

THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

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WEDNESDAY.....FEBRUARY 3, 1892

A NEW EDITOR.

Mr. Joseph K. Foran, LL.B., advocate and Irish-Canadian poet, who has been for years contributor to our Catholic press, has assumed the position of editor of THE TRUE WITNESS. We trust that our readers shall be pleased with the new departure taken and that Mr. Foran's pen shall be wielded for the benefit of all parties, of the Church, of the people, of THE TRUE WITNESS, and of its readers!

BYE-ELECTIONS.

Three bye-elections took place last week. In Kingston Mr. Metcalfe was elected by a majority of 97 over Mr. Gunn, in succession to the Sir John Macdonald. As a choice of men, the result would indicate that the people of Kingston are identified with the Conservative party and the National policy. The reduced majority notwithstanding the powerful aid Mr. Metcalfe received from such men as Mr. Curran and others shows, however, that the personality of the member has not been without its effects. The total vote in Kingston was as follows:—Metcalfe, 1,830; Gunn, 1,733; making the majority for Metcalfe 97. The vote in 1891 was: Macdonald, 1,784; Gunn, 1,341.

In Halton, Mr. Henderson, the Conservative, was elected by the large majority of 434 over his opponent, Mr. McGregor, the Industrial candidate.

In Lincoln Mr. Gibson, the former candidate was re-elected by an increased majority. The relative position of parties in the House of Commons remains unchanged by these elections.

RECONSTRUCTED.

Sir John A. Macdonald was in the habit of humorously remarking that, no matter how the Grits managed to form their governments, it was always the same old Brown stuff. The reconstructed cabinet of Mr. Abbott, published as we went to press last week, very forcibly reminds one of the late witty Premier's remark. There is so little new timber in the governmental barque that it is difficult to see what particular good is to be derived from the mere shuffle of portfolios, if the *drumatis persona* are the same, but in different roles. The press generally confesses its disappointment, and in so far as Irish Catholic representation is concerned, we must regret the sentiment. While the Hon. Frank Smith held the portfolio of Public Works, with general approval we had no reason to complain. That gentleman having retired to continue in office, we may say we are without a member in the cabinet capable of looking after our interests. The general expectation was that Mr. Curran, M. P. for Montreal Centre, would have been offered a portfolio. The Catholic press of Ontario and Quebec has been almost unanimous in asking for his promotion, but that seems to be as far off as ever.

GREAT CONVERTS.

The recent death of England's illustrious Cardinal suggests the patent fact that almost all the converts to the Catholic Church were men of deep learning, broad views and profound reasoning powers. The mere enumeration of a few should suffice to contradict a recent English writer who had the audacity to state, "that only fools went to Rome."

We would like to know if such men would class in the category of the *stulti* the late Dr. Brownson, who had one of the mightiest pens of this century? What about Bishop Ives, of Charleston, who stepped down from his episcopal dignity to join the Church of Rome? What of Bishop Rosser, brother of the American General, who did likewise? What about Archbishop Bayley, of Baltimore, and Bishop Beacon, of Portland? Are these men whom any sane man would class with the ignorant or stupid? And there is Father Hecker, founder of the Heckerite school, and of the Paulist Order, as grand a mind as our century has produced. Beside him are Fathers Hueb, and Baker; then James Kent Stone, and lastly Dr. Spalding, of the Episcopal Theological School of Harvard. Does not that list suffice to prove that some learned and wise men have found that "all roads lead to Rome?" If not,

we will add the three Wilberfores; the two Marshalls; Father Harper, S.J., and Dr. Ward; St. Jean Myvart, one of the first scientists of the age; and the Rev. Oshey Shipley, the hymnologist. Scarcely any man would dare style these men anything but models of wisdom. We must draw the list to a close, as space will not permit, nor could our six columns of editorial hold the names of the once bright lights, in other denominations, who became stars in the sky of Catholicity. However, for a last stroke on the nail, we will mention the late Cardinal Newman and the recently deceased scholar and prince of the Church, Cardinal Manning. If these men are fools, then the Catholic Church would be overjoyed to have a few thousand such fools enter her fold and embrace her Faith.

THE CATHOLIC LAITY.

We learn from the Providence Visitor that a Mr. M. J. Hanson has taken issue with Mr. M. F. Egan, of Notre Dame University, upon the question of the Baltimore congress and the duties of the Catholic laity in general. Mr. Hanson seems to wish to criticize, to find fault and to blame, provided he is given even the semblance of an argument. We deem it the duty, as well as the right, of a member of the Catholic laity to aid, by all means in his power and with all the gifts that Heaven has bestowed upon him, in furthering the cause of the Church. Truly it is the place of the clergy to administer the sacraments, to evangelize and to propagate the Faith; but there are places where the clergyman never goes and where the layman may be found, there are people with whom the ecclesiastic never comes in contact and with whom the layman may often associate. It is therefore necessary that the layman should be able to defend his Faith, and explain its principles. It is not necessary that the *Te es sacerdos* should be pronounced over him, nor that episcopal hands should impart to him the priestly gift, in order that he may have the right to defend the tenets of his creed or interpose between the Church of Christ and the arrows of infidelity that are aimed at it. There are times when it is necessary for the true Catholic to rise to that level which he is supposed to occupy and to show to the world, by his example and his precept, that the Faith which he holds is not fruitless. A voice from beyond the Alps, infallible, under given conditions, speaks the dogma and proclaims the morals of the Church; but like so many echoes in the mountains, that voice should be carried from man to man until it has been heard throughout the universe. We do not advocate every layman setting up a pulpit of his own, that would be giving in to the principle of "private interpretation;" but we do believe, that having subjected his will to the immutable truth of his Church's doctrine, he should, whenever and wherever it may be, as occasion presents itself, take his share in the promulgation of the Faith which he knows to be true, and in the struggle against error, whether in the form of infidelity, or even indifference. However, if we judge him rightly, we think that Mr. M. F. Egan is able to take care of himself and to tilt with any ordinary layman in the religious tournaments of the day.

ROME AND MERCIER.

Several journals announced at the end of last week that Le Moniteur de Rome, diplomatic organ of the Vatican, in its last issue, published a leader bearing on the situation in the Province of Quebec. The following is quoted from the Roman journal: "Mr. Mercier has the suppleness which makes for a time the bantering diplomat and the rash gambler. For a long time he has posed as the representative of popular rights and religious interests." Again, Le Moniteur is said to state that: "certain newspapers have attempted to compromise the cause of the Church by associating it with the dismissed ministry. They say that it received its flattering approbation as if these acts were intended, not for the cause, but for the man. When the originator of an idea falls, perhaps through fate, perhaps by his own fault, the idea still lives on invincible and immaculate. Thus it is with Canada and Mr. Mercier."

Whether Le Moniteur is, or is not the official organ of the Vatican, it matters little; but in any case it is high time that Rome should cease to be imposed upon by adventurers and politicians of a particular class. Mr. Mercier has run an extraordinary career. Few public men ever rose more rapidly into prominence and wealth, fewer still were ever hurled more quickly from power and opulence. It is not from a political standpoint, but rather from a religious one, that we regard the subject. Had the ex-Premier only hood-winked his own people and secured their confidence by a display of patriotism and religion; had he only caused our province to go from door to door of the European money-lenders, knocking like a spendthrift-borrower; had he stopped at the confines of politics, we would have nothing to say upon the subject, but would leave the merits and

demerits of his case to be explained by other organs; but when he carried his ambitious designs to the gates of Rome, it is time for a Catholic journal to express its views with regard to his conduct. After a display of his vaunted devotion to the Faith, and a clever masquerade of his labors in the fields of religion, he received decorations such as Bohemund of Torontum, Stephen of Blois, or Richard Cœur de Lion would not have dared to claim. With his insignia he returned to Canada, was met like a prince, and re-entered the province to wave in one hand the trophies of his speculative trip, and with the other to grasp the money-bags of the treasury. How could we blame the Holy See were it to receive with doubts and caution any future Canadian, no matter how truly deserving, who might chance to seek favors of any kind from the Vatican? The action of Count Mercier, in this regard, is injurious to the cause of Catholicity, exposing its faithful to the arrows of ridicule and sarcasm, and all to satisfy the vanity, the cupidity, or else the personal ambition of one individual. Let public men play whatever tricks of political jugglery they wish, provided they remain within the sphere of politics; but let them not enter the arena of religion and attempt to make capital through means of the Faith they profess. If Rome has repudiated Count Mercier, no one, true Catholic or reasonable Protestant, will blame the Vatican for its course.

INDIFFERENTISM.

Generally infidelity is looked upon as the greatest enemy of Faith, and, in truth, they are opposite spirits; but there is another creature of evil that creeps into the garden of religion and stings to death many a possessor of Faith—it is Indifferentism! The pendulum of the age oscillates between the two extreme points, sincere religion on the one side, and rank infidelity upon the other; but mid-way between these two, when the works run down, it hangs uselessly at the centre of indifferentism. Too many to-day are tainted with this dangerous spirit; they require to be awakened from their lethargy, they need that the clock be wound up; and the TRUE WITNESS proposes making war upon that peril to Catholic Faith. It is an absolute necessity, in this age of socialistic, revolutionary, and infidel indoctrinations, that a livelier spirit be infused into the great body of a people who believe in the truth of their religion. The Atheist can be met and confuted—we need not bother ourselves much about him;—the Socialist can be argued with and his ideas combated successfully; the enemies of Catholicity, who spend their days and nights in preparing arms to hurl at the Faith of centuries, can be confounded by history, profane and sacred, by logical argument, and by reason itself. The danger to our sacred cause,—the cause of that establishment which has weathered the storms of nineteen centuries, and that is today as it was when cradled in the catacombs,—is not from without, it lies not in the memories of its assailants, nor in the efforts of its enemies; the real danger is to be found within, to be discovered in that Indifferentism, which is the parent and precursor of Irreligion. If we stand not up for our own rights, who is to do so for us? We mean to breathe constantly upon those smouldering embers, until the flame of Catholic exertion is fanned into an undying life. If our voice is low, and our influence limited, still the "widow's mite" was acceptable, and we purpose contributing our mite to what we deem a truly Catholic cause. It is only right that an organ, bearing the title of this one, should strive to advance the cause for the advocacy of which it was established.

But we do not wish it to be understood that we make a declaration of war upon any persons, or establishments, or principles. While conceding to all persons who differ from us in belief their rights to their views, we simply ask the same concession on their part. One can surely defend the principles that he was taught, and in which he believes, without offending the most delicate sentiments of any person, without expressing a word that might grate upon the most sensitive feelings in the world. We shall never attack any individual or establishment; and should our principles be the object of any unnecessary or unjust attack, then we shall defend them with all the courtesy, yet all the firmness, we can command. We hope sincerely that intolerance shall soon disappear from our midst, that broader ideas may spring up, that all species of bigotry shall be relegated to the far away past, and that the TRUE WITNESS, while pleading the cause of its own people and its own creed, may never use a harsh expression, nor convey an ungenerous sentiment, and that it will so direct its course that men of all creeds and nationalities may find in it a true Canadian tone and a sincerely Christian and Catholic spirit.

Mr. SIBBONS, almost of world-wide reputation as a Methodist preacher, is dead.

DENIS FLORENCE MCCARTHY.

A POET OF "THE NATION."

We referred last week to Thomas Campbell, the Scotch poet; it seems that several of our readers were pleased with the idea of thus reviving the histories of men who had done something of permanent benefit to literature. Consequently, we have decided to now and again call up the shades of departed bards and to awaken anew their songs, that their memories may not die and their works may not perish. Of all the poets who flourished in the earlier days of the good old Dublin Nation, none was sweeter in his songs, more touching in his pathos, more rhythmic in his rhymes or more sincerely patriotic and religious than Denis Florence McCarthy. Unfortunately few of his poems are known to the men of our day, and it would be a worthy act if some publisher would reprint the old and almost extinct edition. In school-books and in magazines we do sometimes meet with his "Pillar Powers of Ireland;" his "Waiting for the May;" and some of his shorter and generally more religious pieces. But beautiful as these may be, we can glean no idea from them of the grandeur that lie hidden in the casket of his gems—"The Bell Founder;" "Alice and Una;" "The Vale of Shanaghah;" "The Voyage of St. Brendan;" "The Foray of Con. O'Donnell;" and a hundred other such productions, worthy of immortality, that should be rescued from oblivion and stereotyped on the minds and hearts of all Irish Catholics throughout the world.

Let us see but a few short samples of his different styles, then we shall comment briefly upon the effects of these poems upon the people of his day. Take for example in the "Foray of Con O'Donnell," that verse which is one of the most truthful expressions of noble forgiveness:—

"Mac John I stretch to you and yours, This hand, beneath God's blessed sun,— And for the wrong that I might do, Forgive the wrong that I have done."

Let us for a moment linger with him, as he caused St. Brendan to pause on a moonlight night, upon the deck of his vessel and contemplate the skies: "As the Saint's bark is bounding over the waves towards Hy Brasil, 'The home of a Bless,' a weary mariner laments that they have no temple wherein to pray, and the Saint replies, in McCarthy's verse:—

"What earthly temple such a roof can boast, What glowing lamp with the rich star-light shines, When the round moon rests, like a Sacred Host, Upon the azure altar of the skies?"

Try and imagine the rest of a poem, long as "Child Harold," and conclude in that strain! Again for description of the beauties of nature and at the same time of those duties which man owes to God, to his family and to society, we will quote one stanza from his "Vale of Shanaghah":

"When I have knelt in the temple of duty, Worshipping honor and valor and beauty, When, like a brave man, in fearless resistance, I've fought the good fight on the field of existence;

When a home I have won in the conflict of labor, With truth for my armor and thought for my sabre;

Be that home aedin home, where my old age may tarry, A home full of peace in a sweet pleasant valley;

Sweetest of valleys is the vale of Shanaghah; Brightest of valleys is the vale of Shanaghah; May the accents of love, like the droppings of Manna, Fall soft on my heart in the vale of Shanaghah!"

Now as a sample of his rhythmic powers we will give one or two stanzas from "Alice and Una," a fairy story. The scene is in Ceinnamhain in Ireland, and the bard laments the loss of the fairy-creatures. Not Edgar Allan Poe could surpass the flow of rhyme in this production:—

"Ah! the pleasant time has vanished, 'Ere our wretched bodies banished All the graceful spirit—people, children of the earth and sea,

Whom in days, now dim and olden, When the world was fresh and golden, Each mortal could behold in haunted cave, and tower, and tree;

They are banished, they have vanished; Ah! how sad the tale for thee, Lonely Ceinnamhain!"

"Yet we have a new romance, in Friesland through the time-suns glancing, And the soaring, and the prancing Of the mighty engine steed, Still Astolpho-like we wander Through the boundless azure yonder, Realizing what seems fonder Than the magic tales we read— Tales of wild Arabian wonder, Where the fancy all is freed— Wilder far indeed!"

"Ah! the Past shines clear and pleasant, And there's glory in the Present, And the Future like a Present, Lights the departing sky of Time;

And that sky will yet grow brighter If the Worker and the Writer, And the Scepter and the Mitre, Join in sacred bonds sublime; With two glories shining o'er them— Up the coming years they'll climb Earth's great evening as its prime."

We must reserve, for space will not permit, the comments we would like to make upon his masterpiece, "The Bell Founder;" but we hope some day in the future to have occasion to give that beautiful story to the world.

What were the effects of poems like these upon people who were suffering sorrows untold? While famine's gaunt

figure stalked over the hills, and the poison breath of disease and blith swept the valleys; when the dead were found by the wayside, and the living were all but dead; when the struggle, that followed the dark days of 1847, was exciting the young blood of the country and that Meagher's voice rang elation-like throughout the Island; when the slightest consolation from friends would be a solace, and the smallest elevation in the eyes of enemies would be a source of encouragement; when such was the state of things, let us ask ourselves what were the effects of McCarthy's poems upon the people at home and upon those abroad? Some day or other, God willing, we will return to this subject, but now we must bid farewell to the last of the "Clan of MacCaura." May his memory be ever green as the sod above him!

FIAT JUSTITIA.

The revelations before the Royal Commission on the plundering of the Mercier Government are simply astounding. The public have become disgusted with the rank rotteness of the whole gang, and the wonder is that the chief actors are not safely lodged within the walls of some secure jail to await their trial for having robbed the public chest. The scandal of the Baie des Chaleurs Railway with its \$100,000 has been dwarfed into insignificance by the series of barefaced plunderings under the guise of letters of credit illegally issued, cashed and the major part of the proceeds pocketed by the Government and their friends. Two millions of dollars, exclusive of the gigantic sum squeezed out of Mr. John P. Whelan, when he was trying to secure the payment of the sum awarded to him by the provincial arbitrator, will not cover the amount the new Government has to face. Every honest man in the country who reads the evidence exclaims "is it possible such a state of things exists in our province?" The verdict of the people will be "Mercier must go." Mr. Laurier and the liberal leaders are trying the old experiment of sitting upon two stools. They condemn the Baie des Chaleurs scandal but they also condemn Lt. Governor Angers for having dismissed the men whom they acknowledge to be the hoodlums and steeped to the lips in corruption. Mr. Mercier is making frantic appeals to the passions and prejudices of the country constituencies, but it will be all in vain. The Ontario liberals are outwitting the conservatives in their denunciation of the Mercier stealings. Their organs cannot find words sufficiently strong to characterize the conduct of the late provincial Government. Mr. Laurier is in a wretched plight and has had to return to his home in Arhabaska, no doubt disgusted with the man whom he dared not denounce as he would wish. So much of the stolen money was used for the purpose of trying to defeat the Dominion Government at the last general elections that it is hard for those who benefitted by the plunder to frankly condemn the plunderers. All the same the condemnation will come from the people and from no section more emphatically than from those who feel that the sacred name of religion has been prostituted by a vile political charlatan and his reckless co-leaders.

THE EX-PRIEST.

We noticed often, during the past year, that men styling themselves ex-priests, or converted Catholic clergymen, have been infesting society, blaspheming God, insulting the intelligence of respectable Protestants, and to use a slang phrase, "taking in" the public in general. These men go about a *la Blott*, and poison the atmosphere which they breathe, with their pitrid ideas, their foul and false language, and their daring impositions upon the credulity or fanaticism of a certain class of people. It would be well to warn our Protestant friends against these religious tramps, these men, who never were members of the Catholic priesthood, but who make use of that easily-adapted title in order to eke out a dishonest living at the expense of our separate brethren. There have been priests of our Church who fell away and who preached doctrines other than those of Rome; but not one of these *ex-priests* ever styled himself an ex-priest. Mr. Chiquy even, retains the prefix of Father, although long years have rolled passed since he became a pervert. The one who was actually a priest of the Church of Rome, knows full well that he is ordained, not only for time, but for eternity. When he bowed his head at the altar on the day that he took the most important step that man can take on earth, he heard those words pronounced over him: "Thou art a priest unto all eternity, according to the order of Melchisadeck." His soul was then and there stamped with a seal that no action or desire in life could efface, and that must continue to exist throughout the endless cycles of the yet to be; to endure forever, either as an nimbus of glory or a diadem of fire. Not the unfortunate Pere Hyacinthe, not one of those who fell from sacerdotal grace ever styled himself an ex-priest. Even as none of them were ever able to reveal a single confessional secret, so none of them ever wished to deny—nor could

he if he so desired—that he was, is and ever shall be, a priest. So, whenever you meet a man who proclaims himself to be an ex-priest of Rome, you have an infallible sign that he is an imposter. Trace his pedigree and you will find we are right. This is merely a piece of advice, for their own benefit, given to our Protestant friends, that they may not be duped by designing men.

UNION BY ALL MEANS.

One branch of the Irish press informs us that steps are being taken to unite the two factions of the Irish Home Rule party, and bring the Parnellites and McCarthyites into one camp; another branch of the same press contradicts the statement and expresses the view that these two parties, within one, cannot be united at present, and that no such steps have been taken. No matter whether such a movement were on foot or not, it is a poor policy, we think, to discourage in any way, that which might lead eventually to the cementing of the rival parties of the same organization. With a common object in view, they should forget past differences; they should, as Longfellow says,

"Let the dead past bury its dead, and live in the present and for the future. In 1848, when Meagher was addressing a meeting at Limerick, he used these significant words: "From the winter of 1846 till the summer of 1848, the wing of an avenging angel swept our sky and soil, the fruits died as the shadow passed, and men, who had nurtured them into life, saw in the withered leaves that they too must die,—and dying, swell the red catalogue of carnage, which was the stay and support of the Empire, of which they were the prosecuted foes. And all that time they were battalioned into faction, drilled into disunion, striking each other above the graves that yawned beneath them, instead of joining hands and snatching victory from death." With the Home Rule cheers that greeted the last victory in England still ringing in our ears, it is met that we should recall the spirit of Meagher and ask that union between both parties should soon be consummated. If there is only a hint of a tendency in that direction, let us not prevent its final realization." Denis Florence McCarthy, to whose works we refer in this issue, once pictured the state of Ireland in four graphic lines:

"Thy children are dying or flying, Thy green ones are laid in the dust, And those who survive are divided, And those who conrol are unkind."

It still unfairness, or even injustice, lingers with the men who control, do not allow division to remain with the remnant of Irish patriots and the millions of her children, descendants of a glorious race. We hope and trust that ere 1892 holds its last sun set, the unfortunate split in the Home Rule party will be cemented, and the first sun of a new year will dawn upon a united nation, firm in its purpose, just in its cause, and successful in its action. We trust that in future no branch of the Irish press will, intentionally or not, dampen the ardor of the men who wish to see Ireland a nation—united and prosperous.

Hon. Mr. Outmet Elected.

The opposition to the Hon. J. A. Outmet, Minister of Public Works, was withdrawn on Saturday, thus allowing the new member of the Cabinet to go in by acclamation.

Mr. Dickey Elected.

A dispatch from Halifax referring to the election in Cumberland Co., which took place last Saturday, states that the result was the re-election of Mr. Dickey, the Government candidate, by between 1,000 and 1,100 majority. Returns then received gave him over 1,000. Last year his majority was 821 when a third party candidate was running. The large increase in the Government majority was a standing blow to the Liberals.

The Appeal To Go On.

The Hon. Thos. Greenway, premier of Manitoba, who was in the city on Monday, being asked whether it was intended to go on with the appeal now before the Privy Council in reference to separate school legislation in Manitoba, he replied most emphatically that it was intended to proceed with the appeal.

Wm. O'Brien's Experience.

A Dublin despatch states that William O'Brien arrived at Thurlock, County Tipperary, on Saturday. While on his way from the railway station to the episcopal palace, the residence of Archbishop Croke, he was recognized by a number of Parnellites who followed him. They were joined by others, till finally O'Brien was surrounded by a menacing crowd who kept him company to the gates of the palace. He was hooted and jeered, and all manner of epithets were hurled at him. Some of the mildest terms of reproach addressed to him were "renegade" and "murderer," and between the insults piled upon him the crowd amused themselves by cheering for John E. Redmond, and other prominent Parnellites.

Bellak's Pianoforte Tutor. The last new edition of the celebrated tutor, just issued is now for sale at Streets, 29 Bleury and 2429 St. Catherine. This edition, in its selection of airs, far surpasses all other editions. It is edited by Wm. Dickenson. See you get no other.

No man can tell what a day may bring forth—a sun umbrella or pair of skates.