

The True Witness

CATHOLIC CHRONICLE

A WEEKLY EDITION OF THE "EVENING POST"

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY

781 CRAIG STREET, MONTREAL

Post Printing and Publishing Company

Terms (by Mail) \$1.50 per Annum in Advance City (Delivered) \$2.00

MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, FEB. 4

CALENDAR

THURSDAY, 5—St. Agatha, Virgin and Martyr. FRIDAY, 6—St. Titus, Bishop and Confessor. SATURDAY, 7—St. Romulus, Abbot. SUNDAY, 8—Quinquagesima Sunday. MONDAY, 9—Conversion of St. Paul. TUESDAY, 10—St. Scholastica, Virgin. WEDNESDAY, 11—Ash Wednesday; beginning of Lent.

NOTICE

Subscribers should notice the date on the label attached to their paper, as it marks the expiration of their term of subscription. Subscribers who do not receive the TRUE WITNESS regularly should complain direct to our Office.

Teachers' Attention! We are desirous of obtaining the name and post-office address of every Catholic lady and gentleman school teacher in each province of the Dominion and in Newfoundland.

As yet we have not received the names of one-half the Catholic teachers of the Dominion, doubtless because they have not seen our request. We will feel obliged to any readers of the TRUE WITNESS, who, knowing the name and address of a Catholic school teacher in any section of the Dominion, will take the trouble to send it to us plainly written on a postal card.

L'Esclaircur of Quebec says:—"Ireland was not the last place to come to the assistance of Quebec when she was called upon. We recollect one time, among others, when assistance was requested for the victims of a great fire which ravaged our city, the population of Dublin alone subscribed to the fund for our relief a sum amounting to £7,000 sterling, or something like \$30,000."

The New York Herald is now in the zenith of its happiness, posing as the organ of the British aristocracy. It is en rapport with the Marlboroughs, the Duncravens, the Duncravays, and others of that class which obtained land by some means in the times past, and would keep it forever for hunting purposes, while the people starved or emigrated.

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and make them wish they had let matters remain as they were. The Catholic clergy are now making an effort to arrest the deluge and save the people, and the much shot at kings are in their hearts not sorry to see them do the same, and hope they may succeed. The new crusade is called the O'Connell League, a very proper and significant name for a great Catholic movement.

It is with pleasure we announce that on Monday we were enabled to forward another five hundred dollars for the relief of the distress in Ireland. The first five hundred dollars were sent to the Archbishop of Tuam, because the need in his particular diocese was not pressing, but since then the distress has become general, and we therefore have forwarded the second instalment of the our Irish Relief Fund to the Treasurer of the relief department of the Land League, who has agents throughout the island, in a position to know the districts in which assistance is most required.

One tells a story of a English footman who had got a magnificently patriotic sentence by heart, and was fond of airing it on all possible occasions, in season and out of season. Being once told by a friend of his master to call his carriage, he answered, "I will, my lord; but the man who would lay his hand upon a woman except in the way of friendship deserves not the name of Briton."

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"Oh, just shove in 'Crime in Ireland, another murder in Tipperary.' It did not matter, if there was no murder, there should be. Our Kingston contemporary, while having Ireland on the brain, and sympathizing with the oppressed Duchess of Marlborough in its heart, for one must defend one's own order, you know, receives a telegram to the effect that in Barcelona, a rich landowner with his family and servants were murdered, and that two swine herds were arrested for the crime. Under the appalling circumstances, what does the News do. It heads the telegram, Ireland, and places, Dublin as a side heading and thus avenges the Duchess. Now, though in pre-historic times Ireland and Spain might have been connected, they are not, so at present, and Barcelona is certainly in Spain. It does not follow, therefore, that the murder was committed in Ireland. If our contemporary would keep cool on the Irish question, it would be better for its regard to truth, and its editorial utterances on Parnell and Ireland might have more effect.

Mr. J. C. Hanley and the Belleville "Ontario"

Mr. J. C. Hanley, of Road, Ont., has written a very sensible letter to the editor of the Belleville Ontario in reference to an editorial in that paper on Mr. Parnell and the Irish Land Question. Mr. Hanley's letter is not only sensible but logical, and not only logical but as truthful as it is possible for printed words to be. He goes over the arguments of the Ontario, if such they can be called, and demolishes them with the greatest ease, as such arguments have been demolished a thousand times before within the past month. We insert Mr. Hanley's communication in another column and we wish we could do the same by the article in the Ontario, but our space forbids. We do not know what is Mr. Hanley's occupation in life, but comparing the literary excellence of his letter with that of the editorial in our esteemed contemporary, we would strongly advise that they change places, if Mr. Hanley be willing. Says our esteemed contemporary: "Now, our objection to Mr. Parnell's remarks was not because we deny the right of Ireland to Home Rule, so called, nor was it because we believe the land laws of that country to be just, but because he had inaugurated his mission to America by a gross representation of the acts of the Queen of England and the British Government."

What is Philanthropy?

Our scriptural contemporary over the way is once more at its congenial work of stirring up strife among the citizens of Montreal. It has read the Sermon on the Mount to little purpose. It appears that Mr. Parnell, a representative Irish gentleman, intends coming to Montreal to make an appeal for assistance for his countrymen in Ireland suffering from cold and famine. He does not come here to ask money for Protestant Irishmen or for Catholic Irishmen, but for Irishmen pure and simple, although he is himself a Protestant. Now, as a large portion of the people, not only of this city, but of the Dominion of Canada, are Irishmen or the descendants of Irishmen, it is but natural they should wish to give a cordial welcome to a distinguished countryman coming here on such a mission. That they do earnestly desire it is plain enough. In order to make the welcome more general, they desire that Mr. Parnell and his colleague, also a distinguished Irishman, should be received by the Mayor of Montreal in his official capacity, as others have been so received before. Surely there is nothing extraordinary in all this. On Monday evening the subject was discussed in the Council, and on a motion, introduced by Alderman Donovan, a division was taken, which resulted in a tie; whereupon his Worship the Mayor exercised his right of throwing a casting vote, which he did in favor of Alderman Donovan's resolution, with the understanding, however, that he was to approve of the address to Mr. Parnell before he consented to present it in his official capacity. Now, if we interpret the intention of His Worship right, it is, that if any disloyal statements towards the Sovereign or her Government be embodied in the address, he will refuse to read it; but if, on the contrary, it be such as recommends itself to his judgment as being constitutional and philanthropic, His Worship will read and present the address with pleasure. At this stage in steps our friend, the Witness, with rage in its heart and meaningless mutterings on its lips, to explain the situation and prejudice the citizens against Mr. Parnell. "If," says the Witness, with its usual absence of logic when excited, "for purely philanthropic purposes a man may foment sedition, repudiation and crime, then Mr. Parnell's mission is in the cause of philanthropy." If our esteemed contemporary throws out this sentence for the special benefit of the Mayor, it must take it for granted His Worship is an idiot, whereas we all know he is not, but, on the contrary, a highly intelligent man, and one well worthy of filling the high position of Chief Magistrate of Canada's greatest city. Mayor Rivard, as the intelligent gentleman we take him for, reads the newspapers and knows that one of the greatest if not the very greatest living Englishmen, fully endorses the policy of Parnell and the land question. We allude to the Right Honorable John Bright, an ex-Cabinet Minister, one who, if he chooses, will be a minister again, and one who, if he came to Montreal, either on business or pleasure, would certainly receive a public reception, at which the Mayor would read him an address. Mr. Bright would, we are bound to believe, receive an address, even if he came to influence the public opinion of Montreal in favor of relieving English distress and a settlement of the land question. Just as Parnell is called a traitor now, and an agitator, Mr. Bright was called a knave and a traitor for his advocacy of a reform bill, or for

The Eye of the Future.

Those among us who are still young can remember the time when it was rare enough to meet people on the streets who wore spectacles or eye glasses. It is now common enough, and if we go on as we are at present, the unsuspected portion of our population will in the near future be in a minority, and perhaps in another century, always supposing that 1882 will not witness the end of the world, the man or woman moving around without glasses will be exceptional cases. Scientists, who are just now investigating everything and discovering everything, inform us that the eyes of the ancient Assyrians, and inferentially of their contemporaries, were not formed the same as our own, and also that there are colors, not to speak of shades, with which they were unacquainted. In the paintings and frescoes which have come down to us from them the color green is never discovered, nor anything corresponding to it in their writings. Possibly a green field appeared blue in their eyes, or perhaps orange, just as at night blue and green are taken one for the other by ourselves. In our days statisticians inform us of the rather alarming fact that color blindness is becoming quite common, so much so indeed that applicants for employment on some of the American railroad lines are now submitted to a test as to colors.

This is absolutely necessary as regards brakenmen, and guards especially. But to return to our subject. It may be easily understood that our snows of winter hurt the eye, and in conjunction with the glare of the sun showing down upon such a white substance cause the optic to contract for protection. This weakens the sight and makes the use of spectacles necessary as a matter of course. The question is how long this may continue, according to the law of evolution, without making Canada a nation of eyeless men. If we were not a reading people, a writing people, a people who have to concentrate our vision on small objects when working at certain branches of industry, it would not so much matter. The Indians who inhabited this country before Cartier and Champlain were possessed of good eyesight, notwithstanding the sun, as their descendants are to-day, but then they were not accustomed to making watch springs or reading diamond and brevier print by gaslight. So long as emigration continues the Canadian nation will be able to retain its eyes, but when the great Northwest is settled and the country can support no more, the eye will descend from father to son, growing smaller and smaller each century, until it disappears altogether. We shall then be liable to be conquered by the Fenians, or any filibustering body with eyes in their heads who think a country which loses its eyesight worth the invading. But it may be that nature, ever beneficent, may furnish us with another sense which will enable the race to struggle for existence under the new conditions surrounding it, as it gives the animals at the Pole a white and thick fur to adapt them to circumstances. This is a serious matter—too serious, by far, for jesting—and we think some of our scientists—Professor Dawson, for instance, now that he has got through with the "ten horns"—should give it consideration. Perhaps he might invent an eleventh horn to protect the eye. Something must be done if the Canada of the future is to amount to anything like what the Globe predicts for it when its party is in power, always, as we have observed before, if the trump of the archangel be not heard the year after next. That will settle the question of spectacles, and render the law of evolution entirely unnecessary.

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the disestablishment of the Irish Church; and it may be convenient to remember that in the settlement of the latter question, vested rights were interfered with and lands taken from certain parties, for which compensation was given. As is John Bright, so is Charles Stewart Parnell. They both recommend that the land be sold to the tenants; the only material difference between them being that the Irishman advised his countrymen not to pay their rents, if by paying them they placed themselves in danger of dying of hunger. If that is not pure philanthropy we know not what is. Mr. Parnell has also another philanthropic piece of policy in view, which is to collect money for the land agitation, while he at the same time advises that immediate assistance be given to the sufferers. One does not in the least interfere with the other. We need scarcely inform the Mayor that a land agitator is strictly constitutional in Ireland as well as in Canada, and that if it were not Mr. Parnell would long ago have been arrested by the British Government. The Witness would, of course, be delighted to make the Mayor of Montreal adopt the unenviable role of a landlord partizan by insulting the Irish people of Montreal and of Canada, but we give him credit for a better head and heart than our contemporary. We think we have conclusively shown that the illustrious Irishman about paying us a visit is coming for a philanthropic purpose, if philanthropy consists of giving food to the starving and placing them in a position to starve no more. But, before concluding, we would like to say a few words. The Witness has, all through, done its best to prevent people whom it influences from giving money not only to the Irish Land League and the Mansion House fund, but even to the Duchess of Marlborough fund—to any fund at all—and yet it advises, and howls and foams in the mouth, and quotes Scripture, as if it were continually shovelling out money for Irish relief. Our sanctimonious contemporary, after (presumably) baring the white of its eyes, winds up its bitterly unchristian editorial:—"God sends affliction to draw men's hearts to each other, and not to afford occasions of ill-will." Go to, blasphemous! what do you know about God or charity or good-will? Take care that God may not send you punishment, even in this world, for your vile hypocrisy, O whitened sepulchre and perverter of Scriptural phrase: that you are.

Affairs in Europe

Affairs in Europe are growing still more warlike despite the protestations of diplomats. A year ago it was complained that the armaments were unbearable, that taxation could not possibly be increased, but the simple people had to learn what ambitious despots could do when lust of conquest or fear of a surprise urged them. Russia is increasing her army, Germany is increasing her army, so is France, so is Italy, and those who cannot be trembling for their existence. Prince Bismarck has put a tax on newspaper advertisements. One of the German Princes has gone to Italy to negotiate an alliance, Russia and France are coquetting with each other over the shoulders of Germany, and Bismarck, it is said, is seriously uneasy, and fete he may be. Russia took warning by the late which befel Austria and France. Her statesmen are too cunning to be caught napping. Every one knows the shock must come, and come in all probability in the spring. Only a miracle can prevent it. "All is prepared, the fire, the sword, the men. To wield them in their terrible array." As for disarmament, it is absurd. History tells us such a thing has never yet taken place until after a trial of battle. It may be that Germany, feeling Austria and herself are no match for France and Russia, wishes to bring over Italy to their side, which is not impossible, as that faithless nation has no policy but extension, and will fall in with the highest bidder. Bismarck may induce Austria to part with Trente and Trieste for the Italian alliance, for which she could be compensated by perhaps another large slice of Turkey. Italy can throw 300,000 men into the field, who are by no means bad fighters. It was the Italian alliance enabled Prussia to double up her present ally in such a short time in 1806. No matter how alliances go the battle cloud is likely to burst, and such a cloud as has not been witnessed since the Napoleonic wars.

"True Witness" Irish Relief Fund.

- The Proprietors and Employees of the Post and True Witness \$100 00
A Lady (per Mr. O'Leary) 4 00
P. S. Gaudron, Prothonotary 5 00
James Duffy 1 00
Francis Kennedy 50
John Kennedy 50
Henry Harriot, of St. Vincent de Paul 2 00
A Friend 1 00
James Foley, Esq., dry goods merchant 20 00
James McArran, bookseller 3 00
George Clarke 1 00
Andrew Dunn 1 00
James Conroy 50
A Factory Boy and comrades 3 00
Wm. Conroy 1 00
James O'Mara, Albert street 1 00
Canadian, Grenville, P. Q. 1 00
John Cantwell, apprentice 1 00
M. P. Ryan, M.P. 10 00
E. L. Epiphany, P. Q. 5 00
Thos. Styles 5 00
Patrick Kavanagh 4 00
James Looly 2 00
James Lynch, gardener 3 00
J. Lonergan, N.P. 5 00
John B. Murphy 25 00
James Darcy, messenger, City Hall 5 00
James Allen 10 00
Lawrence Neil, Gansago 2 00
Jas. McCarthy, St. Vincent de Paul 1 00
Messrs. Dumaine & Halpin 20 00
Martin Price 5 00
J. Kenna 1 00
James Milley 1 50

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Peter Donovan
Matthew Foley
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Mr. John Scott
G. M.
Thomas McElligot, 40 Hermine st.
Mrs. Elizabeth Shannon
James Bergin, bookseller
James Whelan
Mr. John Johnston
Miss Agnes Burt
J. Curran
James O'Connor
A Friend
Widow Walsh
Mrs. O. Arnprior
Lach Macdonald, Cornwall
Francis Flanigan
Thomas Clune
James Donnelly, Carter
James Altman, Longue Pointe
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Mrs. C. Crowley
Martin Hart, St. Maurice st.
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Peter Scully
Thomas Dineen
Thomas Stack
John Power
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Frank Green
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Patrick O'Reilly
Thomas O'Reilly
Joseph Doyle
John Brown
Michael Clarke
Edw. Scullion
Arthur Brennan
Hugh Curran, William st.
Thomas Burns, Longue Point
Edward Moore, Longue Point
Katie Frances O'Reilly, Calumet, P.Q.
Mr. P. Allen, Calumet
Gentleman from Quebec
Thomas Finn
M. Feron
John Fox, Prince street
A Working Girl
James Welsh
James Carroll
J. L.
Charles Lynch
John McLaughlin
M. Conway, Superintendent Lachine Canal
Col. J. Dowker, Paymaster
Thomas W. Harrington, engineer
Thos. O'Keefe
John White
Richard Power, St. Urban street
Alex. McCarbridge
May McAndrew, Buckingham, P.Q.
Michael Cullen, Amherst street
Hugh Gavin
Alex. Grant
Mary Ann Drake
Joseph Dwinson, Valleyfield
Stephen Joseph Young
John Costello
A Montreal Servant Girl
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D. Harrigan, Outremont
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Patrick Scully, Cote St. Louis
Mrs. Annie Lowrey, Martinsburg
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John Nagle
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James Dooley, Cote St. Louis
James Wilson
John Wilson
Timothy Quinn
Patrick Galvin
Mr. O'Brien
Matthew Dooley, Antigonish
T. Brennan
Wm. Coady
John Conners
Wm. Lacey
John Downey, King street
Timothy Keogh
John Kelly, Clothier, 208 Notre Dame street
Mary E. Murphy
Hugh McGuire
Widow McGuire
J. C.
John Trainer
Mrs. Trainer
Elizabeth Doran
Bessie Ryan, Coatcookoe
Wm. Morrison, New York
I. C.
Owen Tansey
P. Kenna
Michael Stack
Owen Hargadon, Ayr, Ont.