

TESTIS IN CÆLO FIDELIS

The True Witness

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EDITORIAL NOTES.

WE are sorry for the National; it has been disturbed in its dreams of anti-clerical triumph through the medium of the courts; its digestive organs must have been badly affected, when it conjured up the fantastic vision of a "Reign of Terror" amongst the different papers published in the French language. Outside of this extraordinary appeal, by the National to the Archbishop, we have seen no signs of any such terrors in the columns of our French contemporaries. Of course the judgment against the pretensions of the *Canada-Revue* treads upon the National's corns, and it is very natural that the poor organ should squeak a shrill note of terror. It is somewhat funny to find the very journalistic element, that attacked His Grace so strongly, now appealing to him for protection against other journals. It would be more manly to enter the arena squarely and tilt with the organs in question, as all newspaper antagonists are accustomed to do. What is the use of crying "wolf," and trying to frighten the public with "a cock and a bull story" about a Reign of Terror and the general demoralization of a section of the press? Phantom days are gone; this is an age when men smile and pass on, while excited writers attempt to people the avenues of life with the creatures of their own terror-stricken imaginations.

THERE is something very peculiar about the reverend and learned editor of the *Western Watchman*. When he is not firing shots at the hierarchy of the Church, he is advocating the editorship of all Catholic papers by clergymen; and when he is not at this last mentioned queer proposition, he is giving a slap in the face to his own nationality. It would go ill, we think, with Catholic journalism, were all the editors to assume the *Watchman's* periodical tone; and it would not be over pleasant for Irishmen were all Irish editors to whet the edge of their satire upon the feelings of their nationality. Here is a sample:

Ambassador Bayard says the English do not swear; that in his year's stay in England he had not heard an oath. Well, we do not swear much in this country now; with us only negroes and an occasional Irishman in his cups are given to the use of profane expletives.

So, according to Father Phelan, the negroes and drunken Irishmen are the only people who swear in the United States. The paragraph may be witty, or smart, or whatever the editor of the *Watchman* likes to call his little poison-tipped arrows, but it is not, in our humble estimation, very creditable to a Catholic journal, edited by an Irish Catholic clergyman.

SINCE the recent account, published by the *Herald*, of the P.P.A. barber that was to set up, or be set up, at Point St. Charles, we have not heard anything about the enterprise. Evidently the object in securing a ding-dong Protestant

barber is to save the P. P. Aists from the risk of having their throats cut by the Catholic barbers at the Point. But since the Catholics are in the vast majority out there and that they naturally furnish more business to the tonsorial artists, it surely will be a risk for any of them to enter the new shop and place his head upon the hand-guillotine of the P. P. A. barber. We know this much: there are a number of the P. P. Aists who certainly deserve to get a free hair cut (at the Government expense) for they are "queer shavers."

WE find the following in the *Liverpool Catholic Times*—

Notwithstanding that Mr. Rider Haggard's calumnies were so recently and so effectually refuted they have found continued expression in a serial now running in the *New Weekly*. This time the writer is unknown to fame, but the paper is a respectable one, and something different is expected of such a publication. The writer's portrait of the priest is particularly offensive, and the method in which one of the characters is disposed of in a convent shews how much easier it is to contributors of a certain class of sensational literature to rehash old fables than to create new situations. But surely one might look for better things from a Lancashire paper, and one emanating from an office of the reputation of the *Manchester Guardian*.

This reminds us, that Rider Haggard is at it again, and in one of his last productions he has been "making fiction" to such an extent that a certain class of his readers might possibly take his statements for serious facts and believe that the Catholics of the world were a set of fools or idolaters.

WE have a subscriber at Coteau du Lac who has written us several very unique letters, in which he complains of countless persecutions that he has suffered. The Corporation, to begin with, has done him some injustice; his relatives have robbed him, broken his trunk and otherwise maltreated him; he appealed to the Bishop, but does not say what action his Lordship took in the matter. The writer of these letters is eighty-six years of age, and is evidently under the impression that he is the victim of some plot. One of two things; either the stories he tells us are merely the offspring of an aged imagination, or else they are true accounts of what has taken place. If the wrongs suffered are imaginary we trust that everything will be done to please the venerable sufferer and make his days as happy as possible; if, on the contrary, the one half what he tells us has taken place, we think it the duty of the authorities in that locality to take the matter seriously in hand.

THE publisher of the *London Times*, and grandson of the founder of the "Thunderer"—John Walter—died on the 3rd of November. Mr. Walter was a political pendulum that constantly oscillated from Liberal to Conservative, and vice versa. The only question upon which he was consistent was that of Ireland—he was always in opposition to the Irish

cause. He was an obstructionist who denounced obstruction, a Tory who combated Toryism, a Liberal who betrayed Liberalism, an advocate of freedom who sought to curtail all liberty, except his own, and a perfect gentleman who violated every article in the *Chesterfieldian* code—as far as his journalistic and public course was concerned. He believed in religious toleration, except for Catholics; in the freedom of the press, but only in the case of the *Times*; in great courtesy, save towards the Irish. It is probable that the "Thunderer" will still keep up its rumbling; but modern civilization has set up a lightning-rod that takes the danger and destructiveness out of its flashes.

WE have been asked for a list of the Popes, from St. Peter to Leo XIII. We have got in our possession the names of all the Sovereign Pontiffs, with the dates of their respective reigns, but it would take some time to copy them all into a regular list. Still we can promise that in our next issue we will give what our correspondent requires.

THE Sacred Heart Review has the following communication which certainly is interesting. In view of President Cleveland's recent expression, apparently borrowed from Moore, if the following be exact, we will have to conclude that "Father Prout," who attributed plagiarism to Moore, in all his writings, was actually reversing the medal—for it would seem that Moore has furnished ideas to a great many of the world's leading lights:

A clergyman writes us as follows:—
"In the Review of October 27 appears the following:—
"Oliver Wendell Holmes once said: 'The mind of the bigot is like the pupil of the eye; the more light you throw on it the smaller it grows.'
"Thomas Moore, in the preface to 'Corruption and Intolerance,' wrote:—
"The minds of some of our statesmen, like the pupil of the human eye, contract themselves the more, the stronger the light there is shed upon them."
Whether this is plagiarism, conscious or unconscious, we leave to the literary delvers to decide. The coincidence is certainly interesting."

THERE is considerable talk about the proposed monument to Dr. Chenier. In the first place it would be more appropriate to complete the de Maisonneuve monument before attempting any second enterprise of the kind. In the next place we are strongly under the impression that a monument to Dr. Chenier would be unacceptable to the vast majority of the Community. A few "patriots" may think it in order to glorify the victim of the famous rebellion, but they are outnumbered by ninety-nine to one in the citizens who, for one reason or another, would prefer to let Dr. Chenier rest in peace, and leave the task of immortalizing him to the historians of Canada. Decidedly the loyal element will not look with favor upon the project; it is obvious that the English-speak-

ing section of the community—particularly the non-Catholics—cannot smile upon the undertaking; and after the action of Mgr. Lartigue, in refusing the sacraments of the church to the deceased doctor, and that of the present Archbishop in refusing Catholic burial to his remains, as well as emphatically disapproving of the monument, surely the Catholic population cannot conscientiously take part in the movement. We fail to see how a handful of enthusiastic "patriots" are going to succeed in having such a monument erected.

THE "Moniteur de Commerce" is very right when it expresses regret that in both French and English private circles unfriendly feelings are often expressed against the opposite race, for the simple reason that it is French or English. It is well that the rising generation should learn that, no matter from what parentage or race one of its number may have sprung, he is a Canadian and should consider this his country. It is a land sufficiently broad to accommodate the sons of all lands, and while we love to look back upon the glories of the past, we must not forget the duties of the present and the wonderful prospects of the future. We heartily join our *confreres* in the expression: "Canada for the Canadians."

THE fatal result of the recent pugilistic contest between Robert Fitzsimmons and "Con" Riordan, which took place at Syracuse, N.Y., should be a lesson to the "sporting world." It may be that Fitzsimmons cannot be legally held responsible for the death of Riordan, but that does not alter the fact that Riordan died five hours after receiving the blow from Fitzsimmons—and died without ever having regained consciousness. How the victor's conscience may feel we do not know, but certainly the result of what he calls "a very slight touch," should prove to the pugilist that when he enters the ring he is likely to kill his opponent. There are a hundred chances to one against the man who stands up to be struck down for the amusement of a heartless crowd. The pugilist not only runs the risk of killing, but also of being killed; he risks being guilty of murder in the ore case and suicide in the other. There is no excuse—the law of the land may not find him guilty of wilful homicide, but the law of God will hold him responsible for the life he has taken. The Roman amphitheatre and its scenes of barbaric bloodshed were civilized compared to modern pugilism. If human beings desire to pound each other to death, and if human caricatures pay money to enjoy the exhibition, it is a disgrace to the closing century, and indicates that we are going back in the circle of civilization.

THE Opposition in the Provincial Parliament of Ontario have chosen a new leader, who bids fair to be as successful as his predecessor in remaining in Opposition.