

# THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

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THURSDAY, MARCH 17, 1912.



## ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

The Irish Race holds jubilee to-day! All over the civilized world, wheresoever an Irish Exile is to be found, there is joy and expectation upon this anniversary. In the valleys that nestle in the Laurentians, and along the slopes through which the Ottawa sweeps, afar where Saskatchewan and Assiniboine rush through the great "Lone Land," the heart of each Celt is pulsing with pleasant anticipations. From this City of Montreal to the extreme ends of the habitable globe, by the Hudson, that re-echoes the silvery words of Daniel O'Rourke; by the Mississippi, the Father of Waters; by the Missouri, that waits its eternal *capitulum* for the immortal Meagher; down under the giant Andes, beneath which the Orinoco and the Amazon sweep across the furrowed face of the Atlantic; in Paris, the city of the world, where collect the descendants of Limerick's heroes; by the ruddy rolling Rhine, and over the Alpine passes; in Spain the chivalric Italy the fair; in Rome—grand old Rome—that is darker still by the tree-enclosed graves of Irish chiefs upon her Janiculum,—in Rome that contains the heart of O'Connell; in all lands and under all skies the children of the Irish Race hold jubilee to-day!

"And why is it thus?" asks the stranger. It is because that ancient land, after sitting like a widowed queen, in the shadow of her Round Towers, after beholding divisions at home and hostility abroad, combined for long ages against her peace, happiness and glory, at last has commenced to look up; because she, the "Niobe of the Isles," has begun to cast off the garments of sorrow and to assume the vestments of joy; because the smile removes the tear, and the shadows, although they have not wholly vanished, are golden, like the flush of the dawn upon the eastern hills; because through the clouds of ages silver shafts of light are piercing and the wail of grief is replaced by the chant of hope.

Many are the titles Ireland has received; and amongst them she has been called the "Isle of Saints and Martyrs," as far as this title is concerned, in the language of Dr. Johnson, she was in ages gone past, "the quiet home of Sanctity and Learning." Her Druidism was even holy when compared to the paganism of other nations; while they adored their gods amidst debauchery and crime, Ireland's white-robed Druid stood in the sacred grove and pointed to the heaven of the ancient Celt. And the day came when the Sun of Redemption flashed over Golgotha; its rays penetrated the groves where the Druids taught the mysticism of the stars, they descended into the depths of the catacombs, they tipped with splendor the Round Towers and crowned those studied works of a buried time with the light of heaven. In the hands of St. Patrick those beams were carried into Ireland; and she was ripe to receive them. With the true leaf—the shamrock—on the heights of Tara, the great apostle explained the mystery of all mysteries. As when Moses struck the rock in the desert, with a wand, and the waters poured out, so at the touch of the crozier of St. Patrick a stream of religion gushed from the bosom of the Island. At first it came slowly meandering along, then leaping in cascades from the hills of time; now gliding under the shadow of a cloud of centuries, now gleaming out in the splendor of a grand emancipation. Into every land it went, it followed the sons of Erin all over the earth, and wheresoever they are to be found that stream of Faith has bathed them and their adopted country in a sea of imperishable glory. Well, well did Ireland deserve the title of the "Isle of saints and martyrs;" and meet is it that with due religious fervor the sons of Erin should celebrate the anniversary of St. Patrick's glorious passage from the mists of the Church militant, to the joys of the Church triumphant in Heaven. From that celestial palace, over its ivory battlements, he looks down with loving encouragement upon the descendants of those ancient Celts, the race that preserved through all sorrows and trials, all persecutions and tortures the pure Faith that he brought

them long centuries ago, and he prays that they may be ever the faithful custodians of that sacred deposit which he left their fathers and which they must transmit as a glorious heritage to their children. First Saint of the "Isle of Saints," we beg of thee, upon this thy glorious feast day, to watch over the Irish race, to inspire them with courage, to keep alive the flame of their Faith; we pray thee to look down upon the Old Land, to guide her and support her as she treads the *via dolorosa* of the centuries, bearing the burden of the world's iniquities and ascending the rough path towards the expiation of the crimes of all nations!

We are at present in the midst of the lent season; in a few weeks we expect the glorious feast of Easter, when penitential garbs and signs of sorrow shall disappear, and the hymns of lamentation and contrition shall be replaced by songs of jubilation and hosannas of triumph. So is it with Ireland; the lent season, of seven hundred years of sorrow and persecution, is passing away; the Easter of her national triumph is at hand,—that Easter morning when "the Angel of Freedom" will come down and, rolling away the stone from the sepulchre of her liberty, will command her to arise to a glorious resurrection. And, then, in the Fires of Freedom's Pentecost, with divers tongues, her sons will go forth, as their forefathers did of old, and tell to the listening nations the story of that Faith, which she received in the days of her sunshine and greatness, which she preserved through all dangers, trials and misfortunes for long centuries, and which today she holds as the grand talisman of her future—both here below and there above with her Patron Saint, Children of St. Patrick, sons of Erin, descendants of the "Ancient Celtic Race," keep, oh! keep forever intact that light of your Faith, and, to use a comparison as familiar but true, it will be your salvation. "Like the fiery pillar of Captive Israel it will cheer the desert of our sorrow, and guide you one day to the land your promised Freedom!"

## THE SPIRIT OF THE NATION.

In 1842, when Davis, Dillon, and Duffy established the famous Dublin Nation, a galaxy of talent appeared suddenly to emerge from obscurity and to span the sky of Irish literature. In that glorious "middy-way" the orbs that shone most conspicuously were the poets of the time. During five or six years the columns of that wonderful journal teemed with songs, ballads and poems of the liveliest, most patriotic or most pathetic kinds. Davis styled the prose articles of his paper, "The Voice of the Nation;" and the poetical contributions, "The Spirit of the Nation." In this St. Patrick's Day number of THE TRUE WITNESS we give several gems taken from that glorious collection. We do not pretend to present our readers with the best samples from those well-known Irish bards; but we give some of their less frequently quoted productions. A few weeks ago we dedicated a special editorial to the life and works of that sweetest of all the poets, DENIS FLORENCE MCCARTHY; today we furnish, elsewhere, a splendid sketch of poor, noble, gifted Thomas Davis; as to "MARY" "SILKINZA" and "EVA," we need but state that the first was a Miss ELLEN DOWLING, the second LADY WILKE, and the third Miss MARY EVA KILLEN. Little of their lives is known to the world, but their beautiful lyrics and national songs have endeared their names to the Irish race. Of the others—and they are but "stray beams" scattered at haphazard from out a full flood of literary sunlight that touched the history of Ireland during the forties—we will here give a few short sketches.

### DEIRDRE JOSEPH CALLANAN

was born in Cork in 1795. He was educated for the priesthood, but the delicate state of his health and his restless spirit impelled him to relinquish his prospects in the clerical profession. In 1820 he entered Trinity College as an art pensioner, with the intention of studying for the bar; but he renounced that idea after two years. In 1823 he became an assistant in the school of Dr. Maginn, in Cork, and through Maginn's introduction he became a contributor to "Blackwood's Magazine." During six years he spent his time rambling through the country, collecting old Irish ballads and legends, and in giving them a new dress in a new tongue. In the spring of 1829 he became a tutor in an Irish family living at Lisbon, and died there on the 19th September of that year, in the 34th of his age.

Such is a brief account of the short and peculiar career of the sweet bard of the "Recluse of Inchidony," the tender poet of "Gougane Barra."

### MR. B. SIMMONS

was born at Kilworth, in the county of Cork, the scenery of which he has described with such pleasing fidelity. He obtained a position in the Excise office, London, which he held till his death. He died on the 21st July 1850, in Acton street, Gray's Inn Road, and was buried in Highgate Cemetery on the Sunday following. For many years he was a contributor of lyrical poems to the magazines

and annuals. *Blackwood*, whose pages he enriched by some of his finest productions, thus speaks of him: "Simmons, on the theme of Napoleon, excels all our great poets. Byron's lines on the subject are bad; Scott's poor; Wordsworth's weak; Lockhart and Simmons may be bracketed as equal; their's are rich, true, strong." His early death closed the career of one of Ireland's most promising young poets.

### RICHARD DALTON WILLIAMS

was born at the foot of the Devil's Bit mountain in the county of Tipperary. He was educated in the Catholic college of Carlow, where he gave early promise of his genius as a poet. He wrote with equal facility upon all subjects, whether they were grave or gay—pathetic or humorous; his sympathies were large enough to enable him to portray every human passion and affection. There was a giant strength in him, and yet a sweet native gracefulness. After he left college he became a medical student; his beautiful ballad on the "Dying Girl" was composed after a visit to the hospitals. He came to America in 1850, and became professor of *Belles Lettres* in the Mobile College, Alabama; he married, and in 1862 he died of consumption. The Irish-American soldiers in a New Hampshire regiment erected a very beautiful monument over the dead poet.

### BARTHELEMY DOWLING

was a native of Limerick, and was clerk to the Treasurer of the Corporation of that city, when he wrote his "Brigade at Fontenoy." He emigrated to the United States in 1851, and soon attained that position to which his talents and industry so justly entitled him. Beyond a few exquisite ballads and one or two thoroughly pathetic poems in Irish literature, still no one of the many "Hidden Gems" that some day must be brought to light.

### JAMES FLORENCE MASON

was born in Dublin in 1841, and died there in 1890. For more than twenty years he had been a contributor to almost every periodical or magazine in Ireland. He had a sad and strange career. His existence became disquieted; he was taken from a garret in a mean street in Dublin to the Meath hospital, where he died after a week's illness. Among the poets of Ireland Morgan decidedly occupies one of the highest places. As a translator he was inimitable; he translated from the Irish, French, German, Spanish, Italian, Danish and Oriental languages, with the idiomatic expressions which are peculiar to the poetry of each country. His original poems exhibit the vigor of his style and vividness of fancy, and embody every form of grace and dignity in the wonderful flow and charming melody of his versification. A suitable monument now marks the resting place of this sad but patriotic son of Song. Of

### DR. DRESSAN,

all we can say is that his few poems attracted very much attention and especially the one we publish, "Erin." Of his life we know but little and that little is of no interest to the public. One thing certain, however, he was a real poet and an Irish one at that.

### JOHN KEEGAN,

whose "Coach the Piper" we give in this number is just as little known as many another tender child of the muses, whose voice was heard but once or twice, yet heard, even those few times, in all its perfection of melody.

### MARTIN McDERMOTT

was the author of several beautiful lyrics, and amongst them the simple, we publish, "The Colum." and his "Poor Exiles far Away." These poems have the stamp of a masterpiece; it is unfortunate that so many of his kindred productions have been lost to us, and so little is recorded of the wit who contributed so much to the "Spirit of the Nation."

### GERALD GREENE

is better known as a dramatic writer than as a poet; yet his "Sister of Charity," "Matt Hyland," "Orange and Green," and other touching poems deserve to be ranked with the most renowned of Celtic writers in verse. His life was an interesting, instructive and exemplary one. He died a Christian Brother.

### THOMAS D'ARCY MCGEE'S

poems and life need no comment nor elaboration from us. His name, as an orator, historian and statesman, is as fresh in the minds of the people to-day as when he was in the hey-day of his brilliant career; his poems are as widely read and as deeply admired as when the shocking news of his sad fate convulsed to its innermost depths every honest and generous soul on two continents. No greater, no more lasting monument than that mausoleum of song, built by his own hands, each stone of which is an Irish poem, could be raised to his memory.

### SIR CHARLES GAVAN DUFFY'S

name requires no words from us to add to its lustre. Patriot at home, statesman abroad, journalist, essayist, historian and sweet poet, he still survives the men of his generation, and still labors—under the snows of many win-

ter—in the cause that was dear to his youth. His poems form a very important part of the "Spirit of the Nation."

Fetcher of Saltoun spoke truly when he said—"Give me the making of a nation's ballads, and I care not who makes its laws." The poems of a people form the reflection of their wants and aspirations, and the truest history of their feelings. The story of Ireland's faith, of her struggles, of her sorrows, her years of resistance to foreign invasion, her centuries of combat against the forces of her enemies,—then of her partial triumphs, her hours of agonizing greatness, her wonderful hopes that ages of tyranny could not crush, her undying Faith that no human power could extinguish,—the story of all these and a thousand other epochs in the history of Erin is to be found in the ballads, lyrics and poems of her bards and poets. To that group of brilliant and versatile writers, whose productions constitute "The Spirit of the Nation," an undying debt of gratitude is due by the Irish race the world over, and for all time.

We hope and pray that the day is at hand when the literature of that golden era in Irish history will be studied more generally, when "The Spirit" and "The Voice of the Nation" will be found in the hands of our young generation. There is something rich, grand, noble in the literature of Ireland. In order to have that exalted idea of old Erin's glory and worth, we must rescue from oblivion the deeds of her heroes, the words of her orators, the songs of her poets, the learning of her ecclesiastics, the statesmanship of her patriots; in a word, we must never cease to feed up to our youth as models for their imitation and examples for their practice, all actions or aspirations that are elevating and worthy of admiration in the lives of Ireland's Great Dead. May the day soon dawn when the "Voice of the Nation" will be heard chanting its poem of triumph after centuries of neglect; and when "The Spirit of the Nation" will tower aloft like Barthold's statue, on the threshold of a new world, perfect in its proportions, solid in its foundation, majestic in its appearance, with its index finger piercing the clouds of heaven, and the electric spark from its summit shedding a radiance upon the hills and valleys where we trust in God, Freedom will yet walk eternal y.

## CANADA AND EUROPE.

A wise man of old advised a person who was constantly complaining about his troubles and miseries, to go abroad for a day, to enter into every house along the way, to speak to each one he met, and to ask about their happiness. The sorrow-stricken creature followed the advice, and returned home at night convinced that, not only he was not the miserable being on earth, but that everyone he spoke to had troubles and misfortunes far surpassing his little difficulties. And he learned to look upon the bright side of the picture and to be thankful for the many blessings over and above his fellow-creatures, that had been showered upon him. A nation is but the aggregate of individuals, and consequently the same advice might be fittingly applied to a people who complain about the little drawbacks and petty troubles that arise upon the country's pathway, while seemingly oblivious of the exceptional blessings of peace, contentment, prosperity, health and national vigor that the Almighty is daily showering upon their land. I we, in Canada today, desire to thoroughly and justly appreciate the grand and glorious country in which our happy lot is cast, let us for a moment ascend the heights and look down upon a world, in some one or other of its parts, blasted with plagues, swept by famine, crushed by misery, convulsed with earthquakes, physical and social, threatened with war and menaced with national chaos; let us look at the broad prairies, rich mountains, mighty streams, inland seas, fertile valleys, flourishing cities, contented people, educational institutions, sacred shrines of Faith, the peace, contentment and tranquility of Canada, and learn the worth of such a home for our future. Look abroad over Europe to-day. The iron grasp of despotism crushes the Russian serf, and while famine's gaunt skeleton shadows his foot-steps and chases him from his peaceful home, the dark abysses of Siberian mines await to receive his shattered frame, and to engulf for ever his few lingering moments of a fearful existence. The fell spirit of want and the ghost of famine stalk hand-in-hand over the fields of Hungary, and a noble race is reduced to the extremes of poverty, misery and desolation. In Germany the genius of Socialism is ubiquitous, it breathes beneath the shadow of the palaces, and moves openly and loudly along the public squares of Berlin; monarchs feel for their sceptres and grope for their crowns, standing armies are no security against internal revolts, and the most humble workman in Canada is a king compared to the Kings, Emperors or Cæsar of the old world. In Italy that mighty secret organization, which strikes terror into all who belong to it, and which wields an influence inadequ-

ate for evil, is again making its arm felt in the streets of the cities and in the recesses of the mountains, its stealthy bounds are following their victims with the vengeance of a Babetta of Interlaken, the extravagant enthusiasm of a Lola Montes, or the higher and more dignified wickedness of a Mazzini or a Maniaco. Even in the neighboring Republics Italy has penetrated. In England society is convulsed and threatened by another danger; the 12th of this month was the day marked, when half a million miners will go upon a gigantic strike, and truly five millions of people will be thrown out of employment. All over the continent armies and navies are openly or secretly being prepared for any coming emergency; instruments of war are being improved and rendered more deadly and destructive; diplomats are watching each other with eagle eyes, and behind the mask of a court smile are hiding the gain of distrust; crowned heads are visiting each other, and repeating in their hearts that expression of Virgil: "I fear the Greeks even when they bring me gifts."

Here in Canada none of those evils exist. We are a cosmopolitan people, living in peace and free from all national calamities. Let our readers reflect upon the two pictures and fill in the details that our rough sketches have left incomplete. The more they contemplate the situation the more grateful will they become that they are living in a land like this—a land that is rapidly rising to her rightful position amongst the nations, becoming queen of this western world, home of good principles, and refuge in the near future, for millions of the oppressed children of over-crowded and discontented Europe.

## ENTHUSIASTS.

We notice very often that the non-Catholic press, in speaking of zealous missionaries of our Church, of devoted and holy priests, and of certain sisters in the different religious communities whose efforts in the fields of charity and mercy are remarkable, style these worthy laborers in the "Lord's vineyard" or "enthusiasts." Now we object to the term for many good reasons, and amongst others that in applying it to such persons it places them on a level with those eccentric and fanatic natures who, seized for the moment with a certain idea, go forth to a task that the best educated men learn to shun their sentiments from the house-tops. Would we style the immortal Father Damien a more enthusiast? Or could we apply that term to the priests and nuns who, in causes such as the one that beckoned him to martyrdom and eternal glory, have given up all earthly hopes and joys to lay down their lives for the cause of Christ and of suffering humanity? Truly there is a certain celestial enthusiasm about them; but it is not in this sense that the term is applied by those who see nothing beyond a blind momentary impulse in such lives.

Were we to harken, and could we but lean our ears against the air of heaven and hear the inaudible, we might distinguish, amidst all other sounds, the tread of the Catholic missionary in lands where the foot of white man had never before left an impress; we might detect the rustle of the nun's gown, as, at mid night, she moves through cloisters to pray for sinful humanity, or as she walks the corridors of the hospitals, or skirts the environs of the battle-field seeking for some dying soul to cheer or some suffering body to alleviate. There is something more than a fitful enthusiasm in the glow of these eyes and in the palor of that cheek.

The more wondrous enthusiasm suggests the idea of an impulse that does not necessarily originate in reflection. But when we consider the long months, the years even, of fasting, penance, mortification and prayer that constitute the noviciate of those whose heaven-directed vocation it is to leave all worldly things aside and to take up the cross and follow Christ, we cease to regard the animating spirit of the religious as other than a holy zeal nurtured in devotion and carried into practice through sacrifice. Contrasted with this inspiration, more radiant and powerful from long contact with sufferings and patient work, how poor that pyrotechnic enthusiasm of the fitful advocate of a new-fangled creed or some suddenly developed notion! The latter is like the rocket that goes up with a hiss and flare, flashes for a moment in the darkness of the sky and, bursting, disappears, leaving no trace of its brilliancy behind; the former is like the celestial orb, moving regularly and effectively through the realms of space, keeping ever within its own orbit, and performing its glorious part, without change and without cessation, in the universal movement of God's mighty works.

These reflections suggest another train of thought out of which arises the ungenerous and base methods which certain enemies of Catholicity employ in order to cast discredit upon our Church, its teachings, or its ministers. History, confirmed in thousands of instances the fact that well-authenticated miracles have been performed by Saints of the Catholic Church, not only during their lives but even by their very relics when

dead. Of course we expect and are not surprised to find the religious critics of the world disputing these historical incidents and ridiculing these sacred facts; but the Church is so very careful, that no Saint is canonized without a thorough examination of all the *propos* and *cons*, and no miracle is recognized unless it is, beyond the shadow of all doubt, substantiated. Consequently the sneers and denials of the unbelieving fall harmlessly upon the cause of Truth. However, the unscrupulous have another method, and one more dangerous and more difficult to combat. They publish pretended faith cures, and hear say miracles, said to have been performed by members of the Catholic clergy, generally in out of the way places, and then a few weeks later on, "show up" the supposed impostors. This plan is on a par with the "ex-priest" method of attack upon Catholicity. We would advise those who delight in such subterfuges to beware how they play with double-edged tools. "Honesty is the best policy"—an adage that applies as truthfully in matters of religion as in the ordinary affairs of life.

## THE SHAMROCK.

Emblem of the Unity and Trinity: on the hill Tara St. Patrick explained to the first Irish converts how there could be Three Divine Persons in one God—the Shamrock was used as an illustration, hence it is the national leaf. That Shamrock is also emblematic of the Unity and Trinity of God's Church—Militant upon Earth, Suffering in Purgatory, Triumphant in Heaven, yet all one Church; again of the true Christian Spirit—Faith, Hope and Charity combined; also of Irish patriotism, consisting of devotion to God, Country and Race! It is no wonder that we are proud of that "little sprig of green," nor is it astonishing that the Irish exile should cling to a bunch of these elegant shrubs in the far off lands of his native land. Moore, in one of his gem-like sonnets presents us the Shamrock as the token of love, valor and wit; the three grand characteristics of the true Irishman. Clad in love of home, unflinching valor in the face of dangers, and genuine wit seem to be a combination peculiarly Celtic.

Oh! the Shamrock, the Shamrock!  
The green, the green, the Shamrock!  
A token of love and cheer,  
Oh! Erin's native Shamrock!

## IRISH CARICATURE.

No more fitting time than the present, and no more appropriate occasion than the issuing of our St. Patrick's Day number, to appeal to the national pride of Irishmen upon this continent, against that mockery of our race "the Irish Caricaturist." In this new world we are judged by our qualities of heart and mind, and our national characteristics, as exhibited in our daily lives. As to our ancestors, traditions and history, they are judged by what we represent them to be.

You might travel Ireland, from Lough Foyle to Tralee, from the Hill of Howth to the mouth of the Shannon, and we defy you to find, in any grade of Irish Society, an original for the "stage Irishman" of our day. We appeal, as strongly as our powers will permit, to the Irishmen in this country, in the name of all they hold most sacred, to frown down, now and forever, that libel upon the memories of our saints, heroes, orators and poets, that perpetuated insult to the feelings of all worthy sons of old Erin. Have we not something more elevating in our glorious past to unfold for the amusement and edification of the world? Let our Irish societies, in their entertainments, carefully avoid such features of the programme; let no Irishman ever countenance by his presence, or encourage by his applause those acted *fies*, those public mis-its; let us rather parade something *humane, real and elevating*—the history of our great ones, whose deeds in camp, court, cabinet, council and church, are carved upon the shaft of Ireland's Nationhood! The feeling that animated Prof. Ingram, "The feeling that animated that miserable spirit of low caricature, and awoken aspirations such as his, when slinging:

"Then, here's their memory—may it be  
For us a guiding light,  
To cheer our strife for liberty,  
And teach us to unite."

## Acknowledgments.

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O for the gift to rise in full degree,  
Not like the showy fungus of a night,  
But fed with soft dews, a branching tree!  
Let others leap straight to the forest crown!  
Slow growth, cool sap, and temperate air for me.  
And strength to stand when all the woods are down.  
—Edmund Gosse.

Baltimore compels all plumbers to be licensed.

Great Britain has 202,300 acres of orchards.

Great Britain has 180,000 landlords.