

The True Witness

AND

CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

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MONTREAL, FRIDAY, Dec. 8, 1876.

ECCLESIASTICAL CALENDAR.

DECEMBER, 1876.

Friday, 8—Fast. IMMACULATE CONCEPTION OF THE
BLESSED VIRGIN MARY. *Holiday of Obligation.*

Saturday, 9—Of the Octave.

Sunday, 10—SECOND SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

Monday, 11—St. Damasus, Pope and Confessor.

Tuesday, 12—Of the Octave.

Wednesday, 13—Fast. St. Lucy, Virgin and Martyr.

Thursday, 14—Of the Octave.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The Paris *Official Journal* announces that the French Ministers have tendered their resignations, and that President MacMahon has requested them to remain in office until he has arrived at a decision on the subject. A despatch from Paris to the *Times* gives a detailed account of the crisis, from which it appears that Dufaure, President of the Cabinet Council, offered his resignation on Saturday morning, in consequence of his defeat in the Senate on Friday. All his colleagues approved his action, and decided to imitate it. Their intention was not immediately carried out, in deference to the wishes of President MacMahon. The crisis was subsequently intensified by M. Marcere, Minister of the Interior, accepting the vote which was passed in the Chamber of Deputies on Saturday last, expressing confidence that in the future the Government will, in regard to burials of members of the Legion Honor, respect liberty of conscience and the equality of all citizens.

There is a new administration in the Grand-Duchy of Baden, Herr Jolly having made way for Herr Turban. During the former administration the Old-Catholics made every effort to obtain State recognition, but in vain. Now it is different. One of the first acts of the new Minister has been to hand over to them St. Sebastian's Chapel at Ladenburg.

Two hundred French pilgrims, headed by the Bishop of Mans have just been received by the Holy Father, and presented an address, together with a considerable sum of money. The Pope, whose health is excellent, dwelt in his reply to the address on the meeting of Christ and his Apostles with the funeral procession of Jairus's daughter, and applying it to the present situation, he commented on the prohibition of religious and the toleration of free-thinking processions in Rome.

THE LATE REV. FATHERS MURPHY AND LYNCH.

On Monday last a grand anniversary Mass was sung in St. Bridget's Church for the repose of the souls of the late Fathers Murphy and Lynch. The hour appointed for the service to commence was nine o'clock, but long before that time, the little chapel was crowded by hundreds of mourning friends anxious to pay a tribute of loving respect to the memory of the talented but ill-fated priests. The Church itself was completely draped in black, light being totally excluded by heavy curtains on every window. The pulpit, pillars, communion rails, and Sanctuary also wore the same sable garments—their sombre hue being in accordance with the sad feelings which filled each mourner's heart. A magnificent Catafalque was raised in the centre of the building, covered by a rich black velvet pall, embroidered in gold, and covered with wreaths and crosses of natural flowers, gifts from friends, who had known and respected the late Father Murphy. The whole was surmounted by a brilliant coronet of light, omitted from myriads of wax tapers, whose flickering uncertain glare contrasted ghastly with the hangings around, and made

"Solemnity, more solemn."

Above the grand altar, were inscribed the words "Misere mini mei, Soltem vos amici mei"—"Pray for me at least you my friends"—And who can count the many heartfelt prayers, that rose from every soul within the edifice, in answer to that mute yet touching appeal? No one save He to whom those prayers were offered, and whose mercy has, let us trust, already received both those bright souls into his Heavenly Kingdom.

At a few minutes past nine, the Rev. Father Fleck ascended the steps of the altar, assisted by Rev. Father Salmon, as Deacon, and the Rev. Father Lonergan, as Sub-deacon. Among the clergymen present were the Rev. Fathers Dowd, Hogan, Callahan, Crombholme, Whittaker, Demers, Chagnon, and several others, whose names we could not ascertain. Rev. Father Fleck intoned the Introit and that most solemn of all services, the "Mass for the Dead" commenced. As the choir, under the able direction of Mons. Lebrun, chanted the "Requiem," the effect was beautiful in the extreme. The first notes were low, soft tones, like the echo of some heart-broken wail, it grew gradually loud, and louder, until that most plaintive, dirge was chanted, in all its sweet sad beauty, by the full strength of the choir. Miss Reid took the Soprano, and her voice is one peculiarly well adapted for Sacred Music, soft, yet rich, and full. Mr. Labadie, the Basso, has a grand voice, and displayed it to advantage in the "Libera." As his notes sounded through the Church, in the first Solo, they thrilled every listener's heart and the quartette "Misere Mini mei,"

by Messrs. Garlepp, Prevost, Labadie, and Lebrun, was as well rendered an 'anthem' as we have ever listened to. In a word, the singing was such as left nothing to be desired: each member of the large choir, chanting the pious words as if they meant what they said; a pure sincere prayer for the souls of the dead and a mere routine hurried through, as a matter of course. Half-past ten o'clock brought the solemn service to a close, and after joining in a last "Deprofundis" the congregation dispersed, each one impressed by the sacredness of the occasion which had reunited them. The thanks of a great many strangers are due to Rev. Fathers Lonergan, and Whittaker for the courtesy extended them in securing seats and pews.

PROFESSOR TYNDAL ON FERMENTATION.

"Men of Glasgow! facts like these excite in me the thought that the rule and governance of this universe are different from what we in our youth supposed it to be—that the inscrutable power at once terrible and beneficent in whom we live and move and have our being, and our end is to be propitiated by means different from those usually resorted to."—*Professor Tyndal.*

Professor Tyndal has been lecturing to the "men of Glasgow" on Fermentation. It is to be regretted that the worthy Professor in his ardent investigations of the physical world will continually drag in the theological question; that loving "science" so deeply he appears to hate theology so relentlessly. The Professor lacks modesty. He should remember that *that science*, which he so deeply loves, is of such Protean shapes—is so constantly changing—has contradicted itself and reasserted itself after contradiction so often, that however Mr. Tyndal may believe in it, prudent men will, for some time yet at least, withhold consent to its assertions, and will wait for perfect accord and unanimity amongst Professors before throwing their theology overboard altogether. Of all sciences the medical science has the least to boast of. Ever since Adam's expulsion from Paradise sickness has been in the land, and ever since that exceedingly remote period quacks and regular practitioners have equally alike been claiming to have discovered the real Elixir Vitæ—the real cure for all diseases. Like Professor Tyndal, they have each and all of them professed to have discovered the cause of all diseases and the consequent avoidance of them, and like Professor Tyndal, they have each and all of them declared all other practitioners quacks—"that the rule and governance of this universe are different from what we in our youth supposed them to be." And yet in spite of all these numberless discoveries, men will go on dying as persistently as ever, giving the lie direct in a most practical shape to all these charlatans, and leaving the question of "life" as unresolvable as ever. Let Professor Tyndal, before he asks us to throw overboard our theology and fall down before his newly fashioned idol, remember that this germ theory of diseases which he only expands in his lecture on Fermentation, has caused, in London alone, the expenditure of millions of pounds on drainage, sewerage, and water supplies, and that in spite of all this—in spite of all these millions of money spent in destroying these disease spots, the death rate of London will persistently remain at 41 years for the average life of man. Of course we know full well what this worthy Professor's answer will be. He has already given it to the men of Glasgow. We give thanks we are not as other men—quacks, ignoramuses and noodles. "The rule and governance of this universe are different from what we in our youth supposed them to be."

But we as Catholic journalists should not notice the worthy Professor if he would only steer clear of theology, and would stick to his chemistry. But unfortunately, like Galileo, he will lug in revelation, and, like Galileo, we suppose, would feel it a case of Papal tyranny if we considerably, but politely withal, advised the cobbler "to stick to his last." Old as Medicine undoubtedly is, Theology is still older. Unlike some of our modern Adams, the Paradisiacal Adam *adored* God, long before he fell sick. Possession then stands for Theology; and it would be the height of folly to throw overboard the Law and the Prophets because a somewhat too sanguine Professor, feeling within him a sudden gush of prophetic effluvia, "looked forward with confident hope to the triumph of medical art" over disease and death, through the discovery, or supposed discovery, of the germ theory.

But to meet the worthy Professor on his own grounds. His lecture on Fermentation is a beautiful production of imagery. His germs float in the air like fairy gnomes, and like fairy gnomes exercise now a beneficial, now a baleful influence on man. There is the Gnome Alcohol, the Gnome Acidity, and the Gnome Rottenness. To trace the ancestry of these Gnomes is like reading a fairy tale. The Gnome Alcohol is a lineal descendant of yeast and oxygen, and sugar, and carbonic acid. The theory is beautiful as a thing of the imagination, and is true in all but one thing. It takes for granted the thing it wishes to prove, and on the slender foundation of this "taking for granted" it raises a superstructure which, if you could forget it was a fairy castle, would indeed be a most imposing edifice.—We all know what a beautiful picture, and how true to life, Swift has produced in Gulliver's Travels by the mere taking for granted of the existence of a pigmy race. Professor Tyndal has been giving to the men of Glasgow another Gulliver's travels in his lecture on Fermentation. Starting out with the proposition which, we take it, is the whole thing to be proved, that "Fermentation implies the presence of life," he rears a fairy structure which puts Alladin and his wonderful Lamp entirely in the shade, and then, whilst the sweet delusion was upon them, he asks the "Men of Glasgow" to throw aside their Theology for ever, and to fall down and adore his Gnomes Alcohol, Acidity and Rottenness. Verily the age of "Will" humming will never cease.

We could love Professor Tyndal's lecture on Fermentation as a beautiful Christmas Pantomime, if it were not for the theological deductions which appear to be the moral aimed at. "The inscrutable power in whom we live and move and have our

being is to be propitiated by means different from those usually resorted to." Hitherto we have been so old fashioned as to pray to God against disease or death, or have been taught to accept them at the hands of God as punishments of sin; now we are to look upon them as visitations of the Gnomes, that are ever floating in the air, that are to be averted or propitiated by antiseptics and carbolic acid.—Gnosticism is not even yet, in this nineteenth century of ours, outrooted from the land.

CLERICAL INTERFERENCE.

Under this heading some of our Protestant Contemporaries, and those who sympathize with them, have been indulging in very tall writing, against the Catholic Clergy of the Province of Quebec. It is not at all surprising, that the *Daily Witness* should lash itself into a perfect fury at the audacity of the Catholic Hierarchy and priesthood in claiming to have anything at all to say to their spiritual charge as regards their duties and responsibilities in this country and community, in the exercise of the franchise. We confess, however, we do marvel at the illogical stand adopted, by certain journals, which are in general disposed to take a fair view of questions at issue. Perhaps, the heat and excitement of a political campaign causes them to lose their balance, and take a one sided view of the subject, and, may be, the dormant prejudice of their Protestantism, once aroused, they are not responsible for the lengths to which they may be carried. For our part, we put down to political claptrap, the declaration recently made, that the party, now in power at Ottawa, have made up their minds, to introduce into Parliament, a measure which *must and shall curtail the encroachments of the clergy*, to use the words of a contemporary. If, nevertheless, this declaration be made in earnest, all we have to say is, let them try it. The question itself as regards the right, not to say the duty of the clergy to interfere in these matters, is one of the greatest simplicity, no matter from what stand point we may desire to view it. We do not intend to deal, with the lying and slanderous reports, regarding the utterances of certain priests in their pulpits. Our readers know full well that all such stories are gross exaggerations, supplied to a partisan press by partisan wire pullers, whose sole aim is to secure control of the governmental machine, for pap and patronage, and consequently such productions of inventive genius are taken *cum grano salis* as they deserve to be. Our clergy are not only noted for their piety and devotion, but they are educated Christian gentlemen, who understand thoroughly how to carry out the instructions of their Superiors, without compromising themselves by any unseemly utterances. But have not the clergy a right are they not bound in fact to raise a warning voice to their flocks in so great an emergency as that of selecting their rulers and representatives to the Legislature of the land? Our Liberal Catholic says no! Our Liberal Catholic Candidate who is hand and glove with the enemies of Catholicity although he will not admit it, says no! He will tell you that religion has nothing to do with free trade or protection, with the building of railways or the enlargement of canals. Were these the sole end and aim of man, had he been created for no other purpose than to amass a certain amount of wealth, or to drudge through a miserable life, and then having done so pass out of existence, we also should say no! Such, however, is not the case. In the pastorals, addressed by our Bishops to their flocks, we never find these material issues referred to in any shape or form, what we do find, however, are timely warnings against the spirit of Liberalism in religion, which has worked such disastrous results elsewhere, and which, if not nipped in the bud, may be productive of like consequences in our midst. We do not propose to show, in how many instances, the interests of religion are involved, in the apparently entirely mundane legislation of parliaments. The man who pretends to say, that religion and politics can be absolutely severed, is a fool or a knave and in either case argument would be thrown away. Let us confine ourselves for the present to the question of right in the premises. A few days ago, one of our contemporaries labored very hard to show that in this Province, the Catholic Church has no right to claim any greater privileges than any other denomination, that Church and State are totally separate and distinct, and that the *dictum* of a certain member of the Bench, claiming for that Church peculiar advantages secured by Treaty were not only erroneous, but absurd. For argument sake let us admit that our contemporary contends for and having done so let us ask the question—Where is the common sense of finding fault with the preaching or teaching of the Catholic priesthood, or in fact with ministers of any denomination, so long as they say nothing contrary to law and good morals. Taking a purely rational view of the matter, without any reference to religion at all; let us suppose all that has been said against the clergy to be true. If the pulpits have been turned into political rostrums—What of it? Put it down says the *Daily Witness*, the *Montreal Herald* et hoc genus omne! and in the very next column we find a flourish of trumpets about freedom of speech!!! So much for the consistency of these gentlemen. Freedom of speech—yes to attack the Church—but to defend it—to raise a warning voice, against the elevation to place and power, of men whose whole lives have been spent in seeking to overthrow her authority, in fostering institutions where Christianity, and even morality in its simplest form is sought to be undermined, by the dissemination of filthy literature; impious and immoral writings. Men who professing an outward Catholicity have lent their aid and counsel to desecrate that which their coreligionists value above all worldly blessings—such freedom of speech cannot be tolerated. It must be stamped out, and if necessary the strong arm of the law invoked to stifle its utterance. Religion and politics must be kept distinct and apart. So, say our Protestant and Liberal Catholic friends. From the pulpit no word of warning must issue. The Catholic priest must be muzzleed and the Catholic Hierarchy brought into subjection. Such is the refrain. But not one word have we heard about the legality of the rights, privileges or

encroachments, of the secret oath bound politico-religious associations, where men are converted into mere fanatical voting machines, at the bidding of the politico-religious wire-puller. Our modern liberal shouts for freedom in the lodge room, but death to liberty of utterance in the pulpit.

THE FINANCIAL AND STATISTICAL REPORT.

OF THE ROMAN CATHOLIC SCHOOL COMMISSIONERS OF MONTREAL FOR THE SCHOLASTIC YEAR 1875-1876.

In our last number, we laid before our readers the Financial and Statistical Report of the Roman Catholic School Commissioners of Montreal for the Scholastic year. A document so full of interesting details cannot fail to attract the attention of the Catholic community, as nothing can be of more importance to parents and tax-payers than the use to which the funds raised for educational purposes are applied by the board entrusted with their management. How satisfactorily to the Catholic population of Montreal, the gentlemen at the head of the School department have discharged their duties, is shown by their statement presented to the public and by entering into details, we may give a more adequate idea of the magnitude of the obligations devolving upon them.

In a growing city of which the compass is extending every day, the School department assumes at once an importance second to none; as soon as a new district is populated, a School house must be opened, as a great city is just as sacredly bound to provide for its teeming population the light of knowledge, as it is to provide material light for its streets. Such was the case with Montreal; the development of commerce and industry had brought into the city new comers who had a right to have their children properly educated; the old part of the city was well provided with schools, but the newly added portions, where rows of houses were being built, not even in proportion with the increasing population, had no buildings for the gathering of children and their tuition. Imperious were the needs, immediate were to be the measures to relieve them: it is to the commendation of the School board to say: the wants are fully understood and supplied. School houses of beautiful architectural proportions, well fitted for their destination rose every where, an ornament to the city, an attraction to strangers. Three new School houses, yet in course of building, shall rival the others in beauty of design and useful improvements, and new plans are devised to give to all comers access to the Schools already too crowded.

Do not say: Schools ought not to display so much taste and elegance. Do not deny the refining influence of surroundings. Whatever brings the child into a finer life, what educates his eye, his ear or hand, whatever purifies and enlarges him may well find place in the School. The progress in School management, besides the adoption of improved methods of tuition, has been in cleanliness, in ventilation, in health, in decorum, in countless means and arts of comfort, in the concentration of all the utilities. Do you think the child remains insensible to the influence of harmonious proportions, of attractive surroundings, of which perhaps home has left him ignorant? his mind in this abode of intellectual light, in these well appointed establishments, will have a corresponding growth and expansion as there is a continual unconscious tuition received from the very atmosphere of a well-ordered School. A boy, who has been the recipient of such influences, has his mental activity quickened, his mind stimulated and roused by worthy motives; his aims in life will be higher, he will be more industrious for it, when he becomes a man, and his industry will be more effective.

Looking at the figures in the statement of the Board of Commissioners makes it easy to understand how such a work as the building and appointing of so many schoolhouses has, so satisfactorily been carried out, without exceeding the resources at the disposal of the board. As Business men, the commissioners have shown their prudence and foresight in providing a sinking fund for the payment of their debentures. Schools have been built, the benefit of education and enlightenment has been extended to 6088 Children and the duty of the community, in its organic capacity as a civil government, to provide systematically for the instruction of the young, has been fully performed through the agency of the Board of School Commissioners.

Schools undoubtedly cost money; the community that undertakes to educate the masses, or the individual that undertakes to educate his children must expect to have a bill to pay; but there is a most important item to balance that account and on this, there is no danger of dwelling too long. Nothing is so costly as crime, and no preventive of crime is more efficient than education. Schoolhouses are cheaper than jails, and books and teachers are a better security than handcuffs and policemen. What is the proportion of educated men in the population of our prisons? a very small one, indeed. Nine tenths of the prisoners are in a state of most deplorable ignorance. Degraded, sensual, with no knowledge of anything better than the indulgence of the lowest passions, without mental resources, or any avenue to intellectual enjoyment, they often resort to crime from sheer want of something better to do. The man who has been educated, who not only can read, but has acquired a taste for reading, and for reading of a proper kind, is rarely driven into low and debasing crime. Schools, then, especially schools in which moral and religious truth is inculcated, are the most powerful means of lessening crime and of lessening the costly apparatus of criminal administration.

Compare two cities entirely equal in every respect: in one of them, there is a superior and costly system of public schools while the other spends not a dollar upon schools, but depends solely upon the rigors of the law for restraining the ignorant and corrupt masses and tell which city will be the safest and most desirable place of residence. As schools and churches increase in the land, jails and prisons diminish; a community, therefore, is bound to see that its members are properly educated, if for no other reason, in mere defence.

When a community is taxed for the support

of the public schools, the question naturally rises among the taxpayers, is the system worth the cost?

This question, as regards the school system followed in the establishments under the control of the board of Roman Catholic Commissioners, we shall approach in our next number; we have yet to examine the expenses for the maintenance of the schools and we expect to be able to show that, of all the cities of the Dominion, Montreal has the lightest burden of school tax.—*Com.*

STOCK GAMBLING AGAIN.

In our last issue we said a few words about the pernicious practice of stock gambling now so prevalent in our midst. Within the past few days we have had another instance of what this practice leads to. A young gentleman full of promise—a teller in one of our banking institutions named Glass is accused of being a defaulter and now lies in jail awaiting his trial on a charge of having imbezzled several thousands of dollars the money of his employers. The cause of this painful case which has cast a respectable family we should say two respectable families into grief shame and sorrow, for another employee of the Bank, has also been arrested, on suspicion of complicity, in this nefarious stock gambling to which we have alluded. Young Glass was lured into the business, he made money at first, then lost, and to meet his losses it is alleged he appropriated the funds of the monetary institution with which he was connected. This is one of the cases that meets the public eye. How many more of a similar description are never heard of. The Molsons Bank it appears is secured against loss by the guarantee society. The question is how long will it be before our statute book stamps with criminality this gambling in stocks, which threatens such dire consequences for the community.

M. O'DOWD'S CORRESPONDENCE.

In another column will be found a letter from Mr. M. O'Dowd, of St. Louis, intended as a reply to what that gentleman styles the slanders of Mr. Henry Dennis, published some time ago in this Journal. We publish this letter in a spirit of fair play, but this must positively close the discussion so far as the *True Witness* is concerned. It is needless for us to say that we entirely disagree with Mr. O'Dowd, more particularly regarding the advantages to intending emigrants to the fertile plains of Muskoka, or even without going so far to the new Settlements in the lower Canadian Eastern Townships. Mr. O'Dowd seems to think the land of the Stars and Stripes just the place for Irish Catholics to settle. We cannot agree with him; in fact no one who takes an impartial view of the matter can. We strongly advise intending emigrants to seek their fortunes within the limits of this Dominion where Catholic and Protestant are treated with justice and liberality under the constitution of the country. Where all men enjoy liberty without license and where every sober and industrious settler must without fail participate in a fair share of this world's prosperity. Mr. O'Dowd's land of promise may be all his fancy paints it, but its material advantages are not superior to those offered by our own new settlements, whilst the latter afford to the new comer every prospect of peace and contentment in the future which is more than we would like to prophecy for any lengthened period in the neighboring republic.

BOSS TWEED.

This notorious character, after many vicissitudes undergone since his escape from prison in New York, has again been captured and safely lodged in jail in Ludlow street. The *New York Herald* has an article on the subject of his recapture and makes the following sensible remarks in connection with the subject:—

He cannot give back the public opinion he depraved by his bad example; he cannot by any possible restitution redeem us from the corruption he brought into our local politics; he cannot by a long life of repentance and virtue, if such were possible to him, make up for the misery his wasteful career has imposed upon the industrious poor of New York; for the heavy debt which burdens our taxpayers; for the mismanagement of city affairs from which we have not yet recovered; for the corruption of public and private morals to which his vicious career gave rise; for the misgovernment of which he was the main cause and which sapped the prosperity and even threatened the commercial supremacy of the city which, as it was his birth place, should have been to him sacred.

Tweed's bad career should teach our ambitious young men that on the whole honesty is the best policy. It would be a badly arranged world if this were not true. A career of successful and truculent vice like those of Tweed and Fisk does its greatest evil not in the robberies it involves, but in the lesson of wickedness which it teaches to the young men who see it. Those men's greatest crime was that by their lives they struck a blow at social morals. But their fate may warn men against undue haste to be rich. Fisk, shot down like a dog, Tweed a wretched wanderer and fugitive, like Cain, concealing himself from the faces of men, and now brought home to the disgrace and contempt of the city he robbed—these are spectacles which may warn men that moderate and honest living, fidelity to trust, and a preference of honor to ill-gotten wealth are after all sound rules for the conduct of life.

We had the pleasure last week, of receiving a visit from our friend Mr. J. G. Haggart, M.P. for South Lanark. From all appearances Mr. Haggart is in the enjoyment of the best of health, and will long be in a position to devote himself to the interest of the constituency he so ably represents.

Mr. Thomas Furlong, of Ploton, has kindly consented to act as Agent for the *True Witness* in his locality.

WHAT NEXT?

A Consumptive Cured.—When a death was hourly expected, all remedies having failed, and Dr. H. James was experimenting, he accidentally made a preparation of Iodine, Hæm, which cured his only child of consumption. He now gives this recipe free on receipt of two stamps to pay expenses. Hæm also cures night sweats, nausea at the stomach, and will break a fresh cold in twenty-four hours. Address Chas. Moore & Co., 102, Race Street, Philadelphia, naming this paper.