

THE LOSS OF THE VICTORIA

Four Hundred and Thirty of the Seamen Go Down with Her.

Admirable Tyron Lost His Life—The News Causes Much Excitement—in London—in the House of Commons.

LONDON, June 23.—Great Britain today mourns the loss of one of the most magnificent vessels in her navy, and what is more, the lives of four hundred and thirty brave sailors who went down in her. The first news of the awful disaster came this morning in the following despatch from Rear Admiral Albert H. Markham, under date of Tripoli, Syria. It read as follows:—

"I regret to report that while manœuvring off Tripoli this afternoon the Victoria and Camperdown collided. The Victoria sank in fifteen minutes in eighteen fathoms of water. She lies bottom uppermost. The Camperdown struck the Victoria forward of the turret, on the starboard side. Twenty-one officers were drowned. Two hundred and fifty-five men were saved. The injury to the Camperdown has not yet been fully ascertained, but it is serious, and will necessitate her going on dock for repairs. I propose to send the survivors to Malta."

Bad news always travels quickly, and in a very short time after the receipt of the news the Admiralty office in Whitehall was surrounded by an immense crowd which eagerly devoured the meagre details obtainable.

THE CAUSE OF THE DISASTER.

The Mediterranean squadron, under command of Vice-Admiral Tyron, with the Victoria as his flagship, and Rear Admiral Markham, with the Trafalgar as flagship has been performing the usual summer manœuvres. Yesterday afternoon the squadron was off Tripoli, a small seaport town on the Eastern Mediterranean, fifty miles northeast of Beyrout, Syria, and a comparatively short distance from the island of Cyprus. Here the Victoria came into collision with the Camperdown, a ship of about the same size. The Victoria had an enormous hole made in her side, through which the water poured in torrents. The immense hull at once began to settle. As soon as the officers of the Victoria saw that there was danger of the ship foundering, orders were given to close the collision bulkheads, in order to keep the water in the compartment into which the Camperdown had shoved her ram. The sailors tried to obey the order, but the ship was making water too fast to allow of closing the bulkheads, and while the men were still trying to shut them, the ship with her immense guns and heavy topmasts turned over and before those on board of her could cast loose their small boats she went to the bottom carrying down with her nearly all on board. Some of the officers and crew managed to get out of the suction caused by the sinking vessel and were rescued. Among those lost is Vice-Admiral Tyron. Sir George Tyron was commander-in-chief of the Mediterranean station. He was made a vice-admiral on August 20th, 1890.

THE OFFICERS DROWNED.

The complement of officers and crew of the Victoria comprised six hundred men. The list of officers drowned included, besides Vice-Admiral Tyron, Chaplain, Morris, Lieut. Monroe, Fleet, Paymaster Rickford, Fleet Engineer Foreman, Engineer Harding, Assistant Engineers Deadman, Hatherly and Seaton, Gunner Howell, Boatswain, Barnard, Carpenter, Beall, Midshipmen Inglis, Grieve Fawkes, Lanlon, Henley, Gambier and Scarlett, Cadet Brooks, and Clerks Allan and Savage.

A change had recently been made in the commander attached to the Victoria, Charles L. Otley having been detached and succeeded by Commander Fellicome who was saved, as were also Captain Maurice A. Bourke and fifteen other officers.

The Victoria was a twin-screw battleship of 10,470 tons and 14,000 horse power. She mounted 15 guns. She was a single turret ship, carrying two 110-ton guns, mounted in a forward turret coated with 18 inches of compound armour, one 10-inch 29-ton gun firing aft, and a broadside auxiliary armament of 12 six-inch 5-ton guns. Her maximum

speed was 16.75 knots. She could stow 1,200 tons of coal in her bunkers and her radius of action at 10 knots' speed with her full complement of coal was estimated at 7,000 knots. Her armored belt and bulkheads consisted of compound armor from 16 to 18 inches in thickness. She was built at Elswick. The Camperdown is also a first-class twin-screw battleship. She is 10,600 tons and 11,000 horse power and carries ten guns.

AN ORANGE METHODIST.

Mr. R. Lanigan, of the Calumet, writes a very interesting letter to the Daily Witness. It appeared in that organ on Saturday, 17th June. The principal argument that Mr. Lanigan uses is against politics and party strife; in a most clear and powerful style he points out how religious animosities and party hatreds, that usually lie slumbering, and that would die a natural death if left alone, are constantly awakened into vicious life by political self-seeking men. The divisions between Catholic and Orangeman in Ireland were perpetuated by interested politicians, and these same divisions occur periodically here when certain occasions arise and anniversaries come about. To illustrate his arguments the writer tells a part of his own life, and we reproduce it for the benefit of our readers. Evidently Gerald Griffin referred to fair-minded men like Mr. Lanigan when he wrote his famous poem, "The Orange and the Green." Thus does the writer speak, after describing the cruel divisions in the old land:—

"You ask me, who is to blame? Political mountebanks principally. Men who vain would grasp fame, or power, or wealth, at the expense of the public. One of my earliest recollections is, a long, low, stone house, with thatched roof, nestled among the hills, some miles inland of the rock bound coast of Donegal. My father was a Methodist, and an Orangeman. He had served the Government through the troubles of '88. He had rented this house and the lands adjoining from a Protestant landlord who had just evicted from these premises a Roman Catholic tenant. Most of our new neighbors were of that religion, and we were warned that some night the house would be burned over our heads. It was there that I was born, and there that I lived to the age of twelve years. Most of the Roman Catholic young men of the place belonged to 'Ribbon' lodges, and my elder brothers had grown up among them the best of friends. None were more ready to lend a kindly hand when needed than these same Roman Catholic neighbors. I can remember, however, when election times came round, and the passions of these men were inflamed at political meetings, dark looks and frowns were dominant. Rumors, too, of vengeance were at such times rife. Still we were assured by these very people that no neighbor would ever molest us; if the doom was pronounced, it would be inflicted by strangers from another county, but we would somehow receive timely notice. It was with a sense of relief that I learned the decision of our removal to Canada. Convoys of neighbors with emigrating parties were then in vogue, and the majority of our convoy was Roman Catholic."

He then describes his trip from Quebec to Three Rivers on the "John Munn," the landing there and his taking up residence in that place. Then follows this splendid tribute to Catholics and to priests:

"In the autumn I went as clerk to a store-keeper named Maurice Ryan, an Irish Roman Catholic. His wife was a Nova Scotian of the same persuasion, and for the two years that I lived with them I never heard a disrespectful word spoken of a Protestant. A new dry goods store was being opened, and having received a better offer, I changed places. The proprietor was one John Keenan, an Irish Roman Catholic, married, a year or two later on, to a daughter of Michael O'Meara, a coachmaker, Montreal, also an Irish Roman Catholic. I lived with these people for twelve years, and never heard from husband or wife a word in disparagement of Protestantism. Eric Dorion, afterwards known as 'L'Enfant Terrible,' was, during this time for two years my fellow clerk and room-mate, and, though a French-Canadian patriot to the heart's core, nothing unkind ever passed his lips as to another's race or religion. Roman Catholic priests were frequent customers at the store; they knew well that I was a Protestant, but they always met me with frankness—indeed, many of them with friendship. One in particular, whose memory is green, the Cure Desile, of Cap de la Madeleine, always greeted me with a warm hand-shake, and often stroked my head, calling me 'his young Methodist.' Perfect gentlemen they were: never a word of controversy, never any attempt at proselytism. No jar in life's harmony till politics crept in. Cursed politics, whose fires are kindled at the mouth of hell. It is now twenty-three years since I left Three Rivers, but I still reckon among the French-Canadians of that city some of my warmest friends."

We will not comment upon this letter, beyond expressing the hope, that as the Twelfth of July approaches, some of Mr. Lanigan's fellow-Orangemen may read and ponder over it.

TEACHING ENGLISH.

To the Editor of THE TRUE WITNESS:

DEAR SIR,—Now that the scholastic year has terminated, perhaps there would be no great harm, in drawing the attention of the English speaking Catholics to the fact, that there is no Catholic Classical College in this Province, where their children can obtain a thorough knowledge of the English language.

Perhaps the authorities of St. Mary's College might with advantage think this matter over, and remember that they are

not only educating young men for this Province, but for the whole of this continent, where some 60 millions of people speak this much neglected language.

Truly yours,
"COMMON SENSE."

COLONIZING THE NORTH-WEST.

Communications and Resolutions Encouraging Mr. MacMillan's Patriotic Work.

RAT PORTAGE, 18th May, 1893.

J. P. MACMILLAN, ESQ.:

DEAR SIR,—Your valuable communication is just to hand. The cause you are laboring for deserves all encouragement and in the light you present it to me, it becomes a duty with me to give you all possible assistance. I am not stationed myself on Rainy River. I live here at Rat Portage—or rather have my head quarters here—for I live more out of it. I am in charge of the Indian Missions in the surrounding District, including Rainy River and Rainy Lake. I make frequent trips up Rainy River and have an idea of the country. My experience tends to corroborate the printed reports you refer to in your speech. As regards the quantity and quality of soil pointed out in those reports I believe the information is reliable. The River front is about all taken up, and one may say there is a continuous string of houses from the mouth of Rainy River to Fort Francis. Of course quite a few locations have been taken up on speculation and could be easily purchased. Presently settlers are going back from the River—especially from the Sault Rapids downwards. In my estimation the lower end is the best part of Rainy River. There is a large tract of land including Townships of Nellis and Blue and North-West to Grassy River which has been swept by fire some years ago and is now very easy of clearing.

It is the largest tract of arable land in one expanse on Rainy River and is claimed to be the best also. There is a little Catholic settlement in the Township of Dilke, extending into Nellis. They number at least 20, mostly married men having families. It is the largest Catholic settlement on the River, and they have a school in operation. As soon as a few more settlers are added to the number they will apply for a resident priest. These Catholics are mainly French Canadians, with about five or six Irish families. An advantage for new settlers is that there is a quantity of wild hay in this district—partly on Pine River and especially around Grassy River—towards Lake of the Woods. Fort Francis is a thriving village of about six hundred souls—where a large trade is carried on—partly with the Indians and partly on account of the lumbering trade carried on there. American explorers also turn up there. There is no lack of labor in winter time on Rainy River for most of the timber that now covers the land has a commercial value. I am going up Rainy River in June and will bring your letter with me and try to furnish you with more ample information. There is a man named William Hough, residing at the mouth of Pine River, Township of Dilke—Pinewood Post Office, who is paid by the Government for showing up the country in that district to intending set-

tlers. By all means I would invite you to come and have a look at the country. I may just add that Railway schemes are in the air in this section, and it is likely to be supplied with such advantages before long.

Yours faithfully,
CHARLES CAHILL, O.M.I.

Mr. J. P. MacMillan, of Arthur, opposed to so many of our young men, especially farmers sons, the bone and sinew of the Province, going to the prairies of the western States, where so many are resorting, is advocating a better course for them to pursue by convincing them that in the District of Algoma, there is a field for the successful promotion of agriculture, equal if not superior to that offered in any other country, and he has lately been addressing several meetings on the subject throughout the County of Wellington, by which he is exciting considerable interest in that part of Ontario, the productive capacity of which has hitherto been so little known in the older settled portions of the Province.

At a recent meeting of the County Council at Guelph, Mr. MacMillan delivered an address to that enlightened body, which marked its appreciation of what was said by placing on record a flattering resolution, of which the subjoined is a copy:

{ CLERK'S OFFICE, COURT HOUSE,
Guelph, 10th June, 1893.

J. P. MACMILLAN, Esq., Arthur:
Sir,—We have been instructed to forward you a copy of the following resolution, passed by the Wellington County Council, at its present Session:

Moved by Mr. A. Hamilton, seconded by Mr. James Smith, and resolved that, the thanks of this Council be tendered J. P. MacMillan for the address delivered before this Council at this Session, which address was couched in language most eloquent and replete with graphic description of that portion of Ontario, known as "Algoma" and describing that portion of Ontario as possessing a soil unsurpassed for fertility, a climate most salubrious, and timber and mineral resources unsurpassed on the Continent, with fast running streams of the clearest water alive with trout and other fishes—the delight of the sportsman. In fact, possessing every thing to attract the settler-looking for a home to spend a happy and prosperous life-time, and that the Warden and Clerk be a committee to transmit a copy of this resolution to Mr. MacMillan.

We have the honor to be, Sir, your obedient servant,
(Signed), WM. NICHOLL, Warden,
JOHN BEATTIE, Clerk.

It would appear from the knowledge Mr. MacMillan is disseminating relative to the District in question that several young men from Wellington and other parts are going there to settle a movement which cannot be too highly commended.

Besides encouraging those of all denominations to go there, he is endeavoring to establish a Catholic Colony at Rainy River, a part which he believes to be peculiarly formed by nature for such a purpose, and where there are already a nucleus of about 20, families of our creed, and to promote this praiseworthy object of the Province—who view it with much favor, and is also in communication with the Clergy in the District—equally zealous in the matter, as indicated from the letter of the Reverend Charles Cahill, O.M.I., to Mr. MacMillan, which we publish above. It only remains to say that here is a movement, grand in its conception, noble in its tendency, and at the same time pregnant with good results, and besides indicative of a great mind, and which if persevered in and carried to a successful issue, will doubtless be appreciated by present and future generations, and perhaps in the hands of one possessing the ability and the energy of Mr. MacMillan in its final consummation may be anticipated, as it is in a measure in keeping with the part he performed in 1878, relative to the distinguished and appropriate honor conferred upon the noble Earl of Dufferin, when that gentleman was the means of conveying the memorable deputation, composing the heads of the municipal bodies of the Province of Ontario, and of taking them to the City of Quebec for the purpose of exceptionally marking their appreciation of the highly satisfactory manner in which that nobleman discharged his Vice-Regal duties while Governor General of Canada.



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