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MR. CHAMBERLAIN has just intimated to the gentlemen who constitute the British House of Lords that they must go—that is, eventually. He tells them that the Liberals of all shades of opinion are united on the necessity of doing away with "this obstruction."

EASTERN Roumelia, the scene of the new movement on the chess board of European politics, is a province created by the Congress of Berlin in 1878. It was autonomous until the recent change in government, though, under the provisions of the treaty, it formed an integral part of the Turkish Empire, and was governed by a Christian appointed by the Porte, subject to the approval of the powers.

THE volunteers who halted opposite a certain building at 2 o'clock this morning and struck up "God save the Queen," and gave "three cheers with great vigor" for certain people therein, did a very unwise thing under the circumstances. The volunteers are for the moment the guardians of the civic peace, and in that capacity impartiality as well as courage should mark their conduct.

A FEW weeks ago two little boys were sent for a term of years to the Reformatory for the crime of stealing apples out of an orchard. This Post drew attention to the severity of the sentence, and urged the authorities to investigate the case and see if there was no room for clemency. Aldermen Stroud and Dufresne, with the Rev. Father Filiatrault, interested themselves in the case, and we are happy to see that their intervention has resulted in the liberation of one of the boys, who was returned yesterday to the arms of his heartbroken mother.

AN evening contemporary reports Major-General Sir Frederick Middleton, the hero of the Northwest rebellion, as hurriedly arriving in the city to take charge of the volunteers called out to suppress the mob. We do not believe that the gallant General is in town for any such purpose. He wasn't asked to come and he isn't wanted. The local militia officers are quite competent to carry out the instructions that may be given them by the civic authorities.

THE Ontario papers comment very favorably on Major Dugas' letter, declining to be "feasted" in honor of his victory over Mr. Sheppard, of the Toronto News, in the recent Hibel suit tried in this city. Our Western contemporaries say they cannot admire too much the good sense and gentlemanly spirit exhibited by Major Dugas. But we have failed to see in their columns any word of disapproval of the brass band music and addresses presented by the people of Ontario to the liberator of the 65th, as a protest against his conviction. If Major Dugas was to be praised and felicitated for refusing to accept the banquet, as it would be repugnant to right feeling, to rejoice publicly over the fact that a citizen, whoever he may be, had acted as to render himself guilty of an in-

fraction of our lives," it is clear that Sheppard's duty would have been to modestly decline all ovations and addresses, which were prompted by race prejudices or antipathies. ANOTHER policeman has had his skull smashed in white in the performance of his duty. Seven young men were disturbing the peace at the early hour of three o'clock in the morning, on a leading thoroughfare, when they were accosted by two constables, who invited them to go home. This mild request was followed by a furious and brutal onslaught on the part of the roughs. Constable Hote was knocked insensible and kicked to a jelly. His comrade, Constable Favreau, fought the seven as best he could until assistance arrived, when four of the brutes were arrested. It will be interesting to note what punishment will be meted out to those police-slayers.

OUR evening contemporaries have been finding fault with the ecclesiastical authorities for holding religious processions through the streets of the city during the epidemic. We are afraid that their criticism is altogether captious, for we find them puffing and advertising a grand church parade of the city corps of the Fifth Military district, which is to take place to-morrow, from the Champ de Mars to Christ Church Cathedral. If it is dangerous to hold a procession for the purpose of influencing Divine Providence to dispel the epidemic, we fall to see where the danger is less in a military parade, which is held for no other purpose than to "show off" and attract crowds. The fact of the matter is that the most of certain newspaper talk about smallpox, and about precautions against it, has been, from the start, pure, unmitigated rot.

THE temperance convention held on Sunday afternoon was one that reflected credit on the Irish Catholic societies taking part in it. It was a grand living protest against the crying evils of intemperance. The reunion was one full of significance, and the sermon was worthy of the occasion. It was an eloquent and exhaustive treatment of the subject from a Christian standpoint, and an earnest appeal to all that is noble in the human heart and hopeful in the soul to rise above the degrading and debasing habits of intemperance. It cannot but have made a deep impression and produced a most salutary effect on all those who had the happiness of hearing it.

THE suggestion to strengthen the police force by a squad of twenty-five mounted constables, or more if necessary, is one which we highly commend. Montreal enjoys a reputation for rowdiness and lawlessness as unsavory as her reputation for smallpox, and she owes it to herself to see to it that the rowdy element shall not be allowed to destroy property and sacrifice the lives of our police men or citizens without feeling that the hand of authority will fall hard and heavy upon them. Our police force should be allowed the use of firearms and taught how to use them, so that they may be able justly and judiciously to defend their lives when they are imperilled by brutal and bloodthirsty thugs. Nothing strikes terror more rapidly into a gang of midnight marauders than the sight of a mounted policeman. The very clatter of his charger's heels is deadly music to the ears of the prowlers, and sends them a flying in all directions. Let us have the mounted police and we will have no need of the troops.

WE recently expressed our regret that the Irish Canadian should have so far forgotten itself as to denounce the conduct of the officers of the 65th in prosecuting Sheppard, of the News, "as an unmitigated attempt at persecution." Our esteemed contemporary has ventured to assert that we were not sincere in the expression of our regret, which was "merely simulated." Our confere does us an injustice, for the Post is always sincere in what it says and never simulates anything. If we did not experience a sense of regret, we would not have expressed any. We utterly fail to see how our contemporary makes out that what we were really after was "the scalp of the Irish Canadian." We can assure it that our disposition is far from being so sanguinary. The Irish Canadian did not do itself honor, nor did it do the gallant 65th and the French Canadian justice when it walked arm in arm with a man branded as a "public calumniator," and when it denied to the officers of the 65th the right to wipe out the slander by legal process. The Canadian says it is entitled to its opinions and has a right to discuss the topics of the day. We never questioned the title or the right. But when a man informs you at noon that the "sun is set," one is neither "captious," nor "arrogant" in telling the man that he is wrong.

THE fact that a person is entitled to hold his opinions does not destroy the right of another to point out when those opinions are wrong or false. That is all we pretended to do, when we informed the Canadian that its charge of "unmitigated persecution" against the 65th was neither warranted nor just.

SAYS the Montreal Daily Witness:—The attitude of Archbishop Walsh in openly opposing the "revolution" is a new one for the Church of Rome. The "revolution" has long been placed, even before French irascibility, as the arch enemy of the Church. The syllabus of Pius Ninth and the Vatican Council occupied themselves chiefly with the denunciation of it. Since the earlier centuries the Church has always ranged itself on the side of power against the people. Now that the power of kings is giving way and popular majorities are assuming the reins of government, the Church paints her face anew to gain a new ascendancy. The Witness must be very malicious or very ignorant to confound what is known in Europe

not remain "silent," he could not shake his head and say "he did not know," he could not say "yes," nor "he could say "no." To have treated the question with silent contempt might have cost him serious bodily injury, if not his life; to have given an evasive answer would have left him at the mercy of both sides; to have said either yes or no would have set not only Bell's Corners but the entire country ablaze. Most men would have died on the horns of the dilemma, but Sir John sprang from them with ease and grace. His ready wit came to his rescue when it was probably needed most in the history of his career. His answer to the ticklish question of whether he was going to hang Riel or not was effective as it was brief. He replied to the rioter: "I am no hangman," and the mob was satisfied. We do not believe that Sir John, in his forty-one years of active political life, was ever stopped for an answer under such trying circumstances. Not one statesman in a hundred would, on the spot, have given a reply that could have so brilliantly and thoroughly saved the situation, which was worth either his own life, the following and support of his party, or the peace and union of the country. "I am not a hangman" is destined to become historic.

THE REPORTER VS. THE EDITOR. The reporters and the news columns of the Daily Witness are evidently much more honest than its editorial writers and columns. For some weeks past the only religious daily has been engaged editorially in a crusade against the Sisters of Charity. It has likened them to "the daughters of the horse leech." It has painted them as greedy grabbers, who profit of Montreal's distress to seize upon the civic treasury. It has told its readers that they were constantly planning how they can further tax the citizens. It has even charged them with taking advantage of the smallpox epidemic to demand new concessions from the city which will give them forever a new hold on the body politic. All these heartless and lying accusations the Daily Witness has brought against the Sisters of Charity, and repeated them from day to day. Because it was proposed to give them the free use of water in their work of charity. But now the Witness reporter turns up to make a common liar and slanderer of the Witness editor. In the news columns of last evening's issue we find the Witness reporter stating the facts as follows:—"It would appear that the demand of the Minister for the exemption of conventual institutions by the City Corporation, from payment of tax water tax, has been entirely gratuitous on its part, as, so far, no official request has been made by the nuns for a remission of the tax."

VERY MUCH HUFFED. The Hon. Peter Mitchell is greatly huffed because he was not selected by Sir John to fill the vacancy in the Federal Cabinet. In his capacity as a "right thinking person," Mr. Mitchell condemns the transfer of Judge Thompson from the bench of the Supreme Court of Nova Scotia to the office of Minister of Justice. The disappointed aspirant, through the columns of his paper, says the selection of Judge Thompson was a decided slip in the face to the Nova Scotia members of the party, and considers there was no excuse for it, as it was quite easy for Sir John to secure the necessary talent for the Cabinet vacancy from amongst those who were already eligible for office. Those are the sentiments of frustrated ambition and are to be weighed as such. Approval of even the best and wisest acts is not to be expected from such an embittered source. If we look to the people of the province interested in the appointment, we find Judge Thompson's acceptance of the portfolio has given general satisfaction irrespective of party. One of the leading Grit organs of the province endorses the appointment in the warmest terms. It says:—"We are intimately acquainted with Mr. Thompson, and it was our lot to meet him often during four years of legislation in the local house, and we can say a more thorough gentleman we never met with in an official capacity. We congratulate the people of Nova Scotia in having in the Dominion Cabinet a gentleman of Mr. Thompson's ability and untiring energy. He is an excellent speaker, a clear-headed lawyer, and will undoubtedly fill the office to the satisfaction of the country."

NO VIRTUE IN COMPULSION. PEOPLE do not like to be bulldozed into doing a thing, even when it may prove of great benefit to them. A man will listen to, and will in the long run follow good advice; but when that advice takes the form of an imperious command of "You've got to do it," then obstinacy takes the place of docility and pliancy, and the man becomes as stubborn as the ass, and is liable to kick as viciously as the mule. We consider it is a most excellent thing to invite and persuade people to get vaccinated; but it is a most improper course to pursue to tell them that they will have to do it. Thus free vaccination is most desirable and advisable, but compulsory vaccination is most repulsive. We believe that incalculable harm has been done to the cause of "vaccination" by yoking it with that odious epithet "compulsory." The Montreal Daily Star's advocacy of "compulsory vaccination" was enough to defeat the good work that had been accomplished in bringing the population to comprehend and realize the benefits to be derived from the use of vaccine. It was almost a criminal blunder to discuss "compulsion," for there was and is no virtue in it, but much evil. The talk of compulsory vaccination in the English press was as misplaced as it was ill-timed. It was looked upon as "dictation" by a large and respectable section of the community in a matter of opinion, and as such was not to be submitted to. In fact that word "compulsory" is responsible for the riots which have created so much commotion in the city. Our French contemporaries speak out in no uncertain tone, and plainly say that moral suasion will be acceptable, but compulsion, never. La Presse, which strongly favors vaccination, gives the Star to understand that the French people want none of its dictation and will take none of it. It says:—"Now that the Star has exhausted its 'sensationalism' in the way of creating a 'panic,' and after having been disowned and denounced by the English merchants and the enlightened English population, we find it straddling another Rosinait; it must have vaccination whether we will it or not. 'Not only does it extol compulsory vaccination, but its proprietor is the principal author of the decision of the Health Committee in regard to its adoption, against the advice of such experienced men as Ald. Gray, Dr. LaChapelle, and Mr. Shorey, who opposed this measure and counseled means of persuasion. It must not be 'lost sight of that it is the Star' which has done the harm, and that now, in wishing 'to repair it, brings to its work all the zeal of a new convert, which threatens to be as disastrous as the results of its first campaign.' The Star is like an incendiary who wants to become a fireman."

"I AM NO HANGMAN." At an agricultural fair, held yesterday at Bell's Corners, in Carleton County, a scene occurred which was not down on the bill and which created for the time great excitement. Sir John Macdonald was delivering a speech, when the crowd divided into two factions and started a lively row. Many heads are said to have been broken. The trouble originated in a discussion over Riel's fate. Some said he should be hanged, others maintained that he should not, and to settle the difference the disputants had recourse to an exhibition of fist-fights which developed into a riot. One of the rioters rushed up to Sir John and demanded in a most peremptory manner "whether the Premier was going to hang Riel or not." Most men would have been cornered by such a pointed question. The question could not be ignored under the circumstances. The Premier could

not remain "silent," he could not shake his head and say "he did not know," he could not say "yes," nor "he could say "no." To have treated the question with silent contempt might have cost him serious bodily injury, if not his life; to have given an evasive answer would have left him at the mercy of both sides; to have said either yes or no would have set not only Bell's Corners but the entire country ablaze. Most men would have died on the horns of the dilemma, but Sir John sprang from them with ease and grace. His ready wit came to his rescue when it was probably needed most in the history of his career. His answer to the ticklish question of whether he was going to hang Riel or not was effective as it was brief. He replied to the rioter: "I am no hangman," and the mob was satisfied. We do not believe that Sir John, in his forty-one years of active political life, was ever stopped for an answer under such trying circumstances. Not one statesman in a hundred would, on the spot, have given a reply that could have so brilliantly and thoroughly saved the situation, which was worth either his own life, the following and support of his party, or the peace and union of the country. "I am not a hangman" is destined to become historic.

BOYCOTTING AN INFORMER. England can give her "informers" position and wealth, but she cannot give them peace or rest. A course follows the receiver of blood money, and his path through life is a sore and hard one to travel. During the ever memorable reign of Spencer, a Westmeath farmer, with a number of others, was charged with conspiracy to murder, in what is known as the famous Barbarilla murder case, but having turned approver at the trial, and procured the conviction of some twelve persons, his alleged fellow conspirators, he obtained his liberty and went back to reside on his farm, with a large money reward given to him by the Crown. The local feeling was so strong against him that he was allowed a guard of two constables, who reside with him and accompany him everywhere he goes. Some months ago he made a public statement to his parish priest, the Rev. Mr. Curry, which he subsequently put in writing and signed, and which was brought before the House of Commons at the time by Mr. T. D. Sullivan, M.P., declaring that he had no personal knowledge whatever of the said murder or conspiracy, and that all he had sworn against the parties convicted was a concoction to save himself; and that he was then anxious to make any reparation in his power to those who were suffering through him.

This confession only embittered the popular feeling against him. The people would have no dealings with a man who had so basely served the infamous purposes of the English Government. He was boycotted on all sides. He was shunned by everyone, and the cattle traders would not touch a head of his live stock. Thinking to escape hostility, he passed over the channel to England to dispossess his herd of cattle. The Liverpool Daily Post tells us what kind of a reception he met with on English soil. It says that "when he landed in Liverpool on Sunday with his body guard of Royal Irish constables his reputation seems to have got before him, and he found unmistakable proof of this when the cattle drovers who await the arrival of the steamers in quest of a bull not only refused with a unanimity which evidenced a previous understanding to drive his cattle to market, but addressed the owner in very uncomplimentary terms while he and the constables endeavored as best they could to conduct the cattle to the railway depot, en route to Manchester. Arrived at the railway yet another difficulty presented itself. The other cattle dealers who had got their cattle "boxed" threatened to withdraw them if the boycotted animals were accepted, so that the boycotted farmer had to proceed under increasing difficulties towards Old Swan, where he found shelter for himself and his cattle at the Stanley Hotel. Even here they were not to rest in peace, for the Irish dealers who were staying at the hotel for the following day's market informed their host that they would retire en masse if the "informer" was allowed to remain, and as the landlord had to consider his own interests, he was obliged to seek his unpopular visitors to retire. They next sought shelter at the Old Swan police station, and were taken to a rather obscure lodging-house, where they at last were allowed to stretch their weary limbs, but on the landlady, who was an Irish woman, learning the character of her visitors, she at once obliged them to rise and quit her premises at midnight, and they were obliged to return to the police station for shelter. In the market the same hostility was shown, and the boycotted farmer failed to sell his stock in the usual way, and was obliged to sell by private contract to a Manchester butcher at a loss of £3 per head to get them off his hands."

The latest fiction manufactured out of whole cloth by the veracious columnar comes from the correspondent of the London Standard at Rome. This orthodox news gatherer tells us that "the Pope eagerly reads the reports of the electoral chances in Ireland." He unceasingly admonishes the Irish "Bishops to prevent their flocks from supporting the Nationalists." The writer of that morose must consider his readers a supremely glib set of nincompoops if he expects them to swallow such unmitigated rubbish. Why, it is not much more than a month ago since the Very Rev. Dr. Walsh, Archbishop of Dublin, in a personal interview with the Pope at the Vatican, was told by His Holiness to continue agitating in a constitutional way for Ireland's rights, and that Ireland would have his warmest sympathy until full justice would be rendered her; and on Dr. Walsh's return from Rome, as soon as he put his foot ashore, he proclaimed himself a Home Ruler and a Nationalist. He even expressed the hope that the flag that fell from the dying hands of O'Connell and had been taken up by his successor would never be unfurled until Ireland's stolen rights had been restored to her. And since then His Grace has sent a circular to all the clergy in Ireland, telling them to attend the political conventions, to look out for surprises that may be sought to be sprung upon them, and to make sure that none but true and trusted men be put forward as candidates. Now, which will the world believe? the pious, the learned and the patriotic Archbishop of Dublin or the mendacious English scribbler of the Errington type? I won't work; it is too transparent. Cis-Atlantic and trans-Atlantic Ireland are more united to-day than ever before and both are marching on to final victory. And the prayer of every free people, of every nation that loveth justice and hateth iniquity is that God may speed them on their journey and crown their efforts with success.

SHALL THE CITY SUPPORT ITS OWN POOR, OR TAX OTHERS FOR DOING IT? An eminent Protestant divine of this city, the Rev. Mr. Norton, has, it seems, incurred the very serious displeasure of "the only religious daily." The rev. gentleman, in a recent sermon, rebuked those bigots who want to tie the hands of public charity be-

ing paper in that city, circulating among the masses; the very classes whose travelling and purchasing is annually of some service to Montreal. "The Thracian ringleaders were four French Communists, who led the mob on shouting, 'Vive le Franco! Vive la Commune!' 'Bravo Kieff! Down with the English and vaccination!' * * * Among the rioters last night were many of the Sixty-Fifth French Canadian Regiment; 600 quarrymen, from Coblenz, St. Louis, promise to join the rioters to-night." This will favorably impress the readers of the New York Evening Post with the condition of the city, and doubtless have some influence on those who periodically travel to Canada. The extract is only a fair sample of the extravagant nonsense that idle or malicious people send about for the edification of outside readers. It is, of course, hard to prevent the mischief being done. The authorities cannot act as censors, and the evil has to go unchecked. But there is a dark side to the picture which makes it the more disgusting. It is no secret that the correspondents of the New York papers are mainly reporters on the city papers. What possible interest they can have in magnifying the evils existing, and inventing others that have happily no existence, is hard to see. Their own interests may be among the first to suffer. The falsification to which we refer is neither patriotic, respectable or politic. We refrain from commenting on the question of truth.

MENDACIOUS ENGLISH SCRIBBLERS. The Hibernophobes, who manipulate the cablegrams from London in the interest of their English paymasters, are at their dirty work again. Seeing that Ireland is on the eve of obtaining the right of which she has been so long deprived, the right which was wrenched from her by means as infamous as any known in history, the right possessed, unquestioned and ungrudged, by a civilized people—that of making their own laws and of governing themselves—seeing the inevitable recovery by Ireland of this lost right in the near future, these lovers of justice and praters about "British fair play" are putting forth almost superhuman efforts to belittle the Irish cause and blacken Ireland's people in the eyes of the world. We are told from day to day that boycotting and agrarian outrages have never before reached such a pitch of terror in Ireland as at present. Some of the weak-kneed organs of public opinion in England, writing on the strength of those "thumping English lies," are suggesting that Ireland should be denied representation and be governed by shot and shell as a province in revolt. This is the fierce gripe of the old cannie who fain would show his teeth, but is powerless to bite. But it is too late in the day to project a renewal of the Buckshot Forster regime. Other methods must be tried and other plans adopted. The echo of the tangle note sounded by Parnell on the Liffey a couple of weeks ago has been heard around the world, and has struck terror into the hearts of Ireland's enemies on the Thames. *Illic illae lacrymae.*

The bigger, the more powerful and wealthier Ireland—the free Ireland on this side of the Atlantic—is watching the home struggle with the intensest interest and warmest sympathy. Their pledge to raise \$225,000 within the coming year, to strengthen Parnell's hands, is a proof that they are determined to do something more than remain idle spectators of this last and final struggle for Ireland's rights. The latest fiction manufactured out of whole cloth by the veracious columnar comes from the correspondent of the London Standard at Rome. This orthodox news gatherer tells us that "the Pope eagerly reads the reports of the electoral chances in Ireland." He unceasingly admonishes the Irish "Bishops to prevent their flocks from supporting the Nationalists." The writer of that morose must consider his readers a supremely glib set of nincompoops if he expects them to swallow such unmitigated rubbish. Why, it is not much more than a month ago since the Very Rev. Dr. Walsh, Archbishop of Dublin, in a personal interview with the Pope at the Vatican, was told by His Holiness to continue agitating in a constitutional way for Ireland's rights, and that Ireland would have his warmest sympathy until full justice would be rendered her; and on Dr. Walsh's return from Rome, as soon as he put his foot ashore, he proclaimed himself a Home Ruler and a Nationalist. He even expressed the hope that the flag that fell from the dying hands of O'Connell and had been taken up by his successor would never be unfurled until Ireland's stolen rights had been restored to her. And since then His Grace has sent a circular to all the clergy in Ireland, telling them to attend the political conventions, to look out for surprises that may be sought to be sprung upon them, and to make sure that none but true and trusted men be put forward as candidates. Now, which will the world believe? the pious, the learned and the patriotic Archbishop of Dublin or the mendacious English scribbler of the Errington type? I won't work; it is too transparent. Cis-Atlantic and trans-Atlantic Ireland are more united to-day than ever before and both are marching on to final victory. And the prayer of every free people, of every nation that loveth justice and hateth iniquity is that God may speed them on their journey and crown their efforts with success.

THE citizens, as a rule, do not see the American papers, but if they had the opportunity of reading the despatches that appear in them, purporting to be sent from Montreal, they would be not a little surprised. The New York journals are particularly rich in astonishing, and something more than sensational, paragraphs. As was pointed out the other day in these columns, the readers of the New York Sun were seriously told that Col. Ouimet, M.P., "colonel of the 65th and a Public Prosecutor," had alleged that a war of races was inevitable. Another romancer has caused to be published in several quarters a story to the effect that so great is the excitement and anti-vaccination sentiment that one person poisoned herself sooner than submit to the operation. The same genius is responsible for the statement that His Worship the Mayor had been arrested for taking possession of the hospital grounds. The New York Post, Times and Sun have day by day been charged with more or less harrowing tales telegraphed from this city. It would occupy too much of our space to give many extracts from the mass of systematic untruth-telling which appears to the detriment of Montreal in the foreign press. The reason of its being sent is inexplicable. For example, here is the "narrative" of the recent riot, as dreamed by the Montreal correspondent of the New York Evening Post, a paper which, we may remark by the way, is the first even-