

SEPT. 26, 1903.  
City Directory.



# The True



# Witness

Vol. LIII, No. 13

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1903.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.  
IS PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY THE TRUE WITNESS P. & C. CO., Limited,  
2 Buxby Street, Montreal, Canada. P. O. Box 1138.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE—City of Montreal (delivered), \$1.50; other parts of Canada, \$1.00; United States, \$1.00; Newfoundland, \$1.00; Great Britain, Ireland and France, \$1.80; Belgium, Italy, Germany and Australia, \$2.00. Terms, payable in advance.  
All Communications should be addressed to the Managing Director, "True Witness," P. & C. Co., Limited, P. O. Box 1138.

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.

## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

### THE ANTI-CATHOLIC PRESS.

It would not be difficult for any one endowed with an elastic imagination, and an equally elastic conscience, to build up a sensational romance upon the flimsy groundwork of the slightest hint at mystery. There are certain organs, especially those of a religious character, of a pronouncedly anti-Catholic religious stripe, that appear to be able to out-do the wildest flights of the novelists' fancy, when they can secure "a peg to hang a story on"—provided the story is injurious to the Church of Rome. We often think it a pity that these gifted people—gifted in that particular line—should not have devoted their talents to some better cause. But since they have drifted into a wrong and thankless channel we have only to take them as they are and to deal with them accordingly. There is a part nameake of our own and a full nameake of our Montreal contemporary that is published in New York; it bears the name of the "Weekly Witness," equally as religious, and not a whit less anti-Catholic. The only difference is that the New York organ is completely and entirely regardless of truth on all matters concerning Catholicity, while our city contemporary only takes periodical fits of the mania, and is generally more considerate and evidently seeks to be more just. The New York organ is not satisfied with inventing, out of its own sufficiently fertile imagination, absurd stories about the Popes, the Papacy, and all that connects with Catholic Rome, but it enjoys beyond measure reproducing the efforts of kindred organs in the same direction. In its second last issue it poaches upon the preserves of the "London Tatler," a publication whose title well suits its character. This time it is a romance about Pope Pius IX., that the "Tatler" has given to its admirers, and that the "Weekly Witness" has been glad to circulate. The story as told contains the assurance that it "has quite a flavor of Dumas about it." So it has, and a touch of Balzac, and a savor of Sue, and a tinge of the "Father of all Lies." It would not be a capital romance if it had not the Jesuit binding the late Pontiff down and peremptorily sending him wherever the superior desired. That adds to the perfection of the Romance; that gives it Dumas-like coloring. We will reproduce it as a sample of this class of literature; it is interesting, if not edifying, amusing, if not instructive; it runs thus:—

"As a rule the secrets of the Vatican are well kept and most of the stories that are told apropos of the new Pope must be taken with a grain of salt. Now and again, however, something of the romance of the Papacy really leaks out, though not through the cardinals.  
"There was, for example, the strange case of Pope Pius IX., pretty well known a generation ago, but now almost forgotten. In his younger days, when he was Count Mastai Ferrati and a layman he met and fell in love with Miss Foster, daughter of the Irish Protestant bishop of Kilmore, who was living in Italy with her sister, Mme. De Salis. Miss Foster favored the young count, but Mme. De Salis drove the lover away. Afterward she relented, the count returned and the wedding day was fixed. On the appointed day the bride and her friends were at the Church, but no bridegroom appeared and Count Mastai Ferrati was never seen again.  
"Years afterward Miss Foster went to see Pope Pius IX. and was astonished to recognize in the Pontiff her old flame the count.  
"Mme. De Salis had made an un-

happy marriage with an Italian, and her parents, fearing a similar fate for the younger daughter, made her promise to guard Miss Foster against a union with a foreigner, hence her interference to separate the lovers; it was only when her sister pinned away that Mme. De Salis relented.  
"The disappearance of the count has quite a flavor of Dumas about it. Unknown to his fiancée he was bound to the Jesuits, and his superiors in the order peremptorily sent him away on a mission to prevent his marriage with an Englishwoman and a Protestant. Letters were intercepted and he was led to believe she had married another, so he took orders and rapidly rose to be bishop, then Cardinal and eventually Pope. Then in the height of his grandeur he was brought for a moment face to face with the woman he had loved and lost. Nothing more dramatic has ever been staged."

This story is sufficient, in itself, without comment or contradiction, to show the kind of weapons used by these people and the character of the journalism that makes use of the same. Let us suppose, for a moment, that there were a foundation of truth in this romance; we do not see in what way it could ever reflect either upon the Church or upon the life of the late Pope—in an adverse manner. Suppose it were true that the young count, in his youth had met with and had fallen in love with an honorable and noble young lady, and that, for the very good reason of the dangers of mixed marriages, dangers that will always exist and that will always menace the happiness of homes, the separation of the lovers was brought about by friends, "even then there would be nothing wrong, nothing of which to be ashamed, and the future Pope would have simply passed through an experience in youth similar to that of thousands of others, thousands of saintly and great apostles. Nor does the article dare hint at anything discreditable. The harm is not in the statements advanced, nor in the supposition of truth in the matter, but rather in the insinuating manner in which a romance, after the Dumas style, has been cut out of whole cloth and given to the world as something that has "leaked out" from the Vatican. If it were true, the Vatican would have nothing to do with it; for the events would have taken place before the Pontiff had even entered upon the study of theology, when he was yet a young man of the world, and the facts would have been known to the world, and the Vatican would have neither the power, nor the desire, nor a motive for hiding them. Hence we see that it is a pure fabrication.

A BROAD-MINDED MAN.—On the occasion of the death of the late Pope, Leo XIII., Bishop Thornton, Vicar of Blackburn, in England, had a flag at half-mast upon his Church. In that district, as in all others, there are narrow-minded and fearful, there are prejudiced people. They showed their feelings in a very emphatic manner, by going to the Bishop and protesting against this sign of respect for the memory of the dead Pontiff. And they advanced several reasons, amongst others, that he would not do the same for General Booth of the Salvation Army, were he to die. The reply that the Bishop gave is one that should go home to the heart of every thinking man and every feeling Christian. He said:—  
"You must remember that the Pope was the venerated representative of

the most numerous communion of Christians in the world, and its representative in a way that no individual is of Protestantism. Controversy is too much with us. It is sweet to have her harsh voice hushed a while beside a good man's grave." What answer could even the most fearful bigot make to the Bishop of a Protestant church who could speak in such a manner of the Pope of Rome? The great truths that he stated in those few lines become potent to all. The Pope is to the Catholic Church what no individual Protestant can ever be to Protestantism. Why? Simply because the Pope rules the entire Church, with its two hundred and fifty millions of faithful, while, at best, the highest Protestant dignitary but rules his own individual denomination, which is a mere fragment of Protestantism. Then that love of peace and harmony goes to the heart and makes us grateful to Bishop Thornton.

AN IRISH ASTRONOMER.—We have written a great deal about Irish poets, musicians, orators, statesmen, lawyers, artists, sculptors, and warriors, but it must not be forgotten that Ireland has also—and even in our own day—produced some of the greatest men of science in the world. In astronomy she has a grand example in Sir Robert Ball, who is now in his sixty-third year. He has been, for the past ten years, astronomical professor at Cambridge; but his heart has ever been in Ireland. His career as an astronomer dates back to 1865, when after leaving Trinity College, Dublin, he was placed in charge of the famous observatory established by the Earl of Ross, at Birr, in King's County, which at one time possessed the largest telescope in the world. Every one who has read of astronomy, or the history of that science, has been familiar with the wonders of Lord Ross' telescope. Sir Robert is a genuine Irish wit, and he is renowned for his happy and humorous comparisons between the celestial and the terrestrial. When the possibility of signalling to Mars was under discussion, he pointed out that if a flag the size of Ireland were waved from a pole to match, there would be "just the ghost of a chance that an astronomical Mars might perceive the ghost of a flutter upon the earth." It is well that, from time to time, the names and attainments of great Irishmen should be kept before the public eye, for we are in need of having due credit given us for all the good we possess, especially on account of the vast amount of misrepresentation with which we have to contend in the great struggle of existence.

## A WEEK'S ANNIVERSARIES

(By An Occasional Contributor.)

The days come and go, the weeks run into months, the months into years, and we are ever marching onward to the inevitable end. Yet each year, each month, each week, each day has its joys and its sorrows, its deeds of glory and its deeds of shame; and each has its memories and its commemorations that are interesting as belonging to the past, and equally instructive as concerns the future. It is a salutary practice to return over the field once traversed, if only with a glance, and it does good to recall the events of the days that are dead, for they serve as beacons for the days that are yet to be born. During the past week a month has ended and another has commenced; a milestone on the road of 1903 has been passed. Resting beside it for a moment, we will glance rapidly at the anniversaries that the week, now gone, brought us.  
Monday, 28th September, 490, B. C., was fought the famous battle of Marathon, one of the greatest and most momentous engagements in ancient history. The field of Marathon is to the lover of reminiscences of the pre-Christian era, what the field of Waterloo was to the tourist of the

last century. It was this old place that inspired Byron with that admirable outburst of poetic fervor, "The Isles of Greece," in which he sang:—  
"The mountains look on Marathon,  
Marathon looks on the sea;  
And pausing here alone I dreamt  
That Greece might yet be free;  
For standing on the Persian's grave,  
I could not deem myself a slave."

It was on the same day of the month in 1566, that Father Martinez, the first Jesuit in the New World, was martyred. And what cries have been raised by bigotry against those very Jesuits whose blood fertilized the soil whence sprang the fruits of the civilization that we enjoy to-day. On the 28th September, 1652—two hundred and fifty-one years ago, Cromwell's conquest of Ireland ended and his blood-stained passage over the Island closed for all time—but not without leaving its sad effects behind. On the same date, 1742, Jean Baptiste Massillon, the famed French preacher, died. It was he who immortalized himself with that ever memorable sermon on the "Small number of the Elect," preached in the presence of Royalty, of the court; and of thousands in Notre Dame, the effects of which were so tremendous that the listeners imagined they saw Christ appear on the clouds, coming for the Last Judgment, and when the preacher ordered the few just to separate from the unjust, there was a tremor of fear in the congregation, and not one dared stir, not one dared pretend to be of the just. When none moved, he pronounced the fearful condemnation on the reprobate. It is said that the effects of Massillon's eloquence was such that he had to be reprimanded by his superiors for the exaggerated fear of hell that he caused in the hearts of the people. On the same date, 1876, the famous centennial exhibition, the first of kind was held in Philadelphia, when Pennsylvania day was celebrated. Since then World's Fairs have become common in the various great cities of the two hemispheres.

Wednesday, 29th September, was the anniversary of the death, by assassination of the great Roman General Pompey, known as Pompey the Great, which event took place in the year 48, B. C. On the same date, in 1581, Donagh O'Brien, Prince of Thomond, was hanged at Limerick. The 29th September, 1720, was famed as the day on which took place the bursting of the "South Sea Bubble," one of the most gigantic swindles known to history, and in the wake of which came ruin to tens of thousands. On the 29th September, 1778, Mary Catherine McAuley, foundress of the Order of Mercy, was born in Dublin. (And here we might add by way of news, that on Saturday, the 5th September, 1903, died, at 50 Crispin street, Spitalfields, London, Mother Mary Joseph Alleceire, the foundress and first superior of the Convent of Mercy in that city. She was the first religious to establish such an institution in London, since the Reformation. For forty-seven years she held the post of superior.) On the 29th September, 1887, the once world renowned singer Jenny Lind, died—one of the best and most charitable women that ever entertained the public and made use of a God-given voice to benefit humanity.

The 30th September, on Wednesday of this week, recalls the memorable commencement of the war of the Roses, in 1399, when the Houses of York and Lancaster contended for the crown of England—the White Rose and the Red Rose being the respective emblems of the two Houses. It is also the anniversary of the death, in 1876, of the notorious Judge Keough; he of what was called "The Pope's Brass Band;" the most treacherous enemy that Ireland had in the middle of the nineteenth century. This now closes the anniversaries for the month of September. It is, of course, clear that we can only pick out a few, here and there in history, and scattered over a vast field from before the Christian era down to the last century; so it can be well imagined what thousands remain that we cannot call, find, or have space to mention.

Thursday, 1st October, was the anniversary of the great defeat of the

Saracens, at Chalons—the battle that saved Christian Europe from becoming the prey of the Muselman. On the same date, in 1649, the siege of Wexford began; the terrible siege that ended in the memorable scenes around the Cross in the market place of that city. On the same date, 1674, the Episcopal See of Quebec was founded. It was in 1608 that Samuel de Champlain laid the foundations Quebec, destined to become the most historic spot in North American history. For the first three quarters of the seventeenth century the missionaries went abroad over the deserts and through the forests of the New World, civilizing, Christianizing, and sometimes paying with their lives for their devotion to Christ and to their mission. It was only in 1674 that the country was sufficiently populated for the founding of the oldest and most glorious Episcopal See in Canada. Also on the 1st October, 1843, the great "Monster Repeal Meeting" was held by O'Connell at Mullaghmast. It was a most historic spot, for it was there that Sydney had betrayed the Irish chiefs of old and had murdered them at a banquet given to them under the guise of friendship. It was that scene that suggested to Williams the terrible lines:—  
"O'er the Rath of Mullaghmast,  
On the solemn midnight blast,  
What bleeding spectres passed,  
With their gashed breasts bare?  
Hast thou heard the fitful wail  
That o'erloads the sullen gale,  
When the waning moon shines pale  
O'er the curst ground there?  
"Hark! hollow moans arise  
Thro' the dark tempestuous skies,  
And curses, strife, and cries,  
From the love Rath swell,  
For bloody Sydney there  
Nightly fills the lurid air,  
With th' unholy pomp and glare  
Of the foul, deep hell!"  
And after his awful picture of the scene of the banquet and the murders, the poet cries out:—  
"Since that hour the clouds that  
Passed  
O'er the Rath of Mullaghmast  
One tear have never cast  
On the gore-dyed sod;  
For the shower of crimson rain,  
That o'erflowed that fatal plain,  
Cries aloud, and not in vain,  
To the most high God."

It is well that these events only live in song and that even their anniversaries are forgotten, for another and a grander civilization has come into the world that makes their repetition an impossibility.

The second of October, yesterday, was the anniversary of the death of the great Greek philosopher, Aristotle, which event took place in the year 332, B. C. On the same day, in 1625, the renowned Jean Baptiste Talon, the famed and honored Intendant, of Canada, was born. We may here add that Hon. Mr. Chapais of Quebec, who wields the most elegant prose pen in French-Canadian literature to-day, is just putting the finishing touches upon the life and times of Talon—a work that will certainly create an epoch in the historic literature of this country. On the 2nd October, 1759, Schiller, the great German poet, was born, and possibly he did more than any other man, not excepting Goethe, to raise German literature, of the classic character, to the highest pitch of excellence. The same day commemorates the hanging of Andre the spy, in 1780. In 1845, on the 2nd October, the great clock at Strasbourg commenced to run, and was one of the wonders of the world. On the 2nd October, 1833, the first railroad in the United States was completed. Imagine the change in railroading during the seventy years that have since then elapsed.

SWINDLERS.  
A Catholic American exchange sound this note of warning:—  
"Numbers of swindlers are around trying to collect money for some alleged charitable purpose. They often get it, too, and mostly from those who never have anything for their own parish needs."

## LOCAL NOTES.

REV. FATHER McDERMOTT.—This zealous and kindly priest, so well known in our Irish parishes, is reported dangerously ill at the Hotel Dieu. This sad news comes to us just as we are going to press.

VILLA MARIA RETREAT.—Rev. Dr. Gerald McShane preached a retreat at the "Villa" to the English-speaking pupils this week.

ST. LAURENT COLLEGE.—Rev. Thomas F. Heffernan, St. Anthony's, this city, was the preacher at a retreat for the students of "St. Laurent," which closed yesterday.

CONDOLENCE.—At the last regular meeting of Div. No. 5, A.O.H., a resolution of condolence was passed and ordered to be sent to Bro. M. Duffy, whose esteemed father died recently.

MR. QUINN'S ILLNESS.—Mr. M. J. F. Quinn, advocate, who was reported to be seriously ill during the first days of this week, has shown signs of improvement in his condition.

ST. PATRICK'S CHOIR.—The new tenor, Mr. Lamoureux, whose recent engagement by St. Patrick's choir has already been announced in these columns, will sing at the Children's Mass and at High Mass tomorrow.

BANQUET FOR SHAMROCKS.—This week the esteemed pastor of St. Gabriel's, Rev. William O'Meara and the ladies of the parish, decided to tender the Shamrock champions a banquet during the month of November. Eight members of the victorious team belong to St. Gabriel's, and the parishioners intend to tender the "boys in green" a tribute worthy of their great achievements in the field. Committees have been appointed to make all the arrangements for the function. Old St. Gabriel's deserves much credit for their timely recognition of the Shamrocks who are a credit to our race in Canada.

CHILDREN'S MASS.—The 9 o'clock Mass, on Sundays, for the boys and girls of St. Patrick's parish is well attended. On Sunday last Rev. Dr. Luke Callaghan was the celebrant, and Rev. Peter Heffernan delivered a touching instruction. The musical portion of the service was most impressive. Mrs. M. A. Gibson sang Nodermeier's "Pater Noster" with much taste, while Master Michael Delehanty rendered a sacred song, "Face to Face," with much expression. In the body of the Church the boys under the direction of one of the Christian Brothers, sang "Mother Dearest Mother Fair," in a creditable manner. Prof. J. A. Fowler presided at the organ.

ST. PATRICK'S T. A. AND B. SOCIETY.—The regular weekly euchre was held Tuesday last in St. Patrick's Hall, and was very largely attended. The game started at 8.30 p.m. sharp, and was in progress till 10.30 p.m., during which time seven games were played.

Mr. Jas. J. Costigan won the first prize, and Mr. P. Kelly the second prize. An enjoyable evening was spent.

As has been previously stated the above society has opened a series of free euchres to gentlemen only. These euchres are to be held on each Tuesday. A considerable number are taking advantage of the opportunity afforded them by the society. The executive feel still that they could entertain as many more and they again extend hearty invitation to all.