

GERMANY'S CATHOLIC PARTY.

A GLEANING BY "CRUX."

There is no political subject more interesting than the rise and spread of the Catholic party in Germany. Within the memory of nearly all of us the influence of the Catholic element in Germany was very insignificant. In the early part of the nineteenth century the situation was intolerable. It was only after the stirring years of the general European agitation that culminated in 1848, that the Church had any influence at all, or any hope of ever having any influence, in Germany. We all know the change that has come, in this regard, within the past few years. In fact the Catholic Church has certainly obtained a greater share of equal rights, in that country, within the last decade—and especially within the last five years than the most sanguine had ever dared to expect, twenty-five years ago. In this connection I have come upon an able and most interesting historical sketch of the Church's vicissitudes in Germany during the last century. It is in the form of a contribution to "The Champion Educator," of the last month, and is entitled "The Catholic Party." The author is the Rev. Nicholas Stubitzyk. The portion of this contribution which has most attracted my attention is that which deals with the religious situation in Germany during the first half of the Nineteenth Century. I will take the liberty of inserting some of the principal passages from that article, as they give us a splendid and concise appreciation of the situation from the days of Pius VII to those of Pius IX. In the introduction the author tells us how even Catholic princes professed and practised the doctrine of the absolute submission of the Church to the State. The Bishops and priests were regarded as mere officials of the State. The Pope had to communicate with them through representatives of the State, and when his instructions to them or his encyclicals reached them they were generally "modified" to suit Protestant ideas. No Lenten regulations could be published, no solemn Requiem for a deceased Pope could be sung without special permission. In a word, the State ruled the Church. The Catholics of Germany were absolutely in the hands of the State. They submitted without a murmur (at least an audible one) to all this ostracism. A powerful shock was needed to awaken them. It came, at last, by the imprisonment of Clemens August Freiherr von Droste-Vischering, the famous Archbishop of Cologne. The Prussian Government had issued instructions to the Catholic Bishops that the children of mixed marriages should be educated as Protestants. The Bishops protested, and Pius VII issued a Brief, in March, 1830, which was mutilated and "modified" by the government before it reached the Bishops. The Archbishop of Cologne refused to comply with the instructions of the Government on this score. Let the author of the admirable historical sketch on this subject tell the story in his own words.

THE CATHOLIC MOVEMENT:—

"The government was at first dumb-founded. Persuasion, promises and threats were tried—but the Archbishop was firm. At last the Prime Minister, Bunsen, advised the King, Frederick William III., to order the imprisonment of the stubborn Archbishop—as a rebel against the laws of the state. The troops had been called out to guard all the streets leading to the archiepiscopal residence, the residence itself was surrounded by soldiers, and under the protection of the soldiers and police, the governor of the Rhine province in person arrested the Archbishop during the silence of the night, Nov. 20, 1830. "This arrest caused an intense excitement through all Germany. King Ludwig I. of Bavaria, sent a special messenger to Rome to acquaint the Pope with the event. Gregory XVI protested in strong and clear terms against such machinations of the Prussian Government and its Prime Minister. This served as an occasion for the great Gorres, who had been called by Napoleon I the Fifth Power of Europe—to write his famous brochure Athanasius. With flaming words he encouraged the tyranny of the Bunsen proceeding. He laid down fearlessly a program for the German Catholics, demanding the liberty of the Church, equal treatment from the Government for Catholics and Protestants alike. Athanasius conquered Germany and foreign countries.

Priests and doctors studied it, farmers and artisans and business men read and discussed it in their homes, on the streets and in the restaurants. Athanasius revived the faith in the hearts of the German Catholics. Athanasius made the Centre Party a possibility. Its fundamental doctrine, equal rights to Catholics and Protestants, became the keynote for that great party which could not even be conquered by the man of blood and iron, by the most formidable enemy of the Church that Germany ever produced.

"The Catholic responded to the appeal of Gorres and acted accordingly. Lecturers and professors instructed eager, listening men in their duties as Catholics. Catholic periodicals were founded. The clergy conquered the youth for the Church and educated the heroes of the Kulturkampf. In many a young man's heart the dying fire of faith was rekindled through Gorres' writings. Many a young man seduced by the siren song of a false freedom that echoed from Paris to the forests of Germany listened now to the solemn notes of a true liberty sounded by Gorres and his followers. Then came the "wild year" of 1848. The Catholics stood on the side of law and order and gained great merits by opposing the lawless elements; but they also demanded liberty, true liberty, liberty of association, liberty of instruction, especially liberty of the Church. They did not storm public buildings with flags and stones and scythes, but they assembled and organized and battled for their rights, the rights of the Church on legal grounds, not on the battlefield of rebellion. The Verein fuer religioese Freiheit or Pius Verein—the Association for the Liberty of Religion—was the first fruit. Its purpose was "to enlighten every one on the true idea of liberty, to avert every violation of the liberty of religion." Great enthusiasm and a thorough activity followed its foundation. Branches of it were established all over Germany, and the first great convention of all these branches, the first Katholikentag of the German Catholics in October, 1848, was the result.

"The Pius Verein continued the work begun by Gorres. Catholic men were elected to the Parliament at Frankfurt. One of the principle objects of the Frankfurt Parliament was to frame a constitution for all the German States—in which the current ideas of liberty should find their place. There was great danger that certain measures imperiling the liberty of the Church would be adopted. But thanks to the work of the Pius Verein, the liberty of the Church was guaranteed in the new constitution."

THE CATHOLIC PARTY.—"The results of the work of the Pius Verein were especially seen in Prussia. The constitution, which had been adopted by Prussia after the disturbances of the years of the revolution, 1848-49, guaranteed to every one "unlimited liberty in the private and public exercise of his religion." But there was a small but powerful and influential party bent on abolishing, if not the entire constitution, at least this paragraph. In their view the State ought to regulate everything, even the conscience. If they had succeeded, the Church again would have been at the mercy of the state. At the same time the Prussian ministers, von Raumer and von Westphalen, sent out secret edicts, the so-called "Raumerschen Erlasse" (1852), prohibiting the study of theology in institutions conducted by the Jesuits and the giving of missions and retreats to the people. These secret edicts became known. A storm of indignation seized the Catholics. The fitting answer was the election of a surprisingly large number of energetic Catholic deputies to the Prussian Landtag. The first day after the opening of the new Diet, Nov. 20, 1852, sixty-three of these men, under the leadership of the brothers August and Peter Reichensperger, formed a Catholic party, the "Katholische Fraction." Its purpose was the maintenance of the constitution for the "protection of the civil and religious liberty." A board of seven directors was elected. No definite political programme was adopted, because the members had been brought together only by the attacks made on their religious liberty, but otherwise differed widely in their political ideas. Hence, everyone enjoyed the greatest freedom to cast his vote according to his personal convictions, even against the majority of his col-

leagues. Their only uniting tie was the protection of Catholic interests. The absence of political unity proved to be one of the causes of its ultimate dissolution.

"The first move of the new party was the motion introduced in the Landtag—to bring about the revocation of the obnoxious ministerial orders. August Reichensperger explained the reasons for this proposal in a splendid speech. Calmly and pointedly were the edicts criticized by him, their injustice and unlawfulness were shown in such a manner that the author of the edicts themselves, in a lamentable manner, begged the members of the Catholic party to inform their constituents that the government had no evil intentions, no plans for the suppression of the Catholic Church. Another effect of this speech was that sixty Protestants out of a sense of justice voted with the "Katholische Fraction." Although their motion was lost by 175 against 123 votes, they had scored a magnificent moral victory. The edicts, though not revoked, were now all but dead letters. The government had felt the power of the force of the sense of right and justice of the Catholic people. The party became more and more esteemed and respected. Its leader, August Reichensperger, was elected in 1854, Vice-President of the Landtag, certainly a great success in an intensely Protestant majority. But objections were made to the name of the party. In 1859, even the government hinted that it would be wiser not to emphasize so much their denominational character. It was then thought best to adopt a perfectly neutral name—without dropping entirely their old name—in order to give to the Government not the least occasion for distrusting the party. Hermann von Mallinckrodt—one of the greatest statesmen in Germany—proposed the name: Fraction des Centurms (Katholische Fraction). This name was chosen, because the members occupied the seats in the middle, the centrum, of the house. The numerical strength of the Centre was regarded as an indicator of the religious-political situation in Prussia. Their purpose was to defend Catholic interests, but the cessation of the attacks on the Church endangered the existence of the party, whose members differed so widely in their purely political views. This danger became acute in the sixties. The people were much excited by the keen difference between the King and the Parliament in regard to military matters. The Parliament refused to sanction the demands for a reorganization and increase of the army, considered necessary by the King and his Minister, Bismarck. Very few prominent men stood by the government. The Centre party was divided on this question and dissolved after the election of 1867. The Cologne "Volkszeitung" wrote, in 1870, about this unfortunate occurrence: "The Centre party was never conquered by its enemies, but ruined by its friends." With the dissolution of the first Centre party closes the second chapter of the politico-religious history of nineteenth century Germany."

Patent Report.

Below will be found a list of patents recently granted by the Canadian and American Governments through the agency of Messrs. Marion & Marion, Patent Attorneys, Montreal, Canada, and Washington, D.C.

Information regarding any of the patents cited will be supplied free of charge by applying to the above-named firm.

- Nos. CANADA. 86,677—John J. Shannon, Montreal, Que., improvements in can making. 86,691—Joseph O. Lalonde, Montreal, Que., spring hinge. 86,696—Arthur Guindon, Montreal, Que., rotary engine. 86,715—John R. Skinner, Christchurch, New Zealand, cushion heels for boots and shoes and the like. 86,747—Dolphin Hogue, Montreal, Que., sofa. 86,779—Joseph Savelsburg, Papeburg, Germany, extracting of the heavy metals by the use of chlorine. UNITED STATES. 758,053—Joseph A. Desmarteau, Granby, Que., valve. 758,093—James C. McDougall, Virden, Man., grain shocking attachment for binders. 758,410—Robert Burnside, Montreal, Que., packing cups.

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A YOUNG POET OF CANADA

Canada claims the honor of having given to the world many distinguished poets of international fame, but among these one rarely finds one whose voice proclaims to the world that the writer is a Catholic. Why the author, who is happy in the possession of true faith, fails to reveal it is a mystery; but the lamentable fact remains that religion is not a prominent feature in the works of our writers. Hence it is that we, as Catholics and Canadians, are particularly interested in the advent of a new voice in the field of song.

Imbued with this interest in the latest Canadian arrival in the kingdom of literature, I recently pressed the electric button at the entrance of St. Joseph's Hospital. In response to my ring the great door was opened by a gentle, low-voiced nun, who, in answer to my inquiry, replied that Dr. Fischer was engaged in the operating room, but would presently be at liberty. Accordingly I was ushered into the Doctor's apartments, where in the interval I had ample opportunity to observe the well furnished study. As my eyes wandered about the room I perceived in the book case well worn copies of standard authors, surmounting long, orderly rows of ponderous volumes on medicine. There was Shakespeare, shining forth in all his glory, Browning, Longfellow, Tennyson, Whitman, Bliss, Carman and others both ancient and modern. On the walls were well-framed copies of rare pictures—notably among them those of religious character—Christ and His Blessed Mother. A few good landscapes in water-color added a touch of nature. On the mantel and about the secretary were many rare prints and photographs. Among the latter were some autographed by noted American celebrities—one of His Excellency, Diomedes Falconio, bears the words "May God bless you." There is also one of Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop Quigley, and one of Lord Minto, Governor-General of Canada. I noticed also that everything in the room—books, papers, magazines—was arranged in perfect order, which characteristic savored of the physician rather than the poet. There was nowhere to be seen that litter which we associate with the literature.

Before very long my attention was diverted from this critical survey of the room, by the sound of a firm, even step in the corridor without. In another moment a light tap on the door announced Dr. Fischer. He entered, wearing the regulation coat of white duck with its ivory buttons, and again the physician was uppermost in mind. He possesses a very striking physique—a tall, broad-shouldered, comfortable-looking man with a bright, intelligent face surmounted by an abundance of wavy, brown hair, and a manner which sets one at one's ease in an instant. He is one of those delightful persons who can be busy without being hurried. Having just finished a hard day's work he had a certain air of weariness which, however, did not betray itself in his conversation.

He seated himself near the secretary and after some preliminary conversation concerning his work and his first book, recently published by Richard Badger, of Boston, I asked rather abruptly, perhaps: "When did you write your first poem?"

There was a merry twinkle in his eye as he shifted in his chair and after a moment's reflection replied: "When I was a little chap in knee-breeches and knew very little of life and still less of the mechanics of verse. I was one of the new arrivals at St. Jerome's, and it all came about in this way. I was tired of studying. I thought the two hours allotted to studying would never cease. I had been making desperate attempts to learn some Greek grammar without avail, so, at last, disgusted with myself and everything, I closed the book with a bang. Unconsciously, almost, I picked up the pen and in rather a sombre state of mind wrote a few lines on the scribbler before me. Then came a second, a third, a fourth—one verse was complete. I was delighted. For the next hour I worked like a Trojan, and then five verses stood to my credit. I had written my first poem—and it was exquisite, I assure you. I carried the manuscript about in my pocket until I wore it out, as well as all my friends. But to the trifling beginning of that well-remembered evening I date all my success. During the years that followed I wrote poetry by the yard—for the waste-paper basket. I gained thereby the good will and interest of kindly master-minds, good priest-professors who not only offered me verses to shreds in the class-

room, but also gave me a helping hand and encouraged me to work faithfully on. It did hurt sometimes to be ground to dust, but there was usually a promise for me in the criticism. All this helped me greatly. My verse is by no means perfect, but let me hope it will improve with the years."

Although frankly pleased with his success and the kindly reception accorded him by the critics, and deeply grateful to those who have encouraged and helped him, he remains perfectly simple and unaffected. He takes the bitter with the sweet, in the form of adverse criticism, and, in that commendable spirit of optimism which pervades his pages, makes the disagreeable serve for good along with the pleasant.

Dr. Fischer was born at Waterloo, a thriving Canadian town, on February 1, 1879. He is therefore the youngest of our Canadian poets. In his childhood he showed a great love for books and music. He was particularly fond of Dickens, whose stories he read assiduously. He attended the public institutions of learning in his native town, and having completed the intermediate course entered St. Jerome's College, one of the best Catholic Colleges in the Dominion. At this early age he gained a local reputation as poet, musician and actor. Many of his poems, suggested by events of the day appeared in the columns of local papers and the college organ. His soul seemed to find wings in music as well as in verse, for he frequently gave vent to his feelings at the pianoforte as well, although none of his musical rhapsodies were ever committed to paper.

In 1897 he graduated from St. Jerome's and was appointed Professor of Music there for the following year. In 1898 he matriculated and began the study of medicine at the Western University, London, Ont. After a course of four years he received his medical diploma and was appointed head house-surgeon at St. Joseph's Hospital. This is one of the finest and best equipped hospitals on the continent, and Dr. Fischer's arduous duties leave him but very little time for his literary work. He has a very high ideal of the physician's vocation, and his profession holds first place in his affections. His literary work, therefore, provides for him a delightful recreation. The way in which he pursues his literary tendency reminds one of Carlyle's advice to the young writer:

"If nature prompts, and friends persuade; Then write, but ne'er pursue it as a trade."

Music he has almost entirely given up, for lack of time to devote to it, but during his college years it was better known than his poems. As a physician, Dr. Fischer is very popular for his character is such as stamps the true physician wherever he is found.

Readers of the Rosary are not unfamiliar with his work, as it has frequently appeared within these columns. He has been writing for the magazines only some four years and already his poems are received both far and near, appearing in "Donahoe's," "Men and Women," "The Catholic World," "Carmelite Review," "The Chicago New World," "Buffalo Union and Times," and a number of secular magazines in the United States and Canada. The critics, one and all, have been more favorable to the young poet than one would have dared to hope. It is true his work is not perfect. There are times when the thought is not always sequenced, the lines not structurally perfect, but these are blunders of workmanship which will yield to discipline and study. The words are, after all, merely the dress in which the author clothes the children of his fancy; and who is not weary of the machine-made, soulless rhyme of the present day? In these days of sects and sensualism we need men of faith who are also men of imagination and fancy and poetic inspiration. The Catholic poet, if he would have a moulding, formative influence on his hearers, must bow before his God in the temple of his own invincible faith. This Dr. Fischer has done. In all his lines there is firm faith, trust in God's mercy, a devotion and reverence for all that is holy and beautiful.

In "Songs by the Wayside," we find songs relating to everything that goes to make up life's medley. Nothing is written from hearsay, but with true poetic instinct the author sees the beautiful in the simple things of nature and humanity and writes of them as they appealed to him. And there is nowhere to be found a word

or line expressive of a morbid longing for the unattainable. The world—God's handiwork—is full of joy and beauty for those who can perceive it, and Dr. Fischer enables us to find therein, charms new and satisfying. There are nature-songs and heart-songs, songs of sorrow and songs of gladness, and always, through it all, that optimistic, hopeful, wholesome view of life which it is a joy to possess.

The work is characterized throughout by originality and individuality. The writer has not gone down into the depths of life, but he has not failed to set things in the true spirit, and writes always in close sympathy with nature.

I had recently the great pleasure of hearing Dr. Drummond, the celebrated "Habitant" poet of Lower Canada, give readings from his own poems. As I listened to this gifted man—whose voice held that immense audience spell-bound as he portrayed to them so truly and so beautifully the simple content of the French-Canadian peasant, happy amidst the joys and sorrows of his uneventful life—my thoughts wandered to "Songs by the Wayside." It seemed to me that there is a similarity in the strain in which these two—Dr. Drummond and Dr. Fischer, the one more experienced, more mature than the other—write of the seemingly simple, yet really the great and important things of life. For after all, it is not what we have, or what we do, but what we are, that is important. At the close of the lecture I was pleased to see Dr. Fischer presented by a prominent citizen and receive from the lecturer a hearty greeting. It seems fitting that the great in any field of labor should assist and encourage novices therein, whose merits is apparent and whose work is likely to prove a benefit to mankind.

AT SIX O'CLKOK.

His intense sympathy with humanity is brought out in the following sonnet:

"The city shrieks, 'neath sound of brazen bell, And voice of whistles loud that wildly ring; Yet, O, what dreams of peace and rest they bring, O, what a tale to careworn hearts they tell! Their work is done, and now, long streets they swell, The sons so worn, that for the work-shop cling— Age, white with years, and youth, worship the King Of Toil—enthroned in hearts that know him well. Father of Heaven! Thy sweet mercy shed Upon this throbbing vein of human strife! O, bless these tired souls that feel the weight Of battle! Yea, their hearts have often bled, Down in those ranks are hidden gems of life, Pearls of good character, prized oft too late."

Another entitled "Faces in the Street," from which I quote a few lines is in a similar vein. They bring before us the daily trials, joys, yearnings of those in the ordinary walks of everyday life:

"Some are bright and others staring, tell their tale of grief and woe, They were happy long ago; Once each youthful eye did seek For the roses sweet, that blossomed in each fair and ruddy cheek."

Where is now the beaming brightness that encircled each brow? Sorrow only lingers now, And all hope has sadly fled From the face, once fond and faithful, from the heart high cold and dead."

Many lines were inspired by the author's mother, a sweet-faced, motherly person to whom one's heart is at once instinctively drawn. The following poem, written recently, is especially addressed to her:

CHRISTMAS WISHES.

Mother! I wish for thee Those early, fresh, white, peaceful hours, That come down the black aisles of night Like silent nuns, with cheerful bright Thoughts, fresh, for flowers! I wish thee, dear, A happy mind. That no grief gray May haunt the quiet valleys fair, Where God glad shepherd in his care Thee, day by day! I wish thee, dear, A warm, warm heart. That joy's full sweet, May find a place to summer in, Far from the bustle and the din Of lowly street! I wish thee more— May rhapsodies of deepest bliss Fill all thy day! May present years Give thee a glimpse of other spheres To sunlight this!

THE WORKING

A great deal of whistles is manifested at present as to where about what the French are doing to avert a cal and social crash which is impending. Are the efforts of the populace really of anything being done to laboring classes in this nation and to save them from? Are the well-to-do, or azzed, or despairing of all this, at least, that it is popularly said it must be remembered that efforts are made and made scored which are never in public press. True, it is dened that any great schemes are being carried effect the needed social to reach the wage-earner, the same extent as in Germany in Italy. But it is forgotten that politically the party is bound hand and foot and the adroit and unscrupulous of their opponents same right of public assembly do not exist there as in our countries; that there are laws which can be in any moment, laws which things have been allowed into desuetude when the thought it prudent not to but which for any great social movement would be enforced, so that it is to judge the French Catholic same standard as those countries, and it can be that once French enthusiasm outlet it can be counted great results. However, are being done which the laws have not been able and it may be interesting constructive to call attention movement among very many that are going on which sibly seem small where multitudes have to be in which because of its peculiar and because it implies undertakings which will spring out of it, seems a special notice. It is the tion of what are called men's Gardens."

The initiative of the woman, Mlle. Her had been constantly doling to a poor family but so only plunging them deeper into dependent pauperism last she insisted on something for themselves gan telling them:

"For each franc you I savings bank I will deposit you." A little fund so ted, and with it she bought bit of land and told the vate it. The work was first for people who had help so easily, but at last gan to take interest in pay, and are now above poverty. Some one has a man a rock. Let him own, and he will make it." These people soon truth of the saying.

A Jesuit Father named heard of it. He was a teaching a little class in ed St. Etienne, and had of bringing his boys' sods the poor quarters of the teach them how to exercise of charity in the practicing. They gave a g the way of money but as of Mlle. Hervieu without results. When the lady somehow or other brought attention it came like a light. Father Volpette hired eight or ten acres Land was cheap there, for is in the mining district mining companies had which they kept free of as to forestall any damage the caving in over the The soil was wretched and it was another opportunity the saying about the rock garden. This was in 1890 Year he expended 3500 fences, tools, manure, pipes, etc. He divided between no less than families in which there were 608 persons. It seems that but French people can go a great way. The first raised 4000 francs worth and 2000 in vegetables, only sixty francs to each the return was almost do