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WEDNESDAY, JUNE 12, 1895.

MONUMENTS.

So much, both in eloquent public speeches and in the columns of the press, is being said about monuments, that we feel it our duty to have a word also upon the subject. It would be superfluous to enter upon the many arguments in favor of the erection of monuments to the great, the good, the patriotic dead. Every person, who has the sentiments of true citizenship, must recognize the justice and utility of such testimonials of a people's gratitude. The future generations can only know the present one by these means; by history as expressed in documentary form, including all branches of our literature; by history as expressed in the stupendous public works that shall stand to illustrate and prove the traditions handed down; and by history as expressed in art, particularly in painting and sculpture, more particularly in the monuments commemorative and representative of the men and deeds that documentary history has embalmed for all time. Hence the importance of monuments for the future; at the same time are they an evidence of public gratitude.

Like many other branches of national development that of erecting monuments is more or less characterized by a spasmodic spirit. For a number of years the great political, social, commercial and individual wheels turn and the people grind away at their different occupations as if such a thing as a native literature never existed, nor was ever necessary; suddenly some important event, or some striking poem, or some new work, and the keynote is sounded. At once the chorus swells upon all sides, and, during a short period, every one wants to have a say upon the subject. native literature becomes the great theme, poets spring up in all directions, critics multiply as by magic, and after a short period of wild enthusiasm, the world falls back into its previous indifference and lethargy. So it is with monuments. At present the fit is upon us, and while it lasts we should make the best possible use of its impetus. On all sides, of late, there have been suggestions of monuments, and not a few have been already successfully carried out. But, while the immortalizing of great men and glorious deeds is patriotic, the commemorating of characters and events, whose names and memories are calculated to awaken strife, to mar the harmony of our happy present, or to grate upon the sentiments of any section of our people, must be considered as an evil instead of a benefit to Canada. Because a monument is erected by a people, or an important element of the population, to some one whose life was consecrated to the general good of the country, is no reason why a faction, or a disturbing section, should seek universal approval of a monument the existence of which is certain to awaken bitter memories of the past and thus perpetuate that discord and disunion which constitute the greatest curse of a country like ours.

The other day we beheld the unveiling of a monument to the late Sir John A. Macdonald. Of course he was a political leader in the truest acceptance of the term; but all sections of the people, irrespective of politics, national origin, or even religious belief, joined heartily in doing honor to one who—despite any faults he may have had—must necessarily occupy a central place on the picture of Canada's history. His works, even though imperfect, as all human works must be, exercised an influence upon the country as a whole and upon each section of the Dominion as well as upon each element that goes to make up our population. Therefore, it is a tribute to one whose name and works would live as

long as Canada lasts even though no monument in bronze or stone were ever raised to commemorate them.

The same may be said of the Canadian whose statue adorns the Parliament Hill at Ottawa—Sir George E. Cartier. The same applies to another father of Confederation, of whom we hope soon to see a fitting memorial—Hon. T. D. McGeec. In the same list are such men as Alexander MacKenzie, Baldwin, Lafontaine, Morin, Sir A. A. Dorion, and the late Sir John Thompson. Around the statues of such colossal Canadians the people of Canada can meet in sympathy and in presence of their effigies the differences, political, social, national and religious, must sink. In old Quebec there are many monumental figures that correspond with the historical greatness of the ancient city and of the whole country. The one to Wolfe and Montcalm is perhaps the most remarkable, since it illustrates, in unsurpassed eloquence, the union of races upon our soil. The monuments des Braves on the St. Foye Road, those to Wolfe and Montcalm separately, those to de Salabery, Frontenac, Levis and others, are milestones of greatness along the highway of a glorious past. In Three Rivers the monument to Lavolette, in Western Ontario that to Brock, or the other to Brant, are all closely cemented into the events that circled around these great lives. Every Canadian, no matter what his belief, his origin, or his political attachments, can take off his hat with pride in presence of any of those memorial shafts or statues.

Soon, on the Placed'Armes, in front of Notre Dame, near the spot rendered glorious by the conflicts of two centuries and a half ago, looking towards the mountain that Cartier called Royal, within earshot of the giant St. Lawrence, upon a soil once damped with the sweat of colonist and the blood of martyr, the statue of de Maisonneuve, the gallant soldier, the heroic governor, the pioneer civilizer, the founder of Montreal, will be unveiled by a grateful and patriotic people. There is an inspiration in the very name of de Maisonneuve, there are a thousand legends of the dim past, and a thousand historic memories of the early years of our country, associated with the grand character whose figure will look down upon the transformed scene of his mighty struggles. All can join heartily and proudly in the splendid ceremonies of that occasion, for de Maisonneuve was the father—so to speak—of Canada's greatest city, and his memory is a grand heritage that belongs to every child of the present who lives and enjoys the blessings of freedom that Canada enjoys.

It is with a very different feeling that we turn to the contemplation of other proposed monuments. We thoroughly understand the spirit that animates those who would render homage to their heroes, and who are animated with a desire to rescue from oblivion the names that they consider deserving of a greater immortality than is apparently their share. By no means do we quarrel with their sentiment, nor have we any fault to find with their devotion, political or national idols. We do not wish to criticize the dead—let them sleep in peace. If we cannot enter into the enthusiasm felt by some in their regard we would be the last to upbraid them. If we refer to the more painful side of the question it is in the same spirit and on the same principles that we have touched upon the more pleasant phase of the subject. We are not criticizing the lives or deeds sought to be commemorated; rather do we look at the effects, so very injurious, that such commemoration is calculated to produce in the country. The monument that creates the slightest hostility on the part of any important section of our people—he they right or he they wrong—is a menace to the peace and prosperity of the country. Therefore, it has no *raison d'être*. In this category we class the proposed monument—on Viger Square—to the memory of Chamier, and that other one, to be unveiled by Bostonians upon Canadian soil, to commemorate the very inglorious capture of Louisbourg. It was an English victory they say; yet Americans (evidently McL. descendants) are the first to commemorate it. Without consulting either Canada or England, they come over to set up their monument upon the very spot most sacred to French-Canadians and Acadians, and they propose to leave a lasting memorial of a French defeat for the contemplation of the descendants of those same Frenchmen. It was a victory that did no honor to England; and its commemoration is a reflection on Canadians. Let us have monuments, but not at the expense of harmony.

A ROYAL COMMISSION.

After all the judicial struggles that have arisen over the Manitoba school question it appears that the whole matter is likely to be referred to a strong Royal Commission. The public is almost weary—as weary as are the Catholics of Manitoba—of following this hunt for justice from parliament to tribunal, from tribunal back to parliament, from court to court, from legislature to legislature; and now it is evident that the day is still distant when a final settle-

ment can be reached. The conflagration of excitement kindled by the last decision of the Privy Council, fanned stronger by the apparent chances of a general election, and increased by the remedial order sent from Ottawa to Winnipeg, has cooled down considerably and the matter seems to have fallen into the quiet current of a heavy rolling but slow commission. Eventually it may be the surest way of attaining a fair understanding and an impartial conclusion in regard to the question; but it will take a long time for the Commission to be established, to get its machinery in working order, to examine into the unlimited evidence and finally to report to parliament. Even then, we fear, it will be only a returning to the starting point in the vicious circle. Parliament will have to consider the majority report, and parliament will do so on a political basis. Thus back again comes the question into the political arena. And when parliament has heard the report, debated upon it, voted its acceptance or rejection, the situation will be somewhat the same as it is to-day.

Meanwhile what measure of relief are the Catholics of Manitoba to get? We believe in taking this subject from the most practical standpoint. Must they go on paying for that which their consciences forbid them to accept or enjoy? Are they to remain the victims of an unjust taxation, while all this delay, or we might call it red-tapeism, is endured? While the granting of a Royal Commission is a step in the right direction, still it is one that should not be taken rough-shod over the immediate interests of those who suffer. Of course we may not see the situation in its exact light, if so we are open to correction. But according to our individual powers of appreciation—humble as they may be—we think there is a great deal too much ceremony, technical contention and political quibbling in the whole matter. We are perfectly prepared to admit that the representatives of the Manitoba Legislature, of the Ottawa Government, of the Catholic element and of the Crown have shown a great good will in striving to come to a rational understanding on the question. We also recognize that there are so many conflicting elements in play that it is no easy matter to bring the issue to a focus. We likewise must admire the deep interest taken by the Governor-General—if reports are correct—in the settling of the vexing difference and his ability and statesmanship in proposing the medium of a Royal Commission. Still we cannot close our eyes to the fact that the Greenway Government does not want to grant any concessions to the Catholics, nor to the equally patent fact that the Ottawa Government wants to get from under the responsibility just as quickly as possible. A Royal Commission will serve the latter very nicely and will give time to the former to concoct some new method of enforcing its anti-Catholic policy.

But, meanwhile, what is to be the status of the Catholics of Manitoba? What are their obligations to be? What measure of relief are they to enjoy? These things we would like to know.

JOAN OF ARC.

As a rule our able commercial and maritime contemporary, the Morning Chronicle of Quebec, is very exact and fair. In fact we have found it even generous or more than generous on more than one occasion. But some kind of ill-omen must have fitted into its editorial sanctum on the twenty-fourth of May last, for the issue of the twenty-fifth contained a short but very unworthy editorial under the title "The Talk of the Day." As long as the Chronicle deals with the shipping and the fluctuations of the Quebec market it is a most useful and always safe morning guide for the business people of the old city; but the moment it goes outside its own sphere, and especially, when it enters the domain of religion, it is totally inadequate—in fact it is hurtful to everybody, itself included. We said that the Chronicle is a good trade, commercial and marine recorder; the first sentence in the article above-mentioned indicates that the writer is not in his element when dealing with matters of historical or religious controversy. He says: "The stock of the Maid of Orleans, like that of Napoleon Bonaparte, is looking up, in this year of grace." Were it not for the sneering, insulting, and half-witted remarks that follow, we might be pardoned for supposing that the foregoing refers to the market boat called "The Maid of Orleans," that plies between Quebec and the Island of Orleans. The whole article savors of the "stock-yard;" it is evident that its writer is more accustomed to deal with "Bulls" and "Bears" than with heroes and saints. He says that "She promises, like 'Triby,' to become a fad," and he makes mention of Mark Twain's story, "Joan of Arc," now running in Harper's. We suppose that this would-be smart and brilliant scoffer is under the impression that he has turned out an item calculated to immortalize him. Probably he would not hesitate to apply the same language to any other saintly Catholic or to any Catholic saint. There is a

sharp anger in the article at the French in Madagascar, particularly on account of their devotion to the memory of the heroine whose martyrdom was due to a barbaric hatred, scarcely more pronounced than that revealed in the little tirade. The petty but wicked paragraph closes thus: "It is to be hoped that the petitioners have made no mistake about Miss Joan's politics, for it would be an exceedingly awkward thing if her views and theirs differed. What if she sided with the Hovas? Then, indeed, would the fat be in the fire."

Let us say at once that there is one learned and eminent gentleman connected with the Chronicle whom we certainly do not accuse nor even suspect of either penning the above or of having any knowledge of its existence until it appeared in print. We would be sincerely grieved were we to think that such an able and broad-minded writer could ever allow a petty prejudice to tempt him into such a display of narrowness. We suppose that the article came from some one, as we said, more familiar with the language and sentiments of the dock-yard and fish-market than with those of the more refined spheres of letters. If the writer of that irreverent and uncultivated note would kindly read the Abbe Guillemin's interesting volume of the panegyrics pronounced upon Jeanne d'Arc he might be fired with other sentiments than those that apparently scorch his mind at present. Were he to peruse the expressions of Pere Jenault, of Cardinals Bernet, Pie, Mermillard, Langenieux and Lecot; of Bishops Frayssinous, Foutrier, Le Courcier, Dupanloup, Gillies, Frappel, Bogaud, Lagrange, Perrand, Turinaz, Besnon, Germain, Goninard, de Cabrières; of Pere Monsobre, Mgr. d'Hulst, and Cardinal Parocchi, perchance he might see the insignificance of his own ideas and by way of contrast perceive the smallness of his unique composition. May has been a month memorably associated with the life and deeds of the "Maid of Orleans." It was in May 1428 that she set out upon her first journey to Vaucouleurs; it was in May 1431 that she was put to death at the stake by the civilized savagery of the Rouen mob; it was in May 1895 that the Quebec Chronicle brought disgrace upon its columns by ridiculing a character too lofty for its appreciation and too sublime for its admiration. No matter whether or not a man believes in the supernatural gifts and inspiration of the "Maid of Orleans," his respect for the sentiments of a vast majority of his fellow-citizens should dictate silence, if he had nothing worthy the historical character of the saintly heroine to say. But the stake at Rouen has served more to glorify the Maid of Orleans than ever did the royal crowning at Rheims; and the writer of that item may rest assured that no future generation will ever invoke his name on the field of battle, nor bend in homage to his memory in the temples of the land.

"GRAND" IS THE WORD.

The word "Grand" sounds like powerful, attractive, sublime, particularly when it is applied to something deserving of such a qualifying term; but of all the much-abused terms in the English language it is certainly the most often misapplied. When the common place, the ridiculous, or the insignificant is styled grand, thoughtful people pause, smile and shake their heads. Strange how very far from grand, in ideas, methods, actions, and even sentiments, certain societies are, and yet they must use a whole string of "grands," as they do the shame-jewels of their regalia. As a sample of the absurd degree to which this childish and meaningless mania for silly and unreasonable titles may be carried, we take the following from the Monitor, which journal credits the New York Sun with its original production:

"Last year there was incorporated the Imperial Council of the Ancient Arabic Order of Nobles of the Mystic Shrine of North America, and here are the legal titles which the statute recognizes:

- Imperial Potentate.
- Imperial Recorder.
- Imperial Treasurer.
- Imperial Representatives.

This year an act, already approved by the Governor, allows the officers of the Grand Court of the Ancient Order of Foresters to call themselves thus:

- Grand Chief Ranger.
- Grand Sub-Chief Ranger.
- Grand Treasurer.
- Grand Secretary.
- Grand Recording Secretary.
- Grand Senior Woodward.
- Grand Junior Woodward.
- Grand Senior Beadle.
- Grand Junior Beadle.
- Grand Trustees.

And the end is not yet. We find another bill before the present Legislature providing for another lot of high-sounding titles in the case of the Order of the Eastern Star. This institution is to be governed by officers rejoicing in these names:

- Grand Matron.
- Grand Patron.
- Associate Grand Matron.
- Associate Grand Patron.
- Grand Secretary."

We could easily add to these short lists some very long ones of equally absurd and even more high-sounding titles.

After all what is the real object of all this nonsense? Evidently to make the public imagine that there is something actually "grand" at the bottom of all those secret societies. Yet the true test of grandeur of character in the individual has ever been humility, and of grandeur of design in the works of art or of nature has been simplicity or truth. When we hear a person proclaiming that he is a grand man we can easily form a correct estimate of his littleness; when an organization has only such titles to bolster it up, its works must be very small, its merits very few and its aims very low. Without exception the grandest work since creation has been that of the Redemption, and yet neither Christ nor His followers ever made use of any expression of self-exaltation akin to "grand." The grandest, most wonderful, most tremendous institution of the ages is the Church that has survived the repeated shocks and tempests nineteen centuries, and yet it never required to proclaim to the world the fact that it was grand; so self-evident, so imposing, so undeniable is its grandeur that it would merely take from it, and be an evidence of littleness, were it to bedeck its members with such meaningless titles.

In fact there is something natural and sensible in the ordinary terms "grandmother and grandfather; but were we to apply them to the decorated ladies and gentlemen who bear the above titles they would be offended. There is a society in London that is under the direction of a president, who is the Most Worshipful Ancient Grand and Universal Supreme Master of the whole business. A combination of titles that could only be applied, by rational creatures, to the Creator. If he only added on the word Omnipotent we would have the best possible example of the folly of blasphemy, or the blasphemy of folly.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE event of last Thursday has revived several witty sayings of the late Sir John A. Macdonald. Having been asked once by the late Alonzo Wright, M.P., what he thought would be the most appreciated recognition of a young poet's ode, Sir John replied, "to have *Owed* written at the top and *Paid* at the bottom of the composition." There was something very practical in the reply.

THERE is question of establishing an American School of Archaeology at Rome. It will be a sister school to that at Athens, and will have for its object researches in Italian, Etruscan and Roman antiquities, as well as the archaeological study of the early Christian, Mediaeval and Renaissance periods. The Washington Catholic University is instrumental greatly in promoting the enterprise.

A NEW YORK LADY, daughter of a one time belle of that city, has become the Princess Brancaccio-Massimo. This family claims descent from the great Fabius Maximus. It is related that Napoleon, who was always sceptical regarding the titles of others, asked a member of the Massimo family if the story of his long line of ancestry were true. The Roman replied: "I cannot prove it, but it is a tradition that has run in our family for more than two thousand years."

A WOMAN in bloomers looks quite manlike—the picture is suggestive of boldness; a woman on a bicycle looks quite unlady-like—the apparition suggests waywardness. But a woman in bloomers and on a bicycle, as we have seen a couple very recently in one of our most crowded thoroughfares, suggests very forcibly the *fin de siècle* genus gone mad. We trust that the day is far distant when this new mania will affect any of our Catholic women or girls.

ACCORDING to Miss Cakeman, an Anglican writer, there were "in 1893 as many as 7,000 clergymen avowed supporters of the Romeward movement." If such be the case the late encyclical of His Holiness goes to prove that the Pope knew exactly what he was about when he hoped for the return of England to the fold. Our non-Catholic commentators may sneer all they like, but they cannot blind the world to the fact that Leo XIII. knows more about the sentiments of Christendom than any other living man.

THE Catholic Review points out that "Catholics have two different tasks before them when undertaking the conversion of a Protestant people. They have not only to explain Catholic doctrine, but they have to correct inveterate misrepresentation." It is almost incredible how many learned and presumably honest non-Catholics are under the most preposterous impressions regarding Catholic teachings. But we must admit that the worst calumniators of the Church are persons who have once been members of the fold. As we are more likely to put faith in the report of a person who has visited a country than in the story of one who never saw the place in question, so Protestants are excusable to a great extent, for more readily believing the rav-

ings of an apostate than the assertions of those who never had been Catholics. Still the man who vilifies a country that he has visited may have reasons for so doing—perhaps he had been expelled therefrom for his crimes. It is certainly notorious that the apostate hates the faith once he has publicly abandoned it; even as some creatures detect their benefactors when their selfishness overcomes their gratitude.

WHEN WOMEN go about a reform movement they generally mean business. For what they lack in influence they make up in numbers. This month a petition circulated by the British Women's Temperance Association, asking for the prohibition of the sale of alcohol and opium, is to be presented to Parliament. It has been signed by 7,500,000 women of fifty different nationalities.

THE unveiling of the statue of the late Sir John A. Macdonald recalls to our mind a clever reply made by the great Premier on a private occasion. Of course it is one of the thousand unrecorded "good things" that he so frequently expressed. The question was: "It may seem foolish, Sir John, but I often thought of asking if you would like a great monument after you are gone?" Assuming a strong Scotch accent, he replied, "A *mon* you meant; yes, I would like a great *mon* to come after me."

SOME one suggests the following plot for Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan: "On H. M. S. Ringarooma, on the Australian station, the captain recently reprimanded the surgeon for some slight breach of duty, whereupon the latter put the captain on the sick list. The captain then ordered the surgeon under arrest. The surgeon then reported that the captain was suffering from mental disease and was incapable of commanding the ship, but the captain had him court-martialled and dismissed." The name of the ship might as well be Rignarole.

A CORRESPONDENT, who seems to have some special interest in the Chinese question, is anxious that the Catholic Sailors Club should look after the celestials. Considering the difficulties with which the members of the Club have to contend—single-handed—in order to carry on the good work they are striving to accomplish, we think it would be advisable for our correspondent to take the initiative, and start a club that might be able to serve the Chinese in this city. It is better to do one good work well than to attempt a number of philanthropic movements that could only result in failure.

It is said that in the Government of Kasan, in Russia, no fewer than 11,024 converted heathens, 5,690 of them women, relapsed from the orthodox faith into their original idolatry last year. During the same period in the same district 12,187 Tartars, including 5767 women, gave up the Greek Church for Mohammedanism. There must be something radically wrong in the Russian system of religious conversion. We think the element that proves fatal is that of tyranny. You can never coerce a people into a faith, much less keep them there by barbaric methods.

FROM July 1894 to April 1895 the United States has received 140,980 immigrants. Of these, 74,959 were from Great Britain and Ireland, France, Germany and Scandinavia, and 54,767 from Russia, Poland, Italy and Austria-Hungary. They brought in \$2,995,846. The number of paupers and other undesirable people who, during the same period, arrived, but were prevented from landing, was 1,561. It seems to us that the United States has gained by its immigration policy. It may appear hard to send back the undesirable outpourings of other nations; yet self-preservation is the first law of nature.

MANY good stories are told of the wit and humor of Lord Justice Barry, who recently retired from the Irish bench. In 1890, when defining a political "subject," who was charged with being a member of the Irish Republican Brotherhood, a policeman was called to give evidence. In answer to Barry the policeman said that he knew the prisoner to belong to the order because he always wore a Republican hat. "What sort of a hat is that?" asked the judge. "I suppose, my lord," replied Barry, "that it will be a hat without a crown." The effect of the sally may be well imagined. Wit has ever been an Irish characteristic and it is as distinct from the prepared jokes of the world-be humorists of the press as the genuine coin is from the counterfeit.

ON SATURDAY LAST a boy ran the risk of being run over, on Bleury street, in his blind haste to place a slip of red paper in our hands. At first we imagined that it was a telegraph despatch of exceptional importance, but soon we learned that the zealous youth carried another kind of message. The red slip contained the following piece of information: "Except ye be convert'd ye shall