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THE FITZPATRICK BANQUET.

The Solicitor-General Honored in an Enthusiastic Manner.

Quebec Irishmen and Citizens of Other Nationalities Assist at the Function—Hon. John Sharples Presides and Pays a High Tribute to the Guest of the Evening—Hon. Mr. Fitzpatrick Delivers an Eloquent and Powerful Reply.

[SPECIAL TO THE TRUE WITNESS.]

QUEBEC, Feb. 3.—Those who had the good fortune to attend the Fitzpatrick banquet on Monday evening can regard the event as something far beyond the common, both in meaning and significance as well as in the quality of the entertainment itself. The Irishmen of Quebec city and district wanted to give emphatic expression to their feelings of regard for the distinguished guest of the evening, and they took this way of voicing their sentiments in a manner that cannot be misunderstood. Mr. Fitzpatrick is a Quebecer pure and simple. He first saw the light in this historic city and was schooled here. The college student gradually grew up to manhood, with quickened faculties and a name for great industry and ability in his professional studies. His teachers and class mates saw all that, and they quickly realized that a young man of great promise was growing up in their midst. This forecast was more than verified when the young lawyer passed his examination in Laval University and shortly afterwards came professionally before the public to argue cases in the courts. His display of talent there soon won a name for the able young pleader, striking success in many heavy suits and his wonderful ability in the conduct of the Riel defense lifted him high up at the Bar. His usefulness in the Legislature and still higher distinction in the Commons at Ottawa, with his present high official position, were all remarked upon and duly noted by his former companions and the citizens of Quebec generally, and it is no wonder that those who watched his upward career from boyhood should unite in the determination to ask him to receive their testimony of appreciation of his conduct at a PUBLIC BANQUET IN HIS NATIVE CITY OF QUEBEC.

Mr. Fitzpatrick has already made a name for himself at Ottawa by his fine grasp of public questions when he discusses them in Parliament, and by his mastery of the difficult duties of his office in the Government. In the Solicitor-Generalship he succeeded Judge Curran. He is yet a young man and his future is full of promise.

The success of the banquet in his honor is due to all who took an interest in its welfare, but the credit must be apportioned to those who first conceived the idea and worked so hard to carry it out. Mr. John C. Kane, the chairman, and J. E. Walsh, treasurer, come in for a good share as do all of the committee men who were zealous in pushing on the project, but perhaps the largest slice is due Mr. Fergus Murphy, the able secretary, who labored so persistently to make the function a decided success. The date chosen was the 31st of January, and it was opportune, as the session at the Capital is soon to open and after that it will be "all work and no play," besides it will strengthen the hands of the Hon. Solicitor-General in the coming struggle to know that he has the sympathy and support of his friends and constituents behind him in whatever measures he may propose for the people of the Dominion generally, of his constituents of the county and of Quebec city, wherein his deepest concern may be supposed to centre.

he has been called to fill; and the lesson it conveys will not be lost to his fellow-citizens and co-religionists, for in it they will see a proof that sincere, honest endeavor in the right path is sure of its reward sooner or later.

Eight in the evening was the hour set for opening the banquet, but crowds of ticket holders and guests began to gather long before. Promptly on time the Hon. John Sharples, M. L. C., was moved to the chair, and made his introductory address, which was warm and sympathetic in tone, brief and to the point.

The first toast honored was that of the Queen; the second, the Governor General; both were loyally received. Then came the toast of the health of the guest of the evening, and it was fittingly rendered in happy phrases by the worthy chairman. This brought the Hon. Charles Fitzpatrick to his feet. He was received with hearty cheering, the evident warmth of which visibly affected him, although he is pretty well used to facing enthusiastic audiences. His speech was

CLEAR, FORCEFUL, LUCID AND ELOQUENT.

He spoke under the inspiration that animates the feelings of an able public man, who has realized his own strength



HON. CHARLES FITZPATRICK.

and feels that every word he says will go to the hearts of his sympathetic listeners. He termed the occasion as "a red letter day in his life," and said "one would need to be something less than human not to appreciate the warmth of his reception." He referred to the chairman's reminder of the presence of many political opponents, and said it was a novelty of which he was exceedingly glad. A prominent guest in this connection was the Hon. John Costigan, who had journeyed from Ottawa for the occasion. In the chairman's introductory reference had been made to the distinguished services of Irishmen to Canada, to those of Sir John Thompson, D. Arcy McGee, John Hearn, Charles Alley and Hon. John Costigan. In the Local Legislature occurred such names as Hon. Mr. Duff, Lynch, Hon. E. J. Flynn, Felix Carbray, Esq., Dr. Guerin and Hon. M. F. Hackett (who had started from Stanstead, but had to telegraph absence owing to railway run off). To this list must be added the names of the late Sheriff Alley and Hon. Mr. Sharples, honored father of the chairman. In view of what these men had done, the Solicitor-General modestly disclaimed his own merits, as it had not been given to him to be useful to his compatriots individually or collectively, and that he held their confidence was because

"HE HAD LIVED MUCH IN THE TENT OF HIS OWN PEOPLE."

A phrase taken from John Bright. Mr. Fitzpatrick then went into questions vitally concerning the future of the country, and thought that, in opening up and peopling the North West, Government had scarcely done their duty by the Provinces of Quebec and Ontario. He could see no reason why the uninhabited lands in the Lake St. John and the Temiscamingue districts could not be made to yield homes for a quarter million of people, as it would be of high value to Quebec City to have a large population in the North. Enormous sums have been expended upon the I.C.R., to give the Maritime Provinces access to Ontario and Quebec, millions more to deepen our canals in Ontario and make the St. Lawrence navigable as far as Montreal. He admired the enterprise of Montrealers and felt that the prosperity of Canada is involved in that of each portion of it, but he spoke again for his native Quebec, recalling the words of Frontenac, who, on first seeing the district, exclaimed, "There is the place for the City that is destined one day to be the Capital of a great Empire," and advocated that the wants of the city be impressed upon the governing powers of the country. The construction of the Intercolonial Railway had ruined the coasting trade, steam and iron had driven our Quebec ships from the sea, and had closed our shipyards, still there were redeeming features in the opening of the Lake St. John railway, the Electric Street Railway and the cultivation of the hoo and shoe industry

in St. Roch, and in the Quebec Steamship Company, which went down to New York and there pluckily captured the trade of the West Indies. Among

THE ACTUAL COMMERCIAL NECESSITIES

of the near future were enumerated a fast line of steamers between Canada and Europe, and a bridge across the St. Lawrence. Of the former he said, "something has been done to bring about this desirable end, and I think we may safely say that the people of Canada have so far endorsed this enterprise that it may be considered an accomplished fact;" of the latter he spoke encouragingly and strongly pointed to its necessity in order to open and maintain connection with the outside world in the winter season. Then was forcibly argued the importance of making Quebec the terminus of the Parry Sound Railway, which under Mr. Booth had reached Hawkesbury. The peroration of this able and statesmanlike speech was touching, in it he appealed to his Catholic fellow-Irishmen, the organizers of the banquet, in this fashion: "Far be it from me to ask any man to forget the land of his ancestors, and God knows how proud I am of my Irish origin, and my firm belief in these words of Father Burke: 'There is no man to whatever nationality he may belong can point to a more glorious or to a purer source whence he draws the blood which courses through his veins than he who can point to the bravery of his Irish forefathers and to the immaculate purity of his Irish mother.' But let me ask you to allow the love which we bear the Old Land to merge into a deeper and more lasting affection for this, to some of us the land of our adoption, and to the great majority of us the land of our birth and to give evidence of this affection. Always be loyal to the interests of Canada, and you can best prove your loyalty by being good citizens. Do well the work you have in hand, perform faithfully the duty of the hour, bearing in mind that to-morrow is but the prolongation of to-day and the future is the shadow of the present; press forward, for as you sow so shall you reap, and as you build so shall you possess."

The toast of the Federal Parliament was eloquently responded to by Hon. John Costigan, Mr. M. L. C., newly elected member for Quebec Centre, and Mr. D. C. Fraser, M. P., Guysboro, N.S. The "Local Legislature," by Premier Marchand, Felix Carbray, Esq., M. P. P., and Dr. Guerin. The toast of "the Ladies" was proposed by Mr. Richard Timmons, and responded to by Mr. P. Kerwin. "The Press," by Mr. J. E. Walsh, responded to by Mr. John Jordan. Each of the speakers handled his subject in splendid style, and some of them were eloquent in the extreme. The pity of it is that my limited space forbids reports in extenso.

The orchestra, under direction of Mr. E. Batterson, discoursed the sweetest of Irish airs.

The Committee of Organization was as follows:—Mr. John C. Kane, chairman, Messrs. F. Murphy and J. C. Proctor as secretaries, and Mr. John E. Walsh, treasurer.

Reception Committee—Messrs. R. Barden, S. Grogan, Ed. Conway, James Burns, P. Kerwin, J. Horan, P. Carbray, M. Hurly, Dr. Coote and G. Mulrooney.

Toast Committee—Messrs. J. Sharples, J. Jordan, J. Gallagher, Ald. Leonard, T. Gilchen and E. Carbray.

Dinner Committee—Messrs. J. Sharples, Ald. Leonard, M. Hayden, P. Hogan, Ald. Madden and P. Murphy.

Band Committee—Messrs. J. Bryson, P. Kerwin, J. E. Walsh, Jas. O'Neil and J. Quinn.

The net results of the labor of these gentlemen was a banquet reflecting the highest credit on all concerned and which will be remembered in Irish circles for long years to come. To prove the excellence of the menu and service it is enough to say that the Chateau Frontenac were the caterers.

Letters of Regret.

Mr. Fergus Murphy, secretary, read letters of regret for non-attendance from the following:—Archbishop Walsh, of Toronto; Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Sir Richard Cartwright, Hon. David Mills, Hon. R. D. Bell, Hugh McLennan, M. P. for Glengarry; Hon. Wm. Hardy, Toronto; Rev. Thos. Kelly, Vicar-General of Kingston; the Rector of St. Patrick's Church, Quebec; Rev. Father Maguire, Rev. Father McGratty, W. Power, Mr. Wynn, editor of the Catholic Record; Rev. P. O'Leary, Hon. E. J. Flynn, Sir Frank S. Smith, Hon. R. W. Scott, Justice J. J. Curran, C. J. Doherty and M. Doherty, Mr. O'Gara, Q. C., M. J. F. Quinn, Q. C., Mr. R. Bickerdike, M. P. P., and Hon. F. M. Hackett.

WM. ELLISON.

OUR PHILADELPHIA LETTER.

Some Notes and Reflections on Recent Publications.

The Way of Certain Writers in Dealing With the Customs of Our Ancestors—Fanciful Pictures That Utterly Disregard the Changes in Different Decades.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PHILADELPHIA, January 31, 1898.—It is the fashion now-a-days to ask, in the course of every exchange of sentiments that we dare to call a conversation: "Have you read 'Quo Vadis'?" And how do you like it? The answer is nearly always vague, but, on the whole, expresses satisfaction. It is a book that has taken a wide, if not a close hold on the reading public, and seems new to most people, and, therefore, interesting. But the best thing in its praise was said in my hearing not long ago. A learned, thoughtful and brilliant man—a non-Catholic by birth and a non-Protestant by conviction, who says little on the subject of religion but talks much—likened quietly to a discussion of the book, and summed it up in this sentence: "But, let me tell you, it is a great plea for Christianity—the greatest plea that has been written." Of course, in making such a statement, a man always supposes the expression of limits to be understood, and refers to things of the same nature as the one under consideration. What this man says weighs with a small army of intelligent people, and it means that "Quo Vadis" has been sowing good seed where he has seen it springing up. His duty and his tastes alike call him into many scenes from which the majority are shut out, and he carries with him that habit of observation which discerns with unerring clearness the smallest beginnings and the slowest growth and the most intricate workings. He is evidently convinced from what he has seen that "Quo Vadis" testifies even to him of more in Christianity than he ever saw before. Therefore, we may rejoice in the work of Sienkiewicz, for the book that furthers the cause of Christianity is more valuable to day than ever before. There is

SO FEAR OF THE FAILURE OF CHRISTIANITY,

but there is such need of the hastening of its complete triumph and so many pages and columns hold back the advance hour, so many tiny but powerful "drags" in type and pencil daily hamper and impede its progress, that a widely circulated and widely read novel with the merit of "a plea for Christianity" is indeed a noble thing in literature. But many striking observations are made regarding this book which differ in expression and mark many shades of character. "Why, it reads just like the Bradley-Martin balls and the Vanderbilt dinners," said one young girl of the description of the feast. "I think it looks as if we were not going the right way. Will we end as Rome ended?" Now, here was a thought carried home to a very young and comparatively thoughtless mind. It was a good lesson, too, for the truth is, we are not going "the right way" in society now, and unless there is a change, the fear is that we may "end as Rome ended." On the whole, the influence of "Quo Vadis" seems to work for good, although some few anxious—in the right direction, be it observed—carriers for the young have questioned the propriety of placing it within their reach. "Mother, what do you think?" exclaimed a school-girl the other day. "Madam said that Quo Vadis is not a fit book for us to read, and she wondered that Mary Smith's mother allowed her to have it. And Mary said she was going right home to read it all over again, and see why it wasn't fit, because she didn't see anything wrong when she read it first." Alas, for the friendly warning! All too often when it has to do with books the effect of the best intentioned advice meets with the same fate.

The Legend of St. Kieran.

Mrs. Margaret M. Halvey has a poem in the Ave Maria of January 22d, which tells a new and touching legend—"The Legend of St. Kieran." There are few themes that lend themselves so easily so gracefully, so suitably, to verse as the legends of the saints, and when one considers how the rhythm dwells in the mind, recalling associations and renewing good thoughts, even when the words escape the memory in part, it is easy to recognize the benefits that will certainly accrue from familiarizing the eye and the ear with as many such legends as possible. Mrs. Halvey writes as though her heart no less than her pen produced the lines that flow so easily upon the spotless page, and her deep and tender knowledge of Ireland's best in song and prose enables her to bring forth many a gem of romance and of truth exquisitely expressed, with which to adorn the bar. Although we have not wanted lovely legends heretofore, for no Catholic can forget the many sweet and holy verses of Miss Eleanor C. Donnelly—yet those of Mrs. Halvey are new in the sense of being untold to American ears in prose no less than verse. The short poem, the epigram in rhyme, the quatrain, are now in demand, but nine people out of ten, Catholic or Protestant—and, indeed, more Protestants than

Catholics—read eagerly the rhythmic legend, and find a pleasure in it. Over and over again the best known of them have been told, have been translated, have been transformed, and yet the interest in them rises like the phoenix from the ashes with each new version. Virtues are set forth and strong truths deep graven as the lines are followed, and it is one method of teaching that is never become obsolete.

Fanciful Pictures of the Past.

It has been borne upon me of late that there are a great many writers of the day who have no true idea of time. The past to them appears to be very much the same thing, whether it is the past of twenty years ago or the past of one hundred and twenty. If this weakness of the mind has endured for any lengthened period of time, pray what reason have we to think that we know anything of the past at all? Beginning with the "fashion authorities" and rising by careful degrees of inspection to the upper ranks of historical "sketches," "novels" and other of those delightful or stupid productions that deal with our poor, helpless ancestors what a curious medley is created and dignified with "striking" titles! Surely some of those who write are able to look back thirty, forty or fifty years. Surely some of them have at least daguerotypes of their ancestors since daguerotypes came into use. Thirty years ago the land was flooded with card photographs, and for a hundred years the fashion plates may be relied on. Yet here they give us belles in the costume of the "war time," gallantly created by beaux in the coats and hats of twenty or thirty years earlier, and then some one with

A FLUENT PEN EXPLORES

on the changes since our grandmothers' day, and describes the home of "twenty years ago" such as not even our grandmothers ever saw, because it belonged to a period older than their years. Twenty years ago, indeed! The majority of houses—that is, of houses that were occupied by people of standing not newly made rich—have not been remodelled in that time. They were, to all appearances, very much the same in essentials, and have but added here and there the lighter touches of change and decoration that come slowly and with good taste to the refined and cultured. It is only the "very new," the "very vulgar," or the adventurers, who shine (like the Venerings in Dickens' "Our Mutual Friend") with all the latest in conveniences for dressing-room, library, sleeping rooms and the table. In a mere respects this jumble of customs and costumes is a mere laughing matter, but when we reflect that upon our witness to the truth must rest the true understanding of our age and day through all the time there is to come, and that very weighty matters have been and will yet be decided by a feather's weight of testimony, it may be seen that even the "penny-a-liner" who is honest and true, will only do his or her duty in the most exact and careful statement. For truth's sake and for the sake of good sense, go home and ask your grandmother, or your mother, how things really were "twenty years ago," before making "a show" of yourself with a fine pen-picture of an unheard-of state of things!

SARA TRAINER SMITH.

"THE CURFEW."

In a sermon delivered on "The Curfew" in a Methodist Church in Boston a few days ago, the Rev. Charles A. Crane said:—"Burglars, thieves, highwaymen, gamblers and murderers are not only becoming more painfully common, but are moving their ranks filled by more boys to a most alarming extent. Acts of violence, street fights with knives and pistols, shootings from ambush, unjustifiable killings of all kinds, are appalling frequent. In most instances the thugs who are engaged in these nefarious enterprises are young men. Where did they get their training? Where did they learn their first lessons in lawlessness? Accepting all you may say of the saloon as a breeding place of mischief, it remains that a boy practicing street loafing is beginning the education of a criminal. Curfew bells now ring in more than 300 towns and cities of this country. All children under 16 years, unless accompanied by parents or absent with leave, are compelled to be in their homes at 9 o'clock in the evening in summer and at 8 o'clock in winter. Lincoln, Neb., was the first city to adopt the Curfew law about two years ago. Omaha, Denver, Kansas City, Des Moines, Topeka and Evansville, Ill., are among the large cities which have followed. The testimony in favor of the innovation is strong. Mayor Graham of Lincoln, Neb., says that there was a decrease of 75 per cent. in the arrest of youths during the first month's enforcement of the ordinance. There has been a decided improvement socially and morally. The superintendent of the Nebraska Reform School states there has been a decrease in commitment to this institution. Teachers in the public school say that it has resulted in a marked improvement in their pupils. The chief of police of St. Joseph, Mo., says that seven-eighths of the people gave it their sincere approval. There has been a reduction of 50 per cent. in commitments to the reform school from that city. This is strong testimony. Few reform experiments have been so universally approved."

Anastasia could be made to support

400,000,000 inhabitants of the black or yellow races, who would be able to endure the climate.

Notes on Catholic News.

Mr. George F. Shea, M.A., a distinguished student of Stonyhurst College, has been recently offered the chair of philology at the university of Freiburg in Breisgau, which he was obliged to decline owing to the state of his health.

It is almost superfluous to explain, says Truth, that the following advertisement is taken from a religious journal. Only in a religious journal would anybody have the assurance to offer a "handy man," who is to be a clerk, cook, carpenter, porter, photographer, and photographer all rolled into one, the magnificent wage of \$8 a week.

WANTED, A HANDY MAN, single, between 20 and 30, in a home as an extra. Willing to turn his hand to anything, or willing to learn. Any one who knows anything of one or more of the following accomplishments may apply: Typewriting, shorthand, carpentering, book-keeping, waiting at table, book-keeping, keeping of accounts, letter writing, photography. The knowledge of shorthand and good account essential. \$8 a week, board, lodging, and washing offered. Any one accustomed to domestic work, a Christian, and an abstemious person. Must be energetic and clever. An ex-soldier preferred.

The sainted Maid of Orleans has no more ardent admirer and her claims to canonization have no more powerful advocate than Monsignor Touchet, the bold and zealous Bishop of Orleans. He is, it may be said, importunate in his efforts to induce the Pope to fix upon a day for the great ceremony of canonizing Jeanne d'Arc, and has personally presided over 150 meetings of the body appointed to investigate her claims to be enrolled amongst the Saints of Holy Church.

Much interest is being taken nowadays by the general public in sight-seeing, says the Sunday Democrat. The movement is evidently attracting much attention in Catholic circles. Classes are springing up in various sections of the borough of Brooklyn. Good results will undoubtedly flow from the work. Among the latest to take an interest in sight-seeing in the borough of Brooklyn are the parishioners of St. Patrick's Church and the various societies affiliated therewith, notably the Catholic Benevolent Legion, the Holy Name Society and the various sodalities.

The Supreme Court of Kansas recently handed down a decision of much interest to Catholics. It contained the request of a devout Catholic woman who, after disposing of the bulk of her property to her family, left to her grandson, a Catholic priest, about \$500 to pay for saying mass a day for herself and her husband. The heirs brought suit to have this residuary clause set aside on the ground that it created a trust for persons who, not being alive, could not enforce compliance with its provisions. The court's opinion goes at some length into the Catholic theory of purgatory, and concludes that in the light of these beliefs the act of Mary Bishop in making the bequest is reasonable and consistent and should be upheld unless it be prohibited by some positive rule of law. Considerable space is also devoted to a discussion of religious toleration as it is expressed in the constitution of the United States, and several affirmative opinions based on this toleration are quoted. The court says: "Although we may question the soundness of these beliefs, and deride the efficiency of the service which she desired to have performed, the law has no care for contrariety of faith as to spiritual things, and will, therefore, sanction the bequest she has made. The law interferes with no mere religious opinions, nor with religious practices, except such as tend to subvert the foundation of public morals and order."

Father York, editor of the San Francisco Monitor, was recently the recipient of a purse of \$800 and an address, from the clergy of the archdiocese. This tribute was offered to show the regard in which his fellow curates held him, as not only an exemplary priest, but also as a bold defender of his Church.

The Columbus Club, Pittsburg, recently entertained Mr. P. S. Smith, editor of the Pittsburg Catholic, on the occasion of his 50th birthday. They also presented a silver-headed cane as a souvenir.

Owing to grave reports of distress in the west and south-west counties of Ireland, which was months ago predicted by the highest clerical authorities and denied by the Government, Chief Secretary Balfour has now been obliged to send special inspectors to the affected districts to advise on relief measures to be adopted. At a meeting of the Irish party presided over by Mr. Dillon last week it was resolved to bring the distress matter before the House of Commons as soon as Parliament meets.

There are hours in life when the most trifling cross, takes the form of a calamity. Our tempers are like an opera glass, which makes the object small or great according to the end you look through. Emile Souvestre.