

The True Witness.

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MONTEAL, FRIDAY, MAY 1, 1868.

ECCLIASTICAL CALENDAR.

Friday, 1—St. Philip and James, Ap. Saturday, 2—St. Athanasius, B.D. Sunday, 3—Third after Easter, Finding of the Holy Cross.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Ere yet the excitement consequent upon the assassination of Mr. McGee had commenced to subside, was the community startled on Saturday last by a telegram announcing an attempt to kill Prince Alfred, Duke of Edinburgh, second son of our beloved Queen.

The young Prince is a general favorite amongst men and officers for his affable demeanor, and indeed his disregard for the rigid etiquette of the service, and his kind easy manners have sometimes exposed him to somewhat free criticism. But personal enemy he could have none in the world, and we are at a loss to discover any motives for the crime.

The trial of the prisoners accused of participation in the Clerkenwell massacre is still pending. As yet no new facts have been elicited; and thought it is scarce fair to criticise the very imperfect reports of the proceedings transmitted by the cable, it does not seem as if the case for the Crown had been very well made out.

in the shape of restitution, or of endowment, it is impossible for the Catholic members of Parliament to give any effective support to the D'Israeli policy. The Irish Establishment will therefore be done away with, not as the result of the misapplication of a sound principle, but as evil per se.

The Prince of Wales after a few days' stay in Ireland where he was well received, has returned to England. From Continental Europe the political news is of little interest. Prussia it is said, is about to reduce her military establishments. The health of the Sovereign Pontiff, in spite of the gloomy predictions of the revolutionary and liberal press, is said to be excellent.

It is thought that the Impeachment business at Washington will be brought to a close this week. A new secret society known by the barbarous name of Ku-Klux Klan is distinguishing itself by barbarous deeds.

It is expected that our Colonial Legislature will be able to get through its work by the 15th inst. The pension for Mrs. McGee and family has been granted unconditionally. Beyond what we have published elsewhere, no further details as to the progress that has been made in discovering the authors of, and actors in the McGee tragedy, have been made public.

The glad tidings of the complete success of the Abyssinian expedition, and of the release of the captives, men and women, sixty in all, have arrived. On Easter Monday King Theodore having been beaten in an engagement on Good Friday, and driven to take refuge in the fort of Magdala, and still refusing to come to terms—the place was after a brisk bombardment, stormed, and carried at the point of the bayonet.

Prince Alfred is thank God recovering. Farrell, who it is said avows himself a Fenian, has been tried, convicted, and sentenced to death, a sentence which it is to be hoped, has ere this been righteously carried out.

No further revelations in the assassination case at Ottawa have been made public. There is a talk of a special commission for the trial of Whelan, and his supposed accomplices. By a majority of 83 to 47 the members of the legislature have magnanimously rejected a proposition emanating from Mr. Chamberlin, for the reduction of their own salaries.

THE MCGEE MURDER. — A most—we know not how to qualify it, but extraordinary for want of a better adjective will do—extraordinary story relative to the murder of Mr. McGee is told by a French Canadian named Jean Baptiste Langevin—dit Lacroix. This man asserts that he actually saw Mr. McGee shot. He was, according to his story, out on Monday night, the 6th ult. searching for a house to rent.

cap on his head, a long black coat and light trousers: he appeared to have whiskers.

Having witnessed this very remarkable scene, the deponent Lacroix, according to his own account, walked quietly away as if nothing had happened, gave no alarm, left the wounded man alone in his agony, and went home across the bridge. He met a man whom he knew called Ledue, but said nothing about the affair, neither did he speak of it to any person, that he remembers, till the next day.

It is now deposed to by a prisoner named Hess, that he, together with a detective named Cullen overheard a conversation which Whelan in one cell, held with Doyle who was shut up in another cell: and in the course of which, the former, reckless of consequences, and of the certainty of being overheard, openly avowed himself the assassin of Mr. McGee.

It may have been remarked that, for some time past, there have been hints of certain admissions which Whelan was said to have been overheard making to Doyle. The origin of the affair was as follows: Doyle was confined in a certain cell in jail, and one day, when Whelan was brought back, he was placed in another cell close by in the same corridor.

We went, when the Court adjourned at half past five to the jail, and after the Governor and officials left the corridor on which Whelan and Doyle are confined, took up our positions immediately outside the door forming the entrance to the corridor.

Whelan said: Are you there John? Doyle said yes. Whelan then said, I was nailed b-y tight to day. Doyle: You don't say. Whelan: Yes, by J—s; you don't know who's the informer? Doyle: No. Whelan: Alick Turner. Doyle, in a loud tone: No. Whelan: Yes; by J—s, I wouldn't give six pence for his carcass; there was boys there to-day that spot him; I saw a great deal of them there from the country—from Gloucester and all around.

Whelan answered, b-y bad; I was nailed very tight. The voice answered I am sorry to hear it. Whelan then said: I had a nod from your (Slattery's) brother to-day. The voice again said: Is he in town? Whelan said, yes. He then continued: You keep as mute as a mouse here. Whelan then spoke to Doyle: It will go b-y hard with me I'll either swing or get Penitentiary for life; I don't care; I'm prepared for the worst; that b-r Turner swore hard against me; swore we were all b-y Fenians; there were fourteen witnesses examined: he swore that he was an Englishman. Doyle: You're in a bad fix. Whelan: I don't care a d—n; all I depend upon is on a good jury. Doyle asked him, had he a lawyer? He said, yes—Buckley—he's not worth two sheets of paper; he's afraid of O'Reilly; O'Reilly's little finger is worth his whole carcass. Doyle often said, what would happen me: what will become of me? they can do nothing to me.

Whelan answered him, nothing would happen to him as they could prove nothing against him. Doyle said: I wish you'd never done it, and I wish you never came near me that night. Whelan said: I would not have come near you, only I was drunk. Doyle said: I am sorry, James, you ever done it. Whelan: I don't care a d—n, I'm prepared for the worst; I'll either swing or go to the Penitentiary for life; I'd sooner swing than go to the Penitentiary for life; I wouldn't care a d—n, only for one thing. Doyle: What's that? Whelan: The old woman, the b-y g—s will fall out of her. Doyle: Jim, I'm sorry for you; the whole world will throw it up to her. Whelan: Yes, I'm a great fellow; I shot that fellow; here are you, poor b—r, and here I am myself which makes three of us. Doyle asked him what he said, at the same time witness turned round to Hess, bowing his head to call attention to the words. Whelan again repeated the same, using these words: I shot him like a dog. You're here, I'm here; I'm a great fellow; my name will go down to posterity. Doyle: Jim! Jim! I am sorry for you! Whelan: I didn't care a d—n, only for my poor mother. Doyle said: Is she alive? Whelan: Yes; and added: My brother is in prison too. Doyle: What for? Whelan: Fenianism; for firing the police barracks in Tullough, Ireland; what a fine family my mother had, what a fine lot of boys; one thing they were fond of Ireland; one was shot at the firing of the police barracks; one is in prison for the same, and I'm here. Whelan then sang a couple of songs, and there was a long silence; he danced and whistled, and told Doyle about Murphy and Baright being brought from Montreal to here by Cullen. Doyle asked him what for. Whelan said: Fenianism; that b-r Turner swore that Murphy was with me at McGee's, and that was a lie; John, I was in prison before for 18 months. Doyle: What for? Whelan: Fenianism. Doyle: Where? Whelan: West of England. Whelan then said: Buckley was before the court to-day; he told O'Reilly he didn't care a d—n for him; when he was giving them the names of the people in the gallery that night he kept mine out. Doyle said: That was very good of him. A long silence then ensued. Doyle called him, saying: I do not know what they'll do with me. Whelan answered: You are all right my boy; they can do nothing to you; they may keep you a week, or perhaps a fortnight; life is

sweet; I wish I was as safe as you. Whelan said: They have traced me step by step ever since I came into the country; every b-y thing I have done, they have traced it; it all came out in Court to-day; that O'Reilly is a b—r; I thought I'd faint when Turner came up, but I bore it like a man; there was not the slightest sign on me. Doyle then said: Ah, he's the last man I ever thought they'd bring up; so he'll get the reward. Whelan said: He will, but his evidence amounts to nothing; all he knows is what was said and done in Montreal, but what is to come is the worst; all I depend upon is a good jury. Whelan said, during the time the above conversation occurred: John, you and me must quit telling about what we know; you understand; these b—rs might be listening around. Doyle: All right. There was a long silence, and talk about indifferent matters; then Doyle called to him and asked what would his wife and children do. Whelan said: They're all right; you'll be out in a few days; they have your pension if you're kept. Doyle said no they'll lose it. Whelan said: We are four married men; Doyle said: Who? Whelan said: Enright has three or four children Murphy has two, you have two, and I have none; Doyle said: You're the best off. Whelan said: Yes the old woman can scratch for herself; I saved Cullen's life one time; a fellow had him covered at fifteen yards.

The following is a memorandum of a conversation held by Robert Hess with the prisoner Doyle on Monday, 13th April: On the night of the murder Whelan called to see him (Doyle) at the Russell House and exhorted to him a revolver and at the same time asked him to accompany him to the Parliament Buildings to hear Mr. McGee make his last speech. He (Doyle) went out of the door of the Russell House with Whelan and Buckley, who was standing on the platform. Buckley asked Whelan what had kept him so long inside. In reply Whelan said: Nothing in particular, or something to that effect; Buckley and Whelan then left walked on, and turned towards the Parliament Building; that was the last he saw of Whelan until about half-past two o'clock in the morning, when there came a gentleman into the Russell House and called out that Mr. McGee was shot; when he with the other members ran out he saw Whelan standing at the corner of the Russell House; Whelan asked them what was up; Doyle answered, D'Arcy McGee is shot; Whelan answered saying, that's nothing, I knew that; Doyle remained at the corner for a few minutes with Whelan; he then left, walking towards Lower Town; Doyle went into Russell House; Doyle asked Hess what he would advise him to do, and Hess said I can't tell you what to do.

After these statements had been obtained the inquiry was adjourned again to the Magistrate's room. There were other witnesses examined, and it is considered advisable to withhold their evidence at present.

It is understood the investigation will be resumed on Tuesday next. It is believed that Quinn and Lawrence arrested the day before yesterday will be liberated tomorrow should sufficient bail be offered. They are to appear to give evidence when called upon; it being considered that there is cause to commit them under the Habeas Corpus Act.

Mitchel, who was arrested about ten days ago, being then just from Toronto, was yesterday discharged on bail for his good behaviour for a year, and to appear whenever called upon to give evidence in the cases now pending. He was merely arrested on suspicion at the outset.

Patrick Buckley, the person now in jail, has been dismissed from his post in the House.

VIATOR BRITANNICUS AND PROTESTANT MISSIONARIES.—Intelligent British Protestants see strange sights when they go abroad, and when they visit Rome the whole mystery of abomination is unveiled to their keen eyes. A certain Rev. Donald Fraser is one of these intelligent travellers, and since his return to Canada has been lecturing on what he heard and saw in Rome. Evidently Mr. Fraser is a very intelligent man; and so no doubt were his audience who sat patiently and listened to him, all intelligent men, very intelligent.

The Rev. Mr. Fraser when at Rome saw how Absolution was dispensed at Easter in the Romish Church. Here is how the job is done, according to our intelligent traveller:—

"In St. Peter's and St. Maria Maggiore he saw the priests sitting in confessional, not covered as they usually were, and each having a long rod in his hand, exactly like a fishing rod. With this rod they touched the head of any person that knelt before them, thereby giving him absolution. On Holy-Thursdays and Good-Friday the thing came to its climax. In St. Peter's he saw a Cardinal sitting for three hours and giving absolution in this style to all the people. Not a word was spoken except in the case of one individual who whispered into the Cardinal's ear. The rest just fled before his Eminence, kneeling down in groups of perhaps six at a time, and after the Cardinal gave the magic touch, away they went, as they thought, absolved from their sins."

We sneer at the Dark Ages and at the simple credulity of our ancestors: and yet in this nineteenth century, yea, on the 14th of April 1868, men and women brought up in the light of modern intelligence, are to be found who can listen to and accept as truth such ridiculous nonsense!

Another thing much shocked poor dear Mr. Fraser. On Easter Monday he saw a great illumination at Rome, with a grand fire work exhibition, and he asks indignantly and rhetorically—

"What is to be thought of men who regard their fireworks and illuminations—as appropriate celebrations of the resurrection of the Son of God?"

We do not feel called upon to defend or criticise the Easter pyrotechnic displays at Rome but after all, they seem in no wise more out of place in, or inconsistent with, that joyous season than is the custom very prevalent amongst Protestants here in Canada, of celebrating the agony and death of the Son of God upon the Cross, by feasting on "hot cross buns," which the confectioners especially prepare for the occasion.—This is however but a slight matter, for it is a matter of taste; but we certainly should like to see the strange sight of a priest absolving his penitents without confession or contrition of heart, and by just tapping them on the head with a long rod just like a fishing rod.

Poor dear Mr. Fraser sees and records strange things certainly, but in this respect he is almost surpassed by our stay at home missionaries of the F. C. M. Society. As an appropriate pendant to the former's revelations in his character of Viator Britannicus on whom, especially if dressed in a black coat and white choker, every

little gamin in every Continental city pounces at once, as a perfectly legitimate prey, as a sim-pleton to be poked fun at—we append the following, taken from the last issue of the Report of the F. C. M. Society, the truth of which is attested by the initials of L. M. V.:—

"A short time since a sick farmer died, and his son went to the priest, and asked him if his father's soul was at rest. In reply he was told that it would take three or four days to ascertain that fact, and that it would cost him fifty dollars. At the time appointed he returned, and the priest informed him that three days after his father's death his soul had gone to heaven. 'Are you sure of that?' said the young man. 'Oh yes' replied the priest, 'quite sure.' 'Then,' said he, 'I do not need to pay you for saying masses for his soul; the money will do me as much good as it will you?' 'Oh but,' cried the priest, 'he may get out of heaven again.' 'Very well,' said the son, 'if my father is not wise enough to remain in heaven when he once gets there, it is his own fault, and I cannot help it.'—L. M. V.

This is a good story, only it is not original.—It is evidently borrowed from Charles O'Malley, in which rollicking novel, Mickey Free tells almost precisely the same story—only he tells it much better—about his father's ghost, and how the latter bothered the priest. Here is the original version of the joke, and we leave it to our readers to judge whether L. M. V. and the French Canadian Missionary Society have not married it in the telling:—

Mickey's father had been murdered at Balinasloe fair, whilst he was baiting the whole town, with a black-thorn stick he had, with a piece of a scythe stuck in at the end of it.—Some cattle-dealers, not appreciating the joke, fell on him and broke his scull, whereupon there was a very agreeable wake, and plenty of liquor.

Shortly afterwards, however, Mickey fell in with Father Roach, who reproached him with not trying to get his father's soul out of purgatory. The following conversation ensues:—

'Well, Father,' says I, looking very penitent, 'how many masses would get him out?' 'Now you talk like a sensible man,' says he: 'now, Mickey, I have hopes for you. Let me see, countin' upon his fingers: 'Mickey,' says he, 'I have a batch coming out on Tuesday week, and if you were to make great exertions perhaps your father could come out with them; that is, av they have made no objections.'—'And what for would they?' says I; 'he was always the hoith of company, and av singin' is allowed in them parts!'

Well to make a long story short, Mickey comes to terms with the priest. He is to say fifty shillings; five shillings a week for ten weeks, and Father Roach undertakes to get Mickey's father out of purgatory in a fortnight. 'I'll do my endeavors,' says Father Roach, 'and I'll speak to them to treat him peaceably in the meantime!'

But Mickey grows remiss in his payments, so Father Roach accosts him again, and tells him that he had just seen his father, still in purgatory.

'And av seen my father says I—I did says he: he had an old flannel waistcoat on, and a pipe sticking out of the pocket av it. That's him says I: had he a hairy cap? I didn't mind the cap says he, but av course he wouldn't have it on his head in that place. Thrus for you says I: Did he speak to you? He did says Father Roach: he spoke very hard about the way he was treated down there, that they was always jibin and jeerin him about drink and fightin, and the course he led up here, and that it was a queer thing for the matter of ten shillings he was to be kept there so long. Well says I taking out the ten shillings, and counting it with one hand, we must do our best anyhow: and ye think this'll get him out surely? I know it will says he: for when Luke's mother was leaving the place, and yer father saw the door open, he made a rush at it, and he was gorra, before it was shut, he got his head and one shoulder outside av it, so that ye see a thrilla more'll do it. Fala, and your reverence says I, you've lightened my heart this morning: and I put my money back again in my pocket. Why what do you mean? says he growing very red for he was angry.'

Just this says I, that I've saved my money: for av it was my father you seen, and that he got his head and one shoulder outside the door, or then by the powers! says I, the devil a gnat or goller from hell to Connaught idould him: so Father Roach I wish you the top of the morning!—CHARLES O'MALLEY

The F. C. M. Society should be more careful for the future as to the sources from which it borrows its powerful and instructive illustrations of Popery; Joe Miller and Lever's novels are too well known.

Our saintly contemporary, the Montreal Witness, the "only daily religious paper in the world" as its editor boasts—has been taken to task by some of its readers and subscribers for publishing at full length the obscene details of a late trial, whose nature may be judged of from the fact, that at its commencement the presiding Judge ruled that all women and young persons should be turned out of Court. The greater part of the evidence was indeed unfit for publication in any paper intended for the perusal of such persons.

The "explanation" as offered by the editor of the Witness for his thus pandering to the vitiated appetites of his friends and patrons, must aggravate in the eyes of all intelligent and honest persons, his sin against decency and morality. He tells us that he published the filthy details—not only because it appeared to him that it would be "unsatisfactory" to the readers of his paper—whose depraved taste, he well knows and is obliged to cater to, lest the circulation of his paper should fall off—were he to suppress the obscene details; but in the interests of religion and morality, as he understands them, because here are his words, "to suppress reports of such cases—would be unfaithful to the cause of religion and good morals." Here is a Joseph Surface for you with a vengeance! Here indeed is an Israelite without guile, who in the name of religion and morality publishes for his readers to gloat over, details so filthy that a non-evangelical judge deems them quite unfit for the ears of females, and young persons of either sex.

We give our evangelical contemporary the