

The True Witness

AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE, PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY,

761 CRAIG STREET.

M. W. KIRWAN—EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR. TERMS—\$2.00 per annum—in Advance

MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, MAY 1.

CALENDAR—MAY, 1878.

- WEDNESDAY, 1—St. Philip and James Apostles. THURSDAY, 2—St. Athanasius, Bishop, Confessor and Doctor of the Church. Sir Cahit O'Doherty's rising, 1608. FRIDAY, 3—FINDING OF THE HOLY CROSS. SS. Alexander, Pope, and Companions, Martyrs. SATURDAY, 4—St. Monica, Widow. SUNDAY, 5—SNOONS SUNDAY AFTER EASTER. Napoleon died in St. Helena 1821. MONDAY, 6—St. John before the Latin Gate. "Native American" riots in Philadelphia, 1844. TUESDAY, 7—St. Stanislaus, Bishop and Martyr. Monster Meetings at the Curragh of Kildare, 1844.

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Our Agent, Mr. W. McRae, will shortly call upon our subscribers in Bridgenorth, Downeyville, and Peterborough.

THE NEW DAILY PAPER.

THE TRUE WITNESS.

At last we are to have our DAILY PAPER. After many attempts, and the long expectation of our friends, the consummation so devoutly wished for, is to be realized. Twelve months ago, this very day, the TRUE WITNESS changed hands; to-day it partly changes hands again. A partnership has been formed between the editor and proprietor of yesterday, with three gentlemen of this city, by which the TRUE WITNESS and the new DAILY PAPER are made into a joint proprietary. The new paper will be called the

"EVENING POST"

as originally intended, and the first number will be issued about the middle or latter end of this month, the editor of the TRUE WITNESS retaining the chief editorial chair. THE EVENING POST will be a

COMMERCIAL PAPER,

for which department a special editor will be retained. The POST will be

INDEPENDENT IN POLITICS.

Abuses of all kinds will receive from us such exposures as the interest of the public may require, and while the EVENING POST shall assail no man's religious belief, it will, we trust, combat for FREEDOM FROM INSULT FOR ALL. It will be the open foe of bigotry in every form, and the projectors hope to do some good by enabling men of different beliefs to understand each other better. Hitherto, very often, only one side of the story has been heard, and while the EVENING POST will undoubtedly take sides upon some of the grave issues of the day,—yet when both sides of public issues are heard—much hard feeling is avoided and the road to peace and good citizenship made easier.

Intending subscribers are requested to send in their names at once to the Manager of the EVENING POST PRINTING AND PUBLISHING COMPANY, 761 Craig Street, Montreal.

The TRUE WITNESS, by this arrangement, will become the

WEEKLY EDITION

of the DAILY PAPER, and will be sent out to

our subscribers as usual. Canvassers, duly authorized by the Manager, will, in a few days, call upon the public for subscriptions and advertisements.

THE CURSE OF ORANGEISM.

One "Papist" dead and another dying. One Catholic hurried into the presence of his God, another momentarily expecting the portals of eternity to open and receive his soul. On Thursday, James Harney was walking along Nazareth Street; he has some slight altercation with one Russel, when Russel draws and fires and wounds the "Papist son of a —" to the death. Found red-handed in his crime, there can be no shuffling of evidence in his case, and the Catholics of the Dominion will expect that the full measure of retributive justice will overtake him. And the press, what of it? Nothing new indeed; the press of Montreal leant towards the Orange side again. Star, Witness, Herald Gazette, all, shuffled the issue, and indulged in vague generalities about "the impropriety of carrying arms." There were no ringing denunciations of the "murder," no indignant "citizens," and "Junos" and "Milos" wrote to the press denouncing the ruffian, found fresh and bloody in his crime. All were silent or nearly so. A few clergymen referred to it but in tones of regret, not in language of fiery condemnation. No, no; press and pulpit failed us once again. Every colourable lie that could excuse the deed was flaunted in our faces. We were told that Harney was a rough, and that Russel was a well conducted man. Of course! "The Orange lady and the Catholic female." Men spoke in bated breath of the attempted, and perhaps successful, assassination, "as a drunken row,"

when there was not the shadow of evidence to sustain them. The press brought out every petty incident that could varnish the foul crime and with honied phrases spoke of Russels past, his present, and his future. No word of censure; all were silent, as silent as the grave. The city was not excited, the military was not called out, the public was not in the least alarmed, a "Papist son of a —" had been shot, perhaps to death, and public opinion allowed the "affair" to slide. Mark! there was no revolver found upon him; there was no weapon of any kind in his hand, but there was something in his soul worse, far worse than these,—he was "a Papist son of —" and that was his crime. Well he was brought to the hospital, and there too, he was subjected to an outrage of the most inhuman kind. Lying upon what he appeared to think, and what may turn out to be, his death bed, with, as believed, only a few minutes, or hours, to live; with the assassins bullet lodged in the region of his heart; yet this stricken man Harney, was placed under a cross-examination by the man, who attempted to take his life. If there were any of the authorities present at this outrage they should be made to account for it. He identified Russel; about that identification there was no question, for Russel admitted having fired the shot, and yet the would be assassin was allowed to cross-examine his victim. If this is Canadian justice, the sooner it ceases the better. Meanwhile a day or two passes. The "affair" about Harney is being forgotten. People are not agitated about it for like Scots Highland widow, "with the morning cool reflection came," and then he was only a "Papist son of a —." The "Britons" gave a Concert on Monday last, for the purpose of raising funds to defend the "brethren" who are now awaiting trial for the party disturbances. The Concert was held, and after the Concert a row took place at Wellington Bridge and again a Catholic is shot, this time to the death. The bullet pierced his skull, and in fifteen minutes John Colligan was a corpse, and to the existence of orangeism in our midst the cause must be traced. Now about his death we have little to say. We take our report from another source. For ourselves we know but little, and can express no opinion either as to the origin of the row or the circumstances which lead to his death. The circumstances surrounding them are obscure, and we must await eventualities. But not so in the Harney case. His case is so clear that we shall await with no anxiety the fate of Russel. Unlike Hackett, neither Harney nor Colligan, had arms in their possession. If Colligan intended to attack the Orangemen why was he not armed? Would he venture into a melee against men, all of whom are known to carry arms, while he himself had no weapon of defence? Would he have bearded the armed rowdyism of the Britons, with his fists? As well might he attempt to face a soldier armed cap-a-pie, with "a bare bodkin." But if the circumstances surrounding his death are obscure, there is no obscurity about Harney. His was no shooting affair. Unlike "Brother Hackett" he did not make his last will and testament and deposit it in the keeping of a friend. He was not found with 70 rounds of ammunition in his pocket. He had "no murder in his heart," and did not fire the first shot, or a shot at all, like the vic-

tim of last July. The most that even his assassin could say was that Russel was attacked by Harneys friends, a charge which those friends indignantly deny. And now how is this to end. Gunning-Bell attacked and beaten, a bullet lodged in his body, and all because he was a Catholic walking quietly along the street: Carrey shot in the head by an orangeman who laid in wait for him, and coolly plotted his death: Harney shot almost to death in broad day-light while walking quietly along the street, and now Colligan offered as a halocust to the genius of orangeism. In each case the Catholics were unarmed, while the orangemen were in each case in possession of revolvers. What does all this mean? Is it civil war or is it a broad-cast conspiracy for assassination? Do the Orangemen mean to deluge the land with blood, or are they willing to accept the consequences of goading the Catholics of this Dominion to madness? Under two attempted assassinations we counselled calmness. We said that the man who "committed a crime gave strength to the enemy." But it appears to be unavoidable with our enemies. They threaten us now with an armed invasion. They vow vengeance upon all our heads and declare that they will put 150,000 Orangemen into our midst on next July. From Tuesday's Witness we take the following extract:—

BIGGER AND BIGGER.—A prominent Orangeman informs our reporter that if any interference is made with the Orangemen on the ensuing 12th July in Montreal in the exercise of their lawful rights, there will certainly be an Orange Uprising all over the country, and that there will be fully 150,000 Orangemen in Montreal in less than a week after. The feeling amongst Orangemen all over the country seems to be at fever heat.

Here is treason to the state. The authorities should at once find out who this "prominent Orangeman" is. He incites to civil war, and if there is any law whatever in this country such threats should not be allowed to pass unchallenged. They speak of "equal rights." What are "equal rights?" Is it the right to insult your neighbours; then there are no "equal rights," for we have yet to learn that Protestants say that Catholics offend them. The Witness too calls upon the authorities to protect the Orangemen; yes, to protect them to fling ribald affronts into our faces. The Catholics of Montreal are, we suppose, to pay an annual tax to "protect" Orangemen to "kick the Pope before them." It is too good a joke. But as we said before in these columns, there are, we fear, serious troubles in store for us all. We Catholics, rich and poor, educated and illiterate, are to a man unanimous in our opposition to an organization, whose history overflows with hatred and aggression to everything bearing the impress of our faith. Despised by respectable Protestants in every land, called "Boshi-Bazouks of Ulster," by the London Times, with a loathsome history, Orangeism are raising here a storm which successive generations will carry on from sire to son, until the craft is no more. In this country all men should be free from the feuds which disgraced the pages of Irish history, but we may all rest assured that wherever Orangeism exists and, with serpent's fangs, poisons the young blood of communities, withers up the impulse of men who might otherwise be generous, and creates in the minds of all good citizens a feeling, a repugnance, of pity or contempt. Let no one think that the "croppies" in this free land will ever allow themselves to be treated as their fathers were at one time treated in Ireland. Such an attempt can only end in trouble to us all. With Orangeism there can be no compromise. Between Catholics and Protestants there is no quarrel; between Catholics and Orangeism there is a feud that nothing can appease. To respectable Protestants opinion we would make any concession by which no principle was violated; to Orange opinions we would make no concession, good, bad nor indifferent. Between us there is a war, wherever we meet there is war, and we prefer that war to continue forever rather than abate the smallest concession to their views. Let the Protestants of Montreal speak and we will harken, and as fellow citizens kindly consider any proposal they may make, but keep Orangeism away from us, for it would almost need another SAVIOUR to wipe away their crimes against their Catholic neighbors.

APPOINTMENT.

We notice with pleasure the appointment of Mr. Walker Kavanagh to the General Agency, of the Canada Fire and Marine Insurance Co. The new agent is son of one of our most respected Irish Catholic citizens, Mr. Henry Kavanagh, Inspector of Canadian Customs.

The Company has for the past few years been represented in this city by the late firm of Simpson & Bethune, in whose office Wm. Walter Kavanagh was for five years Inspector and chief clerk. The stock of the Company has been subscribed to in this city to the extent of \$50,000 and the balance is owned by the first commercial men

in the Dominion. The General Manager of the Company at Hamilton, Charles D. Carey, Esq, is well and favorably known as a fine underwriter of good judgment and ability, and in the management of the Company he is assisted by a Board of Directors composed of men of the highest respectability and standing.

In such hands we are sure that this Company will continue to do well, its annual income already amounting to \$207,000, and we feel assured that it is likely to become one of our most successful Canadian Institutions. A local board has been established here which requires no commendation at our hands, composed as it is of gentlemen known to every one of our city, and as business men of integrity and position.

PRECIOUS COLPORTEURS.

Whenever we desory a nondescript of the genus colporteur, we are reminded of a little story, as poor Mr. Lincoln was wont to say.

Once upon a time the Caliph Omar started from Cairo on the pilgrimage to Mecca. Now, everyone knows, or ought to know, that a caravan to Mecca, is called by the Bedouin Arabs, Dummalofoog; that is, "a thing to be preyed upon by everybody." The cunning Caliph, knowing this, placed the crown jewels on the back of a donkey, rightly judging that no properly constituted Bedouin would seize a contemptible ass when there were plenty of heavily laden camels in the train. The way that that ass tried the patience of his master en route was a caution, and it is not surprising that Omar—in spite of the little episode of the Alexandria library—was ever afterwards considered a Hadji of the first class. An ancient counsellor of the monarch illustrated the situation perfectly when he remarked:—"The miserable beast knoweth not the value of the burden he carrieth! Bismallah! is it not an ass?"

It is strange, but we never see a colporteur without being instantly reminded of Omar's donkey and the precious pack on its back.

As a rule, your colporteur is a brand plucked from somewhere or another. He is always an impecunious professor, is the brand. He "gets" religion just at the providential moment when he is sprouting at knees and elbows. Similarly, his hat is eloquent with the "slings and arrows of outrageous fortune." His boots with several open mouths, seem to struggle for tongue with which to denounce the partiality of cruel Fate. His shirt would glare manifest, but he has't got a shirt. In general, his wardrobe is delapidated, and like a political meeting, is breaking up in disorder. His face has a sour look and he stares vengefully into every groggery he passes, for well he knows the base knights of the spiggot have "shut down" on the credit system. He explores desperately, over and over again, every chink and cranny of his pockets, hoping against hope that some kindly sixpence may have concealed itself for some such painful emergency as the present, but his fingers come forth without having "struck file." He ponders with downcast gaze, over his boots, wondering if, by some extraordinary chance, that much desired sixpence may not be lying therein at that very moment. Furtive search; grinding disappointment. Tries the credit dodge but is cast forth with contumely. Sneaks off with less self-respect than the Newfoundland dog across the street has.

A week passes, and there has been a revolution! His clothes are new and so is his religion. Both the one and the other have an Evangelical cut. His hat, though not new, has a certain indescribable halo of sanctity pervading it. And well it should, for it has done duty on a ministerial head for years. Such a relic would pass anyone into heaven. His whole air is cringing, insinuating and deferential. He rubs his hands with pious fervor and tackles small reprobrates at street corners. His vengeful glare at the men of the Spiggot has changed to a pitying glance of charitable forgiveness. He walks the pavement proudly conscious of a mission and sixpence in his pocket, happy result of the penny collection at his beloved Bethel.

The chrysalis bummer of yesterday has been transformed into the gorgeous butterfly colporteur of to-day.

Much training for his peculiar duties is not needed. A certain pious twist of the eyes—a tearful blowing of the nose—a trick of dropping into Bible texts on the slightest provocation—a rotund dwelling upon the "o" in "Popery"—and a general shakiness as from much enthusiasm, fits him out for his trade perfectly.

A bag of Bibles is adjusted to his reluctant back, and forth staggers our interesting Brand on his glorious mission. Here let the good reader recall Omar's donkey and the precious burden that recalcitrant beast carried. Thig-gum-thu?

O! for the pen of Homer wide awake, to sing the triumphs of the heroic man! Behold him creeping down yonder alley, sweating and grunting under his load, like the golden ass

of Apuleius—an Evangelical Atlas with another world on his shoulder! The sun is hot,—he is tired and thirsty. Is it strange, if he curse, with carefully suppressed dudgeon, the untoward destiny which transformed a free and easy tap-room "snoozler" into a laboring Bible ox? He rests against a lamp-post and dreams regretfully of those halcyon days—those Attic nights—when he sought a similar support for a very dissimilar reason. When the lamp-lights, may Diana herself, doubled themselves for his delectation. When he was free to curse the peelers and offer to fight the force for sums ranging from five shillings to five thousand pounds. When the glorious orb of day and the peeler likewise, caught him napping on the soft side of a plank. When "one dollar or eight days" blasted for a while, the poetry of his life, and sent him to roost in a cage whose bars were not gilded. Shall we wonder if poor "translated Bottom" drop a tear over such memories as he shoulders his pack and passes on?

At last he espies a child standing in an entry and he approaches.

"Is your Papa within, my sweet child?" he asks mellifluously.

"Father's not in: he's out," responds the too explicit "sweet child."

"Will you inform your Mamma, little one, that a gentleman wishes to speak to her."

The "little one" looks around as if to discover the "gentleman" referred to, and presently the mother appears on the scene. The gentleman fumbles at his bundle and presently fishes out a specimen of his wares.

"Madam," he exclaims fervently, "take this book! In this book you will find—ah!—you will discover a—a—variety of things. In this book—um—there is Life! Listen unto me! In this—"

Here the apostle suddenly grabs his pack and takes to his heels, for "madam" has put herself on a war-footing and menaces his flanks with a bucket of soap-suds. This is his ordinary reception, though the fluid varies, being sometimes from more objectionable depths.

Now, here is the same adventure related in Evangelical journals:—

"That eminently pious and zealous young disciple, Mr. Longmachie, experiences glorious success in his Bible distribution. There is an extraordinary up-rising among the Papists in favor of Bible Christianity. Children run and inform their parents when the benign form of the colporteur, with his burden, appears, and their reception of the missionary is nothing short of enthusiastic. Old Mrs. B. near K. St., can spell large print very well, but protests against any notes in her Bible, as it interferes with her own proper interpretation thereof; Miss L. near M., is "anxious;" Mr. G. "inquiring;" Madame R. threw half a brick at the priest's horse, so, her fervor may be imagined. She is instant in "searching."

If the truth were told what would become of the contributions, and if the contributions were stopped where would the professors, colporteurs, their wives and children find themselves? But the truth will never be told, and the enthusiastic dudgeons who shell out the wherewithal to support the farce love to be deceived if the deception tally with their prejudices. They fold their arms before their domestic hearths and dream sweet, Evangelical dreams. They see thousands of benighted Papists tearfully, gratefully accepting the Bibles:—they see the dreadful man of sin cloven down by the formidable weapon which they have put in the hands of his miserable followers,—they imagine an Evangelical millennium when the Scarlet Lady shall flee from the seven hills and resounding Bethels raise their lofty heads above the dome of St. Peter's—they see monasteries and convents emptied of their inmates, who rush from midnight vigils and stern mortification into the arms of the world, the flesh and the devil, and, seeing all this, they are happy. Be anything you like, Turk, Jew, Atheist, Mormon or Free Lover, only oppose Popery, and the Evangelical world will receive you with open arms. And, even while the gullible creatures thus dream, the zealous disciple, who is the destined agent of the great transformation, is dodging into secluded rum holes and furtively boiling Evangelical "horns" which are more to his taste than the ten horns of the Beast against which he pretends to wage relentless war.

It is one of the most suggestive things in the world to reflect on this colporteur business, and the principles which set it in motion. If a deist want a Bible, let him go buy it, but the Catholic has it thrust under his nose at every street corner by a set of scurvy vagabonds who—we'll wager two to one—do not know the Lord's Prayer, and whose idea of morals is no higher than that of a Kerry goat. The explanation is quite obvious. The devil never troubles himself about the thousand forms of error, providing it be error. His whole effort is against the Church of Christ. A corrupted Bible serves his purpose better than obscene books, for morals may be mended but a lost faith is seldom or never regained. In a properly constituted state of society, the colporteur and the sanctimonious hypocrites who drive that animal, would be whipped at a cart-tail