

The True Witness

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WEDNESDAY, MARCH 4, 1896

A GRAVE MISTAKE.

Our contemporaries, whose recent editorials would lead the unsuspecting to believe, that while the Catholic hierarchy and clergy want remedial legislation, in the great body of the Catholic laity is not favorable to a measure of justice in favor of the minority in Manitoba, are simply laboring under a grave mistake. We do not wish to characterize their expressions by any harsh terms. But the sooner they awaken from their error the better. It is very evident that interested parties are anxious to organize a sentiment against the clergy and bishops of the Catholic Church in Canada. The truth is, that the laymen, inside the Catholic fold, are just as anxious as are their spiritual advisors to see justice done in this matter. Last week we published a series of resolutions passed by the Montreal Branch of the Catholic Truth Society, and we are confident that the spirit of those resolutions animates every lay Catholic of sincere and honest principles.

In regard to this question, we might here drop a suggestion—one which we would gladly have taken up and acted upon. We think that the various Catholic societies, composed of young or old men, should give public expression to their views upon the subject. It would be easy for the secretary of each society to summon a special meeting and to have properly and strongly worded resolutions adopted. Take, for example, the various Young Men's Societies in the parishes, the Temperance Associations, the Branches of the C.M.B.A., the Corps of the C.O.F., and the Irish and French National Societies. A general and unanimous expression—something on the lines of the Catholic Truth Society Resolutions—coming from these various organizations, would go a long way to dispel the ideas that have gone abroad through the instrumentality of non-Catholic organs.

As a rule, the Catholic Church and Catholics are misunderstood, or misrepresented. There is a unity of sentiment between the lay and clerical elements of our Church which those outside its limits cannot understand. There are to be found individual Catholics who make their religion subservient to their politics; but they are only Catholic in name. Every properly instructed Catholic knows that his faith must go before his politics and the things of eternity must bend before the things of time. He must gauge his political principles by the standard of his religion, and not his religion by that of his political prejudices. Above all, when the question at issue touches the two domains—religion and politics—it is patent that the influence of the former must predominate. If ever a public question belonged to the religious sphere, it is surely this one of education. The faith of a youth depends so much upon his early training and the educational atmosphere which he breathes, that the Church would be wanting in her duty—and that she never can be—were she to neglect the protection of those souls confided, by Providence, to her care. And when the Church deems it just that her children should be saved from danger to their faith, the Catholic laity is to be found in harmony with the Church.

The lecture system is perhaps the most profitable way of enjoying those evenings of reunion, during the winter months, for the societies of young men. St. Ann's Young Men's Society had quite a wholesome series of lectures during the past season, and the result has proved beneficial in many ways. It is evident that the young men fully appreciate the value of those lectures and the

amount of instruction as well as information derived from them. As a proof of this sentiment we find, after the last of the series given, the honorary membership of the Association conferred on our eloquent and popular fellow-citizen Mr. M. J. F. Quinn, Q.C. Mr. Quinn deserves well of the young men of Montreal, and the pertinent advice which his able speeches contain indicate at once the serious study and the earnest purpose of the young barrister.

A GREAT WARRIOR.

Major Stewart Mulvey, ex-Grand Master of the Orange Order in Manitoba, is a legislator and a warrior—according to his recent speech in the Legislature of that Province. Had he lived about two centuries and a half ago, he would have been a man after Oliver Cromwell's own heart. Their methods of "colonizing ignorance and disorder" would be somewhat similar. The gallant Major has had the unenviable privilege of delivering the first incendiary speech on the burning question of the schools. Some press correspondents tried to make a point by showing that Major Mulvey was a kind of perpetual Conservative candidate and had always been a supporter of that party. We don't see how that justifies him in firing off his dangerous sky-rockets. Mr. Dalton McCarthy and Mr. O'Brien have ever been Conservatives and yet they allow their prejudices and bigotry to carry them into side-paths that lead to nowhere in the political domain. Diarmid McCarthy, Egan, O'Donnell, and Daniel O'Brige, King of the Road, were both Irishmen, and yet they did not prevent them from being hands, selling their country's liberty to Henry II, and placing themselves on record as the first Irish traitors to betray their own race. It matters not what a man calls himself, or what party he gives his interests—Conservative, Liberal, or anything else—their hands do not make the monkey. It is a little consequence, whether the warrior-law maker of Manitoba styles himself Conservative or Liberal, neither party can ever gain anything by having such opponents; their unbridled prejudice is better calculated to ruin a party than to secure any tangible success.

Major Stewart Mulvey stated that "he had taken up his gun four times to suppress domestic troubles, and he was prepared to take it up a fifth time in the interests of the liberties of Manitoba." He does not tell us what he did with the gun after he had taken it up; nor does he define succinctly the "troubles" that he wished to suppress. He calls them "domestic troubles," possibly that has been the Major's way of keeping order in a household; others use broom-sticks and poker. If he meant Manitoba troubles by the word "domestic," and not private family jars, he would not have added that on the fifth occasion he would take up his following piece in the interests of the liberties of that Province. Possibly the burned and war-like gentleman has not known the exact meaning of the English he uses; if so, we are glad that the separate schools are not responsible for his barbaric style.

This great orator also informed the Legislature that "the Dominion Government is the slave of the Catholic Church, and Manitoba is in a worse state, being the slave of a slave." This is another fine specimen of the English that comes out of the public, or nation, or state schools—at all events that did not come out of the Catholic separate schools. An ordinary person requires to pause and examine carefully this sentence before being able to thoroughly grasp its meaning. If the Dominion Government is the slave of the Catholic Church, and Manitoba is the slave of the Dominion Government, it logically follows that the slave of the slave must be doubly the slave of the master; but Manitoba has so far exhibited very little evidence of its serfdom as far as the Catholic Church is concerned. The Major talks nonsense, but it is of a dangerous kind and should not be countenanced.

ROBERT EMMET.

To-day, the fourth of March, in the faithful Irish hearts there are memories of the patriot martyr, Robert Emmet, awakened. This is the anniversary of his birth. In nearly every land, where the Celtic race is to be found, societies commemorate the event in a fervent manner. Particularly in the larger cities of the United States is Emmet's life and glorious death recalled by concerts, lectures, and a variety of entertainments. It being, however, so near the great Irish national celebration of St. Patrick's Day, the two are often blended in one.

Robert Emmet is one of the grandest figures in the tableau of modern history. Were his life, talents and deeds those of a man of any other land, his fame would have been re-echoed by the world as the years rolled away; as it is, he has the proud privilege of a more loving immortality in the minds of a people whose history has ever been blackened by untold sorrows and unnumbered injustices. So much has been written, and so eloquently, about Emmet, that, for our readers, we feel it almost sufficient

to mention his name in order to bring before them all that wonderful and thrilling story of his heroism and sacrifices for the cause of his country. One of the most touching facts in connection with the death of Emmet was the life, misery that fell, as a consequence, to the share of the famous John Philip Curran's daughter, whom he loved, who tenderly reciprocated, and to whom he was engaged to be married. Perhaps one of the finest passages in "Irving's Sketch Book" is that in which the famous author refers to Robert Emmet and his intended spouse. We will take advantage of this anniversary to reproduce Washington Irving's fine tribute.

"Everyone," he writes, "must recollect the tragical story of young Emmet, the Irish patriot; it was too touching to be soon forgotten. During the troubles in Ireland he was tried, condemned and executed on a charge of treason. His fate made a deep impression on public sympathy. He was so young—so intelligent—so brave—so everything that we are apt to like in a young man. His conduct under trial, too, was so lofty and intrepid. The noble indignation with which he repelled the charge of treason against his country—the eloquent vindication of his name—and his pathetic appeal to posterity, in the hopeless hour of condemnation—all these entered deeply into every generous bosom, and even his enemies lamented the stern policy that dictated his execution. But there was one heart whose anguish it would be impossible to describe. In happier days and fairer fortunes, he had won the affections of a beautiful and intriguing girl, the daughter of a celebrated Irish barrister. She loved him with the disinterested fervor of a woman's first and early love. When every worldly maxim arrayed itself against him, when blasted in fortune, and disgrace and danger darkened around his name, she loved him the more ardently, for his very sufferings. If then, his fate could awaken the sympathy even of his foes, what must have been the agony of her when—wounded and occupied by his image? Let those tell who have had the portals of the tomb suddenly closed between them and the being they most loved on earth—who have sat at its threshold, as one shut out in the cold and lonely world, from whence all that was most lovely and loving had departed."

It was in commemoration of this great sorrow of the one dearest to Emmet that Moore wrote the ballad commencing—  
She is far from the land where her postern hero sleeps,  
And lovers around her, sighing;  
But boldly she turns from their gaze, and weeps,  
For her heart is in his grave as he lies.

And truly did the bard sing in the third stanza of the melody—  
He had died for his love, for his country he died,  
They were all that to him had entwined him;  
Nor soon shall the tears of his country be dried,  
Nor long will his love stay behind him.

Moore was right; for the young lady died at an early age, and single-hearted, while the children of the Irish race never can, and never will, cease to lament the fate of Emmet and to glory in his heroic career. His tomb remains uninscribed—at his own request—until the cause of Ireland shall triumph and the hand of an independent small trace his name upon the marble. We hope and pray that the day is not distant when internal strife will so far vanish that the heart's desire of Robert Emmet may be realized. Surely this great anniversary should cause the leaders of Irish sentiment to seriously reflect, to join hands and to labor, in harmony, for the accomplishment of the glorious work that Emmet aided in commencing and for the accomplishment of which he was willing to give up his young life.

LADY SMITH DEAD.

From Toronto, on Monday, came the following announcement. Lady Smith, wife of Sir Frank Smith, died this afternoon, at the family residence, 102 Bloor street East, after an illness of a couple of weeks, which had been regarded as very seriously only since Saturday, when it took a most unfavorable turn. Shortly after noon today it became apparent that Lady Smith was fast sinking, and her immediate relatives were sent for and were present during her last moments. The deceased lady's maiden name was Mary Theresa O'Higgins. She was born in 1822 and married Sir Frank Smith in 1852. There are five children by the marriage. The deceased lady was a devout Catholic and prominent in charitable work in the city. As we are going to press we have but scant time to pay a fitting tribute to the memory of the departed lady, and to express our sincere and deep sympathy with her noble and now bereaved husband. Sir Frank Smith's sorrow is participated in by all true Canadians, and by none more keenly than his Irish Catholic co-religionists and fellow-countrymen. During forty-four years Lady Smith was the faithful and loving partner of all his joys and griefs; she was his stay in the hour of struggle and his consolation when prosperity deservedly came to him. She was a gifted, fond, hearty, high-souled person; a true mother and wife in the fullest meaning of the term, she walked the path of duty, shedding a most refining and inspiring

influence around her. In thus briefly—alas, too briefly—tendering Sir Frank Smith and his family the expression of our condolence, we join in a fervent prayer that he may be comforted and that her soul may rest in peace.

FATHER HOGAN DEAD.

"The faithful, the pious, the priest of the Lord: His pilgrimage over, he has his reward. By the bed of the sick lowly kneeling. To God with raised cross appealing: He seems still to kneel and he seems still to pray. And the sins of the dying seem passing away."

Thus did Davis, the Protestant patriot poet, sing the lament for Father Tyrill, the holy priest of Fingall; the words must find an echo in the hearts of thousands of faithful Catholics, and no place more than in St. Ann's parish, Montreal, when they learn of the death of that beloved pastor and whole-hearted friend—the late Rev. Father James Hogan. The news of the sad event was received last week and general sorrow was loudly expressed by all who had the good fortune of having come within the circle of that noble pastor's influence. Upper Grove, a small place some eighty-seven miles beyond Toronto, was the scene of Father Hogan's last moments on earth. He had almost reached the allotted span of life; and full of merits, after a lengthy and varied career in the ministry of our Holy Church, the "Sagarth Aroon" calmly went forth to his certain reward. It would be impossible to paint an adequate picture of that useful and devoted life. All we can do is to draw the larger outlines and leave to his countless friends to fill in the charming details—each according to his, or her, own experience of the departed priest.

Father Hogan was an Irishman. His name would suffice to indicate his nationality; but it gives no record, nor can it suggest to the mind any idea of the sterling patriotism and all-overcoming faith of the one who was Irish by birth, by education, in heart, mind and sentiment as well as in name. He was a native of the grand old county of Tipperary, and the spirit of his race, as well as that of his native county, might be traced in his heroic life. He was born in the town of Killaderman, in the diocese of Killaloe, on the second of July, 1828; consequently had he lived a few months longer he would have reached his sixty-eighth year. From an early period, even when a boy, his bright mind indicated a future man of striking ability, and his fond and devout disposition pointed to a religious vocation. After a brilliant course of studies he entered the Order of St. Sulpice, at Paris, on the fifteenth of September 1851. In the Sulpician Seminary of the French Capital he prosecuted his theological studies, and was there ordained priest on the seventeenth of May, 1856. At once his mission was marked out for him; he crossed the Atlantic and arrived in Montreal on the twenty-fourth of September of the same year. During his long residence in this city his work was almost exclusively confined to the Irish population. For some time he was connected with St. Patrick's Church; and in that grand central parish his name was hushed by the children and invoked by the aged. When the late Bishop O'Farrell, of Trenton, N. J., resigned the pastorate—as parish priest—of St. Ann's, and went to the field of his future labors and promotions, Father Hogan took charge of the flock thus left behind. In 1881 the Seminary gave up the parish of St. Ann's, as it did other new and out-laying parishes. Father Hogan had then to choose between leaving the Order, which was no longer connected with the parish, and leaving the parishioners whom he had served so long and who had become so attached to him, Father Hogan elected to remain with his people; and, as a consequence, he severed his connection with the Sulpician Order. This great sacrifice on his part was an additional source of mutual confidence and affection between pastor and flock.

However, Providence had marked out another field of labor for the good priest. It would be useless for us to attempt any description of the sentiments of bereavement and grief that took possession of the people of St. Ann's when it was learned that Father Hogan was positively to leave them. But the priest of God must be ever prepared to sacrifice personal desires at the shrine of holy obedience, and again was Father Hogan called upon to separate himself from those he loved. He went to New York, where he spent four years at the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Canada, seemed to have been his proper field of labor, for he returned, after that short space of time, and has since been performing his ministry in the diocese of Toronto. Father Hogan had been suffering for some time past from a complication of diseases, but he still stood to his post and continued to fulfil all the duties of his pastorate. Going out on a sick call he caught a severe cold and this was the beginning of the end. He was fully aware that his earthly pilgrimage was drawing to a close; so he was not taken by surprise. Thoroughly prepared, as he had prepared thousands, with the benefit of the sacraments that he had so often administered, the fond-hearted and Catholic-souled priest—the true Irish-

man and devoted friend—awaited the summons with fortitude and patience, offering up his sufferings to the One who sent them. It came at last; the Angel that had walked by his side for almost sixty-eight years took charge of his spirit, and on the way to heaven we are confident their passage was hailed by the numerous souls that owed their happiness to the priestly ministrations of the departed one.

"Thou art a priest until all eternity." During forty years Father Hogan carried the mark of the Lord's anointed, and performed the duties—so solemn, awe-inspiring and tremendous—of his sacerdotal state. With death his priesthood does not end; on through the endless cycles of eternity shall he continue to display the special and glorious impress left upon his soul by the consecrating hands of a prince of the Church. What more can we add? Simply the expression of our sorrow, which finds an echo in the breast of every one who knew the departed priest, and the tribute of a fervent prayer for the repose of his noble and pious soul.

"His Faith was like the tested gold. His Hope was strong—not over-held— His Charity past count, untold; Misere Domine!"

A PIONEER POEM.

Rapidly the days and men of the pioneer epoch are passing away. The electric progress of our age is driving from the knowledge of the world the scenes that marked the great period of early lumbering activity; and even the actors—once so familiar in the valleys of the Ottawa and St. Lawrence—are no longer heard of in the great busy world. Yet the history of that time should not be left in blank. Soon even the sons of the older generation must vanish, and, unless some person acquainted with the story of those eventful days makes note of them, no record of those struggles, vicissitudes and triumphs will remain.

Last week we received a letter from Mr. William Foley, a rising barrister of Portland, Oregon, in which he says:—"I wish to know if you could inform me where I could find a poem, credited to Pitman Lett, of Ottawa, in which the late John Egan is spoken of as 'Lord of the frozen Bonnechere, Lord of the deep Du Moine— Lord of the Madawaska, Where grows the big red pine,'" etc., etc.

The late William Pitman Lett, the genial and gifted City Clerk of Ottawa, author of "Reminiscences of Bytown," and numerous other characteristic poems, was not the writer of the pioneer song above alluded to by Mr. Foley. It is true that the verses resemble very much Mr. Lett's composition; but the resemblance arises from the subjects, which are akin to each other.

On the 5th September, 1879, the late lamented Alonzo Wright, M.P. for Ottawa County, wrote one of his beautiful and gem-like letters to the present editor of THE TRUE WITNESS. That letter—which we shall ever preserve amongst the relics of past friendships and departed friends—contained the following:—"You speak of a poem. Why not a Canadian epic? The subject might be the first settlement of the Ottawa Valley. The energy, bravery and enterprise of the settlers should not be forgotten. In the category the name of the late beloved John Egan should figure. He was a man endowed with most remarkable qualities, and take him for all in all, we shall hardly look upon his like again. Many years ago I, too, dwelt in Arcadia, and tasted slightly of the Perian Spring. I send you a few lines of a kind of bush song which I then wrote."

The lines referred to open with an address to the once famous Moses Holt, the last survivor of the stage-coach-bark-canoe period. Moses still lives; but the days of his glory, like the men who moved in them, have gone down to the buried past. These are some of the words; at least, all that Mr. Wright sent us:—

Ho! Moses, bold! a goblet bring,  
And cross the rim with rosy wine;  
Ho! Bacchus, old! on jovial wing,  
Descend and weave the juicy vine;  
Ho! gallant pen! run merrily  
And fling me forth a strain,  
Right worthy of the noble theme—  
That warms within my brain—  
Of that great chief of Pine Land  
Who on Ottawa doth reign!

Lord of the frozen Bonnechere!  
Lord of the deep Du Moine!  
Lord of the Madawaska,  
Where grows the big red pine!

A thousand years may come and go,  
But while the English tongue  
Is spoken on Canadian land,  
An English race among,  
John Egan, chieftain of his band,  
Will be by poet sung.

Alas! We fear that the warm-hearted descendant of the oldest settler—Tiberius Wright—may prove a mistaken prophet; how few, even to-day, know of John Egan and his wonderful achievements in opening up the great region of the Ottawa.

if we allude to a somewhat personal connection with the pioneer lumbermen. The writer's father was for years head agent for John Egan, and after the death of the latter—in 1857—became chief trustee of his estate and carried to a successful issue the great works commenced by the "Lord of the frozen Bonnechere." On last Tuesday evening—in his eighty-sixth year—the last of the old lumbermen passed over to the silent majority. It will surely not be considered indelicate, if, in view of such a bereavement, we quote another page from the same letter—Alonzo Wright's. After speaking of John Egan and his own tribute to the dead pioneer, the generous Alonzo continued: "You will recollect a well known writer gives, in the muster-roll of the warriors who charged with Norman William, the name of his own ancestor. So in this muster roll, of the good men and true, who have opened up the Ottawa Valley, and with their sharp axes in the light of civilization and improvement, the name of your honored father cannot be omitted. He has been ever in the van where the right has been maintained, and been foremost in every project for the advancement of this region and the welfare of its inhabitants. It affords me the keenest pleasure to think of that grand old friend, of whom I have ever been so proud."

The hand that traced that letter has been for over two years in the dust; one by one all these pioneers have disappeared; now the last and oldest—and once the foremost—of them has gone to his reward; and, with pardonable pride, yet the sorrow that only those who have experienced similar griefs can fully appreciate, we repeat the hope that the pioneer days and the men that lived them may not be forgotten, and say from the fulness of the heart, "Peace to their ashes! Rest to their souls!"

Don't forget the all-important fact that the Grand Shamrock Fancy Fair will take place in the Windsor Hall on the 18th of April. Time flies and that date will soon be with us. The efforts made by the ladies who have kindly undertaken the work of preparing for the event are meeting with grand success and we can appeal, with all fervor and earnestness, to all sections of the community to join hands in making the Fair the means of securing the Association in their splendid grounds and new property. Irrespective of all divisions, the citizens in general participate in the benefits derived from the enterprise and spirit of the Shamrock Amateur Athletic Association. Here is an opportunity of showing public appreciation, and we are confident that advantage will be taken of it by everyone.

It was with sincere pleasure that we learned of Sir Donald Smith's recovery from the recent illness which confined him for some time to his house. His recent long trip to Winnipeg and activity since his return indicate great vitality, courage and spirit, and consequently point to a complete and permanent recovery from the severe illness that menaced him. The country could ill afford to lose—even for a day—the great services of this foremost public-spirited and philanthropic citizen. The various institutions of charity, education and otherwise, are all deeply indebted to his generosity. And we of the Catholic Church owe no end of gratitude to a benefactor who has been ever as liberal-handed as he was unostentatious. May Providence grant this "grand old man" of Canada many long years of life and health to continue his countless good works and to shed blessings upon the country and its institutions!

Three priests have just been received as members of the National Society of French Antiquaries. They are the Rev. Pere S. Journe, of the Order St. Dominic; the Rev. Pere Germer-Durand, of the Augustinians of the Assumption, and the Rev. Pere Delatte, one of the Missionaries of Algiers. A French paper says that this proves how priests are coming more and more to the front in science and letters. Yet the really ignorant harp upon the ignorance of the Catholic clergy.

A reunion of churches is abroad in the air. The Novaye Vremya of Russia says, speaking of the various Russian sects: "We are firmly convinced that reunion in faith is a real necessity, and that the efforts which are being made in this direction will sooner or later bear fruit." The various Protestant sects are craving, likewise, for a reunion. Why, in the name of reason, did they break up the original unity of Christianity? or rather why did they break away from Catholicity?

We have been asked often about the principal movable feasts during the present ecclesiastical year. They are Ash Wednesday, February 19; Good Friday—April 3; Easter Sunday, April 5; Ascension of Our Lord, May 14; Pentecost Sunday, May 24; Trinity Sunday, May 31; Corpus Christi, June 4; Feast of the Sacred Heart, June 12, and the First Sunday of Advent, November 29.