



# CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

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## THE EDITOR.

The editor who wills to please  
Must humbly crawl upon his knees,  
And kiss the hands that beat him;  
Or, if he dare attempt to walk,  
Must to the mark that others chalk,  
And cringe to all that meet him.

Says one, your subjects are too grave—  
Too much morality you have—  
Too much about religion;  
Give me some witch or wizard tales,  
With slipshod ghosts, with fins and scales,  
Or feathers, like a pigeon.

I love to read, another cries,  
Those monstrous fashionable lies—  
In other words, those novels,  
Composed of kings and queens and lords,  
Of border wars, and Gothic herdes  
That used to live in hovels.

No, no, cries one, we've had enough  
Of such confounded love-sick stuff  
To craze the fair creation;  
Give us some recent foreign news,  
Of Russians, Turks—the Greeks and Jews,  
Or any other nation.

The man of drilled scholastic lore  
Would like to see a little more  
In scraps of Greek or Latin;  
The merchants rather had the price  
Of Southern indigo and rice,  
Of lumber, silk, or satin.

Another cries, I want more fun,  
A witty anecdote or pun,  
A riddle or a riddle;  
Some long for missionary news,  
And some—for worldly, carnal views—  
Would rather hear a fiddle.

The critic, too, of classic skill,  
Must dip in gall his gander quill,  
And scrawl against the paper;  
Of all the literary fool,  
Bred in our colleges and schools,  
He cuts the salient caper.

Another cries, I want to see  
A jumbled-up variety—  
Variety in all things;  
A miscellaneous hodge-podge print,  
Composed—I only give the hint—  
Of multifarious small things.

I want some marriage news, says Miss,  
It constitutes my highest bliss  
To hear of weddings plenty;  
For in a time of general rain  
None suffer from a drought, 'tis plain,  
At least not one in twenty.

I want to hear of deaths, says one,  
Of people totally undone  
By losses, fire, or fever;  
Another answers, full as wise,  
I'd rather have the fall and rise  
Of racoon skins and beaver.

Some signify a secret wish  
For now and then a savory dish  
Of politics to suit them;  
But here we rest at perfect ease,  
For should they swear the moon was cheese  
We never should dispute them.

Or grave or humorous, wild or tame,  
Lofty or low, 'tis all the same,  
Too haughty or too humble;  
And every editorial weight  
Has not to do but what is right,  
And let the grumbler grumble.

## ENGLAND AND THE WAR

The present Governments have more than once suffered under the serious misfortune of being misunderstood. They do something to which a particular significance is at once attached by the public at home and abroad—a significance which, it is proper to add, would in ordinary circumstances be rightly so attached—and weeks or even months pass by before it is discovered that a false impression has been formed of the meaning of the step that had been taken, and an undeserved credit or discredit bestowed upon the Ministry in consequence. A declaration of the truth is at last made, and many persons look awkward and foolish. Sending the fleet to Besika Bay in the early summer of last year was thus misconstrued all over Europe. In the Houses of Parliament themselves, members, friends of the Ministers, quoted that act, without rebuke or correction, as the proof of the adoption of a policy that was subsequently shown never to have been entertained. We might refer to other examples of this kind of action of the Ministers, but it is needless to recall them. They are recollected, and it is well that they should be recollected, for by the light of such examples we may reduce to its true proportions the step of the Government, which would otherwise in the most imminent danger of being misunderstood. It is announced that on the day of which Parliament now stands prorogued—the 17th of January—the two Houses will meet for the despatch of business. This is nearly three weeks before the usual time for the re-assembling of the Legislature, and the first impulse of all men must be to believe that something of extreme importance has required his anticipation of the customary date. We cannot deny that with most Ministries this would be a reasonable conclusion. If the members of the Legislature are to be brought up from the country thus prematurely it must be

because the Ministers of the Crown have a message to deliver that cannot be delayed. Money must be wanted to support some step which her Majesty, in the exercise of her royal prerogative, has taken upon the advice of her Ministers. This is the Constitution process. A message from the Crown is read, stating what has been done, and expressing complete confidence in the support of a faithful Parliament. If the imagination of men—Englishmen and foreigners—jumps to the conclusions that what has thus happened before is about to happen again they cannot be greatly blamed; but we are persuaded their conclusions will be far in advance of the truth. Parliament will not meet to enforce some resolution that has been formed by the Ministers of the Crown; it more probably meet to spare Ministers the trouble of forming a resolution. We cannot conceal the opinion that it is at this time most unfortunate that the policy of Her Majesty's Ministers should be distinctly understood by no man. This is a complaint uttered in the most opposite quarters. Those who are most furious in their jealousy and animosity towards Russia are even more bitter in their condemnation of the uncertainty of the Ministerial counsels than those who rejoice in the manifest breaking up of the Ottoman Empire in Europe, and only envy Russia the privilege of being the sole agent in bringing about this disruption. No one can pretend to declare with precision what the Ministry may be thinking of doing, and it is thus open to everyone to attribute to them any fanciful designs. We have always accepted the declarations of Mr. Cross, of Lord Derby, and of Sir Stafford Northcote, in the spirit in which they were delivered, as plain and straightforward statements of the Ministerial policy, but they were necessarily no more than leading principles capable of development in many and different directions. It is on this account that the anticipation of the meeting of Parliament, although by no more than three weeks, must prove the exciting cause of so many mischievous rumours. Who can say what the Turks themselves will think of it? They have not felt grateful to England up to the present time, for their expectations have been continually disappointed, but they may easily believe that at last the moment is come when the former policy of the United Kingdom will regain the ascendancy so that they are about to be saved from the destruction that seemed imminent. Such a persuasion on their part would be unmixing mischief. The hope we have had of a speedy termination of the war rested on the belief that the Turks could not avoid seeing that they were fairly overcome, and that it was their best course, with no help at hand, to agree with their adversaries quickly. There is a real danger that this hope may now be altogether scattered. Unless Mr. Layard is instructed to tell the Turks, in the clearest and most peremptory terms, that there is no intention to help them will constitute the early meeting of Parliament as indicating such an intention, and will be angry and resentful, in a corresponding degree, when they are undeceived. We shall of course know on the 17th of January what is the explanation of this assembling of Parliament three weeks before the usual time, but it would for the benefit of England and of Europe if some authoritative declaration could be earlier given. Lord Stratford might prove his utility a second time by picking up some companions and "interviewing" Lord Derby at the Foreign Office. It will be asked at Constantinople what the calling of Parliament together can mean if it is not to support the Crown in aiding Turkey in her last extremity. No such explanation is necessary. The crisis of this great war is evidently at hand, and the Ministers, who have been unanimous in their determination to wait for the future as long as it could be waited for, are a little embraced by the conviction that further postponement is rapidly becoming impossible. It will be a comfort to them to have Parliament about them when the final hour is reached, and as Parliament stood prorogued until the 17th of January it was an easy resolution to determine that it should then and there meet for the despatch of business. If the Ministers of the Crown call Parliament together in order to rest upon it, what kind of support may they expect to receive? It was made sufficient evident during the last session that the determination of the House of Commons was to keep altogether aloof from the contest in the East. Neither Mr. Gladstone's authority nor his eloquence prevailed to convert reluctant members to join in the enterprise of coercing Turkey into submission to the demands of the United Powers, but it was clear that there was an equally strong repugnance to do anything that might directly or indirectly have the effect of upholding the threatened domination. The Porte was to be left to its chances, subject only to the condition that we should not neglect to consult our interests if the possession of Constantinople or the passage of the Straits came

under discussion. There can be no valid reason for a change in this policy, except the near prospect that the territory specified will be occupied by the Russians, and either annexed to their dominion or disposed of in some way prejudicial to our interests and rights. What has happened that was not known and expected when the purposes of the Government were last declared by a Cabinet Minister? By the time Parliament meets the Government will, perhaps, be able to show that in some way our interests are attacked; but for the present the country, however irritated at Russian ambition and Servian treason, cannot believe itself in any danger.—Times.

## THE MEXICAN TROUBLES.

### THE DIFFICULTY EXPLAINED.

During the ten years since Marshal Bazaine embarked for his return voyage to France, and Maximilian was shot, nothing of a political character has occurred in or emanated from Mexico which has given or should occasion ill-feeling on the part of the Government or people of the United States. The successive Presidents, Benito Juarez, Lerdo de Tejada, and Porfirio Diaz, the last of whom seized the chief magistracy one year ago, and still holds it notwithstanding the plots of the Church party, were all liberals, and all have shown the utmost desire not only for peace, but for the most friendly relations with this country. Whatever difficulties have occurred or may be impending, are attributable wholly to the weakness of the central authority, and the strength of the horse and cattle thieves, white, Indian, and mestizo, on the Rio Grande. These difficulties are of a very varied character, owing to the diverse population and opportunities along the extensive border.

The present excitement arises from causes with no international significance, and of small original importance even in the secluded locality concerned, El Paso county. Between the geographically Texan but intrinsically Mexican town of San Elizario, not far from the line of New Mexico, and the abandoned but to be restored Fort Quitman, lie extensive salt marshes, which for all historic time have been common property, where all the farmers and rancheros on both sides of the river freely gathered all the salt they required. Lately some enterprising speculators took up the land from the State in the usual manner and now charge a "royalty" of a dollar or some smaller sum per waggon load. This has occasioned conflicts between the owners and the incensed and saltless people, some of whom come from the neighbouring Mexican State of Chihuahua but much the larger part are residents of San Elizario and vicinity on our side, the population there being to a large extent of Mexican birth, and having little regard either for the laws of the United States or any law whatever. There is nothing in this struggle between smart capitalists and stubborn squatters or poachers which might not occur in many thinly-populated parts of the United States, and it is to be settled in the usual way—by police, if strong enough, and if not, by the army. That the extent of the riot requires the aid of the regular army has no more to do with the so-called Mexican question than did the strike of railroad employees last summer in West Virginia, and of coal miners in Pennsylvania.

Passing down the stream of the dividing river a long-continued source of annoyance has existed in the incursions of the Mesquero Apaches and a band of Comanches, who habitually occupy a region in Chihuahua, and have often raided into Texas by the ford at Presidio del Norte, hiding themselves from pursuit in the inaccessible defiles of the Sierra Blanca. Many horses and mules have been carried off in these sudden incursions, and even Government transportation trains captured. These Indians, now suffering from famine produced by want of rain in their old home, have made friends with the tribes south of the Rio Grande, between Fort Duncan and San Carlos and shifting their line of operations have added to the depredations made on the Texas side by the latter, who are Lipans and Kickapoos. Though the first named of these bodies comprises not more than one hundred and twenty-five souls, and the Kickapoos about two hundred—who have made their escape to the far south after being hustled by our national Government all the way from Lake Superior, and now pay back the favors received—their regular practice of crossing over to supply themselves with horses at every new moon, choosing the "dark side to come and the light to return," has been a serious and hitherto uncontrollable evil. It would, however, be unfair to charge it to the negligence, and still more to the intention, of the Government of Mexico, it being simply a part of the troublesome Indian problem, regarding which our country cannot for very shame take high ground. We do not now keep the settlers in our Black Hills secure from Indian attacks, and when Sitting Bull's warriors come again on the warpath from beyond our northern frontier, we probably shall not declare war against Great Britain if the Dominion authorities have done their best to prevent the continuance of incursions from their side of the border, though doubtless we shall expect more efficient aid from the Governor-General than we know is possible from a perplexed Mexican president struggling dully with internal treason, the rallying cry for which is his sympathy with the United States and desire for a fair commercial treaty.—N. Y. Nation.

## MICHAEL DAVITT'S LIFE IN PRISON.

The London correspondent of the *Freeman* gives the following particulars of the treatment in prison of Michael Davitt, the political prisoner whose release was announced the other day. Mr. Davitt was, as will be recollected, tried for what is called treason-felony, and during the seven years and five months which have elapsed since

his imprisonment commenced has been treated with exceptional severity. Most of his applications to see visitors, in accordance with the rules, were peremptorily refused, without any reason being given, and on one occasion, for some trifling breach of discipline, he was violently seized by several warders, and every hair on his face cut off. It is not necessary now to go into the full details which Mr. Davitt gives of his discipline. On the subject he will, I believe, address a large meeting at an early day. But the incidents attending his release will be read with general interest. On Wednesday morning, at 10.30, he was busy in Dartmoor Prison wash-house. Here he had been put to turn the handle of a wringing machine, and as Mr. Davitt has lost his right arm, the task was one which bore heavily upon him, the machine, of course; having been intended for a man with two arms. At the hour stated a warder entered the room, and said, "Davitt, put your jacket on, and come this way." Mr. Davitt says—At this time I was very busy, sweating, in fact, at my work, and I thought Mr. Ryan had come to visit me. I was taken to the governor's office. He said to me: "Davitt, on several occasions I have spoken to you about how good conduct in prison is rewarded, and I am very happy to say that the Secretary of State has taken your case into consideration and I have now the pleasure of telling you that your good conduct has met with its reward. I have received a communication from the Secretary of State to the effect that you are to be discharged on a ticket-of-leave for the remaining portion of your sentence." It need hardly be said that the prisoner was rejoiced by the news. The governor next turned to the warders present and said, let him be photographed, and send him off at once." This was done promptly. The prisoner had a suit of clothes given him, £3 put in his pocket, as well as the ticket-of-leave. He was taken to the railway station and sent off to London. "These," says Mr. Davitt, "were the circumstances attending my release. I cannot pretend now to tell you how high-spirited I felt at regaining my liberty. I rejoice even in the muddy streets of London. I have spent seven years and five months in jail. I have done their best during all these years to injure my health and to break my spirit, but I left prison as good an Irishman as I entered it."

## INCIDENTS OF THE SIEGE OF PLEVNA.

Skobloff's wound was not dangerous, but would have been were it not that on both occasions when he was struck he was wearing a thick double sheepskin coat, which turned the rifle ball and prevented the fragment of shell doing more than rip the flesh. Skobloff rode away to visit the Czar and I having breakfasted with his staff, sallied out with his chief, Col. Kerouput Kine to view the positions so gallantly taken and so obstinately defended on the night of the 9th and morning of the 10th. As I scrambled knee-deep in mud up the steep sides of the "Mont Vert," I could but wonder to myself how, under the pitiless fire of the Turkish regulars, the Russians had succeeded at all in making good their hold on the summit. Arriving on the crest I had a glimpse at a corner of the Turkish position, but as it was dangerous work to lift even for a moment one's head above the cover of the pit, no view could be got worth describing. Still, what I did witness, and will endeavor to tell you of, was one of those little episodes of war which strike home its horrors to the heart more deeply than a day's wholesale slaughter. From the Turkish lines stole out five men, crouching, creeping, and running over the broken ground between the lines toward a field of maize, distant some 800 yards from their starting-point. Their rifles were in their left hands, and every now and then, thinking themselves safe from Russian ken, they would stop as though to see who of them should go on first, and then went on again all of them together. Their object evidently was to gain a cornfield about 150 yards from the spot where Kerouput Kine and I were living, and gather the standing ears, then make back with them to feast on with their comrades in their trenches. But alas from them, in this very cornfield the Russians had their rifle pits—it was all over in less time than it takes to write! As the five on hands and knees got amid the corn the Russians leaped from the trenches in which they were hid, and in a moment, four Turks were quivering under their bayonets. The fifth man had presence of mind enough to fling from him his rifle, and such was his agony of fear and the strength lent by it, that the piece flew some fifty yards. He was pushed down with the butt end of a rifle and brought in a prisoner. He told us that hunger had compelled some 50 facing us within the Turkish trenches to draw lots of five as to who should go out and gather from the field in their front bags full of ears of Indian corn and to these unlucky five the chance had fallen.

In the earlier part of the day, whilst I was breakfasting with the staff, as already mentioned, a little detail of war occurred which, though of no importance in itself, serves to mark the character of war, and bring out its sufferings and the callousness to the fate of others which it must of necessity engender even in the kindest of dispositions.

A young, good-looking sub-lieutenant of some twenty years or so, presented himself with a military salute before our breakfast table, holding in his hand his coat-tail riddled with bullet-holes, and explained that as junior artillery officer of his battery he had been ordered to climb a tree to direct and mark the fire on a newly constructed redoubt thrown up by the Turks and out of sight from the ground level, that he had been up there two hours the latter part of which he had been the target of some four Turkish sharpshooters, who were gradual ly improving their practice, and he thought that he had had enough of it and begged to be relieved. Everybody laughed as the colonel, chief of the staff, ordered him back again to his post, to remain until he fell or was called down. And as I laughed too, in chorus, not quite understanding for the moment what the matter was—of life and of death—he gave me as he took himself off to obey an "Et tu Brute" look that I shall not forget. As we rode back a few drops of rain began to fall, and a biting cold

wind from the east, made itself felt even through the warm furs in which I was wrapped. An hour later and the whole country had changed so as to be no longer recognizable, the few drops having increased to a steady down-pour of driving rain and sleet, turning the hollows of the roads into very lakes, and the sides of the hills into miry-sodden mud, in which the lightest trading horse sank to the knees.—London Standard.

## WILLIAM THE THIRD NOT AN ORANGEMAN.

There was an extensive celebration of the 187th anniversary of the battle of the Boyne by the Orangemen of Ireland. They should change their name, for there was nothing in the ideas or the conduct of William the Third, King of England, and Prince of Orange Nassau, that is expressed by their designation. He was a Protestant, but he was not a bigot, and he was the very reverse of a persecutor. Could he have had his way the Catholics among his subjects would have stood on the same footing with Protestants; and those infamous laws that were enacted after the Revolution of 1688 for the oppression of the native Irish never would have disgraced humanity. William was so far from being a bigoted enemy of Catholics that he often was in alliance with great Catholic potentates, and thousands of Catholics were among the soldiers who served under him at Namur, Steinkirk, and Landen. One of his allies was Charles the Second, King of the Spaniards and the Indies, and head of the senior branch of the House of Hapsburg, a line noted for unbroken attachment to the old faith. Another was the Emperor Leopold the First, head of the junior branch of the Hapsburg family, and a Catholic of the extreme views. A third was the Elector of Bavaria, chief of the Wittelsbachs, historical champions of Catholicism. A fourth was the Duke of Savoy; and even Pope Innocent the Eleventh himself sympathized with William in the last war he waged against the Catholic Louis the Fourteenth of France. At one time "the Catholic" Spanish King invited William to assume the office of governing the Low Countries, which formed part of the King's dominions. These facts do not show that the Catholics of William's time regarded him as being a bitter foe of themselves and their religion. He was, indeed, though a Calvinist and a predestinarian, one of the most liberal-minded of men, and far in advance of his age on the grand question of toleration; and his Dutch *Orangeman* embodies the very idea of religious freedom. Yet this very Dutch designation of his has been used to obtain a name by the Orangemen, who are bigotry incarnate! A more whimsical piece of perversion never was known—and it never was known until long after William had left the world; for the Orange Order dates only back to 1795, and William died in 1702. Had an attempt been made to found that fraternity in his time he would have forbidden it to the use of that title of which he was more proud than he was of his royal English title; and were he living now he would be the very last of men to enter an Orange Lodge, or in any way to encourage Orangism, as that word is at present understood. Were the advocates of despotism to form a brotherhood, and take their corporate name from John Hampden, they could not be guilty of a worse perversion of truth than are the men who give to a bigoted brotherhood a name derived from that most glorious of all titles—the Prince of Orange.—Boston Traveler.

## ONE LIFE FOR FIVE.

SISTER S., of the Order of Trojes, needs no adjectives. It would be a waste of breath to call her a woman of sublime courage and superhuman heroism. The Paris papers do not even publish her name; but that is well, for it would not look well in columns that are stained and blurred with the names of miserable sinners. This was what she did: She had taken some sick children out for a walk in the country, the eldest being only eight years of age, and they were suddenly assailed by a sheep-dog, whose jaws were running with foam. She instantly saw the danger of her charges, and resolutely interposing between the terrified children and the furious animal, bravely stood its attack. She was severely bitten, and the dog, excited by the cries of the children, endeavored to rush upon them. Protecting with her body the children, who hung upon her petticoats, shrieking with terror, this brave girl threw herself courageously on the dog, and for ten minutes grappled it, rolling over with it, and thrusting her hand into his mouth to prevent it biting the children. Some peasants, who came up at last, beat off and killed the dog. The Sister was found to have fifteen deep wounds on her hands and lacerated arms. Skillful care was given to her wounds, and for a short time after her return to Paris there was some hope that she might escape the ultimate fate which there was so much reason to fear. In a week or two hydrophobia in all its characteristic symptoms appeared, and Sister S. died from this fearful disease. She had saved five lives.—New York Tribune.

## THE IRISH HOME RULE LEAGUE.

POSTPONEMENT OF THE CONFERENCE.

A meeting of the Conference Committee was held at the offices of the League, 24, D'Offier Street, on Tuesday, 18th December, at four o'clock p.m.—Rev. Joseph A. Galbraith, F.T.C. D., in the chair. Also present—John O. Blunden, P. Callen, M.P.; William Dillon, B.L.; Patrick Egan, A. J. Kettle, T. D. Sullivan, and T. H. Webb. Moved by Mr. Sullivan, seconded by Mr. Egan, and unanimously resolved—"That representations having been received from members of Parliament and others, showing that a later date than the 22nd of January, 1877, for the holding of the Home Rule Conference would better suit the general convenience, the date be postponed to Tuesday, the 29th day of the same month."