

THE TRUE WITNESS

AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED AT

No. 761, Craig Street Montreal, Canada.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION

Country.....\$1 00
City.....1 50

If not paid in advance: \$1.50 (Country) and \$2 (City) will be charged.

Subscribers, Newfoundland, \$1.50 a year in advance.

TO ADVERTISERS.

The large and increasing circulation of THE TRUE WITNESS ranks it among the best advertising mediums in Canada.

A limited number of advertisements of approved character will be inserted in "THE TRUE WITNESS" at 15c per line, first insertion, and 10c per line each subsequent insertion. Special rates for contracts on application.

All Business letters, and Communication intended for publication, should be addressed to D. M. QUINN, Proprietor of THE TRUE WITNESS, No. 761 Craig street, Montreal, P. Q.

WEDNESDAY.....AUGUST 16, 1893

THE CATHOLIC PRESS.

It would be very amusing, were it not so deplorable, to watch the little battle that rages between two sections of the American Catholic press. The clerical editors, on the one hand, and the lay editors, on the other, seem to be actuated by some mistaken spirit that engenders an unnecessary and baneful antagonism. We were always under the impression that the Catholic press had a special mission to defend the principles of our Faith against the avowed enemies of Rome; but we did not think that either the laymen or clergymen were ever commissioned to do battle with each other. The clerical editor seems to think that the lay editor intrudes whenever the latter takes up the cudgels for the cause sacred to both, and the lay editor apparently imagines that when the priest enters the arena of journalism and adopts the profession, he is to be treated firstly, as a journalist, and secondly; as minister of the Church. And each individual editor—be he layman nor clergyman—apparently thinks that he alone has a right to an opinion, and that all question of his exactness is an insult to his dignity. The spirit that animates the disputants in question is either one of extreme egotism or else one of unenviable jealousy.

In our humble opinion it would be more in accordance with the "Apostolate of the Press" to cease tearing the eyes out of each other and to try and work with a little more harmony in the glorious cause of the Catholic faith. Imagine the learned Father Lambert and the thoughtful and able Father Phelan fighting over the personality of the Devil, and squabbling about the big "D" or little "d" with which his name should be written. We then have the Colorado Catholic in hot water in one corner, and Church Progress getting fits in another; the Catholic Times comes down upon the Catholic News, and the Western Watchman attacks the Cleveland Universe, Cincinnati Telegraph, Milwaukee Citizen, Chicago New World, Columbus Columbian, Indianapolis Record, and New York Sunday Democrat. If this is not shameful, at least it is ridiculous. It will be noticed that we have carefully refrained from even commenting upon, much less criticizing, the mission of Mgr. Satolli. We have allowed the Delegate Apostolic to go his way in peace, and perform the work that has been marked for him by the Vicar of Christ, without enquiring into the methods adopted or questioning the motives that actuated that high dignitary. It is enough for us to know that he represents Leo XIII., and that his mission is one of the greatest importance. These stories, fabrications and insinuations about imaginary disputes or

differences between Archbishops, Bishops and other members of the hierarchy we leave to the secular press. And we are under the impression—humble as our opinion may be—that we know as much (and no more) on the subject as does any of our Catholic contemporaries, especially those so given to criticism. In fine, we have enough to do to combat the enemies of Catholicity without undertaking to dictate to Mgr. Satolli or any person else.

THE LEAGUE OF THE ROSE.

The League of the Rose, an Ottawa society, held a meeting on Saturday, August 5, at which a resolution was moved by R. J. Wicksteed, and seconded by J. P. Hickmeth. Of this resolution even the Witness says:

"The language of the resolution is so extreme as to weaken if not destroy its effect. For instance, it says that the Pope is cordially detested by the Italians. Few persons here ever heard of the League of the Rose, though, Dr. Wicksteed, Q.C., is, of course, well known."

We may here remark that R. J. Wicksteed, commonly, if not popularly, known as "Dick," is an assistant law clerk of the House of Commons, and a son of Dr. Wicksteed, Q.C. We have not space sufficient for long comment, but we certainly must give our readers the principal items of the resolution. It is too rich to be allowed to pass into complete oblivion:

"Whereas His Majesty the King of Italy has been studiously affronted, slighted and mocked in the person of his admiral, Magnaghi and the officers of his frigate, the Etna, by Mr. Desjardins, mayor of the city of Montreal, in Canada, and a portion of the British Empire, the said Desjardins refusing to give due and becoming honor to the said admiral and officers of His Majesty King Humbert of Italy on the grounds that he (Desjardins) preferred and owed allegiance to the King's rebellious subject, the Bishop of Rome, also called Pope;

And inasmuch as the King of Italy, a monarch beloved by his own people, has ever been a warm friend and firm ally of our Most Gracious Sovereign the Queen, and the aforesaid Bishop of Rome is cordially detested by the Italians, openly hostile to their King, and an avowed enemy of England, and all that Englishmen hold dear:

After expressing the sympathy felt by the League of the Rose for the Italian monarch, the resolution thus concludes:

"We sympathize with and applaud the repressive and reformatory action of the Italian Government towards the said Bishop of Rome or Pope, and his hierarchy, knowing as we do from experience, and what Tyndale, our great martyr knew, and knowing wrote:—'There is no mischief or disorder, whether it be in the temporal regiment, or else in the spiritual, whereof the Pope, his cardinals and bishops are not the chief causes, and even the very fountain and springs, and as we say, the well-head; so that it is impossible to preach against any mischief, except thou begin at them; or to set any reformation in this world, except thou reform them first.'"

Although the public knows nothing about this "League of the Rose," we happen to have a little knowledge of it, which may prove interesting. If our paper ever comes under the eyes of Dr. or R. J. Wicksteed, we would ask the former if he recollects a long controversy carried on by "Connaught" in the Ottawa Evening Journal and "J.K.F." in the Ottawa Citizen, during the first months of 1888? If so he will recall how "Connaught" waded into a very bog of history and how badly stuck he became. It was then that the Anti-Irish, Anti-Catholic, Anti-Canadian defender of Balfour, Salisbury, Cromwell, Elizabeth and Henry was forced to call upon the friendly assistance of his equally prejudiced friends to extract him from the meshes of his opponent. Finally when "Connaught" collapsed, he and his admirers decided to

form a League, after the model of the "Primrose League in England," for the protection of Great Britain against such characters as Home Rulers of the "J.K.F." stamp, to protect Christianity against the dragons of Rome, to protect themselves against the wave of oblivion that seemed to roll over their ambitious insignificance, and to secure a "mutual admiration" society of six. Thus was planted the "League of the Rose;" it did bud forth on one occasion in 1889—for the Evening Journal gave it four lines space announcing a meeting that had taken place. But it never bloomed, nor did it increase in any way save in the thornes that seem to grow upon its six branches and that pick its members into a spasmodic knowledge of their own existence. We have not learned whether the emblem of this League is a White or Red Rose; we cannot tell whether its president, vice-president and secretary is in favor of York or Lancaster, or whether he agrees with the treasurer, corresponding secretary, and majority of the membership (all one person these) or not. In any case, the "League of the Rose" has a history and we have given it,—a brief and not very exciting history, but considering its object, spirit and membership of six it, however, has been comparatively eventful. The only thing it has not done is to die; and we wish it long life, since its existence depends upon the mortal term of Dr. Wicksteed, Q.C., his son Richard, and four congenial companions who go, weekly, into private ecstasies over the Doctor's "verses" while the son's enthusiastic admiration of his venerable parent and extreme belief in his own inspiration and genius, serve to enliven the meetings. Comment upon the resolution would be superfluous. "It is too funny for anything."

ANOTHER BLASPHEMOUS ORGAN.

WE CLIP the following from the Sunday Morning News of the 13th August:

"According to the New York papers of last week another bit of God's defunct grandmother, 'Ste. Anne,' is on its way to Canada. This holy relic, which is part of the arm of some dead person, is encased in a glass case, trimmed with gold, and will be on exhibition in New York for as long a time as dupes can be found to take a squint at it at so much per squint. It will then be taken across the line and deposited at Ste. Anne de Beaupre, that Canadian Mecca of Miracle, where already several other equally authentic gaw-gaws are located. Suckers, it is said, are biting well this season, and the catch is expected to be a large one."

In its worst fits of anti-Catholic rage the Daily Witness never abandoned the code of respectable journalism, nor did it ever sink to the level of Bowery slang in its attacks upon the Church. It has been reserved for a certain paper, published and circulated every Sunday, to introduce into Canadian journalistic literature the vilest of expressions wherewith to clothe the most wicked and anti-Christian sentiments. The editor—or whoever pens its editorial comments—must have raked the refuse of Billingsgate to secure language sufficiently low and virtuperative to vent his spleen against the vast majority of his fellow-citizens, or against what they hold sacred.

At the very doors of our churches is the publication sold, and our people are ridiculed, our faith abused, and our principles maligned with an impunity that is astounding. We are not surprised at the persons who write for that Sunday organ. They are free thinkers, atheists, and scoffers. But we cannot see why the fact that a person disbelieving in religion should give him the right to insult all who have faith in the teachings of Christianity. Nor can we see

why the fact of being an infidel necessitates an abuse of common courtesy and respect for the feelings of others. In fact, we think an atheist should be, at least, a gentleman; and no gentleman ever sneered at whatever others held dear and sacred. There is a broad line of demarcation between journalistic audacity and journalistic blackguardism. As long as an organ confines itself to the former, we can tolerate its most extravagant expressions of dissent from our views, but the moment it sinks to the latter, we can only rise out of all serious discussion with it, and leave its punishment to the action of a self-respecting public. As long as the paper in question remained inside of its own sphere and gossiped about sports and games we had nothing to say, but the moment it steps into the sanctuary of a Christian's faith, and with iconoclastic hand seeks to shatter the most precious treasures of a people's love and veneration, it is time to cry "halt!"

There is something so low, so unmanly, so despicable, in the language used and the sentiments expressed, that one recoils from the contact as from the slimy touch of a reptile. And every Sunday that reptile hisses at the doors of our churches, and no one seems to notice the venom it emits or to recognize the danger of its sting.

We repeat that we are not surprised at the paid writers of that journal: they naturally revel in the mire of their own soulless productions,—they love the atmosphere of polluted infidelity, for it is congenial to them and they thrive upon its poisonous germs,—they chuckle with fiendish delight whenever a mean stab is given to something pure, noble or sacred,—they hold high carnival in the caverns of cold, hollow, prayerless, remorseless materialism; but we are surprised at Catholics, and more so at Irish Catholics, who encourage and support such an organ. They are few, it is true; but one or two bad apples will suffice to ruin a basketful. Think of Catholics purchasing that sheet every Sunday and bringing it home for their children to read; imagine Catholics contributing to that institution by means of advertisements, or by taking stock in such an establishment.

It may be a very good speculation, or it may not; but surely all the return that such an institution could possibly give would never compensate for the shame of having, even indirectly, a hand in the vileness that is belched forth against the objects of a Catholic's devotion and veneration.

We claim that the Catholic who, directly or indirectly, contributes—in one way or another—to the circulation and perpetuation of such an organ is unworthy the creed he professes and is not even a Christian in principle. We have no more to say upon the subject but leave it to the serious consideration of our readers. They certainly can feel an insult when it is of the most outrageous and unprovoked kind: they should know how to resent it when they are called upon to contribute to the support of the insulter.

AN IMMORAL RESORT.

Last week we referred to the complaints made by the Sherbrooke street Sisters about the houses of ill-repute on Fortier street; we also drew attention to the new establishment that is being set in working order up there. Since then many complaints have reached us regarding this house, which is rented by and in the name of a well-known Craig street saloon-keeper. It is already tenanted by a certain class of ladies (?) and well furnished. We know the establishment at which the furniture is procured,