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EDITORIAL NOTES.

ELSEWHERE we publish an article from the Irish Catholic, in which it is stated that The O'Clary, of London, is making a list of all the Irish zouaves who still survive and who took part in the defence of the Holy See in 1860. The intention is to secure their names and addresses to forward to Rome in order to have the Papal War Medal distributed to each of the heroic Irish Catholics who, at that period, took up arms for the preservation of Papal rights. We are pleased to state that one of these heroes of 1860 is in Montreal. Mr. John O'Neill, of this city carries the medal "Pro Sede Petri," with its inverted cross, and a certificate of discharge, dated Rome, 1860. Mr. O'Neill obtained his medal and papers on the field of Spoleto, and in Italian and Latin his bravery is recorded, over the signature of the then Minister of War, and the countersign of the commander of his regiment. We had the pleasure, through Mr. O'Neill's kindness, of examining those relics of thirty-three years ago, and we hope sincerely that he will also receive the new medal, which is being struck at the request of the heroic General Charette, and with special approval on the part of the Sovereign Pontiff, Leo XIII.

WE RECEIVED a communication, signed "Rosaline," referring to an article on "Old Maids" which appeared in last week's issue. The writer asks us to decide between herself and some other ladies, who have disagreed as to the exact age at which a person may be called an "old maid." One contends that twenty-three is the turning period, another places it at twenty-six, and a third at thirty. This is a rather difficult and certainly a delicate question. However, we can but give our own opinion. There is no fixed age at which a person may be called either old maid or old bachelor. There are old maids of seventeen, and there are unmarried ladies of thirty-seven who are not old maids. It altogether depends upon the manners, habits, style, spirit and ideas of the person. There are girls in their teens who strive to appear women, and who dress and act and speak like people of forty. These are old maids long before they are young women. On the other hand, there are women, unmarried, who have gone far into the thirties and who conserve the simplicity of style, the unaffected manners, the gay spirit, the youthful ideas of young girls. These cannot be called old maids. There are others who become so at a comparatively early age on account of their unpleasant disposition, their cross and peevish ways, their want of refinement. There are unmarried ladies who can never become real old maids, because, in spite of years they are happy, they make all around them happy, and they are so refined in thoughts and manners and so bright in ideas and rich in intellectual culture. We have answered "Rosaline" to the best of our ability, and we will add a

small piece of advice. If she is afraid of ever becoming an old maid, let her remember that the securing of a husband is not the only means of escape; if she will cultivate bright spirits, a contented mind, a generous heart, and a happy disposition, she will never, never be an old maid.

TO GIVE our readers an idea of the stupendous efforts made by the anti-Home Rule Peers to swell the majority against the measure, we will quote a paragraph from Harold Frederick's cable despatch to the New York Times. They even went so far as to secure the vote of a crazy man, and, strange to say, no question would be allowed by the Speaker of the House of Commons, when attention was called to the fact that a mad lord had voted on the bill. Thus speaks the correspondent:

"Fritchard Morgan, the hero of the famous gold mine in Wales and one of the best Radicals in the House, tried hard to get in a question about *poor*, demented Lord Hereford, who was brought up from a big private lunatic asylum in Kent, where he has been under care for years, to vote against the home rule bill. This Hereford, who is the premier viscount of England and is the head of the historic Devereaux family, and quarters also the arms of the Plantagenets and Bohuns, was never allowed to marry, and has been mildly crazy for nearly half his life. It seems incredible that even the densest rural Tory should have thought it good politics to swell the already overwhelming majority by the lunatic vote; but that it was done there is no doubt. The speaker wouldn't allow the question in the Commons, and the papers here politely refrain from mentioning the peer's identity, but of course the secret can't be kept or the fact buried."

In our humble opinion Lord Hereford is no more demented than any other one of the majority. It is natural for an insane man to think of suicide; but it is hard to believe that four hundred sane men would so deliberately commit an act of political self-destruction. "Whom the gods wish to destroy they first make mad."

WE HAVE just received the current number of the Globe Quarterly Review, and find it most interesting, instructive, and, as usual, full of able contributions. It is not possible, in this issue, to comment fully upon the number, but we cannot refrain from indicating four splendid articles from the pen of the indefatigable editor, Mr. W. H. Thorne. They are on "Popularising Catholic Worship," "John Ruskin," "The Genius of New England," and "Weak Points of Parochial Schools." Later on we intend to refer to these articles at greater length, meanwhile we repeat our advice of a couple of weeks ago in regard to this publication. We would be pleased to see it on the table of every one of our readers.

THINGS don't run smoothly with the Cork Unionists. Apparently they are at loggerheads. Any way Cork is no place for a Unionist camp, they might know that the patriotic atmosphere of that city is not healthy for anti-Irishmen. The following, with regard to the Unionist Hundred of Cork, appears in a despatch from that place: "The series of underhand bickerings and jealousies, evidences of which were not wanting at recent meetings of that body, has culminated in its collapse. This result is stated to

be due to a variety of undefined causes, but has been contributed to by the efforts of a clique led by a prominent merchant to run the machine regardless the views of the more aristocratic landlord party. Efforts are being made to start a new association to take charge of Unionist affairs in the city."

WE REGRET to state that several of the Shamrock Lacrosse team are suffering from injuries received during the match with the Capitals on Saturday, the 23rd September last. Amongst others Mr. O'Brien has suffered very severely from the treatment received, and Mr. Tansey, the brilliant "home" man, has been confined to his bed and under the care of two physicians ever since the match. We trust that Mr. Tansey will soon be around again, and the injuries he received will not prove in any way dangerous. This is Mr. Tansey's second experience of rough play on the part of the same opponents.

CHOLERA is still abroad. Last week the mail steamer Carlos, which sailed from Genoa to Brazil, returned to Italy with a freight of cholera patients. She was infected when she reached Brazil, and was not permitted to land her passengers. During the double trip one hundred and fourteen people died of cholera on the vessel. Truly she was a ship of death. As long as the dread spectre continues to lurk in Europe we cannot be too careful in our precautions on this side of the Atlantic.

DALTON MCCARTHY is trying to get up a party, and it is rumored that the Rev. Dr. Wild, of the Toronto Bond Street Congregational Church, is requested—probably at his own suggestion—to resign his pulpit and stand as McCarthyite candidate for Haldimand. Of course there are a number of "ifs" in this matter: "if" Dr. Montagu, the present M.P., should resign, or "if" he should become a cabinet minister, and therefore be obliged to seek re-election, and "if" the McCarthy League is unanimous, and "if" Dr. Wild does not get lost in his proposed trip around the world, and "if" nothing turns up to prevent the accomplishment of his desire. Then "if" he should become a candidate there are still a few "ifs" to be knocked on the head: "if" the good people of Haldimand are prepared to go back on their energetic and eloquent representative, and "if" they are ready to accept an ex-preacher as their exponent in Parliament, and "if" the name of the new candidate will have the effect of setting the electorate wild. The Bond street preacher is not only a Doctor Wild, but he is a wild Doctor as well; especially when he is attacked with anti-Catholic hydrophobia. So is Dr. Montagu a wild Doctor on the stump, and, being more at home there than the pulpit-trained orator, his chances are nine to one against Mr. McCarthy's wild man. We once read a sensational novel entitled "Wild Douglas, the Fanatic." The hero of that romance must have

been drawn from Dr. Wild of Toronto and Dr. Douglas of Montreal. We would suggest that Dr. Douglas would also become a candidate for parliamentary honors under the leadership of Mr. McCarthy. The two Doctors would make a fine team of spirited horses if attached to the fiery chariot of the immortal Dalton. There was once a fantastic character called "Dr. Jeckyll and Mr. Hyde;" would not this union of preacher and stumper be a good representation of that idea? It could be said of him, "He was too wild for the pulpit, so he hid to the stump."

THERE is great misery amongst certain classes of the inhabitants of England. It appears that the colliers and factory workers are in abject sufferings and want. Over twenty thousand women and children are on the verge of starvation. Some of them live on raw vegetables, having no coal to cook their food. It is said that the pawnbrokers in the strike districts have given up business, as they cannot afford to advance all the money that the sufferers are anxious to borrow on their chattles. The stopping of the strike pay has rendered two thousand families destitute in the Castleford district, and a relief committee is vainly striving to support them. After all there are worse places than Canada.

WE HAVE received from different sources most favorable comments on Walter Lecky's admirable sketch of the eminent *literateur*, Lathrop, which appeared in our issue of two weeks ago. We had another of those beautiful, masterly essays for this week's number, on Miss Conway, but owing to crush of matter that had been kept over and long promised we are unable to give it. But it is a rich treat and our readers will only enjoy it the more when they know before hand that they may expect it in next week's TRUE WITNESS. There are four writers of sketches for the Catholic press of to-day whom we consider superior in every way and deserving of unstinted credit for their work and encouragement from every lover of the good, the true and the beautiful; they are Dr. Maurice Francis Egan, Eugene Davis, Charles Warren Stoddard and our own Walter Lecky. We regret that we are unable to give the real name of the one whose graceful pen has contributed so much to the literature of our time; but we hope some day to be permitted to lift the veil and allow the full flood of recognition to flow in upon the deserving worker.

THERE is another rumor of war in Siam. The men of the French cruiser *Alouette* have garrisoned Paknam Fort, Chantibun, Siam. The place has a population of 30,000 and is on the river near the Gulf of Siam; it is distant about 175 miles from Bangkok. It is difficult to say what the result of all these operations may be; but we are under the impression that Siam will yet be the cause of serious complications. Generally all great conflagrations are the result of small or insignificant causes.