

The True Witness

AND

CATHOLIC CHRONICLE,

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY

BY THE PROPRIETOR,

JOHN GILLIES,

AT NO. 195 FORTIFICATION LANE.

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TERMS YEARLY IN ADVANCE:

To all country Subscribers, Two Dollars.

To all City Subscribers whose papers are delivered by carriers, Two Dollars and a half.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, Jan. 12, 1877.

ECCLESIASTICAL CALENDAR.

JANUARY, 1877.

Friday, 12—Of the Octave.

Saturday, 13—Octave of the Epiphany.

Sunday, 14—Second Sunday After Epiphany.

Feast of the Holy Name of Jesus.

Monday, 15—St. Paul, First Hermit, Confessor. St. Maur, Abbot.

Tuesday, 16—St. Marcellus, Pope and Martyr.

Wednesday, 17—St. Anthony, Abbot.

Thursday, 18—St. Peter's Chair at Rome.

TO OUR READERS.

What the poet Richard Gilford called "the sad vicissitudes of things," places us in this our Editorial Chair. That "Time which flies, that death which urges, those knells which call, the heavens which invite, the hell which threatens," all are but the index of that to-morrow, and to-morrow, which creeps on from day to day to the "last syllable of recorded time." A few months ago—thirteen at most—we little thought that death had entrenched itself in the person of the then Editor of this journal, and that it was preparing for the assault. We little expected the harrowing end which awaited the gifted man whose place we this day so poorly fill, and of whose genius we can only be the humble admirer. Father Murphy has, however, left his foot-prints upon the sands of contemporaneous events, and privileged as we were with a brief acquaintance, we find ourselves impelled to open this address with a few words of tribute to his memory. As for ourselves we can only hope to imitate our predecessors in purpose, we do not expect to equal them in effect. To Catholic and to Irish interests we shall continue to be loyal. But ours shall not be an exclusive policy, for Catholics of every nationality will find in us their champion and their friend. The Church is Universal—our policy must be universal too. The Faith which existed before all the dynasties and ecclesiastical establishments in the world, can have no narrow prejudices to guide it. It was great long before Britain was invaded by the Saxon; it was great before the Rhine was passed by the Frank; it was great when Grecian eloquence still flourished in Antioch, and when idols were still worshiped in Mecca; but it is greater to-day, and as it embraces the Catholic world, so shall we endeavor, in our humble way, to embrace Catholics of every nationality, all the world around. We have no new theories to propound, no new interests to advocate. Ours is the old, old cause. When the Faith is threatened, all our efforts shall be braced up for the fight. Defence, and, if needs be, Defence, will then be our motto. In these days of scientific research, the mind is often bewildered by the theories of a believer in Protoplasm, the researches of a Lillie, the laboured insiduousness of a Renan, or the demoralising teachings of a Darwin. The schoolmaster for evil is much abroad, and under the name of science and research, misleads the unwary and the weak. Under our management the True Witness will do its best to combat those evils. To Cæsar we shall render what is Cæsar's due—unto God the things that are God's. To our mind science is great, but God's truths are greater. They are to us the "Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end, the first and the last." In following this path, we hope, however, to be able to extend the sphere and usefulness of this journal. Before we left England we made arrangements with two well disposed friends, one in Dublin and the other in Rome, each to send us a letter every week. In our next issue we intend to make some changes in the appearance of the paper, and shall endeavor to make it continue to be in every respect worthy of the mission for which it was founded. Our assumption of the Editorial Chair this week, is more formal than real, and it is only by slow degrees we can hope to master all the details of the responsible duty we have to fulfil. All we claim is an earnest desire to do our best. Suddenly placed in a new position—knowing little of Canadian politics—animated by no motives save a desire to advance Catholic and Irish interests, bound to no policy save that which will add to the dignity and glory of our native land, free from political bias and religious bigotry, we once more humbly proclaim ourselves Catholic and Irish, and the defender of their dual interests to the end.

OUR ROMAN LETTER.

FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

Rome, Dec. 19th.

Rome, Rome, glorious Rome. How I rejoice to pace your classic streets again. How my mind expands as I gaze upon your ancient Monuments—tremendous even in their ruins. Whether I pass the Arch of Constantine, the Baths of Titus, the Colosseum, or the Basilica of St. Peter's—whether in the highways or the bye-ways, Rome as it was, is ever present in my mind. The Rome of the Cæsars, of Augustus of Tarquin and of St. Peter. Even its muddy Tiber has charms for my eyes, for through its clotted surf Horatius swam, after he had so "well kept the bridge, in the brave days of old." Its myths, its legends, its history are all of interest to my somewhat wayward fancy. Nowhere in this world can one more fully realize the beautiful aphorism that "Art is the handmaiden of Religion" so well as here in Rome. You have only to look around you to see it all. It is seen in, and echoed in the Vatican; it is felt in the very atmosphere of the Eternal City. But you will tire of this. You will crave for something new, and will expect one to furnish you with some of the latest events and rumours of the day. The task is not an easy one. I have always been an indifferent news gatherer. I have always found good news to travel slowly—by some modern post-chaise, while bad news goes by telegraph. I know, however, that there is an exception to this as there is to all other rules, for I think the world now knows that the Holy Father, Pius IX is well, and will, if he lives, celebrate the 50 anniversary of his episcopacy on the 21st of May next. A friend I met the other day in the Via Nazionale, told me a charming anecdote of the great old man. Some time since the Pope was walking in one of the halls of the Vatican, in which he noticed a young man absorbed in contemplating a painting by Raphael. The youth too saw the Holy Father, became confused and turned to go. The Pope, however, called him towards him and said "You are an artist, my son?" "Yes, your Holiness." "Did you come to Rome to pursue your studies?" "Yes, your Holiness." "No doubt then you study under the direction of a professor?" "I am too poor for that. I study by myself—Raphael is my teacher." "Go my son inscribe your name in the Academy, I will pay the fees." "Oh your Holiness, such goodness." "You need not thank me in words; study diligently and I shall be satisfied." "But your Holiness does not know that—" "What?" enquired the Pope. "I am a Protestant," answered the young man. "Oh, that does not matter the Academy does not mind that, so go do as I tell you." Such is Pío Nono.

But of sensational news we have had a discovery of Orsini bombs, firearms, &c., &c., at Genoa. The organised rufianism of Italy is never satisfied with using "villanous salt-petre" as it is used by civilized nations. They think that the end is always worthy of the means, and they are quite prepared to sprinkle dynamite over society at large, if it does not recognise the standard of morality and of interest of which Orsini and his followers were high priests. It is too a little sensational to find that the Romans of to-day are becoming day by day less religious in their ways. Children are left unbaptized by scores, and the new masters of Italy express no dissatisfaction thereto. One would almost think the "very stones should rise in mutiny" against the foul practices of the day. The manhood of the world too revolts against the unmanly persecution to which the nuns have been subjected by a Government without a spark of manly feeling to guide the policy it pursues. The Augustinian nuns of Frascati are in the most abject misery. Their property has been confiscated, and the miserable stipend, meted out to them by Government is utterly insufficient for their wants. The nuns attached to the Church of St. Lorenzo are about to be driven from their home, the Government requiring the building for offices of its own. The Italian Government know nothing of that refined civilization, that perfection of manhood which makes men give to women the reverence which a subject gives his prince. Insatiable greed is the guiding policy of Victor Emanuel and his responsible ministry. But Rome is day by day becoming more pagan in its habits. The funeral of the Duchess of Aosta was a grand, but still it was in some respect a pagan rite. The Catalaques was not what Christian Rome was accustomed to, and the ceremony was such as to impress one with the idea that "new departure" has been reached. The inscriptions were in Italian, and spirits of wine were held and burnt in vases around the body.

But of noble personages I hear that Prince Louis Napoleon is in Rome. He is residing at the Villa Bonaparte near the Porta Pia. He was only a few hours in Rome when he visited the Pope, to whom he was presented by Cardinal Bonaparte. The ex-Empress Eugène too is here. A Consistory was held by the Pope on the 18th and twelve new Bishops were appointed.

Cardinal Patrizi is dead. His death was most edifying. After his death it was found that he had parted with nearly all he had in the world in charities. He was of noble family, and was highly esteemed among all classes.

Cardinal Manning arrived here on the 14th inst., and had an audience with the Pope.

An interesting discovery was made in the Church of St. Peter and Vincula a few days ago. Some workmen found a Marble Sarcophagus over two metres in length, near the altar, where they were excavating. Five groups are sculptured on the sides. Antiquarians say that the work belongs to the fourth or fifth century. One represents the Saviour raising Lazarus—another the multiplication of the loaves and fishes; another Jesus and the Samaritan woman at the well; another the Saviour foretelling to Peter his triple denial, and another the Redeemer giving the keys to St. Peter. There are seven compartments in the Sarcophagus.

I shall write again next week.

OUR DUBLIN LETTER.

FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

Dublin, Dec. 27.

It seems odd to think of you, my old confere, as "M. le Directeur" of a Canadian journal—surrounded by all the mysteries which make up the dreaded "we"—while I find myself seriously submitting my first "Dublin letter" to your merciful consideration. Days have been when we were less studious in our ways, and when a truant hour was a more joyous time, than any ever culled from the golden age of Roman Literature. To me of course you know a Mrs. Camp was always more welcome than Sallust or Cicero, and Artemus Ward and his Betsy Jane have ever been, to my mind, far more healthy recreation than Juvenal or Pliny. You always considered me an "ancient of the modern type"—a man who preferred rude wit to classic lore, and who I may tell you, to this day, dislikes your epigrammatic poets, your Helicon prose, your Atticism of Lucretius, &c.,—just as much as I disliked those hours at college when we were forced to wade through the work we had to do. Well since then you and I have gone our ways—you to soldiering and to literature, and I by an effort at the "laws grave study" have become a barrister—or as Macaulay I think defines us "gentlemen who rescue your property from the hands of your enemies and keep it for themselves." But old friend I entreat you in your new home and as often as time permits shall be glad to give you a few jottings by the way. In the old days I remember more than once when we stood shoulder to shoulder in many a wayward broil, and as years have rolled away we have, I rejoice to think, remained still of one mind upon most of the great questions of the day. As you know I am now what I have always been in politics—an Irish nationalist—a man who desires to see this little Isle of ours "running its own Legislative machine" as you say upon the other side of the mill pond. I would like to see this old land give dignity to the Irish name, and make the men and women of Irish birth, the world over, rejoice to know that they come of a people who knew how to win their freedom, and who knew how to keep it too. To one there is not much in a phrase, and Home Rule by any other name would sound as well as it does under its present designation. But some of our patriots do not think so, and hence, division, that foul dishonouring word, which like jealousy doth mock the meat it feeds upon, now and again confronts us with its hideous presence. I cannot help harping upon Cork when I brood over this sad reflection, and I hope the Council of the Home Rule League, will at last benefit by the experience it has passed through. Of course you know that Waterford is vacant, Sir John Esmond has "gone over to the majority" as the ancients used to say, and several Parliamentary Richmonds are spoken about as likely to get their squadrons in the field, to contest for this the latest vacant seat in Parliament. The good old parish priest of the diocese has declared that "none but a good tenant righter and a Home Ruler will receive his support" and there can be little doubt but that the days when the Boreas ruled the county are at an end.

It is a cheering symptom, to see the Prelates of the land come heroically to the front in this struggle for National Autonomy in Ireland. That great old man John of Tuam—today the most beloved Irishman alive, has again blessed the Home Rule Cause and added one more chapter to the record of his patriotic life. He said the other day at Tuam that "We should all—people, priests, and bishops, be Home Rulers." What a popular Cardinal the great old man would make, and if Ireland could have two princes of the Church the elevation of John of Tuam to the dignity of that exalted position, would cause a joy as general as the limits of the land. But John of Tuam is an older man than another of our patriotic prelates, who has just passed away. The Most Rev. Dr. O'Hea, Bishop of Ross, died last week. He too was a Home Ruler and both the Faith and the Fatherland have sustained a loss in his demise. Gone before the work was finished, he lived at least long enough to bless and to assist the cause he espoused. But death rides upon every surge—his pale flag is at some time or another advanced in every household. But with all that, that inspiring phrase of Campbell's which invites us to "arise, fellowmen, our country yet remains" must reconcile us to the loss, and invite us to emulate the deeds of those good and great men who have gone before us. But good men and true, ay, and numbers of them too, still remain. Ireland no more fears to speak of '98 to-day than she did at any other time. Even our Presbyterian Professor Smyth, M.P., has been speaking favourably about Irish Nationality and has "gone in" for tenant right in all its phases. The other day he helpfully illustrated the present relations between landlord and tenant as that of two men gazing with wistful eyes upon the shells of an oyster. It was however hard to open the bivalve of the delicious morsel. However the end was that the tenant had all the labour of opening the oyster, and was recompensed only by obtaining the shells, while the possessor of the soil voraciously swallowed the luxurious contents.

I hope the learned Professor will go just one step further and pronounce in favour of the National demand. That old cause must go on. Since I commenced this letter I find that it is going on. Sligo is vacant! Sir Robert Gore Booth, the Tory M.P. for the County, died on the 22nd ult., and our gallant friend Capt. E. R. King Harman, has announced his intention to contest the vacant seat. His programme is Home Rule in all its phases. No shamming, no perversion, nothing but the full bumper of Legislative Independence. The son of a noble house—inheritor of a princely fortune—Capt. King Harman is the Smith O'Brien of to-day. He is in every respect an Irish Prince, and you who know him so well, and have had the privilege of his companionship, will be sure to join with me in wishing him success. Ireland has to-day no more faithful son than E. R. King Harman. He is worthy of the Cause he has espoused and we all feel certain of his success.

These are the big events in the politics of

the hour. In smaller matters I have not over much to add. The Limerick Corporation is about to present Mr. Butt M.P., with the freedom of the City, while the people of Belfast have determined to present their Mayor with a testimonial. He poor man was the one neglected by the Duke of Abercorn, when leaving Ireland. The Mayors of Dublin, Cork and Londonderry were knighted by his Grace before he surrendered the Keys of office to his successor, and Belfast is in arms at the "insult." Sarsfield is to have a statue in Limerick. This is a good omen. The people of this country are now erecting statues to the memory of her own illustrious sons. No more—shall our eyes be pained and our patriotism insulted by unveiling statues erected to the memory of the enemies of our land. We want no more Albert's William, or Georges;—we wish to see Irish genius and Irish valour commemorated in our land, and with life like energy, telling the sons and daughters of our Country that there is some good work still for Irishmen to do.

REVIEWS.

BELFORD'S MAGAZINE promises to fill a gap in Canadian literature. In time it may become the Cosmos, the Fraser or the Blackwood of the Dominion. The illustrations evince the presence of a master hand between the lines, while the articles selected for the two numbers now before us, with one exception, worthy of the venture, and creditable to the taste of the enterprising publishers of Toronto. What we have read of its letter press is free from political bias, and an absence of anything partaking of a party hue, is a marked feature in its pages. Belford's is in that respect a Magazine for all. It is too free from either, the sensational extravagances of a Belgrave or the ponderously clever essays of a Quarterly. The two or three serials which run through its pages satisfy the craving which so many readers have for the light literature so current in our time. One of those, "When the Ship comes home" we think we have seen before, and accept its reappearance as indicative of its merit. In its essays however Belford is not so fortunate. In the second number George Stewart, Junr., writes of Emerson—the once Unitarian Minister—as greater than Carlyle, more brilliant than Swinburne, and sweeter than Tennyson. To Catholic minds however Emerson is quite a different man. He might indeed very easily be more acceptable than Carlyle, or more chaste than Swinburne; but Emerson, is a Transcendentalist, a professor of what is called the "New Faith," in fact a sceptic of the strongest kind. It is said indeed that he believes in a "bright and a reasonable religion." Well the gross sensuality of the Victorian poet is bad enough, but Emerson's teachings, aiming at the very root of Christian dogma, is not the class of reading we could recommend to any Christian family. We read in the New Testament that "The tree is known by its fruit" and it requires no austere moralist nor frigid Churchman to predict the evils which would arise if the teachings of Emerson were to find an echo in the land. To the Christian mind Emerson is one of those "blind guides, which strain at a gnat and swallow a Camel."

BLACKWOOD.—Contents.—A Woman Hater. A German Bath. Prejevalsky's Mongolia and Solitudes of Northern Tibet. The Secret Chamber. Devious Rambles with a definite object. A Winter Reverie. The Conference at Constantinople. The most striking feature in Blackwood is a lengthy review of Colonel Prejevalsky's (of the Russian Staff) book on the solitudes of Northern Tibet. The Review furnishes an admirable epitome of the travels of the Russian Colonel, into a land almost entirely unknown to Europeans. The author describes the climate and natural character of the deserts of Northern Tibet as "simply awful," and furnishes some vivid sketches of the difficulties which beset the travellers in those arid regions. "The Conference at Constantinople" is an ably written essay, upon the Eastern Question, although it casts no shadow which has not already been reflected by the articles in the Times.

SUNDAY MAGAZINE.—This is a new publication issued by Frank Leslie. It contains 128 pages and numerous illustrations. History and literature fill its columns, and we hope that its otherwise acceptable letter press, will not be marred by that hostility to Catholics for which Frank Leslie's publications have become notorious. The Sunday Magazine will best fulfil its mission by avoiding those mischievous incentives which are calculated to make some men "hate each other for the love of God." If it is free from bigotry we shall welcome it as an additional source of instruction to all.

LA FOIXE DOMESTIQUE for January has a varied selection of essays on Religion, History, Science, literature, &c. "Canada under the French," is an interesting record of the early days of the Dominion. The present chapter opens by describing a harrowing picture of a Massacre by the Iroquois in 1689. "Episode de la vie intime," is an interesting story of Virtue and Affection, and the selections in "Chronique Generale," are witty in their brevity. CARNOLIO WORLD.—John Greenleaf Whittier. Monsieur Gombards Mistake. What is Dr. Nevin's Position? Six Sunny Months. Rome—Amor. Chaldean Account of the Creation. Letters of a Young Irish woman to her Sister. Testimony of the Catacombs to the Primacy of St. Peter. Modern Thoughts in Science. A Christmas Legend. Sir Thomas More. Advent. The Year of our Lord 1876. New Publications.

"The Chaldean Account of the Creation" is an interesting epitome of the many proofs which are afforded us that the resources of science, but add additional weight to the Scriptural record of the Creation. To trace the ruins of Nimrod, of Chaldean, and of Reson, those cities of power in the earlier days of history—to walk the spot where the Assyrians, the Babylonians, the Medes, the Persians, and the Greeks succeeded each other to the throne—to feel that one stands where once was the Garden of Eden—must cause the mind to travel from the material to the spiritual, and to the Creator of the universe. This fertile plain is now a wilderness—so God decreed. As Sodom and Gomorrah fell—so fell Nineveh. Between the Chaldean and the Moslem account of the Creation, we have always known that there was a marked coincidence in the

main features of the narratives—but after all the Chaldean legends, written with a license which is Oriental in form, lack that straightforward account which we find in Moses. The one was inspired the other was not. "Modern thoughts in Science" is a review of some of Professor Huxley's works, and is just the kind of work calculated to arrest the evils which originate from the teachings of the author of Protoplasm.

HARPER'S MONTHLY contains a number of interesting articles, so varied in their nature as to debar us from following them in detail. The recollections of Thackeray are however particularly attractive.

The following will be reviewed in our next issue: The Prince of Wales in India—Gay. The Faith of our Fathers—Gibbons. Poems—Hill.

New Vesper Psalter—Lewis. Religion and Education—Preston. Reunion des Paroissiens D'Yamachiche—Desautels.

Popular Health Almanac.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The conflict between the rival Governors of South Carolina is extending to their appointees, who are said to be quarrelling over the possession of the leaves and fishes.

The strike of the ice-harvesters at Catskill is assuming alarming proportions, and a requisition has been made on the sheriff for a force of two hundred men to guard the ice-houses.

The Judges of the United States Supreme Court, one and all, object to having anything to do with the determination of the electoral vote, which it has been proposed to leave to them.

The Louisiana Republicans are preparing for an open appeal to arms. A force of militia is being enrolled, and the funds in the State Treasury are being reserved for defensive purposes, all payments therefrom having been stopped.

Judge Field of the United States Supreme Court has occasioned much comment by stating at a dinner party that the action of the Louisiana Returning Board would not stand before any legal tribunal.

President Grant objects to the return to Great Britain of the surplus of the Geneva Award, and favours its utilization in restoring the United States merchant fleet.

Spain and its possessions can no longer be looked upon as safe refuges by the American criminal, a thoroughly comprehensive extradition treaty, embracing twenty-six offences, having been concluded between that country and the United States.

Intelligence from Russia describes the army assembled in the south as in a bad state of health. There is much sickness in the camp, and frequent removals to new quarters have been found necessary.

The apprehensions of a rupture of the Eastern negotiations have been greatly diminished by the announcement that the European plenipotentiaries have agreed to submit to the Porte a modification of their proposals, which it was believed would prove acceptable to the Turkish Cabinet.

The *Globe* attributes the good understanding which exists between Lord Salisbury and General Ignatieff entirely to the plain speaking of Prince Bismarck, and considers that the Powers must be convinced that Germany is not only resolved to observe a sympathetic neutrality towards Russia, but has also taken steps to prevent Austria and Hungary from leaning towards England and deserting the Triple Alliance.

Attention is called in a French paper to the fact that the Russians, who now come forward as the protectors of Bulgaria from the Turks, themselves committed during their unsuccessful campaign in 1828, more horrible atrocities, and on a much larger scale than the Turks have ever been charged with. The Cossacks stripped the country of everything that could support life, so that the unhappy Bulgarians died of famine by thousands, and the land was covered with corpses, while the most savage cruelties were inflicted on the survivors. M. Saint Marc Girardin says: "Never was there such a terrible waste of human life, never did disorder and the licence of the soldiery entail such scourges on a country."

A Republican authority gives as follows the result of the operations of the Investigating Committees in the three doubtful States of the South:—The Florida Committee will give the State to Tilden, the Louisiana Committee is divided, and the South Carolina Committee give a majority to Hayes, independent of irregularities, a correction of which would give the State to Tilden.

A report comes from Washington to the effect that a compromise is likely to be made on the Presidential question, the Republicans agreeing to abandon the doctrine of the right of the President of the Senate to count the electoral vote, provided that the Democrats will abandon the claim that the 22nd Joint Rule is in force. The Republicans are said to oppose the proposition for a new election, which is favoured by the Democrats. It is believed that in the event of a new election being decided on Hayes might be chosen President of the Senate.

Among the notices of applications to Parliament published in Saturday's *Official Gazette*, is one for power to lay a telegraph cable from some place in Great Britain to some place in the Dominion, also one for the amendment of the Atlantic Cable Company's charter, extending the time fixed for the completion of the work of laying the Company's cable, and otherwise furthering the objects of the Company.

The arrangements between the Grand Trunk Company and the engine drivers have been concluded upon the basis of the agreement of 1875, and it is further provided that all the drivers who joined the strike shall be taken on again and all warrants issued for the arrest of strikers shall be withdrawn. The rate of wages is also to remain unchanged.

Sir Francis Hincks has been appointed as Secretary to the Dominion of Montreal, but the Doctor positively refused to accept a third term, pleading overwork. Mr. David and Hon. J. L. Beaudry will be the candidates instead.