

## The True Witness

AND  
CATHOLIC CHRONICLE,  
PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY,  
AT  
6621 CRAIG STREET.  
M. W. KIRWAN—EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.  
TERMS—\$2.00 per annum—in Advance  
MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, AUG. 29.

## CALENDAR—AUGUST, 1877.

WEDNESDAY, 29—Beholding of St. John Baptist.  
St. Sabina, Martyr.  
Alexandria, Va., taken by the British, 1814.  
THURSDAY, 30—St. Rose of Lima, Virgin. SS. Felix and Adauctus, Martyrs.  
Siege of Limerick, under William III, raised 1690.  
FRIDAY, 31—St. Raymond, Monastus, Confessor.  
Henry Joy McCracken born, 1767.  
SEPTEMBER, 1877.  
SATURDAY, 1—Office of the Immaculate Conception.  
St. Giles, Abbot. The Twelve Brothers, Martyrs.  
SUNDAY, 2—FIFTIETH SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST.  
The Irish Pontifical Brigade occupy Spoleto, 1860.  
MONDAY, 3—St. Steven, King and Confessor (Sept. 2).  
Oliver Cromwell died 1658.  
Independence of the United States acknowledged by England 1703.  
TUESDAY, 4—Feria.  
Sentence against Repeal State Prisoners reversed in the House of Lords, 1844.  
French Republic proclaimed 1870.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"J. P. S."—If possible next week.  
"UPPER HOUSE."—A good man, but others have been named before him.  
REVIEWS.—We hold over a number of books for review next week.  
AN EX-VOLUNTEER.—Thanks for your letter. Whatsoever it the cause, it should now be remedied.  
"J. R."—No, the pilgrims who were attacked in Toronto, were denied protection by the Mayor, if they carried arms. The pilgrims had no arms. It is the crosses and the beads that aroused the Orangemen's ire.

## THE NEW DAILY.

Owing to the absence of Fathers Leclair and Brown there has not been much done for the last few days towards forwarding the project for establishing the new daily. We can promise our readers, however, that it is in good hands. The project this time must be made a success. There will be no steps taken until the chances of success are beyond the possibility of doubt. And now let us upset the calculations of those of our opponents who are afraid of the *Evening Post*. They say that a Catholic Daily cannot succeed. Well, we will tell them what can succeed, and that is a *Commercial Daily* to defend Catholic interests. Such is the new daily to be.

## THE "HERALD."

Some time since the *Herald* made a statement that some paper or papers had incited the Irish Catholics to riot on the 12th of July. We challenged the *Herald* to name the paper, and up to the present there has been no reply.

## THE SITUATION.

When an artificial famine decimated our people in the old land—when dogs fed upon the emaciated carcasses of the victims of Earl Russell—when our people died by the roadsides, and a cruel administration looked coldly on refusing assistance on the inhuman excuse of "supply and demand"—then thousands of our frightened countrymen fled the soil of their fathers, seeking abroad a refuge and a home. They went as the *Times* said "with a vengeance." It was a harrowing epoch in the history of our people. In those days travelling was travelling indeed, and the emigrant ship ploughed its way over the ocean, too often with fever and pestilence, the grim companions of a famished race, accompanying it on its way. With other lands Canada received its proportion of those expatriated Exiles of Erin, but, alas, too many of them found graves in the Atlantic, at Grosse Isle, or at Point St. Charles. Enough of them however lived to bring forth a goodly number in this Dominion, and to build for themselves a local habitation and a name. To the French Canadians those Irish immigrants owe a debt of gratitude for the sacrifices they made to sustain their failing frames in the sore hour of their bitter trial. Priests, nuns, and laymen nobly stood by, and died in the service of humanity, while succoring our poor countrymen. We can never forget what the French Canadians then did for us, and the New Alliance we are cultivating with them to-day is but a return to our first love on this shore. Our interests are now identical with those of our Catholic French Canadian fellow subjects, and united we hope to be able to secure for our posterity the rights and privileges we possess to-day. Whatever have been the causes of our estrangement, let them exist no more. Let the dead past bury its dead, and hand in hand with our French Canadian allies, our

future is secure. But of our people. 'Tis true indeed that many of them immigrated under happier auspices than those who left Ireland during the famine years, but the majority of them landed here without a pound in their pockets, and with the prejudices and antagonism of a dominant race against them. But where are those people to-day? Where are their sons, and how fared it with their sires since they became Irish Canadians? What positions do their descendants hold in the state, and how stand they before their fellow subjects at large? Look over the Dominion and let what you see be the answer! Here with a comparatively fair field, the poor Irish immigrant, has won for himself commercial prosperity and political power. From poverty he has sprung to independence, and often to affluence and wealth. God has rewarded him for his fidelity to Faith and Fatherland. He is to-day as faithful to God and Country as the day his father or himself left the old land. He can prove himself loyal to this his adopted country, without wavering one point from the path of affection towards the old land across the sea. The Irish Canadians form one-eighth of the population of this Dominion, and wherever they are found, there are found a people, who like the Israelites, have been led out of a house of bondage, and have found the promised land. What! ask such a man to become a Canadian in all things! Ask such a man to cease to hold any kindly remembrance of the old land! Ask such a man to refrain from saying a word in defence of the Irish cause at home! Ask him in fact to become, without reservation, a Canadian! No, no, if we understand him, he will do nothing of the kind. In a few generations such a policy may be pardonable, but it is not excusable to-day. The grandchildren of the present generation may become Canadian in all things, but for the present generation, it would be an abandonment of principle to surrender his nationality. We stand by Canada and its laws, but we shall never forget that we are Irish. And who is it that asks us to abandon our Fatherland? Not an Irishman for certain. No, but some gentleman of English parentage most probably, whose policy it is to make us abandon the traditions of our race, in order to make us subservient to political tricksters and party ends. Yes, we can be loyal to this, our adopted land, but we can be loyal to Faith and Fatherland as well. We are treated, not as Canadians, but as Irishmen, and so long as one spark of manhood remains in our beings, as Irishmen we will stand or fall. By all means let us cultivate a spirit of Canadian nationality, but let us never allow the fostering of such a spirit to deaden our attachment to the grand old land we came from. Let the drivelling sycophant fawn, and fawn if he will, still let men, men with iron nerve and stern purpose, hold on. We are now and again covertly insulted, because of the land that bore us, and we would deserve to be treated like dogs if we did not resent those insults, with whatever energy God has given us. We are strong enough and numerous enough in this country to constitutionally force, aye, mark you, force—we like the word—justice from our foes. We wish peace, but we must have justice. United we can exact—another word we like—we can exact, through the ballot box, an impartial administration of the laws, and equal handed justice to all men. To Catholics and Protestants alike should the laws in this land be the same. Let our Protestant friends point out to us a single grievance under which they labour, and we shall advocate its removal. This is a fair offer and we hope it will receive a fair response. Never in our lives have we ever said an unkind word of any man's belief, nor shall we tamely allow any other man to insult ours. If the "Pope" is to be, in mimic song, "kicked" before certain men in the streets of Montreal, then those men must kick the Catholic population first. All we want is to be allowed to go our way in peace. We insult no one, and we would cheerfully defend our Protestant fellow-citizens in the exercise of their religious rights, if necessary, at any sacrifice. The man who stands up for justice for himself, is the best advocate for justice for others. It is not to the snivelling crawler who accepts peace at any price, and who licks the hand that spurns him, it is not to such as he that a nation must look for its protection. Trust not the man who "smiles and smiles and is all the while a villain." If our enemies are wise they will avoid insulting us and then there will be peace over this broad Dominion, and we can all bend our energies to the development of our adopted land. This is what we wish for, but such is not the situation at this hour. At this moment our faith is threatened, not with extinction indeed, for that is impossible, but with assault. We cannot forget the lesson of Oka. Arson applauded by the press, and insurrection openly encouraged by the enemies of our Church. Law and order openly defied and to their shame—very few papers in the Dominion had one word to say in denunciation of the

Church burners and the outlaws. Then again we have the 16th July, when in open defiance of the Blake Act men exhibited their revolvers in broad day light, and were protected in their illegal display. And this is law in Canada!! Here the Civil power is weak and military power is lax. No one denies that the Victoria Rifles openly cheered for "King Billy," and yet we hear nothing about that enquiry, which every impartial citizen has a right to expect. But we are determined not to allow this question to drop, and we hope that it will be taken up by our Irish Societies. They have the right to demand an investigation. This charge should be proved to its source, and if it be true, which we can prove, then we have a right to demand representation in the corps. We hope that not another day will pass without our Irish societies calling for an investigation. The situation is serious. Where were the reporters when that cheer was given? Why was it burked by them all? Because it was a trump card for us, and it was not made public until a member of the corps wrote to us about it. To-day we publish another letter from "Another Outraged Member of the Corps" and it is time for our societies to bestir themselves. And how many other circumstances favorable to us were burked as well? No one knows. But we must be vigilant and earnest. We must look the situation in the face, and stand prepared to front it like lawful citizens and like earnest men. Henry Grattan once said that "eternal vigilance was the price of freedom," and it becomes us all to be alive to the gravity of the situation, and while doing our utmost to secure peace and order, stand prepared to sustain the law at any cost.

## THE VACANT SEAT IN THE SENATE.

Last week we published an article on the claims of Messrs. Cassidy and O'Leary for the vacant seat in the Senate. In that article we wrote courteously, indeed kindly, of both those gentlemen. We said that either of them "would grace the Upper House." But we denied that they were representative Irishmen, and that the Irish Catholics of Montreal would not accept them as such. Now, throughout this business, Mr. Cassidy has behaved like, what he is, a gentleman. And of Dr. O'Leary we do not change our opinion, although he has acted in a somewhat eccentric manner. He wrote a letter to the *Herald*, and the greatest punishment we wish to inflict upon him is to give that letter the benefit of our circulation. Here it is:—

## THE SENATORSHIP.

To the Editor of the Montreal Herald.

DEAR SIR,—I am sorry that so distinguished a man as Hon. Judge Drummond has mentioned my name in your issue of yesterday morning, in connection with what he calls "an article" in the *True Witness*, a weekly paper edited by a gentleman quite fresh from across the ocean, styling himself "we," meaning all the Irishmen in British North America—very modest, and who really, I think, is more worthy of pity than of notice. The Hon. Judge says I am well able to defend myself. But, defend myself against whom? or against what? But, I suppose I must now write a few humorous words about it, here is the whole story:—

1st. My much esteemed and respected father—only lately deceased—born in the South of Ireland, tracing his pedigree back to the 14th century, was accustomed to talk to me of all the glories of Ireland, and how I should always dearly remember the "Emerald Isle." I did so up to this day. "Being the son of my father I thought I was an Irishman. Now, lo! hark! wonderful! This editor comes out and says, "Look here, I know more about yourself than yourself; you are no Irishman at all."

2nd. My old father, again, used to say, "as far back as I can trace my ancestry in the Isle of Saints, the O'Learys have always been faithful to the Catholic religion."

Well, up to this day I have endeavoured to follow my father's advice, and thought myself as good a Catholic as my neighbour—but alas—this all-knowing editor says "you are not an Irish Catholic." I am not an Irish Catholic, say I to myself—well what must I be—likely an Orangeman? Good gracious, a Spirit of my ancestors! Just think! I was an Orangeman these 41 years, and I knew nothing about it.

Last, but not least. Now, this is the sore point—the "denouement." I feel rather delicate about it. Well, I suppose it must be said at last—no, no—never, to my recollection have I offered myself to any body—no, except once, my friends, once, I must confess. I must say that once I did offer myself to my dear wife. Yes, I did, and you will say, Mr. Editor, that I am rather conceited; but nevertheless, it is a fact—she did accept of me with a smile, and unlike my *True Witness* editor, she did not "repudiate" me. Now, dear sir, as true as the *True Witness* is a false witness against me, I did not offer myself to anybody else; but my most ungrateful editor says he will have "none of me," and as the girls in the songs answers, "nobody asked you, sir."

Now, speaking seriously, I am no newspaper writer, but I think a good deal of myself as a physician, and I say "the case is clear." The friends of that gentleman must take him under their charge: they may feel secure. No judge of the Superior Court, has, as yet, refused any of my certificates in such cases.

Now, I have a good heart, a true Irish heart. Many a good turn have I done to my countrymen in my professional capacity, and otherwise, I have been physician to the St. Patrick's Society, and have largely contributed to the foundation of St. Patrick's Benevolent Society, subscribed annually to the St. Patrick's Orphan Asylum, given my name for \$50 toward the foundation of this new, projected "Irish daily," but still I wish to do something for my darling editor—my countryman—in the form of a prescription. And I say to his friends: Take charge of him, apply the "Douché," keep him on low diet, avoid all exciting topics, and do it carefully for five years and he surely will thank you for it, and our country will be grateful to you. "Let us have peace."

P. O'LEARY, M.D.  
Montreal, August 23, 1873.  
As to the "sore point" we shall leave

it to the intelligence of our readers to determine who is it that requires the "Douché." But is Dr. O'Leary a representative Irishman? We have made enquiries from every Irish Catholic Society in Montreal and the answer is—no, certainly not! What Irish Catholic Society is he a member of? Not one! What Irish Catholic Church does he attend? Not one! What Irish Catholic work of any description is he identified with? None! What claim can he then have to represent the Irish Catholics of Montreal? It is many years since he was in any way associated with them, and common decency should induce him to disclaim all idea of "representing" a constituency, which he appears to have abandoned. We do not deny that he is an Irish Catholic, and we rejoice to hear him say so. We do not object to him on any ground, but the one, and that is he is not a representative man. If he wants to get the support of the Irish Catholics of Montreal, let him join some of our societies; let him come to the front and take his share of our troubles and of our triumphs. Let him come upon our platforms and give us the benefit of his presence, and of his experience in advocacy of our cause. But he was never heard of for years until he wanted to become a Senator and to "represent" a people who know nothing of him publicly. Give us a representative man or none at all. Why not appoint Mr. Devlin, M.P.? His appointment would please every Irish Catholic in the city. Or better still, why not give him the vacant judgeship? His eminent abilities as a criminal lawyer appear to us to peculiarly qualify him for the bench. In such a contingency, Mr. Mullarky is a representative Irishman, and the vacant Senatorship might be given to him. It is not too much to ask one Irish judge for Montreal, and Mr. Devlin is just the man. Even men who differ from him would gladly see him elevated to the Bench.

## "ANTI-HUMBBUG."

"Anti-Humbbug" writes a letter to the *Herald*, charging Sir Francis Hincks with falsehood in stating that the Orangemen of Montreal had asked 20,000 Orangemen to come and walk next year in Montreal. It was quite right of Sir Francis not to notice this anonymous communication in the *Herald*, and, indeed, we would not do so either, but to point out that Sir Francis made his statement, on the authority of the *Globe*, and on a statement made by the Rev. Mr. Potts. Is it not a fact that the Orangemen of Buffalo—foreigners—have offered their services to come to Montreal next year? If "Anti-Humbbug" wants to correct a mistake let him write to the sources from whence that mistake came, if it be a mistake at all, the *Globe*, the Buffalo Orangemen—and the Rev. Mr. Potts. Here is what Sir Francis said in his last letter:—

"The Rev. Mr. Potts is reported in the *Globe* of 13th July as having made a speech at the Orange meeting on the 12th, from which I take the following passage: 'They had just heard a telegram read from Montreal, asking that 20,000 Orangemen be sent to that city next 12th July. How will those Frenchmen look then? Won't they quickly get into a corner? (Hear, hear, cheers, and laughter.) He could bring 500 boys from Armagh who would sweep them from one end of the city to the other.' (Loud cheers.)"

We wonder if the Rev. Mr. Potts would be willing to lead the "500 Armagh boys." Perhaps Anti-Humbbug could answer us?

## ORANGE "POEM."

The *Globe* culled some extracts we gave from an Orange song book "vulgar and illiterate." We think, however, that the phrase may be applied in a general way to all Orange songs. The latest attempt in this line is something called a "poem on the Montreal Riots." It is written by a person styling himself "Ulster True Blue," and here are some of the verses:

"Irish Papists are united  
In thousands stout and strong  
To murder all true Protestants  
That to your cause belong."

Of course it is nothing new to find ourselves called "murderers." But we shall see who it is that threatens "murder" before the "poem" is finished. In the ninth verse "True Blue" speaks of the Orange

## "LADY FAIR"

who was assaulted by "Papists" when returning from the house of God. The "lady fair" was a low creature with a—reputation. Then again in the twelfth verse the phrase—

## "BASTARD PORISH CREW"

occurs. But we wonder what the gentlemen who command our volunteers will say to this ribald songster who writes of some of them thus:

## XXVII.

Here's a health to Colonel Fletcher,  
And all his volunteers!  
For Colonel Stevenson and Bond,  
Come, give three hearty cheers;  
Brave Major Barnes and Gordon, too!  
Are worthy of renown,  
And every gallant officer  
Belongs to our town.

## XXVIII.

Great praise is due to Ogilvie  
And Stephens of renown,  
To Henshaw and to Mercer too,

Who sought to save our town  
From foul disgrace and rioting,  
When dangers threatened here,  
And signed the requisition  
For all our volunteers.

Again in another verse "True Blue" threatens to "drub" the Catholics of Montreal as his Orange "fathers" drubbed our "sires." But worse than all he says:—

If they should dare to interfere  
With peaceful, quiet men,  
We'll soon repeat in Montreal  
Old Dolly's Brae again.

This vulgar cant is indeed scarcely worth recording. It is just as well that we should know what those people call "poems" and what they threaten us with, but to give such rubbish serious attention would be absurd. The poem is infinitely worse than the promised drubbing.

## THE HACKETT MONUMENT.

The Hackett Monument Committee talk of erecting the "Hackett monument," in Victoria Square, near the place where the victim brought about his own doom. Before this can be done, however, the corporation has to be consulted. No monument can be erected within the city limits without the sanction of the city fathers. Now this unfortunate man Hackett died while a member of a secret society. He died too in the act of committing an illegal assault. He fired at least three times at his assailants before any one fired at him. If he had not drawn his revolver he would have been beaten probably, but he would not have been killed. And yet this unfortunate young man—member of an illegal society—dying in the act of committing an illegal assault—is to have a monument in Victoria Square! Surely the Orangemen are jesting. It is too good a joke. A monument to Hackett in Victoria Square! They have a saying in Ireland which will signify our opinion of the contemplated site, and it is *nabob's*. After describing the plan of a monument to Hackett the *Witness* of last Saturday goes on:

"It is the intention of the subscribers to petition the City Council to have the monument erected in Victoria Square, near the spot where the deceased was murdered, in order to show strangers that the citizens will not be governed by ruffians and cut-throats, and to show that life was lost in consequence of the Mayor and Corporation not being ready to protect the same." The plan of the monument attracts general interest. The monument is to be of Ohio stone. The base will have two buttresses, and a deeply recessed panel with a figure and an open Bible, with the inscription, "Thomas Lett Hackett shot in Victoria Square," and above a richly carved pediment, with the words, "July 12th, 1877."

Of course the above is merely written in gasconade, for it is scarcely probable the citizens of Montreal will allow of a monument in their midst dedicated to the genius of Orangism. If, however, in the course of ages, Field Marshal Robinson of Kingston manage to bring "woe to Montreal" by exterminating all the Catholics and our city become as Orange as Belleville, the monument may be erected, but would it not be as truthful, if not as well, to have the heroic statue with sixty rounds of ammunition in one hand and a six shooter in the other?

## RELIGIOUS CEREMONY.

A melancholy and interesting ceremony took place on Saturday last the 25th inst, in the little Church of Notre Dame de Pitie on St. Jean Baptiste street. This ceremony consisted in the burial of the remains of Miss Elizabeth Murphy, (in Religion Sister Marie Edward) second daughter of Edward Murphy Esq., of this city. Deceased was twenty-six years and nine months old at the time of her death, and had been in the Congregation convent for the eight years preceding, since her profession at Villa Marie, engaged in teaching.

Rev. P. Dowd, pastor of St. Patrick's, officiated at the Requiem Mass.

There were present in the Sanctuary, Rev. V. Rousselot Cure of the Church of Notre Dame, The Rev. Father Charles Lenoire Chaplain to the convent, Rev. James Hogan pastor of St. Ann's, Rev. Mr. Marchoal Cure of Notre Dame de Grace, Rev. Father Leclair of St. Patrick's, Rev. Mr. Campion and numbers of other clergymen whose names we did not learn. The funeral ceremony was affecting and imposing. The good sisters who crowded around the bier shed tears abundantly as the sad cortege moved away, and the grief in the congregation appeared to be universal, as Sister Mary Edward was placed in her last abode. May God have mercy on her soul.

## THE IRISH CATHOLIC UNION.

The Irish Catholic Union is progressing apace. Their picnic was one of the most successful of the season, while their branches continue to spread from one end of the country to the other. From Quebec we learn that No. 1 branch of the Quebec Catholic Union has been started, and we already know that Ottawa musters many branches of resolute and earnest men. Now it occurs to us that this Catholic Union should be spread over the Dominion. We think that every town in which the Catholic people are found should give its assistance