THE TRUE WITNESS
AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

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WEDNESDAY.....SEPTEMBER 7, 1892

NOTICE.

Subscription accounts have been mailed to all subscribers, and we must request prompt payments. We do not like the process of continually "dunning" for payment of a subscription, which is small in amount. The subscriber will please look at date attached to his paper, and if in arrears, remit at once, thereby saving the publisher the unpleasant task of sending accounts repeatedly requesting payment. The subscription rate in advance ONE DOLLAR, otherwise $1.50 will be charged in every case.

HER NATIVITY.

To-morrow will be the glorious Feast of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin Mary. After that of Our Divine Saviour, the birth of His Holy Mother is the most important natal feast in the Church. In fact it is the commemoration of the second most illustrious birth that the history of this world has ever known. Pure from the womb of her sainted mother, Mary arose upon the horizon of life, like the silver splendors of the harvest moon, attended by the train of angelic stars, and shedding a lustre upon the night of paganism and over the shadows of barbarism that enshrouded the children of men. Upon that day all mothers should pray that their children would consecrate their lives destined to emulate the virtues and follow in the footsteps of Mary. All children should pray that God may grant them a goodness, a meekness, a mildness and a true piety like to that of the infant daughter of St. Anne. In a few months we will celebrate the grand feast of the Nativity of Christ. If we wish that the Son be pleased with us on that occasion, we must begin beforehand to win His good graces, by honoring His Holy Mother upon the festival of her birth. Let all our readers join tomorrow, in the spirit of the Church and chant the praises of the Queen of Angels, the Mother of the Saviour, and the refuge of sinners. "Hail, Mary' full of Grace' pray for us on the feast of thy blessed Nativity!"

THE LATE JUDGE CHURCH.

In the daily press the public has been made acquainted with the principal events in the life of the late Levi Ruggles Church, a judge of the Court of Queen's Bench in Montreal, who departed this life on the morning of Tuesday, the 30th August, and whose funeral took place on last Friday morning. It is unnecessary for us to enter into the details of the half century of varied successes and great achievements that mark the career of the departed judge. From 1836 till 1892; from his birth, in the picturesque village of Aylmer, till his death, in the city of Montreal, he arose, step by step, from the student's bench to the graduate's highest honors, thence to the level of a successful and eminent physician, on to a prominent and honorable series of offices in the political world of this Province, upwards to distinction and emoluments at the Bar, finally to the dignity of a seat upon the highest tribunal in Quebec. A son of sterling and honorable parents, he passed from grade to grade, in an ever ascending direction, until he became the pride of his relatives, the glory of his native country, the admiration of the Province, and the best example that could be found in Canada of what rank and station await the young men of energy, ability and honest purpose.

The people who only knew Judge Church as a doctor, a lawyer, a provincial treasurer, an attorney-general or a judge, cannot be expected to fully appreciate the man. "Great men and kingly men are necessarily few, but *good men* and true men are to be found moving like spirits in the bosom of society." To have known him we should have been intimately acquainted with the inner life of the man. The external show, the successes that flash upon the public gaze and the honors honorably won and unostentatiously worn, are but the outward signs of an inward greatness. He was above all, a good man. A fond husband, a loving father, and a sincere and devoted friend: these are amongst the many characteristics that must be recorded to his credit. Even in the last few weary months, when broken with disease, and ever feeling a dread of being suddenly summoned away, his mind would go back to childhood's scenes and his eyes longed for a glimpse of the familiar Chelsea hills. He might have paraphrazed the words of the Scottish Queen, and have said:

"Those are the blue and the beautiful mountains,
That the days of my infancy knew;
And these are the hills and the rills and the fountains,
That I loved when my hopes were few."

There was the simplicity of the child blended with the stern rectitude of a judge, humility in the midst of honors, a domestic fondness in the full flush of worldly success—all united in that one character. In his native town he was equally honored by all, whether they called him Judge Church, or simply and affectionately "Ruggles." He was an exception to the general rule of men, for he was not only "a prophet in his own country," but his merits were recognized abroad.

The writer, having been one of the privileged friends of the deceased, feels it a duty to record this humble and sincere tribute to the memory of one whose many private and noble qualities were, like pearls in an Orient ocean, hidden from the gaze of a world that saw merely the grand waves of his exterior success.

THE CATHOLIC PRESS.

We noticed, not without surprise, that a very lamentable affair which was discovered last week, and to which a very great scandal is attached, became public through the medium of a Catholic paper in this city. The subject is one upon which no journalist would feel at liberty to expatiate; and we are pleased to notice on the part of the non-Catholic press, especially the *Witness*, an evidence of that generous treatment which indicates a high sense of what is appropriate and just. But the course pursued by the Protestant press in almost completely ignoring the existence of the revolting details of a sensational scandal, only makes it the more painful to learn that the matter was first brought under the public notice by those who's duty it should be, were it only out of respect for their church, to let the evil be dealt in a manner less calculated to arouse a gossiping curiosity. It may be said in fact is—claimed that it is within the rights of a paper to preside, when other considerations of morality and fear of the consequences being [illegible] at the consolation of theirs.

We do not agree with that contention. When it is absolutely necessary in order to prevent a crime, or bring the criminal to justice, to check a vice or to expose the perpetrators of certain wrongs, that the public opinion should be aroused, it is proper that the press should constitute itself the means of attaining those ends. But when no ultimate benefit, public or private, is to be gained by publicity, when the circulating of a scandal only tends to increase the misery that its innocent victims already suffer on account of it, and when no change for the better is to be the result of such publication, then, we say, it is wrong to make the readers of the press aware of things which they would be happier were they to not know.

There is still another point, and one of major importance, when it is a question of dealing with the church and its ministers. The sin of an individual in no way reflects upon the institution which has the misfortune of claiming him as one of its members and if we know of a wrong being done, and that our exposure of it cannot remedy the unhappy state of affairs, we are in duty bound, and from reasons of pure filial respect, to refrain from holding it up to the gaze of the world. An example, and a forcible one, is to be found in the pages Sacred History. When Noah, the patriarch, the just man, the especially protected of God, had the misfortune to succumb to the juice of the grapes—not knowing its effects—and when the old man was exposed, one his sons, seeing his father in that condition, instead of covering him from the gaze of the others, sought out his brothers and brought them to see their father and to laugh at him. Noah cursed him, and God heard that curse and put it into effect. Till this day the descendants of that disrespectful son carry the indelible mark of the Almighty's wrath.

Even so it is in the case of our Holy Mother the Church: there is a certain respect that we owe her, a certain veneration that we should have for her sanctity, a certain anxiety to guard her fair name when it is assailed from outside and when it is endangered by the unworthy conduct of any of her children. The absence of these sentiments is a very certain index of a want of the true spirit, not only of Catholicity, but of universal Christainity. We can only regret the existence of individual members of the Church who become, despite their calling, a prey to "the world, the devil, or the flesh;" but we in no way improve matters by exposing a wickedness that is beyond correction, and of which thousands of innocent people have no conception.

ST. ANN'S PARISH.

Elsewhere we publish an account of how the Rev. Father Strubbe, C.SS.R., is working effectively in the cause of temperance. In that regard the *Witness* of last Wednesday says: "Father Strubbe, of St. Ann's Church, not only preaches temperance but works for temperance. His locality at one time was considered the worst in the city for drunkenness and violation of the license laws. Thanks to the energetic measures taken by the Father, this unenviable reputation is now a thing almost of the past."

We are exceedingly pleased to note this graceful tribute from the *Witness* to the good Father and to his parish. Since we are on the subject of St. Ann's parish we may be pardoned for continuing it a little further and doing justice to that numerously inhabited portion of Montreal.

During the last two months we have been making war upon the "army of Immorality" that is garrisoned in our city. We have left no stone unturned to reach the bottom of the iniquity that seems, almost, ubiquitous. We have the surest and the best of information, as will be seen hereafter, so that when we make the statements that we are about to write, our readers may take it for granted that we know whereof we speak, and that our words are correct. While the city is steeped in vice, while houses of ill-fame and places of assignation are scattered over nearly every quarter, and in the principal streets of nearly every ward, there is one part of Montreal completely and entirely free from these plague-spots—and that parish is St. Ann's, that part is "Griffintown."

In the whole extent of "Griffintown" not one house can be pointed to as a refuge of vice, or an abode of immorality. The streets may be less wide than in other localities, the traffic may be greater from railway depots and canal wharves, the situation may not be as elevated as nearer the mountain; but in the labyrinth of its streets, in the confusion of the traffic, in the many houses of simple and often humble appearance, there is to be found a spirit that gives a grace to womanhood and a dignity to manhood, it respects those streets and haunts the houses: it is the glorious spirit of [illegible]. Thus numberless are the [illegible] beyond the sneering remark: "Nothing of the kind can come from a place which has such a name as Griffintown." From [illegible] or she comes from a place where [illegible] in spite of the lofty [illegible] and where the tyrant [illegible].

What public institution in St. Ann's parish is not [illegible] and virtually point to it as the "Griffintown," as the very essence of pure morality in a desert of sin? [illegible] Without the spirit that reigns in the east and this sky-piercing edifice there is no happiness on earth, no [illegible] for the future. Without them [illegible] every grace deforms, every dignity degrades, and all wealth impoverishes; or rather with it, poverty ennobles, labor elevates, and sufferings sanctify. Even as it is, for the sake of a few persons the entire city would have been spared, as it would seem as if the vapor of moral rectitude, that ascends from that single district, intervenes between the guilty and the wrath of heaven. How often the prayers of the just have saved the wicked! How often the odors of virtue have driven away the stagnation of vice!

The good Fathers of St. Ann's are to be congratulated upon their work, and the happy fruits of their labors. The people of that parish deserve unstinted praise for the clear record that the story of their locality unfolds. We are doubly proud to be enabled to make these statements—and they cannot be gainsaid—because we speak of our co-religionists and our fellow-countrymen. Well did Moore sing: "On our side is virtue and Erin;" *true* were the sentiments of that immortal melody, in which we read these lines:

"Sir Knight, I feel not the least alarm!
No son of Erin will offer me harm:
For though they love women and golden store,
Sir Knight, they love honor and virtue more!"

To some "Griffintown" was a term of reproach! To all right-minded men it should forever be a synonym of *morality!*

BRUTES!

There are several kinds of *brutes* in the world! When you meet with them it is necessary either to avoid them or else treat them according to their deserts. There are the brutes in the field: the dumb animals. These when ferocious are to be let pass, when harmless are to be treated with humanity. Then there are *human brutes!* They are of different classes—the drunken brute, the idle brute, the immoral brute, the low-lived cruel and beastly brute. But of all the brutes, the worst, the most detestable, the vilest, the most cowardly, the meanest, the most despicable, is the *wife-beating brute!* They are not few; every day, almost, we read of the wife-beater before the Recorder or Police Magistrate. We advocate, as a punishment for these men, the *lash*, the cat-o'-nine-tails! That may bring them to a sense of manhood, or else frighten them into that respect which is due to the weaker sex. The man who will raise his hand to strike a woman is a low-minded, heartless scoundrel; he is a *coward* at heart, and a miserable coward at that. But the man who beats his wife, who strikes the mother of his children, who (no matter what the provocation) belabors the one he swore "to protect, to love and to cherish," is a perjurer—for he breaks a solemn vow, and he is a character that would cut your throat, if he were provoked, and not afraid of the results. This crime of wife-beating is getting too frequent, and it must be checked! We would like to see the severest physical torture applied to the *brute* that beats his wife. There is no excuse. A woman may be light, she may be given to drink; if so it is, in nine cases out of ten, her husband's fault. He neglects her for other women; he abuses her; he makes her life a torture. Sometimes it is mere jealousy, without any *raison d'être*, that the brute pleads. We say, this is no excuse for striking a woman! We will come down on this again and more fully.

"A woman may [illegible]
A [illegible] and a [illegible];
A [illegible] and hounds to wait,
And a man for a' that;
But [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
And her a man for a' that."

THE ARCHBISHOP'S ORGAN.

Several times, during the past few months, has THE TRUE WITNESS been favored by highly complimentary notices in the columns of La Semaine Religieuse, the official organ of the Archdiocese. We fully appreciate the value and importance of such marks of approval on the part of the mouth piece of the highest ecclesiastical authority in this section of the province. This week the official organ of Archbishop Fabre adds to these many another and more positive testimony of the recognition that is extended to and the confidence that is reposed in our editorial work. Herewith a standing advertisement of THE TRUE WITNESS will be found on the pages of La Semaine Religieuse. This is the highest mark of approval [illegible] can be given, since it follows that [illegible] La Semaine Religieuse [illegible] necessarily have the approval [illegible] of this Hierarchy. It is a privilege which THE TRUE WITNESS highly [illegible] slowly gained.

ANTI-CLERICALISM.

[illegible]

THE NATION.

[illegible]

punishment in the indelible stamp of priesthood, which for him becomes an eternal brand of condemnation. But we want to know by whom are the clergy lectured? That spirit of anti-clericalism has had a lesson in France. Since 1880 its persecution has suppressed at Paris the 136 public schools which were directed by "Congregational" or religious teachers and which educated 47,000 children. To-day, by the generosity of the Catholics, free Christian schools have been established and they teach 75,000 pupils. Although entirely supported by the free contributions of Catholics, they are 28,000 more children instructed in Paris than when officially paid for by the State. So much for anti-clericalism in Europe! What of it in Canada? Its adherents dare not openly attack the Catholic education of the children, but they seek to shake the confidence of the young generation in the Church, by means of the constant exposures of every petty scandal that they can rake up.

An eminent French writer made use of a comparison between the Church and an orchard. We think it was somewhat exact. The trees stood in rows and the delicious fruit hung from the branches. The breath of a poisonous wind touched a couple of the apples, insects got into a couple more, and the rotten fruit fell to the earth. The animals that broke into the orchard called their young and said: "we have long promised you apples, this is the orchard and these are the apples." And the young devoured the putrid fruit, revelled in the rottenness on the ground and imagined that they had enjoyed what men call orchard apples. Still the largest, sound fruit hung high upon the limbs, away beyond their reach. The Church is an orchard, on its trees hang the generous fruit of its life, its ministers and its true children. The breath of sin, or the insect of lust may touch a few; they fall to the earth and [illegible] corruption. The enemies of the Church pick those up and [illegible] the public gaze, and cry out to the people: this is the Church, look at what fruit [illegible] which [illegible] above them and [illegible] Catholic [illegible]

"THE NATION."

[illegible]

mission being fulfilled, its work completed—have closed its glorious pages forever to the world, and like its founders' lives, exist as an heirloom for the generations of freemen whose liberties it was instrumental in securing.

But such was not to be the case. Even then as the whole Irish race lamented the sudden and early death of Davis, so do we regret the exit of *The Nation* from the stage of the country's historical drama. Yet *The Nation* did its work; "The spirit of the nation" still lives; this is the golden jubilee of its foundation! Was Davis a prophet when in the columns of the dear dead *Nation* "fifty golden years ago," he wrote these words?

"Calm as granite of our foes,
Stand for our own again;
Till his wrath to madness grows,
Firm for our own again.
Bravely hope, and wisely wait,
Toil, join, and educate;
Man is master of his fate;
We'll enjoy our own again.
With a keen constrained thirst—
Powder's calm ere it burst—
Making ready for the worst,
So we'll get our own again.
Let us to our purpose bode,
We'll have our own again,
God is on the righteous side,
We'll have our own again!"

Yes, the "Minstrel of Mallow" was perfectly right; he knew whereof he sung; he saw, with the eye of a seer, adown the long vista of years, and he knew that his people would some day "have their own again." But like many another leader of men, like the great Lawgiver of Israel, he might lead his people within sight *of the promised land*, yet never enter it himself.

When one reflects upon the early career of *The Nation* it becomes almost like reading romance. Education was almost a crime in Ireland; with fear and trembling the hedge school master taught his little flock; all that the evil ingenuity of the tyrant could conceive was resorted to in order to keep the people in ignorance. The moment *The Nation* appeared, a profusion of writers sprang into existence, attractive and fresh as the flowers that deck the hillsides; a galaxy of poets flashed across the sky of Celtic literature, even as the twinkling glories in yonder blue-vaulted heaven on a summer night. Bianconi's stages on travelled too slowly when the *Nation* readers, in all parts of the land, watched for each succeeding number of *The Nation*. It was found in the huts of the wealthy and in the [illegible] of the poor. Away up on the side of the Galtees, down in the romantic [illegible] in the vicinity of the Lee, by the banks of the Munster Blackwater and on the slopes of the Ulster Bann; in the hamlet, at evening, the urchins in rags, and the old men with crutches, would [illegible] and the village forge, while the lusty smith, seated upon an anvil, and to the fitful flicker of his bellows-blower, would read the latest poem, the latest essay, the newest editorial from the columns of the *Dublin Nation*. And *The Nation* recorded the death of Davis in 1845; and it gave the obituary of O'Connell in 1847; and it told of the famine of that dreadful year. *The Nation* lived through the scenes of 1848; it contained the speeches of Meagher and the flashes of genius from the pen of Mitchell; it told of the State trials in Clonmel; of the *failure of Smith O'Brien's movement*; of the convictions, of the convict ship. On its pages appeared the thoughts of Margan, Williams, Kevin Isod O'Dogherty, Denis Florence McCarthy, John O'Mahony, Michael Doheney, "Speranza," "Eva," "Mary," and "Una." In prose and verse—it was all the same; *The Nation* was the medium of the national thought and national aspirations.

But were we to continue we might not check our pen until all our space were filled. What a rich subject! What a glorious subjet! On this, the fiftieth anniversary of the first conception of the foundation of *The Nation*, we look back with inexpressible gratitude to the men and the paper that paved the way for the spirit of Irish Liberty to walk, as it approached the grand consummation of *The Nation's* hopes—the establishment of an Irish Parliament upon the soil of Erin. We hope and pray that Sir Charles Gavan Duffy may be spared a few years more, until he beholds that day of triumph. And, if the souls of the departed can watch over and take cognizance of what is passing upon earth, we are sure that the spirits of Dillon and Davis will rejoice, in their perpetual happiness, and smile upon the completion of the work for which they lived and died.

THE PRIZE-RING.

New Orleans has become the refuge of prize-fighters. Our daily papers are giving us accounts of what is called, in the "Sporting News," the exhibitions of the "manly art of self-defence." The details of the gladiatorial feats performed in Louisiana, are couched in language as barbaric as are the scenes described. The other day it was the "fight to the finish" between McAuliffe and Myers; then the "Struggle to the death" between Dixon and Skelly; and above all are the readers treated to columns upon the "great battle" between Sullivan and Corbett. The language of the "ring" is introduced into the columns of papers where readers expect to find, at least, correct and polite English. Such elegant