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THE RECENT TROUBLES.

The letters of Sir Francis Hincks, which appear in our columns to-day will shortly be published in pamphlet form.

SIR FRANCIS HINCKS.

We beg to call the attention of our readers to the letters we publish in another column from Sir Francis Hincks. It is pleasant to find that Sir Francis Hincks has never wavered in his defence of Catholic interests, and although a Protestant, that he has ever been the steadfast opponent of Orangism and the faithful champion of the Catholic people.

THE DOMINION ORANGE HARMONIST.

A book called the "Dominion Orange Harmonist" was published last year by Maclear & Co. The collector of the songs is a certain William Shannon, "P.D.G.M., G.O.L.O.F.O.E." whatever that may mean. There are nearly 400 pages in the book, and the contents are of a character well calculated to arouse all the worst passions of the Orange brotherhood.

Loud and high their clamours rise Of pretended miseries! The Papist creed is only lies Which none but fools believe.

The author of course stamps all the men who preceded the "Reformation" and all the great Catholics who succeeded that epoch as "fools and liars." It is not modest but it is Orange. On page 160 there are a few verses on "Papish Tyranny" and it is thus the melodist chants the terrors of the "Papist" laws:—

The Bible was no longer read But tales of sinners sinned, And Gods adored, with Gods of bread. And sign-posts carved and painted The priests and monks with cowls and copes, Arrived here without number; With racks and daggers blessed by Popes And loads of holy lumber.

That is comparatively mild to some of the "inspiring" efforts contained in the Shannon collection. On page 123 the following couplet occurs:—

"The gallows and gibbet with croppies we'll feed, And swing the 'United men' up in a row."

On the same page there is a song called "The King of the Emerald Island." Here are a few lines from it:—

Come all ye geese of Peters Hook Who worship idols, stone and stock, Your purses now you must unlock For the King of the Emerald Island. Paters and Aves by the score, These heretics will shortly roar, And thump their crates, till they are sore, And holy water on their pour.

On page 126 the author becomes foul. He says:—

The Church of Rome's eternal doom Is clearly proved by Revelations For the scarlet w—e with impure Reigns Queen of all abominations.

Again we find a poem called the "six priests," and how the association that can foster such a spirit of bigotry as this poem represents can obtain even the countenance of respectable Protestants is more than we can understand:—

THE SIX PRIESTS.

Six Priests dined together one Friday in Lent, To raise a rebellion it was their intent, With their long black cloaks and vestments so white; One swore by the Pope, others swore by the devil, Another roared out in terms more uncivil; The fourth shouted out, by the powers of man, To raise a rebellion I'll do all I can, With my long black cloak and vestments so white; The fifth he roared out, as he carry'd up some nut-ton, "O Lord! how I'd like to be heretics gutting, With my long fork and great carving knife." "Brave" said the sixth, "I second your motion;" Then those six holy sons of wine took their portion; They all with one voice did truly agree That in Protestant blood they would wade to the knee; With their long black cloaks and vestments so white; They toasted Lord Edward, and gave him three cheers, They filled up their bumpers to traitors and Shears, With their long black gowns and vestments so white; When a clap from each one made the house for to ring,

"I'll return to-morrow prepare some bread and wine; I will dispense the sacrament to satisfy your mind." "I'll bake the cake," the lady says; "you may," replied he, "And when this miracle you've seen, convinced I'm sure you'll be."

The Priest then came accordingly,—the elements did bless; The lady asked, "Sir, is it changed?" his reverence answered "Yes!" "It's changed from real bread and wine, to real flesh and blood.— You may depend upon it, it is the very God."

(Two verses come in here which are so utterly filthy that we refrain from publishing them in order to spare the morals of children.) Her husband look'd confused, and not one word did say; At length he spoke—"My dear," says he, "the Priest has run away; Such mum'ry and such nonsense no Christian can endure: I'll go with you and will renounce the Babylonian w—e."

Here are the most sacred subjects treated with a bigoted fury. Their is neither wit nor wisdom in it, and it is intended only to wound the keenest susceptibilities of the Catholic people. On page 199 we have "The Pope's Dream." Here it is:—

THE POPES DREAM.

"Well," quoth the Pope, "since this is so One thing of you I fain would know:— Did King WILLIAM hither come, Great Prince of Orange, foe to Rome; Who with his heretics did join, And slew my Papists at the Boyne?" Quoth Peter,—"William's in this place: Pray would you wish to see his face?" "No," cried the Pope, "If William's there, By all that's holy here I swear, Hell I'll prefer and Satan's clan To Heaven and such an Orangeman: Or, if I had my book and bell, I'd ring him out of Heaven to Hell!" St. Peter shut the gate and left The Pope of every hope bereft; So now enraged, most strange to tell, He sought out the gloomy gate of Hell, He knocked there a young fiend came, And told him "to send in his name." Says he, "Tell Lucifer, the Pope Depends on him, his latest hepe; Since Heaven's shut, he means to dwell And share with him his seat in Hell." Up came the Devil, amazed with fear, And said, "No Pope shall enter here! He that on earth did eat his God, And feasted on his flesh and blood, I shan't admit him on my peril, Lest he in hell should eat the Devil!"

These are only a hurried collection. They scarcely chime in with civil and religious liberty. There are we assure even worse than these to be found in the Dominion Orange Harmonist. Hate of the Catholic Church is the guiding spirit of them all. Our faith is reviled, our altars outraged, our priests insulted, and yet we are asked to meekly bear it all. These are the men, and these are the songs, that the Protestants of Montreal have encouraged by countenancing Orangism in our midst. We repeat our warning—that the Protestants play with dangerous tools when they smile upon Orangism. We cannot believe that our Protestant friends mean to insult us, and as to Orangism we despise it. We shall at least insult no man's faith, but we shall oppose the mischievous and degrading Orange Organization—inch by inch—and all along the line.

THE BLAKE ACT.

Surely the Hon. Mr. Blake never intended that his act should only effect Catholics. It would seem however, as if the Montreal authorities were blind of one judicial eye and viewed it in that light, for up to this not a single Orangeman has been arrested for carrying arms.

AS IT OUGHT TO BE.

The following letter appeared in the Belleville Intelligencer. We congratulate the Orangemen of Madoc on their display. Let the Orangemen meet as long as they like, so long as they do not insult us and no Catholic will say a word against them. Let them give up their party airs, 'we'll kill the Pope before us' and a new era will dawn for us. Let the Orangemen of the Dominion do as the letter we publish leads us to believe the Orangemen of Madoc did. Let them banish 'Papishes' and the other 'insulting phrases from their vocabulary and then indeed peace and order will be restored and we can all turn over a new leaf.

"DEAR SIR,—Allow me to congratulate the Orangemen of Madoc and vicinity for the creditable manner in which they celebrated the 12th in our village. I was present the greater part of the day,

and must say never heard an offensive expression from one amongst the thousands assembled. This is a credit to them, and I take the greatest pleasure in complimenting them thereon. I trust that religious hate will forever be absent from amongst all parties in our country; and certainly such will be the case if each coming 12th will pass as the last. I could not but remark the general absence of drunkenness and rowdiness which characterized the day. Now that the celebration is passed, I am sure all parties feel rejoiced to think that here at least we live as peaceful neighbours and citizens. On the 12th the Orangemen in Madoc celebrated the day to their hearts content, and never gave the slightest offence in any manner to their Catholic neighbors. May every celebration pass the same, and may we all live as now, in peace and harmony, is the wish of Yours, A ROMAN CATHOLIC. Madoc, July 16, 1877."

THE VOLUNTEERS ACCOUNT.

Now that the volunteers have breathed after the Twelfth the sordid question of who is to pay, arises. Saith the Gazette:— The volunteers account, for services rendered the city during the recent troubles, has been submitted, and was yesterday handed to the authorities by Lieut.-Col. Bacon. A prominent officer and Roman Catholic assured our reporter that if the city refuses to pay the account, the commanding officers of battalions may refuse to call their comrades together when next their services shall be asked for. The volunteers have had a good deal of bother already in collecting accounts previously submitted for services rendered.

Would not their refusal be something awful?

THE HERO OF KINGSTON.

Mr. Tom Robinson, late Generalissimo of the Orange parade, is not dead, at least so he says in a letter from Kingston to one of his admirers in Montreal. He still lives, and is ready at any moment to pour out the seventh vial on this devoted City.—Not only is he not dead but he is at this moment the happiest man walking the surface of this poor planet which is scarcely worthy of supporting so distinguished a personage. Tell it not in Belleville, whisper it not on the sidewalks of Toronto lest the souls of the brethren grow sad, he has received a threatening letter. It is true as gospel! March on Brave Tom, but dont kick up a row. It is said the Protestant ladies of Kingston are about to present him with a testimonial. We respectfully suggest a mountain hewitzer.

ALL ON ONE SIDE.

The Gazette of the 28th has the following:—

About 9.30 o'clock last evening a crowd of roughs collected in the vicinity of Mrs. Campbell's house and threw stones at the house, and terrified Mrs. Campbell nearly out of her senses. It appears from Mrs. Campbell's statement to Sergeant Richardson that she had been sitting at her window with a young child at her breast, when two or three scores of ruffians surrounded the house, stoned it, and fired two or three revolver shots in the yard in the rear of the house.

The alarm was at once given, and upon the message having been conveyed to Sergeant Richardson that officer, who had already retired for the night, jumped up and in twenty-five minutes had 28 men of the relief at the various stations on the spot. By that time, however, the cowardly ruffians had flown, and there were only about half a dozen people in the vicinity when the police arrived. After remaining there some time Sergeant Richardson left a Sergeant and four men in charge of the place. He states that he went into Mrs. Campbell's house and picked up a brick which, having been thrown through the window, lay upon the floor. Owing to the lateness of the hour further particulars could not be obtained.

Well, we are able to give further, if not later particulars, we have been at pain to collect all the information possible about the newest sensation and can affirm that it was physically impossible for boys to throw a brick from beyond the canal a distance of eighty feet, that there was not a single shot fired; that Mrs. Campbell who is a noted tippler, must have been dreaming, and that Sergeant Richardson could make nothing of the affair whatever.

ORANGISM IN CHARLOTTETOWN.

It would seem as if the Orangemen in Charlottetown P.E.I., are not far different from the Orangemen of Montreal or Kingston. They turned out there as usual on the twelfth and played their tunes and their pranks before high heaven, and as usual roused the blood of the Catholics who brook not being trampled upon. A riot ensued, the brethren floated their flags from a public building and fired off their pistols. And now they have the sublime impudence to cry out against the Stipendiary Magistrate for not calling out the Volunteers, and insisting upon their hauling down the offensive banner. Again how like the Montreal

boys. We copy from the Charlottetown Herald:—

The editor of the Patriot has no better guarantee than street rumors—what he heard along the streets—from gentlemen probably as wildly excited as himself. He complains that no arrests were made on the night of the disturbance, and none even on the following day till after noon; and he avers that the city was virtually in the hands of a mob, which walked the streets in utter defiance of the law. Now we need not tell our readers that all this is the purest fiction. "It is the melancholy madness of poetry, without its inspiration." There was no sign of a disturbance on Friday. Men went quietly about their business as usual, save a few excited individuals who imagined stone throwing an enormous offence, and pistol-firing a harmless amusement. How, after all, could arrests be made on Thursday? And how even on Friday, before the guilty individuals were known? The Patriot would, in all likelihood, have preferred seeing a special constable or a volunteer placed at the door of every Irish Catholic, and thus have the exaggeration complete. It is much to be feared that had the quelling of the disturbance been left to the editor of the Patriot, it would have assumed more of the legitimate proportions of a riot than it really did. We judge this from the tone and spirit of his remarks.

Like causes produced like effects.

THE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE AND THE CITY COUNCIL OF KINGSTON.

The Duke of Newcastle has addressed the following spirited, manly and sensible letter to the City Council of Kingston. The Duke puts his action in a manner that admits of no cavil as to its correctness. He says it would have been outrageous for a young Prince of nineteen to have been mixed up with the insane hatreds typified by the Orange demonstrations. "You tell me, it is true, that these demonstrations are not illegal, and I admit it. But if it is legal for you to decorate yourself in an offensive manner, and to play obnoxious tunes, you must admit that it is equally legal for the Prince and myself to go by another way, where we shall not see them. If you stand upon your legal rights in order to make yourselves disagreeable, we shall stand upon ours to avoid insult." "Off Kingston, 5th Sept., 1860.

THE UNITED IRISHMEN AND ORANGEMEN.

The Western Catholic in an article on "Orangism" gives the pledge of the United Irishmen and that of the Orangemen as follows:

PLEDGE OF THE UNITED IRISHMEN. In the awful presence of God, I, A. B. do voluntarily declare that I will persevere in endeavoring to form a brotherhood of affection among Irishmen of every religious persuasion, and that I will also persevere in my endeavor to obtain an equal full and adequate representation of all the people of Ireland. PLEDGE OF THE ORANGEMEN. In the awful presence of the Almighty God, I, A. B. do solemnly swear that I will, to the utmost of my power, support the King and the present Government; and I do further swear that I will use my utmost exertion to exterminate all the Catholics of the kingdom of Ire land.

—Pleasant's Review of Ireland The trail of the slimy body of Orangism can be traced through Irish history ever since. Everywhere has it left its indelible mark of disunion in Ireland. Under the name of religion it has flamed the bloody shirt of Protestantism. A disgrace to humanity, a curse to the cause it advocates, and here and at home a plant tool to serve British interests. If let alone it will die of the stench arising from its own foul carcass.

WERE WE ISOLATED?

The St. Bridget's is an old, steady Abstinence Society composed mostly of calm, dispassionate men, the first flush of whose youth is over, and behold underneath its resolutions. We call the attention to these resolutions of those who foolishly imagined we were pulling alone against the stream, and particularly to the press edited by men of our own race and religion in other places.

At the regular weekly meeting of the St. Bridget's T. A. and B. Society, held at their rooms on Sunday, the 29th inst., the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:—

Whereas,—Mayor Baundry refused to unnecessarily call out the volunteers on the 16th instant; And Whereas,—A. W. Ogilvie, Aldermen Stephens and Mercer did unnecessarily call out said volunteers; And Whereas,—As was afterwards signally shown and proven, the volunteers, contrary to discipline, displayed warm party zeal, by singing songs and playing airs highly insulting to the Catholic citizens of Montreal; And Whereas,—The majority of the volunteers belong to the Orange Association, and their sympathies were with that Association, and their feelings highly wrought thereby; Be it Resolved,—That the conduct of the Honourable Mr. Baundry meets with our warmest approval, and that of the partizan volunteers, and those who called them to arms, our strongest condemnation; Be it also Resolved,—If necessary, that the President of this Society, take steps in its behalf, in common with the Presidents of the other Catholic Societies, to legally resist the payment by the city of the said volunteers, as it is a matter of doubt whether they were legally assembled or not; Be it Further Resolved,—That the newspaper press of the city, comprising the "Gazette," "Herald," "Daily Witness," "Star," and "National" excited the public minds to deeds of violence, and afterwards issued inflammatory reports, prejudicial to the Catholics of Montreal, and are therefore deserving of our severest censure.