

The Catholic Register.

"Truth is Catholic; proclaim it ever, and God will effect the rest."—BALMEZ.

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PRICE FIVE CENTS.

THE CONSECRATION OF MGR. BRUCHESI

The New Archbishop of Montreal.

Presentation of Addresses.—The clergy, the Irish and French Catholics—a distinguished Assembly of Prelates, Priests and Laymen.

MONTREAL, Aug. 9.—Montreal never witnessed a more imposing ceremony than that which was performed yesterday in the Cathedral of St. James on the occasion of the solemn consecration of Mgr. Paul Bruchesi, the second Archbishop and fourth occupant of the Metropolitan See. For hours before the ceremonies of the day began the church was occupied in every nook and corner. Despite the immensity thereof, everything passed off most satisfactorily.

The procession of the clergy numbered over three hundred, many of them being from Ontario, Manitoba, the Maritime Provinces and the United States. The ceremony, which commenced at half past nine o'clock, lasted until half past one.

The consecrating bishop was Mgr. Begin of Quebec, assisted by Mgr. Duhamel of Ottawa, and Mgr. Langlois of St. Boniface. The assisting priest was Rev. Canon Duhamel of St. Hyacinthe, while Rev. Father Filiatrault, superior of the Jesuit Order in this city, and Rev. Abbe Chevrier, vicar at St. James, supported the consecrating bishop. Mgr. Langlois was assisted by Abbe Therien, of Mount St. Louis, while Rev. Curo Lesage of Chambly performed the same function towards the Archbishop of Ottawa. Rev. Abbe Porron, of the cathedral, was master of ceremonies, assisted by the Rev. Abbe Foucher.

The following is a complete list of the prelates present: Mgr. Begin, titular Archbishop of Cyrene and administrator of the Diocese of Quebec; Mgr. Duhamel, Archbishop of Ottawa; Mgr. Langlois, Archbishop of St. Boniface; Mgr. Laflèche, Bishop of Three Rivers; Mgr. Morneau, Bishop of St. Hyacinthe; Mgr. Clut, titular Bishop of Arundel and vicar-apostolic of the North-West Territories; Mgr. Loraudo, Bishop of Pambrico; Mgr. Gravel, Bishop of Nicolet; Mgr. Luddon, Bishop of Syracuse; Mgr. Dowling, Bishop of Hamilton; Mgr. McDonald, Bishop of Charlottetown; Mgr. Emard, Bishop of Valleyfield; Mgr. Michaud, Bishop of Burlington, Vt.; Mgr. Descelles, titular Bishop of Duziprana and co-adjutor Bishop of St. Hyacinthe; Mgr. Labreque, Bishop of Chicoutimi; Mgr. Laroque, Bishop of Sherbrooke; Mgr. Macdonell, Bishop of Alexandria, Mgr. Gabriels, of Odobsonburg, and Dom Ansoine, Mitred Abbot of the Trappist Monastery, Okla.

There were also present the following dignitaries who have received the title of Monsignor from the Pope: Mgr. Tangney, Mgr. Guay, Mgr. Marois, Mgr. Champoux, Mgr. Ritchot, Mgr. McEvoy and Mgr. Hamel. The Archbishops of Toronto, Kingston and Halifax were unable to be present. Mgr. Cleary of Kingston was represented by Vicar-General Gauthier, while the Rev. Father Bayard represented the Bishop of London, and Rev. Mr. Zeilun was present for Bishop Blake of Rimouski.

Among the clergy present were Sir Adolphe Chaploun, Lieutenant-Governor of the Province of Quebec; Hon. Edme Marchand, Hon. A. R. Angers, Hon. L. O. Taillon, Justices Wurtelo, Baby, Jette, Mathon, Dolozmier, Pagnuolo, Loranger, Doherty and Desnoyers, ex-Mayor Grenier, Hon. James Brion, Hon. P. E. Lablanc, P. N. Chabot, Milton McDonald, M.L.A., the Superintendent of Education, ex-Alderman Beachamp, Rabbi Vold, J. C. Anger, Donat McDonald, M. O. Filatrault, J. F. Gaultier, D. Masson, the Mayor of Terrebonne, Dr. Duchouart, Ald. Conzeignat, Ernest Myrand of Quebec, Magistrate Lafontaine, Mayor Desjardins of Maisonneuve, F. B. Matyias, Belgian Consul; Hon. Dr. Guerin, M.L.A., Mr. de Sieres, Frank B. McNamara, Dr. Brodeur, M. Guerin, N. E. Hamillton, D. Masson, L. A. Doronio of Joliette, Adolphe Gravel, U. E. Archambault, Henri Barbeau, S. Baudouin, G. O., Edouard Hurlbut, Herbel Laroque, Dr. Honoré Desjardins, M. Croze, Dr. L. Bayeur, L.

J. A. Surroyer, L. I. Doronio, Eugenio Desnoyers, A. Kleczkowski, Consul for Franco, ex-Mayors Desjardins and Villeneuve, and many others.

Mgr. Duhamel having handed over the keys of the city to Mgr. Bruchesi, Abbe Porron, the oath was administered, the Archbishop-elect kneeling before Mgr. Begin and reading the required formula. The ceremony having proceeded to its conclusion Mgr. Emard of Valleyfield preached the sermon. "I, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world," was the text he chose from the Gospel of St. Matthew. This was the promise which Christ had made to his apostles, and through them to the bishops of the Catholic Church. This was the basis upon which the Church rested. The apostles had been imbued with the Holy Spirit, they had been given the power to remit sins. Mgr. Emard referred in feeling terms to the death of the late Mgr. Fabre, the apostle of the new Archbishop and the right which he now had of interpreting, judging, commanding and administering. The presence of the Archbishop's mother was a source of great satisfaction to all.

Mgr. Emard having alluded to the recent death of M. Pailin, who had been a father to both, exclaimed: "Long years to our venerable and well beloved Metropolitan Archbishop of Montreal. May your rest be long and prosperous and may the church of Montreal advance under your leadership in the path of Virtue as it did under your predecessors. Long years to you, Archbishop of the city of Mary, the Virgin who loves you and whom you serve with such devotion."

THE CLERGY'S ADDRESS.

The Rev. Canon Racicot read the following address from the clergy:

Monsieur—The gorgeous ceremony which the metropolitan church of Montreal held this morning, for the first time, witnessed beneath its roof is but the outward sign, the weak image of more sublime things which have just been made manifest in your spirit.

At the moment when the consecrating prelate laid his hands upon you, he marked your head with the holy oil, Jesus Christ himself linked you to the apostolic chain of those who continue His work upon the earth; He poured upon you the plenitude of priesthood, and He entrusted to you the mission of penetrating it throughout the world.

Besides the power of jurisdiction, by virtue of which you were already, by your election, pastor and prince of the church, you now possess, Monsieur, the power of order, you are priest, confessor, sacrificer par excellence, supreme hierarch. For this reason the members of the chapter of your cathedral and all the clergy of the diocese were with religious fervor upon the altar, sacerdotary happy to be able to salute, in the well beloved brother of yesterday, in the sympathetic and zealous companion of our labors, the successor of the apostles, the delegate of the Holy Spirit, invested with the right to govern them and to rule them.

To this sentiment of veneration is added also those of joy, of submission and of hope.

For the church, the church of Montreal has been for several months in mourning. The death of the most illustrious Mgr. Edouard-Charles Fabre, of sweet and honored memory, had interrupted the line of pontiffs and cast over all a veil of sadness. But today that a new pastor is given, that a new chief, chosen by the Vicar of Jesus Christ, takes in hand the direction of affairs, it is with the very ecstasy of sincere joy that this temple is filled with all the splendors of the Catholic worship.

Moreover, the post that is confided to you, Monsieur, is a precious one. The past history of the diocese is not, indeed, without glory and your illustrious traditions have been fruitful in good works. You have exercised upon this country an influence often preponderant, sustained at times hard and valiant combats, whether to strengthen the faith in the souls of men or to preserve to their rights the inalienable rights of Holy Church. Under the pious and sage direction of Bishops Letourneau, Bourget and Fabre, the Diocese of Montreal has become one of the most illustrious of the world, and our metropolitan city has deserved to be called the Rome of America.

Called to continue these traditions, to further develop these works, to preserve in Montreal this prestige and this oclat, you have the right, Monsieur, to count upon the respect of your chapter and of all your clergy, secular and regular.

This co-operation you shall never want. Your Grace will always find us your collaborators eager to share the labors of the sacred ministry. You will command and we shall obey, you will counsel and exhort, and we will do according to your direction and in consonance with your vows.

May your administration, Monsieur, be long and fruitful, and may the reign of that Church whose glory you promised to obtain and whose interests to defend even to the shedding of your blood.

FROM THE LITTY.

Mr. Justice Loranger read an address from the French-Canadian laity; Dr. Guerin, M.L.A., President of St. Patrick's Society, read an address from the Irish-Catholic laity as follows:

To His Grace, Paul Bruchesi, Archbishop of Montreal:

May it please Your Grace—When, from the lips of Leo XIII., there came

to us, flashing over wires, the great decree—there was rejoicing in the flock that a shepherd had been chosen, there was joy among the people that the choice had rested on one so worthy, that the chosen leader by the Sovereign Pontiff to wear the mitre and bear the crozier of the Archdiocese of Montreal.

To-day, when the faithful gather around you to behold your second consecration to the Eternal God, among the thousands of voices that arise in chorus to proclaim their allegiance to the Holy See and to Your Grace—no note rings out as clear, as reverential as over it has resounded through ages in Christ's Church, and it comes from Irish hearts.

When thousands of knees bent in unison to receive your first Episcopal benediction, Irish heads will bow with loving loyalty beneath your uplifted hand, and they will proclaim themselves your children.

A dauntless devotion to our priests and prelates in an honorable tradition of the Irish race, but we of Montreal are bound by more than ordinary ties to the Irish race. We have among our sainted predecessors, we have felt from our childhood the fatherly care, the tender friendship, the gentle authority of our late beloved and lamented Archbishop Fabre.

It was the same spirit which greeted our fathers when they first came to this, their chosen land.

And we have heard at our mother's knees tales of heroic devotion as when the venerated Bishop Bourget risked his life to save the lives of the Irish exiles when they were cast, dying, upon these hospitable shores.

We have beheld the sacrificial love which made home for the orphan, refugees for the poor, hospitals for the sick. Learned and holy priests are ever given to us; gentle and devoted nuns walk by our side; and wherever we turn our eyes to our beloved land, they can find rest and refreshment on the shining cross of a chalice-spire. We have crowned the high altar with the hopes, the high hearts which have crowned the city of Montreal with this magnificent cathedral, and when we look up to its noble dome, we feel a thrill of pride, for we, too, Irish Catholics, can claim it as our own.

In the elevation of Your Grace to the Episcopal See, there is a feeling of exultation among the younger generation. They delight in your virtues, your piety, your talents and your learning—for has not your holy name been among them? Many have lingered with you in the same college halls, learned the same lessons from the same honored teachers, and knelt daily with you at the same altar. To-day, a reflex of the light that has come to you, has shined upon them, and while reverencing you as the chief pastor, they rejoice as brothers do over a brother's high attainments.

With these, Your Grace, and with all the faithful of your diocese, the Irish people, we have longed to see you, and you may be long spared to guide and direct them.

Your years of study in Rome are a guarantee of your wisdom. You have imbibed the broad spirit of Holy Church at the altar of the Eternal God.

We pledge our fidelity to your teachings, our loyalty to your person.

With "crodo on our lips, docility in our minds, and valor in our hearts, we will tread the path in which you will lead us.

May the peace of Christ the sweet peace which Leo XIII. would breathe over the world gathering all into one fold, with one faith, one hope, one heart be ours in this blessed land.

We pledge our devotion to the devotion to Christ's Vicar on earth, our Sovereign Pontiff. In this, Your Grace, our honored and beloved Archbishop, you will find the assurance of the fidelity, the loyalty and affection of the Irish Roman Catholics of Montreal.

AN EMOJON REPLY.

His Grace replying to the address from the Irish Catholics said: "Grateful indeed am I for this kind tribute of loyalty and affection on the part of the English-speaking portion of that flock which God has entrusted to my spiritual guidance. Such heartfelt utterances are the ray of sunshine that glides with the sun upon the path of duty and amidst. The expression of your love may be different from that of my mother-tongue, but the common bond of our dear faith has made us all akin. In the dearest ways of the Almighty, I have come to know and to understand the cause of our creed, bringing the noble traditions of a faith that looks back upon centuries of dauntless courage and unwavering loyalty to Christ's Vicar on earth. No one interested in the history of the church will feel the throbs of pride at the bright record of your people in that respect."

Offices during my sojourn in Rome, it has been my privilege to pray by the grave of that great leader whose name and whose life are the most closely linked with the history of the church, and in his dying hour bequeathed to the Eternal City his noble Catholic heart.

When we gaze around this city of cathedra, among the most stately shrines, the towers and temples erected by the generous faith of your fellow-countrymen; and this magnificent pile, the mother church of all, bears witness also to their beautiful charity.

Ever in the past have my predecessors looked upon your people their most watchful solicitude and protection. Their motto has fallen upon my shoulders, and in taking up the burden they have relinquished, I gladly inherit the same warm sympathy, intensified if anything, by the closer ties of college days,

and the associations of after years. You will ever find in me a friend, your joys shall be my joys, and your sorrows shall also be my sorrows.

Keep up your glorious work of devotion and self-sacrifice, my associates, and perchance you may become strong factors in bringing about a much desired consummation. You remember the words of the master, they are of record on the lips of His Vicar, the immortal Leo XIII.: "I and other sleep I have . . . then also I shall bring . . . and there shall be one fold and one shepherd" (St. John, x. 10). Nor can I end without thanking in all sincerity those kind friends from throughout the diocese who have so much esteemed congratulations on the occasion of my taking possession of this Episcopal See. This I take as a harbinger of brighter things to be looked for in the near future.

After those of the Archbishop, he read the following telegram from Cardinal Ledochowski, in reply to one sent asking for the P'apal benediction:

"His Holiness Leo XIII. heartily accords his blessing to the bishop, and to the faithful people at their consecration, the apostolic benediction."

After the consecration, the Archbishops, Bishops and clergy repaired to the Grey Nunnery, on Dorchester street, where a sumptuous dinner awaited them.

Jingoism Takes an Innings.

(WRITTEN FOR THE REGISTER.)

It is representative government alone that has realized for the Canadian people what satisfaction they feel in their institutions. Previous to the Downing street road, a distinctively British aristocratic crust of baronets had spread over the community, until the exasperated people, making a choice between a more liberal and a more insular instruction. Cousin Doyle in his descriptions of Arctic life mentions an extraordinary sight which he witnessed far north at the ice belt. This was an igloo whole. The creature was jumping out of the igloo, leaping and sea in a terrific style, and other things being after the manner of a violent lunatic. On being captured it was found that the whole was literally covered with parasites, which, biting at all points with the exception of the top, had no doubt driven it mad. Canada, under the old regime, saw what she was coming to and cleansed herself in time from the hereditary baronets growth of Toryism that was so steadily thriving upon the soil of the imperial administrators of the colony.

As soon as she was free Miss Canada, lost no time about putting her house in order. She rid herself at once of Toryism, bag and baggage. She then declared that she would have no more imperial administrators at all important burdens and complications.

Is this potential spirit of self-reliance already dying among Canadians? The question seems likely to arise in the near future of our country. The political papers here and there are already discussing the proposed assumption by the Dominion of a share in imperial expenditure. The proposal comes from Mr. Chamberlain on the other side of the Atlantic and is greeted with surprise and incredulity. It is as if here hitherto kept the banner of Canadian nationality spread out. It is said we are to have the "regular army" back, that we should pay for the "protection of our coasts" by the navy, and that a great deal of the money would go to the chain of coast fortifications necessary. The said map is even now in preparation. One would think we had some ultimatum to "Cousin Jonathan" and were afraid of getting thrashed before the "British counter" could come to our aid. Of course there is nothing more in it than an outbreak of jingoism in the nature of things cannot last after Mr. Chamberlain has been made a lord and comfortable managers have been found for the "British ash" as bred in Canada.

Goldwin Smith, in this connection, hits Senator Mills a very playful rap on the knuckles. He writes in The Farmers' Review: "The Honorable David Mills, once a Liberal, now a Senator, has arrived at the conclusion that the earnings of the farmers and other industrial classes of this Dominion are excessive and ought to be cut down. He accordingly proposes to divert a part of them to preparations for engaging in European wars by the erection of coast fortifications and the construction of ships of war."

Canada has by her separate constitution obtained complete exemption from Imperial legislation. She has obtained exemption from the Imperial tariff. She is now compassing her triumph from British commercial treaties. It is a pity she cannot obtain exemption from British wars. The devastation of her coasts could be of no use to the Imperial country, when she was unable to send force of any kind to its aid. At all events, Canadian might abstain from engaging in the military wars as some of our do to wars of aggrandizement, the consequences of which to us at least would be surely disastrous.

One of the most interesting marks of the jingoism of the Dominion is the fact that moral politicians have taken the decision. That Senator Mills should be down with the disorder is passing strange. This dogmatic Senator swisher of a few years ago is very appropriately called by Mr. Goldwin Smith as "once a Liberal." There are others—in the same class. Which brings me to the point I desired to make, that Canadian representative government is an anomaly in the hands of self-hunters after Joseph Chamberlain's own heart.

ABOUT PROHIBITIONISTS

WRITTEN FOR THE REGISTER.

We live in a world created to produce flowers and fruit, the food and the delight of man. The thorns and thistles which are now so widespread are the result of the fall. Man and nature are out of joint with each other. The angle of right relation, by which they were kept in mutual harmony, was shifted by original sin, and the peace and comfort of Paradise exchanged for labor and toil all the days of life. The kingship over the beasts of the field and the birds of the air and all the rest, is gone, or at least fearfully impaired; and with hard struggle and indifferent success, we labor to keep a footing where once we were supreme. Because we revolted against our Maker, the very brats earth in all its elements now revolts against us.

Meat and drink, heat and cold, the storm and the sunshine, all have their dangers. Food which once just satisfied the appetite is become an instrument of ravenousness and gluttony. Heat, the principle of orderly growth, in coolness and beauty, now gives us both dwarts and monsters. The very light itself, which to the unfallen man revealed the splendors of creation completely, yet so softly that not even the eye felt the mild touch of its ray, glares at times with painful force, and again so contrasts its illumination that one might fear the return of Chaos and old Night. And so on with all the rest, a whole universe of things, in necessary relation with us; but not one but must be used with cautious prudence and a reason of danger. And in nothing is this porphyry more keenly felt than in the matter of feeding the bodily life.

Brute animals gaze unthinkingly, picking up the nourishing herbs and passing safely by those that are noxious. Man, even by reason and reflection, can hardly escape the myriad dangers of his plate and cup, and often eats and drinks disease and death, where he expected life and health. What was good last year no longer agrees with him. His neighbor grows fat on what he can't touch. A little wine for his stomach's sake is good for some, but is another matter for the weak and goes on until one hardly knows what is allowable, and what not; and all but the narrow-minded and fanatical agree in conceding to individuals a large range of liberty in judging what may be best for themselves. And this is as it ought to be. For if a man finds himself comfortable and thriving on a vegetable diet, who has a right to forbid him? Again, it is as bigoted to laugh at the few who are long the fastest troops in Europe. The Cossacks tramped down some of Napoleon's best soldiers, and then threw Paris into darkness by drinking the oil out of the city lamps.

So it is: there is a vast range in the tastes and appetites of men, and yet they all seem to get along well enough, and don't like to be interfered with. Mighty conflicts have been precipitated by a disregard of this consideration.

We have all read of the effect of greasing the carriages in India. Running counter to a deep-rooted habit is a dangerous proceeding, justifiable only by the very strongest reasons.

Here is where we find the advocates of prohibition lacking in breadth and compass of view. For—any hedging for the present the gross materialism, professed by many of them—they show a very great onesidedness in their arguments and a willingness to play the bully in action. Granting that liquor does a great deal of mischief, it may be asked, does it do nothing but mischief? Does it not do also a great deal of good? Ask any reputable physician and he will tell you he could not afford to do without it in his practice. And if many young men, who are the most energetic and ablest of the nation, are so certainly more than fifty or sixty, or a hundred use it more or less, and many to profit, it seems difficult to find reasons for tyrannizing over them that you might have the chance—a weak one.

But the average prohibitionist will not allow you to luller such reasoning as this upon him. He won't listen to it at all. According to his temperament or education, he follows solemnly, or smiles with pitying contempt, or showing the white of his eyes and throwing up the backs of his hands, asks how you can do the devil's work by advocating drunkenness. And if you reply to him with allowable hotness, that you are no associate of drunkards, that

you are as sober a man as himself and more sober, as you know than the run of his party, and that according to the measure of your influence you have always advocated and promoted temperance, you are sure to get a lecture on the unregarded spirit or judicial blindness, or the shortsightedness of the general man. This makes many distrust the sincerity of these men. For myself I believe them sincere, in earnest, nay, enthusiastic, but not at all in the interests of temperance so much as in their wish and hope to become masters and tyrants over their fellow-men.

Take away the Puritan satisfaction, or anticipatory satisfaction, of having the power to dictate to others and you will soon find how little zeal there is left for so homely a thing as temperance. This is evident from the fact that it is not the virtuous or even its superior, but the materialist, who are striving for prohibition (which of course would prohibit the untutored speech of coarse declaimers can call him; if he thousands now spent in holding meetings, chiefly for the purification of social and political and inhibitors without a call, were used in helping the poor by supplying wholesome food to do away with the need of stimulants, then would have reason to say, these men do love temperance; and their works prove it. But it is not so, as all the world knows. It is their faces they are fighting for, not the good of the people. They want a bit in the public mouth, with the rein in their own hand, in the hands of a new tribe of hungry and half-bully, half spy and wholly tyrants, ready to tramp into the streets of the libert, if every man (subject only to God) to eat and drink what he finds agrees best with his tastes and health.

I hope the citizens of Canada will not be misled by any such power; and we trust the coming election will not be one—will bury prohibitionism so completely out of sight, that honest advocates of a sober, temperate population, now paralyzed in their efforts, may be free to resume, on a more rational basis, the old work of setting the maximum of sobriety with the minimum of drunkenness; the nearest approach to perfection society ever did or ever can reach in this world.

Obituary.

Mr. M. Markham, an old and highly-respected resident of Lindsay, met his death very suddenly in this city on Tuesday morning. Mr. Markham was a member of the Ontario Association of the Ontario Association. Mr. Markham left Port Hope for Toronto on the steamer Garden City, arriving here on Thursday morning. Having some business to transact, he had half-bully, half spy and wholly tyrants, ready to tramp into the streets of the libert, if every man (subject only to God) to eat and drink what he finds agrees best with his tastes and health.

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Archbishop Corrigan Visits Toronto.

His Grace the Archbishop of New York, the largest Catholic See in the world, was a visitor in Toronto on Tuesday. He had been making a tour of the Upper Lakes and was on his way to St. Anne's, Que., and was returning to Toronto. He was accompanied by his Vicar-General McCann and Rev. F. Ryan, Rector of the cathedral. He was entertained at the Palace and driven round the city. He expressed his admiration for the appearance of Toronto in summer garb and was particularly interested by being told of the different charitable and other institutions of the city. He was surprised at the numerical strength of the Catholic body here. He was accompanied to Montreal by St. Francis, and he was accompanied to the Commercial Metropolis by a guest of Mgr. Bruchesi at the Grand Seminary. The distinguished prelate met Rev. Father Driscoll, a former professor in the New York Seminary.

The Saffler Testimonial.

M. J. Casserley, Tottenham, Ont. \$1.00.

FAVOR OUT—None but those who have become fagged out, know what a depressed, miserable feeling it is. All through his life, and despondency has taken hold of the spirit. The only relief as though there is nothing to live for. There, however, is a cure—no box of Paruelo's Vegetable Pills will do wonders in restoring health and strength. Dr. Paruelo and Dr. Hamilton are two of the articles entering into the composition of Paruelo's Pills.

Yellow fever is reported to be ravaging the Spanish troops fighting in Cuba.