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WEDNESDAY, JULY 20, 1892

DISREPUTABLE PLACES.

It becomes our painful duty, this week, to speak in plain terms of a crying evil that curses our city, and to call the attention of those whose duty it is to protect the morals, as well as the temporal interests of our respectable citizens, to the matter; we hope we will not speak in vain. We address ourselves to the authorities in general and to His Worship the Mayor, the city Aldermen and the Chief of Police in particular. For the truth of all the statements we are about to make we have the positive evidence in our desk, and we invite the city guardians of peace and morality to come and investigate them.

We are about to speak of the dens of iniquity that pollute certain streets, where respectable people are obliged to live in an atmosphere rank with all the abominations that immorality can engender.

For obvious reasons we will not mention the names of streets nor of the inhabitants of the respectable houses upon them; but if it is necessary, and if no attention is paid to our warning, we will not scruple to make public the full details of the case. There is one street, in a most refined locality, not far from Sherbrooke, nor very far from St. Catherine, where almost every second house is a resort for corrupt youth and still more corrupt age. We will commence at one end of that street and follow it to the other extremity. Like the famous puzzle of the nine black men and nine white men, you could almost say that every alternate house is one of bad repute. Just imagine the hot water in which the good citizens are daily and nightly kept. The first house, a corner one, is a bad one. For a number of years it was one of the worst houses in the city. It was kept by the notorious mistress of a more notorious detective and present convict. These are facts well known to all the people upon that street. Further details about other officials we possess, but retain as uncalculated at present. The three following houses are inhabited by respectable people; then comes a bad diver; next a poor and honest woman, with a small family; then a place that has been vacant during the past week, but which heretofore was a notorious den, where well-known policemen spent a great part of the Sunday, and in uniform, not long since. Then comes a place vacant since May; the next three are bad holes. This brings us to a corner immediately around which is a still worse house than any of the foregoing. One landlord here has nine houses; three are inhabited by respectable people, two are vacant and four are perfect hells. The next landlord has five or six tenements; one or two decent, the rest as bad as bad can be. The next landlord has two tenements, his own relatives living in one, and who are deeply humiliated to find themselves obliged to live next door to a house of the worst repute. The next landlord has several houses and all rented to decent citizens; to no one else would he lease a house, no matter what they offered. The next landlord is a most respectable man. Both these honest proprietors have their properties offered for sale, but cannot sell owing to the infamous name that the street is getting. The next two landlords have almost all their houses rented for immoral purposes; one of them lives with his own family in the midst of the Saturday.

On the opposite side of this street there are a couple of respectable houses; the rest is property belonging to one of the largest Catholic educational houses in Montreal; it is fenced in. The good citizens on this street know not what side to turn to, or what way to act. Their bells are rung at all hours of the night by drunken loafers and vagabonds of the worst class. Nightly and often daily married men, some of them grandfathers, many of them men respected in business and commercial circles, men looked up to as ornaments of society and models of morality, are to be found going into these dens of iniquity. Several of them we know, and their names would surprise the whole city if mentioned. On Sunday they will be seen going to church with their virtuous wives and innocent daughters; on the same night, as well as on week nights, they will be found in the company of the lowest characters, the

vilest persons. If the wives and daughters of honorable men venture down that street, on business or to visit, they are frequently insulted. The ladies who go out to sweep their doorsteps in the mornings are made the targets of the worst and most polluted expressions.

Where is the police protection for these people? It would seem as if our guardians were appointed to protect the respectable characters instead of the virtuous citizens. The people are anxious to know how much longer this is to go on? *Quo usque tandem abutere patientia nostra!* Must the people move from their houses; or will they have to appeal directly to the city's chief magistrate and to these honest Aldermen who have families of their own? The wives and daughters of these people are dear to them, and they want protection, and a respectable name for their residences.

Men in every walk of life are to be found, at all hours, making that street hideous with their oaths and obscene language. But especially on Saturday and Sunday nights is it a very pandemonium. The Christian Brothers cannot go down that street nor allow their pupils upon it. One of our most devoted priests had business, the other day, with a resident of that street, and he would not dare to go down it until he was assured that there were some respectable families of St. Patrick's congregation residing there. This street is within a stone throw of a police station. It is well known that the respected sergeant in charge of that station would not tolerate this state of things had he liberty to act. There is some serious cause for his inaction in the matter. We ask the Mayor, in the name of morality and decency, to have these dens stamped out, and to teach a lesson to landlords who rent their houses for immoral purposes. We have the names of all the dens, and the names of the landlords; these will be used, unsparingly when required. We have an outline map of the street, with its boundaries and surroundings. There are convents, schools and churches, also many respectable residences, and a police station, all within earshot of the worst parts of that street. We have the landlords' names, the situations of their properties, the numbers of the houses of ill-fame, and the names of the principal occupants. Also, we have the names of the respectable landlords, who could not be induced to prostitute their honor for money. Why cannot these vile characters be sent out of the city? The Jewish lepers of old were sent to a Gehenna, where they lived in communion with themselves, and all pure and virtuous people shunned them at the cry of "Unclean! unclean!" We anxiously await to see what action will be taken in this matter! This is but a first step, and if no attention is paid to it, we are prepared to go to the bottom and astonish people who deem themselves safe from public opinion.

CHAUNTAQUA.

Some weeks ago we referred, editorially, to the project, now on foot, of establishing a Catholic Summer School, after the plan of the existing one at Chautauqua. We express the hope that the site to be chosen would be some place near the boundary line between Canada and the United States. The institution would then be of benefit to both countries. In another column we publish full details of the progress so far made by the organizers. We also state that the True Witness office will be a kind of central distributing point and bureau of information upon the subject, for Canada. It is almost unnecessary to write any lengthy essay upon the question; for at once it is obvious to the reflecting that such an establishment must be of ultimate benefit for all parties. There the professors, the teaching and learning and studious portions of the community, in both countries, can meet on a neutral field, an arena of the intellect where the giants of culture may contend and the youthful may be trained, as in a vast gymnasium of the mind.

As the prospectus states, the school is an assembly of earnest people, men and women, who desire to hear the important living questions, in all departments of knowledge, discussed by eminent Catholics, priests and laymen, from a sound Catholic point of view. Anyone properly recommended, can become a member. Application for that purpose must be made to Mr. Warren E. Mosher, of Youngstown, Ohio, or to any other officer of the Association. The fees are five dollars for a full course; two dollars for ten lectures. This year the School will be at the Lyceum Theatre, New London, Conn. Next year it will be either at the Thousand Islands or on Lake Champlain. The session will last from July 20th to August 24th inclusive. For all information about board, means of access, and here, address Mr. Wm. J. Brennan, 52 State St., New London, Conn. Amongst the advantages may be stated that you will be able to enjoy the lectures of able men on topics of vital interest. You will be thus better equipped for the defence of Catholic Faith. You will meet, in social intercourse, some of the most intellectual American Catholics. You will aid in forming a centre of Catholic

thought. You will have a splendid outing. And you will be preparing the way for a wide diffusion of Catholic truth.

One more point and we will conclude, for this week, our remarks upon the Summer School. By the printing of the lectures and the distributing of instructive literature, in many forms, the Association wishes to reach all classes, the less wealthy especially. Thousands who cannot afford to attend will thus reap many of the benefits to be derived from the School. The idea is to spread Catholic Truth, and to scatter its seeds on every avenue and light its lamps in every corridor of our immense social labyrinth. "Educate that you may be free," was the motto of the early Dublin Nation; "Educate that you may be saved," is a maxim of the Summer School Association.

ORANGEISM IN QUEBEC.

The editor of the *Chronicle* is in bad humor these days; he finds fault with everything. The occupation of Mars by the moon must have affected him; he is both warlike and erratic. He gets upon his charger, and, with a spur and whip, goads him into fury over the Orange celebration at Huntingdon. It is not very likely that any one will accuse us of love for Orangeism, or any relish for its anti-Catholic principles; we are probably as Irish Catholics, more the immediate objects of Orange attack than the *Canadian* could ever be. Yet that meeting strikes us very differently from the manner in which it strikes a non-combatant.

As far as the anti-Home Rule position is concerned, they are just what we expected from that quarter. It would be a strange thing, a very miracle, if the Orangemen in Canada did not express themselves in harmony with their brethren in Ireland. Again, upon the separate school question, we anticipate Orange opposition to that system just as we look for anti-Catholic principles in their every organization. We have good and strong cause for detesting Orangeism, for looking upon it as a hydra of discord, for seeing in it the nature of the Uvas tree that poisons the air and blasts the soil that nourishes it. We abhor Orangeism and its principles; but we have no detestation, nor enmity towards individual Orangemen. We strike at principles, not persons; we combat ideas, not individuals. The Orangemen expect us to be opposed to their organization; we expect opposition from them.

But we noticed, and greeted with welcome, a new, a milder, a more generous spirit that made its first appearance on the 12th July, at the Huntingdon celebration. We read of such remarks as the following, coming from the Chairman of the Assembly, and a leader of Quebec Orangeism:

"We hoped nothing would be said to wound the susceptibilities of our Roman Catholic fellow citizens. They should realize that the Roman Catholic Church is a religion, not a race, and that we are all Catholics. If the Roman Catholics want separate schools, we should have the right to have them. We do not believe in interfering with opinions on any Roman Catholic fellow subjects. They are in a majority and they have rights we must respect. So let us all agree with Mr. Sullivan, that the future of the province and the public institutions should be non-sectarian."

Or again, when one of our public men, a local member, a thorough Orangeman, spoke as follows, we paused to ask ourselves if a change were not coming over the aspect of things:

"He thought his hearers to consider what they would do were they in the position of the Roman Catholics. They should bear in mind what the reputation of Orangeism was among Catholics. Many Catholics, however, the Orangemen desired to see one of them every morning before breakfast. 'Can you gain nothing by antagonizing our Catholic brethren? We should take them by the hand and side by side with them, combat the march of progress. For progress is the common lot of all Christian creeds.' (Reverting to the methods advocated for the accomplishment of religious reform, Mr. Sullivan condemned everything that seemed of insult to the beliefs of other men. Orangeism, he said, should not sing 'Gloria, be done.' They should rather sing 'Gloria, come up.'")

By constant communication with the great mass of Catholics in this Province, the Orangemen are beginning to find out that we do not wear horns, and that the Pope of Rome is not the monster that their fanatical writers and speakers paint him. By degrees they are learning that the principles of Catholicity are the principles of the purest Christianity. In Ontario there were more Catholics, the Orangemen of Kingston, Toronto, Barrie and the West would learn, as their Quebec brethren seem to be learning, that nothing is to be gained by insulting their fellow-citizens, with party times and offensive expressions. What have we to do with the Boyne? Why not bury in the waters of Atlantic the divisions and factions of the old world, and commence upon our virgin soil to sow the seeds of universal peace? There is no sense in the celebration of the Battle of the Boyne, unless it be to insult the Catholics. As well might Irish Catholics and French Canadians join and celebrate the battle of Fontenoy, to the tunes of the *Liberty Bell* and the song of "Dixie with the Heavies." There would be just as much sense in the one as there is in the other.

When Orangemen, like those at Huntingdon, are willing to take a step in the direction of harmony, of peace, of goodwill, we are on the alert to meet them. We wish to recognize every move, no matter how insignificant in that direction; because we know that the more they blend with us, the more they learn

of us, the more they will feel ashamed of wantonly insulting us and injuring our sentiments. By degrees they would come to see the hollowness of all such party demonstrations, the folly of such regalia and partisan display, the great benefits of mutual understanding and, as a natural consequence, they would sooner or later, weed out their anti-Catholic prejudices and remodel their anti-Catholic principles.

For these reasons, amongst many others, we wish to give credit where credit is due, and to hail with relief the appearance of such a spirit amongst the Orangemen of Quebec. Let them continue in that direction and they will soon learn that Catholics know how to respect the rights of minorities, here and in the old country.

THE ELECTRIC STREET CAR.

There is a point, seemingly omitted by every one concerned with this subject of an electric street railway, and which the press has passed over in silence. After all the good work performed and wise suggestions made by all to whom have the matter in hand, we find that an *absolute and unqualified* charter is to be given to what ever company undertakes the work. The city, thereby, would be giving powers that they could never withdraw, and would be placing Montreal hand and foot, and exposing themselves to endless trouble and countless legal annoyances. As yet they have no practical experience of the working of such a road, in winter, in a city like Montreal. Ottawa is no exception in this. How the streets are narrowed, then, and how the traffic made, and the inhabitants more numerous. More tracks are proposed to be laid than are now on the Ottawa streets. If they leave the snow on the street we will have impassible troughs from end to end of each thoroughfare. If they cart off the snow, leaving only six inches, the very first thaw that will come will make the streets impassible for winter vehicles; while these streets will be bare, the other streets will have two or three feet of snow, and the sleighing in the country will be excellent.

We would humbly suggest a *conditional* contract, with the proviso, of at least one winter's practical experience of the working of such a road in this city. It would save untold future litigation.

THE CATHOLIC PULPIT.

Last week we referred to "priestly influence" in the sphere of education; this week we propose saying a few words about the Catholic pulpit in the domain of politics. We intend to state as clearly and as concisely as possible, what the doctrine of our Church is upon this important matter. However, we will postpone our remarks, by drawing attention to the recent harangues, more or less virulent, and certainly most unjustifiable, that fell from the lips of P. Drouin, Dr. Wilton, and other clergymen of Protestant denominations. In pulpits and in conversation they scruple not to pour forth, instead of the word of God, the vitals of their hatred upon the leader of a political party. They are applauded by their hearers, praised by some of their co-religionists and commended by the *Daily Witness*. Let us suppose an improbable case. What would be the consequence if, say, the parish priest of St. Patrick's and the parish priest of Notre-Dame came up in their respective pulpits and attacked with all their strength some political leader, or even an ordinary member of a political party, a McCarthy or an O'Brien? The dust that would be kicked up all over Canada would certainly blind the half of our population and choke the other half. We would become deaf with the cries of "undue influence," "ecclesiastical interference," "priests in politics," "the clergy abroad," "priest-ridden people," or "the Church trying to rule the State." And yet these priests would only be doing what the clergymen of other denominations do, and are applauded for doing. However, there is no danger of any such action on the part of our clergy; but it may be as well to inform some of our separated brethren of what the Church's attitude is in such matters and what rights, privileges and liberties a Catholic priest possesses.

In the first place the Catholic pulpit is a tribune of Faith and Morals. For no other purpose can it be used. The priest who would dare make use of his pulpit for any object other than the preaching of Faith and the teaching of Morals, would expose himself, *ipso facto*, to be reprimanded by his bishop and perhaps to suffer a penalty for his negligence. The priest is one, spiritually speaking, with his bishop, and it is only with the express sanction of the latter that he can ever deviate from the course prescribed for him. In no case can he use the pulpit for the purpose of expressing his individual likes or dislikes, his animosities or his predilections.

A priest is a citizen. By the fact of his ordination he does not lose any of the rights or privileges of citizenship. He has a stake, an interest in the country. He has more; he has an interest in the prosperity and the salvation of the large

congregation confided to his care. He may not exercise his rights—it is his own business whether he does or not—but he does not divest himself of them. By his higher education and his intellectual training he is better able, than the mass of people, to weigh the good and evil, to judge of motives, to measure political actions and tendencies; consequently he is eminently qualified to give sound, logical and honest expressions of opinion. Yet he refrains from so doing, at least in the pulpit. There are times when our principles of faith are at stake, when the moral welfare of the Catholic community hangs in the balance. On such occasions the hierarchy has the right to order the priest to point out these dangers and to warn the faithful against the menacing perils. Then and then only, (for the cause of faith and morals), at the dictation of the bishop, can the priest open his lips in the pulpit to denounce any political principles. The cases are, however, so rare, and the danger must be so palpable and obvious, that we could count them on the fingers of one hand.

But our friends of other denominations will say: "There should be no exception in any case at all." The exception only gives the rule. If the hierarchy has a right to speak upon all questions of faith, discipline and morals, but must be silent upon a vast political evil is about to crush down upon the faithful, it would be tantamount to saying, "you may preach and teach as much as you like on all ordinary occasions; but the moment a party threatens your faith, a political organization threatens your rights, a political body becomes dangerous to the morals of your faithful, from that moment you must fold your arms, load your tongues, and stand silently by while the lava tide rushes over all that you hold most sacred." Such would be political tyranny for out-stripping the worst Russian despotism.

The Catholic Church, as a body, has its rights and privileges in all matters affecting its organization; its clergy have their rights and privileges as citizens of the country; but its pulpit is never and can never be transformed into a political hustings. And were a priest to attempt such a perversion of the pulpit, before the seolder voice could be raised, his own superior would have him brought to task.

The priest receives powers at ordination which he has not always the right to exercise. He has the power to forgive sins; but he cannot in all places and all times hear confessions; the same for the Mass the same for preaching. He is subject to the rules and regulations of the Church in general, and his own bishop in particular. The Protestant pulpit is a human institution, and without doubt it can be used for political objects; the Catholic pulpit is a Divine institution and can only be used for the purpose intended by Christ, when he said, "Go and preach to all men."

There is the difference between Catholic priests and Protestant ministers in matters affecting the state.

SCHOOL INSPECTORS.

We have a word to say, or rather a couple of questions to ask, about our School Inspectors. We deem it the duty of a Catholic organ to be like the creature of Ezekiel's vision, "glistening with eyes." It should watch every move in the social, political, religious, moral and educational spheres, and be ready, without prejudice or favor, to point out any lack in their formation or any element that might prove dangerous to the interests of Catholics. We would like to be informed as to what are the duties of School Inspectors. We may have formed an exaggerated estimate of them. We have heard complaints from the higher schools that the inspectors never attempt to examine an English class. The first question that suggests itself is, are they capable? If they are, is it their duty to make such examinations? If they are not, what is the reason that they are lacking in that necessary element? Again, we would like to know how they contrive to make conscientious reports on those schools? These are very pertinent questions. Might we not ask also, what are the duties of the local Superintendent of Montreal? He does not, it seems, and perhaps he cannot, examine in English. Is it done by proxy? If so, there must be something of the sincere, the ornamental, about the position and title. We are told, however, that there are inspectors a little over officious in schools taught by ladies. At the recent convention of our Catholic inspectors drew forth long and angry, from the Protestant element, by the unmeasured terms of his condemnation of "ecclesiastical influence" in the schools. He made a sorry spectacle of himself in the eyes of all honest Catholics. More of this anon.

A meeting of all the archbishops in the United States will be held at New York in October. Among the subjects for discussion is the school question, with a special view to making provision for the religious education of those children who live in those parts of the country where there are no parochial schools.

HOME RULE AT HAND.

"Go on, then, all rejoiceful!
March on thy career unbowed!
Triumph! Let thy noble, victorious
Spirit cry to God aloud!
Man will bid thee speed—
God will aid thee in thy need—
He sure thou shalt form the Vanguard
Of such illustrious band whom Heaven
And these words come from one whom some
have called a Seer."

Half a century ago James Clarence Mangan sang this prophetic chant. Today its predictions are almost realized. Although the Gladstonian victory is not as complete as was at first anticipated, still it is sufficient to let the world know that the cause of Ireland, after seven centuries of persecution, and one hundred years of a miserable union, is about to come forth victorious from the prolonged and unequal struggle. Today her representatives hold the balance of power in the Imperial Parliament, and by union and patience they can so advance that the first day of 1893 may dawn upon a land of liberty, and the "Sinnbuid" of that winter morning may dash its glories upon the dome of a new Parliament house on College Green. This is the day foreseen by Mangan; of which Lord Edward dreamed; for which Emmett bled, Tone perished, Sarfield fell, O'Connell thundered, Davis wrote, Mitchell planned, Smith O'Brien struggled, Meagher pleaded, patriots wielded pen and saber; for this day the people hoped, the emigrant sighed, the priest prayed, the ardent and faithful longed. It has come at last. Limerick's broken treaty, the market cross at Wexford, the grey field of Bannock, the shattered walls of Athlone and Clonmel, the Ogham stones, the Breton crosses, the Druid Altars, often the sacrificial stones where the hunted priest, up in the fastnesses of the Galeses or amongst the rocks of Connemara, in fear and trembling, offered up the Eucharistic victim; all these scenes of sorrow, persecution, treachery, or devotion, vanish for a moment in the light that flashes upon Erin, as the Angel of Freedom descends and rolls away the stone from the sepulchre of her Liberty. The mighty effort has been made, made under most adverse circumstances—and now that a certainty of success smiles upon the "Green Land" there remain but two things of her leaders to do.

In the moment of their first victory, let them prove themselves worthy of the great national confidence about to be reposed in them; let them have PATIENCE and let them have UNDOUBT. Small will be the Grand Old Man's majority, he cannot handle the machinery of Government at will. He must go slowly for a time, test the ground before he leads his fold upon it, and be positively sure of his strength before taking the giant and final step of granting Home Rule to Ireland. More has been done this year than had been effectively performed during the last half century. Do not force the situation; be calm under the exalting influences of success; give the Old Man time to carry his great project into execution. Be patient! Ireland has fought, bled, and suffered for a hundred years; can her sons not wait half a hundred weeks, with the assurance of their ultimate triumph in their own hands?

In the next place, for Heaven's sake, let the different parties unite! To repeat a line of the poem first quoted:

"The Time, the Hour, the Power are near."

This is the Time? It has come at last! The Hour is at hand; it is approaching with the swiftness of an electric current. The Power depends upon the one condition—Union! Let not the Demon of Discord destroy the all-inspiring and mighty hope. Dash not the cup from the parched lips of poor Erin, just as she is about to sip the first bright drops of national happiness! In the grand words of Dr. Dreman, we may say:

"By the groans that ascend from your forefathers' graves,
For their country once led to the brute and the slave,
Drive the Demon of Bigotry home to his den,
And where Britain made Britons now let Erin make men!
Let my sons like the leaves of the shamrock unite,
A partition of seats from on footstool of right,
Give each his full share of the earth and the sky,
Nor let the slave where the serpent would die."

Let Parnellite and anti-Parnellite join hands beneath the shadow of that noble monument raised to the immortal Liberator in Glasnevin; there also upon the green sod that covers the remains of the great leader whose name will ever go echoing down the ages as the most consummate statesman that ever led the small but intrepid band of parliamentary patriots—Parnell; there, within sight of Mangan's last resting-place; there, over the ashes of the dead, and in presence of the living, by all the ties that can bind the Celt to the land of his love, by the memories of the past, by the hopes of the present, by the dawning glories of the future, let them unite; let them forget all differences, bury in that sacred soil all jealousies or quarrels, and one forth a mighty band, invincible in their union. Let the majority carry, and let them respect the views of the minority, while the latter will repose confidence in the sincerity of their more numerous colleagues. Be no longer "battalions into faction, drilled into disunion, striking each other over the graves that yawn beneath;" but rather join hands and snatch victory from death. Then both