

The True Witness

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EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE HOME RULE BILL passed the House of Commons, has gone to the Lords, and has received its first reading in the Upper House. The last act in the great political drama that has been going on in the British Commons was marked with some incidents that shall ever be historical. The calmness of Mr. Gladstone and his magnificent speech—a fitting peroration to his great oratorical efforts in the cause of justice—indicate the power that the Grand Old Man still possesses and the inconceivable amount of vitality that remains to him. In the most glorious moment of his greatest triumph he was the coolest and most collected of all that grand phalanx that has been energetically wrestling with a potent foe, and giving all its strength to the accomplishment of a splendid end. It is also worthy of notice that the Irish members, one and all, were as a unit. On this point we desire to correct a wrong impression that certainly must have been created by the reports recently sent out to the American and Canadian press, and upon which we based an editorial rather strong and emphatic. It was reported—and wrongly—that the Parnellite section of the Home Rule party, had decided at a Dublin meeting to oppose the measure that has just been carried by a majority of thirty-four. The report was false; the resolutions adopted by the Parnellites expressed exactly the reverse of what was given to the public on this side of the Atlantic. As a consequence a grave injustice was done the members who follow Mr. Redmond. Were the wide-spread and apparently authentic report correct, we would repeat over again all we said regarding such a suicidal course on their part, but having learned, and with pleasure, that the decision on the occasion of the Rotunda meeting, was in favor of supporting the measure, we desire to give full credit to the Redmondites for the sincerely patriotic stand they have taken. It is now only a matter of a short time when Ireland will have a native legislature. The principle will be established, after a century of struggle, and in the not distant future we hopefully expect to see matters of detail so arranged that general satisfaction will be the result. The out-look is bright, and soon will the hymn of "God Save Ireland" blend with that of "God Save the Empire."

LAST WEEK we wrote an editorial upon the subject of the "Catholic School Question," in which we pointed out a few of the numberless faults to be found in the Public School histories used by order of the Ontario authorities. We had intended continuing the criticism in this week's issue, but the immense number of questions that we have in hand forbid the unbroken continuation of any series of articles upon a given topic. Every day questions of moment that require immediate treatment arise, and the more general subjects must await their turns. However, we consider this Catholic School

question one of the greatest importance; next week we intend taking up the High School histories of England and Canada. We may say beforehand that they actually bristle with inaccuracies, and are alive with misleading and false statements. The danger to which our Catholic children are exposed in consequence of these most bigotted and anti-Catholic text-books, is greater than some people imagine. Against that danger we feel it our duty to arm our faithful Catholic parents.

MR. H. J. CLORAN, Ex-President of the Irish National League of Montreal, editor, ex-candidate for parliamentary honors, ex-Crown prosecutor, ex-Jury-System investigator and ex-half a dozen other things, has written an exceedingly modest letter to the New York Sun, in which he tells the great and wonderful services rendered by ex-Premier Mercier to the Irish cause. Mr. Cloran did not forget to state that it was at his request that Mr. Mercier—then leader of the Opposition in the Quebec House—had resolutions in favor of Home Rule carried. Of course it makes no matter that Mr. Mercier was then in opposition, nor that it was a member of the Government party who actually moved and urged the resolutions: to tell the story exactly as it happened would be to rob Mr. H. J. Cloran of the honor of having suggested and aided in the patriotic movement. But Mr. Cloran has forgotten to tell the readers of the Sun how Mr. Mercier treated the Irish Catholics in this Province when there was question of representation in his Cabinet. He also omitted to state how easy it was for the ex-Premier to be generous, while a whole province was going headlong to ruin, through his spendthrift madness. Neither did Mr. Cloran inform the public, across the line forty-five, of the deep debt of gratitude he owes Mr. Mercier for having allowed him to assist very materially in running the Province into another kind of debt—a debt in connection with which the people feel not the least gratitude. However, there is an excuse for Mr. Cloran: "misfortune creates sympathy." From his high summit of greatness and popularity Mr. Mercier has—through his own fault—fallen into premature insignificance and oblivion: Mr. Cloran feels a natural sympathy for the man who arose to a level beyond his reach and who sank into the obscurity out of which he never succeeded in emerging. Both are deserving of sincere pity.

THE "Sarnia" has at last reached her destination, thanks to the good services of the "Montevidean." So perfected has mechanism become that space and distance seem to be almost annihilated. The inventions that crowd upon us are so numerous and their application is so varied that we may yet expect to be within three or four days of Europe. So regular has been the trans-Atlantic cable, that the moment a vessel is retarded a few hours the news is flashed to friends who are anxiously expectant. The ar-

rival of the "Sarnia" has been a relief to hundreds; we trust it will be long before another similar suspense is felt.

DR. MCGLYNN publishes in the Forum Magazine, an account of his conversation with the Pope on Mgr. Satolli, the delegation, Archbishop Corrigan and Bishop McDonnell. Dr. McGlynn quotes Leo XIII as having said:

"Satolli! I know Satolli. It was I who brought him up; and so long as he does his duty and obeys my instructions I will support him."

With all due respect to Dr. McGlynn (to whose case, for reasons of our own, we have never referred, either in foul or fair weather,) we do not think that His Holiness ever expressed himself in exactly these words. Leo XIII. is an Italian, and not an American; the above expressions savor too much of the Yankee, and are not in accordance with that reserve and care with which diplomatists, rulers and otherwise great men, of the Pope's stamp, are accustomed to speak. Neither is it probable that Leo XIII. became so suddenly familiar with Dr. McGlynn, as to speak of the Apostolic Delegate without giving him the title that politeness requires. Above all we cannot imagine the Pope becoming sufficiently boastful and egotistical as to metaphorically clap Dr. McGlynn upon the back, and cry out "Satolli! I know Satolli! It was I who brought him up." The Pope may have said something tantamount to what the learned Doctor reports; but the manner and expression denoted in the above quotation smack more of the off-hand, free-and-easy, hail-fellow-and-well-met style of Dr. McGlynn, than the sedate, careful, dignified and imposing style of the great Pontiff. Affectionate friendliness, but never familiarity, do we find in men of Leo's calibre.

THE Gazette has a very mean little way of showing its spleen. It is not often that its dormant spirit of bigotry is aroused; but fitfully, even in its sleep, a word, a sharp cry, or a sudden snort indicates that it is not dead but dreaming. Take the following as a sample:

"A French Royalist has written to the London Times setting forth the following idea: Pope Leo XIII. asks us in France to accept accomplished facts and to rally to the support of the Republic; might it not be well to ask his Holiness to accept accomplished facts in Italy and not continue his hopeless contention for temporal supremacy? The hit comes from a warm son of the church, but it is a palpable one."

Who told the Gazette that the disappointed Royalist is a warm son of the Church? It is evident from the contents of the letter in question that the writer is anything but a true child of the Church. He is not warm; he is a cold, proud, heartless adherent of a lost cause—one of that class of Catholics who will shout loudest, pray longest, and go through fire and water for the faith, provided their ancestral greatness is recognized, and the Church supports the dynasty from which they draw their

patrimony; but whose ideas of religion go not beyond the special benefits that they may derive therefrom. They are fervent devotees as long as God and His Church serve their purpose; but the moment they imagine that the altar overshadows their worldly interests, they are ready to cry "a bas l'autel, a bas le clerge, l'eglise, le clericalism, voila l'ennemi." As to the comparison there is absolutely no similarity whatsoever between the accomplished fact of a French Republic, and the uncertainty that clings to the Italian cause. So absurd is the contention, which the Gazette calls a palpable hit, that we have no intention of losing time in refuting it. We merely desire to point out how cunningly the "unprejudiced" writer in our morning contemporary attempts to shoot his little poison-headed arrows, from time to time. He, at all events, is not a warm son of the church; to judge from some of his remarks he is more of the iceberg nature, and when he does happen to grow witty he seems to have been stirred up with the sharp end of the North pole.

WE don't know whether the "Star" man who frequents the Palace of Justice is desirous of being considered witty, or whether he is actually unfamiliar with the old time formula used at the opening of the term of court. It is scarcely probable that he is unacquainted with the expression "Oyez," that even in England is used to designate a particular term—that of "Oyez and Terminer;" if, on the other hand, the following, introduced in a serious report of the opening of the Court of Queen's Bench, is intended for wit, we hope the author of it had a good laugh to himself, for most certainly—in the present instance and to every one else—it is most stupid. "It was a few minutes past ten o'clock when Judge Wurtel ascended the Bench and the crier recited the time-honored formula beginning, 'Oh, yes! Oh, yes!' and ending 'God save the Queen,' which announced that the Court was open."

"FACTS are stubborn things"; but Facts, which is one of the leading Catholic organs in America, is generally as exact as are the hard facts referred to in the axiom. We feel highly complimented when Facts gives expression to approval of our editorial remarks. In the present case we rejoice to find that we are not alone in our views upon the subject of contention between Catholic Editors. We clip the following from Facts:—

THE TRUE WITNESS, under date of Aug. 16, speaking of a fruitless—unless it be forbidden fruit—contention waged among certain Catholic editors, lay and clerical, among other things says: "We always thought the Catholic press had a special mission to defend the principles of our faith against the avowed enemies of Rome; but we do not think that either laymen or clergymen were ever commissioned to do battle with each other." These remarks are timely and to the point. If Catholic editors would devote less time to unchristian criticism and more to an exposition of the principles they are supposed to represent, the cause of Catholicity would progress more rapidly.