

The True Witness

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THE WILL.—Matter intended for
publication should reach us NOT
later than 5 o'clock Wednesday after-
noon.

Correspondence intended for publica-
tion must have name of writer enclosed,
not necessarily for publication but as a
mark of good faith, otherwise it will not
be published.

ITEMS OF LOCAL INTEREST : LOCAL
CITY.

**IN vain will you build churches—
give missions, found schools—
all your works, all your efforts will
be destroyed if you are not able to
wield the defensive and offensive
weapon of a loyal and sincere Cath-
olic press.**

—Pope Pius X.

Episcopal Approbation.

If the English Speaking Catholics of
Montreal and of this Province consulted
their best interests, they would soon
make of the TRUE WITNESS one
of the most prosperous and powerful
Catholic papers in this country.

I heartily bless those who encourage
this excellent work.

PAUL,
Archbishop of Montreal.

THURSDAY, MARCH 10, 1910.

OUR FELICITATIONS.

We heartily felicitate those Catho-
lics ladies of Montreal who are wil-
ling to help along the work of the
Eucharistic Congress in the matter
of contributing to the work of fur-
nishing God's altars. It is typical
of Catholic women, the world over,
Catholic womanhood's claims to
honor, respect, and admiration have
been shown and vindicated through-
out the life-epochs of God's Church.
We are thoroughly proud of our Cath-
olic women of Montreal.

THAT PROTEST AGAIN.

The protest made by the Presby-
terian ministers against the advan-
cibility of a grant, on the part of the
city, towards the Eucharistic fund,
though it appears to be plausible,
is naught else but the plea of ig-
norant bigotry, or of bigoted igno-
rance. Again we repeat what we say
in another article that Catholics are
not asking for money without being
ready to pay back interest at a
thousand per cent. Let us ask some
questions:

Will not the grocers, butchers, etc.,
etc., make enormous gains thanks to
the Congress? They are taxpayers.

Will not the railway companies
heap up goodly piles of money? They
are taxpayers.

What about the Montreal Street
Railway? They are taxpayers.

What about the steamship com-
panies? They are taxpayers.

What about the proprietors and
managers of hotels and boarding-
houses? They are taxpayers.

What about a week of plenty for the
cabmen! They are taxpayers.

Stationers, dry goods merchants,
livery stables, automobile garages,
etc.? Taxpayers.

What of the Catholic seven-eighths
of our population? Taxpayers.

What about the thousands who
shall find extra work with extra
wages! Taxpayers.

Protestant merchants will benefit
as fully as their Catholic friends; in
some cases, a thousand times more,
Taxpayers.

What about the advertisement our
city shall receive all over the world,
through the visit of distinguished
men from every country? We are
all taxpayers.

Do the ministers think this "Con-
gress is not going to give us twenty
hundred times the gains and influ-
ence a Presbyterian Synod can? They
are taxpayers. They ought to be
glad Catholics are filling the
purses of all.

Artists, photographers, confection-
ers, fruit merchants, etc., are all
taxpayers.

Our humble citizens are going,

with an equal chance to all, to see
some of the world's greatest men.
They are tax-payers.

This Congress will do Montreal an
enormous amount of good. We are
all taxpayers.

The Congress will reduce railway
and steamboat rates for every tax-
payer, independent of creed or blood.

Is not bigotry, cheap, jealous bi-
gotry, at the bottom of the pro-
testers' virtue?

Why refuse the Congress a grant
that is made to other organizations
that do not give us one-hundredth
part of the gain?

What is the Church going to make
as far as money is concerned? Let
the bigots tell us that, will they!

Why do they upbraid a Catholic
city with unjust expenditure when
they enjoy all the educational rights
they deny Catholics in the other
Provinces?

Let them state their reasons fully
explained for objecting, will they?

Let them answer this paper. Can
not they give answer?

What has Presbyterianism ever
done for this city? Did it ever give
us a dollar?

Will they explain Ontario's grant
to their own Church, and Toronto's
munificence in favor of Presbyterian-
ism?

They had to protest! Presbyterian-
ism had to exhibit its innate mean-
ness, even in the heart of a great
Catholic community. The devil must
rejoice to think that the Holy Eu-
charist is being opposed in one quar-
ter at any rate.

A POEM WE LIKE.

Miss Lottie M. Morgan's exquisite
poem "Cratloe Woods" appears in
another part of our paper. Miss
Morgan evidently knows that such
things, as rhythmic flow, verse-
structure, and stanza-scheme are re-
alities in the domain of poetry and
poetry. We had read other poems
from her bright and winning pen, and
so we knew, as soon as we saw
the signature, that a treat awaited
us in the matter over it. We are
proud of the fact that such a writer
of truly beautiful verses, as is Miss
Morgan, should be willing to favor
us with choice gifts from her pen.
We abhor doggerel, but we dearly
love a poem.

BISHOP EMARD'S PASTORAL.

Bishop Emard, of Valleyfield dioc-
ese, has sent the clergy and faithful
under his distinguished care and
guidance, a remarkable Lenten pas-
toral letter. His Lordship is a ver-
y scholarly prelate, a worker with
all the perseverance of a German
student of history. His pastoral is
a mine of the richest lore, and we
should reproach ourselves with in-
difference towards the winning things
of God, did we refuse to herald his
message, at least, as far and as
wide as our paper's worth and in-
fluence may reach. So rich is it in
historical lore concerning devotion to
the Most Blessed Sacrament that we
are going to give our readers the
chance of reading a translation of it.

Bishop Emard has sent out this
glowing pastoral of his, in view of
the Coming Eucharistic Congress. It
is not a passing message, but, on the
contrary, it will add to our common
Canadian Catholic annals many val-
uable pages, which scholars will cher-
ish with as much delight as will the
general body of the faithful.

We have ourselves translated the
letter, after having received due
leave. We are only sorry that our
translation has been done rather
hastily, our other work of a thou-
sand kinds clamoring for our weak
but willing efforts. Our particular
aim in this instance, is to interest
our readers all the more in the
work of the Eucharistic Congress, in
accordance with the desire of His
Grace the Archbishop. Let us hope
then, that the fervent and brilliant
pages of His Lordship of Valleyfield
shall awaken more intense interest
in the success of the Congress, and
cause us all to love the adorable
God of the Tabernacle with renewed
fervor and undying attachment.

We Canadian Catholics, whether of
this or of that descent, should thank
God for the telling pastorals our
bishops have been sending us. Truly
we are a promising part of
Christ's Vineyard. May one grand
outcome of the Congress be the union
of all hearts under one God!
Let us lay aside national pettiness
and prejudices! Let us have a
place in our hearts for the men of
all flags! We cannot afford to
waste our strength, while the forces
of Hell are arrayed against us. Let
us agree to disagree where we can-
not agree; but let us unite with
the strength of the valiant
against the powers of darkness and
the spirits that rule the shades.

THE LAITY OF OUR PRESS.

What though on hamely fare we
dine,

Wear hoddin gray, and a' that;
Gie fools their silks, and knaves
their wine,

A man's a man for a' that,
For a' that, and a' that;
Their tinsel show, and a' that;
The honest man, though e'er sae
poor,

Is king o' men for a' that! "

The lines of course, are from the
Highlanders' champion saint and
bard some of whose verses we cherish
as fondly as he himself did the "Lo-
gan Braes".

"The honest man, though e'er sae
poor,

Is king o' men for a' that! "

If ever there were truly kings
amongst men, we think the lay Cath-
olic editors have a claim to roy-
alty with the best of them. What
noble souls, what gallant hearts, the
souls and hearts of those men and
women of the world who, in all the
countries, are wielding the pen of
the strong in defence of Holy
Church! In spite of their talent,
and notwithstanding a hundred av-
enues to fame and wealth, those bril-
liant lay editors of ours are willing
to prefer the consolation of good
service done to the solace of the
money-bags of a thousand misers.

The fact that they are not too prone
to be overwhelmingly dogmatic in
their rulings and findings is one of
their claims to immortality.

It is, indeed, a happy and whole-
some thought to think that, in the
midst of a greedy world there are
scholars willing to be poor for the
sake of the good fight. If we were
millionaires we should pay each one
of those lay apostles of the press as
high an annuity as we could possibly
afford. Patrick Ford, Phillips,
O'Shea, Duggan, Preuss, O'Malley,
Desmond, O'Hagan, McCarthy, Coffey,
J. K. Foran, Campbell, Cronin,
O'Brien, Daly, Wall, Hackett, Hal-
tigan, Meahan, McGuire, McBride,
Murphy, Egan, Brendan Ford, with
Tardivel, Hérroux, Bégin, Dorion,
Pelletier, Laflamme, Denault, Cha-
pais, Roy, among the French—these
are a few of the names of the men
near at hand. We do not give them
in order of merit, for we want to
make no trouble over our dutiful
compliment to real worth and prin-
ciple. We have forgotten some
names; but, in all honesty, we
mean no slight. For the valiant de-
fenders, those other words of Burns.

"I whiles claw the elbow o' trouble-
some thought;
But man is a sodger, and life is a
faught;
My mirth and good-humor are coin
in my pouch,
And my freedom's my lairdship nae
monarch dare touch! "

A thousand blessings, then, on the
valiant laymen and the thorough-
going women of the Catholic press!

THE DELLA-CRUSCANS.

(Answer to a Correspondent.)

There is a little knot of writers,
who won notoriety at the close of
the eighteenth century. They now—
to speak paradoxically—survive chief-
ly by their demolition, at the hands
of Gifford, in the "Baviad", 1794,
and the "Maeviad", 1795. Some ten
years previous to the last-named
date, certain scribbling English re-
sidents in Florence had formed them-
selves into a Mutual Admiration So-
ciety; and, growing elated with
each other's praises, first published
a miscellany in Italy, and after-
wards began to report their produc-
tions for home consumption.

Their odes, sonnets, elegies were
heralded by the editors of the World
and the Oracle, in forewords and
prefaces both magniloquent and mur-
derous; and their affected obscuri-
ties speedily found admirers and im-
itators among the favored whose
ears were as delicate and as long as
their own.

The leading writer in the Floren-
tine Miscellany was one Robert Mer-
ry (1755-1798), who was a mem-
ber of an Italian Academy "Della
Crusca" for the enhancement of
style and the scrubbing of language.

Merry adopted the name as his pseu-
donym, or warbonnet, and it speedily
became the generic term for the
washy-wordy sentimentality, which,
for a while, in the hands of "Lau-
ra Marais," "Anna Matildas,"—of
"Orlandos" and "Edwines," grew to
be the popular fashion of poetry, to
the effacement of such second-rate
writers, as Pope, Milton, and Shake-
speare. From one end of the king-
dom to the other, all was nonsense,
Della Crusca, and herrings.

To William Gifford (1756-1862)—
may his shadow never have to hide
any more lanterns!—belongs the cred-
it of having given the rights of the
returnless traveler beyond the bor-
ne, to this contemptible style, in
the two satires mentioned above.

After their appearance, the Della
Cruscans retired to their native
field, and, perhaps, but little service

is now rendered by recalling from
Gifford's justificatory notes (sixth
edition, 1800) the names of these
once famous mediocrities.

For a fair idea of their manner,
the reader is referred to an excellent
parody in the "Register Addressee"
of a performance by Mrs. Cowley,
who, under the signature of "Anna
Matilda"—not "Maria Katt"—was
one of the most illustrious of the co-
teries. In default of this, the follow-
ing bona-fide Della-Cruscan verses
will perhaps suffice:

"Gently" o'er the rising "billows"
"Softly" steals the bird of night,
"Rustling" thro' the "bending wil-
lows"

"Fluttering" pinions "mark" the
flight.

The quotation marks are sugges-
tions from Gifford. That is one
stanza, one log-cabin in the dell;
here is another:

"Whither now in 'silence bending,'
Ruthless winds 'deny thee rest';
Chilling 'night-dews' fast descend-
ing
"Glisten" on thy downy breast."

And there you have the tenderest
scrawl ever written, if we except
Emma Jackson's letter to her lover,
Rastus Johnsing, which introduced
a bill for washing three years and
a month old. The horrible stanzas
above are part of a ballad described
by a contemporary critic as "very
mellifluous; easy, artless, and unaf-
fected."

Following are a few lines on
"M— Cemetery". The author is a
modern newspaper genius. Our
readers will relish the gentle flutter-
ings here and there:

Ah, spot so solemn to the heart,
So still and lonely e'en the breeze
Seems but to make emotion start,
As muffled-like it onward flees.

The withered look which Autumn
gave,
The naked trees of leaves bereft,
The river calm and free from wave,
Seem but to speak of death and
rest.

Beneath this hollowed lot of ground
Lie some more than a century
dead,
Some names cannot be easily found
Upon the stones which mark their
heads.

Here's represented youth and age.
The young and old are 'neath the
sod;
From infancy to life's last stage
Man's governed by the laws of
God.

What solemn thoughts and of such
truth
Come flowing like the wind, as
free;
Each one, though in the days of
youth,
The plan of life can plainly see.

The tide flows in, and out and on,
Each time is but another less;
The day dawns bright but soon is
gone,
The moments and the hours pass.

Life at its longest is not long,
Its years and seasons past us
glide,
To-day we're in its glowing dawn,
But swiftly 'comes its eventide.

Then comes the time when day is
o'er,
Life's last faint ray fades in the
west
The soul must live on ever more,
But 'neath the sod the form shall
rest.

And to think that the masters of
the valentine will amiably declare
that their field is unexplored. It is
no wonder that many of us pray
that no obituary poetry will later
disturb us in our grave. Mutual Ad-
miration Societies among the poet-
asters should confine themselves to
the pasture.

BRAVO!

It did our heart good to see all
our societies united, through their
representatives, to protest against
the desecration of a spot that is sac-
red to the Irish of America in a
very particular way. We are not in
favor of narrow-minded nationalism,
but if we can only unite on all occa-
sions, and remain so throughout the
year, we shall then be fully able to
do good and lasting work. Let our
societies take joint action against
the Protestant Alliance leaflets, and
have Chiniquy's books placed under
the ban. The duty of safeguarding
the interests of our holy religion is
even far more important than our
national struggles and the sacred de-
fence of our dead.

To revert to the particular issue
now at stake, let us say that the
Grand Trunk Railway must not
get control of that hallowed spot of
Canadian land at the foot of St.
Etienne street, Point St. Charles.
We are not going to surrender what
is sacred to us all, in order to calm

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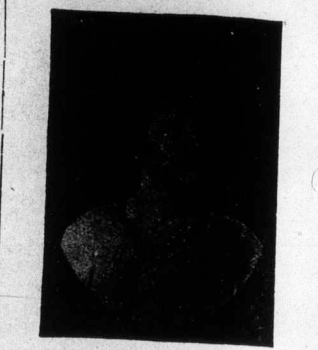
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ny of Padua, Madonna di San Sisto, St. Cecilia,
Head of Christ at Twelve Years, Madonna Per-
turri, Madonna Sicché.

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13 West Notre Dame St., Montreal.

know that Montreal is, seven-
eighths Catholic! Do they not
know that, as hundreds of thousands
of people will visit Montreal during
the week of its glorious Eucharistic
pageantry, the grant we Catholics
ask the city, is not even the one-
hundredth part of what the city
shall gain? Whatever Montreal
will sacrifice she will receive inter-
est a thousandfold in this case.

Is Montreal a two-penny shire-
town? Are men, leading men, from
all the countries in the world, to
be given the idea that we cannot
spend a few dollars to welcome
them? If Presbyterianism is unable
to gather the best men of one hun-
dred different national standards
under its folds and banners, is that
why Catholicism should be regarded
as bound by the shackles that must
necessarily control a narrow little
sect? When has Montreal refused to
be just and loyal to all men? Why
should the ministers exclaim with
the Iscariot, "Why this loss?" Is
it because religion is going to gain?
Are the deeds Our Saviour lauded
no longer suitable? Oh! no; at the
bottom of it all lies bigotry, lies
jealousy, lies the spirit of the one
angered at Magdalen's munificence.

Dr. Maurice Francis Egan has been
extensively entertained since his re-
turn to Washington from Copenha-
gen. His welcome has been exceed-
ingly cordial, as this is his first
visit to America, since he left the
Catholic University to become United
States Minister to Denmark. Of
all the festivities in his honor, none,
perhaps, gave him greater pleasure,
than the luncheon at the Dominican
House of Studies, which enabled him
to renew his friendship with the
scholarships who had attended his
lectures, when he was professor of
English literature at the University.
Dr. Egan has been forced to decline
all invitations to lecture, owing to
a throat affection.

One of the finest College museums
in existence is that of the College
of St. Laurent, in our own arch-
diocese. The museum itself is a
splendid octagonal-shaped, fire-proof
building, and the collections are
worth thousands. Especially is this
true of the numismatic and orni-
thological treasures. The College, as
we know, is directed by the zealous
Congregation of the Holy Cross. The
museum is the result of one man's
work, the late Very Rev. Dr. Jo-
seph Carrier, O.S.C., one of the
most learned priests Canada has ever
had. Though born in France, Fa-
ther Carrier was a thorough-going
American citizen, having served as a
chaplain for the North, during the
Civil War.

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