

The True Witness

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MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 24.

CALENDAR. MARCH. THURSDAY, 25—Maundy Thursday. Holiday of Obligation. Epist. I Cor. XI. 20-22; Gosp. John XIII. 1-15. FRIDAY, 26—Good Friday. Less. Gosp. Mt. I. 1-7. Epist. I Cor. V. 7-8. SATURDAY, 27—Holy Saturday. Epist. Col. III. 1-4. Gosp. Mt. II. 1-12. SUNDAY, 28—Easter Sunday. Epist. I Cor. V. 7-8. Gosp. Mark XVI. 1-7. MONDAY, 29—Easter Monday. TUESDAY, 30—Easter Tuesday. WEDNESDAY, 31—Of the Octave.

NOTICE.

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A GREAT many of the American and Canadian journals are just now engaged in praising a satire which has been published in Philadelphia, on the imperial regime of the Emperor Ulysses Grant. They forget, however to mention that the idea has been stolen from the EVENING POST of the 3rd of November last, which contained an article headed "Ulysses the First," and not only the idea, but most of the words as well.

The Agemini Zeitung, Prince Bismarck's organ, advises England to leave Africa to the Africans and turn her attention to Ireland, the "dark spot of Europe." Perhaps it would be just as well if she also left Ireland to the Irish. Mr. Parnell's crusade is drawing European newspaper correspondents to Ireland, who lay bare her wretched condition to the gaze of an astonished world. It is this wretchedness Beaconsfield was trying to hide.

DURING the Liverpool election campaign, Mr. A. M. Sullivan, M. P., as an offset to the charge that the Liberals were coquetting with Home Rule in order to win the election, made the counter charge that the Tories coquetted with terrible Fenianism itself, and subscribed money in aid of O'Donovan Rossa's election for Tipperary to defeat the Liberal candidate. When Mr. Sullivan was asked for his authority he wrote both to the Times and Daily Telegraph giving the same. But now comes forward James F. X. O'Brien, who had a good deal to do with the election contests of both Messrs. O'Donovan Rossa and Charles Kickham, denying Mr. Sullivan's statement. According to Mr. O'Brien, a Conservative gentleman, of Nationalist leanings, did advance the money for Rossa's election, but it was honorably repaid after by Irish Nationalists on both sides of the Atlantic, among them being A. M. Sullivan, who gave as he says himself, forty or fifty pounds, which he was barely able to afford at the time. The discussion between Messrs. Sullivan and O'Brien, which is carried on in the Irish and English journals, is of very great interest, but Mr. O'Brien seems to have the best of the argument, and is by far the coolest man.

A cablegram from London informs us that while the gift of \$100,000 from Canada for the relief of the sufferers from famine in Ireland is duly appreciated the opinion is that it would have been wiser to expend it on emigration and the settlement of the emigrants on farms in the "colony." It would be well to know from whom this opinion emanates, but we can almost safely conclude that it is from the landlords who have emigration on the brain, as a panacea to the ills of Ireland, and their own great relief from a coming settlement of a most important question which is inevitable. If emigration could tend to make Ireland happy she would be the happiest nation on the face of the earth, for, in proportion to its population, she has sent away four times more emigrants than any other European nation. Her nobility first emigrated to France, Spain and Austria, her peasantry moved away in hundreds of thousands—we might truthfully say millions—during the famine years, and since 1852 her middle classes have been leaving the fertile shores of Erin in large detachments. What do these Englishmen want then except her total depletion? When Ireland becomes over populated it will be time to talk of another exodus on an extensive scale, but until then it would be well if the English Government looked to the landlords, the great disturbing cause, and compensate and remove them as has been done in Belgium, Prussia, Norway and other countries.

PROSPERITY in the States has been followed by strikes of an extensive nature, as prosperity is universally followed by strikes all over. Manufacturers obtain more orders for their

goods, and have to employ more trained labor and realize more profit. The mechanic and the laborer also think they should share in the increased profit as they have suffered in the period of depression, and this is where the trouble very often comes in, and leads to the striking system. If the manufacturer is shrewd as well as benevolent, he foresees the demand, but if he is not and refuses to raise the wages of his employees the result is a loss to both parties. One would think it but natural that as an employer of labor feels it necessary to reduce the price when hard times come, he should raise it in seasons of prosperity, and this is often the case, especially when the employees are not unreasonable. It is needless to say that strikes are an evil, though sometimes a necessary one, for the money lost during their continuance, and the suffering entailed on the families of poor people, must be enormous. It often happens that the employees, not knowing the state of the manufacturer's business, peremptorily demand a rise at the commencement of the tidal wave of prosperity, when he is not able to afford it, and strike on a refusal, and it is as often occurs that the employee is hard and avaricious and will not listen to reason. It is also well known that the workman who is acting as such, most peremptory in his demands, is the most tyrannical when he becomes a manufacturer or employer of labor himself; just as in the army, the man who is most subordinate himself is the greatest martinet when promoted. A strike should be the very last resource, and arbitration is the better way of settling matters for both parties in the quarrel between capital and labor.

The Toronto Telegram dedicates more than a fair share of its editorial columns to Ireland and the Irish, whom it abuses and accuses in a manner that, to use a mild expression, is not to our liking. Nevertheless, we cannot find fault with the opinions of any paper, though we may criticize them and after all our Toronto contemporaries may be sincere in their bigotry. We would at the same time be pleased if the Telegram could bring itself to understand that there are no two Irish factions in Canada who are continually at each other's throats. There is certainly a large Irish element in this country, but we are not aware that it periodically divides itself into two factions, one arrayed against the other, except that we admit that Orangemen are Irish, which we emphatically deny. Ireland repudiates those unique gentry, who are merely English, Dutch, and Scotch settlers established in the north of Ireland, having about as much sympathy and kinship with green Erin as the English colony in Calcutta has with the natives out there. But, even if it were not so, even if infants of the lodges in Ireland were real Irishmen, we have yet to learn that it is they or their descendants who make such fools of themselves here in Canada. In a former article we called attention to the fact that the four Orange leaders of McCreary, arrested on the 12th of July, 1878, bear such names as Ingram, Grant, Mackay, and Hamilton, names which smack of bonnie Scotland a thousand miles away, as Scotchmen indeed they are, and long may they continue so. We believe the enterprising proprietor of our esteemed contemporary is also a grand Orange dignitary, and we believe his name is Robertson; and we also believe he is a Scotchman. We believe also the Grand Master of British North America, the Hon. Mr. McKee's Bowell, was born in merrie England, and we mention this with all respect, for, notwithstanding his connection with the lodges, he is a just and impartial minister. It is true the Irish have their faults, it is true that in former times they, like their neighbors, the English and Scotch, ate one another up like the Killiney cats, it is true they are not even now as perfect as they might be, but it is a glaring falsehood that they divide themselves into factions here in Canada, and fight out old feuds. Parnell is a sincere Protestant, and yet who could receive such an enthusiastic reception as did he at the hands of Irish Catholics. Our contemporary, if he would find fault, must once more fall back on the whiskey and superstition charges. The Orange business will not hold water any longer.

The Day we Celebrate.

St. Patrick's Day, the anniversary of Ireland's glorious patron Saint, has come round once more, and once more Irishmen the world over celebrate the festival with the religious fervor and enthusiasm which are the grand characteristics of their race. Perhaps it is no exaggeration to say that St. Patrick's Day is the most universal holiday celebrated. It is more universal than even the great British Empire, for the tapping of the British drum, which follows the rising sun round the world, awakens the Irish soldier to the consciousness on that day that his national festival has arrived, and "Patrick's Day" is played in every camp and barrack square in the Empire. On the banks of the Ganges, the St. Lawrence, the Thames and the Shannon, the Swan river and the Wanganui, in the distant antipodes, on the mountains of Afghanistan, in the diamond fields of Africa, everywhere, the sons and daughters of Erin assemble and wear the green immortal shamrock in honor of the day they celebrate. But it is not in the British Empire alone that Irish voices blend and Irish hands are clasped on St. Patrick's Day. On the banks of the Setne as well as the Mississippi, on the shores of the Pacific slope as well as on the slope of the Andes, in San Francisco as in the gay capital of France exiles from Ireland join for the occasion, and, ignoring political as well as religious differences, unite in commemorating the memories, the history, the traditions of their native land or the land of their forefathers, and speak in many languages of the glories of the past and aspirations of the future. We do not, therefore, exaggerate in saying it is a universal festival we celebrate to-day. Who has not heard eloquent orators speak burning words on the 17th of March in praise of Ireland, and express the hope that the dark cloud of her destiny were passing away, and that on the next anniversary of Ireland's great Saint a brighter era would have dawned for the land that sits weeping by the melancholy sea. "Hope," says the poet "springs eternal in the human breast," and though men hope on till they die without seeing their dreams realized, their children take up the glorious aspiration for freedom where their fathers leave it off and thus keep the sacred flame of freedom burning in the hearts of each successive generation unconquerable and unquenchable, as they received it, like a precious diamond which is to be preserved for ever in its original lustre. It sometimes happens, however, that the cloud grows blacker and heavier, and calls for an unusual amount of hope to sustain the faith in the ultimate redemption of the motherland, and the present time is one of those gloomy periods when suffering approaching a famine prevails in the island on which the eyes of our imagination are fixed. This is which prevents the usual enthusiasm attendant on the festival, but does not at the same time prevent its being all

Emigration.

It appears to us that the politicians and newspapers who are so persistently calling for immigrants to build up the country and make of Canada a great nation all at once are too enthusiastic to give the subject that calm consideration which is necessary. They understand that great distress exists in the agricultural districts of Great Britain and Ireland—especially the latter—and without hesitation they say, "Come on to Canada, you can here find farms for nothing, and you shall be your own landlords." They speak far more generously and magnificently than this, but the sentence quoted may be taken as the *ipsum verba* of their exordium to those they wish to assist and place in a state of opulence, or at least comfort. Now, this sounds all very well to the unthinking, but is Canada really prepared to furnish homes and employment and farms to a million people, suppose the threatening emigration wave rolls this way? We are well aware that the great North-West is large enough and fertile enough to furnish homesteads to an indefinite number, but the question is, could it do so if that number came all at once, or in large detachments following one another in rapid succession? It may be taken for granted that the British farmers desirous of emigrating are not over wealthy. It is, in fact, because they are not so they wish to leave the land of their fathers and seek new homes in a strange country under new, and to them unusual, conditions of existence. What we want in Canada is a class of farmers with

money enough to cross the ocean, pay their fare to Manitoba, then purchase farms at even a comparatively nominal figure, cultivate them, and as producers add to their own happiness and the wealth of the country. We do not even want that class by hundreds of thousands. Leaving the insane enthusiasm of our writers and politicians aside and taking a practical view of the question, it need scarcely be told that if the Government of Canada has money to spare in assisting people without means to lands in the Northwest it should begin at home and assist Canadians first. The late labor demonstrations at the capital under the very eyes of the Government must convince it that it is not necessary to glance across the ocean to find objects on whom to extend Government charity, and in saying this we do not of course refer to Ireland, or the grant of money which was as just as it was generous. What we do mean is that the Government, before assisting immigrants here from Europe, should first see that there are no Canadians who would be willing to go to Manitoba and settle there with assistance, for if so they have the first right. The enthusiastic writers seem not to care about ulterior consequences, provided they get an increase of population. They forget that it is not the most populous countries which are the happiest, for it so, India and China should be, what they are not, the happiest countries in the world. They also forget, or at all events ignore, the fact that notwithstanding our great North-West and "our illimitable resources," our own population is moving away every day to such an extent that there is scarcely a family in all Canada which has not one of its members in the United States. As we have before remarked, it would be good if farmers with means came from the old country and settled in the Northwest, but if assistance be given at all it should be extended to those who are most entitled to it.

Now is certainly the time when a few energetic immigration agents would be necessary in Great Britain and Ireland, not to promise a government aid to agriculturists desirous of emigrating, but to inform them that all, or most of the good lands in the United States, are already occupied either by farmers or railroad rings, but that in the northwest of Canada there are millions of fertile acres at the disposal of those prepared to pay a small sum for them. Now is the time for the agents, at present in the old country, who have, during the past few years, been having a sleep or playing flutes in Switzerland to look around them and take advantage of the situation, not to send immigrants here in shoals, who will but add to the number of our unemployed, but to make a judicious selection from among those willing to come, so that both they and the country may be benefited.

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the more solemn and holy, or the prayers according to the Most High from being wasted on His throne with all the more intensely and devotion for a sorrow-stricken country. There will, therefore, be less show on the streets but more fervor in the churches all over the world. But notwithstanding the present gloom, it does not take an over-sanguine heart to hope that brighter times are in store for the Irish race. Since the last anniversary the cause of Ireland has taken a rapid stride forward, and the silver lining shining resplendently bright may be even now seen in the cloud with the eyes of faith in God's justice. It cannot always be that one nation may go on suffering forever in her virtue, while another, laden with the iniquity of centuries, shall continue to prosper.

And we are told that in this world nations, at least, shall receive their deserts, no matter how long delayed the time may be. It is, then, permitted us to hope that the end of Ireland's woes and pains is near at hand, that she shall at no distant day take that place among the nations which is her right, and that, forgetting the dismal past, she may advance in prosperity and happiness, her faith untarnished and her courage undaunted, until she becomes what the poet in his love has prophesied for her:—

"Great, glorious and free, First flower of the earth and first gem of the sea."

They Must Go.

Some not over-clever individuals have of late been hovering over our excellent contemporaries *Le Nouveau Monde*, the *Witness*, and *La Patrie*, by sending them lithographed letters, which candidly inform them the "English and Irish must go"—they must leave the Provinces of Quebec and Manitoba. The *New York Herald* correspondent tells that journal that Chief Paradis has been investigating the matter within the past week with a view to the discovery of the author of the sanguinary letters, and so we must presume the oppressive Irish and English are to be driven forth at the bayonet's point. All we have to say is that if it be true that Chief Paradis and the detectives are looking for the author, it is because affairs criminal are dull just now, and those gentlemen have little else to do. We, however, prefer believing that Chief Paradis and the detectives are doing no such foolish thing. It is as likely as anything else that the practical jokers who lithographed the letters mentioned would ask no greater pleasure than to see the fuss made over them and their little game, successful beyond their most sanguine expectations. Indeed, the newspapers outside of Montreal are making more noise on the subject than those inside, as is usual when anything nonsensical is to be chronicled, for "distance lends enchantment to the view." But let us for a moment enjoy the luxury of supposing that a sensible section of our French Canadian fellow citizens really desired that the English and Irish should go and that they had, or thought they had, the means at their disposal of carrying out their wishes. Would that not be funny, or rather would it not be awkward? But the French Canadians are a shrewd, practical people, with a good deal of the polish of their ancestors in their character, and of the energy of the British with whom they have intermarried or come into business relations one way or the other, and it is doubtful if, even if they had the power, they would expel the English speaking people from this or any other Province. We venture to think that if to-morrow a plebiscite were taken it would be found that the great majority of the French Canadians of this Province would vote for the *statu quo*. And why should they not? It would be paying the Provinces of Quebec and Manitoba but a poor compliment to suppose that they could not support in comfort all the French, Irish, English and Scotch, and Germans and Slavs who chose to settle in them for the next hundred years. During the period which elapsed from the capture of Quebec till 1837 the French might be excused for wishing their intruding neighbours away, but that was a time in which one party arrogated to itself the role of conqueror, which the proud spirited Gaul was unwilling to credit to any people living in so far as they were concerned, grandchildren as they were of the greatest nation in the world, or at least one of the greatest, since the beginning of authentic history. Since 1837 matters have changed and there is now no superiority or assumption of superiority by any particular element in a country where all are free and see the broad avenues to wealth, fame and social distinction equally open to all. It has been often said that the French of the Province of Quebec were the most loyal of all the races of Canada to the British Crown, but while not going so far as that, it may be said they yield the most rational allegiance to the land of their birth, which is Canada, and are content to be passively loyal to any central authority which respects their rights and their traditions. It is true, they are unacquainted with the lip loyalty which is continuously howling, but in that they are perfectly right, and long may they continue so. In so far as abstract claims to possession are concerned, the French Canadians have no more right than their British fellow-countrymen, for if we go back to the laws of pre-emption, who can dispute the claims of the Iroquois, or the Caughnawagas, and other tribes, the aborigines of the land of Canada? The hardy French *voyageurs* came and dispossessed those aborigines and occupied the fairest portions of the soil, but they in turn were conquered by the English more than a hundred years ago, and though, according to treaty, they were dealt with as the vanquished have rarely been, still it cannot be denied their position gives them no

right in the country which others do not enjoy in at least as great a degree. That conquest need not make French Canadians blush for the valor of their forefathers who fought against desperate odds, for had they been seconded by the mother country as vigorously as the stake at issue demanded, in all probability the tide of victory would have rolled the other way. But even then it is doubtful if France would have retained Canada. France is differently situated from England. While England, through her insular position, was allowed to pursue her career of conquest almost unchecked, France had to face Europe, and found she could not uphold her position as a great power and fight England for colonies and naval supremacy as well. It was for this reason Napoleon sold the great territory of Louisiana to the States, and would have sold Canada as well if it had not been seized by *Perfidie Albion* half a century before. But no matter what power held possession of Canada, whether France or the United States, it is doubtful if our French Canadian fellow-citizens would be better off than they are at present. They govern the Province of Quebec, and if they do not govern it to advantage, it is their own fault; they have a share in the Government of all Canada, and if Manitoba is slipping from their grasp, it is because the United States and the British Islands send more emigrants into that Province than La Belle France, which is not fond of emigrating or colonizing. If, therefore, they were letters emanating from a genuine society, which desired that the English and Irish should go, we would ask them whom do they intend putting in their places? Of course, it is all nonsense, emanating, as we remarked before, from the brain of some practical joker, or poor Communist, estimable gentlemen who are not good at constructing and even make sad bunglers at pulling down.

"True Witness" Irish Relief Fund.

Table listing donors and amounts for the Irish Relief Fund. Includes names like Brought forward, McNaughton Bros., Henry Mills, Grand Pabos, etc., with amounts in dollars and cents.

RECEPTION AT QUEENSTOWN AND CORE. QUEENSTOWN, March 21.—The White Star S. S. Baltic, from New York March 11, arrived here at 7 o'clock this morning. Among the passengers were Charles Stewart Parnell and Miss Parnell. Mr. Parnell looks well. A deputation from the Irish Land League and Home Rule League were on hand to receive him. A full military band was also present, and together with the deputations, escorted Mr. Parnell to his hotel. The demonstration, owing to the lateness of the hour, was not very large, a number of addresses were presented to Mr. Parnell, including one from the students of Queen's College, Cork, where he arrived at 11 o'clock. Mr. Parnell left for Dublin this morning.

DUBLIN, March 21.—A despatch from Cork says that the Parnell demonstration at Cork was most enthusiastic, and that large crowds met him at the railway depot and escorted him to his hotel. In the evening the Cork farmers club entertained him to a grand banquet, during which, in reply to a toast. Mr. Parnell said he deprecated emigration, and referred to his reception in America. He urged Ireland to support at the election his active policy, by which he hoped to crush out the infamous landlord system. On Mr. Parnell's departure for Dublin, he was escorted to the station by a long procession of his admirers.

A FAVORABLE NOTORIETY.—The good reputation of "Brown's Bronchial Troches" for the relief of Coughs, Colds, and Throat diseases, has given them a favorable notoriety.

TREAD ON A WORM AND IT WILL TURN, is true, but no more so than give a worm a dose of BROWN'S VERMIFUGE COMBIS or Worm Lozenges, they will turn over and die. It is better they should than suffer; so the mother's idol should pine away and suffer; so the child on Lozenges, and send the worms out of the system.

DR. HARVEY'S ANTI-BILIOUS AND Purgative Pills, have been gotten up on Scientific Principles and any one using them, at especially this season of the year, will find in them the best spring medicine obtainable.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for all diseases of children, such as teething, wind, colic, &c., is a reliable remedy. It not only relieves the child from pain, but regulates the stomach and bowels, corrects acidity, and gives tone and energy to the whole system; gives rest to the mother and health to the child.

SPINAL DIFFICULTIES, RESULT from imperfect circulation of blood through the spinal column. BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA and Family Liniment rubbed in well, invigorates the blood vessels, strengthens the back, and effects a cure. Resulting from colds, pains in the back will be relieved by one application.

PARNELL LAND LEAGUE FUND.

Table listing donors and amounts for the Parnell Land League Fund. Includes names like M. Mullin, lumberman, M. Fitzgibbon, Thomas Poy, etc., with amounts in dollars and cents.