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AFGHANISTAN.

By Mr. ROBERT MURPHY, EVENING POST.

PART V.

TRAVELS WITH THE WANDERING DERSIVH.

We proceeded together along a rough and rugged path, the sun sending forth as fervid rays as ever it did beneath the equator. Under this overwhelming heat we toiled along laboriously, with an occasional exchange of sentiment on our part. We rested at several intervals, taking advantage of localities where water, in the shape of some sparkling stream gushing from the mountains, was to be found. The past of my life came vividly to my recollection, and, as I watched the fantastic figure of my companion who, by the way, rejoiced in the name of Sheikh Moosa, I fancied my boyish ideas when reading the Arabian Nights were being fulfilled. In my moods of abstraction then, I was ever on the watch for fiery castles, giants, ghouls, genii and handsome princes and was very careful and skeptical in turning all abrupt angles of the road, for fear my highly heated imagination might be fulfilled. In this manner we travelled until, on reaching the plain of Avaz my companion stopped and said, "we will stop here for the night." Eager my ravings I had to see. We sat down under a babul tree and I, feeling both hungry and tired, was glad to do so. Unfortunately, on inspecting our rarder which was also enclosed in the bag, but a few handfuls of cold boiled rice was to be seen. This dissatisfied me so much that the dervish arose, and ascending an adjoining mound gazed long and anxiously towards the setting sun. With an exclamation of thankfulness *ya Allah* he descended and bade me follow, as the encampment of a caravan was in sight in the distance. I arose wearily, but rather rejoiced at the good news, and we both hastened on, and just as the sun was about setting, we arrived within a few hundred yards of the pitched tents and assembly of camels, comprising a

CARAVAN ENCAMPTED FOR THE NIGHT.

Halting beneath a large tree, he cut a branch from it, similar to the stick he carried over his shoulder, and opening his apparently inexhaustible bag, produced another bag from its interior. These articles he, by means of hoops made from the young and tender branches, attached to the end of the sticks, and, after exacting a promise from me to act as he would do, bade me follow. Understanding the position of affairs, and that if it were known to the people comprising the caravan that I was a Feringhee, both our personal safeties would be endangered, I fully determined to do so. We rushed towards the camp at full speed, waving our sticks and bags before us, with the most diabolical yells. Our appearance then, to a party of civilized travellers, would have created no end of surprise if no fear, for such uncouth looking individuals as we must have presented, would have brought ideas of the inhabitants of the internal regions to their minds. The dogs (on how many occasions have I had to curse them!) rushed out at us and howled around our heels to my positive fear; but this, also, my companion overcame with accustomed practice by jumping and springing around in a most alarming fashion. I of course imitated to the best of my ability, but I think if it had not been for the mortal terror I then felt of the huge, shaggy, unkempt dogs, as well as the fear of being found out as an impostor, I would have sunk down exhausted, so much as I spent by my previous exertions and misfortunes. However, on this occasion I fully believe that I outdone my companion's performances. In the meantime the people in the camp sat around their fires perfectly calm and unobtrusive, as apparently indifferent as if the world contained nobody but themselves. We regularly sprung up to the first and nearest party and with terrific yells of *Bek huk I Khodah*, by the faith of God, *Ya Oman, Oh Oman, Ya Allah Mahomed resal Allah*, and such like expressions, we held our bags before us at full arm's length and received whatever they felt disposed to give us. So on we went right through the camp from one end to the other, and rice, raisins, meat, fruit, butter, and a conglomeration of other other eatables all cooked were poured into our bags indiscriminately and with great profusion. Reaching the other end, we hastily shouldered our well-filled bags, and with those infernal dogs yet howling and snapping at our legs, we jumped and sprang back towards the tree where we had rested. Following us for some two or three hundred yards, the dogs possibly fancying they had seen two hard cases far enough away from their master's premises, desisted their horrible howling and attacks and returned. With an inward expression of satisfaction, and a deep breath of relief, I took to walking, and reaching the tree, sat down. Here we opened our sacks and ravenously attacked the compound inside. Although composed of such a mixture, I found it exceedingly delicious, fully corroborating the common expression "hunger makes the best sauce." After this splendid repast we repaired to an adjoining brook and quenched our thirst. We then lay down, beneath the shelter of the tree, and wrapping our tattered garments as much as possible around us, we were, or I was at any rate, soon fast asleep. A shake to my shoulder woke me the following morning, and, jumping up, I found my companion already awake. The sun was just rising above the horizon, and the moon, cool and calm gave me a pleasurable feeling in my destitute condition. As there was no necessity of a toilette, we immediately attacked our store of provisions, and, after a hearty meal and a drink of pure, clear cool water from the stream, we shouldered our bags and journeyed on. In a short time, we passed through the remains of the camp. Nothing was to be seen there but a few bones, and the charred remains of the different fires. My companion enlightened the forenoon's journey by a variety of Eastern anecdotes and snatches of poetry. Towards noon, my feet being heavily

mangled travelling over the flinty surface of the road, I called for a halt, and finding convenient spot, with a small pool of water close by, we sat down. After a sumptuous meal, and although feeling tired and sore, but not inclined to sleep, I called upon my companion to relate his history to me. He did not require much persuasion, and after a number of the usual preliminary Mohammedan expressions, he began as follows:

THE DERSIVH'S HISTORY.

I am a native of Balkh, and resided there up to my twentieth year. My father followed the occupation of *Feyzah bakhe*—head footman—and was for long in the employ of Sirdar Azim Khan, a well-known nobleman in that part of the country. My mother was the cast-off mistress of the Sirdar, and was bestowed by him upon my father as a mark of his honor and esteem for the many

me many hard years journeying on foot and at great distress, with many an anxious and dangerous escapade; all of which, by the mercy of Vishnu and Rama, I have come through so far with safety. He thus concluded his story, but added, in addition, that he would give me little detailed descriptions of several of his individual adventures during the remainder of our journey, and that I need not fear, as he had taken me under his special guidance.

SHALL WE ANNEX ENGLAND?

(From the New York Herald.)

It is the hard fate of great statesmen to be misunderstood by their countrymen and generation—to be praised or abused for what they did not mean or do and to have the real motives of their policies misunderstood. Bis-

To rule England from Calcutta seemed to him more statesmanlike than to rule India from London; hence his brilliant acquisition of the Suez Canal shares, which has secured for him the virtual control of Egypt; for this was only a preparatory step to the declaration of the Queen as Empress of India. Hence his subsequent support of Turkey, which had for its secret object the acquisition of Cyprus and of a second way to India; for with the seat of government at Calcutta it would be of the utmost importance to have several secure ways of communication with so important a dependency as the British Islands.

But a great statesman in these days, when public stupidity so often prevents the realization of the best conceptions of genius, must have two strings to his bow. The Empress might rule from Calcutta, or, perhaps, better yet, from Jerusalem; but if this plan should fail Lord Beaconsfield had yet another

capable of reclamation, and it is on this portion that the Duke has boldly commenced his operations. He began with the intention of reclaiming 1,000 acres annually. That purpose has not been fully carried out; but, according to the latest accounts, at least 3,000 acres of what was formerly waste wilderness are now laid out in smiling farms, laden with healthy green crops and golden grain. Upwards of 20 steam engines and 400 men are now continually employed in the work. The land is torn up by steam; huge roots of trees and great boulders are extracted from the soil, as if they were colossal teeth, by steam power; steam engines are constantly employed in dragging huge sleds, laden with stones and roots, across the plain. Dynamite is used to shatter the boulders and roots that are too heavy for transportation in the mass. After the land is ploughed and broken up it is drained and limed and manured after the

THE BISHOP OF ANGERS ANSWERING M. GAMBETTA.

The Bishop of Angers, Monsignor Freppel, has lost no time in taking up the challenge flung down by M. Gambetta. The Clerical papers of Paris lately published a letter from him to the Republican leader, in which he joins issue with the proposal to subject the candidates for ordination to military service. The following extracts will give the gist and an idea of the spirit of this episcopal letter: "It seems it is from your utterances that we must gain a clue to the future. However humiliating such a necessity be for a Frenchman, still, mindful of the honor of his country, one has to read you in order to fight you. What you now aim at is persecution, and this at a time when a general pacification seems imminent. You declare war against us at the very time when even Protestant States seem anxious to avoid a struggle with the Church. You tell us that there is a clerical question arising out of the relations between Church and State. Give me leave to tell you that that question was settled at the commencement of the century by a concordat, and that by tearing up that fundamental compact you will let loose on your country disasters of which neither you nor I are likely to see the end. You seek to exclude from the magistracy, the administration, and the army all who do not share your opinions, and dare to talk of liberty. Forgetting that you yourself were educated at a religious school (*petit seminaire*), you charge the clergy with promoting ignorance in order to trade upon it. You say that Jesuitism ever thrives in the distress and misfortunes of our country. You are the last man in the world who should dare to say that. Where would you be now but for the disasters of France? Her ruins proved to you a pedestal. Out of the wreck of her greatness you made a stepping stone to power. You changed our debt into an irremediable catastrophe. You told in language which aims at wit, of thousands of priests in nothy garb who have no country of their own. These priests are in the service of your fellow-citizens from morning till night. They teach the young, nourish the sick, and comfort the poor. They are citizens in virtue of the same right as yourself, and like you and your friends, they have a right to meet, to live in communion, to pray and work in common. Their nationality is undoubted. What right have you to thrust yourself between their consciences and God? The despotism you are striving to establish aims at destroying the freedom of teaching as well as the freedom of religious association. But, more than this, you are preparing to hinder the recruiting of the French clergy by subjecting to military service the pupils of the sanctuary. You aim at destroying the duty of serving one's country. This is done to delude the masses. There are many ways of serving one's country. The teacher who trains youth, the priest who devotes his life to the duties of his ministry, serves his country as usefully as the soldier. You know well that lazarine life is not a fitting school for a minister of religion, and that the qualities required of his servants by the Church are not those of a soldier. You justify us, therefore, in speaking to Catholics, and telling them that what you aim at is the destruction of religion, and you would add insult to injury by clothing persecution in the garb of legality. The Convention did no worse. It may be, however, that your threats and aggression will contribute to reconstruct an alliance between those who regard religion as the common ground of action to all men who desire to labor for the good of their country. You have done your country a service, and I am almost tempted to thank you for it."

BRITISH AND FOREIGN ECHOES.

SUMMARY OF THINGS SOCIAL AND POLITICAL IN THE EASTERN HEMISPHERE.

The average revenue of Bosnia in times of peace has been about \$3,000,000, of which about \$900,000 went to Constantinople and the rest was absorbed in the administration of the province.

CAPT. FADDA, a paymaster of infantry, was murdered recently in his rooms on the Via del Carbonara, Rome, by an assassin, who cut him almost to pieces with a two-edged poniard. The murderer was a stranger to his victim, and it is thought to have been the instrument of a vendetta.

The long series of fearful catastrophes in English mines has aroused the Miners' National Union, which is demanding a radical change in the law, which seems to afford no guarantee of safety to working miners.

A NUMBER of Austrian men-of-war assembled before the Town Council Hall in Trieste, the other day, and shouted "Death to Italy!" "Death to King Humbert!" and repeated the cries before the Italian consulate. Several persons were wounded in the street fight which followed. The incident is considered to be of grave importance.

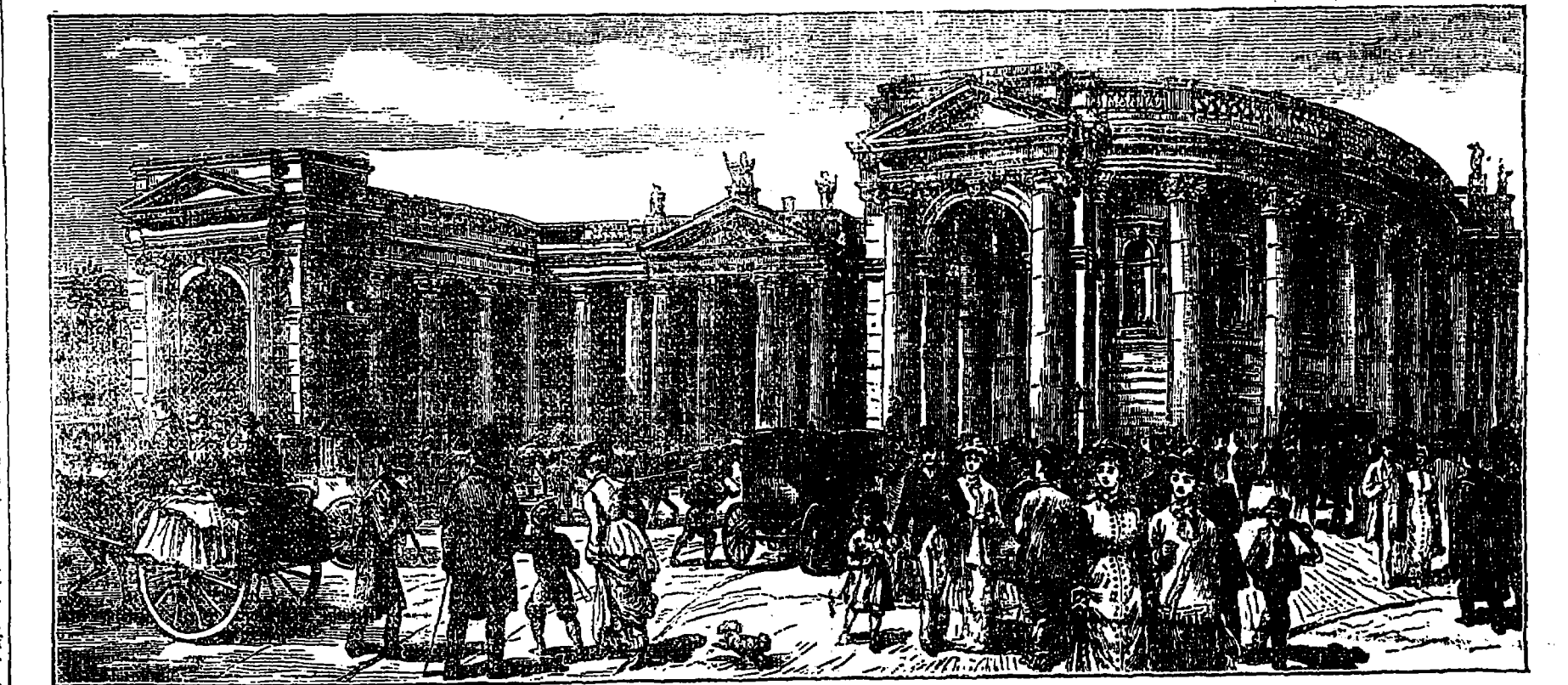
One of the most reliable medicines for headache is Dr. Harvey's Anti-bilious and Purgative Pills.

A terrible thing is a pain in the small of the back; it may come from disordered kidneys, from a cold or a wrench. But in all cases BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA and Family Liniment, well rubbed in, will afford instantaneous relief, and ultimately remove the cause of the trouble.

This is a season of the year when children teething are almost sure to have dysentery and diarrhoea. BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA is a never-failing remedy. It not only relieves the child from pain, but invigorates the stomach and bowels, corrects acidity, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. It will almost instantly relieve griping in the bowels and wind colic. Mothers, don't fail to procure it.

It has been discovered by a close observer that, heaped cheeks, are invariably men who have hairless lips. It takes a mousethatch to awe a female.

The next invention that Edison is to attempt is a machine that will keep a woman's eyes closed during prayer time in church, when a pew in front contains a woman with a new dress on.



THE IRISH PARLIAMENT BUILDING (NOW THE BANK OF IRELAND.)

services rendered on different occasions. My life was happy and carefree, as that of other boys generally, until I was about fifteen, when a serious dispute arose between my parents, owing to jealousy. This my father decided by selling her to a wandering tribe of Turkomen for a mere nominal sum. It was thus I lost my mother, nor have I ever seen or heard of her since. Shortly afterwards my father got another wife, and from whatever cause I cannot say, my life then became a misery to myself. She constantly persecuted me, and also invited my father to do the same; so, becoming disgusted with home life, I arose one morning early, and stealing her purse, which contained only a few *krans*, I kicked the dust from off my feet and went out into the cold and gloomy morning. Passing out of the town, I travelled along towards Khojeh Saleh, with what purpose I did not know just then. Shortly afterwards I came upon a lot of howling dervishes proceeding in the same direction, and going up to one of them, explained my situation. He desired me to wait for the present, and that at the next halt he would introduce me to their chief, the celebrated Sheikh Mohammed, a name well known around there for sanctity and good works. True to his word, at the next halt I was introduced to the venerable Sheikh, and with a palpitating heart I recounted my history and hopes of becoming a humble follower of his. Holding out his lean, withered hand, he desired me to deposit all my worldly goods therein. This I did immediately, and I thought that rather a disagreeable shadow passed over his venerable countenance, and that his grey beard twitched rather strangely at the smallness of the sum; but, recovering himself, he seized the amount, and calling my first friend desirous until he take care of me for the present until he thought fit to admit me to the mysteries of the order. My guardian for the time was named Ismail Aga, and was really a kind and gentle creature; but the venerable Sheikh Mohammed, who appeared in some way or the other to consider me his personal follower and attendant, worked me up to such an extent that I became disgusted with the life. I then led, and only looked out for the first opportunity to escape. They watched me so closely that it was some days before I could find the chance. On our arrival at Khojeh Saleh, it was resolved that there should be a halt of several days, in order to give the benefit of our intended and venerable Sheikh's advice to the people surrounding. This I thought to be a good opportunity, and, while looking around the town, came across an old Indian *faqir*, with whom I made acquaintance. He detailed to me the delights and riches of Hindostan to such an extent that I offered to accompany him there. He accepted the offer, and that night we started together for Sarakh, from thence by the Bobs Pass to Herat, Sabzar, Candahar, through the Hojak Pass to Quetta, through the Bolan Pass and by Dedar to Shikarpore. From thence we traversed Scinde, and taking an Indian boat, reached the foot of Surat. Here we remained for some time until one morning my companion disappeared. After waiting for some days for his appearance, but without effect, I came to the conclusion to shift for myself, so set out for the interior of the country. To relate my Indian experiences would be superfluous to you as you are an Indian Sultan yourself, but passing through Andore, Agra, Delhi, Lahore, the Khyber and Cabul I eventually reached here. This, although said in few words, cost

me many hard years journeying on foot and at great distress, with many an anxious and dangerous escapade; all of which, by the mercy of Vishnu and Rama, I have come through so far with safety. He thus concluded his story, but added, in addition, that he would give me little detailed descriptions of several of his individual adventures during the remainder of our journey, and that I need not fear, as he had taken me under his special guidance.

Lord Beaconsfield saw long ago what Mr. Gladstone has but lately begun to perceive, and what other so-called English statesmen are still unable to see, that England, to use a famous phrase of the *London Times*, "is a famous totters at the apex of her greatness." She is like an old man retiring from business to live on his fortune. She is no longer able to run successfully in the race with other younger and more energetic though less wealthy nations; to use a Western phrase, she "has lost her grip," and it was because Earl Russell saw this that a dozen years ago he gave his countrymen the famous advice to "rest and be thankful." Her trade is departing; her commercial supremacy is threatened from half a dozen quarters; her manufacturers maintain themselves in foreign markets largely by turning out shoddy products; her finances are threatened with disorder; her people are overtaxed; her armaments are too costly for even her wealth; she is too deeply mortgaged to keep up her style of living, and Lord Beaconsfield, saw, with the eagle eye of genius, that "rest and be thankful" policy could only drag his country down in a few years to the level of Holland—once, like England, the Mistress of the Seas; now for many years a retired widow, living comfortably on her moderate fortune, but no longer a leader in business or society.

How to prevent so humbling a descent into obscurity has been the study of Lord Beaconsfield, and the blind and ignorant of his countrymen have increased the natural difficulties of the task he has assumed. Reviewing the course of his administration, we see that his first thought was to make Great Britain a Greater Britain, and to make the way for the removal of the royal family and the government to India. To rule the hundreds of millions of Hindostan, from a decaying London, he saw was too much like an attempt to make the tail wag the dog; he remembered that the ruling family of Portugal—once, like England, a great maritime nation—saved themselves by a timely removal to Brazil; he doubtless believed that he could prevent the blunder of the Burgundians, who surrendered their life to the Louis d'Or when they emigrated

She might rule from Canada; Ottawa, if not Calcutta, might become the fit seat of government for the British Empire; and behold a second stroke of genius—the Princess Louise is sent with her husband to occupy the ground, provisionally, of course, and to feel the way, as it were. Our Canadian neighbors are loyal to the core; they will be all the more fiercely loyal when they see one of the royal family among them, and we have no doubt they would enthusiastically receive all the rest, and the government to boot. The Dominion is a country of vast extent; two oceans are its boundaries, and a railroad through the wilderness is to connect them with Valentin Couver's Island in Iron Bonds and Bird Van-dervander's Island in the Dominion, like India, has a burdensome public debt, but the Canadians, like the Hindoos, are an industrious and thrifty people, and they have some valuable natural resources, such as the fish-eries, for twelve years' use of only a small share in which they think we ought to pay them fourteen or fifteen millions.

We are sorry to say it, but those brilliant plans of Beaconsfield seem to us inadequate. Neither of them, as he doubtless sees, can more than temporarily tide over a difficulty. They are as delusive as the old woman's device, who thanked Heaven that she had been able to borrow enough money to pay all her debts. There is but one real cure for the British difficulty, and we have sometimes thought that Mr. Gladstone was dimly beginning to see it. There is but one way to save England, and that is annexation to the United States. We have not space now to discuss the great merits of this plan, or to point out how the march of democratic ideas in England leads to this conclusion and none other. We are not certain that the American people, who have rejected Cuba and will not have Mexico, would consent to receive England into our communion of States; the advantages would be greatly on her side. But at any rate we have no doubt Secretary Evarts would readily correspond with Lord Beaconsfield on the subject, and if necessary, pave the way with his accustomed urbanity for England to knock at the doors of Congress for admission to the Union. There she would be safe, and in these times it is a good deal to be merely safe.

HIGHLAND WASTE LANDS.

(London Times, September 28.)

The question whether it is possible to turn what are called the waste lands of the Highlands to permanent and profitable account for the purposes of agriculture is, as your readers know, at present being put to the test of experiment on an extensive scale in Sutherlandshire. About six years ago the Duke of Sutherland entered on a great scheme for the reclamation of a wide expanse of moorland and morass in the neighbourhood of Loch Shin. His main object is to increase the amount of arable land on his extensive property, so as to raise sufficient food for the inhabitants in cereals, and sufficient turnips and pasture to enable the tenants of sheep farms to feed and fatten their flocks at home all winter. He hopes thereby also to make the land capable of maintaining a larger population of thriving inhabitants than at present. His Grace's estates are estimated to cover 1,176,837 acres, but of this only 26,837 are at present under cultivation, leaving 1,150,000 uncultivated. That is, given up to sheep and deer and other kinds of game. Most of this uncultivated land is rock and scrub; but it is estimated that at least 50,000 acres are

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