculiarly fitted them—renounced Protestantism, and with Protestantism, home, friends, wealth, position, dignities, and all that in the eyes of the world makes life pleasant—to embrace Romanism, poverty, and social exile; to become the object of the scorn, the hatred, and vituperation of those whom they loved on earth, so that indeed in crossing the portals of the Church they might well say—"surely now the bitterness of death is past"—we can understand how and why Catholics should point to these men as standing living evidences of the power of Catholic truth; of the attraction which it exerts over the intelligence of men of intellectual culture, over the affections of those who are pure of heart, as well as over those who are conscious of sin, and their need of pardon. This we can understand; and the argument is, as far it goes *i.e.*—(that the claims of the Catholic Church are worthy of an attentive hearing from others who cannot pretend to be in learning or in morality the superiors of a Newman or a Manning)—a good argument, and has had no doubt good results. But to be told that some illiterate French Canadian of unknown antecedents, and intellectually incapable of forming a judgment of his own, has taken a step which whilst it releases him from the legal obligation of paying tithes to his parish priest, makes him an object of interest to his wealthy Protestant neighbors, and thereby greatly improves his worldly prospects—what does this imply or argue? We all know—Protestants as well as Catholics—how converts from Romanism are made from amongst the ignorant and needy members of the Catholic Church—and indeed the process has often been exposed and denounced in indignant language by Protestants themselves; and knowing thus, knowing too what manner of men the said converts usually are, we almost feel inclined when we hear of such cases to follow the advice given by honest Dogberry to the watch; and letting the convert go, to thank God that we are quit of one who was no credit to his Church at any time.

So in the last number of the *North British Review*, in an article on the Irish Church, we read:—"It never could appear just that the Government should stand the land with agents charged to take advantage of poverty, misery, and the need of parents for their starving children, and come forward to buy souls for a mess of pottage to recruit the ranks of the Establishment. And yet this error could be continued if houses and glebes were given by the State in every parish to the disestablished Church."—p. 317.

THE SPIRIT OF PROGRESS AND ENLIGHTENMENT.—This cant phrase is ever on the lips of our Protestant acquaintances. Catholics, they tell us are opposed to that spirit, and we may as well plead guilty to the impeachment. Yes thank God! heart and soul, as honest men, as freemen, as well as Christians, are we opposed to that spirit, as defined, and reduced to practice by Protestants themselves.

For what is "the Spirit of progress and enlightenment?" we may be asked. Nothing fairer, than such a question: and our reply thereunto shall be couched in the very words of a writer in the *New York Evangelist*, quoted approvingly by the Montreal *Witness*. Taking our definition of the phrase in question from such a source, we cannot be accused of misrepresenting our separated brethren.

The evangelical writer is describing a brutal and unprovoked attack by a mob of infuriated Liberals upon the Jesuits, who refusing to repel force by force, sought, but sought in vain, for protection from the savage fury of their assailant within the walls of their convent. The mob however, yelling like demons, forced open the doors, destroyed all they could lay their hands on, and cruelly beat the unresisting Jesuit Fathers. Hereupon our evangelical informant breaks out into the following canticle of praise and thanksgiving for this glorious and characteristic Protestant victory:—

"The whole struggle seems pointedly to typify the contest now waging between the conservatism of the past, and the spirit of progress and enlightenment."—*Cor. of N. Y. Evangelist* as quoted by Montreal *Witness*.

Our readers will now understand what Liberals and evangelicals understand by the "spirit of progress and enlightenment." To attack a body of small unarmed and unresisting nuns or

priests: to rob them and insult them: to destroy their property, and to beat them brutally—this is typical of "Liberal progress," this is "modern enlightenment." It is a Protestant writer who so tells us.

That we may not be accused of perverting the meaning of our contemporary, we give his own description of the "struggle"—that is to say, of the brutal, unprovoked, unresisted, and cowardly attack on the Jesuits, which he fancifully calls a "struggle." It seems that the progressive and enlightened Cracow Liberals having gallantly stormed a convent and grossly insulted the nuns from which however they were repulsed by a body of troops, turned their attention to, and vented their superfluous enlightenment upon the Jesuits:

"As the multitude saw themselves foiled of their prey in this quarter, they turned with shouts, hisses, and yells, towards the Jesuit cloister. 'Down with the Jesuits,' rang on all sides. The Jesuits, fearing no mercy from the throng, made an effort to defend themselves to the last, but in a way characteristic of the Order. They bolted the massive doors, and hiding themselves in obscure lurking-places, with which convents and monasteries are liberally provided, caused all lights to be extinguished. One would suppose that a body of men whose life work had been to keep their fellow creatures in moral darkness, might almost shrink from meeting death in physical obscurity."

"The mob—though composed of influential citizens—still demeaned itself in a very mob-like manner. With an accompaniment of *Ku-zen-musik*, a shower of stones fell upon the devoted building. Every pane of glass that broke was greeted by the crowd with wild shouts of triumph."

"Strong shoulders were braced against the heavy doors; many climbed the garden walls to give their aid from within, and at last they yielded. The whole struggle seems pointedly to typify the contest now waging between the conservatism of the past, and the spirit of progress and enlightenment. That the former must eventually yield to the latter, is as sure as the fact that the bolted doors of Jesuitism gave way to the throng pressed against them. Two of the fathers coming forth to meet the rioters, and endeavoring to use fair words, were fearfully maltreated. Very typical."

Such is "the spirit of progress and enlightenment," as defined by Protestants; such too the arguments by which, in the nineteenth, as in the sixteenth century the champions of "progress and of enlightenment" support their cause. So too no doubt, what time, with brow encircled with a crown of thorns, bruised, lacerated with the cruel scourge, buffeted, spat upon, and like His disciples at Cracow the other day, "fearfully maltreated," One named Jesus passed slowly and painfully along the streets of Jerusalem, the "struggle" betwixt the unresisting victim, and the hell-inspired populace was eminently typical of the same kind of struggle betwixt the Cracow Jesuits and the mob, betwixt nineteenth century Liberals, and the Catholic Church. On one side there was brutal violence, and all the fury of demons: on the other, the patience of Him Who warned His disciples what they had to expect: that the world would hate them, because it had first hated Him: that it would persecute them even as it had persecuted their Master.

Is it wonderful then that as Catholics, as citizens, as lovers of liberty, we should detest heart and soul, and with all our might resist, that spirit of which the cowardly unprovoked attack of the Cracow Liberals on the Jesuits was typical! which always and everywhere displays itself, and asserts its presence by deeds of ruffianly violence; by cowardly, obscene and unmanly outrages upon women and priests! outrages of which the most brutal of savages would be ashamed, but which the *Witness* glories in. If indeed God made man a little lower than the angels, the spirit of "modern progress and enlightenment," when it gets hold of a man, and takes possession of him, degrades him far below the level of the lowest devils.

Poor dear Dr. Cumming, better known as "Great Tribulation Coming," is always putting his foot in it. A funny scrape to be sure he has just got himself into with the conventicle, for writing to the "Man of Sin" himself, and addressing him as "Holy Father." Surely for the nonce our friend *Tribulation* has made a mess of it.

It seems that the man has got it into his silly head that the earnest and affectionate "invitation" addressed by the Sovereign Pontiff to all Protestants and non-Catholics to consider seriously whether they were really following the road that leads to Eternal life, "*num vultis vram a Christo Domino præsceptam sectentur*, is an 'invitation' to Protestants and non-Catholics to attend the approaching Ecumenical Council in the capacity of members thereof, to take part in its deliberations, and to put on record their opinions. Laboring under this monstrous delusion, the simple man writes to the Pope, begging to be informed whether in case he attend the Council, full liberty of speech—which we suppose means unlimited opportunity of blackguarding the Pope and Papists—will be accorded to him. No answer to this extraordinary letter has as yet been vouchsafed from Rome.

Scarcely should we notice it, but for the strange interpretation that has been given, and not by "Great Tribulation Coming" alone, but by other Protestants as well, to the word "*invitation*." Yes! The Pope invites all Protestants, earnestly and affectionately invites them, well to consider their position, to submit themselves to the Church, and to return like penitent children to the bosom of their spiritual mother, whose arms are ever open to receive them. But it is

a ludicrous error to suppose that they are invited in the sense in which the real Bishops of the schismatic Eastern churches are invited to the Council. The latter have true valid Orders, and though in schism their several sects have a true Ministry—and real Sacraments. Not so with any Protestant sect, whose ministers whether called "Elders" as by the Baptists, or Bishops as by Anglicans and some Methodists, are but mere laymen, and therefore incompetent to take any part whatsoever in an ecclesiastical Synod.

The *Daily News* will we hope pardon us for correcting him. Criticising the action of His Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Dublin in prohibiting the attendance of Catholic children on the so-called "National Schools" the *Daily News* says:—

"He"—the Archbishop of Dublin—"holds National Schools to be irreligious because they neglect to inculcate the dogmas of his Church, which he considers the foundation of sound morality."—*Daily News* 7th Sept.

The reason why His Eminence condemns the National Schools, in so far as Catholic children are concerned, is to be found in this:—That they were founded and established for the express purpose of proselytism, as the late Protestant Archbishop Whately often admitted, and indeed boasted was the case. Well and wisely therefore is attendance on such schools forbidden to Catholic children.

And if the Church object to these schools as irreligious, the laity have the right to object to them as an outrage upon their rights as parents and as citizens. The State has no more right to set up or endow a National system of Education, than it has to set up or endow a National system of Religion. A National School is as much an abuse to be got rid of, a nuisance to be abated, as is a National Church: and no argument can be assigned in support of the one, which is not equally strong in favor of the other. The National Church so called, has been disestablished: in the logical order of events the National School must go next. Till then it will be nonsense to talk of Religious Freedom, or of Free Education: for the one consists essentially in the emancipation of the Church and Religion—the other in the emancipation of the School and Education—from all State control or interference.

We copy from the *Minerve* the following remarks upon the arrival in Montreal of the Rt. Rev. Dr. Oxenden, the Protestant Bishop. We are sure that the expressions of respect and good will for that gentleman expressed by the *Minerve*, are entertained by all classes of our Catholic community:—

"We have always hastened to recognize the generosity of the sentiments manifested towards us by our separated brethren and what we learn of Bishop Oxenden convinces us that the friendly relations and practical toleration which have made the prosperity of our city, will increase in extent and consistency. For this reason we only fulfil a duty by wishing him, in our turn, a welcome, and assuring him of the respectful esteem of the Catholics with whom he will probably be often brought in contact."—*Minerve*.

We learn from the *Courrier de St. Hyacinthe* that several of the Nuns of the Order of the Precious Blood, founded in that city some years ago, are about to take up their abode at Toronto, having been invited thither by His Lordship the Bishop of that Diocese.

To the surprise of everybody, F. C. Reiffenstein, the defaulting Government clerk, whose release on bail provoked the severe censures of the press, has returned to Ottawa, to stand his trial at the sessions which commenced on Monday last.

In our last by a strange oversight, or mistake the words "called his son" instead of "called his heir" appeared in our columns in allusion to the Prince Imperial of France. We hasten to make the necessary correction.

On and after Wednesday, the 15th instant, the steamer for Quebec will leave at six instead of seven.

OBITUARY.

Father Michael O'Connor died at the Hotel Dieu Hospital, Kingston, on Tuesday the 31st August. He was born in the middle of September, in the year 1841, and consequently had not completed his twenty-eighth year. He was born in Burlington, Vt., but removed with his parents to Kingston, when but a child.

He received his primary education from the Christian Brothers, but made his course of studies for the priesthood at Regiopolis College.

At the time of his decease he had completed his fifth year in the ministry—four of which he was parish priest of Gananoque. He was beloved by all classes; Protestants as well as Catholics mourn his loss.

On Thursday the 2nd inst., His Lordship the Bishop of the diocese, assisted by Father Farrelly as archdeacon, Fathers MacCarthy and O'Boyle as deacon and subdeacon, and Rev. J. J. Howard as Master of Ceremonies, sang a Requiem High Mass for the repose of his soul. The final absolution being pronounced by His

Lordship, his remains were followed to their last resting place in the Cathedral vault, by most of the priests of the diocese, and crowds of his mourning parishioners.

He lies beneath the sanctuary where five short years ago he devoted himself to the service of his Master.

His bereaved parents have the sympathy of the whole community.—*Com.*

On Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday of last week, the parishioners of St. Mary's, Williamstown, had the happiness of assisting at the "Forty Hours" adoration of the Most Holy Sacrament.

The Revd. Fathers O'Connor, McDonald and Masterson kindly assisted in hearing Confessions; and had the satisfaction to know that upwards of a thousand persons, during those days, received the Body of our Lord.

At the close of the devotion, Father O'Connor, though much fatigued, addressed the congregation in his usual eloquent and pleasing manner.—*Com.*

(To the Editor of the True Witness.)

Sir,—I have noticed with pain the increase of Sunday exhibitions in the suburbs of Montreal.

These exhibitions, so long as they consisted merely of a stroll through Guilbault's Gardens and a peep at the sleepy lions and tigers, were perhaps of a harmless character; but now that velocipede races, and fool-hardy acrobatic performances, and tight rope walking, across a public street, with the accompaniment of open taverns and beershops, are the order of the day, is it not full time that the Catholic newspapers of our American Rome, should raise their voices against this wholesale demoralization of our people?

Your obedient servant,

ALBION.

ORDER AND CHAOS—A Lecture Delivered at Baltimore in July, 1869, by T. W. Marshall, Esq., Author of Christian Missions. New York Catholic Publication Society.

The highest praise that we can bestow on this Lecture is this: that it worthy of the author of the justly celebrated work "Christian Missions." Though on a serious subject, there is a vein of quiet gentlemanly satire running through it which is quite refreshing. As a specimen of the style, and as an inducement to Catholics to procure for themselves the entire lecture, we copy the following passage, giving a description of the interior of the Temple of Chaos, as it presents itself to the Catholic visitor:—

"Advance a little into the interior, and you will see a curious scene. The whole place is filled with different groups, more than the eye can count, and in the midst of each is a man, who is addressing those around him. If your ear could take in simultaneously what each speaker says, you would find that they are all talking about the same thing, and all giving a different account of it. Every man is flatly contradicting in his own group what is being confidently asserted in the group next to him. And many of the hearers constantly pass to and fro from one to the other, and seem to be equally pleased with the affirmation and the contradiction. None have made up their minds which to prefer. But as it is impossible to hear them all at once, and would be intolerable to hear them all in succession, I propose to you that we should select one of the groups at random, and join ourselves to it. There is a man in the middle of it, as in all the others. He occupies a sort of pulpit, and seems to be preaching. But he is not. He is praying, only he does it after a fashion of his own, with which you are not familiar. I must attempt to describe it to you. He knows very well that the people there are listening to him, and that he is expected to be what they call 'impressive,' so he proceeds to satisfy the expectation to the best of his ability. You may often read in certain newspapers, having a large circulation in the regions of Chaos, of certain religious ceremonies, in which one of the officiating personages is invariably reported to have offered 'an impressive prayer.' I have read such an announcement a hundred times. You will ask, perhaps, how in the world can a man on his knees before the dread Majesty of God contrive to be 'impressive?' The notion of trying to produce a sensation under such circumstances seems to you as wildly extravagant as if a man should undertake to sing a comic song at his own funeral. But you are not acquainted with the resources of a ministerial artist in the temple of Chaos. He can do things quite as difficult as this. Of course, he can only do it in one way,—by forgetting all about God, and thinking only of himself, and the poor creatures around him. In this way, he can be, after a certain fashion, very impressive indeed—at least in his own judgment and theirs. But the misfortune is that his hearers, who also forget all about God, are tempted to worship the preacher instead, who has not much objection to their doing so, and is still more irresistibly tempted to worship himself. You and I only know of two kinds of prayer, one offered in heaven, the other on earth, and neither of them in the least resembles the style of prayer which is known in the Temple of Chaos. In heaven, the mightiest angels, at the bare sight of whom the strongest among ourselves would faint away with fear, cover their faces with their wings, and hardly dare to look up: on earth, they who will one day consort with angels, also hide their faces, smite their breasts, and say, 'God be merciful to me a sinner.' They both see a Vision before them which takes away all ambition of being 'impressive.' They are not thinking of themselves, but of Him in whose presence they stand. How should they turn away their eyes to any weaker object? We are told indeed of a certain Pharisee, who 'prayed within himself,' a phrase of which you have often appreciated the significance,—and he too, I doubt not, was very impressive to those who happened to be looking at him. But you remember what our Lord, who was also looking at him said of his prayer."

In spite of this formidable judgment, I venture to predict that, if you are in the habit of looking at the public journals, you will read before a week has elapsed, of somebody offering somewhere, an "impressive" prayer. There is a class of teachers with whom it is a professional necessity to do so. They are paid to be impressive, and cannot escape the miserable obligation. It is a melancholy fact that, in too many cases, their prayers are offered, not to God, who does not require them to be impressive,