

The True Witness.

AND
CATHOLIC CHRONICLE,
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MONTREAL, FRIDAY, FEB. 5, 1869.

ECCLIASTICAL CALENDAR.

FEBRUARY—1869.

Friday, 5—St. Agatha, V. M.
Saturday, 6—St. Titus, B. C.
Sunday, 7—Quinquagesima.
Monday, 8—St. John, O.
Tuesday, 9—St. Raymond, C.
Wednesday, 10—ASH WEDNESDAY.
Thursday, 11—St. Polycarp, B. M.

REGULATIONS FOR LEAT.—All days of Lent Sundays excepted, from Ash Wednesday to Holy Saturday included, are days of fasting and abstinence.

The use of flesh meat at every meal is permitted on all the Sundays of Lent, with the exception of Palm Sunday.

The use of flesh meat is also by special indulgences allowed at the one repast on Mondays, Tuesdays, and Thursdays of every week from the first Sunday after Lent, to Palm Sunday.—On the first four days of Lent, as well as every day in Holy Week, the use of flesh meat is prohibited.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The past week has been singularly barren of interesting events. Russia is, it is said, urging Greece to accede to the propositions of the Paris Conference. It is at least what Russia seems to the world to be doing, but what course she may be pursuing in private, we know not. It is also rumored that the United States Government has offered its good offices as mediator between Greece and Turkey.

From Spain there is little news. The revolutionary Government, carrying out its designs of spoliation of Church property, has seized upon all the works of art in the churches; and whilst attempting to carry out this decree the Governor of Burgos was killed in an emeute, the people apparently having risen to oppose the sacrilegious spoliation. The Papal Nuncio has left Madrid, and all the Foreign Ministers, with the exception of the Russian ambassador, have protested against the insults that have been offered to him.

THE LATE EVANGELICAL EPIDEMIC.—The past week was a kind of "Holy Week" amongst our Protestant fellow-citizens. Regularly, towards the end of January, a short lived, but whilst it lasts a somewhat virulent form of insanity breaks out amongst them: of which the more prominent symptoms are: 1st. a morbid anxiety for the spiritual condition of Catholics in general, but of French Canadian Catholics in particular: 2nd. an irrepresible tendency to abuse the Pope, the Bishops, and Priests of the Catholic Church: and, most painful of all, an incontinence of speech, which finds apparent relief towards nightfall in a copious discharge of silly anecdotes—such as the irreverent twaddle,—for the main part in reference to "hopeful prospects of the speedy downfall of the Man of Sin," and "deeply interesting cases of conversions of entire families" in remote and unknown parts of the Lower Province.

This strange disease, beginning with a kind of itch of meddling with other people's affairs, is periodic as we have observed, recurring invariably towards the end of January. Like small-pox, cholera, and other epidemics it spares neither sex nor age. All classes of society are liable to be attacked by it: and whilst it lasts—fortunately the disease generally runs itself out in about a week, culminating invariably on the fourth day—the Methodist chapel in Great St. James Street assumes the aspect of an evangelical Bedlam. After the fourth day, however, all the symptoms subside, and by the end of the week disappear entirely. Our fellow-citizens then resume their ordinary aspects, and their customary avocations. The grocer returns to his sugars, the dry goods man to his calicoes, and the evangelical young lady again takes an interest in the pomps and vanities of life. By the beginning of February all traces of the outbreak have disappeared from Montreal at least—though sporadic cases of the same sad disease are not unfrequently to be met with in some of the smaller towns, and in the rural districts at all seasons of the year.

This year as we learn from a correspondent of the Montreal Gazette, the annual madness has been of a milder type than usual, displaying more of the characteristic symptoms of a drivelling idiocy, or fatuity, than of raving madness or frenzy. "Speaking on the whole" says our informant over the signature *Exeter Hall*, "it is far inferior to what it used to be;" and he especially insists upon the excess of "mere anecdotes—and a rebash of the same things over and over again," suggestive of the drivelling or fatuous form of insanity—over "sound reasoning," that is to say a hearty vigorous abuse of the "Man of Sin" and his adherents. The disease, it seems from this, though perhaps as prevalent as ever, has this year assumed a milder type. This is consoling, and encourages us to hope that it is wearing itself out, and may in course of time disappear altogether, as have many of the epidemics which were the terror and the scourge of medieval Europe.

The origin of this evangelical malady is enveloped in much obscurity, and has hitherto baffled the researches of the medical profession. Want of useful occupation, love of excitement, with a hankering after notoriety, and moral uncleanness, may no doubt be included as amongst the causes favorable to its development; which is further encouraged by the peculiar hygienic conditions of the moral atmosphere that obtain during our long Canadian winters, when business is in a great measure suspended. "Satan" so says the sweet singer of the evangelical Israel, "finds some mischief still for idle hands to do;" and there can be no doubt, we think, therefore, that idleness, and want of occupation may be reckoned among the predisposing causes. From its being invariably accompanied with much windiness or flatulence, we feel inclined to suspect that deficient intellectual diet has much to do with it; and indeed it has been pretty well established that the most illiterate persons are always those who take the disease in its worst form, and who are the most noisy and the most prominent amongst its victims. As an antidote, or prophylactic, we therefore recommend plenty of outdoor exercises, such as skating, snow shoeing, tobogganing, and also curling. Anything in short that tends to promote sound sleep, good digestion, and good fellowship, acts as a preservative against the ravages of the fell disease that annually attacks a section of our Protestant community.

* One speaker however elicited great applause by calling the Church "the mother of harlots."

WHAT THE BIBLE HAS DONE.—This unfortunate book, unfortunate we mean considering the vile purposes to which it is often applied, is made to do duty like the boarding-house keeper's cat—that extraordinary animal which is made to bear the burden of the lodger's missing mutton chops, and of milk mysteriously dried up the cupboard. So the Bible is made, most shamefully, to answer for the morbid moral phenomena presented by England and the U. States.

Thus at a Bible meeting lately held in this City, a Rev. Mr. Bush was put up to say some thing: and being we suppose at a loss, as these reverend orators often are, what to say, indulged his hearers with the following blasphemous twaddle:—

"It was because the 'May Flower' brought the Bible to New England that the Americans were what they were."—*Mont. Herald*, 28th ult.

Now what are the Americans? we feel naturally inclined to ask. The Montreal Gazette of the same date answers this question as under—

"It is the fashion in these days to worship mere bigness and strength. Paris would have the voices of the world to-day against the best of the Grecian republics. It is well that some men should pursue a more steadfast course, and enquire if the well-being of their fellow-men is being actually promoted by this increase in apparent strength of the great American republic. 'All is not gold that glitters,' nor does all prosperity flow from the nature of political institutions. With almost boundless territories to subdue and cultivate, a coarse material property was almost inevitable for an energetic race in America. That sort of prosperity proves nothing respecting the effect of institutions. In that respect the only fair comparison with European countries is that of cities with cities, where the people are crowded together, jostling each other in the pursuit of gain, vying with each other in luxury and ostentation. What are the morals of the rich? How are families trained up? What is the condition of that which is recognized as society? Are these improved from the models of the 'rotten aristocracies' of Europe? Let the divorce courts, and the disgusting annals of feticide answer upon the one hand. Let the Erie railroad and other multiplied frauds give evidence on the other."

We believe that no one will dare to call in question the truthfulness of this representation of what actually is the moral condition of the land to which the "May Flower" brought the Bible; and to which Bible, it is owing, according to the Rev. Mr. Bush, that the Americans are what they are.

It is by blasphemy such as this that men of Mr. Bush's intellectual and moral calibre pretend to do honor to the book! We repudiate with indignation this monstrous libel. If Americans are what they are, what the Gazette asserts that they are, it is not because of the Bible, which, of itself, is good and holy: but because of their private interpretation of the Bible, because of the gloss that they have put upon it, because they have by the interpretation and traditions which they have substituted for the teachings of an infallible Church, made the

Word of God of none effect. All communities that have broken with the Church have begun with loud professions of respect for the Scriptures or Bible: all have fished, as have the descendants of those who in the "May Flower" brought the Bible to America with them, by setting aside its precepts, or by accommodating those precept to their own passions, and to their fleshy lusts.

PROTESTANTISM NOT A FAILURE.—It is not a failure in New York any how, for there it appears that Christianity is being rapidly supplanted by rationalism. From an article in the Montreal Gazette of the 27th ult., we learn that one of the most famous Protestant meeting houses of New York—the Plymouth Church Bethel it is called—has substituted for its religious lectures on Sunday evenings, "lectures on secular subjects" such as *Anatomy and Physiology*. On entering this modern Protestant place of worship on Sunday evenings, the congregation find "the walls hung with anatomical drawings;" and the services conclude with a hymn, such for instance as "Who are these in bright array?" a delicate allusion we suppose, to the skeletons and morbid anatomical preparations that the worshippers have been contemplating during the previous service. The Montreal Gazette, from which we gather these facts, moralises in the following strain upon this remarkable Protestant development:—

So here we have two new things in the Bethel attached to this noted church lectures on anatomy and physiology, and secular news rooms open every Sunday? And this in connection with a church representing descendants of the Puritans and bearing the name of Plymouth Rock. This church, too, and its preacher are among the most remarkable in the United States. In fact the fame of them has almost travelled every where.

The innovation is a sign of the remarkable progress now being made by rationalistic ideas, and worthy of note by thoughtful men. It is not only a surprising, but an astonishing departure from the old ways; and it affords a precedent for further innovations.

Assuredly Protestantism has its triumphs to boast of.

IRISH AND ENGLISH CRIMINALITY.—It is very sad to read in the public journals that agrarian crimes are again rife in Ireland. Englishmen do well to shriek over them no doubt, but they should not shriek too loudly, lest they should arouse the attention of the public to the fact that, even upon English and Protestant testimony, the moral condition of prosperous England with its "open bible," is far worse than that of impoverished and Popish Ireland.

God forbid that any Christian man should attempt to apologize for the foul crimes which pollute the soil of Ireland. Murder is murder, no matter by whom, or on what pretext perpetrated: and by all honest men no matter of what race or creed, assassination is held in abhorrence. Liberals, alone, stand forward as the apologists of assassination, and that only when the victims are Papists, or upholders of the Temporal Power: and to them should be left the infamy of palliating the cowardly crime.

But we must also take into account the provocation to it, and the social and political conditions that may have brought it about. In this way, though we cannot mitigate our condemnation of the crime, we may somewhat modify our views as to the criminal. The agrarian outrages of Ireland, for instance are instigated by a distorted or false view of justice; and do not, as do for the most part the murders in England and Scotland, spring from the total loss of all idea of justice, of right and of wrong. In the one case the moral sense is diseased, in the other it is dead. There are better grounds for hope therefore in one case than in the other: for the skilful practitioner may by judicious treatment bring about the healthy action of an organ in an abnormal condition, but he cannot restore life.

Therefore in so far as there can be degrees of guilt in murder, the murders that occur in Great Britain are deeper dyed than are those of Ireland, black as are the latter: as to quantity, they are, according to the admissions of the *Times*, quite as numerous. "We believe that quite as many murders are committed," says the *Times* commenting on a horrid murder lately perpetrated in Tipperary, "in England in the course of the year, in proportion to its population, as in Ireland."

On the other hand, and by the same impartial witness, in all other respects, Ireland enjoys a comparative immunity from crime. Again we quote from the *Times*:—

"Mr. Nassau Senior, a competent witness, assures us that the Irish excel themselves in several of the cardinal virtues. Uncharity, intemperance, burglary, robbery, crimes against the person are, he says, much rarer in Ireland than in England."

The sum of the matter is this. That, if as to the number of murders, Catholic Ireland is as bad as is Protestant England with its "open bible"—this is owing to the peculiarly unhappy social and political conditions of the latter, which have generated a bitterly hostile feeling betwixt the legal owners of the soil, and its cultivators.—Whilst, if the Irish are, as compared with the English, remarkable for their superior chastity, sobriety, and honesty, this is due exclusively to their religion; for it cannot we think be pretended that by nature Irish Celts are one whit better than are Anglo Saxons. It is to grace, not to nature, that the Irish owe their striking

moral superiority over their neighbors with the "open bible."

The prospects of the lately emancipated negroes of the Southern States are not bright.—Mr. Dion Piatt gives, in the Cincinnati *Commercial*, a report of a conversation by him held with an intelligent colored man, a delegate to the Convention recently in session at Washington; in the course of which the negro interlocutor expressed the opinion that in a few generations the black race would be nearly extinct. "We have," he continued in elucidation of his views, "we have taken the vices with the virtues of the stronger race, and they are fatal to us." "I don't clearly understand you," rejoined the white speaker:—

"Well sir," continued the negro, "it is generally believed that the black race is a hardy race. This is not so. The average duration of life, under the whip, on the plantations, was only ten years. The supply was kept up by the master's care in breeding, it being his interest. Now, this is not the case, and while the mortality continues through disipation, the increase through population has fallen off painfully. On plantations, and in neighborhoods where, before the war, children swarmed almost, you may scarcely find one now."

"Why, do you account for that? What becomes of the children?"

"The mothers have learnt from New England how to kill them. You know, sir, that New England is dying out from a lack of Yankee, and the poor colored people have not been slow to learn. But while they receive a fresh supply from emigration, the colored race has none."

The diocese of Montreal has suffered another serious loss by the death of the Rev. M. Porlier, late Parish Priest of Pointe aux Trembles. The reverend deceased was in the 67th year of his age, and had passed 45 years in the service of his God as a Priest of the Holy Catholic Church.—R. I. P.

A few days before his departure the Bishop of Montreal paid his visit to the Asylum of Bethlehem where he gave confirmation to several children. His Lordship before commencing this imposing ceremony, addressed the children in a few but touching words on the greatness and sanctity of this sacrament, and the dispositions necessary for its worthy reception. Among the children confirmed were the three MM. de Martigny, grandsons of the Hon. C. S. Rodier. It was consoling for those pious parents to see their children receive confirmation from the hands of this saintly Bishop, in the chapel annexed to the Asylum lately founded by Mr. Rodier himself.

It would be desirable that all our wealthy citizens were animated with the same sentiments, and understood that the most efficacious means to thank God for numberless benefits received and to deserve their continuation, would be to contribute towards the relief of the suffering poor. This Asylum, placed under the direction of the Grey Nuns, is of real benefit to the poor, who find there not only a Christian education for their children, but for themselves the necessities of life. Such generosity will be for this religious family the source of many graces and consolations in this world, while waiting for an everlasting recompense in the next.—*Com.*

His Excellency the Governor General arrived in Montreal on Monday afternoon, and was received with the honors due to Her Majesty's Representative in these Colonies. Owing to his disposition Lady Young was unfortunately unable to attend, and the Bill proposed in her honor, has been postponed till after Easter.

THE MAYORALTY.—Mr. W. Workman, according to the request of a deputation of his fellow-citizens, has consented to allow himself to be nominated for Mayor during the ensuing year.

The general opinion that Mr. Howe was about to accept a government situation was well founded, as appears from the announcement in the official Gazette that he has been sworn in as President of the Council. The Repeal party of Nova Scotia, in spite of this important defection from their ranks, seem to be as determined as ever in their opposition to the new political order.

By an advertisement in another column, it will be seen that an entertainment, of which the proceeds will be devoted to charitable purposes, is to be given by the pupils of the St. Denis Street Academy, under the charge of the Ladies of the Congregation.

LECTURE.—On Friday, the 5th inst., will be delivered in the Mechanic's Hall, by the Rev. James Carmichael, a Lecture on "Grumblers" before the Montreal Working Men's Benefit Widow's and Orphan's Provident Society.

"RELIGIOUS" MOUNTBANKS.

It would be doing mankind a great service, if some one would write a book setting forth the various cries or "shibboleths,"—whether religious, political or social—which have affected mankind up to this year of grace, 1869. If there be any one ambitious to immortalize himself by such a performance, we would earnestly advise him to give to the world the social and political cries first. Our suggestion is grounded upon the great truth, that you must put your audience in a good

humor, 1st. with itself, and 2nd. with yourself, if you wish to attain the desired meed of popular applause. Now, religious cries are notoriously acrimonious, born of the bilious Bibleman and Turn-to-the-Right Thwackaway Puritans, of the Praise-God-Bare-Bones school. So people get presently disgusted with the malice and spleen which play the part of interpreter to the "modern reading of the Bible; and turn away from a display which argues little for either the religion or common sense of their fellow men.

It is a curious fact, and one we commend to the consideration of Bible Christians, that the pagans were woefully destitute of "religious" cries. "Great is Diana of the Ephesians," was no doubt, popular in its time, but then it was scandalously deficient in the very marrow and substance of modern howls. It did not insult the belief of those who may have had their doubts of Diana's greatness. In this respect, as in everything else, our modern religionists have a decided advantage. Nor can we wonder at this, when we call to mind the quantity of midnight oil, and profound meditation, which they give to the great lessons of the New Testament. They make the spirit of those sacred and sublime pages their own. They vindicate their possession of the charity of Jesus Christ, by hating their brother for the love of God. Their sense of what is due to the Creator and creature is so exquisitely balanced, that they would execrate Judas while haggling over an equal division of the thirty pieces of silver. They would rave against the injustice of Pilate while creeping around to his kitchen in order to secure—as a speculation—the water in which the Roman had washed his hands. They would pity the Redeemer's death, while bargaining for a good place from which they might view the deed. In fine, they would gain Heaven by going through the Insolvent Court of Hell.

Such a noble result as this is something to be proud of. We see the pagans did not possess this essentially Evangelical prerogative—nor yet the Mahometans. Indeed, even the African heathen—if we may credit Du Chailu—seem to confine their antipathy exclusively to the devil, and, not being civilized according to the Reformation idea, have a natural repugnance to lying and misrepresentation.

"Some are born great: some achieve greatness, and some have it thrust upon them." We cannot say that some are born religious, but it is a fact that some achieve religion, while others have it thrust upon them. The first Reformers—blessed band of pure lived ascetics!—achieved a religion; their posterity have it thrust upon them. But as the peculiar tenets of Luther's improvement upon the Gospel are as ill-adapted to the fostering of virtue, or the repression of vice, as was Saul's armor to David, so also do the improvements of later reformers upon Luther's doctrines, fail to equal in wisdom and virtue the teachings of the Lowly One of Nazareth. Some religionists—especially Methodists—may cavil at this assertion as a somewhat unwarranted assumption; still, we fancy, they cannot deny that the head of the Lutheran Church was Luther—the head of the Calvinistic persuasion, Calvin—the head of the Anglican Church, Henry VIII.—while the Head of the Christian Church was Our Redeemer, Jesus Christ. The religion of Christ—Truth: of Luther, Calvin, &c.—Error.

It is no disgrace if a man fall into a pit of a dark night, but it is a monstrous error to lie there after the sun has risen. Those who are most prominent in their cries against "Popery" are just in such a condition. Education, circumstances, prejudice may have misled them for a while, but they know in their heart of hearts that "Popery" is dreadfully true,—that, in fact, it is the one obstacle to the consolidation and success of the Devil's Kingdom on earth—Heresy.

Take for example, the most insignificant village meeting, of the elect. After the slops have been demolished, what follows. Why a great deal of praying and—lying. Strange, too, it is the Catholic Church that always has to foot the latter bill. You never hear a word about Anglican, Lutheran, Calvinist, Photian, Socinian, Turk, Jew or Atheist. Lo! these are our friends, my brothers! But Pope and Popery! alack! there's a falling off! there's corruption! there's idolatry, my blessed lambs! Well, worms are bosom friends till they devour one another, and—Death calls them into existence. No wonder they hate Life. These people calumniate Catholicity simply because it is the Truth. It is Hell gnashing its teeth at the light. It is the same spirit that presided at Nero's tribunal—that frowned darkly upon the sufferers of the amphitheatre—that influenced Julian the apostate—that guided the pen of Voltaire, the tongue of Robespierre, and the disgraced poniard of the assassin and paltroon, Garibaldi. They hate the Church of God with a perfect hatred. Every momentary excitement brings the venom to the surface. Their barangues would lose their evangelical savor were it not for the spice of malicious, dishonorable calumny about every Catholic. The enthusiastic blockhead of the last, or needle or loom, grows piously frantic and grammatically