

The True Witness.

CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY BY J. GILLIES,
FOR GEORGE B. CLERK, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,
At the Office, No. 4, Place d'Armes.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, MARCH 25, 1859.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

THE great question "Peace or War" still remains unsettled. Little, however, is now expected from Lord Cowley's mission to Vienna; and as France and Austria are continuing their hostile demonstrations, it would seem that the chances are all in favor of war. It is now confidently reported that the French troops are to withdraw from Rome immediately, transports having been dispatched to convey them to Toulon. The Times' correspondent asserts that "State Apartments are ordered to be got ready at Fontainebleau" for the reception of some great personage; and hints that the apartments are in all probability destined for the Pope. The same authority adds that the war fever is increasing in Germany; and that an attack upon Austria by France would be treated by the German Powers as an attack upon themselves. Mr. D'Israeli has brought forward the long-talked-of Reform Bill, which seems to give but little satisfaction: there have also occurred some slight changes in the Ministry. In other respects the news by the *Zeis* is of little interest.

PROVINCIAL PARLIAMENT.

During the past week the debates in the Legislative Assembly have been chiefly upon the subject of the new Tariff, and the subsequent divisions have been in favor of the Ministry.—The chief opposition proceeds from the members of Upper Canada.

We regret to learn that the Bill for the Incorporation of St. Bridget's Asylum of Quebec has been destroyed in Committee by the introduction of Mr. Drummond's insulting clauses—clauses which embody the whole of Mr. G. Brown's anti-Catholic policy. We trust, however, that these clauses may not be allowed to pass without an indignant remonstrance from the Catholic members of the House; and indeed, better in our opinion would it be to let the measure drop for this session, than to allow it to pass clogged with the infamous restrictions with which it is now disfigured. At all events we would exhort our Catholic representatives to do their duty; we would especially remind Mr. McGee of what his constituents have the right to expect from him; and would suggest to them all, that the Catholic who does not actively oppose, at all hazards, the passing of the Bill in its present form, should never have the impudence to present himself before a Catholic Constituency. The Ministry would, no doubt, be too glad to let the Bill pass quietly; but the duty of all true Catholics is, to force on a discussion and a division thereupon, so that if we gain nothing else, we may at least learn to distinguish our friends from our foes.—Our foes we reckon all those who either by their votes, or their treacherous silence, allow a precedent to be established for offering gratuitous insult to our religious Communities; and for robbing the individual of his right to give or bequeath of his own, as he pleases, for religious or charitable purposes. Again would we invoke the eloquence of Mr. McGee in behalf of our menaced religious institutions.

At all events, should the St. Bridget's Incorporation Bill pass with the obnoxious clauses introduced in Committee, we may say this with confidence. That for this outrage upon the rights of the individual, and for this abominable insult to our Church and her religious institutions, we shall be indebted—firstly to our own vile servility, and truckling to "Jack-in-Office;" and secondly, to our men of "good principles"—*bons principes*—and the present Ministry. Alas! the latter are intent only upon their personal aggrandisement; and care for naught save the emoluments of office, and their official perquisites. Had they the pluck of men, were they animated by the slightest sentiment of honor, or were they worthy of the name of Catholics, they would not allow the enemies of their Church thus to insult and outrage her. Our hope is, however, that the Irish Catholics of Quebec will indignantly reject the Bill, if passed with the restrictive clauses; hurling it back with scorn in the teeth of their miserable representatives.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

MONTREAL.—The Day was lovely; a bright sky overhead, and a pleasant breeze whispering of Spring, and of still brighter days to come.—At an early hour the members of the Temperance and the St. Patrick's Societies, and Nos. 4 and 5 Rifle Companies, formed in front of the St. Patrick's Hall, McGill Street, in order of Procession—as announced in the Programme in our issue of the 11th; and with banners flying and music playing, marched to St. Patrick's Church, to celebrate, with praise and thanksgiving, the Festival of Ireland's Apostle and Patron Saint.

High Mass was sung by His Lordship Mgr. Larocque, Bishop of Cydonia, and Coadjutor of this Diocese. After the first Gospel, the Rev. Father Dowd mounted the pulpit, and delivered to his assembled countrymen a touching and soul-stirring address; of which the subjoined is a brief, and necessarily very imperfect analysis:—

Taking for his text the 4th verse of the 30th chapter of the Book of Ecclesiasticus—"His father is dead, and he is as if he were not dead; for he hath left one behind him that is like himself"—he said in substance that Saint Patrick, though long ago dead was still the same to Ireland as he had ever been: contemplating with joy the comparative prosperity of the country, and of the Church which he had founded, and especially the fidelity of his sons to that Church and to its pastors. The honor, however, which his sons paid to Saint Patrick, though it might seem to those not brought up in Catholic doctrine, like the worship of the creature, was in no wise derogatory to that worship which is due to God alone. The Saints who had been God's chosen servants here, were the mediators of prayer and intercession in Heaven; but Christ alone was the mediator of redemption. He remained the sole being from whom any good thing could come down to men—who alone could ac-

cord those graces, which Christians might ask.—But how could it be injurious to His honor to ask from the holiest of His creatures, that they should petition Him that His blood might be applied to those whom He had redeemed? The Catholic Church used no stronger language in regard to the intercession of Saints than was employed by Saint Paul, who addressing the Romans said:—"I beseech you through our Lord Jesus Christ, and by the charity of the Holy Ghost, that you help me in your prayers for me to God." Could then the application to mediators in Heaven be more displeasing to God or more derogatory to His glory, than this application to mediators among men still in the world? No; the honor paid to the Saints in Heaven was no derogation from that due to the Almighty; but it was a token and consequence of that tie which bound together the Church on earth, with those members of the Church who were now with the Almighty.—In this way the name of Patrick had been enthusiastically revered in the old and happy days of Ireland, and in the subsequent ages of gloom and cruelty and death, when neither Church nor social order seemed longer to survive; when the Priest who dared offer the sacrifice of the altar planted by St. Patrick was declared a felon: and when the Catholic ancestors of the present generation of Irishmen were driven from the towns, and plains, and hamlets, and found refuge only in the deserts on the mountain side.—Yet in those times, when neither civil rights nor personal liberty remained, the love of Patrick still inspired and fortified the faith which made them stronger than the World—was still enshrined in the deepest recesses of their hearts. These times, too, had passed away. But the love which had been inherited from those who had gone before should be handed down to the children. True; those who heard him no longer lived in the land, sanctified by the preaching of Patrick; but they still sympathized with their brethren at home; still perceived the unbroken tie between heart and heart; still felt that a common faith and worship made one great family of the Sons of Patrick wherever they were found. Was he wrong in saying that his hearers too were not ungrateful to their father and Apostle, and that they only felt more strongly the sentiment he had described, because they celebrated his festival in a foreign land?—They must feel that they were the guardians of a faith which they had received from faithful hands—through martyrs who had shed their blood for it—and through confessors who had watched over it in their chains. He rejoiced that a time of prosperity had at last come for the Church in Ireland. The venerable bishop of Raphoe, who might be called the Patriarch of that Church had recently stated, in the presence of Cardinal Wiseman, that when he was a boy there was not one Chapel left standing in the Diocese over which he presided; and that when Mass was celebrated on the mountain side, it was necessary to have watchers placed at certain distances to prevent surprise. This was not history—it was the living testimony of a living eyewitness. But now the Catholics of the North of Ireland were no longer obliged to worship God in the open air on the mountain side, with watchers to apprise them of the approach of the bloodhounds who sought them. The demon of persecution had been banished never to return; and the Black North was black no more, or only black for the crimes of former days. Now the children of that same Black North filled the country with beautiful and spacious Chapels, where, without fear, they came to worship God. In the large towns the poor thatched Chapel was no longer timidly concealed in a back lane; but its place was taken by the large Cathedral, or the Gothic Church, vindicating its claim to be the Church of the ancient faith, not more by the crowds that throng its spacious enclosure, than by the majestic superiority of its interior over the modern conventicles that surrounded it.—When he left Ireland, twelve years ago, there was but one convent in the North—and that was in the frontier town of At present they were to be found in and in all the principle towns, and new ones were daily being established. Why did he mention these things?—To make a comparison between the present race of Irishmen and those who had gone before them?—To show that the Catholic faith and charity of Ireland were now better or brighter than in times gone by? By no means; the beautiful edifices of to-day were built on the foundation which their fathers placed. But to point out how little the Catholic faith had to fear from the puny efforts now employed to root it up, when it had been able to withstand all the power which a Government could employ to wrest it from Ireland. He mentioned them to show that wherever the Catholic Church was free, there she made herself a blessing by the establishment of her institutions of charity and education.—Their Catholic brethren at home were doing their duty. Were the Irish Catholics in Canada doing theirs? Standing in that place and speaking to that audience, he would not talk of the acts of Christian charity and generosity, the manifestations of which were seen on every hand. These were known to their fellow-Christians who were edified by them—to their pastors, who were consoled by them—to God who would reward them. But one thing was yet wanting—many would, no doubt, anticipate him when he said that it was Christian Union—the one thing which was required to complete their happiness; and to make their position in Canada what it ought to be—an honor to the Irishman, and a safeguard for their holy religion. Why should divisions exist which were unworthy of the Catholic Church, and which exposed the name of Irishman to the contempt of the world? After long reflection he could find no reason, in the Catholic religion, in national honor, or in common sense. If he were earnest here, it was because his interest was their interest—because save them, he had neither joy, interest, honor, nor crown; and on these grounds he prayed them to let there be no more of these discords. Let there be one cry from that multitude—the cry of union among Irishmen. This union was established by Christ; who, being the head, made all Christians his members, no matter what their colour or origin might be.—Irish Catholics, therefore, must not dissolve the

union between themselves and their fellow Catholics, whom they found here.

The Reverend gentleman concluded his most eloquent discourse in the following terms:—

Would that I could make my voice heard at this moment by all the Catholics of Canada, without distinction of tongue or origin. I would say to them—in the name of Catholic charity—"Children of a common mother, heirs to all her hopes, guardians of her sacred treasures, why envy and distrust one another? Your common parent loves you all alike, and needs your united strength.—Her holy treasures, your common wealth, are exposed to become the prey of your common enemies; the religious training of her little ones is threatened; the solemnity of her public worship is threatened; those possessions which she holds in trust from her own charity—to give bread to the widow, to succor the orphan, and to take in the sick stranger—are threatened; her Communities, in which your daughters and sisters forget themselves for the sake of God and their neighbor, will ere long be exposed to danger. Already, and more than once, have they been made the objects of ribald insult in the solemn Council of the Province. Catholics! why, then, do ye divide? why flee from one another? when your enemies close their ranks, and take counsel together against your holy faith, against the interests of your common mother. The enemy will tell you, Catholics of Ireland, that you are badly treated by the Catholics of Canada; and the same enemy will tell the Catholics of Canada to distrust and keep down the Catholics of Ireland. Listen not to them! neither forget the lessons of wisdom that you have learnt under the lash for ages. It is not for the first time now, that you were divided, in order to be crushed and robbed. It is still the old enemy that speaks; he tries his old arts, and with the same object. It is not that he loves the Catholics of Ireland, or cares for those of Canada; but that he hates their common faith, and seeks the ruin of their common interests." Union then amongst Catholics! The principles of our common religion enjoin it; the very instinct of self-preservation commands it; for we cannot suffer, without suffering together. United, the Catholics of Canada are invincible; they can, and will defend their free altars, and their noble institutions of Charity and education. Divided, the enslaving of those altars, and the fate of those institutions, becomes but a question of time. Away then with every obstacle to this holy, this vital union! It is desired by all that is good and wise in the Catholic body; it is dreaded by all your enemies, by all the enemies of your holy faith. Let this union then be commenced without delay. The forbearance of mutual good will can easily defeat the efforts of passion to interrupt its progress. But who shall make the first advances towards that blessed union?

Brethren I claim that privilege for you, I claim it as a right that is yours; for you are veterans, who have already bled and conquered in the cause of Catholic Faith, and Catholic Charity. Your post is in the van of the army of the soldiers of Christ. Take that post then, and be it yours to strike the first blow in the holy warfare of union, of mutual respect and confidence; a union of equality, as amongst brethren; a union of all Catholics against all the enemies of Catholic faith and Catholic discipline; in a word, a union of Catholic Ireland and Catholic Canada to promote and defend, with one head and with one heart, the rights and privileges of our holy mother, the Church of God.

After the sermon, and during the Offertory, the usual collection for the poor was taken up; and on this occasion it amounted to the sum of \$326.50; for it is above all, by acts of charity and mercy towards the poor and needy, towards the widow and fatherless children, that the Sons of St. Patrick delight to testify their regard for "The Day," and for him whose memory they on that day celebrate. Mass was then continued; and being concluded, the Procession formed in front of the Church in the same order as before—passing along St. Radegonde, Craig, St. Antoine, and Mountain Streets, to St. Anne's Church; thence along Wellington Street to McGill Street to the St. Patrick's Hall.

The Procession having arrived at the St. Patrick's Hall, M. Doherty, Esq., President of the Society, addressed the vast multitude from one of the Hall windows; congratulating his countrymen upon the success of the celebration of their National Anniversary, always fresh and new to their affections at its annual return. He thanked their fellow-citizens for the respect and sympathy so heartily manifested by them for the day and its celebration; and for their active co-operation in the proceedings, by their cordial welcome prepared for the immense procession along the line of its march, and for the profuse display of beautiful Banners and National Flags, and of the proofs of their good feeling and respect for St. Patrick's Day, even to the "Harp of Tara," strung in green vibrating in the breeze, as if responsive to the heart stirring strains of Patrick's Day" from the passing Bands; appropriate testimonial of respect for the day and those whose business it was more especially to honor it.—(Cheers.) He could not permit the opportunity to pass without reference to the present state of feeling in a Western city; and proceeded to contrast the enlightened liberality of the citizens of Montreal, with the narrow-minded despicable bigotry of those of Toronto, as unmistakably manifested that day. The streets of their own good city, where the true significance of their celebration was better understood, decorated by their fellow-citizens of different creeds and origins with every variety of the green, and spangled by the colors and flags of many of the most powerful nations of the Globe, unfurled and floating friendly over their heads in honor of the day; whilst the streets of the puny little city of the West were deserted, lest the Shamrock, beautiful in nature as suggestive in *Christian Faith*, should excite the brutal ferocity of men just as much bound before the world, and by love for the land of their fathers, to be true to that Irish, not *partisan*, Green, as were the happy and enthusiastic multitude he addressed.

He hoped, however, that Toronto would soon return to a proper sense of what she owed to herself; that she would ere long see herself as

others see her; and that her late sacrifices even on the scaffold, to the demon of depravity and crime would teach wisdom and Christian liberality; and stay the red hand of her abandoned assassins, who have so lately and so frequently disgraced and prejudiced her name in the eyes of the world.

Having complimented the gallant officers and men of the Volunteer Rifle Companies upon their admirable discipline and soldier-like bearing, Mr. Doherty thanked them and the Hose Company for their co-operation in the proceedings of the day, closing his remarks amid long and continued cheering from the vast assembly; who after some happy and appropriate remarks from C.S. Rodier, Esq., Mayor of the City, dispersed in perfect order, evidently well pleased with the proceedings of the day.

The Procession then broke up; and its members returned to their several homes to meet again in the evening at the usual annual Banquet. We should add that the Choir at High Mass was under the direction of the Rev. Mr. Connelly, assisted by Messrs. Thos. Healey, Edward Woods, and other young men of the congregation. A splendid *pain benit* was presented by Mr. Denis Downey, McGill Street. It would be unjust also to omit mention of the very handsome manner in which the premises of Mr. Morgan, McGill Street, were decorated. The gorgeous new Banner of the St. Patrick's Total Abstinence Society attracted universal admiration; and we are sure that the general effect of the Procession was most creditable to the Irish of Montreal; and well calculated to raise them in the estimation of their fellow-citizens, who who must have been impressed with a vivid idea of the importance, social, moral, and political, of the Irish element in Montreal.

THE BANQUET.—At about 7.30 p.m., a large number of the Sons of St. Patrick, together with their guests, whom they had invited to partake of their good cheer, sat down to a sumptuous Banquet in the St. Lawrence Hall. The esteemed President of the Society, M. Doherty, Esq., occupied the Chair, and was well supported at the other end of the table by his Vice-President, C. W. Sharpley, Esq. During the repast the Band discoursed most eloquent music; whilst the good things beneath which the table groaned rapidly disappeared, under the vigorous attacks made upon them by the assembled guests.

The cloth being removed, the President rose and announced that he had received a telegraphic communication from the "Friendly Sons of St. Patrick of New York," to the following effect:—"The Brotherhood of Irishmen, at home and abroad, united in love for the land of their birth, however widely separated by land or sea."

The President added that he had telegraphed in reply to New York as follows:—

"We accept the tender of 'Brotherhood of the Sons' of New York, as true to their 'sentiment' as the Shamrock is to its native soil. We toast you at ten o'clock precisely."

Accordingly, the hand of the dial pointing to the hour agreed upon, the President proposed the Toast of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick of New York, which was drunk with all the honors.

The Secretary of the St. Patrick's Society then proceeded to read letters of apology for non-attendance at the Banquet, from Messrs. McGee, Dorion, and Rose, absent at Toronto attending to their legislative duties; from M.M. Masson, Dorwin, Collis, and Morris, who assigned various reasons for not being able to accept the Society's invitation. The President then again rose, and proposed the first regular toast of the evening, in the following terms:—

He said that there were some would-be philosophers who professed to consider that the observance of special days and seasons should be done away with. The Irishmen of Montreal however, were not of that opinion; and he doubted whether the philosophers themselves, in their inmost hearts really entertained the belief that outwardly they professed. Could a stranger that day have seen the splendid muster which formed the St. Patrick's Procession, its gorgeous banners glancing in the sun, and could he have listened to the enraptured music; could the stranger have followed the Procession to the Church, witnessed her magnificent ceremonies, and heard the eloquent discourse from the preacher,—and then have marked the quiet and orderly manner in which, after the Procession, the immense crowds composing it had retired to their several homes, he could not have failed, to understand the use of the celebration in such a manner, of such a day—to partake in some degree of the general enthusiasm; and to confess that Irishmen would indeed be most ungrateful were they to be unmindful of St. Patrick their greatest benefactor.—Indeed the love of St. Patrick increased with years amongst Irishmen and their descendants; it was diffused throughout the habitable world; wherever the Irishman was to be found, fighting, and fighting manfully his battle with the world.—But he would not detain them longer; and would at once propose:—

"The Day and all who honor it."

Song by Mr. McKenna.

Mr. C. W. Sharpley, Vice-President, then rose to reply. He said that in the eloquent and appropriate discourse delivered that morning, and which was listened to with such marked attention by one of the largest congregations ever assembled in St. Patrick's Church, it was observed by the gifted preacher that some 1,400 years had elapsed since the remains of St. Patrick were consigned to their last earthly tenement; and it is deserving of being placed on record that during those fourteen centuries every anniversary of Ireland's Patron Saint had been commemorated with demonstrations of joy by the Sons of the Emerald Isle. Such demonstrations, however, are not participated in by Irishmen for the purpose of sowing the seeds of discord, or to give insult or offence to any one party. On the contrary, the celebrations of St. Patrick's Day take place through a love of Nationality, as well as through a desire to keep alive the time-honored custom of testifying a lively remembrance of the gratitude we entertain for the salutary precepts which were inculcated by St. Patrick during his sojourn in Ireland, and which have cheered us onward through ages of rapine and persecution.

Every good and true-minded Irishman loves to exhibit his Shamrock on the seventeenth of March, because it recalls to his memory the indisputable fact, that in doing so, he is displaying the emblem of man's redemption; that the entire life of St. Patrick was devoted to the extirpation of paganism from his adopted country; as also to the propagation of that fundamental maxim which is well worthy of emulation—namely, the dissemination of "Peace on earth amongst men of good will." Whilst on this subject he would express his regret at the St. Patrick's Society of Toronto having determined to discontinue their open air celebration; because in doing so they violated a custom which had been observed almost with reverence during fifteen hundred years; a custom which ought not to be deviated from, inasmuch as whilst all good men are invariably disposed "to do unto others as they would have others do unto them," and to countenance movements calculated to engender a love of Father-Land; they must also necessarily hold in detestation all acts calculated to suppress, by intimidation, any national manifestation. And this, said he, brings to my recollection the words spoken with so much force by the preacher of to-day, on the necessity of a perfect union amongst Irishmen. No where on the Continent of America are there so many important materials for the construction of a *living* Irish monument, as here in the city which we inhabit; and yet that great desideratum—union amongst ourselves—alone prevents the consummation of our desires. Let us, therefore, endeavour to profit by the wholesome advice tendered to us with so much earnestness by our beloved Pastor; let us endeavour to obliterate all local petting prejudices which heretofore prevented us coming together; let us cast from our midst those who do not evince a readiness in carrying out a spirit of reconciliation amongst us; and by pursuing such a course, and rigidly adhering to the counsel of our Reverend Directors, the day is not far distant when the Irishmen of this fair city shall have earned for themselves a reputation which shall entitle them to the praise and commendation of all good members of society.

The President then introduced the second Toast of the evening with the following remarks. He stated that some two years ago, having the honor of acting in circumstances similar to the present, it was his pleasing duty to propose this Toast; and in doing so he remarked that upon occasions of ordinary festivity, or of the fashionable celebrations of the times of late so common; at a Champagne lunch or Railroad dinner, he would not feel justified in introducing the name of the Sovereign Pontiff, lest the mention of the name and sacred office of this august and much venerated personage in such connection might look like lowering the dignity, or making too free with the name and attributes of the recognized Head of the Ecclesiastical Order, so much respected and beloved by a very large proportion of the Christian world.

As the first of the Order, however, and as the affectionately recognised Head of that large proportion of the Christian world; and at a celebration principally intended to perpetuate the triumph of Christianity over Paganism—a celebration of the assumption of Christian jurisdiction by the Pope over that beautiful and beloved Isle, which thereby became, and was long known by the learned of the times as the "*Insula Sanctorum*," as well as the cradle of learning and science, whence the learned and the good went forth at once apostles both of science and religion, carrying to other and foreign lands, then less favored than their own, the rich fruits of her schools, and cloisters first given by St. Patrick, as commissioned by the Spiritual Sovereign of the Christian world—he felt that he might with great propriety propose the health and happiness of the venerable and good Pope, Pius the Ninth.

He was aware that the manner of proposing this Toast had been on the previous occasion criticised, and mis-understood as being an apology for doing honor to His Holiness.—Yet, time had not essentially modified his manner, nor altered his style in this respect; and entertaining still the same profound respect for the person and sacred Office of the revered Supreme Pontiff, he would give them the Toast always in order on St. Patrick's Day—

"The Pope."

Mr. Clerk briefly responded; pointing out that in giving precedence to the Toast of the "Pope" over that of the "Queen," Catholics were guilty of no disrespect toward the latter; but were in substance merely doing as did the other loyal subjects of the British Empire, when at their Banquets they proposed as a Toast "*Church and State*," or "*Church and Queen*,"—thus subordinating the temporal to the spiritual order. He concluded by expressing his desire that the only rivalry betwixt Catholics and Protestants might for the future be as to who should approve themselves the better subjects of our Gracious Sovereign; and the foremost in promoting, and if the necessity should arrive, in defending against all enemies, the moral and material interests of Canada, their adopted country.

The President, in proposing the next Toast, said that Irishmen were remarkable for their outspoken frankness. They were always ready, at once, to express disapprobation of those they did not like; and equally so to endorse and support the person or position in their judgment deserving such support. If they do not like you, they are apt to take the most direct means of informing you of the fact; and hence are sometimes thought to have less cunning than the spirit of this age required. For these reasons they have quietly omitted from their list of Toasts a health usually remembered on such occasions. On the other hand, a name found on that list is pretty good evidence that it is respected and beloved; and therefore it was that he had the pleasure of proposing the health of Her Majesty the Queen.—His respected friend, Mr. Clerk, in speaking to the last Toast, expressed precisely his own sentiments on this subject, and in reference to the arrangement of the List; and he felt that the explanation given by that gentleman should satisfy, even the most ultra-loyal. He would go into no vindication of Irish loyalty. He looked upon it himself, stripped of the *mysteries*, simply as the