

The True Witness

AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY

The True Witness Printing & Publishing Co.
(LIMITED)

At No. 761 Craig St., Montreal, Canada.

MS. and all other communications intended for publication or notice, should be addressed to the Editor, and all business and other communications to the Managing Director, THE TRUE WITNESS P. & P. CO., LTD., P. O. Box 1768.

The Subscription price of THE TRUE WITNESS for city, Great Britain, Ireland and France, is \$1.50.

Belgium, Italy, Germany and Australia \$2.00.

Canada, United States and Newfoundland, \$1.00.

Terms payable in advance.

New subscriptions can commence at any time during the year.

Money for renewals and new subscriptions should be sent to Managing Director, P. O. Box 1768.

You may remit by bank check, post office money order, express money order or by registered letter. Silver sent through the mail is liable to wear a hole through the envelope and be lost.

We are not responsible for money lost through the mail.

Discontinuance.—Remember that the publishers must be notified by letter when a subscriber wishes his paper stopped. All arrears must be paid.

Returning your paper will not enable us to discontinue it, as we cannot find your name on our books unless your post office address is given.

The date opposite your name on the margin of your paper shows you up to what time your subscription is paid.

We recognize the friends of THE TRUE WITNESS by the prompt manner in which they pay their subscriptions.

Always give the name of the post office to which your paper is sent. Your name cannot be found on our books unless this is done.

When you wish your address changed, write us in time, giving your old address as well as your new one.

If you fail to receive your paper regularly, notify us at once by letter or postal.

All communications for publication must be written on one side of the sheet only, otherwise they are liable to rejection.



WEDNESDAY, ... FEBRUARY 13, 1895

AN ANONYMOUS BIGOT.

Charles Phillips described the bigot as "a wretch, red with the fires of hell and bending under the crimes of earth, who erects his murderous divinity on a throne of skulls, and would fain feed, even with a brother's blood, the cannibal appetite of his rejected altars." Harsh as this language may seem, it is exact when considered in the metaphorical sense in which the great orator used it. The infernal fires of hatred scorch the heart and burn the brain of the bigot to madness; his own ideal, his narrow, small, miserable conception of Christianity, impels him to destroy that which the ages have held sacred, and to insult that which he is impotent to destroy. He respects no feelings he recognizes no rights, he tramples upon age and youth alike, he ridicules the beautiful, he belittles the sublime, he hates the light, and, when argument fails him, he rushes, foaming from the mouth, into the irrational arena, where vituperation are his weapons and ignorance his shield.

Last week we expressed our surprise at Rev. Dr. Carman's illogical and most wordy tirade against Catholicity, in the columns of the Daily Witness. We imagined that the Doctor had gone about as far as any excited and feverish writer could go in his attack upon the Church and upon two of her dogmas. We were amused at the Doctor's letter, which had at least the merit of originality and fearlessness—original in its wonderful ambiguity and verbosity, fearless in the fact that the writer's name was signed in full. In Wednesday's issue of the same religious Daily Witness, is a letter from some individual who signs "Church of England."

If the writer of that specimen of meanness and incendiarism thought that his name would carry any weight with it he probably would have given the public a

chance of knowing who he is. If he is not ashamed of his name, we trust, for the sake of the church that he assumes to represent, that he is ashamed of his work. At best it is but a feeble attempt to echo Dr. Carman—or rather to ape him. Upon what authority the correspondent assumes the name "Church of England" we know not; but we do know that there is a wonderful difference between his sentiments and those of Queen Victoria, who is the actual head of that church. We would be long sorry to cast the blame of such a vile and senseless attack upon the Church of England. We have too much respect for that church, and too highly do we esteem the educated, sincere and high minded clergymen who are entitled to speak in the name of the "Church of England." The members of the Church of England, ecclesiastics or laymen, are not bigoted, they are not uneducated, they are not firebrands—they are gentlemen in the broadest acceptance of the term. We refuse to believe that the writer of the letter is even a member of the Church of England. If he is, he is one of the exceptions that go to prove the rule.

Lord Chesterfield defined a gentleman as "one who never, by word or deed, hurts the most delicate feelings of any person." Judged by that standard we know where to place the one who could deliberately sit down, and in cold blood pen the grossest insults to the feelings of the vast majority of this Province. We are not going to argue with him; we have too much respect for reason and logic. We are not going to retort by the "you're another" style of abuse; we have too much respect for the creeds of our different non Catholic friends. We are not going to measure swords with him; we have not been educated in the same school, and we are not trained in the use of villification and blatant insult. We were not taught to spell the word God with a small "g" whenever we referred to the Almighty in connection with any non-Catholic creed; we were not schooled to use terms that are bitterly offensive to our Protestant fellow-citizens; we did not breathe an atmosphere of hatred and detestation of all who agree not with us; we never learned to revile the ecclesiastics of any denomination, nor to apply to them epithets that would be vulgar if applied to a tramp. Having received from our Church the lesson to "do unto others as we would have others do unto us," we cannot come down to this Mr. "Church of England's" level, for we know too well the old saying, "if you rub with a sweep he will blacken you." Consequently we only meet his tirade as the eagle defeats the serpent, by soaring beyond his reach, and leaving him to crawl and wriggle in his impotent rage. Were there any argument, any semblance of logic, any shadow of reasoning, any ghost of a fact, or an idea in his letter, we might deem it possible to make him understand common sense—if not common Christianity; but finding nothing beyond abuse, injury and assumption, we must confine ourselves to pointing out to the public that such a letter was written, was published, and, in this enlightened age, in this free and cosmopolitan country, a man exists who has not the manliness to father his offspring of wicked and ungenerous thoughts, but who has the spirit that animated the framers of the hellish laws of the Pale. That such a man exists, today, in Canada, is no fiction. He must be a fossil of some past century; he is out of place and out of time in this country and in this age. We have no room for the rank bigot in Canada.

"Church of England"—not the Church of England—says: "it is folly to rouse

another Luther." Perhaps he is the new Luther, or the would-be reformer. If so the Church has little to fear from him. Lucifer cried out *non serviam*, the Almighty raised up Michael to lead the hosts of obedience and to crush the rebel. Luther cried out *non serviam*, and the Almighty raised up Ignatius to counteract the machinations of the personification of immorality and pride. We would not be surprised to see a third rebel leader cry out *non serviam*, for it is written that such beings will come and that heresies will arise. We admire the non-Catholic controversialist, we respect the non-Catholic ecclesiastic, we honor the non-Catholic champion of a creed, for in them do we find erudition, sincerity, and Christianity. But we despise the bigot, the firebrand, the hater, and we pity the Church, or the people, to whom he belongs. Would Mr. "Church of England" like to know about how much effect his vaporings produce upon the Catholic Church? Let him look at a mist from a malarial marsh flitting between his vision and the sun; when the mist has vanished forever, is the sun less brilliant, less warm, or less solidly fixed in the unmeasured throne that God drew from chaos at the dawn of creation?

"THE STAR'S" FLICKERINGS.

Of all the uncertain orbs that appear in the journalistic firmament, the Montreal Star is positively the most flickering and wavering. It would take an expert—learned in the lore of the dead Chaldeans—to make out from its editorials what principles it supports, or what interests (outside of its own) it advocates. The Star has a happy—or unhappy—knack of shifting from one side to the other with panoramic rapidity. It is not unlike those revolving lights upon the coasts of the Atlantic; now you see it, and now it has vanished. At one moment it flings a ray upon the Liberal camp, the next moment it shoots a beam of its light upon the Conservative tents; and each, in turn, is left in the shadow of the abyssal darkness known as the Star's displeasure. Sometimes it turns its lens upon the French-Canadians, but soon the revolving wheels of interest shift the glass to the English element. But what is most wonderful is the fact that, in all its kaleidoscopic changes, in the multitude of its contradictions, the Star seems never to have had a single ray—not even for a moment—to cast upon the Irish, particularly the Irish Catholics. Whenever there is an Irish question that cannot be passed over with impunity, the Star gives it the benefit of a frown, a sneer, or a report that carries mere insult and ridicule between the lines. Probably the Star, if brought to task, would say, "we report your Irish Catholic events of importance, and we never wrote an editorial line against you." Very true! But there are more ways than one of belittling a people and insulting a race.

A few weeks ago, with a flourish of trumpets the Star announced that it would soon commence the publication of a story entitled, "A Marriage by Capture," from the pen of Robert Buchanan. The readers were informed that the story was to appear for a first time in the columns of the Star, and that the Star was paying a goodly sum for the same. Robert Buchanan has written some very interesting stories, and we certainly congratulate him on having the Star accept one of his latest efforts. But we do not congratulate the Star upon the choice it has made. If the editor of the Star, or whosoever is responsible for the stories that appear in the paper, did not read Mr. Buchanan's novel, before agreeing to publish it, he, to say the least, is quite

careless. If he did carefully read "A Marriage by Capture," he must have perceived that it was a poor attempt at delineation of Irish character, a miserable caricaturing of the Irish, and in many instances a heap of insults to the race. The Star's editor, or literary critic must know that his paper circulates largely amongst Irish Catholics, and that the story is offensive to them; or, even were no Irish Catholic to read the Star, Mr. Buchanan's romance would none the less remain an attack upon the race. Therefore, if the Star did not know what it was about to publish, it should be taught a lesson in journalism, and if it did know the nature of the story it should be made understand that it cannot, with safety, play its little game of "hot and cold" with the public.

From chaptersix of that story we take the following paragraph, to which one of our readers drew our attention. The scene is in a Magistrate's Court:—

"I'll only ask you one question, Mary Carey. Did Mr. Blake ever in your hearing threaten to harm his cousin?"

"Never, sir."

"You adhere to that statement?"

"I do, sir," replied Mary, and she stood down after exchanging a rapid look with Blake.

The magistrates were puzzled. Not that they attached any serious importance to the evidence for the defence; in that part of Ireland perjury is so common among the lower classes that it is frequently the custom not to swear certain witnesses at all, and the impression in this case was that, if Blake was guilty, the persons brought forward to prove an alibi were simply his confederates. But in point of fact there was no real evidence whatever against the prisoner, and the magistrates were at a loss what to do.

Here is an author sitting down deliberately to teach the reading public that, in certain parts of Ireland, perjury was so frequent, so common, that witnesses were not generally sworn. In other words, that the Irish have no respect for an oath; which means that their priests, their Church, their teachers, inculcate the worst of principles. The Montreal Star pays that author a special sum in order to be allowed to publish his poor and clumsy attempt at Irish character-painting, and his successful attempt at vile caricaturing and misrepresentation of the Irish people. And still the Star will expect the support of Irishmen; well, the Irishman who supports and encourages an organ that can so systematically belittle his race, is deserving of all the shadows that the revolving light of the Star leaves upon him.

Since the above was written the Star has evidently taken some broad hints; at all events, it has out that Buchanan story short and has commenced another one. We trust it will be more careful in future.

ANOTHER American heiress has announced her engagement to a titled European. Miss Anna Gould, who, though young, has had a somewhat romantic life according to the New York press, is about to give her hand and \$2,000,000 to Count de Castellane, the son of a prominent Parisian—the Marquis de Castellane. Our American cousins have their moneyed aristocracy, and the Europeans have their titled aristocracy. The title of Countess is probably worth a steep sum, and if both parties are contented we cannot see why the world should object—it is none of the world's business. Apart from the immediate personages referred to, we might well say that the rich American and titled European are well suited to move through life together. It requires no special qualifications of mind or heart to inherit either money made by progenitors or titles conferred on ancestors.