

The True Witness

AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE, PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY BY THE PROPRIETOR, JOHN GILLES, AT NO. 195 FORTIFICATION LANE.

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MONTREAL, FRIDAY, August 11, 1876

ECCLESIASTICAL CALENDAR.

August, 1876. Friday, 11—Of the Octave. SS. Tiburtius and Susanna, Martyrs. Saturday, 12—St. Clare, Virgin. Sunday, 13—TENTH SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST. Monday 14—Vigil of the Assumption. Tuesday, 15—ASSUMPTION OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY. Wednesday, 16—St. Roch, Confessor. Thursday, 17—Octave of St. Lawrence.

OFF TO THE MARITIME PROVINCES.

We would inform our friends in New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island that Mr. John Gillies, the publisher of this paper, left town on Monday to pay them a visit in the interest of the True Witness. We need say no more than to speak for him as kindly a reception as on his former visit, now three years ago; on that occasion he had every reason to be satisfied with the result of his trip; we only hope that his gratification this time will be enhanced tenfold.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

A despatch from Widdin to the London Standard says the news of the capture of Gurgusovatz by Ezoob Pasha's army, which continues its march northward, caused Osman Pasha to defer his attack on Saitsehar, where he awaits Ezoob's arrival. The main Servian army has probably retired, and Saitsehar is only held by a guard. Ezoob should join Osman in two days, and then the united force will march on Paratchin. Osman's soldiers are impatient of delay. More fighting is anticipated. The Servians never face the Turkish troops; the latter now expect to hear soon that Serbia has sued for peace. The war is virtually finished. At Nissa the entire Turkish army in the field, excepting the forces at Sophia and in Bosnia and Albania, numbers 12,000, with 50 squadron of cavalry.

The Political Correspondence, of Vienna, has a telegram from Constantinople which states that it becomes increasingly apparent that the illness of the Sultan is of a chronic nature. It appears, however, that the danger of an immediate catastrophe has disappeared. The Sultan continues to be inaccessible to members of the diplomatic body, because his nerves are very much affected, and he must not be exposed to very much excitement.

The Standard's Paratchin correspondent says the indications are that the fighting at Wahyoor has resulted in another Turkish success. If this is true, communication between Saitsehar and Alexinat will be interrupted. A fact in corroboration is the arrival of General Tchernayeff's chief of the staff here, who is going through this place for Saitsehar. Had the road from Alexinat to Saitsehar been open he would not have made this detour.

A letter to the Daily News, dated Philippopolis, July 31, says:—An investigation into the recent atrocities is proceeding. It will probably be reported that 60 villages have been burned and 12,000 persons killed. Mr. Schuyler thinks the reports of the atrocities committed by Bulgarians are unfounded. There are horrible scenes at Balok. Seven thousand bodies have been lying there since May the 12th, rotting in the sun. No crims invented by Turkish ferocity has been left uncommitted. There is urgent need of assistance for starving families.

A special despatch says the capture of Gurgusovatz was a splendid victory. Both sides fought well. The population fled to Paratchin, whilst 300 wounded have been taken. The Daily Telegraph's Vienna telegram says Moukhtar Pasha is in a desperate situation at Trebinje, and is expected to surrender. The Widdin army is operating against the Servian General Leschjavin.

The Turkish ambassador at London announces he has been authorized to engage thirty English surgeons for field service in the Turkish armies.

A special despatch to the Journal des Debats from Belgrade, states that the Turks occupied positions around Gurgusovatz, after fighting on the Timok. This opens the road into the interior of Servia.

The Russian Society of the Red Cross has sent a sanitary train, with surgeons and nurses, to the scene of war in Servia.

It is announced from Gorlitz that Baron Nicholas von Zedlitz and Neukirch has been converted to the Catholic Church.

Lord Sandon's Education Bill passed the English Commons on Saturday.

Intelligence has been received from the west coast of Africa that the blockade by the British squadron of Dahomey coast has been raised.

A Protestant lady missionary in China, named Miss MacLeane, has joined the Catholic Church in Shanghai. She was a Presbyterian, belonged to the Association of Deaconesses in London, and went to China for missionary purposes. All her life she had a fanatical hatred of Catholicity until chance threw her in the way of the nuns of Shanghai, who converted her.

Upwards of 40 fishermen and sailors of the coasting vessels perished in the gale on the coast of Scotland and England last Thursday.

The Republican majority in the French Chamber, have declared void the election of the Count de Mun, the great Catholic orator, on account of the support

he received from the clergy. He will stand again for the same district and be returned. The French municipal law has at last been voted by a large majority, in spite of the opposition offered to the Government by the Extreme Left and Bonapartists. The Government will nominate the mayors in the chief towns of departments, arrondissements and cantons, and in the other 33,000 communes the mayors will be elected by their fellow-citizens. Under the Empire all the mayors were nominated by the Emperor, generally on the demand of the prefect, and M. Thiers desired to be allowed the same power, but a Conservative Chamber objected, and would not permit him to nominate the mayor in towns of over 20,000 inhabitants.

THE OFFICE AND WORK OF UNIVERSITIES.

We have just been reading a work with this title published some years ago; it was the production of "John Henry Newman, D.D., of the Oratory," and was suggested doubtless by the "Office and Work" of the Catholic University of Dublin, of which the distinguished divine was the first patron and president. We do not propose a retrospective review of the book; but now when University Education in Ireland is amongst the foremost of public measures, in prospective, it may not be out of place to make brief reference to the subject, availing of the suggestiveness of the author's views in illustration. The particular University of Dublin is not pushed forward very prominently on the stage, though the allusions to it whether in gentle reproof or in hope, keep it sufficiently before the eye. The author had long had the sympathy of the Catholic world on being drawn from what must have been to him a dear seclusion into the centre of public life, and into a situation involving anxiety and responsibility, and provoking unfriendly criticism, evil auguries, and depreciating sneers. However, he brought to his work the elements of success so far as it depended on him—ability, energy, determination, and a hopeful heart. We believe it is pretty well agreed that no other Catholic could have been found in the United Kingdom so well fitted in every way to superintend and direct the planting of the young University as Dr. Newman; and if he earned sympathy in the first instance by being brought into this prominence, he doubly won it afterwards by the small measure of support he received to cheer him from other quarters.

Now, we never ventured to anticipate a mushroom growth for the young institution; we knew of course that every great work must be a work of time; that it would not ripen in a night, but that the Spring must wane, the Summer fade, and the Autumn wear on ere it could arrive at maturity. Everyone who considered at all must have thought the same; and all who are now, after the lapse of so many years, prostrated by disappointment, because Ireland's young Alma Mater, did not spring into life in paucity were fixing their eyes on the crown but overlooking the light; they forgot that of which Dr. Newman in his book reminded them, that "the project had to be carried into effect in the presence of a reluctant and perplexed public opinion," and that without any counterbalancing assistance whatever, as has commonly been the case with Universities, from royal favor or civil sanction." But while we profess ourselves now not utterly beaten down by despair, we are far from thinking that things are as they ought to be, or that all the interested parties have done their duty by the Catholic University of Dublin.

Whatever be the cause there is certainly a present stagnation; the numbers of the alumni are too sparse and the ardor of those out of doors is relaxed. Why is this? Not want of confidence in the University staff; it would be hard to provide an abler body of men: not exorbitancy in the fees, they are moderation itself, and reduced rather to the tariff of the boarding-school. Is it that the road to preferment lies through the Godless Colleges, that thus men reach civil appointments and make their way into the bureaux of the Governmental service—sic illic ad astra? No doubt this has much to do with it; the son's advancement too often smothering the father's conscience. Alas, for the blindness and little faith that clung so tenaciously to the loaves and fishes! Depend upon it that the honest well-conducted man can always push his way into the front ranks of any profession, can always earn a sweeter loaf in spite of civil disability and without the base sacrifice of principle that would thus drag a man through a curriculum which authority has pronounced to be unholy, merely to provide what the honest ploughman earns by the sweat of his brow. Thanks to O'Connell and his coadjutors—to the enlightened public spirit of these latter days—the law-makers of Great Britain have been forced to efface, from the statute books most of the wicked laws that once kept our fathers in bondage; and though the Catholic people at home are yet little better than "hewers of wood and drawers of water" by the side of their fellow citizens who first steal their property and then taunt them with being poor—who shut them out from the great fountains of learning and then fling ignorance in their face—who debar them from advancement and then adduce their want of position as an argument against their faith—in spite of all this the professions are as patent to the Catholics as to the others. Then where are the Irish young men that they do not avail themselves of the advantages and opportunities which the Catholic University of Dublin places at their disposal as a foundation on which to base future fortune and fame? Is it the old error that nothing good can come out of Nazareth? Is it that fatal folly that leads men to venerate everything Protestant and depreciate everything Catholic, whether it be the University, school, literature, teacher, tradesman or merchant? This is bowing to the golden calf if anything is. And while no folly is more suicidal none is more erroneous. In every department the Irish in Ireland have a material among themselves if they had only self-reliance to use it, and less of the fashionable sycophancy that makes money and perfection convertible terms. The degrees of the Catholic University of Dublin may be held cheap to-day as compared with diplomas from Edinburgh or Oxford; but as surely

as Oxford is, a British institution and Dublin an Irish Catholic one, so surely will this come when the claims of one will be ignored and the honors of the other will be respected through the great and universal Church. Oxford will have a name among the Protestant sects of course, and some of its highest records will have to go outside their pale for laurels, but in the Church of Ages Dublin will stand as once stood Padua, Salamanca, and the Sorbonne. It is not that the Irish are careless of honors. When London threw her portals open to the youth of Ireland, a simultaneous and successful rush was made from all the affiliated colleges and continued until the difficulties in the way of expense, interruption of established courses at the colleges, and other causes damped the ardor. In Dublin there are the means of achieving literary honors, safely, economically, and from a source which the Church, if not the British Government, and which every honest man must know to be reliable. There is a great future in store for the office and work of the Catholic University. Legislation is needed to clear away some existing obstacles to a thorough recognition. In the hands of the Bishops of Ireland and of the representatives in Parliament enjoying their confidence we leave the matter, satisfied that the day will come, for in the words of Dr. Newman, the University is "is going forward in the strength of the Cross, under the patronage of Mary, in the name of Patrick."

MR. P. J. SMITH AND HIS ASSAILANTS.

Under this caption a long letter has just come to hand. The writer "M" has certainly made a claim for himself to be heard when Ireland, Irish interests or Irish names are to be advocated or defended; but we must in self-protection protest against the placing us in the category which our correspondent's entitling head-line would imply. We have not been, are not, the assailants of Mr. P. J. Smith. We have long admired the man for his consistency; his "devotion to public principle and personal friendship" as suggested in this letter has never been questioned by us; we are ready to admit all that is urged now of "Mr. Smith's prominence in the '48 movement when soldiers and scholars and gentlemen banded together for a nation's right"—we regarded admiringly "the courage, self-sacrifice and money cost of that expedition to Australia which eventuated in the escape from Penal Servitude of Menger, Mitchel, and others and of which Mr. Smith was the leading—the only—adventurous spirit"—and we still believe that the honorable member for Westmeath however won from an obviously consistent course by personal feelings or romantic enthusiasm has truly "at heart the interests of his native land."

Our correspondent will excuse us for thus summarizing by extracts, his defence of Mr. Smith; our agreement generally in his propositions does away with the necessity of giving the letter in full—which indeed the pressure on space, as we are almost ready for press, would render mechanically inconvenient; and then again, we not only agree with him on those points, but he absolutely agrees with us in the main argument underlying our animadversions. He says—"I am ready to admit the inexperience of Mr. Smith's speech at such a time. Agreeing in every sentiment of it, I believe the occasion was ill-chosen for its utterance. Had the motion before the House been the first reading of a Home Rule Bill—or one affirming the Principle of Home Rule—the open and undisguised truth would certainly have been in order—nay, its suppression would be a crime—but on a mere proposition for 'inquiry' into the results of the Legislative Union and the reasonableness of Ireland's demand for change, the issue of which could bind no after action and the necessity of which as the initiative of legislation, no statesman will deny, I am prepared to say that the pronouncement was premature." Now in effect this is the most we ourselves urged against Mr. Smith. We certainly felt that there was inconsistency in one who at the inception of the movement gave cordial acceptance to the Home Rule principle stepping out of his place to be its opponent on the first practical opportunity and giving joy and encouragement to the common enemy; and we could not feel any consolation in the fact that Mr. Smith's display on this Irish question had elicited the encomiums of a hostile press, whilst Irish Journals—with perhaps one or two exceptions—were loud in condemnation of the ill-timed and we are ready to believe impulsive demonstration. With these admissions and explanations on both sides, our correspondent will we hope be ready to modify his phrase of "Mr. P. J. Smith and his Assailants." It is neither our place nor our desire to assail any Irishman honestly devoted to Irish interests no matter for his wrong-headedness or want of consideration. The real assailants of Mr. Smith are the Journalists who put him on the back for a defection involving a "heavy blow and great discouragement" to his party.

Leaving the specific defence of Mr. Smith, our correspondent goes into the general question of Parliamentary policy on Irish affairs. Here too we are compelled to use our excision power unsparingly: in justice, however, we make extract sufficient to indicate the writer's views, with promise should he desire it to present these views in greater fulness next week.

He says:—"But where is it to end—all this fine talk? In petitions to Parliament forsooth—in motions for enquiry—and then an order to lie on the table and an insulting negation of a patent right! And still there are some who have no confidence in petitions who heretically refuse to believe in the disposition of Parliament to do anything for Ireland as an article of faith—who deny that the expedient of adopting them is either novel or promising, and assert, moreover, that it is a threadbare trick indicating meanness on one side and producing contempt on the other. Unhappily or happily I am of the inorthodox sect. I am amongst those who maintain that Irishmen have been signing and whining for the last seventy-five years and have never gained as much by the mendicant pursuit as would pay for the paper on which their begging applications were written." "Are not seventy-five years a long time? Are we to go crouching like spaniels to the doors of Parliament for seventy-five more? Are petitions

the only alternative suggested by the burning eloquence of Home Rule advocates, North and South? In Heaven's name do they think us men or stones? They paint and truly paint crimes that would blacken Moloch himself and tell the victims to go on a begging pilgrimage to the criminal—to Parliament! Parliament that made the confiscation and fed on the spoil—Parliament composed almost exclusively of pronounced anti-Irishism—Parliament that debauched a nation and perpetuates the crime—Parliament at whose doors we have been praying and beseeching for three-quarters of a century, till the spirit has died out of the old nation, and the hills and valleys of Ireland have been whitened like a Golgotha with the bones of the victims."

Our correspondent in a strain of fervid eloquence goes on to urge the impracticability of the Home Rule question in Parliament because of the majority of 230 against inquiry the other week. He seems to have overlooked, however, the fact that all good public measures have had to undergo successive defeats before final accomplishment. How often have the doors of the same Parliament been slammed in the face of the claimants for Catholic Emancipation. And yet, even in the face of the "So help me, God" opposition of a Royal Duke in aid of Parliamentary sentiment, these doors were broken open by the action of the peasant voters of one single county in Ireland and the matchless might of O'Connell's genius—So with the Reform Bill of '32, so with the removal of Jewish Disabilities—so with every project in which ancient prejudices had to be contended against and who will say that the much decreed "peace, patience and perseverance" principle, shall not in the end triumph in a matter which has not feudal associations to enshroud it, and which boasts of an antiquity only as old as this century. Notwithstanding the present attitude of parties in the British Parliament, we believe a reversal of the Legislative arrangements of 1800 is neither improbable nor remote.

DRAW THE LINE SOMEWHERE!

Between cash and consistency—honest principle and hypocritical pretence, it is necessary we should have some dividing line—something really to indicate where the one of either ends and the other commences. There is a paper published in New York called the Witness, gravely supposed to have some connection, proprietorially, professionally, or peculiarly with a paper of like name published in this city, and in a late number of the New York Journal we find this suggestive paragraph:—

"If the Witness be a transparent humbug, it is a very costly one. It has cost the proprietor all he had in the world, and it has cost two or three friends (one especially) very large amounts. These parties have sunk something over \$160,000 in it, and believe the money given at the Lord's call and spent in His service. In addition to this, quite a number of friends advanced about \$8,000 last fall and winter; and as will be seen, we acknowledge over \$17,000 received in cash since last March, and pledges for upward of \$20,000 more, to be paid when the remaining \$12,500 of our \$50,000 loan is subscribed."

We have no disposition to comment on the cash transactions of our contemporary and his loving patrons; but we would in all the soberness of Christian charity ask does he not think he is trespassing a little over the line and making too free and familiar with the name of our Lord? Spurgeon in England had the reputation of irreverently indulging in fanciful colloquial conversations with the Saviour—and Beecher in Plymouth church was accustomed to make "Hale fellow, well met" with St. Paul and the Apostles; but it remained for John Dougal "of that ilk" to seek to put forward the Divinity as interested in a newspaper speculation, which by all accounts has not much of divinity to justify the pretension. We can hardly deal with this sort of blasphemous bluster without running the risk of becoming irreverent ourselves. We had set down as an exaggerated libel that statement of a correspondent of a Chicago paper some months ago that the Editor of the New York Witness had printed a statement that he had "commenced the newspaper business with a capital of \$100,000 and the Lord Jesus Christ as partner," but really this new assumption of a continuing interest developing itself in a special call is too much for that reverence which should enshroud sacred names and things. We are almost fearful, as we have said that even our remonstrance should assume the aspect of irreverence.

PLAYING WITH EDGED TOOLS.

It was Lord Brougham, we believe, who described the newspaper as "the best possible public instructor" but we to be instructed when the teachers need teaching. In the columns of our infallible contemporary the other Witness, we find the following historical "fmyth" completely new to us:—

"Mr. P. J. Smyth, one of the Irish members who was concerned in the Emmett uprising, and who is now more than fifty years of age, has astonished—perhaps electrified would not be too strong a word—the Commons and the country by a most eloquent speech, in which he decided, the half-way measure of Home Rule, and declared for repeal or nothing."

Not in a casual paragraph—not in a contribution for which a mere reporter can be made the scapegoat—is this interesting piece of information vouchsafed but in a solemn editorial in the leading position of the paper. Now, considering that Robert Emmett's uprising was just 73 years ago—that Emmett himself was executed at the same time, namely in 1803,—it becomes a most astounding fact in natural history that one not born for 73 years after could have been a participant in the uprising. If of this complexion for preciseness be the teachings theological of the "only religious daily" we can well commiserate the Orange Young Britons, and the amateur evangelists of the Young Men's Christian Association on the extent and unreliability of their doctrinal education. Read history, friend Witness, before you presume to erect arguments thereon. The process may give some idea of truth and prevent the wounding one's self with edged tools.

SPELTERINI.

Of late weeks, our local papers have teemed with accounts of the young Italian lady, who ventured to walk across the Niagara Falls, on a tight-rope. Thousands of spectators, we are told, assembled to witness this brilliant (?) feat, and applaud the daring young heroine, who was possessed of so much nerve and daring. That, in this world of ours,

amongst the millions of souls who inhabit it, some would be found void of common sense, is a fact not to be wondered at, but that men of learning and talent, should lend their voice to laud such a foolhardy performance as the above, is simply astonishing. The following we clip from the N. Y. Sun, and is from the pen of the renowned "Eli Perkins." "At 5.50 Spelterini ventured on the rope, advancing in a slow walk to the centre of the boiling cauldron. A tumble would have been death. Still this fair girl not over twenty-two, had nerve enough to sit down on the rope, and make the ladies on shore turn their backs to her in painful suspense. After the feat was accomplished this young girl, modestly walked out on the grass as if she had not done a braver deed than Custer or Leonidas, and one that would have shamed Joan of Arc, had it been done for liberty instead of lucre." This surely must be a Sarcasm! Comparing the immortal heroine of Ronen, with a would-be suicide! Custer with Spelterini! That the deed is a daring one, the most bigoted must admit, but instead of calling it brave, or its performer courageous we should rather dub the one rash, and the other a fool. A man, who swallows arsenic or Laudanum, to rid himself of a life, which sorrow has rendered unbearable, is looked on as something unholy, and yet, "Crowds throng the bridge, to see a young girl, voluntarily advancing into the very jaws of death." Is not this inconsistent? As that fellow being, crept slowly along the slender rope, hovering between the heavens, and the boiling, maddened waters of Niagara, how many thoughts of her fate, should she fall? A sudden jerk, a start, a gust of wind, and the frail creature would have been precipitated into the arms of a death she seemed to court. It is fearful to think of, dreadful to picture such a performance to the mind's eye; and impossible to understand how women, the gentle and tender angels of a homestead, and mothers of families could, unmoved, witness such a sinful performance. For sinful it is. God's wonders, were not placed on earth, to be the means of obtaining fame (?) to a few of that Earth's creatures. Such feats are providentially few; but they should not be countenanced at all. It is unnatural for the performer to attempt it and more so, for the spectator to behold it. Life, even for the weary and lone-hearted, should be held, as a gift from God, and as such too valuable, to be self-taken. We would wish that, in the advent of a repetition of Mademoiselle Spelterini's hazardous feat, that the press would be unanimous in denouncing the dreadful attempt. Such an act would be in the interest of humanity, and we are sure, we only re-echo the sentiments of our readers, when we speak of the performance as fool-hardy and sinful.

OUR NEW STORY.

Next week we shall give the opening chapters of a powerfully written historical tale by the great Flemish writer, Hendrik Conscience, entitled the Lion of Flanders. It is not simply a romance founded on history, in which the historical event is but a thread on which the incidents of love and adventure, which are the real story, are strung. It is, on the contrary, a portion of real history chosen for a definite end.—It is the story of the uprising of a trampled and down-trodden people against their oppressors and we are sure will be interesting to our readers. The following extract from the Preface to the English edition will give our readers a fair outline of the plot of the story:—

In the quarrel between Edward I. and Philip le Bel, Guy de Damplierre, Count of Flanders, had taken part with England, and had formed, in conjunction with some other of the great fiefs of France, a formidable league against their suzerain. Philip invaded Flanders, accompanied by Charles de Valois, his brother, and Robert d'Artois, his cousin. When Edward was recalled to make head against Wallace, the Flemings became an easy prey. Their country was occupied by French troops; and the conquerors proceeded to divide their rich spoil.

It is, at this date, about 1298, that this tale opens. Philip-le-Bel brought his queen to see the rich and famous cities of Ghent and Bruges; and De Chailillon was left as governor-general, with a charge to curtail by degrees their liberties and rights, and to "cure them of their proud and insolent wealth." This charge he executed with more zeal and good-will than prudence; and M. Conscience paints very vividly the slowly gathering anger of the people—muttering at first to itself in secret, then burning forth here and there in resistance to some act of more flagrant oppression and extortion—at length triumphing in a wild and irresistible explosion, in the massacre of Bruges and the bloody victory of Courtrai. It is a subject full of dramatic interest, and it is handled with singular originality, vigour, and tact. On the one side, we see the brilliant chivalry, of Philip-le-Bel: Chailillon and Raoul de Nesle, Robert d'Artois, the Counts of Tancarville and Dreux, and all the great historical names of France, pouring into Flanders secure of an easy victory, and counting on an abundant harvest of booty; on the other side are the simple, unadorned leaders of the industry of Flanders, butchers and brewers, clothworkers and locksmiths, craftsmen of every kind, men whom the French regarded with a supercilious scorn, but strong in the sense of a righteous cause, burning with indignation against the oppressor and alien, all their powers elicited and enlarged by the grandeur of the struggle, and all their feuds and rivalries for a time fused in the glow of a common patriotism and a common thirst of revenge. The author has thrown a remarkable dignity around these popular leaders. Peter de Coninck especially stands out—and the details of his character are historical—as the head and soul of the whole movement: prudent and wary, full of courage and confidence, noble and disinterested, a man of one passion and one aim, worthy associate of the noble band of patriots, the William Tell of this grand effort for liberty and fatherland.

The character of Jan Bréjdel, too, is a noble one, and evidently a favourite with the author. Bold to rashness yet docile as a child to the counsels of De Coninck; loving fighting for its own sake, but never striking a blow except in defence of right,—he and his butchers represent the slow and strong right-hand of the whole struggle. The plot is conducted to the final catastrophe with masterly skill; but we refrain from anticipating the reader's pleasure in following its development.

LAVAL UNIVERSITY. We have received the 20th annual report of this institution, containing much valuable information in relation to it. The list of professors in the different faculties is published, also the list of students during the year 1875-76. The report is neatly and clearly printed by Cote & Co, Quebec.