

The True Witness

AND
CATHOLIC CHRONICLE,
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AT
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M. W. KIRWAN—EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
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MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, JAN. 30.

CALENDAR—JANUARY, 1878.
WEDNESDAY, 30—St. Martina, Virgin and Martyr.
William Carlton died, 1869.
THURSDAY, 31—St. Peter Nolasco, Confessor.
The Lehigh, Pa., coal mines discovered, 1793.
FEBRUARY, 1878.
FRIDAY, 1—St. Ignatius, Bishop and Martyr. St. Bridget, Virgin, Patroness of Ireland.
First Presidential election in the United States 1789. Aaron Burr arrested for treason, 1803.
SATURDAY, 2—Purification of the Blessed Virgin Mary. Candlemas Day.
SUNDAY, 3—FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.
Ratification of Treaty of Peace at Paris, 1783.
MONDAY, 4—St. Andrew Corsini, Bishop and Confessor.
Suppression of the Catholic Association, 1829.
TUESDAY, 5—St. Agatha, Virgin and Martyr.
American Independence acknowledged by Sweden, 1782. James Duane, first Irish American Mayor of New York, installed, 1784. Dr. Drexler died, 1820.

THE VOLUNTEERS.
ST. JEAN BAPTISTE VILLAGE INFANTRY COMPANY.
The members of the above Company will assemble at the QUEBEC GATE BARRACKS, Dalhousie Square, To-morrow, (THURSDAY) EVENING, at 7.30.
M. W. KIRWAN,
Captain Commanding.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS
A communication from Mattawa came to late.
"J. B."—Write to the Secretary.
"FRANK."—He is a native of Wicklow.
"CIVIS."—It is a matter in which we do not intend to interfere.
"AN IRISH CATHOLIC."—It is difficult, but we would advise you to write to the French Consul, Montreal.
"M."—We make no promises as to "when" the daily will appear. All we can say is that the work is progressing.

Notice is given to all correspondents, that we cannot insert their letters unless we receive them on Tuesday morning.

ROBERT BURNS.
The Anniversary of the birth of Robert Burns was becomingly celebrated all over the Dominion. The descendants of the men from the "land of brown heath and shaggy wood" honoured the memory of their peasant bard with the sound of revelry and the flow of wit. It is always a pleasure to us to see the Scotchman honour the memory of the men who have made the name of Scotland illustrious in peace and in war, and to few of her many brilliant wits does Scotland owe more than it does to the author of Tom O'Shanter.

A SIGN OF THE TIMES.
The Witness perpetrated a good joke last week. A suspended priest, the Rev. Mr. McNamara has conceived the idea of starting an "Irish" Catholic Church in New York. This poor man has a "grievance," and so he determines to ventilate it by starting, not a new religion, but an "Irish" Catholic Church, where the services will be in the Irish language. And this is "a sign of the times." We hope the Witness will notice the collapse of the project, as it is sure to occur in a week or two, and that it will indicate that as a "sign of the times" also.

THE STATUTE LABOR TAX.
Let us once more remind all who are in favor of a change in the law, with reference to the STATUTE LABOR TAX, to see that the candidates for the various wards are interrogated upon the subject. A vigorous effort now must succeed in altering the present state of affairs. If that effort is not made, then let the opponents of the STATUTE LABOR TAX suffer the consequences.

A NOTICE OF MOTION.
The following notice of motion has been given in the Quebec Legislature.
Resolved, that the members of this House recognize the necessity of harmony among the races inhabiting this province; that they have full confidence in order to maintain this harmony the Government are resolved to render equal justice to all nationalities and to all creeds; that they are satisfied that in the future as in the past, the rights of the minority will be watchfully and efficiently protected.
This notice of motion may mean all it professes, if so no one can object to it. But it may mean more than it professes, in which case, every Catholic in the Dominion will object to it. It may mean to legalize Orangeism in this Province. By all means protect the rights of the minority. By all means let every man possess the full measure of "equal rights." But what are "equal rights"? Is it the right to insult ones neighbours. If so that is not

"equal rights," because the Orangemen have the monopoly, and the Catholics do not aspire to be on an equality with them. Our friends, if we have any in the Legislature, should see to this thing. If it is to be done at all, the time for doing it is come. The Legislature will be morally responsible for all the evil which may happen to Montreal, unless some action is taken to prevent trouble. It is within the power of the Legislature to protect us from insult, and if it shirks the responsibility, the Catholics of Quebec will experience the colournesses of friends, as well as the hostility of foes. If the Legislature refuses, then Mr. Devlin has his card to play, and we will be forced to admit that the Quebec Legislature is indifferent to the wishes of the Irish Catholics of the provinces.

MORE OF IT.
The "French Canadian Missionary Society" held its thirty-ninth anniversary in Montreal, on Thursday evening last. The meeting was in every way a characteristic one. "Papal tyranny" was denounced by the Rev. J. L. Etvenson; the Vatican was assailed by the Rev. Mr. Gactz, and the "Jesuit party" denounced as the "subverters of the civil rights and religious liberties of both Roman Catholics and Protestants." "Christian patriots" were appealed to, and the attempt upon the part of the Pontiff, to establish a Scotch Hierarchy in the land of the Covenanters" was heroically condemned. Party processions were opposed and "civil rights"—those "civil rights"—were defended for—"Roman Catholics and Protestants alike." And then the "propagation of the Gospel, among those Roman Catholics fellow citizens who were now kept in darkness through the influence of a fanatical priesthood" was vigorously advocated, and it was in the end seriously resolved to recommend the "colportage and depositary work" of the society to the increased liberality of the Christian public, as the best means of "opposing the encroachments of the Romish Hierarchy," and of rescuing "our Roman Catholic fellow citizens" from "spiritual slavery." Then we have the "Annual Report." That too is characteristic. It bears all the evidences of vulgarity and intolerance. The French Canadian peasantry are called "simple and ignorant." We might say the same of the English peasantry who are, perhaps, about the most illiterate people in Europe. It is said that the School Commissioners, who travelled in the mining districts some few years since, found a girl of eighteen who when she was asked if she knew who, Jesus Christ was he asked—"who be he" and of another if she knew who the Princess of Wales was, innocently enquired "who be she?" In a country that has had the "truth" and the "light of the gospel," &c. &c., for three hundred years we find more, far more, degraded manhood than we do in any civilized country in the world. Where else do men worry rats for bets of "points of beer?" Where else do men "put" their "women" after a spree? Where else do men kill their wives, because those wives ate the "dorgs" food, as occurred last year in Durham? Where else do men swallow cockroaches by the "gill full" for the bet of a "quart of ale" as happened in Lancashire three years ago, and all this under the shadow of the "Reformation" and "the light of the gospel" with three hundred years of the "truth" shining around every crevice in the land. There is not in the world, an ostensibly Christian country, less Christian than England. Her most brilliant preachers admit it, her statesmen do not deny it, and the record of the dock proves it. There is more, far more, Christian intelligence amongst the French Canadian habitants than there is amongst the miners of Cumberland, the cloth-hoppers of Yorkshire, the cotton mills of Lancashire, the fens of Lincolnshire, or the men who go down to the canals in flats, systematically "swapping" wives for a "lark." If the men who denounce French Canadians because they are Catholics studied a little of the social custom of other people who are not Catholics, they would find that the French Canadians can hold their own. Or do they think that they are to be permitted to go on for ever denouncing and ridiculing the "Romish" people without coming in for an occasional blow themselves? Certainly they monopolize in vulgar assault. Certainly it is they who always open the ball. Certainly they are accustomed to regard themselves as our anointed superiors and indeed, they may wonder at our presumption in looking them in the face. We grant that much good can be done by educating everybody, but the French Canadian Missionary Society stands a miserable failure. It has been in existence thirty nine years and what has it accomplished? Nothing but a little trouble. Mr. White of the Gazette says that Catholicism is increasing in Quebec. The French Canadian Missionary Society does not deny it. "Missionaries" indeed. The "mission" of these people is simply to insult their Catholic neighbours. Their "mission"

is to create enmity where there should be peace, and to cultivate the seeds of withering strife, where there should be genial fellowship. Why can they not conduct their "missions" without insulting men who, right or wrong, are conscientious in their belief? Why can't they open their lips without saying coarse and vulgar things against the Catholic people? Surely it is possible to do this, and yet the French Canadian Missionary Society, could not do it—no not if the salvation of its members depended upon it. There are names associated with the "office bearers," the owners of which, we believe cannot sanction the attacks of the society at large, and it is somewhat odd that these gentlemen do not repudiate the insults thrown at us. But let them rattle away, they will harm no one but themselves. The "Jesuit party" is likely to outlive their hostility, and it is just possible that the Church in Canada will not fade away because of the attacks made upon it. "Upon this rock" said Peter "I will build my Church" and the members of the French Canadian Missionary Society may knock their heads against that rock just as long as they please. It will only give the world an opportunity of judging which is the hardest. As usual we heard a good deal about the "truth" and the bible &c. &c. Now let us ask a simple question. What is the "truth"? Is the bible the only truth? These people say "yes." Well then we answer Christ should have invented printing. Why did He leave the world in ignorance for so many centuries? What did the world do when there were no bibles, and consequently no "truth." In the early ages even Kings could not get a copy of the bible. If the bible alone means salvation, then Caxton was a greater Saviour than Christ, and Gothenburg more to be honoured than Bethlehem. The bible is good—but if it is the only means to salvation—nearly all who lived before Caxton are lost. It would be blasphemy to think so, and yet some of those "missionaries" will seriously assure us that such is the case. After the report of the meeting was made public, there appeared in the Witness the Rev. Mr. Baxter's speech in full. It is too tempting not to notice, and the publication of it ought to be punishment enough for him if he is either a Christian or a gentleman. After speaking of Marshal MacMahon, who "ran the risk of being little less than the puppet of the Papacy," the Rev. gentleman continues:
Now, toward that Papacy, from its headquarters on the Tiber to its outposts at the ends of the earth we would use like language. It has to get down or be got down, to bend or be broken. The record of centuries will verify our charge of torturing tyranny which we direct against Romish domination; and the recent attempts to crush or curb every symptom of patriotic stamp in certain European countries tell the tale of its

habitual hostility
to whatever among living communities can render social life worth living for.

This is choice. Fancy the Rev. Mr. Baxter declaring that "now we tell the Papacy that it has to sit down, or to be got down, to bend or be broken." The Rev. Mr. Baxter combines heroic phrases with silly ones. Again he says:
Does not the self-styled Vicar of Christ hurl his threats against his secular successor as a scandal to the faithful?

Further on we hear of "Clerical cliques," and later still he becomes heroic once more. Here is a choice phrase:
Then, sir, bridging the channel of thought, what shall be said of Rome's recent attempts on our sacred natal soil? Tell it not in Gath, a hierarchy is being hatched for the country of the Covenanters. The brood of the black feathered or red coated birds of prey, is not quiet ready yet. The carcass of old Scotland is not dead enough for the eagles to be gathered together. But anon, we expect like spirit of carnion to be pounced upon, and to be left with little save bleached bones on moorland wilds when Monsignor Capel, or some such devourer descends on the plumage of a Popish Primate of St. Andrews.

And then Disraeli is admonished to beware:
"But come what may of this fresh papal aggression, we feel sure that no Disraeli Ministry shall be tolerated if they, for any reason, grant legal countenance to the presumptuous invasion, and we are sure that while Scotland's sons prove worthy of Scotland's sires they will never suffer the minions of Antichrist to spoil them of a birthright bought by the blood price of heroic forbears, or to sap the foundations of a commonwealth which owes all its sterling, sturdy, solid grandeur to untrammelled sweep of gospel influences.

Eventually he becomes sublime. Speaking of those amongst the Protestants "who deplore sectarian jealousies" he says:—
"But is there no bound to this let-well-alone doctrine? Is there no fear of stirring war: by extra eagerness for

A PATCHED UP PEACE?
Where to-day meet they have been if their fathers had played the part of political politicians. Away with such neutrality; out upon such sympathy with a good cause which takes toward it a post on the north side of friendly, godly manhood, bids us fight error with truth.

And then drawing analogy between the heroes of his own stamp and the soldiers of General Gburko who when drooping from fatigue were cheered by hearing the bugle sound the charge, the Rev. firebrand concludes: So with the hosts whose weapons of warfare are not carnal. We are often burdened and drooping in the struggle; yet let us only catch the trumpet peal of our captain to charge, and difficulties double before our forward move. Forward, then, till the banner of the cross be unfurled on every opposing rampart, and till all who rally round it shall share the glorious liberty wherewith Christ makes His people free. (Applause.)
"Forward then" bigots of Montreal; "catch

the trumpet peal of" your leader leader "to the charge" down with the "clerical clique" those "minions of Antechrist" those "black feathered or red coated" gentry who are attempting to impose their "torturing tyranny" upon the "glorious liberty wherewith Christ makes His people free." "Forward, Forward, Forward."

THE VOLUNTEERS.

It is a pity that in a country such as "This Canada of ours," that our system of military defence is not more in harmony with the spirit of the age. We have here a people, loyal and patriotic. In physique and military ardour they will compare with any other people of whom we know. To a man they would defend the institutions and the laws by which they are nurtured and protected. Their treasury is not bankrupt, they are, all things considered, as prosperous as their neighbours; they love the land that bears them, and yet they are deprived of that feeling of security which, in those days, military organization alone can permanently instil. But our military system is of the rudest kind. It is like a shell without powder—it is all outside. There may be enough of it, but it is not capable of expansion. A smaller shell with a good fuse, either percussion or time, and well charged, would, in our opinion, be a more effective instrument of destruction. The mistake of our present system is to be found in the absence of internal military economy, and consequently of that adaptability for rapid expansion of the various arms of the service, without which we would find ourselves all aback in a great crisis, for the shell would not explode. More armies have fallen to pieces because of the want of, or owing to a demoralized staff, than were ever beaten by the pressure of heavier battalions. If it be true that "the staff is the brain of the army," then Canada is woefully deficient in the centre of sensation and perception. Better a small body and plenty of brains, than a Hercules and no brains at all. At present we have twelve military districts in Canada. In each of these districts there are two Staff Officers, a Deputy-Adjutant General and a Brigade Major. These gentlemen are, as a rule, efficient officers, who take a keen interest in their duties. Then we have at least 30,000 under arms, 20,000 of whom had a few days drill this year, while 23,000 were drilled in 1876, and 29,000 in 1875. But these 30,000 are supposed to be only the nucleus of our forces. They are supposed to be the pivots around which the country would rally. In the event of danger these 30,000 men should be capable of being expanded into 300,000 if necessary. But how is this to be done? Can it be done by the twenty-four staff officers in the twelve districts? Certainly not! If the attempt was made we would find ourselves overwhelmed with troubles. The complete machinery of an army in motion is enormous. That army cannot budge one inch without a staff. It is powerless; a shell without powder, a head without brains. But the question occurs here how is this to be remedied? Well in our opinion there should be more attention given to the internal economy of regimental and staff duties. The college at Kingston should become our Hythe as well as our Sandhurst, while the garrison at Quebec should become our Shoeburyness. The college at Kingston might give certificates of qualification to officers who are willing to become "Instructors of Musketry," as Hythe does. Without such instructors we will find it difficult to place efficient volunteers in the field. An officer qualified to give Musketry instruction is of more value to the Government than a company of men, and if the expense is the difficulty in the way, it would be better to strike off the company and qualify the Instructor. A reduction of the present force by a single man would we believe be an evil, but better that reduction than remain without the means of becoming efficient. The College of Kingston should be able to open its doors to every officer in the country who was willing to pay his own expenses for a month, or two, or three. In such a school much could be learned and the volunteer system would benefit without entailing extra expense on the country. During their term at Kingston, the volunteer officers might be simply taught those regimental requirements, company and battalion drill, with as much internal economy as possible. They could be taught in a school separate from the cadets, and we have no doubt that many volunteer officers would just as soon spend a month or two at Kingston as any other place during their term of leisure. During a term of three months officers could be taught to map positions, outposts, trenches. The internal economy of regimental work could be taught, the duties of officers in the field, orders, rounds, books, quarter masters stores, and the hundred details which go to make a regiment efficient and enable it to hang together. In such a school they would learn more in three months than they could now learn in years by simply attending company or battalion drill for a few days in the year. Some special advantages

might be held out to them as a recompense for their trouble and the expense they had incurred. General Smyth suggests that training schools should be formed, but these would entail additional expense. They would be more convenient, but the whole question of our military establishment hangs upon a system of a too niggard economy, and the expense of the training schools appears to be the objection to them. Ultimately we hope to see training schools formed, but at present the College of Kingston could expand its system and embrace officers who would be willing to pay for a short term of experience, and we are satisfied that by this step much good would be done to the defensive forces of the country.

THE OTTAWA CITIZEN.

Last week we referred to what we considered as an insulting letter, which appeared in the Ottawa Citizen some time since. On Friday the Citizen gave us a castigation because we reminded it of the circumstance. As usual with our contemporaries, it assailed the "editor" of the TRUE WITNESS. As usual too, "motives" were attributed to all we do. If we defend Catholic interests it is because we have "motives" in view; if we expose the doings of such journals as the Citizen, it is because we are anxious to pander to the prejudices of the people, and if we are not afraid of our shadows, we are demagogues with personal designs. All this is not complimentary, but we are accustomed to it. The fact is the press of Canada is surprised that anyone should have the audacity to speak in behalf of Catholic interest at all. Now we shall not attack the "editor" of the Citizen. We shall leave the Catholics of Ottawa to settle accounts with that gentleman. The Citizen however says something about our being "privately" informed as to the circumstances surrounding the publication of the insulting letter, and the Citizen appears to be annoyed because we did not make this "private" communication public. It reads as a lesson on professional etiquette and behaviour. It is odd, very odd, that the instant a Catholic fights his own battles he ceases to be a gentleman; he becomes a demagogue, has "motives" in view and so on to the end of the work. Well we shall not attempt to imitate the Citizen in the coarseness of its outburst. But we must give it credit for doing rather a clever thing. It republishes the insulting letter, by way of proving that it is no insult at all. Here it is and we allow it to speak for itself.

CITIZEN, December 8th.
"Quebec, 5th.—Pohm me consins this is the proudest moment o' me life, an' wid good reason, for sure we've dragg'd the tyrant down at last Hurroo, hurroo! Bad luck to the thing, I've done nothing since Wednesday night, but drink whiskey. On the evening before, meffin an' a few more tuk tay wid the Hon. Mister Tibbadoo, and discuss'd the situation thoroughly. We thin an' there determined to make a bould plunge for it that night. Av course, there was a few of the Aul Government rindgads still sittin' on a rail (this is a Pailimithery frase), so I was deputed by my collages to go an' rayson wid them, in order to bring them to their senses. "Paddy," ses Mister Tibbadoo, "ye've a soft, ily brogue," ses he, "an' ye can put the come ither on thim." says he, "wid yer Blarney about O'Donoghue," ses he. Well, off I went to discourse wid the waverin' rindgads, an' be this and be that, I talked them over in less thim no time. Some o' thim war rather still, an' I had to promise them lots o' work and nate billets from the Government before I could rayson thim out o' their stubbornness. "Boys," ses I, "ye're wastin' yer time wid these ungratef' Oppositionists," ses I. "Come over to us," ses I, an' begorra we'll make min o' ye," ses I. "We'll double yer wages," ses I. "Shure," ses I, "ye'll have durin' the winter lots of whiskey, and rhino. If its pickins ye're after, boys, ye'll have plenty—Tooley whagg lo!" "Hurroo, boys, for the Government," ses I. "Thay've the tin, thay've the contracts—shure boys ye'll have plenty, galore." A fig for the Oppositionists, the dirty baggards, thay're trumpety fellows to brag on, ses I. Well, me jewel, me jewdshious blawin' has the desired effect, for by the hocky poky, sitch and every man o' thim lost his balance on the rail and tumbled over to our side. But, by me soul, I had the devil's own work to whip some o' thim up to the scratch. Some o' the varmint put purty high prices on their votes. "Absque bonis moribus," ses I to myself, "shure the varmint and the Government are Arcades Ambo." I had qbare work to satisfy the boys. I took Copper Tommy's advice; "Blow the expense, go in to win, spend the tin; and so I did, and I flatter myself I succeeded, I gave them plenty of soft talk, and threw a lot o' sawdust in their eyes as far as regards the Government's intentions and promises about the graving dock, and the harbor improvements, and the "Dufferin" bull-ward ma' store. I made the boys believe black was white, and that Blako was a Bodkin, and that Mackenzie was a great friend of the Pope's, and as I had not a harp, with its note so sharp, to accompany the Government song, I strid the lyre, and it succeeded admirably. I feel sartin that the Prime Minister will say to me, "Paddy, take a port foly or a judgeship." If he does, bygorra it would go to me heart to refuse him. The only decent excuse I could make in refusing the portfoly is, that there are so many in and out of the Ministry that want to play Hamlet. And as for the judgeship, if I don't know much about the law, I can jaw and drink POMEZ."

This is no insult. Not at all! It was simply a "pasquinade." Now we exonerated the editor of the Citizen from blame in the matter but if he thinks that it is no insult to publish such libels as these then it is a matter for consideration whether he is blame or not, for we can hardly believe that he is in his right senses. But as we think he is, and we think too that every Irishman who reads it will agree with us, that this letter is an insult, and was intended as such. But it may be just as well to let our friends in Montreal know who the writer of this "pas-