

The True Witness.

AND
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MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, OCT. 9.

CALENDAR—OCTOBER, 1878.

THURSDAY, 10—St. Francis Borgia, Confessor.
FRIDAY, 11—Feria.

ATURDAY, 12—Office of the Immaculate Conception. Bp. McFarland, Hartford, died, 1874.

SUNDAY, 13—EIGHTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST. Epist. 1 Cor. 1. 4-9. Gosp. Matt. ix. 1-8. Cons. Abp. Purcell, Cincinnati, 1833.

MONDAY, 14—St. Callistus, Pope and Martyr.
TUESDAY, 15—St. Theresa, Virgin.

WEDNESDAY, 16—St. Edward, King of England, Confessor (Oct. 13).

NEW AGENTS.

Mr. T. B. LEAHY is authorized to solicit and collect subscriptions for the EVENING POST and TRUE WITNESS.

Mr. THOMAS MALONE is our special and agent for Kingston and Portsmouth. He is authorized to solicit and collect subscriptions for the EVENING POST and TRUE WITNESS.

Mr. THOMAS SHEEHAN, of Quebec, is our authorized agent in that city for the sale of the EVENING POST and the collection of subscriptions for the EVENING POST and TRUE WITNESS.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

As the expenses attending the issue of such an enterprise as the EVENING POST are necessarily large, and as for a while we shall rely upon the TRUE WITNESS to pay a part, we trust those of our subscribers in arrears will forward their indebtedness, or pay it over to our agent, who will shortly visit them. We hope our friends will be more cheerfully doing this and help us in our circulation by obtaining for us new readers, seeing that the price of the TRUE WITNESS has been reduced to \$1.50, while in size it has been enlarged four columns, and is now one of the best and cheapest weekly papers on this continent.

GAMBETTA AND HIS FRIENDS.

The leading politicians of France to-day are simply charlatan phrase-makers. They would overturn a dynasty to turn a sentence pleasing to the academy. They put the proletariat on the head with much effusion; but it is the cat's paw upon the poor victim's nose. Such professions as they make; such bombastic appeals to heathen antiquity; such a juggling in of Brutus, Leonidas, Cincinnatus & Co.; such silly atheism and absurd theories; such vanity of words, pomposity of declamation and imbecility of theory, that Anarchists himself and Thyrists combined would hardly furnish the world with a sufficiently striking example of those politicians' chattering idiocy and nonsense.

Voltaire was fond of saying that the Parisian was a mixture of tiger and monkey. If this be true, we can easily understand why Parisians are never so contented as when under a despot. Tigers and monkeys are interesting beasts, but they are best caged. The keeper's whip is the one effective argument whose logic is never questioned. However, we must seek among the mischievous, malicious, tricky little monkeys for a parallel to the "statesmen" who are furnishing mankind at this hour with a "Variety" performance in France, of the first magnitude. Yesterday, they were voting the "dechéance" of Napoleon III., and clamoring for a Republic. Then, cowering and whimpering in their cages, the contemptible poltroons, they screamed for the strong military hand of McMahon to save them from the Commune, which Commune, be it understood, consisted of a few thousand tag, rag and bobtail, led by a handful of bedazzled theorists and dreamy adventurers, and who did as they pleased surrounded by a million and a half of said cowardly poltroons and snivelling effeminate. Afterwards, "Vive la République!" once more, and the millenium generally. To-day "A bas McMahon!" "A bas la République Conservatrice!" "Vive l'Anarchie!" and so on. The miserable, fickle, whimsical creatures of the laughing-stock of the world and the scorn of all honest men!

But the mob of theorists must have a Tribune, and who should be but Gambetta. We should have thought that France had had enough of Corsicans for two centuries to come. The first little Corsican put her into a rather bad "fix"; the last of the tribe left her in a worse. Waterloo and Sedan, as a couple of *souvenirs* of the Corsicans, ought not, we should think, render the name of Corsica especially fragrant in the nostrils of France. But no catastrophe that ever marked the varied annals of France should be for a moment compared with the calamity which shall be brought upon that unhappy land if she give her confidence to that political bandit, that champion of the most advanced Radicalism, the infamous Corsican, Gambetta. He has all the venom and hate that characterized the blood-sucker Robespierre. All he wants is the opportunity. Bind France at the feet of Gambetta to-morrow, and the crimson page of '93 will pale beside the bloody tragedy of his Radical rule. He lulls the conscience of France to sleep by affecting moderation, in

order that he may the more securely encompass his destructive designs. Foolish France seems to be mesmerized by the bold, bad man and his friends. Well, she will awake with a start some of these days, and find herself bound hand and foot to the Juggernaut Car of the Revolution.

The one great grievance of Gambetta and his English and American newspaper advocates, is, it is almost needless to say, the Catholic Church, or, as they term it in their revolutionary, beer-shop slang, "Clericalism." If they came out boldly and said "the Catholic Church," stupefied consciences, not wholly dead, might be startled; but "Clericalism" is one of those vague, undefinable expressions, which, meaning anything or nothing, just suits the revolutionary vocabulary, and quiets uneasy minds who retain some remnants of Catholicity, and a lingering attachment to that faith which made their childhood happy. In the metaphysics of Atheism and common sense. He who is the greatest master of jingling generalities will never want followers in this most enlightened of all enlightened ages. And so Monsieur Gambetta revels at the head of the blackguard indifference of France, just as Bismarck is "half fellow well met" with the rascally German rabble, who will cut his throat at the first opportunity.

It is the misfortune of France, and some other nations to which we shall not more particularly refer at present, that she has never wanted a certain class of pinhead patriots who sneer at every conservative institution and seek their destruction, without having the slightest idea of anything with which to replace them.

They work intrigue, conspire against established systems and sometimes succeed, as Samson did with the palace of his enemies. Their short-lived triumph always involves their own destruction. They conspire for the sake of conspiracy, because their audacity gives them a momentary importance in the eyes of those restless spirits who, like the dog in the fable, are perpetually casting away the bone for the shadow, seeking eternally for change. They are the petrels—the Mother Cary's chickens of Society, most pleased when the storm is at its height. They have nothing to lose, everything to gain, by intestine conflict. Their vanity is stronger than their cowardice, and they will shrink defiant champions to Liberty and Patriotism on their way to the guillotine, even while their chicken hearts within them are cold and sick with terror. With the ferocity of tigers they conjure up the storm; from its furious presence they sink away to England or America like whipped hounds. Can one expect anything better from emaciated animals who spout sublime patriotism in sublime phrase during the day and pass their nights with the moral offal and sewerage, male and female, of the Thermidor of a great capital? The future hope of Conservatism! Bah! good Louis Veuillot! You are translated, Bateau. But it is not the first time that Titania mistook an ass' head for beauty.

Now, just let us notice for a moment this fellow Gambetta, and see what kind of a thing the mob worship in France. A pettifogging shyster of the provinces, whose legal knowledge was equal to a police court practice, Gambetta was noted for his brass and impudence. A certain wind-storm of words, on every occasion let loose upon the bucolic intelligences surrounding him, gave him vast renown with the *sans culottes* and other vagabonds of the department. It is well known that words need not have a meaning with the *sans culottes*; a popular sentence and a cloud of nonsense are the necessary levers of such "popular forces." The Gasconian humbug specially became "un grand orateur," with a mission—a sublime mission, *messieurs*—and that mission was the Republic. It was, however, that hysterical *petit maître*, Rochefort, who gave Gambetta his first share into wide-spread notoriety. Thiers, also—that little bag of windy variety—served Gambetta, by reducing the impracticable principle and screaming to all the world that Thiers, not Napoleon, was the friend of France. Thiers—the digression is pardonable—was a very great man—in his own estimation, but, picking flaws in the Napoleonic policy was the sole statesmanship he displayed under the Empire. Perhaps he hadn't a chance, some may say. When he had the chance, we do not consider whimpering at Bismarck's feet—humiliating France, as if being humbled was not enough—a very lofty evidence of statesmanship. During his whole career he never did anything practical. He was one of the "idealists" whom Napoleon I. despised so heartily, and the Great Emperor was a shrewd judge of men. Well, Gambetta is one of Thiers' chickens, with more advanced ideas than his master. Pierre Bonaparte's murder of Victor Noir gave Gambetta a great lift, although mighty cautious of the Emperor's heavy hand. So, haranguing at Bag and Fanish Clubs—affecting the manners and morals, *bien entendu*, of the Rue St. Antoine, fulminating blatherskite theories to the *sans culottes*, *gobemouches* of Paris, sneering at the head of the State, vilifying the Catholic Church and her clergy, the best friends of France, the provincial pettifogger intruded himself upon the notice of the public, and became the worthy representative of the most worthless element in the nation. Then came the war with Prussia.

Gambetta's career during the war was sufficiently bad to render fifty ordinary rascals infamous forever. To serve his own selfish interests, he did all he could to embarrass the French Government in that supreme emergency. While the roar of the German guns was heard at Paris, the vile traitor was

intriguing against the patriotic men who stood in the bloody gap. He accomplished his purpose, and France fell prostrate before her triumphant foe. Then the cowering villain, with the vision of the guillotine before his eyes, suddenly changed his tactics. He became a furious patriot. Ordinary rules of civilized warfare were to be set aside. The Germans must be annihilated, *mes amis*! The wells must be poisoned, *mes frères*! France must write the doom of Berlin in petroleum, *mes braves*! He fled from Paris in a balloon—less gassy than himself—and took to scampering hither and thither, like a hotel-runner with "Dictator," self-assumed, on his hatband. He suggested strategy—this provincial pettifogger—to Generals grown grey on the battle-fields of four generations of the world. He harangued at railway stations, and dead-headed from post to pillar, vigorously engaged, like Diogenes with his tub, doing nothing. And, while the country was in her agony, this noble, self-sacrificing patriot was telegraphing to his boon companions:—"Pate de foie gras, excellent; truffes fameuse; send me a few more boxes of those superb cigars!" Just so. In words, he was dying with his compatriots; in deed, he was rivaling the sensual baseness of Vitellius. A *roue*, a glutton, a coward, to save France in the hour of doom! *Non tali auxilio.*

And all this time, our shrieking hero took good care not to venture within leagues of the contending forces. He would enter a camp—swagger and order and insult—but the moment he heard the enemy were advancing, *la patrie* had urgent business for him elsewhere. Theoretically, he was as brave as a lion, but, practically, he could not, alas! control his wretched body. Indiscreet in all things else, he was perfectly discreet in keeping his precious carcass out of danger. No doubt he was well acquainted with the prudent distich of Horace:

"For he whom fights and runs away,
May live to fight another day."

Only, Gambetta ran away without fighting. He was quite willing, like Artemus Ward, to sacrifice all his able-bodied relations and compatriots, but to expose to vile, indiscriminating bullets Monsieur Gambetta—ah! that was another question!

And this is the fellow whom American and English editors laud to the skies! The reason is obvious. Gambetta, like all cowards, is a liar. In his latest bit of *sans culottes* balderdash he says the misdeeds of the imperial *coup-d'état* were blessed by the clericals, that is, the Catholic Church. It is not necessary to say that this is an infamous lie. The whole world knows what the Catholic Church thought of Napoleon III. and his career. The whole world knows what was the status of Archbishop Darboy at Rome, when that prelate manifested an inclination toward *les idées napoléoniennes*. The prelate condoned all by his heroic death, but it is none the less true that the immortal Pius IX. gravely reprimanded him for a want of firmness in dealing with the crowned trickster of the Tuilleries. But what cares Gambetta—what care the Able Editors—for truth? The mob neither reads nor reasons, and a Lie is good good enough for the proletariat.

The great mass of the people of France are sound. We think, however, that it is a sad commentary on their manhood and courage that they permit the honor of their country and Church to be bespattered by such misdeeds as Gambetta and his friends.

JUDGE KEOGH.

So the news is telegraphed that "Judge Keogh is dead." From a lunatic asylum to the grave! a sad fate for a brilliant mind. If the news is true, it is no time now to rake up his misdoings. Posterity will hold the actions of Judge Keogh in the balance, and it will pronounce political judgment upon him. While his remains are yet uninterred, it would not be becoming to review his career or to criticize his acts. In life Judge Keogh was not beloved of the Irish people, but in death they must forgive. It would not, indeed, be well for the political purity of the people of any country that the misdeeds of its great men should pass away with their breath. When the leaders of a people betray their trust and sell their country for a consideration, it may be better that posterity should condemn the conduct of those who have betrayed them, rather than be silent. Rowland York, who sold the pass at Leventer, is not even to this day spoken kindly of by English historians—just as the name of Castlereagh is regarded by Irishmen. But the death of Judge Keogh is too fresh to justify a review of his career, and so we leave his memory for other times.

A NEW INDUSTRY.

We learn from a contemporary that a new industry has sprung up in Ontario, and that it is likely to be extensively experimented upon next year. Sugar cane has been successfully grown at Grimsby, eighteen miles from Hamilton, and the "sugar and syrup produced from it are of a quantity and quality sufficient to encourage the experimenter to cultivate about forty acres next year." If this promised experiment is a success, we may look forward to the extensive cultivation of the sugar cane, and we shall be no longer confined to the limited supply given from maple trees or beet root. The news is important and Montrealers especially must take more than ordinary interest in this experiment of sugar cane raising. If as successful as anticipated, it must give an impetus to our sugar refiners, and with Protection, the five millions of dollars now spent on the importation of sugar into Canada will be spent in the country. Montreal would in all probability reap some of the advantage of this retention of money with the people, and

if the new industry is the success it promises to be, it will benefit not only the manufacturer, but the farmer as well. Hitherto it was thought that the climate of Canada was too cold to be favorable to encourage the growth of the sugar cane, but if experiments appear to prove otherwise, it will be a source of congratulation to us all.

ST. P. TRICK'S DAY, 1878.

The next "great day for Ireland" in Montreal will, we hope, be the 17th of March, 1879. Some of us may not live to see it, but the world will, no doubt, keep rolling in space, and the majority of people in it will remain as they are. But this next "St. Patrick's Day" of ours should crown the work so well begun by the Irish Protestant Benevolent Society the other day. All that is required to make us good friends is that we should know each other better. It is social madness to keep alive feuds which do none of us any good, and which do us all so much harm. Recent events in Montreal proved, not only that we can be friends, but that we have never been enemies. Now it becomes us all not to forget this, but to profit by it. The 17th of March, 1879, is a long time to look forward to, but on that day we hope to see our Irish Protestant fellow citizens march in the ranks—Catholics and Protestants Irishmen alike—each going to his own place of worship, and carrying with him the good wishes, and the familiar Irish "God speed" of the other. The fact of being a Protestant or a Catholic does not, or cannot, wipe out one's nationality, and the man who could say one unkind word of the religious opinions of either, we can all afford to do without, no matter whether he is upon our own side or upon the other. Let us unite to kill bigotry no matter where it comes from, and that it can be done we are assured, for after all bigotry is more a name than a reality. If there are any bigots amongst us the common sense of the community will soon find them out and relegate them to their proper place.

MR. COSTIGAN, M.P.

Le Moniteur Acadien, the Ottawa *Herald*, and the Irish *Canadian* support our views as to the claims of Mr. Costigan to a seat in the new Ministry. There is certainly no man in the Conservative ranks in New Brunswick, except Hon. Mr. Tilley, who has so much right to a seat in the Cabinet as Mr. Costigan has, and if he is passed over, it will be because he is an Irish Catholic, and for no other reason. New Brunswick must have two Cabinet Ministers, and out of the four Conservatives, there are only two possible men—the Hon. Mr. Tilley and Mr. Costigan. Sir John A. Macdonald is, we have heard, an admirer of Mr. Costigan's. As Speaker, Mr. Costigan would, no doubt, do well, but in the Ministry he would do better. He has been a staunch, although not a slavish, party man, and his character is sufficiently independent to go with his party, just so long as his party acts in accordance with what his conscience tells him is right. His parliamentary record is free from stain, and his appointment would be accepted as a graceful recognition of his worth. It would, too, make nine-tenths of the Irish Catholics of the Dominion recognize the liberality of the Conservative regime. Mr. McKenzie had Mr. Scott in the Ministry and Mr. Anglin in the Speaker's chair, it is now for Sir John A. Macdonald to do better. But we would urge Mr. Costigan's appointment upon the broadest grounds of his being, after the Hon. Mr. Tilley, the most experienced man in the Conservative party in New Brunswick.

TOLERATION.

"We must tolerate each other," said Henry Grattan, the Protestant Irishman, when pleading for harmony among his countrymen. True in his time, it is true to-day. "We must tolerate each other." The tolerance or charity for those who differ from us in religion and the tolerance of citizenship for those who differ from us in public life. But how is that tolerance to be secured? How, but by avoiding the causes of insult. It may be a higher order of manhood not to notice an insult at all. It may prove more reasoning power to treat the offender with contempt, but it is far better to avoid it altogether. We may have Protection and all its beneficial surroundings, but unless we have tolerance, prosperity must be chimerical. So long as we remain the prey of faction, so long will we remain stationary in our commerce and palsied in our energies. And after all why have we been fighting? Is the triumph of one class of citizens over another worth the sacrifice which we made of peace, when we immolated it to the passions of the hour. Men cannot indeed be changed, and we ask no one to abandon principle or conviction, but to those who differ from us, we are prepared to exhibit a tolerant spirit, and to those who agree with us we would say "avoid the causes of offence. Be not the first to cast the stone. Above all, remember your duties as citizens, and keep within the limits of the law."

THE OLD PENSIONERS.

There are 500 or 600 old Pensioners in Montreal. Throughout the Dominion, there must be as many thousands; and Toronto, Kingston, Ottawa, Quebec, &c., must contain their relative proportions. These men are generally in a position above want, and many of them are so circumstanced, that time is not of very great importance to them. Many of them keep small shops, their wives attending to the business, while the Pensioners may, or may not, have some other employment. But there are a great number of them living on some little means they have acquired, which, with their pension, ensures them a competency. Now, it occurs to us that this is a class of men from which a force

could be drawn sufficiently large to do all this duty about protecting railroads, etc., for which the volunteers have lately been so much used. If the old pensioners were organized into volunteer battalions, there is, we believe, no class of men in the community who could so well spare the time for casual duty as themselves. We know too that the recent calls made upon the volunteer militia has caused many men to resign, and if it is continued it must seriously interfere with the efficiency of the force. Young men engaged in commercial pursuits cannot afford the time to turn out for Quebec riots, railway troubles, etc., etc. They may be allowed to do it once or twice, but, if continued, we are satisfied that it must do harm. But in the case of the old pensioners it is different. A sufficient number of them could always be relied upon to turn out without in any way interfering with their business, and their old habits of discipline would ensure that whatever duty they undertook would be faithfully and impartially discharged. They would, too, furnish the volunteer militia with a standard of efficiency in drill, and it would sustain that spirit of soldierly rivalry which it is desirable to cultivate.

ABOUT LAW.

One of the things that surprise an old country person after a short residence in Canada is the absence of law. Not the absence of statutory measures for the good of the people and the preservation of the peace, but the absence of law as it is enforced in Great Britain and Ireland. In Canada men snap their fingers at statutory enactments, and they break the law with as much indifference as if no such law existed. We could give many instances of this indifference to constituted authority, and upon all occasions of public import, they come more glaringly to the surface. For instance, betting is supposed to be illegal, and during the late elections and during the boat race betting was openly indulged in and no one ever thought of interfering. When then we talk of the lawlessness of the community we must remember that the blame lies with those charged with the administration of the law and who fail in their duties. The community is not so much to blame, and the men who, for some reason, wink at illegality, thus bring their own authority into ridicule. It is a common argument to say that people cannot be made good, or sober, or industrious by act of Parliament. But if it is a common argument, it is too, a common error. People have been, and can be, made sober and good and industrious by Act of Parliament. It is by Acts of Parliament that education is encouraged, that drunkenness is, or is supposed to be, punished, that fraud is dealt with, that in fact the honest are encouraged, and the dishonest made to experience the bitterness of their acts. But if the authorities do not enforce the law, then it becomes another matter.

COURTNEY AND HANLAN.

Friday night witnessed the closing scene of the Courtney and Hanlan race in Montreal. The reception the two oarsmen received at the rink was a becoming sequel to the great event, and the people of Montreal did themselves justice by the manner they carried it out. Courtney leaves Canada a defeated, but not an over dissatisfied man, and he carries with him the assurance that he has left a good record behind him, both as an individual and as an oarsman. But if he is not dissatisfied himself, his friends are dissatisfied for him. They still talk about the race being "sold," but they talk too, with more reason, about Courtney stopping, or slackening his pace, a few lengths from the goal. There were too many impartial onlookers to allow of much dispute upon this point. Courtney did stop or slacken his speed, but it was to avoid a collision, and not to "sell" the race. No doubt the finish was not satisfactory. The men had not room enough to continue their course, and Courtney, seeing that Hanlan led a little, slackened away, and let him win more, rather than collide. We, however, still hold to the opinion that there is very little odds between the men. There certainly never was three to one, and we would not be surprised to hear of another match before long. It is but natural to think that Courtney will try and bring about some opportunity which will give him a chance to wipe out his present defeat. Ross was not perfectly satisfied with his first or second discomfiture, and until he and Hanlan met at Barrie, and when Hanlan rowed away from all his opponents—not till then did Ross confess that he could not pull alongside Hanlan. But Courtney has proved himself a better man than Ross. Hanlan did not, and we believe, could not, "row away" from Courtney, and we will not be sorry to see another tussle between them.

TRUE HEROISM.

There is more True Heroism exhibited by the nurses of the fever patients in the South, at the present moment, than was ever shown, or than ever could be shown, by an army, anything less than Bayards. What is heroism? Is it to rush to death in the mad intoxication of "battles magnificently stern array?" At such a moment men forget the past and cease to think of the future. They live for the instant and for the instant only. They are in a delirium, and rush into the jaws of death with frantic joy. Reduced to a moral, or a physiological calculation, these spasmodic efforts, is not true heroism at all. It is the cool, calculating mind—the mind that faces death calmly and deliberately for duty's sake, that is the true heroism. A nurse who leaves a comfortable home, where health and plenty, and where the little wants she may require are catered for, and volunteers to attend upon the

fever stricken patients of the South, is a true heroine indeed. The Howard Association has shown true heroism in its efforts to relieve the distressed, and if men and women ever deserved the applause of the public the members of the Howard Association deserve their share. Unknown and unhonored, these brave people have gone to the South and have given their lives where it is the noblest death—where man dies for man. No trumpet claxon proclaimed their departure to the fever stricken land; they went almost unheard of—went to die with a heroism which, if it animated an army, would make it irresistible. Men wear their decorations—their Victoria Crosses and their Legions of Honor, but there is more true heroism in the delicate woman who leaves her friends to attend a fever patient than there may be in the man who can point to the most brilliant record by flood and field. Not that a soldier cannot be a true hero. A soldier may possess as much heroism as a volunteer nurse in a fever ward, but the volunteer nurse faces death without requiring what is called the "pomp and circumstance of glorious war," while the soldier needs all of that "pomp and circumstance" to make him face the Great Unknown.

THE EASTERN QUESTION.

The "Eastern Question" will never be settled. We may as well make up our minds to the perpetuation of the "Eastern Question," in our time at least. After all the blood and treasure that has been spent upon it, the "Eastern Question" is no more settled to-day than it was before the Crimean war in 1854. Russia is not satisfied, Turkey is not satisfied, France is not satisfied, Italy is not satisfied, Germany is dubious, Hungary is angry, and Austria and England alone accept the situation. Again, this morning we learn that the Porte has declined to accept the Austro-Turkish convention, and has also declined to accept the British reforms in Asia Minor. In fact, the Porte declines to accept any reforms but those forced upon him it the bayonet. Russia has her grip, and she will hold it, in Bulgaria, but the English, who are friends, are put aside, and Turkish demoralization and imbecility are to rule as hitherto. Then, England and the Ameer of Cabul are face to face, and the Khyber Pass is once more likely to become the scene of a conflict. Where the "Eastern question" is settled in one place it breaks out in another. In fact, there can be no "settlement" of the "Eastern question" so long as Russian ambition points the way to India or to Constantinople. But as Russian ambition aims at these two objective points—slowly, perhaps, but none the less persistently, the "Eastern Question" must continue to be a bone of contention. It may rest for a while, as it did from 1856 to 1870; but chance opened it again, and the defeat of France gave Russia her opportunity of tearing up the treaty which was made at the conclusion of the Crimean war. With all the promises Russia is making about not interfering in the Afghan war, yet we will be very much surprised if thousands of her volunteers do not find their way into the territory of the Ameer, just to lend a helping hand, as they did to Serbia. Nor can we forget it was through these volunteers that Russia was forced to enter upon the war against Turkey; and if Russia can raise the money, we shall be surprised if she does not have a finger in the pie some way or another.

THE NEW CABINET.

The public take it for granted that the Hon. Mr. O'Connor will have a seat in the new Cabinet. He will be placed there as a representative of the Irish Catholics, a position which he before so worthily filled. We are not aware of any opposition to such a position being assigned to Mr. O'Connor, and if there was an opposition, it would be unworthy as, we believe, it would be futile. Some people would, no doubt, like to see two Irish Catholic representatives in the new Ministry, but, if this is expecting too much, we at the same time believe that no man should be refused a seat in the Ministry, if otherwise qualified, because he happened to be an Irishman and a Catholic. Let us for instance take the case of New Brunswick. That Province will expect two representatives in the Ministry. The Conservative members for the Province are Tilley, Costigan, Domville and Cornell. Of those four Tilley is sure to be one of the two that will be selected for places on the Ministerial benches. Then the other appointment will rest between Mr. Costigan, Mr. Domville, and Mr. Cornell. New of those three gentlemen Mr. Costigan has, by far, the greatest claims upon his party. He has been in Parliament eighteen years, and the experience he has acquired during that time must have been considerable. He is a man of well known integrity, and his appointment would, we believe, give satisfaction in New Brunswick. We do not urge his appointment because he is an Irish Catholic, but we urge that his claims, as the best man, should not be overlooked because of his religion or of his nationality. We write of him as the next best available man, as the man with the greatest claims and the longest experience, and we are satisfied that his appointment would be popular and beneficial.

"FATHER" CHINIQUY.

We take the following *moreau* from a contemporary:—

The *Christian at Work* says of Father Chiniquy, who has been lecturing in San Francisco: A convert himself to Protestantism from the Roman Church, it is said that he has been instrumental in leading no less than 25,000 of his countrymen, once Catholics, to be followers of Christ.

Nothing less than "25,000." We wonder where they are?