

The True Witness

AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE
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MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 14.

CATHOLIC CALENDAR

For September, 1881.
THURSDAY, 15.—Octave of the Nativity. St. Nicomedes, Martyr.
FRIDAY, 16.—SS. Cornelius, Pope, and Cyprian, Bishop, Martyrs. SS. Euphemia and Companions, Martyrs.
SATURDAY, 17.—Stigmata of St. Francis of Assisi.

It is with great regret we have to announce the death of Mrs. Alexander McDonald, teacher of Alexandria, Ont., which melancholy event took place on the 9th inst. The deceased lady was wife of Mr. Alexander McDonald, her maiden name being Elizabeth Byrne. She was highly respected by all classes throughout the District.

The fact that Courtney came in but third at the Toronto Regatta shows conclusively that his pretensions to being a rival of Hamilton's were very poor. He was beaten by Wallace Ross; he was beaten by Conley, and those whom he left behind were pretty close to him. The shred of glory left on Courtney after the Potomac race has departed.

A respected correspondent, while approving of Father Nugent's emigration scheme generally, thinks it would be well to know the antecedents of those with whom children are placed for adoption, as several cases have come under his notice where the poor innocents were beaten, starved and worked to death. The suggestion is a valuable one.

The Czar almost devoured the old Kaiser with kisses at Dantzic. It was most affecting, and, although the despatches do not say so, we have no doubt that every one wept at the sight. It is not every day one sees emperors gushing, though of late there has been a considerable amount of it. The Holy Alliance is, therefore, on its feet once more and the French Republic trembles.

The appointment of the Revd. Father Whelan, to the very important Parish of St. Patrick's, Ottawa, in the room of the lamented Vicar-General O'Connor, is a sign that youth is not a bar to preferment in the church. Father Whelan is a young man, but he is full of zeal, piety, energy and intelligence. We wish, as the Kaiser said to the Czar at their late meeting, that he may live long and die happily.

The contradictory reports concerning President Garfield are enough to puzzle the most intelligent. All we positively gather from them is that the patient is not dead. Secretary Blaine, in his cable despatch to Minister Lowell, is hopeful, but fears for the state of the right leg, while another despatch hints at an abscess forming in the lungs, and still another declares that the bullet is working its way upward! If the President recovers it will be more than a phenomenon; it will be a miracle.

HANLAN has withdrawn from the water, and the Montreal Witness might say, taken to the whiskey. He has resolved to row no more. He will settle down as a hotel-keeper, he will get a corporation on him in a few years and will be content to tell stories of his prowess in the past to admirers of his beer and himself. He has done a sensible act in retiring. His laurels are bright; he can count a great number of victories and but one or two insignificant defeats. He has been a wonder to rowers, just as Sayers was to prize fighters until Heenan broke his arm. He has gained renown for Canada and a competence for himself. May he rest in peace under his vine and fig tree, may his liquors ever be good and his customers excellent hands at paying.

Whatever worth is attached to the opinions of the New York Herald, it must be admitted that its news is not unsound, if exaggerated and sensational. The Herald has within the past few years been treating on Canadian canals and sounding a note of warning over them. The Herald has intelligence enough to understand that Canada has unrivalled advantages of situation whether as regards commerce or military defence and that even if Yankeeedom has fifty millions of a population and Canada less than five, a time may come when the North

will once more conquer the South. It is good policy on the part of the Herald and other leading American papers to talk as if we were anxious to jump into the arms of Brother Jonathan, but it would be stupid in our part to accept what they say. The time must come when the United States, broad as it is, will have been filled up. Then will come the turn of Canada, and when fortune, or rather destiny, does pronounce in our favor, it will be decisively. Our nation has better facilities for training up heroes than that of our Southern cousins, and history teaches that the North always vanquishes the South. Rome subdued Carthage; Greece conquered Persia and why not Canada walk over the United States? In times past we made a successful resistance against our friends, even when they were flushed with victory over the Briton. Think of DeSalaberry. We always rolled back the tide of invasion, and shall so continue if it be necessary. Let the Herald, and the World, and the Star and the Sun of New York attend to their own proper business and talk less of annexation. It is we who should do that, and we do not feel inclined as yet. Independence is more to our liking.

That terrible Mr. Parnell! Will he never cease? And will Catholic Bishops never grow intolerant? The Reverend Harold Rylett, Unitarian Minister, is Mr. Parnell's nominee for Tyrone, and Bishop Nulty comes forward and supports him. Parnell is not effaced after all. He is, on the contrary, a most formidable character whose nefarious purpose is to elevate his countrymen and to prevent them being beggars any longer. And the worst of it is that he is just the kind of a character to succeed.

The Emperors are trying to revive the Holy Alliance, but it can hardly be done. Europe has advanced a good deal since Waterloo in radicalism, if not in religion. It has lost respect for individuals, and kings are nothing but men, ugly men, too, some of them. There are no other Polands to be partitioned, and France will not fall a victim. If the new alliance be against any nation it is against democratic France, which is showing the world how well a people can get along without Kings or Kaisers. If the volatile French can do without Emperors, why cannot the calm Germans, or the Austrians, or even the Russians?

The Marquis of Blandford, son of the Duke of Marlborough, is a sensible man. He is, contrary to the traditions of his family, Liberal to the backbone. But however ambitious he may be of Parliamentary honors, he has retired from the electoral contest in Cambridgeshire fearing that the fair trade flood would swamp him. The Marquis is going to be one of the men of our time, a second Mirabeau evidently. He has written several articles for the Nineteenth Century all of a democratic nature. He thinks there should be no absolute property in land, and that if the House of Lords should not be altogether wiped out of existence, it should be strongly remodelled.

Thousands of people grumble against the sparrow nuisance, but have not the courage to complain. Perhaps it would be disloyal to complain. The Victorians of the Australian continent introduced rabbits, because they were dear little English pets, and now they rise in rebellion against them. They are a nuisance and they are worse. And so it is in a measure with our sparrows. They are beginning to frighten us already, but let us wait until by and bye when our song birds have been driven away, and it is the sparrows who will be frightened by us. Although esthetics and its very name are falling into disrepute at present, it does not follow that we should all fall down before the critic of Philistinism and consent to have everything beautiful driven from Canada!

The fair trade excitement in England is increasing in volume, but then so is the land excitement. The leaders of public opinion are aware that both commercially and agriculturally their country is going down hill, but they find it is not so easy to set matters right. It is difficult to make laws in England altering commercial regulations, but even if they were made, it is impossible to tell whether they would answer the purpose intended. All is known for certain is that England grew wealthy under protection laws, in force a long time, that they were altered and she again grew wealthy under a free trade regime, at least her upper classes did, but fair trade will be only an experiment. England manufactured for the world and did the world's carrying trade for three quarters of a century, but that was when her navies ruled the ocean and her money kept the European continental powers at war. Now matters are changed; the European countries persist in manufacturing for themselves, in developing their own industries, and, if possible, in doing their own carrying trade. With this view they impose tariffs on British manufactures, and who can blame them except he hail from Birmingham or Manchester. Besides, there is America with its vast wheatfields and its growing manufactures to be taken as a potent factor in the great exchange which is gradually taking place, and there are even British dependencies which build walls against the goods of the mother country. All this would not be so bad for England if she did not contain a population much larger than she can support, without the eats up her capital, or else that the outside nations are generous and take her condition into account in their tariffs. But they are unfortunately selfish—all nations that are, and have ever been, are so, and were so, and all they can do is to let the surplus population emigrate.

And this, it seems to us, must be the panacea for the ills of England. Fair trade will not restore her to her former commercial greatness no more than will any effort of Italian statesmen restore Italy to the commanding position she held in ancient times. All nations will have to accept the inevitable destiny which tends to equalize their chances in attaining fame and commercial greatness. Formerly there used to be only one great power—Assyria, or Persia, or Greece, or Rome—which dominated the world; now there are seven, including the United States, and at no distant day there may be a dozen all having equal pretensions to greatness. Fair trade will be a failure; it takes more than one to play that game.

Every newspaper, periodical or magazine in the States is just enough to condemn the Indian policy of its Government, but the Government does not change its policy all the same. Every official that we hear of thinks it his duty to rob the Indian first and to exterminate him afterwards, and yet he goes to church, and perhaps flings a dime into the plate with a free hand and a freer conscience. Public opinion forces the Government to make a show of justice and send agents among the Indians, but it is not potent enough to make the agents honest. Is it that the Government is more moral than its servants, or that the temptation of dividing a blanket in two is irresistible to a people whose most aesthetic population condescended to sell wooden nutmegs to the unsuspecting emigrant? The soul of this people melts in sympathy for its wounded President, which is only right and Christian, but has it no feeling for the Indian? None at all, evidently, or else why this eternal slaughtering. And yet Beecher and Talmage and other great preachers tell us the Indian is our brother, and that there will be an hereafter for us all. They also point to Quebec and Mexico and Chili and Peru as papistically governed countries, but they fail to inform us that in those wretched regions the Indians are protected and saved even if the Governments do not order the distribution of salt pork and blankets. There is surely something rotten about American civilization.

Egypt is in the throes of a revolution. The Colonels of the national regiments have submitted an ultimatum to the Khedive which has been accepted. They demand the assembling of the "nobles" and the dismissal of the Ministry. By the nobles is probably meant the prominent native Egyptians, in the shape of something like a real Egyptian Parliament, and the dismissal of the Ministry means the overthrow of foreign influence, for an Englishman is Minister of Finance, and a Frenchman of Railroads, the two most important positions in the country. A significant fact in the complication is the refusal of Cherif Pasha to take office in the new Ministry except Italian interests are represented. This shows that Italy is at the bottom of the new intrigue. She is also ambitious of power in North Africa, but up to this France and England have excluded her, and have agreed between themselves to divide the spoils, but now that those two powers are jealous each of the other is the time for the astute Italian to enter on the scene. Italy cannot forget her geographical position nor that North Africa formerly belonged exclusively to her. Speaking fairly, it would be well for Egypt to have control of her own resources, which are now drained for the benefit of England and France. The fellahs, who are set down as the real Egyptians, the descendants of the Pharaohs and those who made slaves of the Hebrews, are ground into the dust and starved, even on the fertile banks of the Nile, while the produce of the land increases the wealth of Paris and London. Any change would better their condition. But it is to be feared that though the relations between England and France are strained, they will take joint action against the Egyptian army in what they consider their own interests, and then we shall have Italy, Turkey, France and England looking at one another from four corners of a quadrangular field; what complication may arise cannot be predicted, but what is certain is that the Europeans will not leave Egypt without a struggle.

Mr. WALTER, Liberal member of the English Parliament, and proprietor of the London Times, arrived in New York on Tuesday last and was at once interviewed by a Herald reporter, which, was nothing but right and anticipated, although it must be understood that the Times would not accord the same honor to James Gordon Bennett. The Times is without doubt a true exponent of English public opinion, and Mr. Walter is the very essence of an Englishman. He has all the good qualities of the English people and all the bad; and when he speaks, even to a New York Herald reporter, his words convey what an Englishman thinks. The conversation which passed between the two newspaper men bore chiefly upon Ireland and the Irish. They were roughly handled by Mr. Walter, which is not surprising, considering that he is an Englishman, an English journalist, and the proprietor of the Times, but above all that he is the very mouthpiece of Anglo-Saxonism. He was proprietor of the Times in 1847 when his paper exclaimed exultantly that "Celts were gone with a vengeance." He was also proprietor of the same paper when The O'Donoghue horsewhipped him in the streets of London, but neither the exodus nor the castigation softened his breast, and he hates the Irish in Chicago just as he hated them in Limerick, for it is in his nature as representative of English public opinion. When asked by the Herald reporter why it was the Irish were so land hungry he answered that it was a mystery, "for," said he, "while they are crying for land in Ireland,

they loaf in drunken fashion round the great American cities, and will do anything but farm." There was a grain of truth in this assertion of Mr. Walter, but only a grain, and he knows it. If The O'Donoghue had not horsewhipped him he might have condescended to tell the whole truth. He might have told the reporter that his countrymen had so robbed the Irish that they were barely able to pay their passage to the Atlantic cities; that and nothing more. Those of them who had money enough to enable them to get to San Francisco became millionaires and rulers of that future seat of Empire. They are the MacKays, the Floods, the O'Briens, whom Walter, like a true Englishman, worships from the bottom of his stomach (we had almost said his soul), and the soles of his boots he would kiss for the millions which rested on them. Is it any wonder that an immortal hatred should exist between the Irish and the English when such men as Walter go around the world and proclaim it. Which is the better or honest man we should like to know, he or O'Donoghue Rossa? Rossa unhesitatingly, and certainly the more courageous, for Rossa threw his sloop pall in the face of the Saxon jailer, who came to taunt him, while Walter took his chastisement like a Christian and an Englishman. This is what Walter said in answer to the reporter, and it is quite enough to give O'Donoghue Rossa a *raison d'etre*—

"Oh, they would be very well if let alone. They are very credulous, very ignorant and easily managed, and can easily be convinced by the people who live in this agitation that they are the most oppressed people of the earth, and, of course, there isn't a particle of truth in that. There is nothing on the face of the earth to prevent an Irishman from being happy if he will only work and not get drunk."

A late issue of London Truth, Mr. Labouchere's paper, contained an article on Canada, which is not pleasant to read. It attacks the Pacific Railroad, which it pronounces a fraud, and it goes on from that to others of our institutions, until it comes to the end of the article, when it calls Canada itself a fraud. This is hard, but it is not honest. Truth prophesies that Ontario, the only honest Province in the Dominion, will soon annex itself to the United States. As for Quebec, it is bankrupt beyond redemption; and as for the North-West, it is a poor place, puffed to bombast by officials and land speculators. But listen to Truth—

"Canada is one of the most over-rated colonies we have, but it is heartily loyal," and makes the loyal pay. Its astute inhabitants know well how to take John Bull's susceptibilities, but I have seen nothing finer in the way of advertising than poor Lord Lorne's 'tour' now in progress. He has gone to the North, but just at the right time, and the gushing accounts we are receiving from the 'specials' who accompany him are admirably adapted to create a belief that the true land of promise is to be found there at last. With such soil to till, and among such Queen worshippers, the distressed British farmer would be in bliss. Of course, those who choose can believe all that. For my part I know of only one sound province in the whole Dominion—that of Ontario. It is the only province, as a shrewd land jobber said to me once, 'where you can lend money on land with any hope of ever seeing your own again.' As for the country, as a whole it is poor, and it is crushed with debt. The supreme Government owes about \$28,000,000 to this country, and about \$25,000,000 altogether, and every province has its separate debt, as also has almost every collection of shanties calling itself a 'city.'

If there is much in the article which is grossly exaggerated there is also much which is true. We have absolutely too many Governments, and there is more loyalty spoken in Canada in one day than if judiciously distributed would answer for at least one year. Truth is now looked to as one of the most popular and 'truthful' journals in England, and a perusal, therefore, of its utterances will enable us to see our country through an English medium.

ATHLETICS AND ESTHETICS.

If the Atlantic cable is to be credited the Irish are an inferior race, good for little and whom it would be proper to exterminate, but just as regularly as the cable tells us lies, it is contradicted by current history, which shows Irish names victorious all along the line. It is not the philosophy of the Irish which is achieving a triumph for them; they leave that to the Scotch; it is not commerce; they leave that to the English. The Parsees of Bombay are both splendid philosophers and successful merchants, but they don't rule. It is, perhaps, a pity that they don't, but then they don't; it is the English. The English are muscular, and they are the masters, for, let us be truthful, it is strength which rules. The Romans and the Greeks were intelligent enough after the Christian era, and religious enough and philosophical enough, but they shrank and withered before the northern barbarians who knew not the letters of the alphabet. The elegant resident of Alexandria, pupil of Hypatia or sceptic of Orestes felt his knowledge of no service when the Goth came along with his savage throng. Knowledge is not always power, but muscle generally is. Perhaps unfortunately. If muscle is power the Irish will soon rule the world, despite the tremendous efforts of their natural enemies, the English, who are a commercial people. For strength and bravery they are unrivalled. British war office returns show that the Irish of the Imperial army have far more than their percentage of Victoria Crosses. Out of the 600 'Englishmen' who so bravely rushed upon the Russian batteries at Balaclava there were '321' Irishmen. All the British Generals worth mentioning since Wellington's time were Irishmen. All the American Admirals were Irishmen, and at the present day all the athletes and gymnasts of the American-British-Irish world are Irishmen. Just

look at the incomparable Shamrocks! Look at Hanlan, Courtney, Riley, and also look at this young aspirant Conley, who on Thursday swept past Courtney and Trickett in Toronto Bay.

CITY AND SUBURBAN.

THE TRAIN ROBBERY IN MISSOURI.

INTERVIEW WITH ONE OF THE PASSENGERS. Mr. A. T. Lothrop, one of the passengers on board the train which fell into the hands of the Missouri desperados, arrived in Montreal last Saturday from the west. He had been working a mine at Kokomo, Colorado, and was returning on a visit to his friends in Sherbrooke. He is a fine-looking man, who is plainly evident has seen a good deal of western life. Wearing a broad felt hat, cowhide boots, together with his sunburnt, ruddy complexion, he is to all intents and purposes a complete specimen of a frontiersman and hardy miner. He is accompanied by his son, a youth of eighteen. A reporter of The Post interviewed him this afternoon while he was in the depot seeing to his luggage, preparatory to taking the 3:30 train to his destination.

"I understand, Sir," queried the reporter, "that you are one of the passengers who were cleaned out at Independence, Mo., by the train robbers the other night?" "I was," was the reply, "but they did not make a great haul from me anyhow."

"How was that?" "Well, you see, we were all asleep in the car. I guess it would be about one o'clock in the morning when the train stopped. It awoke me, of course, and I was just about to get up and see what kind of a station we had arrived at (for we all thought it was that made the train stop) when four men, with masks on their faces, and a revolver in each hand, stepped into the car and commanded us all to sit still. Two came in by one door and two by another. My son had a cocked revolver lying beside him on the seat, but he durst not use it, as all seemed to give up. One of them, evidently the leader, cried, 'Out with your pocketbooks.' We were only too glad to obey. One of the robbers went through the car with a bag and received the purses. I had \$28 in one purse and \$800 in another. I dropped the \$28 one in the bag, and they passed on, thinking they had cleaned me out."

"The desperadoes say that while the robbers were inside the cars their comrades kept up a continual firing outside."

"Not a bit of it; there was not a shot fired the whole time. Everything was done in a quick, quiet and business-like manner."

of the Land League to be held in Dublin was broached by several speakers. It was finally moved by Mr. F. A. Quinn, and seconded by Mr. B. Connaughton, substantially as follows: That this branch of the Land League will hold itself in readiness to adopt the programme and follow the line of conduct which may be marked out by the Convention. This motion did not seem to meet general approval as it was not considered strong enough. It was consequently withdrawn and was substituted by an amendment proposed by Mr. C. Doherty and seconded by Mr. Whelan, which called upon the convention to accept no half measures or compromise, and to continue to demand the possession of the land for the people. This amendment was accepted and will be carried, the members immediately subscribing the amount of expenses for that purpose.

BURGLARS AT WORK.

That burglars and gentlemen of that ilk are operating in St. Gabriel Municipality, and with some success, is indicated by the following statement made to a representative of THE TRUE WITNESS a resident on the Lower Lachine Road: About one o'clock yesterday morning, the gentleman in question before retiring for the night, made a tour of his dwelling for the purpose of seeing that all the doors and windows were properly secured and fastened. While opening one of the shutters in rear of the house, he was startled at seeing a man standing on the veranda which runs along the rear of the dwelling. Thinking he was mistaken as to his purpose, he hurriedly went out, but found in no good time that the articles in his possession were stolen. He is a little doubtful as to the person in the village yesterday morning the loss of several articles of clothing, &c., a milkman named Brown, living on Hibernia Road, having lost a can of milk, and another gentleman, who is a police protection in the village, is securing the residents to be particularly now in securing their premises at night, and take other precautions against the depredations of these lawless vagabonds. Several of them have made their minds to take the law in their own hands should they be troubled with these rascals, and are determined to give one and all of them a warm reception.

ST. VINCENT DE PAUL PENITENTIARY.

Muller, the ex-convict, lately released from the penitentiary, and who is held as a witness in the case of the Salter murder in that institution, speaks in the following complimentary terms to the officials of that place of detention. He says that there is a lack of discipline among the guards which is lamentable. According to his story, the number of Salter's keepers, although well armed, was afraid to approach the murderer until the assistance of several other armed men was called in. Although he has no authority for his own experience in other institutions, he thinks that the management at St. Vincent de Paul could not possibly be more than first class. From the penitentiary down to the lowest grade of the playhouse there seems to exist a great laxity in the direction of affairs. He thinks that with the exercise of more care and better discipline might be enforced without resorting to any harsher measures.

FALLING OFF IN THE GRAIN TRADE FROM THE PORT OF MONTREAL.

In August, 1881, there were 3,725,371 bushels of grain shipped to Europe from the port of Montreal. The same period this year presents a great deficit, a falling off of something like two-thirds. The amount sent away this year for the month of August amounts to 1,526,197 bushels. Various reasons are assigned for this bad report, the chief being that New York is absorbing this line of business on account of the cheap railroad freight traffic. In 1881, New York shipped from its port over thirteen million bushels, and this year only ten millions. New York, it is calculated, ships 10 per cent of all the grain shipped from America. Boston 9.4, Montreal 4.4, Portland 4.4, Philadelphia 11.2, Baltimore 18.1, and New Orleans 9.1. This year from all these ports it has been noticed that there is a great falling off in grain shipments.

Joseph Lapointe, a tall, powerfully built carter, was on Saturday afternoon arrested at Hochelaga Depot by Constables Loe and Parent on a charge of interfering with passengers. He was brought to the Central Station, but the authorities there refused to place him in the cells without the production of a warrant. As the hour was far advanced the Magistrates had left the Court, and Mr. J. B. R. Dufresne, a Justice of the Peace, was sent for, and made out the document necessary to send the prisoner to the gaol. In the meantime, although manacled, the prisoner resisted violently, and gave his custodians such rough treatment that he is now held on a further charge of assaulting the police. He will be tried at Hochelaga.

FOUNDERING OF A STEAMER ON LAKE MICHIGAN.

SIXTEEN LIVES LOST. FRANKFORT, Mich., Sept. 12.—The steamer "Columbia," of the North Eastern line, was caught in a gale on Saturday night on Lake Michigan. The cargo shifted at a quarter of eleven o'clock Sunday morning, and the steamer floated only about 15 minutes, allowing barely sufficient time to launch the boats. The passengers and crew got away in small boats just as the steamer sank in deep water. A heavy sea was running, and the boats were swamped. One containing the Captain and Engineer swamped almost before it got clear of the vessel. The following are known to be lost.—Capt. Malcom; Robert Mountain, second mate; Wm. Croxley, first engineer; Wm. Niffie, second engineer; Geo. Benton, fireman; Wm. Shanon, Harriet Simmons, Miss Fitzgerald, also a gentleman from Chicago and seven other passengers unknown. All 16. The bodies of the captain, first and second engineers and Miss Fitzgerald and a young man, unknown, were washed ashore. The saved were: John Moore, James Wright, Dave McFee, James Orokil, John Fagan, Thomas Lee, Frank Hamahan. The steamer was bound from Chicago to Collingwood, Canada, laden with grain.

"OBITUARY."

Died, about seven o'clock, Monday morning, 5th day of September, 1881, at South-west, Ont., St. Andrew, in the 72nd year of his age, the venerable age of ninety-six years, relict of the late Francis McDonald, in his lifetime the proprietor of all of the St. Andrew's, Ontario, possessed admirable attributes of morality, honesty, fidelity, patience, piety and wisdom, an exemplary character, and a most good neighbor and very faithful friend. Her remains were accompanied by a large and respectable number of neighbours and relatives on Saturday morning, and were interred in a Requiem Mass, for the repose of her soul, was celebrated by the good Pastor, John Maclester. The funeral was per Misericordiam, Del. De quiescat in pace.