

The True Witness AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY, BY THE Post Printing and Publishing Company, AT THEIR OFFICES, 761 CRAIG STREET, - - MONTREAL.

TERMS: By Mail, \$1.50 per annum in advance. Delivered in City, \$2.00 " " " Single copies, 5 cents.

ADVERTISING RATES: 10 cents per line first insertion. 5 " " for every subsequent insertion.

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CATHOLIC CALENDAR For May, 1881. THURSDAY, 5.—St. Pius V., Pope and Confessor. Cons. Bp. Wadhams, Ogdensburg, 1872.

FRIDAY, 6.—St. John before the Latin Gate. SATURDAY, 7.—St. Stanislaus Bishop and Martyr. SUNDAY, 8.—Third Sunday after Easter. Patronage of St. Joseph. Less. Gen. xlix. 22-26; Gosp. Luke iii. 21-22; Last Gosp. John xvi. 16-22. First Plenary Council of Baltimore, 1852.

MONDAY, 9.—St. Gregory Nazianzen, Bishop, Confessor, and Doctor of the Church. TUESDAY, 10.—St. Antoninus, Bishop and Confessor.

WEDNESDAY, 11.—Apparition of St. Michael, Archangel (May 8). Bp. Lavielle, Louisville, died, 1867. Mr. A. H. MURPHY, member for Quebec East, was to have seconded the address in reply to the speech from the throne in the Provincial Legislature, but was prevented by an attack of sciatica, with which he has been afflicted for some time past.

WAS Mr. Dillon informs the Government of England that if evictions continue there will be trouble in Ireland—meaning, of course, armed resistance—he only says what every one knew would come to pass who were not the veriest optimists. Blood has already been shed in connection with evictions, and more will be shed, for it is not likely the people will tamely submit to be driven from home and country in such a wholesale manner.

that eviction ceased as if by magic, and the defenders of the barricaded house were not prosecuted. It is, therefore, whole some policy to resist at times, and if there has ever been a time when it was justifiable it is now, when the landlords are acting in such a shameful manner.

The life of Czar Alexander the Third is sought after by the Nihilists with as much pertinacity and vindictiveness as was that of his father, and it is not improbable he will lose it in as bloody a manner. Extraordinary precautions have been taken to protect him, but if he has to exist in such constant and terrible dread of his implacable foes, the question may be asked if, under such conditions, life is worth living? Is there a sane man in this world, however hard his lot, who would change places with the Autocrat of all the Russians with his titles, his immense wealth, and his despotic power? The state of things in Russia cannot last, that is certain. The hope of the Nihilists seems to be that if they can manage to make away with the present Czar there will be a regency, the heir to the throne being of tender years, and that a regency will mean anarchy and civil war, during which something may turn up favoring their designs.

This is the time of the year when strikes begin, and California millionaires go to Europe to scatter their money through all its capitals. Every year brings more millionaires and strikes to the surface. One class is a complement of the other. Capitalists are becoming more wealthy, and labor poorer, although capital is evolved from labor. The mania for larger fortunes is on the increase; \$100,000 is now considered a bagatelle; in order to have financial or social standing one must have a million or two, no matter if obtained by grinding the laborer in the dust or reducing his children to serfdom. Improved machinery has enabled capitalists to form themselves into a distinct class far above the moral law, and in possession of the laws of the land, and has driven labor to despair and to strikes. In some of those strikes they are successful, in others they are not; but whether or no, they are generally the sufferers in the end. Some other means must be employed if labor has to hold its own. The capitalists are becoming so numerous and so powerful that they have their hands upon the great rivers, railroads and telegraph wires, and are every day in a better position to deal with the employees as they will. A grand cooperative movement will be their only salvation if they want to have a fair share of the profits of their own labor, but how that is to be inaugurated is altogether another question.

It is now definitely settled that the Conservatives will offer strenuous and united opposition to the Government's Irish Land Bill. They admit that some change should be made in the relations between landlord and tenant, but they characterize the bill as nothing but confiscation and revolution—thus using words they should be most sparing of, for most of those gentry owe their lands to confiscation and revolution. It is feared by some that the Whig following of the Government will bolt at the last moment, and if this feeling be realized the House of Lords will be relieved of a great responsibility. The Irish people, as represented at the late Land League Convention and by their members in Parliament, are profoundly dissatisfied with the provisions of the bill, but are prepared to accept it as a small instalment and as a base for future operations against feudalism. The Catholic hierarchy are not behind their people in their demands. They recommend greater limitation of the power of the landlords, a recognition of the laborers' claims, an improvement in the formation of the Court of Arbitration, and that the bill be amended so as to make it really useful. We can all appreciate the position of Gladstone's Government in this emergency. He is trying to give the best measure he can and still retain power, but considering all the difficulties he has to overcome, it is doubtful if he will succeed. The thing which is most likely to come to pass is a dissolution of Parliament, a fresh election, and a Radical majority returned which will stand no nonsense, and deal with the lords as contemptuously as with the landlords.

How the times have changed in Ireland since the days of O'Connell, when the City Council of Dublin was termed a beggarly Corporation by the Liberator. It was for that expression that the ill-starred D'Este wanted to kill O'Connell, but was killed himself instead. The then Corporation of Dublin was not only beggarly but it was English, and not only English but Tory. A few enthusiastic Orangemen were at one time seriously intent upon prosecuting Dan for driving his coach and four in such high-handed style over the "Protestant pavement of Dublin!" But how have the mighty fallen? How and where have bigotry and ascendancy vanished? Sackville street, the very glory of Orange ascendancy, has disappeared and the O'Connell Boulevard has taken its place. And so perish untruth and fanaticism, and so rise up the majestic figure of a regenerated nation, embodying itself for the present in an idea, but which in time shall be hailed as young and free Ireland. The plainest proof of the new national existence is in the

fact that the Corporation of Dublin—Ireland's capital—have refused to pass a vote of condolence for the death of Lord Beaconsfield. Why, forty years ago their fathers—speaking civilly—would have gone to London in a body to kiss the coffin of a dead Tory statesman, or, if necessary to prove their loyalty, to lick the dust over which it had been borne. Mais nous avons change tout cela. Those wretched days have fled, never, never to return. Indeed it would be strange if any real Irishman could be found to render homage to either Beaconsfield, living or dead, after the infamous letter to My Lord Duke of Marlborough. Shams and humbugs of all descriptions are passing away. Let them pass quickly.

MR. CHARLES BRADLAUGH has again been refused his seat in the House of Commons for Northampton, though willing to take the necessary oaths and to admit that they will be binding on his conscience. He was prevented from taking his seat by a vote of the Commons, which stood—for Bradlaugh, 175; against, 205—the majority being Tories, with perhaps a few Liberals, who are disgusted at the Atheistical views of Mr. Bradlaugh, so audaciously announced by himself in the first instance, when he declared he did not believe in a Supreme Being, and being a Republican on principle, could not conscientiously swear to support a monarchy. While shocked at the views of Bradlaugh it must not be forgotten that the Conservatives are actuated less by religious than by political hatred against him, and that if he were a fine old Tory who believed in the right divine of kings, Sir Stafford Northcote would display little, if any, opposition to his admission to the Commons. The late Lord Beaconsfield was certainly not a Christian, although he may have believed in a Supreme Being, or he may not, but nevertheless the Tories, the most pious and High Church of them marched cheerfully under his leadership for thirty odd years. But then if Beaconsfield did not believe in God he was zealous in the cause of the Established Church, and was, above all, enthusiastic in maintaining feudal privileges, which Bradlaugh is not. That is where the shoe pinches and not on points of religious belief, for it is well known that among the friends and followers of Sir Stafford in both Houses, are scores of polished Conservatives who sneer at God and religion just as much as the member elect for Northampton, but not quite so audibly. Then, again, the purely partisan vote of yesterday looks suspicious. Is it possible that the minds of politicians are so balanced that the Liberals are all irreligious, while the Tories are all pious? The founders of the Conservative party were infidels, chief among them being the famous, or the notorious, Bollingbroke and the school he founded, who have yet their disciples in Oxford and Cambridge. If Bradlaugh was elected for Northampton on grand old Tory principles, and if on his presenting himself to take oath he said he did not believe in a Supreme Being, it is the Liberals who would have felt outraged, and moved for his expulsion. But such is politics the world all over.

This man his party deems a hero; His foes a Judas or a Nero. Patriot of superhuman worth Or victim mortal that cumber's earth. We would like to see both parties in the British Commons submitted to a crucial test as regards religion, in order to find how many of them are really Christians. Good Christians would never rack-rent Ireland and coerce her with buckshot for complaining. The world will watch with interest for the next move in this Bradlaugh drama, which has done more mischief to the British Constitution than all the obstruction of the Parnellites.

Nothing seems to us half so stupid as the opinions advanced by a great many of our Canadian contemporaries on the Irish land question, but more particularly their criticisms on the leaders of the land movement, whom they describe as a set of demagogues who do not want matters settled lest they should lose their hold on the popular mind. They seem to forget, or rather to ignore the fact, that the Irish members of Parliament gain nothing but the approval of their conscience by the stand they have taken. If they were mild and guelching towards Government; if they, Uriah Heap like, were "umble," and grateful and accepted the Land Bill as the climax of perfection, if they fell into ecstasies over the emigration clause, they would be good members of an English parliament, but they would not be doing their duty towards Ireland. By the stand they have taken, they renounce all claims to positions in the Government, or to that patronage so dear to the Canadian heart, and for what members chiefly are desirous of going to Ottawa, there are no Colonial Governorships or places in the Treasury for members of the Irish party; they are socially ostracised or boycotted, and they are always liable to expulsion or arrest, not very pleasant prospects for an Irish gentleman no matter what our contemporaries may say. We can realize the feelings of the editor of the Montreal Herald, and his anger at the stupidity of those "demagogues" who prefer doing their duty to their country to basking in the smiles of London beauty and taking things easy, but we would remind him that, if people do not make sacrifices and create great agitations to gain national rights, the world would become base and rotten—selfishness and taking care of number one would be the order of the day. Those who figured as real demagogues in 1849 should be careful of what they say.

MR. EMIL DOUST, C.E., a graduate of the Royal Military College, Kingston, has been appointed to an important position on the Canada Pacific Railway.

IMMIGRATION.

The stream of emigration from Europe to America has begun to flow in real earnest. Even before May has set in at all the number of people landing at New York alone each day averages three thousand, which is a larger proportion than has arrived since the days of the great Irish famine. Ireland, unfortunate Ireland, once more heads the list, Germany comes next, then England, and so on, every country in Europe furnishing its quota to swell the population of the United States and increase its power. It is calculated that, at the very least, a million souls will be added to the population of the Republic this year by immigration alone. The emigration craze is taking such hold of the German mind that the Government are really alarmed, while, singular enough, the Government of Ireland are not half satisfied at the immense exodus now going on; they think it is not half large enough. Not so, however, as regards that part of the United Kingdom called England. In England, there is much uneasiness on the subject, an uneasiness which springs from a knowledge that at no time in the history of the islands have so many active, able-bodied men and women been on the point of leaving that country for America. The statistics of recent emigration from both England and Ireland are indeed startling. From careful tables prepared under the direction of the Statistical Department of the English Board of Trade, it is seen that in 1880 the emigration from Great Britain reached its maximum since the years immediately before the great famine in Ireland. In none of the years which have intervened, save only 1873, has the total been so large as it was last year. During that year, 211,786 subjects of the Queen are reported to have left their homes to seek new ones in other lands. This population of a great city has been drawn from all portions of the kingdom, but chiefly from Ireland. For the past three years the increase in the number of wanderers from that unhappy island to other countries has been almost beyond belief. In 1878 there were twenty-nine thousand emigrants; in 1879, forty-one thousand, while last year the grand total was ninety-three thousand. The change in the destination of emigrants has been quite as marked as has been the increase. Five years ago the balance was against the United States. At that time the tables showed that for the year the number of persons who returned to their homes in Great Britain was one hundred and forty-three greater than the number of emigrants. Even in 1877 the balance in favor of the United States amounted to only six hundred and three. Now, however, the proportion of emigrants who do not come to America is so very small as to be hardly worth considering. In consequence, the Australasian colonies have suffered. In 1879 the balance in favor of Australasia was nearly thirty-six thousand, while in the year past it fell to eighteen thousand. And this stream of emigration will continue at the flood until a depression in trade begins. What, in the meantime, is our Government doing to obtain its share of this vast stream of emigration?

THE FRENCH IN NORTH AFRICA.

As English influence wanes in South Africa the French are pushing their conquests in the North of the continent. They have sent an army to Tunis ostensibly to chastise the marauding Kroumirs, but in reality to annex the territory to Algiers. During the last century North Africa was the terror of the Mediterranean. The inhabitants were mostly pirates, the Dey of Algiers and the Bey of Tunis, the chief pirates having the authority of Kings, but owing a slipshod kind of allegiance to the Sultan of Turkey, who was not the sick man in those days, but a fine, healthy despot who feared no man or power on earth. But the pirates did not confine their operations to the Mediterranean. They scoured along the western coasts of Europe, robbing and murdering. They on one occasion completely destroyed the town of Baltimore, in Ireland, and either carried the inhabitants into captivity or murdered them. The British sent an expedition to Algiers in 1816, under Lord Exmouth, which captured the chief city, and released a large number of Christian slaves, and the French a few years later took possession, with the consent of the other powers. Since then we have heard nothing of the Algerian Pirates, and the ships of all nations ploughed the waves of the Mediterranean fearing nothing but white squalls. We have said that both the Dey and the Bey pretended allegiance to Turkey, but that was in the palmy days of the "unspeakable." The Sultan entered no protest when the French took Algiers, and if he had, would have been snubbed for his impudence. The present Bey, finding himself in difficulties, and only remembers that if the connection is good for anything, the sultan should have duties as well as the liege, and although he would have laughed in the face of the Sublime Porte if asked for assistance during the late war with Russia, he now modestly requests the protection of his liege lord. This must be amusing to the poor Sultan, who is not able to protect himself, but in order to preserve his dignity he acknowledges the corn and protests mildly against French occupation of part of his territory. It is very true that if it were really his Powers would be bound to interfere if treaties are good for anything, for a clause in the Treaty of Berlin guarantees the present possession of Turkey, which means, it is to be presumed, until a power strong enough takes any of them from the Sultan. It is, however, not impossible that Germany may try to create a little mischief before all is over. The fact of France going to war at all

is surprising to the world, and is a proof, that she herself has come to the conclusion that the time has arrived when it is her duty to once more take a prominent part in the affairs of the world, although Germany does stand armed to the teeth and jealously watchful. Her attitude towards Tunis is as much as to say, "I am France again, strong and united, and who dare touch me; a fig for Italy and Germany." It is nonsense to suppose that if France less aggressively inclined she could not settle the Tunisian affair without either war or annexation. She had only to propose joint action with the Bey and all would have been plain sailing, whereas now the affair is most serious, and looks as if the French were bent on conquest. The influence of France in Egypt is paramount, and the day may come when she may also find it necessary to annex it altogether, even at the risk of going to war with England.

THE STATE OF IRELAND.

Heretofore we have been slow to credit the sensational canards as regards affairs in Ireland transmitted to us by the cable, knowing the sources whence they emanated. We preferred to wait for the mail before forming our opinions on the state of Ireland, but we expected all along that a time would arrive during which the patience of the people would be tested to the utmost, and that a state of things would ensue which might lead them to open resistance or to sullen despair. It appears that the time has now arrived. The principles of Gladstone's Land Bill have been made known, a convention of Land League delegates has assembled to discuss and pronounce upon the bill, and the result of their deliberations is that it is highly unsatisfactory. The convention concludes that the land measure is defective, for although it admits the principles of fair rent, fixity of tenure and free sale, it hedges them round to such a degree, in the interests of the landlords, that they are utterly useless. A certain amount of power is taken from the landlords by the provisions of the bill, but it is the lawyers who will benefit by the transfer and not the tenant farmers of Ireland. Perhaps, under all the circumstances, Gladstone could not have done any better, but the people are profoundly dissatisfied all the same; they do not weigh nice points of law and equity with the philosophical discrimination necessary. All they know is that they are once more betrayed. While the legislators are engaged in wrangling over the clauses, they see the landlords, their bailiffs and their agents, scouring the land in every direction, surrounded by British bayonets glistening in the May sun, they see the old and the helplessly young evicted from their homes which are levelled with the ground, they do not know the moment when their own turn may come, and hence their sullen despair, and it may be their desperate resistance. They also see that although Mr. Gladstone's Government thought proper to give the coercion bill a retrospective effect, they have refused to give the like to the land bill, and the conclusion they arrive at is, that the old policy of oppression is to govern Ireland in the future as it has in the past. It is therefore no wonder that news by mail and cable give terrible accounts regarding the state of Ireland. It is truly within a measurable distance of civil war. On the one hand are the infuriated landlords and their agents backed by an army of forty thousand men, recklessly determined to take advantage of the law as it exists and have their pound of flesh, and on the other hand are the people of Ireland, suffering as no other people have suffered, resolved to make a last effort to live on the land of their forefathers like human beings entitled to the protection of the Government, and if such protection be refused to take steps to protect themselves. The landlords are now giving an excuse for their own abolition; they are thoroughly bad and vicious, made so by a system which has no parallel in history, and it is plain no law, except a revolutionary one, will have a good effect. It is no wonder that agents are shot, and that outrages are reported all over the country, and it will be no wonder if one of these days we shall hear of an agrarian insurrection in the West and South. Matters are fast hastening that way, and for the blood shed the Irish landlords will be held responsible by the historian.

LITERATURE FOR YOUTH.

Some one has said, and the saying is quoted a thousand times a week, "give me the making of the people's ballads and I care not who makes their laws." Like other trite aphorisms this saying is liable to be taken too literally, but there is, nevertheless, a good deal of force in it, less now, however, than formerly, when ballads conveyed history and patriotism to the illiterate. Now-days every man reads his own ballads, and a good many make, or pretend to make them, for poets are almost as plentifully distributed as sowing and mowing machines. The saying we refer to might be paraphrased so as to read "give me the writing of the dime novels of the children, and I don't care who brings them up," and still retain considerable force for, certes, this is the age when the youth, or maiden walk slowly along the streets with head bowed down, and eyes greedily devouring "the pirates of the prairie, or the saugunary river of blood," oblivious of everything in created nature above or around, but the dimer in which his or her whole soul is absorbed. Observe the rush to the newsdealer on Saturday night when the New York sensational story papers arrive, to read the continuation of the "Robbers of the Cave, or the Revenge of the Comanche Maiden" just where it left off at its most thrilling and awful moment, when the

heroine was about to take the final plunge into a canon to which there is no bottom, and how she was rescued by a magnificent creature of a caballero in the very nick of time. Observe also the still smaller youths and maidens whose size does not imply the possession of seven cents, looking anxiously in at the window as the dealer opens out his story weeklies, and displays adventure after adventure to their all-devouring eyes, and horror piled upon horror. Here is a disguised princess in the hands of an Indian brave, with tomahawk uplifted to strike, there a well-dressed young swell, who has evidently insulted the lady with streaming hair, in the hands of a manly blacksmith, lower down a crocodile in the act of making off with another distressed female, pursued by a distracted lover sword in hand, while as for knives, pistols, tomahawks, yataghans and daggers, they are too common to deserve more than a casual glance. To the credit of our Government be it said, we see no more of such obscene prints as the New York Police News, the Police Gazette, and kindred sheets, but still enough remain to deprave the tender mind of youth. How is this to be avoided? Children of a certain age must read, and if they cannot obtain healthy books at home they will have recourse to the dime novels and the highly spiced sheets we have alluded to—sheets not, of course, as bad as those the Government have refused admission to Canada, but yet bad enough in all form. It is as necessary that the youthful mind be fed as the youthful stomach, and if the boy does not find what he wants at home he will seek it abroad. It has been often suggested that children should be supplied with pious works at home, which is a very good idea, but as they cannot be reading religious books all the time, and as they sigh for something in the adventure line, why not give them Robinson Crusoe, fairy tales of moral tendency, books of ballads and prints, Canon Schmidt's tales, which are the most entertaining ever printed, and books of a like character. Something must be done to stem the flood of immoral and exciting literature which is depraving the minds of our youth and filling the penitentiaries and jails with them. The evil is actually worse than that of intemperance against which such a just outcry is raised, for the literature we speak of prepares the mind for stimulants. It crazes, it demoralizes, and it should be checked. Heads of families should look to it especially, for they will be held responsible. Let them abolish the pirates and Bowery literature and supply wholesome reading. That is the only cure.

LAND LEAGUE.

The following sums, as stated opposite the names of the donors, were subscribed at Sherrington, Ont., for the Land League, and forwarded to The Post per Mr. William O'Meara:— William O'Meara, \$3; Stephen Kough, 2; Mathew McCaffrey, 2; Raymond Robt, 1; John O'Meara, 1; Thomas O'Meara, 1; David O'Meara, 1; Edward Catudal, 1; Laurence O'Meara, 1; Daniel O'Connell, 1; Thomas Halpin, 1; James Hughes, 1; Mrs. Denis Coolahan, 1; James McGrall, 1; James Casev, 1; Denis Hennessey, 1; Edward Billow, 1; John McBride, 1; Timothy O'Connell, 1; Friend, 50c; Thomas Murray, 50c; Michael Murray, 50c; James O'Meara, 50c; George Rouarke, 50c; James McManus, 50c; J. B. Carrieres, priest, \$2; Patrick Halpin, 50c; Nicholas O'Meara, 50c; total, \$29. Also the following, from Erinville, Ont., per Rev. M. O'Donohue:— Rev. M. O'Donohue, \$5; Bernard Murphy, 1; James Farrell, 2; John Stone, 1; Joseph Rock, 1; M. S. Murphy, 1; Timothy Hunt, 1; Archie Stewart, 1; Maurice Hays, 1; James Byrn, (Hungerford), 2; James Byrn (Taworth), 1; Thomas Townsend, 1; John McGraw, 1; William Healy, 1; John Cassidy, 1; Michael Hooley, 1; Thomas Dolan, 50c; John Mulholland, 1; Daniel Byrn, 3; John Lynch, 50c; James O'Neil, 25c; Patrick Hogan, 1; Edward McLaughlin, 1; Bernard Lacy, 1; Nicholas Phelan, 1; Samuel Dunn, 50c; James Killoran, 1; Mrs. Blewett, 25c; total, \$33.

A COUNTRYMAN WHO GOT A SHINE, AND THE BOOTBLACK'S ACQUAINTANCE.

This is a true story. About nine o'clock this morning a young man from the country, who, as subsequent events proved, was not quite so verdant as the valleys from which he had strayed away, wandered to the Post Office and sat himself down on the stone steps as a convenient resting place from which to view the passers-by and the buildings by which he was surrounded. And he gathered up his feet under him so that traffic might not be impeded, and pulled down the legs of his ambitious pantaloons in order that his knees might be concealed from view. He looked reflective, and perhaps the streets of Montreal reminded him of his own broad acres in the springtime when the plough had passed through them. And while he gazed at the surrounding objects, and pulled a wisp or two of hay from his hair to chew in a meditative kind of way, he was approached by a boot-black, who for a moment silently regarded his feet and wondered if he had been engaged by the Road Department to remove the mud to the dump at the foot of Seminary street. Gradually drawing closer to the countryman he finally planted his box on the pavement, and using both hands lifted one of the feet tenderly and placed it in position. Then he passed his shirt sleeves across his forehead, and wiped away the perspiration. The countryman's attention was only aroused momentarily, and then he leaped into meditation again. The boot-black, using a pen-knife, removed all the mud from the boot, and in the mound raised around him was completely concealed from any officious and interfering policeman. Then he got his brushes to work, and soon produced a polish which, reflecting the rays of the sun, sent sunbeams dancing on the wall of the building opposite. The second boot was similarly treated, after which the boot-black, to the great reverie by a demand for payment. The countryman stared vacantly for a moment, and then working his hand down into his pants' pocket until it was feared that he was going to follow it and make a thorough exploration, he slowly withdrew it and lazily dropped a cent into the open hand before him. This was indignantly refused by the boot-black, but the other, quietly remarking "that he hadn't asked anybody to clean his boots, got up on his feet and walked away down St. James street, while old Sol cast envious glances on those No. 12's.