

THE TRUE WITNESS

AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED AT

No. 761, Craig Street, Montreal, Canada.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION

Country.....\$1.00

City.....1.50

If not paid in advance: \$1.50 (Country) and \$2.00 (City) will be charged.

Subscribers, Newfoundland, \$1.50 a year in advance.

TO ADVERTISERS.

A limited number of advertisements of approved character will be inserted in "THE TRUE WITNESS" at the rate of one insertion, at 10c per line each subsequent insertion. Special rates for contracts on application.

The large and increasing circulation of "THE TRUE WITNESS" ranks it among the best advertising mediums in Canada.

All Business letters, and Communications intended for publication, should be addressed to D. M. QUINN, Proprietor of THE TRUE WITNESS, No. 761 Craig street, Montreal, P. Q.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 27, 1892

The following sad announcement appears in the Freeman's Journal of the 12th. It will be read with a mournful interest by all who knew the late great and lamented "Priest of St. Patrick's."

DOWD.—January 9th, 1892, at Cappoek, Dunleer, County Louth, Ireland, Nicholas Dowd, aged 89 years, brother of the late Reverend Father Dowd, of Montreal. R.I.P. Interment in Mostown.

It was stated at the time of the death of the late lamented Father Dowd that he left no relatives. This announcement indicates that that impression was erroneous. His elder brother has not been long in following him to the grave.

THE SALOON AGAIN.

In demanding the suppression of the numerous dens of infamy in this city where liquor is sold under municipal licenses THE TRUE WITNESS is aware that it has awakened the active hostility of an unscrupulous class. But that class is already at war with religion, morality and good order, and we would be recreant to a solemn duty were we to remain silent.

We recognize the fact that the traffic is one which in the present state of society cannot be suppressed, but it can be regulated and kept out of the hands of men of bad morals and evil dispositions. It can also be kept within proper bounds, and we would be glad if no Catholic were engaged in the business of saloon keeping. As a trade it can be respectably followed as a legitimate part of the hotel-keeping business. What we object to and shall never cease to make righteous war against are the drinking and gambling places, described in our last issue, and which everybody knows are a shame and a disgrace to the city. Houses that are properly conducted and supply a public want we have nothing to say against. All others should be made impossible. Take certain streets in the city. Can anyone contend that holes in the wall at every few paces are needed to cater to the wants of the public? Quite the contrary and their very existence is a running sore on the municipal body, which can only be cured by high license, a strict system of inspection and the abolition of transfers.

As it is the trade is falling lower and lower every year in public estimation because of the bad characters of many who make a living at it. In fact it has largely ceased to be respectable on this account. It is, therefore, as much in the interest of those who have their money investment in the business and who desire to preserve its respectability, to aid in the suppression and closing of the dens, as it is in the interest of the community that we take the stand we do.

The evil would be great enough were the saloon power confined to its own sphere, but since it aspires to control elections and bring the machinery of city government under its thumb, it must be remorselessly crushed. There can be no compromise with the devil. It must be put down. We build school houses to educate the young and fit them to take their places in the world as good men and citizens, yet we grant licenses to surround those school houses with dram-shops and familiarise our children with the contemplation of vice and drunkenness. We establish societies for benevolent purposes and maintain institutions for rescuing the fallen and reclaim the vicious, yet we go on from year to year extending the sanction and the protection of law to a system of dives which is more responsible than any other influence for the misery, vice and crime we see about us. Human folly was never more glaringly exhibited. With one hand we set traps to catch the foolish and the innocent, with the other we build jails, reformatories, asylums and refuges for the victims!

It is time the public conscience was thoroughly aroused to the cruel absurdity of the system, and a determined movement set on foot to reduce licenses to the lowest possible number, since it is impossible to abolish them altogether, and it would be foolish to urge impracticable measures. This is the mistake of the Prohibitionists. By going beyond the limits of practical reform and demanding the entire suppression of the traffic, they defeat their own object and play into the hands of the saloon power who like nothing

better than they should continue the cry for Prohibition. That is out of the question, but high license is eminently practical. It has produced the most excellent results wherever it has been tried and counts among its advocates many of the Catholic prelates of the United States.

We hope that the weight of Catholic influence and opinion will be brought to bear in the direction indicated. The bishops have spoken. The priesthood are a unit in its favor, and the laity have a duty to their religion, their country and their families which should urge them to join the movement for circumscribing the power and influence of the saloon.

A MONUMENT TO FATHER DOWD.

The suggestion to raise a monument to the memory of the late Father Dowd is one which should be heartily adopted by all the Irish Catholics of Montreal. No priest who ever ministered to their spiritual wants more deserves to have his memory perpetuated. His labors are ended. He has gone to his reward. In a few years the generations who knew and loved him will have followed him to that bourne from whence no traveller returns; but, if they are true to his teachings, to themselves and to their descendants, they will erect a monument to his memory that will stand for ages to show the grandeur of his example and to make it a living force and influence for good throughout the coming years. It may be asked, as often before,—

"Can stonied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can honor's voice provoke the silent dust?
Or flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death?"

But the object of such a monument as we should like to see raised to Father Dowd is far nobler than that contemplated by the poet. When he was alive, no man cared less for personal honors or worldly distinctions. Such he could have had in abundance, even of the best kind within the Church, were he so inclined or had he cherished an ambitious spirit. These he put aside, his only ambition being to live and die Parish Priest of St. Patrick's. All the more reason, therefore, that the Irish Catholics of Montreal should honor his memory in the only way that now remains to them.

From ages that were remote in the time of the Pharaohs down to the present day, all nations have sought to preserve the memory of their great, wise and good men by monuments and statues, and one of the best indications of the genius of a people, their civilization, their moral purity, their intellectual development, is to be seen in the characters of the men who were thus honored. The monuments they built, the statues they erected, regarded in this way, were, therefore, as truly built to their own honor, or otherwise, as they were to the honor of the heroes they apotheosized.

The movement now afoot for embellishing the city with statues, monuments and tablets, to commemorate historic personages, scenes and incidents in the annals of Montreal, is a grateful and appropriate proof of a worthy public spirit. In the early days of our city its people were too poor, too harassed by savage enemies and foreign invaders, too busy contending with the natural difficulties of their position, to do more than pay passing respect to the great men among them. The movement of to-day is an endeavor to do for them what they were unable to do for themselves. We cannot cancel the debt we owe them, but we can show our gratitude for what they did, our appreciation of their sufferings, our admiration for their achievements. This is right and proper, and the way in which we shall perform the work will inform those who shall come after us what manner of people flourished in Montreal at the close of the nineteenth century. Our public spirit, our artistic taste, our generosity, our appreciation of ideals, will all be told in those monuments, plainer than could be stated by the engraver's tools on imperishable brass.

Standing as we do on the vanishing island of time in the ocean of eternity, we are confronted with a three-fold duty—a duty to those who have gone before us, to ourselves and to those who will come after us. As a community we possess all the means we could desire to employ the best artistic talent and the most enduring material for the creation of a memorial worthy of Father Dowd, and to which we can point with pride as a fitting embodiment of our appreciation of his worth. The matter should, therefore, be taken in hand at once by the leading men of St. Patrick's parish. Other parishes will certainly do their best to assist, and we are sure there are many not of our faith who would be glad to subscribe should they be permitted to do so. Father Dowd's charity extended to all classes, irrespective of religious differences, and we are sure that his kindly feelings are still reciprocated by many who survive him. Mr. Keeley, the well-known sculptor, whose works have been highly commended, and who was formerly a resident of this city and an attendant at St. Patrick's church, is now engaged on a bust of Father Dowd. His services could be secured for the drafting of a suitable design for the proposed monument. The

site that will naturally suggest itself to everybody is the square within the enclosure in front of St. Patrick's church. That is the spot most sacred to his memory in the city, and, so situated, the monument would be a constant reminder of his life and his example. We hope to see a spirited, energetic, practical movement started without loss of time, to result in the erection of a memorial in every way worthy of the good Father, of the place and a fitting expression of the veneration, gratitude and generosity of the Irish Catholics of Montreal.

ANOTHER TRIBUTE.

We are often told that Irishmen cannot govern themselves, and that even were they granted Home Rule to-morrow they would not be capable of legislating. The history of Irishmen all over the world has given a flat denial to these false ideas. In the line of diplomacy look at Lord Dufferin; in the sphere of local legislation, consider Sir Charles Gavan Duffly as Prime Minister of Australia; in the line of administrative education, read Smith O'Brien's "Principles of Government." We could go on for columns giving the proofs of the administrative and governing capacities of Irishmen; but no better evidence could be adduced than the following remarks of President Harrison, in his Message to Congress, on the Chili question. The President says:—

"I do not deem it necessary in this communication to attempt any full analysis of the correspondence or of the evidence. A brief statement of the international questions involved and of the reasons why the responses of the Chilean Government are unsatisfactory is all that I deem necessary. It may be well at the outset to say that whatever may have been said in this country or in Chili in criticism of Mr. Egan, our minister at Santiago, the true history of this exciting period in Chilean affairs, from the outbreak of the revolution until this time, discloses no act on the part of Mr. Egan unworthy of his position or that could justly be the occasion of serious animadversion or criticism. He has, I think, on the whole, borne himself in very trying circumstances with dignity, discretion and courage, and has conducted the correspondence with ability, courtesy and fairness."

THE POET CAMPBELL.

A brighter example of that nationally unprejudiced feeling, which should exist in Canada to-day, cannot be found in any one character more than in that of Thomas Campbell the Scotch poet. To-morrow will be the anniversary of his death, and we desire to rescue from that oblivion, into which so many worthy lives have sunk, the story of a truly great man.

Campbell was born in Glasgow; his early associations and his mother's influence imparted to him an unyielding love for the Western Highlands. He was a Scotchman in every acceptance of the term, and after Burns and Scott, he did more than any other man for the glory of his country's literature. But his spirit was not bound by the limits of his own country; it was not destined to roam between "Maiden Kirk and Johnny Groat." It went abroad and seemed to harmonize with all nations. England never had grander nor more patriotic songs, than those ever-lastingly cited lines of "The Battle of the Baltic" and "Ye Mariners of England." Eternal glory be the debt of gratitude that England owes to her Scottish poet. Ireland must acknowledge that he did more, in one stroke of his pen, for the "Land of Song," than many of the most brilliant of her bards. 'Twas he who wrote "On the Green Banks of Shannon,"—a lovely tribute to the picturesque splendors of old Erin; 'twas he who wrote "O'Connor's pale and lovely child,"—a tribute to the womanhood and the sentimentality of the old land; 'twas he who penned "The Exile of Erin,"—a poem that surpasses aught that ever came from the pen of the most graphic Celtic poet. Not only Scotland, England and Ireland did he praise in their glories and lament in their sorrows, but he crossed the seas and in his "Gertrude of Wyoming" he gave to the world, in language that Fenimore Cooper never could equal, that scene where the Indian tribes are going to the setting sun—where, like leaves on the autumn trees, they are scattered before the breath of civilization, where, over the smouldering camp-fire of his tribe, stands the "stole of the woods, the man without a tear."

Campbell's heart was so large that it beat with pulsations sufficient to break it, when he heard of tyranny or sorrow. In his "Pleasures of Hope" he depicted the ruin of Poland, and on the day of his funeral, when his remains were carried to the door of Westminster Abbey, a Polish Count stopped the cortege and asked to be permitted to perform a rite: he opened a casket and from it poured ashes on the corpse of the dead poet, saying:—"It is meet and just that the ashes from the grave of Kosciuszko should repose with the dust of he who sang the lament of Sarmatia." When Campbell was rambling on foot, with his pack upon his back, from Hamburg to Katisbon and from Prague to Munich, he learned the geography of the countries, and as he passed over the valley of the Isar he pictured to himself the scene where Linden's battle was fought. Then it was that he composed those lines familiar to every child. Later on he

wrote the "Soldier's Dream," one of the most exquisite productions in English. If there is any test above another of the beauty and effect of an author's composition, it seems to us that it lies in the extent to which he is quoted. There perhaps are not in English verses more frequently repeated than—
"Britannia needs no bulwarks—
No towers along the steep;"

or again:—
"The meteor flag of England;—
or from the "Exile of Erin" that line,
"Oh, Erin my country, though sad and forsaken,
In dreams I revisit thy sea-beaten shore."
But above all, and perchance surpassing any quotation in popularity, is that from "Lochiel's Warning"—

"'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
And coming events cast their shadows before."
Poor Campbell sleeps now in Westminster Abbey, between Sheridan and Goldsmith, one an Irish orator, the other an Irish poet; beside Addison and the bust of Scott; one the father of British essayists, the other the wizard who peopled the hills and vales of Scotland with ten thousand creatures of his imagination. It is but proper that Campbell should be so surrounded in death, for in life he loved all nations, he detested oppression in any form and he admired bravery and beauty of character no matter amongst whom they were to be found.

The TRUE WITNESS thus briefly refers to the life, works and spirit of Scotland's dead poet in order to ask its readers to draw a lesson from his career. Would that the spirit of Campbell could prevail in our country; that our divisions and troubles should cease; that all the streams of nationality flowing into Canada should blend in the ocean of a Canadian nationality! We of the olden Faith believe that the ancient law of "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth," disappeared at the dawn of Redemption and that a new dispensation of love, of forgiveness and of friendship then began. Believing such, we wish, on this the anniversary of the death of one of the brightest lights Great Britain ever produced, to use his life as an example, and while giving due credit to Scotland's bard, to point out to our own people how necessary it is to be true to their own faith, but to respect the ideas of others; and while they are faithful to their own nationality, how grand it is, and how deep the reward of gratitude that follows, when they lift up the weary, correct the erring, assist the misfortunate, no matter what their origin may be. Like Campbell, we hope, that every line we write, every idea we express, (not in his glorious style, but in our humble way) may meet with the approbation of all reasonable people, irrespective of creed or nationality. We hope that peoples of all nations may reap a lesson from the life of Campbell, and live in peace and brotherly love upon the free and fertile soil of Canada.

When a good man dies his name is remembered for a while, and then it sinks into forgetfulness; but when an author dies, his works live, and they survive for good or evil. Those lines which he perhaps carelessly traced may some day produce wonderful effects. The verses and the life of Campbell are both destined to produce good as long as the English language is read. He is gone; but his works remain. Let us cherish them as a legacy from the past and as indices of the future; and for him, let us hope that his due reward has come, for he was Scotland's bard, England's poet, Ireland's friend and Poland's champion.

WHAT CATHOLIC WOMEN MAY DO.

In all ages of the Christian dispensation the Church has found congenial spheres for the exercise of the virtues of women.

"Not she with trait'rous kiss her saviour stung;
Not she denied him with unholy tongue;
She, while apostles shrank could danger brave,
Last at his cross and earliest at his grave."

To one woman only was this happiest of opportunities vouchsafed, but it furnishes an example which all woman may follow, each in her own special sphere. All woman cannot perform wonderful feats and make their names famous for all time, as some have done, but it is given to all to do good within the range of their influence, however contracted and humble it may seem. Indeed it may be truly said that all wisdom, all genius consists in finding opportunities for doing good in little things. Within the circle of the home there is a whole world for the exercise of the highest virtues. This is woman's Kingdom. Here she can kindle and keep brightly burning a flame that can send beams of warmth and comfort into the farthest and darkest corners of the earth. Love, kindness, charity are the fuel with which she can supply this flame and its brightness will depend on the abundance or poverty of her heart in these possessions. This needs no demonstration. We may see its reflection every moment of our lives at home and abroad. Any one who cultivates his powers of observation can read it in the faces of the people he meets on the streets, in the conduct of

men when they think themselves unnoticed, but most of all in the actions and sayings of children. If mothers only realised how accurately their little daughters reflect their example in looks, manners and words, they would be far more careful than many of them are in what they say and do in the presence of their children. Imitation is so natural that circumspection cannot be too close where the little ones are concerned. As the dirty, neglected child betrays the poverty, misery and meanness of its parents, so does the cruel, insolent, vain, unmanly child reflect the character of those responsible for its training and betray the secret of its home. Let no body imagine that the door of the home shuts out the gaze of the world, for so long as men, women and children go abroad among their fellows they must carry torches with them by which others can see what manner of persons they are and in what way they discharge their responsibilities. We refer to these things as an every day lesson in life which all should heed, and as a prelude to what we would say concerning the duty of charity which Catholic women ought to undertake.

Having fixed the principle that a woman's first duty is to make her home bright and happy, and that those depending on our ministrations are nowise neglected, we may venture a few observations on the duty she owes to the poor, the unfortunate, the unhappy. There are many Catholic women who have abundant opportunities for the exercise of their charitable instincts. Indeed there are none, however poor they may be, or however limited their means, but can do something to lighten the sorrows of others. But those who have wealth and leisure are particularly charged with the duty of relieving and comforting the unfortunate and the miserable. No excuse can avail for the neglect of this obvious, this imperative duty.

In Montreal, as in all great cities, there is always a vast amount of suffering produced by sickness and want. But Montreal is a wealthy city and the average conditions of comfort as high here as anywhere. We have our charitable institutions which do an untold amount of good, but we would like to see our Catholic women take a more active part in works of charity especially among the poor.

"And at a certain time, in pleasant mood,
To try the luxury of doing good."

In these days all denominations of Christians recognize the duty and necessity of making active endeavors to lessen the amount of human suffering. Even the unchristian philosophical writers inculcate, under the new name of altruism, the old god-like attribute of charity. Then how much more is it incumbent on the Catholic women of this Catholic city to give an example of a peculiarly Catholic virtue. Among Protestants the Woman's Christian Temperance Union and kindred societies have done and are doing an incalculable amount of good. Such organizations open wide avenues for the performance of charitable deeds and the exercise of beneficent influences. They are deserving of all praise and encouragement, and we were glad to see not long ago, that at one of their conventions in the United States, they welcomed the presence of Catholic ladies and invited the Catholic hierarchy to aid them in advancing the cause of temperance and morality in the nation at large.

This should operate as an incentive to the Catholic women of Montreal to organize on similar lines for the objects of relieving distress, resisting the demon of intemperance, visiting and comforting the poor and by every means in their power helping towards the realization of higher ideals in the common life of the people. We hear much these days of political corruption, vice and dishonesty in regions where far different examples should be expected, and while we have no sympathy with those who would force woman from her proper sphere into the heated arena of politics, we recognize the fact that by her influence, properly directed, she can do infinite service to public morality in ways which will not deprive her of that respect and consideration which are hers by natural right. We would be glad to see this idea acted upon and the controlling force of our Catholic women's influence brought to bear, as it can be with irresistible power, in aid of the great moral tendencies of the times. In things necessary let there be unity; in things not necessary liberality, in all things charity. Then we may say with Charles Mackay:—

"For one woman who affronts her kind,
By wicked passions and remorseless hate,
A thousand make amends in age and youth
By heavenly pity, by sweet sympathy,
By patient kindness, by enduring truth,
By love's supreme in adversity."

We are in receipt of a bound copy of the Little Messenger of the Sacred Heart, for which we are greatly indebted to Rev. Father Connolly, S.J., Central Director of the League of the Sacred Heart. This magazine ought to find its way into every English-speaking family. Though small in size, the influence it exerts must be prodigious. It is replete with interesting matter, contributed by some of Canada's best writers. The TRUE WITNESS extends to its little conferees its best wishes for future success and prosperity.

THE WRITING ON THE WALL.

The tremendous Home Rule victory in Rosendale proves that the battle for Home Rule is virtually won. It can now only be a question of months. The recent by-elections have proved incontestably that the feeling of England is in favor of performing the act of justice for which Ireland has so long prayed and toiled. To the so-called Liberal Unionists and the Conservatives this defeat comes as a veritable Sedan and Waterloo rolled into one. The ministers ought to see that the attempts to stave off the inevitable must be useless and that they had better surrender gracefully to the force of public opinion. Their obstinate retention of office, in the teeth of the repeated manifestations of the disapproval of their policy by the people is not the action of patriotic statesmen. Mr. Gladstone acted very differently when, seeing from the result of casual elections that the trend of public opinion was against him, he immediately dissolved Parliament. This Rosendale election ought to convince the Government of Lord Salisbury that their regime and their policy are not such as to command the confidence of the people. A general election would mean their defeat. There would come Mr. Gladstone and then Home Rule.

IRISH CATHOLIC REPRESENTATION.

It is time that the Irish Catholics of this city and this country freed themselves from the reproach of sending men to represent them at the City Council and the Legislatures who have neither the culture nor the education to fit them for such positions. Far be it from us to say one word that could be construed as deprecatory of the character or services of any of our public men, but it is plain that if we wish to be treated with respect by other classes in the community, and to obtain just recognition of our claims to consideration, we must select the best, the ablest, the most presentable men among us for legislative and municipal honors.

While it must be admitted that we have a few men in representative positions of whom we have just reasons to be satisfied, it is nevertheless notorious that there are others concerning whom the reverse is the fact. We do not believe that because a man, who has managed to foist himself into a public position, is Irish and Catholic, that we should be blind to his faults, condone his errors and seek to gloss over his blemishes of character and conduct. Such is not the way to improve our representation.

True it is that in the first generation of Irish immigrants who came to this country were many honest and industrious men, who by their own energies became wealthy and independent. These men, although they did not possess much in the way of education, were endowed with capacity, shrewdness and ability to take advantage of their opportunities. In the rough and tumble politics of their times they did good work and were fairly successful in their undertakings. But times have changed. A higher order of capacity, a more liberal education, a better appreciation of modern ideas and methods, which can only be acquired by culture, are now demanded by our people in those who seek to represent them. They want to see the Irish Catholics in the City Council and in the Legislature men of whom they may feel proud, and who will, at least in education, ability and manners, be the equals of the representatives of any other section of the people. We have no desire to crowd the older men into back seats, but we hold that men should not force themselves into positions they are not fitted to occupy acceptably and with the candid approbation of those whom they seek especially to represent. In this connection we do not consider the law of property qualification entirely just. It acts as a bar to the praiseworthy ambition of young men, and is in itself no proof of capacity or guarantee of honesty. How often have we, as Irish Catholics, to feel pained and abashed at displays of ignorance, uncountenance and lack of dignity made in public by men who claimed to be our representatives! Yet we know that these persons were in no sense our true representatives, and that it was our fault as well as our misfortune that permitted them to force their way into positions of prominence by sheer impudence and the expenditure of money. These are not pleasant things to say, and would not be said were they not unhappily only too true, and because there is an imperative need for a change.

There are men among us of character, ability and education who could not only hold their own in any assembly, but could take leading positions. Unhappily, they are crowded out of the race by men who employ without scruple those devices which experience in cunning and in the use of means suggest for the accomplishment of their own selfish ends. As a consequence of their success, the whole Irish Catholic community suffers in popular estimation. We are judged by the men we send to represent us, and it must be