

The True Witness

CATHOLIC CHRONICLE, PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY, AT 662 1/2 CRAIG STREET. M. W. KIRWAN—EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR. Terms—\$2.00 per annum—in Advance

MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, JULY 18.

CALANDER—JULY, 1877.

WEDNESDAY, 18th—St. Camillus of Lellis, Confessor. SS. Symphorosa and Companions, Martyrs. Definition of Dogma of Infallibility, 1870. THURSDAY, 19th—St. Vincent of Paul, Confessor. Great fire in New York, 1845. FRIDAY, 20th—St. Jerome Emilian, Confessor. St. Margaret, Virgin and Martyr. Hugh O'Neill, Prince of Ulster, died at Rome, 1616. SATURDAY, 21st—St. Henry, Emperor, Confessor, (July 15). First Battle of Bull Run, 1861. SUNDAY, 22nd—NINTH SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST. St. Mary Magdalen. Bishop Egan, Philadelphia, died 1814. The Six-Mile-Bridge Massacre, 1852. Garibaldi born, 1807. MONDAY, 23rd—St. Apollinaris, Bishop and Martyr. St. Liborius, Bishop and Confessor. Emmet's Insurrection, 1803. TUESDAY, 24th—Vigil of St. James. St. Christina, Virgin and Martyr. John Philpot Curran born, 1759.

NOTICE.

In future the City Subscription to the TRUE WITNESS will be the same as the Country—\$2 per annum, in advance. At the commencement of the Volume in August, the papers of all subscribers who are THREE MONTHS in arrears will be stopped.

POSTPONEMENT.

The Lecture on Oka, announced to take place on the 17th instant, has been postponed.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"L. W. D."—Your contribution will appear in our next.

THE GREAT QUESTION.

The curse of Orangeism is upon us with a vengeance. The descendants of the Ulster fanatics have at last been let loose in Montreal. On Thursday, the 12th of July, Orangeism was in the dust; on Monday, the 14th, its emblems desecrated our thoroughfares. One day the demon of bigotry, like a whipped cur, crawled through our streets, in a few days after hundreds of imported ruffians pointed their revolvers at our people. And how did it all come about? Echo answers "how indeed?" On Tuesday it was decided that the Orangemen should not walk. They had been "petitioned" not to do so. They never would have walked whether they had been "petitioned" or not. It was rumored in Montreal that the Catholics would oppose them to the death. Unprotected by the bayonets of the Volunteers, the Orangemen of Montreal would not have faced an outraged and indignant Catholic people. But they were "petitioned" forsooth. They were urged in the name of "Christian feeling," to abstain from their parade. They cleverly brought pressure to bear upon themselves, when they had no idea in the world of carrying out their threat. But the Protestant and Catholic united in "petitioning" them to abstain from insulting us. And they did abstain. And they were praised for their abstinence. And they were applauded for keeping their agreement. And we were told that the Catholics attained a great "moral victory." "Moral victory" indeed. The Orange organization knows no morality when Catholics are in question, for the blood-stained pages of its record exhibits one long chapter of hate to our faith. But they succeeded in this matter and they "abstained," from doing what they had no intention of doing, and so they were applauded for "Christian feeling." Of course they kept their compact on the 12th of July,—they went to Church as citizens. At Church they heard an inflammatory sermon. The Rev. Mr. Doudiet spoke of "Papists" and lauded the glorious memory of the man who rescued them from the evils of "Popery" and all its surroundings. The Orangemen left that Church full of hate for the Catholic people. They left it after having heard a sermon calculated to make them regard Pope and "Popery" as the enemies of civil and religious liberty. They left it with the inflammatory words of the firebrand "Chaplain" ringing in their ears. One more unfortunate than the rest went into Victoria Square. If he wanted to avoid a row why did he go there at all? Could he not have taken some other way and thus have placed himself out of harm's way? But no the unhappy young man walked through Victoria

Square. The defiant words of the "Chaplain" were in his ears, and no doubt, he felt that if he fell, he fell a blessed martyr. Then there was a souflee about a lilly, the deceased went, to help a friend who was in trouble. And here let us pay a tribute of respect to his memory. Yes he went gallantly but madly to the rescue of a friend. We can admire bravery in a foe, just as much as in a friend, and we shall not refuse to pay this tribute of respect to the memory of Hackett. But it was the bravery of a madman. His friend had been beaten, but mark well, no shot was fired. There was no intention of "killing." The man to whose rescue the unhappy Mr. Hackett went was beaten, but no revolvers were drawn until the unfortunate young man himself fired into the crowd. Three shots in rapid succession were discharged from his revolver. Some say that he fired four times before he was shot down. But he drew first, and fired first, and from that moment escape was impossible, and his death became certain. He was shot down in an instant. But here let us regret the manner of his death and express our horror at a number of men attacking one. It is not fair, it is not manly. We disclaim all sympathy with those individual assaults, and we ask our friends to do all in their power to combat Orangeism as an organized conspiracy to upset the Church of Rome, but under no conditions to draw upon themselves the censure of all right-minded men of making war upon individuals. But when Mr. Hackett was shot down, the papers say that a clergyman "attempted" to say a few consoling words to him as life was passing away, but that he was "prevented by the mob." This is not the truth! We challenge the press to produce the clergyman: we challenge the press to name him. They cannot do it, and being unable to do it, on their heads rests the slander. Then police and military were called out. The Orange Organization passed defiant resolutions, and Protestant societies, and the Protestant press condemned the Mayor. And as to those defiant resolutions, we find them back into the teeth of the Orange Organization, and we tell them that we accept the challenge, while we repudiate the lie they carry. Yes Orangemen of Montreal the Catholics of this City will we are sure take up the gauntlet, and sling it into your teeth again. There will we hope, be no more "petitioning," you not to walk. There will, we hope, be no more bending the knee to your order; but we expect that there will be a bold and united front shown to your spirit of bigoted aggression. Every legal means will be exhausted to combat your evil influences in this Dominion. There can be no "reconciliation" now, no turning the cheek for another blow, but we shall give you back—measure for measure—full to the brim. And then about the abuses heaped upon the Mayor. We say Mayor Beaudry has acted throughout this business with consummate skill. If the military had been called out it is not one, but it might have been a hetecomb of dead that we would have had to follow to the grave. The military are, with the exception of the French corps, Protestants almost to a man, and we have a strong suspicion which side they would take in the event of a general disturbance. Yes we say this boldly, and we deliberately charge Colonel Bond, of the Victoria Rifles with allowing his men to sing the "Protestant Boys" through the streets of Montreal. What security can we have when military commanders thus openly take sides, nay more, when they incite to assault? We call upon the military authorities to see to this gross breach of military law, and we promise Colonel Bond that, if we can, we shall probe this violation of order to its very source. What confidence could the Mayor have in such men? Colonel Bond is a bigot before he is a volunteer. Hatred of our Church is to Colonel Bond a far higher "duty" than the strict observance of military law. We call upon Mr. Devlin to see to this matter, and to protect the Catholic citizens of Montreal against the possible onslaught of a fanatical bigot. These questions must now be faced and fought, and it is our own fault if we do not insist upon such a distribution of force as will no longer leave us at the mercy of such men as Colonel Bond. But of the Mayor, if he is censured by the Protestant press, that no reason why in this matter, he should not be applauded by us. We hope the Catholics of this city will stand by their Chief Magistrate, and present him with a handsome testimonial in recognition of his cool and manly conduct during the trying days just gone past. This is a time when we must stand shoulder to shoulder, and exhibit that free bearing which indicates a resolute mind. But as the "12th" was their day of humiliation, so was the 16th the day of triumph for the Orangemen of Canada. Under the protection of the military and the pre-arranged forbearance of the Catholics, the Orangemen walked in full regalia through our

streets. They were for the most part a hard and ragged lot of men. They were dirty but they looked determined. Nine-tenths of them were a low lurking lot of fellows, the few respectable members being Montrealers. They looked like farm-labourers, and some of the females who accompanied them along the route, were not of a respectable class. However there were some respectable women of whom we have nothing to say. Once along the line of route, they drew their revolvers, and were nearly firing into the people. Well they buried their "brother." Returning from the funeral they played party airs—"Croppie lie down," "The Protestant Boys," and the "Boyne Water." Our people bore it all. They knew that a day of reckoning would come. It was reported that they had a flag of a most insulting character, but we have not been able to trace the rumour to any reliable source. But they returned, and "brother" Robinson, a chief from Kingston, said that they "intended to insult no one." After playing "Croppie lie down," "no insult" was intended. After shouting the "Protestant Boys," "no insult" was meditated. Yes, yes, insult was intended and insult has been accepted, and unless these Orange displays are stopped in this Province at least, we fear bloody work is in store for us all. The Catholic people of this country will welcome strife rather than submit to persecution. They will hail civil war with joy rather than be trailed at the heel of an Orange ascendancy. We, for our part, now repudiate all the overtures and resolutions made during the past week—we have gained fresh experience but only to make us more determined in our resistance to Orange aggression. The editor of the paper is not long in Canada. He did not like to take upon himself any responsibility. That was for men who had been here all their lives. But overtures and peace resolutions to the winds now—a new leaf is turned—our liberties and our altars are at stake and we must stand by the temple of our God at any and at every hazard. French Canadians this issue is as much yours as it is ours. If Orangeism triumphs our liberties are gone. Stand by us in this battle and united we will remove from our path the dangerous elements which threaten us. Not against your Protestant friends, not against Protestant institutions, not against Protestant liberties—no—you must guard them as you would guard your own, but against Orange aggression pledge yourselves with us to stand up for the Church of your fathers, and swear a solemn oath to resist all efforts to destroy that Church if needs be at the risk of your lives.

THE GAZETTE.

The Gazette of this morning advocates the abolition of all processions, national, religious, and political. It says "why should not the Catholics give up St. Patrick's Day, the Frenchmen Fete Dieu and the Orangemen the "12 of July." Surely the Gazette is joking!! What! give up our peaceful processions because an illegal society, bound together by oath to destroy the Church of Rome, imports armed ruffians to intimidate the Catholic people? Because these same ruffians sing,

"Holy water, Sleet and Slaughter We'll trample the Catholics every one, Cut them asunder, we'll make them lie under, The Protestant Boys will carry their own."

And we are to give up National, Religious, and Political processions, all because of a society that is neither national, religious, or political. We are in fact to lick the dust before the hated emblem of our faith. No, no, we shall do nothing of the kind. Party processions—away with them if you like, but now, national and religious processions, we shall insist upon more determinedly than ever. We ask our Irish lawyers to see to this Orange organization. It is illegal and the authorities have violated the law by protecting them at all. The right of the Catholics to walk is guaranteed by the articles of capitulation. Of that there is no mistake, and next week we shall give the text. These other rowdies, the admired champions of the Gazette have no right whatever, yet we forsooth are to abandon all our rights because of the terror inspired by the ragged groups that walked through Montreal on Monday. We may be compelled to do so by law, but to consent to it, the Catholics of this Dominion never will. We "would rather be a dog and bay the moon" than consent to such a humiliation. Catholics of the Dominion, this is no time to waver in your resolution. This is no time to grow weak in your determination. The crisis is upon you, now or never, stand side by side, rally around the one Baptism, the one Faith, the one God.

THE 12TH OF JULY

IN MONTREAL.

VERY LITTLE ENTHUSIASM MANIFESTED.

A CURIOUS SERMON.

RIOTING IN THE STREET

ONE MAN KILLED AND SEVERAL WOUNDED.

A MAYOR THAT WAS NOT TO BE FRIGHTENED.

THE ORANGE "LADY" AND THE CATHOLIC "FEMALE."

HACKETTS FUNERAL.

Montreal Press Prejudging the Prisoners.

HAVE CATHOLICS ANY RIGHTS ORANGE-MEN ARE BOUND TO RESPECT.

CONDUCT AFTER THE FUNERAL—MILITARY OCCUPATION.

(By our own Reporter.)

On the twelfth of July, 1876, an Orange celebration was attempted in Montreal and succeeded to a certain extent. Emboldened by this, it was contemplated by the Lodges to organize a procession on a grand scale in 1877, but the Irish Catholics took the alarm and dreading that the scenes of Toronto and other places, where Orangeism is powerful, might be enacted here, formed what is called the Irish Catholic Union, and, it is said, resolved to prevent the procession by force, if necessary. They, in justification, contended that the Orange was a secret and disloyal association, that the object of the celebration was to commemorate the victory of the Boyne, gained 188 years ago over their ancestors through the cowardice of an English King, that their flags were offensive, and their party tunes insulting to their religion and nationality, and that, in a word, it would be cowardly to stand by and see a body of men trampling as it were on the faith and honor of their motherland without expressing their dissent

by every means. The burning of the Seminary and Church at Oka a month ago at the instigation, and with the assistance of the Orangemen of Como, and the serio comic defence of that transaction by the ultra Protestant press of Montreal, intensified Catholic feeling, not only among Irishmen, but their French co-religionists who, caring little for the results of the Boyne, were shocked at the length to which their bitter enemies were prepared to go in their blind hatred of the Catholic Church. As the twelfth of July approached rumors of coming preparation filled the air and disquieted the minds of peace-loving citizens, Catholic and Protestant. The Orangemen held anxious meetings at which they could not decide as to what should be done, and meetings of the Irish Catholic Union were also called. Arms—especially revolvers—were extensively purchased and imported, and it was known that the Customs had detained a number of Carabines and small arms, until the twelfth had passed over. On the night of the 10th, as reported in our last issue, steps were taken by the different Societies—national and religious—of the city which extricated the Orangemen from an awkward position, and they promised not to march. Montreal breathed more freely for a day, but on the evening of the 11th, disquieting rumors having been circulated to the effect that the Young Britons had not bound themselves and intended to walk, and that bodies of the brethren were coming from Ottawa and other parts to their assistance, the public mind was again unsettled, the

STUPID ARTICLES

in the evening papers not at all tending to allay the excitement. Early on the twelfth men appeared on the streets—roughly dressed for the most part, and comprising representatives of all the nationalities of the city, or to speak more correctly French, Irish, and Anglo-Scotch; and here may be the proper place to observe that the majority of the Orange body of Montreal is not at all composed of Irish or men of Irish descent, but includes even Negroes and Indians, who would be somewhat puzzled to locate the Boyne water or give a lucid explanation of

THEIR PRINCIPLES.

The largest numbers congregated on St. James St., and Victoria Square and lounged about or sat down waiting for events to shape themselves. It is presumed most of them were armed with revolvers for now and then they might be observed moving their hands softly outside their coat or trousers pockets as if to assure themselves

EVERYTHING WAS CORRECT.

In the meantime the Orangemen and Britons to the number of about 200 went in twos and threes to Knox Church, on Dorchester street, where service was to be held and a sermon preached by the Rev. Mr. Charles A. Doudiet, Deputy Grand Chaplain of the Supreme Grand Lodge of British North America, Grand Chaplain of the Grand Lodge of the Quebec, &c. &c. &c. Many of the congregation was rather a small one, including several ladies, wore Orange lilies, and the Rev. Grand &c. was in full regalia. He took the following passage for his text:—

"For we have found this man a pestilent fellow and a mover of sedition among all the Jews throughout the world, and a ringleader of the sect of the Nazarenes.—Acts xxiv, 5."

"Then said Paul, I stand at Caesar's judgment seat, where I ought to be judged; to the Jews I have done no wrong, as thou very well knowest." "For if I am an offender, or have committed anything worthy of death, I refuse not to die; but if there be none of these things whereof these accuse me, no man may deliver me unto them. I appeal unto Caesar.—Acts xxv, 10 and 11." After comparing himself to St. Paul, the eloquent preacher went into a defence of Orangeism, describing it as a meek persecuted order of Christianity, after having first however launched out into a tirade against the Catholic Church, and indulging in the usual phrases, "drunken with the blood of the saints," the woman that sitteth on the seven hills," papists and traitors, and such expressions, the usual stock in trade of Grand and Deputy Grand Chaplains. He roundly abused the Editor of a Catholic paper of this city—True Witness, who, he said, a few days ago had written an article, stating that the Orangemen burned down the Catholic Church at Oka, and that the volunteers had armed the Indians! When the service was over the congregation dispersed as they had come in small groups in different directions—and all would have ended as peacefully as it had begun, and the four Protestant newspapers of Montreal, morning and evening, would have been sadly disappointed if one "woman," or, let us quote the Witness, if a Catholic "female" had not seen a lily in the breast of an

and snatched it. We find this Orange lady later on in the evening running a muck through St. Joseph Street with a carrying knife in one hand and a bunch of lilies in the other, defying the powers and using expressions not commonly found in the gospels. Whether one was a "lady" and the other merely a "female," and where the difference begins, if any difference there be, is what we are not prepared to say, but the female strove to tear the hateful emblem from the lady and the spark was ignited. The lady—both ladies in fact—spoke loudly and attracted a crowd. This took place on Beaver Hall Hill, and as the crowd around the pair of amazons increased, multiplied and became menacing, the person escorting la dame, *aux lis*, drew a revolver upon which one of the opposite party did the same. A young man, well dressed, and having the out of a gentleman, now interfered and requested the cavalier to put up his weapon when all would be well, but unfortunately used other words which angered the still increasing crowd and drew their attention away from the advise to the adviser. He was

ROUGHLY HANDLED.

beaten and kicked, but not the slightest attempt was made to shoot him although, as could easily be perceived, a hundred armed and excited men were around, and others advancing to the scene of the turmoil. He ultimately took to his heels and gained the corner of Radegonde and Jurors St. where he entered Mr. Ansel's cigar store for protection, the proprietor at once locked the door. The crowd became furious at seeing their prey escape and commenced forcing the door when Mr. F. B. McNamee placing himself in the doorway harangued them and begged them for God's sake to desist. He was soon after joined by Mr. M. P. Ryan and Alderman Kennedy who united their prayers to his. The crowd at first refused to forbear and even menaced Mr. McNamee, but reason ultimately prevailed as the excitement wore off and the

MAN WAS SAVED.

Mr. Henshaw who had interfered to rescue the person above described was also badly beaten by a part of the same crowd but no shot was fired at him and he was ready for duty the same night in his company. Another part of the original crowd which had first collected on Beaver Hall Hill followed a young man of about twenty years of age who wore orange emblems, and carried a revolver in his hand, as far as Dunn's store at the corner of Fortification Lane and Victoria Square. He was accompanied by a few others who fortunately managed to get away without injury and it seems he was the first man who had drawn a revolver on that 12th of July day. He tried to gain admission to the store but failed and becoming fearfully excited turned round on the steps and fired promiscuously amongst the crowd, wounding Mr. Edward Giroux, who was accidentally on the spot in the neck and another man slightly, in a moment the unfortunate man was shot in two parts of the head and fell dead at the bottom of the steps, a victim to his own rashness and the excitement produced by the Star and Witness in their efforts to surpass one another

IN CIRCULATION.

We append a report of the unfortunate affair from each of the city papers. The Herald certainly the most impartial says:—

"The service over, each one made his way homewards or down town, but as the female portion of the community have often precipitated and brought on crises, which otherwise might not have occurred so in this instance was the first difficulty due to one of them. Coming down Beaver Hall Hill, a young lady carried an orange lily on her breast, to which persons on the street objected. They gathered round her and gesticulated wildly, some of them using remarks of most insulting character to the female, whose companions in order to protect her hurried her into a store on Radegonde street. Before however, this was effected several blows were exchanged and one individual, dressed in gray clothes, who had acted as one of the woman's protectors was compelled to take to his heels in the direction of Victoria Square, where he ran the risk of being very roughly handled but managed by dodging to avoid injury. Meantime Alderman Kennedy, Messrs. M. P. Ryan and F. B. McNamee were endeavouring to conserve the peace and so far fairly succeeded.

There are so many stories as to the shooting of Hackett, that we present to our readers this morning several of them. One of them says that two women met in Victoria Square, in the neighbourhood of Fortification Lane, one of them wearing an Orange lily. The other ordered her to take it out, which was refused, and a tussle ensued between them for the possession of the flower. Eventually a crowd gathered, when a man in light clothes interfered, but getting in danger through for Dunn's store, into which he entered, from the steps several parties came down to defend him and the woman, when a shot was fired which was followed by several others, the unfortunate man Hackett falling down dead. Shots were fired about this time in several parts of Victoria Square and much excitement prevailed. It was a long time before any satisfactory information could be obtained as to the name of the deceased, some saying it was Brownley, or Brownie, others said Hick, but presently his identity was satisfactorily established. It was during this same melee that the other parties who were wounded received their injuries. The police, who were not upon the square, were at once sent for, and coming down in force there was no further firing, a detachment being left to patrol the locality."

"This is what a Gazette Reporter saw:— After the first skirmish at the foot of the hill I went into Mrs. Putney's restaurant or lunch room on Victoria square, and had been seated there some seven or eight minutes when I heard a shout, followed by a cheer. There was another cheer shortly afterwards, but having heard many false alarms I paid little attention to it. The dining-room, however, was cleared in an instant, the diners, returning in a few seconds. Immediately after this I heard one, then another, and finally a perfect fusillade of shots. At the first shot I reached the footpath, where I obtained a view of the whole scene. There must have been seven or eight hundred in the mob. At the corner of Fortification lane I saw a tall, fine looking man dressed in a greyish suit, who seemed to be fighting a score of assailants. Further on was another party who seemed in pursuit of a light, slim-looking man dressed in dark clothes. This man tried to get into the door of the store of Messrs. McIntyre French & Co., but found the door closed against him, and on coming down stairs he tried to get into the door of Messrs. Robert Dunn & Co's building. I could see the tall man in the grey suit, whom I afterwards found to be Mr. Henshaw fighting his way along through the crowd, his arms flying in all directions. He reached the stairs leading to the door of the Messrs. Dunn as the door closed in the face of the smaller man, and two men rushing up tore the young fellow down to the ground. All this occupied very few seconds, and the firing still continued. I saw nothing more of the young man, but Mr. Henshaw rapped on the door and seemed in the act of begging to be allowed to go into the store. He then turned and faced the crowd, when I heard two shots fired apparently from the crowd. Mr. Henshaw was standing on the upper stone step of the staircase leading to the store and appeared to be wiping the blood from his face. At the first shot fired at him he seemed to wince a little, and at the next almost stumbled, so that I thought each of them must have hit him.