

The True Witness

AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

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WEDNESDAY,.....OCTOBER 17, 1894.

MR. SATOLLI.

The Apostolic Delegate has passed through Montreal and is now spending a few days in Quebec. The passage of Mgr. Satolli has been the cause of endless comment and wild speculation on the part of the secular press. Doubtless the presence of such an important personage was looked upon as a "wind-fall" for the daily journals; each anxious to outdo its rival in the reports concerning the supposed mission of the eminent prelate. One of our contemporaries gave its readers a full column about the Manitoba school matter, the imaginary difficulties existing between Cardinal Taschereau and the Government of this Province, the troubles supposed to have arisen between the Cardinal and members of the clergy, and it concluded that Mgr. Satolli came here to settle some or all of these matters. If Baron Munchausen were to arise in the form of a modern reporter, and to give full swing to his elastic imagination, he could not have invented a more extraordinary fiction.

In the first place Mgr. Satolli's jurisdiction does not extend, in any way, beyond the limits of the United States, and he has no more official authority in Canada than our Governor General would have in the neighboring Republic when on a private visit to that country.

Secondly, there has not been, nor are there at present any difficulties, either religious, civil, political, social or otherwise between the venerable Cardinal and the present Government of Quebec.

Thirdly, there are no differences between the Cardinal and the members of his clergy; and if there should ever arise any variances of opinion upon matters of discipline or church administration, the Cardinal holds full authority to settle the same without the necessity of any superior jurisdiction intervening.

Fourthly, the fact of Mgr. Satolli having no authority, direct or indirect, in Canada, and having sufficient of his own affairs to occupy his attention, must do away with the foolish idea of his visit having aught to do with the Manitoba schools, or with any other public or private question in this Dominion.

Having gone to the fountain-head of authority on this subject, we are enabled to emphatically state that the presence of the Apostolic Delegate in Canada is entirely unofficial and merely consists of a private visit to former pupils and old-time friends. Five years ago, when Mgr. Satolli represented the Pope at the opening of the Catholic University at Washington, he passed through Canada from Niagara to Quebec, but had then little opportunity of visiting our leading cities or learning much about our numerous

Catholic institutions. He always felt a desire to return some day and visit some of the leading educational and religious establishments in the Dominion. This month a favorable opportunity was offered in an invitation extended him by Cardinal Tachereau, Mgr. Begin and the Abbe Paquet of Quebec. Amongst the clergy in this Province are quite a number of the Delegate's former pupils, and in the ordinary course of a slight recreation, amidst his important and responsible duties, he decided to accept that invitation and enjoy a week's well-earned holidays amongst his former and ever constant friends. On learning that Mgr. Satolli was to pass through Montreal, His Grace, Archbishop Fabre, invited the distinguished prelate to spend a couple of days in this city as his guest. No formal receptions were to be tendered, and the Delegate came and will go as an ordinary—but eminent—traveller. We make these statements on the authority of His Grace and of the Apostolic Delegate, and do so merely to counteract any false impressions that may have arisen on account of the baseless rumors circulated so freely. It is an age of sensationalism and an enterprising press is ever anxious to seize upon any little hint that might be developed into conjectured theories of an exciting nature; it sees in the slightest and most prominent member of the Catholic hierarchy the first steps to some extraordinary changes that have birth only in the fertile brains of the sage writers.

Taking this incident as an example, we can form a pretty fair estimate of the value of those numberless sensational reports that come to us by way of press correspondents from Rome. While he is in Canada, merely in his capacity of traveller, sight-seer or visiting friends, still we cannot forget that Mgr. Satolli is to-day one of the leading lights of our Church and the representative direct of the great Pontiff, who rules so masterly the grandest organization on earth, and as such we join with his hundreds of intimate friends, and with all true Catholics, in bidding him a hearty welcome.

A PATRIOTIC IDEA.

In its last issue the Catholic Register of Toronto struck a key-note that should not be allowed to die away in echo. We hope, for the sake of our creed and race in Canada, that the suggestion made will be taken upon all sides and that the idea expressed will soon be carried to realization. The article to which we refer speaks of the statues of public men that are to be found in Canada and of those in contemplation, and it calls attention to the fact that while great, good and patriotic men are being honored by marble busts or bronze statues to perpetuate their names, one of the brightest, grandest figures on the field of our history—the late Thomas D'Arcy McGee—remains without any fitting public memorial. Although Mr. McGee was a poet of high order, an historian of undoubted powers, an orator of the first rank, and a statesman of great acumen, it is as one of the moulders of our Confederation that Canadians in general, irrespective of creed or race, should hasten to carry out the idea that the Register so happily expressed. While we believe that it would be a graceful deed to place a statue of McGee on the new Parliament grounds in Toronto, as suggested by the article in question, still we are under the impression that the most proper place in all Canada for such a testimonial is the Parliament Hill at Ottawa. There beside Sir George E. Cartier, and under the shadow of that central spire, that seems an image of the grand Dominion of which it forms the pivot; there, within ear shot of the House

that rang so often with his matchless eloquence; there where congregate all the statesmen of the land to carry on the work commenced by McGee and his associates, should stand a statue worthy the man, worthy his wonderful works, worthy the land of his adoption and worthy the Irish race the world over.

In turning over the pages of his poems, we come upon those touching lines addressed by him to the soldiers who placed a monument over the grave of Richard Dalton Williams, in the South; the war was raging between the North and South, poor Williams had just died and was quietly laid to rest, when Companies C. and K. Eighth New Hampshire Volunteers erected "a tall and graceful slab of Carrara marble" to his memory. The incident touched the warm heart of McGee, and its chords vibrated into a song characteristic of the great-souled Irish bard. In presence of the important question of a testimonial to the memory of the poet-orator, we feel that the first lines of that tribute are not inappropriate.

"God bless the brave! the brave alone
Were worthy to have done the deed,
A soldier's hand had raised the stone,
Another traced the lines men read,
Another set the guardian sail
Above thy minstrel—Innisfail!"

What sympathies there are between kindred souls! what mystic ties of melody bind inspired bard to bard! When McGee heard of this noble deed, in honor of one of the sweetest singers Ireland ever produced, he could not resist the natural impulse of snatching up the harp he had so often tuned into melody to sing the praises of the tomb-builders of the South. He recalls the olden custom of heaping a cairn of stones upon the sod beneath which a poet or bard was at rest.

"A thousand years ago—ah! then
Had such a harp in Erin ceased,
His cairn had met the eyes of men,
By every passing hand increased.
God bless the brave! not yet the race
Could coldly pass his resting place."

"And surely that Ancient Race," that "Celtic Race," that "Noble Island Race"—as in another poem McGee described them, could not allow this generation to pass away nor this century to expire without leaving a monument such as would hand his name and fame down to future years. Of course, as an Irish historian, his "History of Ireland" is as perfect a memorial as he could leave behind to perpetuate his name; as a journalist and essayist, his correspondence editorials and other contributions would suffice to immortalize any ordinary individual; as a poet, his volume of noble verses is an indestructible monument; any poem in that casket of gems would be enough to gain fame for another man; "The Death of the Homeward Bound," alone, should have made its author dear to every Irish heart and beloved by every noble or generous Irish soul. But it is not merely as an Irish historian, poet, journalist and orator that McGee should receive a tribute worthy of

"A scene of scenes, where glory's shed
Both on the living and the dead,"—

it is as a Canadian statesman, as one who consecrated his glorious talents to this Dominion in its infancy, as a man who with prophetic vision saw down the avenues of time and who shaped his plans so as to be in harmony with what he knew to be the future of Canada, as well as the ultimate results of the Irish cause, as a genius who lent his powers to the foundation of our young country and the building up of a land where the sons of our race may find homes and opportunities; in a word, as an Irish Catholic who was respected, honored and beloved by people of all creeds and nationalities, as a man whose talents and whose works place him on a level with the greatest men that our history can boast, should a statue be raised to

Thomas D'Arcy McGee. Our race should feel a thrill of pride in pointing out to the children of the future the statue of the man whose pen and voice had accomplished almost miracles. It would show to the world that the truly great are recognized in this young country, and it would tell to the millions yet unborn that the Irish Catholic statesman and father of Confederation was not, amongst those historic characters, left unhonored or unremembered. Such a statue, standing upon the Parliament Hill, would reflect credit upon Canada, honor upon our race, and glory upon all who took active part in having it placed there.

We are very thankful to the "Catholic Register" for having touched upon this question. The day is at hand when another generation will step in, and unless we, of to-day, rescue from oblivion our historical relics and perpetuate the names of our great men, the world moves so rapidly that they may all be forgotten. "It is not death alone—but Time and Death, that canonize the patriot," said Duffy, in speaking of Davis,—so is it true of McGee. The longer men live, the more time elapses, the more potent events that transpire, the more triumphantly will his greatness be vindicated and the more evident will it become that he was a political prophet as well as a mighty-minded patriot.

IRISH IMPERSONATORS.

We were pleased to notice that at a meeting of the County Board of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, held recently in Toronto, "it was unanimously decided to instruct members of the order to use all means in their power to stamp out the vulgar sentiments so often expressed in public and on the stage by impersonators of Irish in low character, thereby degrading the Irish race." This is a step in the right direction. It is an awakening to a sense that should long since have obtained in America and Canada. It may be very funny to hear the unnatural brogue put on by certain actors, to watch the foolish antics of degradedly dressed characters supposed to represent Irishmen and Irishwomen, but the people—especially Irish people—who find these exhibitions funny are perhaps not aware that they are helping to lower themselves and their race in the eyes of the world.

Even it would not be so bad were those caricatures true representations of the Irish people in any grade or walk of life. But they are acted libels upon a whole people. Go into any province in Ireland, from Lough Foyle to Tramore, or from where the sun rises over the Hill of Howth to where he sets beyond the Church of Connamara, and we defy you to find a single Irish peasant who speaks with the abominable accents and the uncouth manners of the supposed impersonators of the Irish on the stage. Besides the dress, the plug hat, the *carubeen*, the *dudeen*, the red head, the corduroys, the blackthorn stick (and generally the black bottle) that are given to the Irishman on the stage, as evidences of his nationality, no more belong to the race than they do to the people who frequent the *salons* of Paris or the drawing-rooms of London. It is a crying shame that at our Irish concerts and upon occasions when all that should tend to elevate the race should be brought out, we are obliged to witness such low exhibitions, so degrading and so absolutely false.

Take any other nationality on earth; the French, English, Scotch, or any one, and you will find that they ever seek to bring before the world the noblest and best traits of their people. They seek to make the public feel that there is something grand in their people. If a noble