

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.
CONTRACT RATES.
1 Year... \$1.50 per line.
Months... 1.00 "
3 Months... 50 "

MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, JULY 27.

CATHOLIC CALENDAR

For July, 1881.
THURSDAY, 28.—St. Nazarius and Comp.
Martyrs. St. Innocent, Pope and Conf.
FRIDAY, 29.—St. Martha, Virgin. St. Felix
and Companions. Martyrs.
SATURDAY, 30.—The Seven Brothers, Martyrs
(July 10). St. Abdon and Sennen,
Martyrs.
SUNDAY, 31.—Eighth Sunday after Pentecost.
St. Ignatius of Loyola, Confessor. Epist.
2 Tim. ii. 8-10 and iii. 10-12; Gosp. Luke
x. 1-9; Last Gosp. Luke xvi. 1-9.

The following gentlemen have kindly con-
sented to act as agents in their respective
localities for THE POST AND TRUE WITNESS, and
are empowered to collect subscriptions and
enroll subscribers:—M. O'Neill, P. M., Kirk-
field, Ont.; Martin Ragoose, P. M., Grimsby,
Ont.; Daniel Egan, West Huntley, (Ont.)
and vicinity; Richard Jones, Albert, Ont.

VIVE LE CANADIENNE! The Canadian
team at Wimbledon have once more marched
off with that enviable prize, the Kola-
poro Cup. What next?

The Land League fund is mounting up
once more. The Treasurer acknowledges the
receipt of \$9,300, for the week ending July
2nd, and it is estimated that the amounts re-
ceived since range from ten to twelve
thousand dollars weekly. The sum of \$1,612
was received by the Irish World alone last
week. And it is all required.

The French are not to have such a walk
over in North Africa as they at first supposed.
The Arabs are rising in all directions, and,
although scattered and beaten by the disci-
plined armies of the Republic, it is only to
appear in other places. The indignation in
Spain over the French aggression is scarcely
inferior to the intense feeling in Italy.

The Irish Land Bill has at last passed
through the House of Commons and now
awaits sanction, emanation or rejection by
the House of Lords. It is thought that will
amend it slightly and return it to the manu-
facturer, but no one can safely reckon upon
what the peers are capable of doing when
their blue blood is in a state of effervescence.

MARSHAL BAZAINE, who surrendered Metz
to the Germans and an army of 174,000 with
it, and who at the same time betrayed France,
is now in Spain—having escaped from the
Jale of St. Margurite, where he was im-
prisoned for life—and he modestly requests
that he be allowed to cross the Pyrenees to
look after some property in France. If this
is not impudence, it is the best name that can
be found for it. Benedict Arnold was more
modest than Bazaïne.

GUITEAU, the wretch who attempted to
murder President Garfield, is not sorry for his
crime, but he regrets the President should
suffer pain. What sweet sentimentality!
He is also reported to have said that his at-
tempt has not been in vain, as it has served
to unite the Republican party. This is
patriotism surely of the first water. Perhaps
Guitau is like Erostratus who burned the
temple of Diana at Ephesus in order that his
name might go down to posterity.

Our good amendment to the Land Bill has
passed the Committee of the Commons.
This amendment provides that the Land
Claims Court, the Commissioners of, which
have just been appointed, will have power to
quash those leases forced upon the tenants by
landlords against the spirit of the Act of
1870, and which they had to accept or leave
their farms. The landlords took advantage
of the wording of the Act to exercise unjust
powers of which they will now be deprived
by the Court, if it is worth anything, which
is to be seen. It is now more than pos-
sible the lords will not reject the bill, as it
has been emasculated sufficiently to please
them.

There is another dynamite scare in Eng-
land, this time it would appear well grounded
if the cable tells the truth regarding the de-
claration of the British Home Secretary of the
House of Commons, which is to the effect that
six infernal machines had been discovered in
one vessel. As London is the headquarters of
the Socialists, it would be unfair to attach
any blame to the Fenians in the business
any more than to other conspirators, although
O'Donovan Rossa is collecting a

fund for blowing up the British Empire. A
good many sensible people are of the opinion
that half the scares in England are invented
by detectives for sinister purposes, and a still
greater number think that it will be a long
time before Ireland is made free by dynamite.

The agony in Albany was ended yesterday
by the election of Lapham, the half-breed
candidate, to the Senate, after a joint caucus
of both factions of the Republican party.
The meaning of the victory is about that the
monopolists have conquered the third terms
or imperialists, and made an enemy of Roscoe
Conkling and another of Ulysses S. Grant,
two men who are not in the habit of forgiv-
ing their foes. All the trouble has arisen
from a pitiful question of office, and this is
why the opinion is gaining ground that there
is to be a civil service reform in the States.
It is about time, surely. The present system
is a disgrace to a great country.

CASES of hydrophobia are coming to the
front in the United States, and if the hot
weather continues, as is likely, we shall have
more of them. The New York Herald of
yesterday gives several recipes for the cure
of the terrible malady, and thinks that the
heaping of filth in the streets is one of the
chief causes of madness in dogs, and con-
sequently of hydrophobia. The dogs collect
round the putrid matter, quarrel and bite,
when the curs fly around the cities and attack
human beings, and communicate their poison
to the system. We have lots of festering
carion flung on the streets of Montreal, but
let us hope that will be the worst of it.

Injury juries are backward in convicting
prisoners on the evidence of police, and they
are right. It is not long since Bucksbot
Forester hinted to the police inspectors that
the force was not showing zeal enough in ar-
resting and procuring convictions, and this
spurred on a good many of them to increased
exertions in behalf of what is known in Ire-
land as law and order. The result is a re-
spectable batch of prisoners in every county
(irrespective of the suspects) which prison-
ers are acquitted by juries of their country-
men who do not believe the police on their
oaths. The time has gone by when sheriffs
of counties could pack juries to give verdicts
according to the behest of the Crown, and
let us hope it will never return. A committee
of the House of Lords is now taking evidence
on the Irish jury system, and it will go hard
with them or they will recommend it be sus-
pended, if not abolished.

SIGNOR GAVAZZI (he has dropped the
"Father") is now lecturing in Canada in aid
of the funds of the Free Italian Church. If
the Signor had sense he would stay at home
and try and convert his friend Garibaldi, who
was a member of the Congress of iconoclasts
held at Geneva, for the spread of freedom
and the abolition of a Supreme Being from
the Universe. But it is the same all over
with the Evangelizers, they have no com-
passion for their fellow-countrymen. They
go abroad to teach the heathen and leave as
healthy pagans behind them as home as lived
in the days of Pius Antoninus. So in like
manner we have missionaries coming here
to Christian Canada, to convert its
people who actually hail from the Black
Country in England, whose inhabitants know
as little of Christianity as they do of the
nebulous system. It is truly a singular
spectacle. But after all a missionary has to
live, and if he is not appreciated in his own
country he can hardly be censured for seek-
ing for fresh fields and pastures new. What
we do blame the worthy Signor for is talking
so much about the free church of Italy. All
churches are free in Italy, except the Church
par excellence.

The English papers, desperate at seeing the
sympathy extended to Ireland by the Vatican,
are using every means to destroy it, but
without success. The tactics they use are to
issue false despatches, alleged to have come
from Rome, which assert that the Vatican is
angry at such and such a Church dignitary
for his attitude towards Ireland. In some
instances the dignitaries treat the de-
spatches with contempt, in others they
contradict them, but the cunning journals do
not think fit to insert the contradiction.
When Parnell came to America he visited
Cardinal McCloskey, at which, said the Eng-
lish and American Jingo papers, the Vatican
was angry. But the Vatican was not; it
was only the English Whigs and Tories and
their sympathizers on this continent. The
latest trick is about Cardinal Manning. The
Vatican is very much annoyed that he should
give comfort to the Land League. But, in
fact, they are inventing lies to little pur-
pose, for the Land League is not a religious
organization, and it would move on whether
it was approved in Rome or whether it was
condemned. It is strange, at the same time,
that not one of the London dailies, the Pall
Mall Gazette excepted, has thought fit to give
publication to the advice of Leo XIII. to
the people of Ireland to assert their rights
peaceably, and success would follow. His
Holiness knows what their rights actually
are, and he approves of the agitation for
them.

Mr. Thomas White, M.P. for Cardwell
County, has written a letter to the editor of
the Cardwell Sentinel, which will be found in
another column. All we have to say in re-
gard to the matter—or as Mr. White calls it,
"a tempest in a teapot"—has been said
before. It is purely a question of veracity
between Messrs. James Stewart
and Richard White, but we may
state that the editor of this paper
saw with his own eyes the minutes of
the meeting at which tickets for the press
was discussed, and saw Mr. Richard White's
name amongst the members of the Committee

present. We were also told by reliable
authority that THE POST was mentioned and
that Mr. White objected. As regards
the liberality of the Gazette in having
Catholics on its staff it is very commendable,
but not very extraordinary. We have
seen times in which there was no
Catholic on its staff, but we can safely say
that since THE POST started into existence,
although it is not as large a paper as the
Gazette, its staff has never been without a
Protestant, and it has sometimes had two.
We mention this to show that if the propo-
sitors of the Gazette excluded THE POST for
bigotry it was a mistake. An editorial which
appeared in the Gazette of Friday, the 20th
of May, and which could not have been
penned without the sanction of the editor of
that paper, or without his knowledge, em-
phatically denies that Richard White was
either at the preliminary meeting of the
citizens which named the committee or at-
tended at the meeting of the committee which
discussed the press ticket question, while in
the letter [of the] member for Cardwell it
is admitted that Richard did attend the latter
meeting. There is a discrepancy to be
accounted for.

THE REVOLT OF ISLAM.

It is feared that a general rising of the
Moslem is about to take place, not only in
North Africa but all over Western Asia and
perhaps India. The Sultan and his ministers
are thought, correctly or incorrectly, to be
the prime movers in exciting Mahomedan
fanaticism against the Christians, and late
events in Arabia and other centres of
Moslem civilization give color to the re-
ports in circulation. It is now seen
that it was not a mere accidental rising of
Tunisian marauders that took a French
army to North Africa, although, perhaps, the
spirit of French aggression may have been
glad to avail itself of the chance. The Sultan
sees his huge empire crumbling to pieces
year by year, and he knows of no other
means to stop it and save the remnant ex-
cept in a general union of Mohomedans,
of which he is the chief. He has sense
enough to perceive that, by remaining
quiescent, Christian civilization will assuredly
push him beyond the Hellespont, and even
then he is not safe, for England has, with his
"consent," assumed a protectorate over Asia
Minor, which may any day develop itself into
complete possession. If, therefore, he means
to fight for what is left him, and perhaps re-
gain some of what has been lost, he must
strike before the Giaours obtain possession of
Constantinople. Nor are his chances of suc-
cess, though very small, so utterly hopeless
as may be considered by his enemies. The
proclamation of a religious war and the rais-
ing of the standard of the prophet, would stir
the Moslem heart to its depths, and attract to
his defence millions of semi-barbarians, who
would ask for no happier fate than to die in
defence of the Crescent. We have seen
how bravely the Turks opposed the
might of Russia unaided and alone,
and with what great difficulty that colossal
power ultimately conquered. In the war
with Russia the Turks did not draw their
most potent weapon, it was a war they were
engaged in, but not a religious war, and they
were not striking for their existence as they
saw England and Austria ready to intervene.
We can hardly realize what vast numbers of
Mohomedans would flock to the standard of
the prophet if a religious war was proclaimed.
In order to do so, it is necessary to go back to
the Crusades and learn how Europe was van-
quished in the tremendous struggle for
Jerusalem after three hundred years of war.
It is true that the conditions are changed
since then, Europe has become more civilized
since the fall of Constantinople and the East
has degenerated. Europe is in possession of
great navies and mighty armies, wealth and
arsenals, while Turkey and Eastern
Asia are impoverished. Nevertheless, fanaticism
and poverty are potent factors in the
making of victory, and it would not be the
first time a few million barbarians rushed
forth from Eastern and Central Asia to con-
quer Eastern Europe. And then Europe is
divided; the six great powers are jealous
one of the other,—and if French or English
possession in North Africa or in the Mediter-
ranean or in India were seized, Austria and
Germany would not weep. Nothing but an
alarming invasion from the East would unite
them, or, perhaps, such an event as the cap-
ture of Italy, if even that, for we must remem-
ber with what avidity, if not rejoicing, West-
ern Europe beheld a Turkish army before
Vienna in the seventeenth century when it
was routed by the renowned Sobieska. The
European nations of to-day are just as selfish
and as jealous as they were then.
But, it may be said, where are all
the forces to come from which would over-
run Eastern and Southern Europe. Precisely
where they came from before, Arabia, Egypt,
Asia Minor, Tartary and the countries of
Central Asia, all having Turkey as a rallying
point and a marshalling centre. Let the
standard of the prophet once be raised in
earnest and millions of warriors will not be
lacking to flock round it and pour
out their blood in its defence. This
movement is North Africa is beginning to
look as if it has been pre-concerted, and the
belligerent attitude of the Sultan in sending
troops to Tripoli confirms that view of the
case. Now, if France finds it necessary to keep
such a large army as 60,000 in North Africa
in times of peace (she has at present about
90,000 men in Algiers and Tunis), how many
would she require if a simultaneous rising in
Algiers, Tunis, Tripoli and Morocco too place,
backed by a Turkish army and navy, and
aided by Italian intrigue. It is doubtful if
she could hold her own without leaving her-
self at the mercy of any of her powerful
neighbors at home. But, if in addition to

North African Mahomedans, Islam would
rise in the places mentioned it would certainly
take more than France to check them, and
perhaps, more than France and England com-
bined. History repeats itself, and there
would be nothing more surprising in a suc-
cessful invasion from Assanow than in former
times, when the relations between civilization
and semi-barbarism were about the same as
they are at present.

THE PROTECTION CRY IN ENGLAND.

Now that the Irish Land bill is on the
point of being settled, for it is hardly possible
the Lords will reject a measure which has
been emasculated to suit their views, the cry
of protection is raised by the Conservative
party as a means of obtaining power. The
Conservatives have been always protectionists,
and very naturally so, for without protection
the great privileges of the aristocracy, which
forms the backbone of Toryism in England,
would be swept away. The cry of free trade
in land has alarmed them, and they are intent
upon giving a Rowland for an Oliver. They
are setting up protection against free trade,
for sometimes one cry is as good as another
in merrie England. And it is just possible
the Conservatives may succeed in ousting the
Liberals on the question. Circumstances
are favorable to them, though it is extreme-
ly doubtful if protection will answer the
purpose intended, which is to bring back
prosperity to the country. American competi-
tion is ruining English agriculturists. The
fact that Western farmers pay no rent and
possess such extraordinary facilities of trans-
portation enable them to send a bushel of
corn to London and sell it there at a cheaper
rate than can be afforded by the Surrey agri-
culturists at the doors of the great city. Hence
they throw up their farms, and the great
lords' income is materially decreased. We find
by mail accounts that thousands upon thou-
sands of farms are now lying idle—the land-
lords know not what to do with them. What
is the remedy? Why, protection against
American produce of course. Then again
Brittany, Normandy and other French pro-
vinces export eggs, butter and garden produce
to England at the rate of twenty million dol-
lars worth annually, underselling the Eng-
lish poultry, dairyman and market
gardener, and decreasing the value of
land. Again, what is the remedy?
Protection against French produce to a cer-
tainty. This cry, however, should only meet
with enthusiastic approval from landlords
and farmers, whose interests are bound up in
the land. If a high protective tariff was im-
posed upon breadstuffs and agricultural
produce generally provisions would rise in
price, the farmer could pay his
rent, the tenantless lands would be-
come tenanted, real estate would emerge
from its depressed state, and the land-
lords, that is to say the backbone of the Tory
party, would flourish once more and control
the votes of their dependents. The high
protective duties lately imposed by the
French, and the failure to renew the treaty of
1861, have given the protectionists a splendid
excuse for their cry. "What," they exclaim,
"shall we stand tamely by and see the
nations of the world raise their tariffs
against us; shall we see even our
Colonies shutting out our goods from
their markets and not adopt a retaliatory
policy?" This would be all very fine and
patriotic if we did not understand that Eng-
land is the greatest manufacturing country in
the world, also the greatest commercial
country, that it has a dense population which
the soil is not able to support, and that if a
wall of protection were built round it one
third of its people would starve. Provisions
would rise and lords and farmers would
grow wealthy, but what about the
vast majority of the population, who
remember the dear loaf and no work of their
fathers, who remember the great difficulty
the last generation found in vanquishing pro-
tection? Things went on swimmingly so
long as the nations of Europe fought
amongst each other, like the Killikenny cats
and allowed England to manufacture for them
and carry for them in British bottoms. Eng-
land was never so prosperous as during
the great war arising from the
French Revolution, and even for years
after it was over. But now France,
Germany and Italy are manufacturing for
themselves, and their Governments are doing
their best also to encourage and build up their
commercial marines, thus depriving England
of the profits of manufacturing and the profits
of the carrying trade. But it is America
which is England's manufacturing rival par
excellence. America it is flooding Great
Britain with her provisions and relieving her
of her gold, and worse still underselling
her in the markets of the world. How can
France and America be blamed for excluding
English goods, when Colonies like Canada
and Australia, do the same to protect them-
selves, notwithstanding that the Crown is
making knights of their politicians by the
score? It may be that England will raise her
tariff against France and America in her
blindness, but the people will not submit to
it long. Cheap bread and meat are absolutely
necessary to the existence of the people, and
they must have them or starve. What will
it avail if a rise of twenty-five per cent.
takes place in wages (if it does), when pro-
visions will rise 50 per cent? Great Britain is
in distress and does not like to acknowledge
it. A high tariff will not relieve her. She is
over-populated, and that's what's the matter.
She must have an exodus on a stupendous
scale. That is the real remedy, and not a
high protective tariff.

England has ordered her ambassador at St.
Petersburg to enquire concerning the opera-
tions of the Russians on the Merv frontier.

THE ENGLISH ARMY AND VOLUNTEERS.

The London Standard, in an editorial well
written and well weighed, announces it as the
general opinion of military experts that the
English volunteers are a finer body of men
in every respect than the regulars. They are
superior in physique, in intelligence, in
everything but pipe-clay and precision. This
announcement will startle a good many
and be news to all. Has it then
come to this that the army of Eng-
land has degenerated to such an extent
that they are inferior to those whom they
once regarded as feather-bed soldiers. Have
the heirs to the fame of the victors of Water-
loo, of Inkerman, of Cawnpore and Delhi
fallen so low in public estimation that the
Standard dare coolly pronounce them far below
the Volunteers? It is so. Afghanistan and
the Transvaal took the shine out of the British
army. The Boers beat them in all quarters,
although the Boers had no cannon. They
poked them off with their rifles, and
they charged them with the bayonet right up
a steep hill, although the British had what is
called all the modern appliances of war to as-
sist them. The Standard does not give the
cause of this degeneracy in the article we re-
fer to, but we may guess that it is the short
service term and the miserable aping by the
British War Office of the German military sys-
tem. But there may be other causes Sir Knight
of the Standard. You should glance back a
little and observe of what materials your army
was composed at Waterloo, at Sabraon, at
the Alma and at Delhi. Your army was then
Celtic, but the Celts are gone with a ven-
geance—the Scotch Highlanders and the Tip-
perary Milesians, men whom a famous French
writer acknowledges to be the cream of the
world's soldiery; they are gone, evicted
from their homes, and they are succeeded by
the scourgings of the great English cities, by
men who do not know what the inspiration
of the combat means, and who have
no idea of military honor. Here come
the Boers and off they fly like the
scared wretches they are glad to save their
lives and lose their flag. What care they for
flags! Pahaw, this is the age of Utilitarianism
succeeding an age of Quixotism, when Celtic
valor and Celtic honor died in ranks sooner
than yield an inch of ground to the beat
of Napoleon's grand marshals. And now the
Standard coolly informs the world that the
British army is worthless, for that is, in effect
what it means when it places them below the
volunteers, who are trim looking fellows
enough, good marchers, good dressers, excel-
lent wheelers, but were never in this world in-
tended for earnest soldiers, fit to go on a cam-
paign. The English volunteers are for the
most part composed of young and middle-
aged men belonging to the upper part of the
lower class, and the lower section of the
middle class (these nice distinctions are ob-
served in England) mostly shop-keepers and
their assistants, who would not dream of
firing at anything more formidable than a
target. They never smelled warlike powder,
and they never will; they are not that kind of
people, no matter how beautifully they can
march past. The English nation proper is
not a military one. When England fought
on the continent it was only with a small
contingent commanded by an English Gen-
eral and assisted by hosts of subsidised con-
tinentalists. One-third of Marlborough's army
was composed of Germans. When England
and Ireland fought in 1689-90, the bulk of
what was called the English army—
for simplicity doubtless—was composed of
Dutchmen, Germans, French Huguenots and
Irish Protestants. When the Highlanders
rose under Bonnie Prince Charlie in 1745
5,000 Hessians were sent against him; during
the American revolutionary war a large per-
centage of the British army was made up of
Germans; when the Irish rebellion of 1798
broke out thousands of Hessians swelled the
ranks of the English. It was the Hessians
invented the Killikenny cat pastime. While
in camp, and having no crops to torture, they
amused themselves by throwing two cats
over a line. One morning the tails of two of
those animals were found over the line, and
it was concluded by the peasantry that they
had eaten each other up all but the tails.
It is therefore no wonder that the English
nation felt proud of the 58,000 well dressed,
well armed volunteers who lately filed past
Her Majesty. It is the largest British army
ever assembled together since Bannockburn,
and probably one of the most worthless if real
action was required of it. In so far as a phy-
sique, endurance and other military qualities
are concerned those volunteers are in-
finitely inferior to the Canadian militia,
which General Luard looks upon with such
contempt. The Irish, nine-tenths of whom
are deprived of the use of arms, have taken
the Elcho shield more than once from those
great marksmen, and the Canadians the Kola-
poro cup. This would make them as poor
marksmen as the army of South Africa, which
could rarely hit a Boer. The Standard may
feel a thrill of pride running through it
when 58,000 volunteers marched passed,
but would those men go out to India
to put down a rising? Would they go to
defend Egypt? England need not dream of
an army, she has not got the materials or the
spirit, she must still depend upon her navy
and even that has to be tried.

THE PLOT TO ASSASSINATE THE CZAR.

PARIS, July 20.—A St. Petersburg cor-
respondent telegraphs to-night fresh par-
ticulars concerning the recent plot laid
to assassinate the Czar. M. Baronoff,
the Chief of police, had received an anonym-
ous letter, stating that on the 13th of
July the Emperor of Russia was to be as-
sassinated. The letter contained nothing
more. Baronoff made inquiries in every direc-
tion, and ascertained that a young student
had committed suicide under extraordinary
circumstances, the man having first run him-
self through with his sword without injuring

a vital part, and having then lodged a bullet
with his revolver in his left temple, and find-
ing himself still alive fired again in his other
temple and in the gaping wound made by the
sword. His determined suicide awakened
Baronoff's suspicions. He found the man
apparently dead, but in fact still
breathing and in a swoon. Baronoff by the
aid of the doctors caused the student to come
to his senses and to speak. The student de-
clared that he had formed part of a secret
society of twenty nihilists who had all sworn
to kill the Emperor. They had drawn lots,
and it had fallen to his lot to carry out the
plan of assassination on the 13th of July.
Nineteen daggers were suspended over his
head, and his brother nihilists swore to
kill him if he showed the slightest hesitation,
but notwithstanding the threat his heart failed
him, and he resolved to die by his own hand.
Before committing suicide he had written to
M. Baronoff with the conviction that one of
his fellow-conspirators would immediately
take his place. This student lived until the
18th of July. Before breathing his last he
revealed the names of 19 brother nihilists
who have all been secured by the police.

THE MAN ABOUT TOWN.

DEAR SIR,—I am a distinguished English
traveller just arrived in Canada, and being
also a man of leisure, and permit me to say
in a modest way, a person of culture as it
is now understood in aesthetic circles in
London, I may presume that my views will
be acceptable to the Montreal public. I
choose your paper as the medium for corre-
sponding them on account of its name. The
London Evening Post (I am proud to confess my-
self a Cockney of the Cockneys) is the organ
of the aristocratic wing of the Tory party, and
I presume as you, Sir, have elected that name,
your paper is the organ of the blue blood of
Canada. If I thought otherwise, I would ad-
dress myself elsewhere. I must confess
that during the week I have been in Mont-
real I have been agreeably disappointed in
its people. They are not near so
vulgar and savage as I have been
taught to believe from the London papers,
and although they do mix their drinks
in an improper manner and swallow
tough beefsteak like so many ostriches, I am
generous enough to suppose that it is due
more to climatic influences than innate vul-
garity. You are, as a matter of course, all
Philistines in the aesthetic sense of the
word, and know as little about dress or as-
tetic combination of colors as so many
Zulus. This, however, is less your fault
than your misfortune, and can be remedied
by watching my tastes and movements. You
have quite a number of pretty girls amongst
you, but they do not dress—good Heavens
no. I have observed ladies promen-
ading St. James street before sunset
of an evening covered with pieces of
satin and flannel with gold chains
and pearls, who would really look better in a
meal sack, possessed of two holes at the bot-
tom for their legs to get through, and one at
top for the heads of the dauntless. And then
they could surely paint their faces more as-
tetically. Their present method of filling
in their wrinkles is an improprietous waste of
pearl powder and rouge, too utterly unfit to
witness. It is not civilization, it is not
art, it is not even common sense. You are
socially spacing, nothing but barbarians,
pure Goths and Vandals. Would you believe
it, I have been visiting in a house of one of
your merchant princes, where I was in-
credibly shocked to see a walnut piano
rattling on a white and green carpet, while
the dress of the lady playing the in-
strument was colored mauve! My feelings
were so shocked that I had to steal outside
and weep profusely (my stomach is my weak
point, and if my nervous system is tampered
with I have to go outside). And then the
manner in which you speak English ever in
what you term your refined circles. It is
really ridiculous. We aesthetes have long
ago discarded the use of the letter R in speak-
ing, but alas! it is still as prevalent in Mont-
real as if we had not sent you out the Marquis
of Lorne and his staff of aides du camp to
teach you its omission, and I regret to say I
have caught his Excellency saying during my
stay at the citadel, "the proof of the pudding is
in the heating of it," instead of the proof.
True it is that evil communications corrupt
good English.
I might as easily say anything in the world
have passed myself off as a lord when I came
here as not, but I did not; my appearance is
essentially aristocratic, and I stand upon my
merits. Besides, Sir, logic is becoming so
common in this country that it is really not
too good. I take more pride in being an aesthete
than a lord.
What vast room for improvement there is
in Montreal, and under an aesthetic Mayor
and Corporation what might you not aspire to
with your long beautiful winters. Philistinism
will always obtain in countries whose
inhabitants are prone to perspiration. I defy
the most highly cultured lady to look classic
near a stove (nasty horrid thing). Ladies of
refined feeling should always keep in the
shade and study an iceberg for good manners.
In my own vulgar days I lost an heirless
heir because I went too near the fire and had my
paper collar melted away down my
back before I knew where I
was sitting. But, about your Mayor and
Aldermen. I am aware that nothing
aesthetic can be expected from your vulgar
Mayor, but there are hopes from Alderman
Stephens. He rises above the common herd;
so does Alderman Kennedy; so does Alder-
man Allard. But the majority is against
them. Why? Who knows? If I were a
Montreal Councilman I would purify the
streets, that is to say, I would clean them.
Every citizen should carry some scent or
other and wear a flower in his button hole.
I know that a good many people would feel
lonesome if the heaps of muck (pardon the
philistine expression) were cleared away
from in front of their doors, but they would
grow accustomed to the change in time.
What about your telegraph poles? Is there
no original genius amongst you who could
cause a bark to grow around them and let
them sprout from them in the spring time as if
they were trees? Or, falling this, could you
not plant your saplings to grow alongside the
poles until they would be big and strong
enough to supersede the hideous things, and
by and bye cover with their foliage even the
terrible wires? This is one of my original
ideas in the sublime and the beautiful.
My first letter to you is not well connected;
it may appear rambling, but it is full of wis-
dom. It is aesthetic. If I find that it pleases
you I shall write again, and as the use of the
letter B pains me in writing I shall drop it in
future, with your permission, and write as my
genius dictates.
Yours utterly,
ADOLPHUS U. BERTS.
Windsor Hotel, July 21st, 1881.

Those of the gentle sex who have ex-
perienced the pain and annoyance caused by
excoriated nipples and inflamed breasts, can
well appreciate the value of a remedy which
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