

ORANGEISM AND ROWDYISM.

As an evidence that the Orange element in the North of Ireland has lost nothing of that distinctive characteristic of rowdyism which has long marked its every movement, we reproduce from the "Ulster Examiner" an account of what occurred in Enniskillen, on Tuesday, the 11th of April last. The report runs thus:—

"A serious party disturbance broke out in Enniskillen last night, and before it was quelled a number of persons were more or less injured. For some time past the Orange lads have used every endeavor to create a riot, but, thanks to the good sense of the Catholics, their efforts have been unavailing. The Orange band, followed by a disorderly rabble, paraded the streets one night recently while a mission was going on in the Catholic Church. When the congregation was dispersing they played "Hurl the Pope," and other offensive airs past the Church, but they were treated with contempt. Last night the usual weekly meeting of the Arch Confraternity of the Holy Family was held in the church. Shortly after the devotions commenced the Orange band proceeded up Main Street, playing the hackneyed old loyal airs. They were followed by a crowd of sympathizers who cheered, groaned, and cursed the Pope. When passing the church the police succeeded in making the band cease playing, but the crowd continued yelling and hooting. The band then struck up the "Boone Water," and the mob insulted every Catholic whom they happened to meet, and did their best to provoke a riot. They proceeded on out to Brook street, and then returned to the town. At Queen street their conduct was most disgraceful, and even females were jostled and insulted. It would appear that they had arranged to be back at the

chapel when the congregation was leaving, but their arrangements were upset. The Catholics met them at the end of Darling street, and, aggravated by their conduct, they would not allow them to proceed further up the street. The bandsmen rushed down Castle street, and thence to Wellington Place and Paget Square. Here a tar-barrel was lighted, and after praying that the Pope, Mr. Crumley Jordan, M.P., and others might be sent to a warm quarter, they marched up Eden street. A large crowd had assembled at the Diamond, and they made the rowdies beat a hasty retreat. Some stones were thrown by the "lads," and a cordon of police was then drawn across the street to prevent the Catholics from following them. Several young lads broke through the police, and seizing the bandsmen's drums and fife's smashed them into atoms. They pursued the Orange rowdies down Eden street, and several of them were obliged to flee into houses. During the melee constable Martin was struck with a stone on the head and badly injured. Mr. Crumley, J. P., Mr. Lindsay, J. P., and several other gentlemen came on the scene, and advised the Catholic crowd to disperse, which they did. The Orange party then proceeded to the Orange Hall in two's and three's wiser men. One member of the band, a militiaman, was afterwards arrested by the military picket. Later on a fracas occurred outside the Orange Hall, but on the appearance of the police the Orangemen took shelter in the hall. Had it not been for the coolness of Head-Constable Kennedy, who was ubiquitous during the affair, there would undoubtedly have been bloodshed. The streets were patrolled up to a late hour."—*"Ulster Examiner."*

THE STRUGGLE IN SAMOA.

That a war is going on in Samoa, the whole world knows; that both Americans and British are seeking to impose a ruler upon the people of that country, despite the fact that the people have their own choice and do not want the foreigners' candidate; that a civil struggle is causing endless and apparently unnecessary as well as unjustifiable bloodshed, are all facts that have come to light through the ordinary channels of communication. But that all this warfare, all this cruelty and bloodshed, all this squandering of precious lives, has been due to religious bigotry, is more than we suspected, yet "Truth"—issue of the 20th April, 1899—published a letter from Mr. Lloyd Osbourne—American Deputy Consul-General—which places the Samoan question in a totally new light. Mr. Osbourne cannot be suspected of any anti-American or anti-British bias; yet he is very emphatic on the point at issue. His letter is a revelation; it runs thus:—

"Quinta Veloga, Funchal, Madeira. "There is another dark place in the world that calls for your attention—Samoa. I have been Vice and Deputy Consul-General there for the United States; I speak the language fluently; I know personally nearly every one—white or brown—who figures in the present trouble. I have some authority, therefore, to speak on the subject. "The essential cause of the present quarrel is 'religion.' The London Missionary Society (Protestant) cannot tolerate the thought of a Roman Catholic king. This is the reason why we are supporting, with our guns and men, a divinity student, aged 17 (Tanu), and his following of 1,000 men against Mataafa, the old King Alfred of Samoa, with the whole country—overwhelmingly Protestant though it is—behind him. The London Missionary Society has always had a finger in the king-making pie; even the late Malietoa Tanuapa originally passed through the same college from which they now produce young Tanu—a sectarian institution at Mahia for the training of native missionaries.

"William Chambers, representing the three powers as Chief Justice, is a man of the narrowest evangelical views, and is altogether in the hands of the London Missionary Society—hence his decision in favor of Tanu, while admitting the numerical superiority of Mataafa's supporters, and barring him from the kingship by a quibble. Chambers' point was that Germany had once, in the Berlin Convention of 1889, objected to Mataafa's nomination, and that the objection still held good, although Herr Rose, the German Consul-General, officially withdrew it in the name of his Government.

"During Mr. Chambers' whole tenure of office as United States Land Commissioner, in 1898, he lived in the Protestant mission-house in Apia,

identifying himself completely with his hosts, even teaching in their Sunday-school.

"It cannot be too emphatically affirmed that in this affair of Mataafa-Tanu Germany is right, and the attitude of Herr-Rose has been commendable throughout. We, the English and Americans, are cruelly and brutally in the wrong. Indeed, these bombardments of Samoan towns must be abhorrent to any civilized being. To fire indiscriminately on men, women, and children is a crime against humanity, only to be justified in a very extreme and unusual case; such a case as the killing of a white man in a certain village, and the refusal of the villagers to surrender the murderer. But in the present instance, there were no such excuses. It is we who exasperated a situation already difficult; it is we who drove these people to the wall, to the glory of consuls and naval officers wishing to bring themselves into notice.

"They will tell you that few are killed in these bombardments. But is it supposed that the 'few' enjoy it? The pregnant woman? The little child? There were 'only eight' killed in the bombardment of Curacao of Tamesese's forces at Lufilufi, in 1891. One of the badly wounded on that occasion was an old woman who ran to the woods for safety. She lay there, shot through the body, for one night and part of the next day.

"So weak is the position of our officials that they must needs justify themselves by saying that the safety of Apia called for such measures. Let me ask what property owner in that unfortunate town would value such 'protection?' The cablegram significantly adds: 'The Royalist is crowded with refugees; many whites are leaving the country.' It should be stated here that the Protestant chief Tamesese, was also a candidate for the vacant throne, but the respective followings of himself and Tanu were so small they decided to join forces. Tamesese contenting himself with the position of vice-king and regent. This arrangement contains the germs of another Samoan war.

"The newspapers speak with elation of the English and Americans fighting side by side. What a pity that this entente cordiale, so desirable in itself, should be used for the purpose of inflicting a sectarian king on an unwilling people. How well is the old saying verified, 'First the missionary, then the trader, then the man-of-war.'

Enclosing my card, with liberty to use my name, I remain, very truly yours,

LLOYD OSBOURNE.

April 9, 1899.

It is a long call to Samoa; but we can form a slight idea of the state of that country and of the wrongs perpetrated, in the name of civilization, upon its people. In fact this is the

old story repeated in a new dress of circumstances, locality, and actors. Were there a few men like Mr. Osbourne, scattered through the various semi-civilized countries that have been conquered by Great Britain—in the name of Christianity and civilization—the world might know more of the real history of those wars. But the poor, untutored races—like that of Samoa—have never been able to catch the ear of the great civilized world; therefore they had to submit to injustice and tyranny, while the ministers of Christianity were "thanking God for having enabled them to rescue the savage from ignorance and barbarism." The words of "Truth," commenting upon this letter are very

significant. That outspoken organ says:—

"The fact is pretty clear that we and the Americans are upholding an unpopular candidate for the crown against the wishes of an overwhelming majority of his subjects. This in itself is bad enough for two States boasting themselves to be the champions and foremost exponents of political liberty. If, in addition to this, our candidate owes his election, as Mr. Osbourne suggests, to the sectarian bias of Mr. Chambers and to a judicial error in regard to Germany's attitude towards the popular candidate, our expenditure of blood and money in this quarrel is as stupid as it is unjust and cruel."

The Engine Driver's Story.

They say that real life contains more romance than does fiction; a very good instance is to be found in the following story of the experiences of an old engine driver. We take it from the New York Herald:—

"Yes, it's twenty years I've been running an engine on the Elevated. Not as long a run in miles at first, as I have now, from the Battery to the Harlem, but the hours have always been the same, and I've never missed an hour in the cab the company was entitled to in all that time.

"Tired of it? No. Some of the men tell me—when we meet and talk, in the engine yards beyond the Hundred and Fifty-fifth street station, while waiting to relieve—some of the men say they see nothing in the run that interests them, and they get tired of it.

"Maybe I'm different from most, but in all my years the sights I see from my cab window have always been like a play on the stage to me.

"Do we get acquainted with people in the windows we see so often, day after day, year after year?

"No, I wouldn't say acquainted, exactly, for that means to speak to each other, and we never get to know them well enough for that, except the kids.

"Oh, yes; the kids get to call us by the number of our engines, and become very friendly, especially those who live in the houses opposite our stops.

"I said we didn't get acquainted, but there was a case, and if you're looking for a story, I'll tell you that.

"It was twelve years ago—yes, not more than twelve and to think what happened—that I noticed a kindly faced, well-dressed woman sitting always in the same window at the same hour in the afternoons, just opposite to where my cab stopped at—well, it was one of the stations beyond the Central Park turn.

"It was a good neighborhood and in one of the big apartment-houses they were rushing up at that time along the line of the road on Eighth avenue.

"It might be the home, I should say, of a salesman, a head salesman in some wholesale house, who'd be making a good salary—like a couple of thousand a year or so.

"It looked like a happy home, a comfortable home where there was never any sleep lost about whether the rent money would be in the good wife's hands at the end of the month or the butcher's bill be paid on time.

"The lady would sometimes smile or nod at me as I'd come to a full stop just opposite her window.

"Well, a shift in my run brought me along there on the up-trip about fifteen minutes later after a while, and I saw what the lady was always looking for—a school girl, a big hearty fine looking lass—who threw a kiss to the lady, and on the next trip up, for it was late in the spring and the days were long, I saw the two, mother and daughter, at the open window. The girl was reading aloud and the mother was listening, with some sewing in her hand, and proud of the daughter as I well knew, for I'd one of my own about the same age.

"After a while, they would both look out and smile pleasantly and nod at me out there in the cab waiting for the starting signal, and I'd nod back.

"It was a year or so I saw them that way, sometimes at supper, sometimes in the morning before the husband took his train, and then one day the shutters were all drawn, and a day or two later there was a funeral.

"The station agent told me it was the husband and father who died.

"Soon there were strangers in the house, and for a whole year I never saw my friends. They moved off the line, I guess, for I looked sharp, but never saw them again until at the end of a year I saw them at work sewing on machines.

"They saw me and smiled, but sad-like, and it was not many months before they moved again, not off the line, but further down on Sixth Avenue. Then I take it the mother died,

for I saw the young woman alone for a few weeks, and she was weeping as she sewed.

"Again I lost her, until one day I saw her on the platform with a man, and she looked as happy—well, you know how happy a young woman looks when she's with the first man she loves.

"I didn't like him. To be sure I only had a sight of him, but that sight made me uneasy, as I told my own good wife in talking about the matter that night.

"He did not look honest.

"For a year—maybe two—I saw them off and on. Sometimes they lived where I could see them in their rooms, sometimes not, but I'd catch a sight of her taking or leaving a train.

"Then she was mostly alone and she began to look troubled.

"It was in a winter month I next saw the woman, in a room below the Washington Square turn. She was standing at the window looking like one who had plenty of trouble and no hope, and holding a baby—it might be a year old, say, in her arms. She happened to see me and pointed me out to the baby, but the little one was without spirit, and only turned his face to his mother's breast, and lay there quiet.

"Every day then I saw them and—I'm a father, I've told you—I made up my mind from the looks of both what was the matter.

"I told my good woman, and she said, 'John, I'll put something extra in your dinner pail to-morrow and you get it to the poor soul, for she's starving.'

"So when I pulled up opposite her window the next day early in the morning, I noticed her to open it, and just as I got the starting signal she slid the window up and I easily tossed in the bundle the wife had made up; some good bread and meat and a little fruit.

"I pulled out before I could see her, but on the next trip she was there, smiling and crying, and she kissed a little note the good wife had sent with the food—just a little word to encourage, that a good woman like the wife would know how to write to a poor soul in trouble.

"My fireman, as bright a lad as ever was on the run with me, saw what I did, and the next day he tied a little bundle to mine, and for a week we passed in things to her.

"The fireman's bundle was made up of goodies he bought, and as he was a sober, honest young fellow who'd saved his money, I made no objection to his spending a little for the poor girl.

"It was on a night run and we were on the trip up, on the opposite side from her rooms, do you see? when at the end of that week we heard a scream in the room and saw that man in there with his hand raised to strike her. By the light from the street we saw that her face was already bleeding.

"'God help her,' I says; what's to save her now?

"'I can and will!' says the fireman.

"'Go, my boy,' I says, and as I pulled out he jumped to the track over to the opposite platform and into the ticket-house where I lost sight of him.

"It was my last run for the day, and I waited at the end. In an hour Tom, my fireman, came on a train, and with him was the young woman and the baby.

"'John,' he says to me, 'will your wife care for them to-night?'

"'She will and glad to do it,' I says. 'What became of the man?'

"'The people will settle with him when he gets out of the hospital,' says Tom, who was a sturdy lad as well as honest.

"That's the story, sir, and it's not much perhaps, only I was saying that there is plenty to see from my cab to interest.

"The woman? Oh, she's Tom's wife, and he's a master mechanic, and soon to be foreman of his shop.

"They've a little girl that I am god-father of, and she calls me grand-dad."

EDWARD W. TOWNSEND.

Invoking the Mother of God.

The following extract is from the "Congregationalist":—

"The Pilot's Roman correspondent reports Pope Leo XIII. as telling Cardinal Goossens and a number of lesser dignitaries that at a certain point in the recent surgical operation performed upon him he felt his strength giving way, but, to quote his own words, 'I straightway invoked the aid of the Mother of God, and straightway I recovered my consciousness.' Here is Mariolatry at the highest by the highest. We had supposed that the Pope was a monotheist."

Commenting upon these remarks the "Pilot" says:—

"Surely there is nothing to justify our esteemed contemporary in a contrary opinion. The very title by which the Pope names the Blessed Virgin shows that he appealed to her efficacious intercession, not to her intrinsic power. If he asked the prayers of his own mother were she standing beside him, or those of any devout friend, would the Congregationalist criticize his act as un-Christian or idolatrous? It is in the same spirit that we ask the prayers of the saints, the friends of God, and especially of that saint of saints, His Blessed Mother."

The reply is very apt, and the point is well taken. It is exceedingly strange that our non-Catholic friends will include the "Magnificat" in their list of hymns, that they will constantly adhere to the wording of Holy Writ, and repeat the expressions of the Blessed Virgin in reply to the Angelic Salutation—"henceforth all generations shall call me blessed!"—and yet persist in denying to her,

who was so signally honored of God, that which they would claim for any ordinary woman. There is an inconsistency in this lowering of the Mother of God that at once indicates the ungenerous and un-Christian spirit that animates all Protestantism.

Were a son to ask his mother to pray for him, it would be considered an act of devotion toward God and filial veneration toward the mother; were a son to kiss the photograph of his absent or deceased mother, it would be regarded as an evidence of his sentiment and noble heart; were a son to ask his mother to intercede for him in securing a position, knowing that his mother's appeal would have more weight with the person to whom the application was made, than would his own unsupported request, it would be looked upon as an act of wisdom and of confidence in that mother; but let a child of the Church address the Mother who gave birth to Christ, in a like manner, and he is at once put down as an idolater, and as attempting to rob God of some portion of His Divine prerogatives. Do these enemies of the one who was the Mother of Christ ever reflect that they act in direct contradiction to the will of Christ. Did God abdicate any of His power, or glory, or rights by descending into the womb of Mary? Did He rob Himself of any part of His Omnipotence by selecting her, from the beginning, to be the medium of His assuming the form of humanity? Did He abandon any of His claims upon man's devotion by ordaining that His Mother—in the flesh—should be exalted above all created beings?

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