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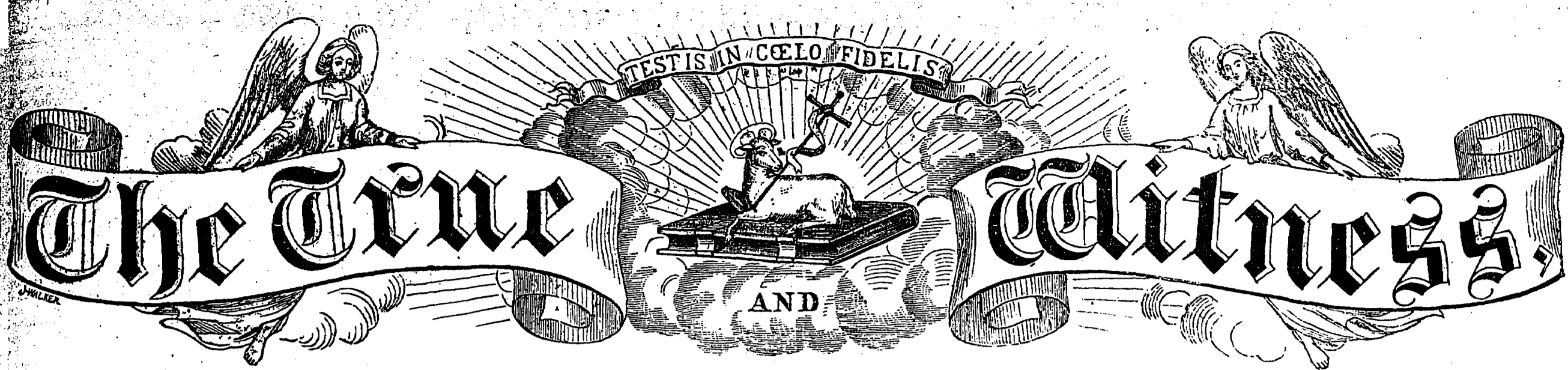
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CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

VOL. XXIII.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, NOV. 1, 1872.

NO. 12.

BOOKS FOR NOVEMBER.

- THE CATHOLIC WORLD. Contents: Centres of Thought in the Past—II: Fleurance; The Poor Ploughman; A Dark Chapter in English History; The Progressionists; The Virgin; The Homeless Poor of New York City; The House that Jack Built; Where are You Going? Number Thirteen; Use and Abuse of the Novel; Review of Vaughan's Life of St. Thomas; To S. Mary Magdalen; God's Acre; Personal Recollections of the Late President Jaurez of Mexico; New Publications, etc. Price 45 cts. MAURESA; or, The Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius. For General Use. New edition. Cloth. 1 50 THE COMMANDMENTS and Sacraments Explained in Fifty-two Discourses. By the Right Rev. Dr. Hornihold. 1 vol. Cloth. 2 00 LIFE AND SPEECHES OF DANIEL O'CONNELL, M.P. Illustrated. One vol. Green and Gold. 2 60 THE COUNCIL OF THE VATICAN, and the Events of the Time. By Thomas Canon Pope, Priest of the Archdiocese of Dublin. One vol., Cloth. 2 00 WAS ST. PETER EVER AT ROME? Authentic Report of the Discussion held in Rome on the evenings of the 9th and 10th of February, 1872, between Catholic Priests and Evangelical Ministers, on the Coming of St. Peter to Rome. Paper. 0 25 THE CATHOLIC WORLD, FOR OCTOBER. Contents: Bismarck and the Jesuits. Choice in no Choice. Fleurance. Review of Vaughan's Life of St. Thomas. The Progressionists. Gavazzi versus the See of St. Peter. Number Thirteen. On a Picture of St. Mary bearing the Doves to Sacrifice. Centres of Thought in the Past. Versailles. Father Isaac Jogues, S.J. Dona Ramona. The Distaff. A Martyr's Journey. Odd Stories. New Publications, etc. 0 45 Any of the above books mailed free of Postage on receipt of price. D. & J. SADLER & CO., Montreal.

FATHER BURKE'S LECTURE

"The Volunteers of '82"

THE SOPHISTRIES OF FROUDE REPUTED.

(From the N. Y. Irish American.)

The following lecture was delivered by the Rev. Father Burke, on the 17th of October, in the Academy of Music, New York City: Ladies and Gentlemen:—Before I proceed to the subject of my lecture, which is one of the most glorious in the history of Ireland—namely, the "Volunteer Movement of 1792"—circumstances oblige me to make a few preliminary remarks. I have known in Ireland, and out of Ireland, many Englishmen; I have esteemed them; and I have never known yet an Englishman who lived for any length of time in Ireland without becoming a lover of the country and of its people. Their proverbial love for Ireland was on their faces, in olden time, as a reproach. It was said of the English settlers that they were "more Irish than the Irish themselves." Now, an English gentleman has come amongst us, great in name, great in learning, and also professing a love of our Irish nation, and our Irish people. But there is an old proverb that says: "No man can tell where the shoe pinches so well as the man that wears it" (laughter). I would not mind or pay much attention to an old bachelor's description of the joys of matrimony (renewed laughter); nor would I pay much heed to the description of the sorrows of a man who had lost his wife, as described to me by a man who never had a wife (increased merriment). And so, in like manner, when an Englishman comes to describe the sorrows and miseries of Ireland, or when he comes to impute them to their causes, the least that can be said is that he must look upon this question from the outside; whilst a man of Irish blood, of Irish name, and of Irish birth, such as I am, looks upon them, and is able to say: "My fathers before me were the sufferers, and I myself have beheld the remnants of their sorrow" (cheers). With the best intentions possible, a public lecturer may sometimes be a little mistaken, or he may be reported badly, or his words may convey a meaning which, perhaps, they were not intended to convey. I read, for instance, this morning, that this learned and, no doubt, honorable man, speaking of the "Golden Age" of Ireland, said that we Irish were accustomed to look upon the time that went before the English invasion as the "Golden Age" of Ireland; and then he is reported to have gone on to say: "And yet, for two centuries that preceded the English invasion, all was confusion, all was bloodshed in Ireland." It is perfectly true; but the "Golden Age" of Ireland is not precisely the two centuries that went before the English invasion. Irish history is divided into three great periods, from the day that our fathers embraced Christianity, when St. Patrick preached to them the Catholic faith, early in the fifth century, and Ireland embraced it (cheers). For three hundred years after Patrick's preaching, Ireland enjoyed a reign of peace and of sanctity, which made her the envy

and the admiration of the world; and she was called by the surrounding nations, "The Island home of Saints and of scholars." Peace was upon her hills and in her valleys. Wise Brehon laws governed her. Saints peopled her monasteries and convents; and students, in thousands, from every clime, came to Ireland to light at her pure blaze of knowledge the lamp of every art and of every highest science (great cheering). This is the evidence of history; and no man can contradict it. But at the close of the eight century, the Danes invaded Ireland. They swept around her coasts, and poured army after army of invasion in upon us. For three hundred long years, Ireland had to sustain that terrific Danish war, in defence of her religion and of her freedom. She fought; she conquered; but the hydra of invasion arose again, and again, in the deadly struggle; and, for the nation, it seemed to be an unending, unceasing task. An army was destroyed to-day, only to yield place to another army of invasion to-morrow. What was the consequence? The peace of Ireland was lost; the morality of the people was shattered and disturbed by these three hundred years of incessant war. Convents and monasteries were destroyed, churches were pillaged and burned; for the men who invaded Ireland were Pagans, who came to lay the religion of their Pagan gods upon the souls of the Irish people. What wonder if, when Ireland came forth from that Danish war, after driving her invaders from her soil,—what wonder if the laws were disregarded, if society was shaken to its base, if the religion of the people was greatly injured and their morality greatly influenced for the worse by so many centuries of incessant war. When, therefore, the historian or lecturer, speaks of the time preceding the English invasion as the "Golden Age" of Ireland, let him go back to the days before the Danes invaded us. No Irishman pretends to look upon the three hundred years of Danish warfare as the "Golden Age," for, truly, it was an age of blood. The confusion that arose in Ireland was terrible.—When the Danish invaders were, at length, overthrown by the gallant king who was slain upon the field of Clontarf, the country was divided, confusion reigned in every direction; and her people scarcely yet breathed after the terrific struggle of three hundred years. Yet, in the brief period of sixty years that elapsed from the expulsion of the Danes, before the landing of the Anglo-Normans, we find the Irish Bishops assembled, restoring essential and salutary laws to the Church. We find St. Malachi, one of the greatest men of his day, Primate of the See of Armagh; and on the Archbishopric throne of Dublin, the English invading tyrant found an Irish Prince, heart and hand with his people, who was ready to shed his blood for his native land; and that man was the great St. Laurence O'Toole (loud cheers). It has been asserted also that the Danes remained in Ireland. It is true that they founded the cities of Waterford, Wexford, and Dublin. The Danes remained there; but how did they remain there? They conformed to the manners and customs of the Irish people; they submitted to the Irish laws; they adopted the Catholic religion, and became good and fervent Christians. On these conditions they were permitted to remain in Ireland. It is all nonsense to say that they remained by force.—What was easier for the victor of Clontarf, when he had driven their Pagan fellow-warriors into the sea,—what was easier than for him to turn the force of the Irish arms against them, and drive them also into the sea that lay before him? No; the Danes remained in Ireland because they became Irish; aye, "more Irish than the Irish themselves." What were the men whose brave hearts so loved Ireland, that in her cause, they forgot all prudence and all care for their lives? Who were the men of '98? They were the fighting men of Wexford and of Wicklow; they were the men of Danish blood and name, the Roohes and the Furlongs; but they loved Ireland as well, if not more, than our fathers did (loud cheers). It has been asserted, also, that,—such was the confusion, and such the disruption of society,—that "there was one man above all others necessary; and he was the policeman" (laughter). Well, now, the policeman is a very ornamental, and, sometimes, though perhaps rarely, a very useful member of society. And, according to the statement as reported, the Pope selected a policeman, and sent him to Ireland; and Henry the Second, of England, was the Pope's policeman (loud laughter).—Well, my friends, let us first see what sort of a policeman he was or man likely to make.—Henry came of a family that was so wicked, that it was the current belief in Europe that they were derived from the devil (loud laughter). St. Bernard does not hesitate to say of the house of Plantagenet, from which Henry the Second came—"They came from the devil, and they will go to the devil" (renewed laughter). This man, who was put forth as "the

Pope's policeman," was just after slaughtering St. Thomas a Becket, Archbishop of Canterbury, at the steps of the altar. Three knights came straight from the king, and at the king's command slaughtered this English Saint,—this true Englishman,—for Thomas a Becket was not only a Saint, but he was a true Englishman, as Laurence O'Toole was a Saint, and the heart's blood of an Irishman (loud and prolonged cheers). Thomas of Canterbury stood up, bravely and manfully, with English pluck and English determination, for the liberty of the church, and for the liberty of the platform. And the tyrant king,—this Pope's policeman,—said, stamping his feet and tearing his hair,—"Will no man amongst you,"—(and mind you, these knights were standing around him), "will no man have the courage to rid me of that priest?" Three of them took him at his word, and went down to Canterbury. At the Altar they found the Saint; and, at the foot of the altar, with their swords, they hacked his head and spattered his blood upon the very altar. That blood was red upon the hands of the English tyrant. And is that the man, I ask you, that the Pope, of all others, had chosen to send to Ireland to restore order! Oh! but men will say, "the Pope did it; there is the document to prove it; the Bull of Adrian the Fourth." Well, now, my friends, listen to me for a moment. If a sheriff's officer came into your house to turn you out on the street, would not the first question you would put to him be,—"Sir, show me your warrant." And, if he said, "I have no warrant," the next thing you would do would be to kick him out (renewed laughter). Henry the Second came to Ireland,—men say to-day that he came upon the Pope's authority,—with the Pope's Bull in his pocket. If he did why did he not show it when he came to Ireland? If he had that document, he kept it a profound secret. If he had it in his pocket, he kept it in his pocket; and no man ever saw it or heard of it. There was only one man in Ireland, on that day when the English invaded us,—there was only one man in Ireland that had a mind and heart equal to the occasion; and that man was the Sainted Archbishop of Dublin, Laurence O'Toole (great applause). He was the only man in Ireland that was able to rally the nation. He succeeded in bringing sixty thousand Irish soldiers before the walls of Dublin. Henry the second was afraid of him; and so well he might be (cheers). He was so much afraid of him, that he left a special order that, when St. Laurence should come to England, he was not to be let go back to Ireland any more. Now, if Henry had the Pope's brief or rescript, why, in all the world, did he not take it to the Archbishop of Dublin, and say to him: "There is the Pope's handwriting; there is his seal;—there is his signature." If he had done this at that moment there would not be another word said; he would have run no risk; the saint would have never moved against the Pope; and Henry would have paralyzed his greatest and most terrible enemy. But, no; he never said a word at all about it; he never showed it to a human being. St. Laurence died without ever knowing of the existence of such a document. Henry came to Ireland, but he had no warrant; and the very man, who, if Irishmen had been united, would have succeeded in kicking him out, did not see it. When did Henry produce this famous document or Bull, which he said he got from the Pope? He waited till Pope Adrian was in his grave;—the only man that could contradict him: There was no record, no copy of it at Rome. He produced it, then; but it was easy for the like of him. How easily they could manufacture a document and sign a man's name to it. He waited till Adrian was years in his grave before he produced it. And I say, without venturing absolutely to deny the existence of such a document,—I say, as an Irishman and as a priest; as one who has studied a little history,—I don't believe one word of it; but I do believe it was a thumping English lie, from beginning to end (great applause). It has also been asserted that our people lived in great misery; that they burrowed in the earth like rabbits. That is true. Remember; three hundred years of war passed over the land. Remember that it was a war of devastation, that all the great buildings in the land were nearly utterly destroyed by the Danes. Convent and monasteries that were the homes of hundreds and thousands of monks, were levelled to the ground. It is true that the Irish were in misery. It has been asserted that there is no evidence of their ancient grandeur or civilization, "except a few Cyclopean churches, and a few Round Towers." I would only ask for one; if there was only one ruin in Ireland, of church or Round Tower, I could trace that ruin back to the first day of Ireland's Christianity; and I lay my hand upon that one evidence, and say: "Wherever this was raised, there was a civilized people that knew the high art of architecture" (great and

continued cheering). What nonsense to say, "there were only a few Round Towers." Surely, they could not have built even one, if they didn't know how (laughter and applause). If they were ignorant savages they would not have been able to build anything of the kind (laughter). But, if they were "burrowing in the earth," how were their English neighbors off? We have ancient evidence, going back nearly to Patrick's time, that the Hill of Tara was covered with fair and magnificent though, perhaps, rude buildings. On the southern slopes of the hill, catching the meridian glory of the sun, you had the Queen's Palace. Crowning the summit, you had the great Hall of Banqueting; within the enclosure was the palace of King Cormac. Four magnificent roads led down the hill-side, to the four provinces of Ireland, because Tara was the centre and the seat of the dominion. About two or three hundred years later, when St. Augustine came to preach the gospel to the barbarous, pagan Saxons in England, how did he find them? We have one little record of history that tells us. We are told that the king—one of the kings of the Saxon heptarchy—was sitting in his dining hall; and one of the lords, or attendants, or priests, said to him: "Your Majesty, life is short. Man's life, in this world, is like the bird that comes in at one end of this hall and goes out at the other." Why, were there no walls? Apparently there were not (laughter). Surely it was a strange habitation or house if it had no walls; for, even if it was a frame house, a bird could not come in at one end of the dining-room and go out at the other (great merriment). All these things sound beautifully until we come to put on our spectacles and look at them (renewed laughter). It is true that the Irish, after their three hundred years of war, were disorganized and disheartened, and that they burrowed in the earth like rabbits. Ah! to the eternal disgrace of England, where has the Irishman in his native land to-day, a better house than he had then? What kind of houses did they leave our people? Little mud cabins, so low that you could reach the roof with your hand, scarce fit to "burrow a rabbit." For century after century, the people that owned the land—the people that were the aboriginal lords of the land and soil—were robbed, persecuted and confiscated in property and in money; hunted like wolves in their own land; until, to this day, the Irish peasant has scarcely a much better house. I have seen, in my own day, the cabin which the English historian tells us of. And whose fault is it that our people are in that position? We are told, moreover—at least it is reported in the papers—that, "for nearly five hundred years, England had not more than about 1,500 men in Ireland," and that they were able to keep down the "wild Irish" with 1,500 men. There are some things that sound so comical that all you have to do is to hear them (laughter). When Hugh O'Neill was at the Yellow Ford, and the English Field Marshal was advancing against him, was it 1,500 men he had? And if it was 1,500, how comes it that the Yellow Ford, on that day, was choked and filled up with the Saxon soldiers' corpses (loud cheers)? Our history tells us that Queen Elizabeth had twenty thousand men in Ireland, and that she had work enough for them all. Ah! She had, this sweet English Queen! She found work for them all; there was Catholic blood enough in the land to employ twenty thousand butchers to shed it. Moreover, we are told that the Catholics of Ireland, at the time of America's glorious revolution, were all opposed to America's effort to achieve her independence; and that the Protestants of Ireland were all helping America. Well, listen to this one fact. The King of England demanded four thousand men—Irishmen—to go out and fight against America. The Irish Parliament gave him the four thousand men. There was not a single Catholic in that Parliament. No; they were all Protestants (tremendous cheering). When these men returned, covered with wounds, and began to tell in Ireland what kind of treatment they got from Washington and his people, they were hailed by the Catholic people of Ireland as the very apostles of liberty. Amongst them there were men that went out in that four thousand, but don't imagine that they went out to enforce the slavery of Ireland upon the American people. Lord Edward Fitzgerald was one of the four thousand (cheers). Was he ever an enemy of the people? No! he died for Ireland and for her cause. When these four thousand men were called for by England, we may readily believe that the majority of them were Protestants, because the English were not fools enough to be putting arms in Catholic hands, as we shall see in the course of our lecture. When they came to this country, who gave them the warmest reception? It was the Catholics of North Carolina (applause). It was Catholic America that met them foot to foot and drove them back, until Bur-

goynes, the famous English general, had to go down on his knees and give up his sword to the immortal and imperishable George Washington (great cheering). Out of that very American war—the uprising of a people in a cause the most sacred, after that of religion,—the cause of their outraged rights, their trampled liberties,—out of that American war arose the most magnificent incident in the remarkable history of Ireland. It is the subject of this evening's lecture (cheers). My friends, one word, indeed, is reported in this morning's papers, which tells a sad and bitter truth. It is that "the real source of England's power in Ireland has always been the division and disunion of the Irish people." There is no doubt about it,—it is as true as Gospel. Never, during these centuries, never did the Irish people unite: I don't know why. The poet, himself, is at a loss to assign a reason. "Twas fate they'll say, a wayward fate Your web of discord wove: And while your tyrants joined in hate, You never joined in love." No; the Irish people were not even allowed to gain the secret of union. From the day the Saxon set his foot upon Irish soil, his first idea, his first study, was to keep the Irish people always disunited. The consequence was, they began by getting some of the Irish chieftains, and giving them English titles; giving them English patents of nobility;—confirming them in certain English rights. On the other hand, all the powerful nobles who went down among the Irish people, who assumed all their forms, gained the secret, and became, as I have said, "more Irish than the Irish themselves" (cheers).—we find that, as early as 1494,—about the time America was discovered,—England was making laws declaring no Englishman coming over to Ireland was to take an Irish name, or learn the language, or intermarry with an Irishwoman. They could not live in a place where the Irish lived, but drew a pale around their possessions, intrrenching themselves in certain counties and in certain cities in Ireland. We find a law made, as early as the period in question, commanding the English to build a double ditch, six feet high, between them and the Irish portion of the country, and, at the peril of their lives, not to go outside that ditch (laughter). 'To keep the natives divided seemed to be the policy of England, from the first day up to this hour. It must have been very difficult; because the Irish, from the evidence of history, seemed to say of the English, although they came as enemies the Irish were most anxious or inclined, to use a common phrase, "to cotton to one another," and become friends. They seemed very anxious to join hands. The Irish had appeared very often, in many periods of their history to say to England—"Although you are here, now, stay, in the name of God, as friends; the country is large enough for us all." But, no; the English laws didn't permit it at all. The English Lord Deputy (as the Lord Lieutenant was called in those days), was constantly striving to keep his people from the Irish; teaching them to hate the Irish; teaching them in all things to abominate and detest the original people of the country. And yet, whenever an Englishman escaped from the Pale, and got in amongst the Irish, in a few years he became the greatest rebel in the country (cheers). Then, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, among the many other salutary laws that that good lady made for Ireland, she made a law that no cattle or produce were to be exported from the land. Ireland, at that time was prosperous; moreover, if not prosperous, it was at least able to export a large quantity of cereals and of cattle. It was a source of comfort to the people, and a source of revenue.—But the "good Queen Bess" couldn't see that; so she made and passed this law, that there was to be no more exportation from Ireland; and she condemned the people at once, to a life of inactivity and of misery before she let loose her terrible army upon them for their extermination. The Irish, thus turned aside from agricultural pursuits, because they had no vent for their agricultural productions, turned their attention, with their genius and their nimble fingers, to manufactures,—to the manufacture, especially of woollens; and soon Irish poplins, Irish laces, Irish woollen cloth, were well known in all the markets of Europe, and commanded large prices. Yet, we read that, after the treaty of Limerick, William of Orange, breaking every compact that he made with the Irish people, actually laid such a tax upon the Irish woollen trade, that he completely destroyed it and reduced all the manufacturers and all the tradesmen of Ireland to beggary and ruin. But the question does not deal so much with the great parliamentary question. We read that, from the first days of the English settlement in Ireland; they were accustomed, from

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MONTREAL, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1872.

ECCLESIASTICAL CALENDAR.
NOVEMBER—1872.
Friday, 1—All Saints, Obl.
Saturday, 2—All Souls.
Sunday, 3—Twenty-fourth after Pentecost.
Monday, 4—St. Charles Borromeo, B. C.
Tuesday, 5—Of the Octave.
Wednesday, 6—Of the Octave.
Thursday, 7—Of the Octave.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The award of the Emperor of Germany in the matter of the San Juan boundary question has now been officially made public. It is in favor of the United States, and in consequence the North American possessions of Great Britain on the Pacific are almost worthless. The English journals whilst "loyally accepting" the award, freely express their regret; the Post considers it to be as damaging to the material interests and diplomatic reputation of Great Britain, as was the award of the Geneva Tribunal. The question is however settled for ever by the award in favor of the United States; whilst had it been in favor of Great Britain the difficulty would have cropped up again before long, and the award would have been no settlement at all.

An amusing "notice of motion" has been given by a member of the Queen's University in Ireland, for an answer to the question,—"Whether the person calling himself Moderator of the Presbyterian Kirk in Ireland, who recently signed the address to Prince von Bismarck in approval of the present persecution of the Catholics of Germany, is the same person who, as Moderator of the Presbyterian Kirk, figures among the Visitors of the Queen's University; whether, if this be so, Convocation approves that such a member of a ministry of Christian charity should continue to be intrusted with any supervision over the education of a body of Irishmen; and to move that Convocation does not approve that such a person should continue to exercise such a trust."

This it will be seen is likely to bring up the whole question of a "non-sectarian" education. In England also it seems that the same question is much exercising the ingenuity of those good but credulous gentry who fancy that it is possible to be at one and the same time, distinctively Christian, and non-sectarian. A committee for instance of an English School Board has brought out a set of Christian non-sectarian hymns for use in the schools, from which hymns it was fondly thought that everything that could possibly offend any one had been cut out.—Unfortunately however the Doxology had been left untouched, and the horrid words about Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, had accordingly to be eliminated. What residuum of Christianity was to be found in the hymns after this emasculating process had been completed, we are not told.

It is an ill wind that blows nobody good; and there are signs that Lower Canada is likely to profit by the harsh measures of the Prussians towards the natives of Alsace and Lorraine. There the young men especially have a horror of the conscription to which as Prussian subjects they will be liable, and Prussian subjects they will be deemed if they remain in their native land. They are thus forced to emigrate, and numbers of these, much to be pitied exiles, are on their way to Lower Canada. It is to be hoped that our government will do all in its power to retain them when they arrive. To this course of action they are urged by the call of patriotism and of religion.

Rumors are rife that at the coming session of the National Assembly a measure will be brought forward, and well supported, for conferring on M. Thiers the office of President for the term of his natural life, for creating a Vice-President, and an Upper Chamber, and partially remodelling the existing Assembly. The attempts to bring about a union between the Legitimists and the Orleanists have it is said failed. From Italy we hear of great inundations, and much destruction of property. Cholera was still raging in India at the beginning of September, and may reasonably be expected to reach Europe early next year, from whence it will not be a long journey to New York, Quebec, and Montreal.

There has been a change of Ministry in the Province of Ontario. Mr. Blake and his colleagues tendered their resignations—and were replaced by a Ministry under Mr. Mowat, a gentleman of very high reputation.

GOLDEN WEDDING OF HIS LORDSHIP THE BISHOP OF MONTREAL.

The past week has been a great week for Montreal, and will long be held in memory by its citizens, as the week of the Golden Wedding of its revered Bishop. As we have to go betimes to press, we are unable to give full particulars at present, but must defer them to our next issue.

For the last month scarce a day has passed without deputations from some of the parishes of the diocese, or from some one of its many noble religious, charitable, and educational institutions, waiting upon the Bishop, and presenting him with their appropriate addresses of congratulation. On the evening of Thursday, 24th ult., a great *seance* in the *Salle de la Gesu*, was given by the *Union Catholique*, and indeed all our national and religious Societies have vied with one another to do honor to the occasion.

On Sunday, 27th ult., there was Pontifical High Mass at the Cathedral, at which were present His Grace the Archbishop of the Province of Quebec, and their Lordships the Bishops of Hamilton, Rimouski, Mgr. Laroque, and other distinguished visitors. In the course of the afternoon the streets were thronged with the many Processions of the several Societies, marching to the Palace to lay before the feet of the illustrious Prelate who presides over the Diocese, their homage, and vows for his long life and happiness. In the evening the Palace was beautifully illuminated.

On Monday and Tuesday the celebrations were continued. On the last named, solemn High Mass was sung in the Parish Church of Notre Dame; and at about 1 p.m. the Banquet was held in the City Hall, Bonsecours Market; the unfortunate destruction of the St. Patrick's Hall, where it was originally proposed that the Banquet should be given, having compelled this change of programme. In our next we hope to lay before our readers full details of this interesting and important ceremony.

MAKE A NOTE OF IT.—We would recommend our readers to make a note of the following passage which we cull from the columns of the *Montreal Witness* of the 12th October. The article in which it appears is headed *Searching The Scriptures*; and is by our contemporary copied—as worthy of being laid before his readers—from an article in a United States Protestant paper, the *N. Y. Independent*, signed by S. B. T. Marsh. We think we may without injustice, credit the *Witness* with the opinions which the said article expresses as to the worthlessness of the "Bible without notes or comments." This article says:—

"Commentaries are not as common as they should be in Christian homes. They are indispensable to an accurate and thorough understanding of the Scriptures. While it is of first importance that the Holy Spirit illumines the sacred page as we study it, we might just as well insist on reading our New Testament only in the original Greek—declining to use an English translation at all—as to forego the help of the commentators. If for nothing more, we need them to rectify the mistranslations of the common version."—From the *Montreal Witness* of the 12th of October.

We beg of our Catholic readers to preserve carefully this extract as a conclusive reply to the truth of the Protestant boast, that "the Bible, the Bible alone, without note or comments, is the religion of Protestants;" as equally conclusive to the honesty of the Protestant taunt, that the Catholic Church does not, and dares not, place the Holy Scriptures without note or comment in the hands of her children; and again, as a conclusive argument against the oft reiterated demand of Protestants, that the said Scriptures, but without note or comment, be read in the Common Schools.

How an evangelical journalist should so far forget himself as to tell so important a truth, openly, and without reserve of any kind, we do not understand; for though it appears in an evangelical paper, the passage we have above quoted is true as if spoken by Christ Himself. Commentaries are, "indispensable to an accurate and thorough understanding of the Scriptures;" without them, they are as unintelligible to the mass of mankind as they would be were they to be read in the original Greek by one who had no knowledge of that language; what then must we conclude again, from these principles laid down by our evangelical opponents?

1. That if commentaries "be indispensable to an accurate and thorough understanding of the Scriptures"—it is at least equally indispensable that they who make the said commentaries should themselves have an accurate and thorough understanding of the Scriptures which they comment. If in error, or even liable to error, in their commentaries, they are guides whom no sane person would follow; blind leaders of the blind, dragging those who trust to them into the ditch. The logical conclusion from the premises, that a commentary is indispensable to an accurate and thorough understanding of the

Scriptures, is—that an infallible commentator is equally indispensable.

2. Again—if commentaries be indispensable to an accurate and thorough understanding of the Scriptures:—if an accurate and thorough understanding of these Scriptures be necessary for, or indispensable to our salvation; and if again God have given all that is necessary for, and indispensable to our salvation, then has He Himself given us the necessary and indispensable commentators, or composers of commentaries, without which it is impossible to attain to an accurate and thorough understanding of the Scriptures which are His Word. This conclusion which flows inevitably from the above premises leads directly to an infallible Church, as the divinely appointed, therefore infallible commentator of the Scriptures; without whose aid it is impossible to attain to an accurate and thorough understanding of them.

Expert as he is in wriggling: adept though he be in the accomplishment of "turning his back upon himself"—we see not how the *Witness* can avoid any one, or all of the conclusions. In fact he must do one of three things, any one of which will involve him in very serious complications. He must either say:—

1. Maintain that fallible commentaries are indispensable to an accurate and thorough understanding of the Scriptures.

Or 2. He must argue that an accurate and thorough understanding of the Holy Scriptures is not necessary to salvation.

Or 3. That God has not given us all that is indispensable and necessary to salvation, seeing that He has not given us any certain or infallible commentator.

We wait with some curiosity to see how the *Witness* will try to extricate himself from the difficulty in which he has placed himself. In clarity, however we will indicate to him a dilemma in which he is very likely to get himself involved. We warn him against the danger of asserting, that commentaries, by "fallible" men upon the infallible Word of God, or the Holy Scriptures, are indispensable to an accurate and thorough understanding of that Word. And yet, something in this line will, we are sure, be the argument that the *Witness* will attempt to follow—unless indeed, appalled by the impossibility of the task imposed upon him, he shrink from discussion altogether. In the meantime we would remind our evangelical contemporary that, by his own showing, he stands convicted of teaching that the Bible, or that Holy Scripture alone is not sufficient for salvation—since commentaries are indispensable to an accurate, and thorough understanding of the Bible; and of admitting that the common Protestant version of the Bible, so abounds with mistranslations that, if for nothing else, commentaries to rectify those corrupt translations are needed.

Again we say, we beg of our Catholic friends who are often harassed by Protestant railers at their religion, to bear these all important admissions of the *Witness* in mind; and to cite them as an argument unanswerable, why the Bible, without note or comment, should not be read in the Common Schools: "we might just as well insist on reading the New Testament only in the original Greek." We thank thee most evangelical *Witness* for teaching us that word.

COLLAPSE OF THE "OLD-CATHOLIC" MOVEMENT.—By the confession of its warmest admirers, and most sanguine eulogists, the movement inaugurated by Dr. Dollinger, and taken up by a few servile adulators of the powers that be, has signally failed. That such would be the case was from the first inception of the movement, prophesied by Catholics; that such is actually the case, is now confessed by Protestants.

Let us see, for instance, what the Berlin correspondent of the *London Times*, writing under date Sept. 25th, has to say upon the subject:—

"What was anticipated by all conversant with the intellectual condition of modern Germany has come to pass; a reform which, undertaking to purify religion in reality, intended no more than to weed the Papal doctrine of its most unsightly excrescences has been discarded by public opinion. Nor is it likely that the movement, though its leaders have made up their mind, at last, to go further, will recover the influence lost at the outset. Too orthodox formerly, they are too indefinite now. In the present state of this country a mere vague declaration in favour of what, broadly speaking, may be called Protestantism can have no power to gain a hearing with the many. Protestantism just now is too wide a word here to found anything inspiring upon. It is very apparent that the vast majority of educated Protestants in these latitudes have either been indifferent to their creed for many years past or else are yearning for a reform which shall reconcile the venerable traditions of the past with what is supposed to be the irrefragable result of scholarly research in philosophy, history, and science. In declaring for German Protestantism, then, without defining what they mean by the term, the Old Catholics, far from supplying the people with a tangible entity to approve or neglect, are merely evading the point at issue. It is most unfortunate that they should thus oscillate between opposite extremes—too much belief in the Pope and too little confidence in themselves; but, unless they adopt a more popular course the only possible result must be failure.

"To enable the reader to test the correctness of this operation I will give a short outline of the case and its history thus far. Old Catholicism was born of the disgust of the educated classes at the enormities committed by the Oecumenic Council. The malcontents having vented their feelings in meet-

ings as well as in the public Press, the lead of the dissatisfied host was taken by some eminent professors of theology, whose scholarly pride revolted at the falsifications perpetrated in support of the new infallible dogmas. The applause of all Germany rewarded the dissentient. Catholics and Protestants alike praised the courageous men, who would not brook the outrage committed against their religion by a conclave packed with the Bishops of half-civilized nationalities. Most German Governments gave indications of a disposition to favour another secession from Rome; the Berlin Central Government because the Pope had assumed a hostile attitude towards reviving Germany, and the various State Governments because the claim of his Holiness to be a Prince over all Princes infringed upon their sovereignty. Had the professorial leaders of the movement profited by this favourable juncture for embracing Protestantism they would not, indeed, have occasioned a great and momentous renovation of the faith, but might have carried with them a large number of cultivated Catholics loath to continue in a Church capable of producing a new demigod. But Herren Dollinger, Friedrich, Reincken, Michels, &c., at that time were very far from taking such a decided step. They, on the contrary, in those days asserted that they were the Catholics, that they adhered to all Romish dogmas with the sole exception of a few recent enactments, and that they had a right to attend Divine service and share the blessings of Mother Church. This was throwing a wet blanket over the whole affair. Of the many thousand Catholics who had signed the first addresses, or tacitly supported the rising idea of reform, only a small moiety thought it worth their while to join the new congregations, which were to be nearly as Roman as Rome itself. As to the Protestants, who at first sympathized, they became indifferent spectators and soon foresaw disappointment as the end of it all. Still the ecclesiastic and erudite leaders of the agitation were undismayed. So firmly did they cling to their avowed intention of retaining nearly the whole of the Popish belief that only a year ago, at the Congress of 1871, they discouraged the idea, started by the more practical among them, of forming separate congregations wherever a few supporters could be found. Since then, it is true, they have modified their policy and turned over a new leaf. I leave it undecided how far they were influenced in this by the visible abatement of zeal among their former friends, and the pity and contempt with which they have been treated by their Bishops the last 12 months or so; but when Dollinger, in his lectures at Munich University, spoke of Luther in terms of the greatest reverence and criticized the whole history of the Popes with unsparring severity, it became evident that something more was at last contemplated than opposition to the personal proclivities of the ruling Pontiff."

The "Old Catholic" movement then started with everything—except the one thing needful—in its favor. On its side was enlisted the entire power of the State; the sympathies of the Civil Magistrate were warmly extended to it; nothing that man could give, or man could do, was wanting to ensure its success.—An old man, despoiled of all his earthly power, himself a prisoner in his own palace, strong only in the presence of the Holy Ghost, the Comforter, was the only apparent obstacle to its speedy and complete triumph. Now let us see what it has accomplished. We still quote from the *London Times* correspondent, a very competent witness surely:—

"But how is the announcement—the announcement of the programme just put forth by the 'Old Catholic' congress, asks the *Times*—received by public opinion? How by the various Governments of the country?"

He replies:—
"Notwithstanding the 400 delegates and members have assembled at the Congress: notwithstanding that Anglican, Greek, and Armenian Bishops have either appeared at the meeting, or expressed their approval, the cause is pretty universally regarded as lost."

Even the Liberal and anti-Catholic papers of Germany confess and deplore the failure of the great "Old Catholic" movement:—

"The *Breslau Zeitung*, which seconded the movement from the very first is obliged to confess that Old Catholicism is a great failure, and will never attract any but the select few; the *Berlin National Zeitung*, which like all liberal papers hailed the dawn of religious reforms, in its latest comments upon the question sarcastically observes that what Old Catholicism is most in need of are Old Catholics, and when Monsignore Nardi, the Papal Nuncio at Vienna, in a letter to an Austrian paper, asserts that the danger which threatened his master is over and that the whole affair is exploded, there is not a liberal organ confident enough to negative the triumphant assertion."—*Times Cor.*

The same writer naturally seeks to account for this sudden and complete collapse of a movement from which but a few months ago such great things were anticipated: he in so doing does but confirm what Catholics from the first predicted of it.

The *Old Catholics* started with the idea that they should be able, whilst discarding the Pope, to preserve intact all the other doctrines of the Roman Catholic Church. This they soon found to be impossible, and therefore began to cast about for allies amongst their Protestant neighbors. "But," as the *Times* tells us, "in Germany there are Protestants and Protestants;" and the difficulty for the *Old Catholics* was to determine with which of these sects to ally themselves. If with the first, or orthodox party, then must they acknowledge the Three Creeds, the Apostolic, the Nicene, and the Athanasian. But these are repudiated, so the writer in the *Times* tells us, "by the majority of the educated classes in modern Germany;" and, therefore, an alliance with the orthodox Protestant party presented no attractions to the "Old Catholics," whose great object is not truth, but strength. "They, therefore," continues our informant:—

"they, therefore, addressed their overtures to the non-orthodox party among the Lutherans, hoping probably that they would be welcomed as brethren in the faith, newly recovered from the enemy, and destined to swell the numbers of the reformed Church. But, unluckily, they stumbled upon a blunt plain-spoken man, who very candidly told them in the face of the world that the German Protestants have no longer a common faith, and that, in point of fact, faith in his opinion was not the principal thing needed.

"Thus the indecision which made them refrain from taking a definite course and composing new

articles of faith has been punished by the advice they called in publicly giving them to understand that there was no occasion to draw up any. They it nevertheless, great must have been their disinclination to act and think for themselves."

The *Times* correspondent thus concludes:—
"After this, what will follow? Will they take the advice given them and leave the difficult question of the dogma in suspense? It almost looks like it, as what otherwise ought to have been the principal subject of debate at the Congress has been alluded to only incidentally and in a cursory way. Or will they attempt to adapt the ancient dogma to the modern convictions of their people? In the former case, the movement which has already to a dead stop will drop altogether, as a Church without a Creed is nonsense; in the latter they have the most terrible problem imaginable before them; and in either case Old Catholicism is practically at an end, and will be superseded by something else."

And so *exit* Dollinger and his motley crew, with whom neither Catholics nor Protestants care to hold intercourse, and who have made themselves the laughing stock of the world by their loud boastings, and impotent conclusions.

THE STRIKES.—In the first days of the gold discoveries in Australia, when fortunes were made sometimes in a few hours; when the man who could handle a spade and a pick fancied that he had nothing to do but to dig a hole in the ground, and fill his pockets with gold, the streets of Melbourne and of the other large towns of the Continent, presented a strange sight. Fellows fresh, or rather stale, from the mines were to be seen driving about in splendid equipages, with gorgeously attired females by their sides, clad in silks and satins to such a fearful extent that not even Solomon in all his glory could have held up his head alongside of them. Rum and brandy, the liquors with which the stockmen, the bullock drivers and bush laborers of the olden time had been content to slake their thirst, were discarded for champagne, or a fluid which was called champagne, and was sold at champagne price.—

"Bring a couple of buckets of champagne" was the common order to the keeper of the store or grog-shop in those days; just as a few years before it was rare to hear any louder "shout" than a call for "one bucket of rum and one of brandy;" for it was considered even then mean to order any measure less than a bucket. If a man were short of funds, and was asked why he did not "shout louder than that," if he called for a mere glass or *nobbler*, he would reply that he "could not shout louder, for his breath wasn't sweet;" whereupon came the invariable rejoinder "go to work then you * * *, and sweeten it." Anybody could make money, who would but work.

Such was life in the Australian colonies in those roystering days. Heavy work for a season—followed by periods of idleness, of dissipation and extravagance such as no country on earth had witnessed; such too seems to be the style of life springing up in parts of England amongst the coal miners. Digging for coal is becoming as profitable as was digging for the precious metal in the Australian gold-fields; and the facility with which money is earned in the coal pits is apparently generating a social condition in England and Scotland, akin to that which obtained some years ago in Melbourne and Sydney. The miners now condescend to work or get out coal three days only in the week, the other four days they drive about with their women in fine carriages, and make themselves beastly drunk on a vile fluid called champagne.

This cannot last, but will be followed by a violent reaction, much suffering, and probable riotings and outbreaks amongst the improvident short-sighted coal miners. In Australia, the gold diggers found everything cheap; clothes formed the chief item of their expenditure; fuel was not needed in that mild climate; bread and meat were mere drugs; and the cost of the prime necessities of life, owing to the absence of any foreign market in which the superfluous beef and mutton of the Colony could be disposed of, could be had for a mere song. It is not so in England. There everything has risen, is rising in price, and threatens to rise still higher. Soon the wages which now enable the luxurious coal miner to drive his carriage, and to drink his champagne will prove insufficient to find him in beef; and beef after all is more essential to his comforts than the mysterious nastiness which he buys and drinks under the name of wine. He will therefore be soon compelled to retrench; and then he will find to his cost that the laboring classes of other countries have profited by his refusal to work, and that these countries have thus obtained the command of the markets in which Great Britain once ruled without a rival. Already many profitable industries have been driven from England to Belgium, France, and the United States. No repentance on the part of the silly men on strike will ever lure these back again; and henceforward they will have to be content to accept such reduced wages as the much reduced profits of their employers will allow the latter to offer. In a short time the coal miners will find to their cost that they will no longer be able to "shout" for champagne; that, to use the poetic form of expression familiar to Australian ears their "breath is no longer sweet;" and alas! they will probably find also that work will be so scarce, and labor so little in demand, that they will not be able, however willing they may then be, "to sweeten it."

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GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY COMPANY OF CANADA. TRAINS NOW LEAVE BONAVENTURE STREET STATION as follows:

GOING WEST. Day Express for Ogdensburg, Ottawa, Brockville, Kingston, Belleville, Toronto, Guelph, London, Brantford, Goderich, Buffalo, Detroit, Chicago, and all points West, at 7.00 A.M. Night " " 9 P.M. Night Mail Train for Toronto and all Intermediate Stations at 6.00 P.M. Trains for Lachine at 7.00 A.M., 9.00 A.M., 12 Noon, 3.00 P.M., 5.00 P.M., and 6.15 P.M. GOING SOUTH AND EAST. Passenger Train for Boston and New York via Rousses Point and Lake Champlain steamers at 6.00 A.M. Express for Boston via Vermont Central at 9.00 A.M. Express for New York and Boston via Vermont Central at 3.45 P.M. Day Passenger Train for Island Pond and intermediate Stations at 7.00 A.M. Mail Train for St. Hyacinthe, Richmond, Sherbrooke, Island Pond, Gorham, Portland, and Boston at 1.45 P.M. Night Express for Quebec, River du Loup, Cacouna, Island Pond, Gorham, Portland, Boston, and the Lower Provinces at 10.30 P.M. Sleeping Cars on all Night Trains, Baggage checked through. C. J. BRYDGES, Managing Director.

BROCKVILLE & OTTAWA RAILWAY WINTER ARRANGEMENTS. Trains will leave Brockville at 7.45 A.M., connecting with Grand Trunk Express from the West, and arriving at Ottawa at 12.50 P.M. Mail Train at 2.15 P.M., arriving at Ottawa at 0.00 P.M. Express at 3.25 P.M., connecting with Grand Trunk Day Express from the West, and arriving at Ottawa at 7.25 P.M. LEAVE OTTAWA. Express at 10.00 A.M., arriving at Brockville at 1.50 P.M., and connecting with Grand Trunk Day Express going West. Mail Train at 4.20 P.M., arriving at Sand Point at 7.45 A.M., and 3.45 P.M. Trains on Canada Central and Perth Branch make certain connections with all Trains on the B. and O. Railway. Freight loaded with despatch, and no transshipment when in car loads. H. ABBOTT, Manager for Trustees.

PORT HOPE & BEAVERTON RAILWAY. Trains leave PORT HOPE daily at 9.20 a.m. and 2.15 p.m. for Perrytown, Summit, Millbrook, Fraserville and Beaverton. Leave BEAVERTON daily at 7.00 a.m. and 3.00 p.m., for Fraserville, Millbrook, Summit, Perrytown and Port Hope. PORT HOPE AND WAKEFIELD RAILWAY. Trains leave PORT HOPE daily at 9.45 a.m. and 3.30 p.m. for Quays, Perrytown, Campbell's, Summit, Millbrook, Fraserville, Peterboro, and Wakefield. Trains will leave WAKEFIELD daily at 5.20 a.m. and 1.50 p.m., for Peterboro, Millbrook, Summit, Campbell's, Perrytown, Quays, arriving at Port Hope at 11.40 a.m. A. T. WILLIAMS, Superintendent.

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.—Toronto Trn. Trains leave Toronto at 7.00 A.M., 11.50 A.M., 4.00 P.M., 8.00 P.M., 5.30 P.M. Arriving at Toronto at 10.10 A.M., 11.00 A.M., 1.15 P.M., 5.30 P.M., 9.20 P.M. Trains on this line leave Union Station five minutes after leaving Yonge-st. Station.

Table with 2 columns: Train type and schedule. Includes NORTHERN RAILWAY—Toronto Trn. City Hall Station. Depart 7.45 A.M., 3.45 P.M. Arrive 1.20 A.M., 9.20 P.M. Brock Street Station. Depart 5.40 A.M., 3.00 P.M. Arrive 11.00 A.M., 8.30 P.M.

VERMONT CENTRAL RAILROAD LINE. SUMMER ARRANGEMENTS. Commencing July 8, 1872. DAY EXPRESS leaves Montreal at 9.00 a.m., arriving in Boston via Lowell at 10.00 p.m. TRAIN for Waterloo leaves Montreal at 3.15 p.m. Night Express leaves Montreal at 3.45 p.m., for Boston via Lowell, Lawrence, or Fitchburg, also for New York, via Springfield or Troy, arriving in Boston at 8.40 a.m., and New York at 12.30 p.m. TRAINS GOING NORTH AND WEST. Day Express leaves Boston via Lowell at 8.00 a.m. arriving in Montreal at 9.45 p.m. NIGHT EXPRESS leaves New London at 2.45 p.m.; South Vernon at 9.58 p.m., receiving passengers from Connecticut River R.R., leaving New York at 3.00 p.m., and Springfield at 8.10 p.m., connecting at Bellows Falls with train from Chesire R.R., leaving Boston at 5.30 p.m., connecting at White River Junction with train leaving Boston at 6.00 p.m.; leaves Rutland at 1.50 a.m., connecting with train over Rutland and Saratoga R.R. from Troy and New York; via Hudson River R.R., arriving in Montreal at 9.45 a.m. Sleeping Cars are attached to the Express trains running between Montreal and Boston, and Montreal and Springfield, and St. Albans and Troy. Drawing-Room Cars on Day Express Train between Montreal and Boston. For tickets and freight rates, apply at Vermont Central R. R. Office, No. 786 St. James Street. G. MERRILL, Gen'l Superintendent. St. ALBANS, Dec. 1 1871.