

THE CONSPIRATORS AT WORK.

We have been advised that the P. P. A. conspirators have made a beginning of the practical work they have cut out for themselves. We have claimed all along that of the leaders and many of the rank and file of this combination are no better citizens than those confined in the Kingston Penitentiary, and the course of events will prove our fellow-citizens that this is the case. Since the organization of the society in Lucan the incendiary's torch has been applied to the property of two Catholics. From the Lucan Record of the 24th ult. we take the following, which gives an account of the latest outrage:

On Monday night about 12 o'clock fire was discovered in the stables and kitchen of the Royal hotel. The firemen and citizens were soon on the spot, but all their efforts were unavailing, and soon the hotel and outbuildings were completely destroyed, as was also Mrs. Brown's house and Mr. Murd's kitchen. Incendiarism is suspected, as the hotel was vacant, and the fire started in two places at once. The bolts were also taken out of the handles of the pumps in the vicinity. Mrs. Brown's loss is \$700, no insurance. The hotel was insured for \$1000.

The hotel was the property of Mr. Creighton, and he is the second Catholic who was burned out within the last six months. Mr. John Whalen, hotel-keeper, had his stable and its contents, valued \$1,000, burned down last March. There is only one other Catholic doing business in the village, and we should not be surprised to hear that he will be the next victim. During the progress of the fire at the hotel, we have been told, the members of the P. P. A. looked on with arms folded. They had the bolts drawn out of the pump-handles, lest any one, moved by charity, might attempt to save the building. As soon, however, as the fire attacked the house of Mrs. Brown, who is a Protestant, the bolts were again put in the pump-handles and all worked with energy to save her property.

It is time that our fellow-citizens of every denomination awoke to the danger that is in their midst. The doings of these lawless ruffians may, it is true, be a menace and an injury to Catholics directly, but it must not be forgotten that the whole province will suffer untold loss unless prompt measures are taken to stamp out this abominable curse that has been planted by a gang of characterless robbers whose sole purpose in the political life of our country is to gain access to the well-filled vaults of Ontario's treasury.

"LIE! LIE! LIE! SOME OF IT WILL STICK."

This seems to be the motto adopted by the anti-Catholic press. A few weeks since we noticed the following extract in the *Christian Guardian* of Toronto, and we mailed it to the editor of the *Catholic Telegraph*, asking him if such matter appeared at any time in its columns:

The *Catholic Telegraph* of Cincinnati is very outspoken for a Roman Catholic paper. It says: "The Jesuits have control of the most powerful journal in Christendom, the *Civiltà Cattolica*. They were given this position of power by the late Pius IX. That paper has done glorious service to the cause of truth and morality in combatting of secret societies in Italy. Of late, especially during the past year, it has conducted a very dirty and unpriestly warfare on Archbishop Ireland and those clergymen it is pleased to style 'Liberals.' It has been a sewer of filth, and every Jesuit in the four quarters of the globe who had a mouthful of slime was free to void it in that Ignacian spittoon. Dirty fellows everywhere availed themselves of the license. The result is the Jesuits are now hated in the United States as they never were before."

We have received a letter from the editor of the *Telegraph*, Jos. A. Schoenenberger, expressing surprise that such sentiments should be attributed to that paper. He is very anxious to be supplied with the date of the paper in which the extract appeared. It will be noticed that the subject dealt with is of recent occurrence, and the editor would likely have recollection of the matter if such a passage occurred in his editorial department. We do not believe the editor of the *Christian Guardian* would be guilty of inventing the sentiments contained in the extract. It is likely he clipped it from some exchange—possibly from one of P. P. A. papers, who are making a dishonest living, pandering to the prejudices of uneducated Protestants by concocting all sorts of preposterous falsehoods about the Catholic Church, its clergy and its institutions.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

A NEW Church has been manufactured at Presteign, Wales. The process of manufacture was somewhat novel. Some doctrinal resolutions were passed by the meeting, whereupon it was moved and seconded and carried unanimously "That we hereby form ourselves into a Christian Church on the basis of the resolutions which have just been passed." This is somewhat different from the method pursued by the Apostles in establishing the original Christian Church; but in the enlightened nineteenth century some people imagine they can improve upon Apostolic methods. The ease with which new Churches are established nowadays is a curious fact considered in connection with the other fact that a convention is being held at Lucerne to bring about the union of all Christian Churches except the Catholic. It does not confirm the statement many times made that "union is in the air," when we see that union meetings like that of Lucerne end in a fiasco, while those held for the purpose of increasing the number of sects are invariably successful.

It has been hitherto usually held in England that a confidential communication made to a clergyman in his capacity of spiritual adviser to his parishioners is privileged, and that the clergyman is not to be compelled to discover it on the order of the court. But Sir Frederic Jeune, Chief Justice of the Court of Probate and Divorce, has recently decided that no such privilege can be claimed. The case before the Court concerned an Anglican High Church clergyman who was accustomed to hear confessions, but the court obliged him to disclose what had been told to him privately. Catholic priests have been frequently excused from making such revelations as they had received through the confessional; and several priests who were interviewed regarding the recent decision answered that they would go to prison for contempt of Court rather than reveal on the witness-stand what had been told to them in the confessional.

A GREAT treat is in store for the Catholics of New York city, as the New York cathedral choir have succeeded in obtaining the consent of the Pope's celebrated Sistine choir to sing in St. Patrick's Cathedral at a couple of services on their way to Chicago, where they also intend to sing during the World's Fair. They have never before sung outside of the Holy City.

NOTWITHSTANDING the severe loss sustained by the Sisters of the Congregation of Notre Dame through the destruction by fire of the beautiful convent of Villa Maria, Montreal, their energetic and zealous community announce that their classes will be resumed, as usual, on Sept. 5, as the boarding-school was spared while the Mother-house was destroyed. The loss they endured amounts to more than a million dollars. The new building, which will be erected next spring, is to be absolutely fire-proof.

The story comes from Kansas that the problem has been solved which has been agitating Canadian sects for some time without any practical result. This is to select one minister who will do duty for all denominations in districts where there is only support enough for one, and to discharge the rest. In Clark county hard times have set in owing to a failure of the crops, and at Ashland, the county seat, the seven Protestant denominations selected by vote the most popular of the seven ministers to preach the gospel without touching on distinct doctrines. The Rev. Mr. Miller of the Methodist Church was selected, and the others willingly accepted the decision. It is said that a similar plan will be followed in other counties which are suffering from the drought.

An unique feature of the Catholic Summer school in Plattsburg, N. Y., was the appearance of the Rabbi Veld, the pastor of the Temple Emmanuel, the oldest and most influential of the Reformed Jewish congregations in Montreal. He speaks kindly of the treatment everywhere accorded him. "Although," he says, "the atmosphere of the place was intensely Catholic, the clerical lecturers always wearing their cassocks and the Sisters of the religious communities their various habits, yet everyone was courteous and considerate towards my family and myself." He found his Catholic fellow-students far more liberal and tolerant than those who travel on a platform of avowed liberalism and professional toleration. In the past the Roman Catholic Church

has always been the protector of the Jews. "Now-a-days it is Protestant Germany and holy Russia that mob and persecute my unfortunate co-religionists."

The noble (?) army that is ready to attack these miserable Irishmen who are endeavoring to force Home Rule on unfortunate and long-suffering (?) Ulster, would do well to study the tactics of their brethren across the water. They should be read to the members at every meeting. Here is one of the favorite methods, requiring much strategy and no little valor (?); but our friends, no doubt, will be quick to understand and to appreciate it. The house of a poor Catholic widow in Belfast was wrecked by a large mob; the furniture was smashed, the women assaulted seriously; and thus again the Orange colors marched to triumph. There were two women against some hundreds of Belfast's chivalry! Score another for the followers of the immortal William.

The *American Catholic Quarterly Review* has in its editorial columns a few short sentences that may provoke a little thought and have some effect on the belligerent editors who have been warring on the School Question:—

"We deprecated most strongly this unnecessary controversy, and did all in our power to prevent, and after its inception, to quietly terminate it. Inopportune truth is sometimes more hurtful in its effects on men than falsehood. It is true that though wars between men may cease, wars between great principles cannot cease. But there may be suspension of hostilities. Let us hope so. Discussion should tend to elucidate a question, not to obscure it by the introduction of aimless verbiage and cutting personalities. We believe that when the smoke of battle shall pass away, cool, impartial heads, representing the Church and the State, will deliberate and determine at last on some *modus vivendi*. The State is not hostile to the Church: it recognizes and will not fail to use its power for the correction of abuses and the advancement of the best interests of the Union."

A WRITER in the Philadelphia *Catholic Times* gives us some very interesting reminiscences of Archbishop Ireland's work during the civil war. He was fearless then as he is now, dreading no danger, and working always to benefit those with whom he was thrown into contact, and many a soldier, wearied and despondent, was aroused into activity and cheerfulness by the pleasant smile and earnest words of Father John Ireland. He was the friend of all—officers and privates. The deed that gained him undying glory and enshrined his name in the memory of all friends of the Union was his carrying ammunition sorely needed that saved the battle of Corinth. The Fifth Regiment of Minnesota, hard pressed by the Confederates, rallied again and again with the most gallant bravery. At last the cry was heard, "There is no ammunition!" and just as they were on the point of retreating they saw Father Ireland hurrying forward with a barrel of cartridges on his shoulders. "Here, boys! here are the cartridges." And all during the fight the intrepid chaplain heedless of whistling bullets, distributed ammunition. Father Ireland is now the Archbishop of St. Paul, but his thoughts often go back to Corinth, where he saved the day and thousands of the "boys in blue" told him so in ringing cheers.

The *Canadian Magazine* for August is bright and interesting. Mr. O'Hanly, C. E., defends Sir John Thompson against those who attack him on the score of religious belief.

IRELAND IN MINIATURE.

Kate Field's Delightful Description of the Irish Village.

Seated in an exact counterpart of the famous wishing chair of the Giant's Causeway, with my feet resting on Irish soil, in the charming village that Mrs. Ernest Hart has transplanted from County Donegal to the Midway Plaisance, I am reading about that unparalleled scene in the British House Commons, when Joseph Chamberlain hurled epithets at Mr. Gladstone, sarcastically likening his voice to that of God. "Never since the time of Herod has there been such—" Never will the end of that sentence be known. Then and there Mr. T. P. O'Connor sprang to his feet crying "Judas" at the top of his lungs, and the uproar of a free fight ensued. Black eyes, smashed hats, cuts, bruises, curses long and loud, proved how slightly man is removed from the wildcat. On the reservation of peace Speaker Peel assured Mr. O'Connor that if he would express regret for an expression undoubtedly due to momentary irritation, all would be well. Mr. O'Connor apologized for likening the member from Birmingham into a traitor, and the House went its usual way.

What was the scrimmage about? Ireland, of course, and of course it will evoke the usual comments on the Irish, how they are bound to make trouble

wherever found, and are unfit for Home Rule.

LIVING REPUTATIONS.

What a sarcasm it all is! Above and around me is a beautiful replica of the ruins of Donegal Castle, surrounded by facsimiles of Irish cottages, in which natives of Ireland pursue industries established among them within ten years by a sympathetic English woman. Mrs. Ernest Hart has brought her people and her industrial creations to the Columbian Exposition that Americans may see for themselves what enlightened assistance may do for a proud and outraged race who only ask for work.

"At it again, are they?" exclaims a friend, referring to this row in Parliament, and overlooking the fact that it was started by an English Tory striking down an English Liberal. "Gladstone's a fool. England should never give Ireland Home Rule. Celts are incapable of self-government."

My fraternal grandfather was a patriot in the revolution of 1798. Ruined and driven from the land he loved, he came to this country early in the present century. A grandniece was kidnapped for singing a national song and was never heard of more. I am glad to be descended from brave men and listen with disgust to criticisms born of ignorance. To answer a fool according to his folly is to say nothing.

IRELAND'S FAMOUS MEN.

Rising from the wishing chair I pass into the banquetting hall of Donegal Castle, where stands a colossal statue of Gladstone from the chisel of the Irish sculptor, Bruce Joy, who has put up in Mrs. Hart's village a copy of the bronze statue erected several years ago in front of Bow Church, London. Around and about this banquet hall are portraits of the myriad men who have made Ireland famous; beautiful homespun and other stuffs, embroidery, laces, handkerchiefs, all made by Irish peasants. Passing into adjoining cottages I watch carvers, carpenters, iron and silversmiths, weavers, plying their trades, and as I turn away to ponder under the shade of a grateful tree about the Irish question, Mrs. Ernest Hart herself comes and sits beside me.

"Doesn't it make you furious to hear a whole nation condemned in one sentence and not allowed to have one redeeming feature?" I say.

"Furious? I've been furious with my country people ever since I began to study the Irish people," replied sturdily and true Mrs. Hart whose name should be spelled with an e.

A REAL IRISH STEW.

"How long ago was that?" "I'll am to tell that story it must be over the lunch table. I'm hungry. Let's have something to eat." Thereupon we adjourn to an alfresco restaurant in the garden. "What shall we order?"

"Irish stew would be most in harmony with the situation," I respond, and a natty maid in a pretty Irish costume brings us bowls of as good a stew as I've eaten for many a day. In the shadow of a round tower from which floats the flag of the Emerald Isle we eat and talk and talk and eat, while visitors pass in and out, wearing that look of curiosity peculiar to frequenters of the Fair. In their eyes everybody as well as everything is an exhibit.

"I shall never be satisfied until I've investigated Ireland for myself. When did you first visit the island, Mrs. Hart?" "In 1872, during my honeymoon, when on seeing a naturally gay people sunk in misery I determined to study their history. Later, my husband became a member of the Irish political committee, and in 1883 we made a tour of inquiry into County Donegal and County Mayo to ascertain the actual condition of the peasantry, in the congested districts where famine recurs."

THE CONGESTED DISTRICTS.

"Where is Donegal and what do you mean by congested?" "Donegal is the northwestern corner of Ireland. The eastern part of this country is rich in fertile land occupied by descendants of the English and Scotch. Beyond mountains and bogs and along the sea coast for four hundred miles live 100,000 Celts, 12,000 of whom speak no English and all of whom are dependent for subsistence upon their miserable bits of stony land ironically called farms. Ten years ago there were few stores or cottages among the low stone house that sheltered patient man and beast."

"That is congestion with a vengeance."

"Every place where the annual valuation per person of population for land and house is below 23 shillings is scheduled a congested district. Gweedore has a valuation of eight shillings and fourpence; Gweedbarrea six and eight pence."

"How awful! But why are there congested districts?" "History answers that question. There is no doubt in my mind that Ireland was originally settled by Greeks and other Eastern colonists. Their prehistoric jewelry, their beautiful myths prove it. They are much more artistic than the English."

"That goes without saying. Look at your composers and orators. Irish for the most part."

"There is no doubt about their having been distinguished in arts now lost. Their marvelous missals, no less than their antique jewelry and their bells, are the best testimony."

"What was their golden age?" "From the fourth century to the seventh. During the former they were converted to Christianity by St. Patrick and never had the discipline to which Britain was subjected."

NOT DISCIPLINED BY SUBJECTION.

"What do you mean by that?"

"They never passed under the yoke of the Romans, which did us an infinite lot of good. It taught us law and order. As a matter of fact, Ireland has never been actually conquered by any invader, not even England. Henry II. tried to conquer her, but failed. On the other hand, the Irish have never had cohesion enough to fully resist the English."

"So the friction of two races has been going on for centuries?"

"Precisely. During her golden age Ireland was the centre of Christian learning, sending out saints and missionaries to redeem the East."

"When was the Danish invasion?"

"From the eighth to the tenth century. Tempted by reports of gold—for that gold was found in Ireland as demonstrated by wonderful gold ornaments—Danes overran the island and pillaged the churches; then set in a period of disruption. Internecine wars reduced the different races to such barbarism that the Pope gave Ireland to Henry II., in the hope of his reconverting the island to Christianity."

"He took a queer way, it seems to me, when he deprived the Irish of their property."

ENGLAND'S ONE POLICY.

"You may well say so. English policy was to keep Ireland poor and enslaved."

"Didn't good Queen Bess, of blessed memory, help on the work?"

"That amiable virgin determined to stamp out the 'wild Irish' as she would have stamped out the cattle plague. Because the hunted Celts took refuge in the dense forests the latter were destroyed by fire. Thus the climate was changed, as undoubtedly Ireland was formerly dryer and adapted to grain growing. Where bogs now are forests abounded."

"Ah, I see why Sir Walter Raleigh planted the potato he discovered in South America."

"Elizabeth gave her favorite magnificent estate in Youghal, near Cork. This house stands to this day, and was bought by John Pope Hennessy, the anti-Parnellite, who defeated Parnell."

"Is it not strange that Parnell and Hennessy died within six months of each other? But go on about blessed Bess."

"She vowed she'd starve and burn out the Irish dogs. She gave Sir Walter Raleigh a concession to supply the kegs for Spanish wines, so the forests that were not burned were cut down. The Irish crept into the woods that were left, fed on herbs and nettles, and naturally harried the English, who have taken possession of their lands. In course of time they became servants on their own estates."

MCWEESEY'S MARVELOUS AGILITY.

"Is it true that your workman, McWweeney, who at the age of 79 dances a hornpipe like a boy, is directly descended from the Celtic clan of the McWinees of Donegal?"

"Yes. His ancestors were dispossessed of various castle, but you see McWweeney has lost none of his independence."

"Nor his agility. I never saw feet fly faster or take more original steps. How he must love the English?"

"Do you blame any Irishman for resenting brutal invasion? As Queen Elizabeth failed to annihilate the Celts, James I. devised the plan of planting Ulster after his own heart. He gave all the fat lands to English and Scotch colonists, and consigned the 'mere Irish' to the lean lands."

"He drove them like swine into bogs and they settled on lands sloping to the sea, where you found the poor creatures in 1883."

"Exactly; they became squatters. This land of theirs was valued in 1830 at two pence an acre. Thanks to their reclamation, it is now worth about ten times that amount. As a member of the Irish political committee, Mr. Hart suggested a system of migration from the congested to the grass lands. These are immense tracts, occupied by the people in 1817, from which, after the famine, they were evicted in 1850 and '54. Horded in what were called coffin boats these unfortunate people were swept off to America with one or two pounds in their pockets, or were driven to the bogs. Sheep replaced them."

"Didn't Mr. Hart and Parnell suggest the purchase of these tracts?"

"Yes, but the scheme fell through. Many a time I have cried with indignation at my country's treatment of a patient, gentle, virtuous people, whose sole desire is the justice of work. Even when England investigated Ireland, her emissaries never consulted priest or people, whom they despised."

"I should go direct to both."

"That's just what Mr. Hart and I did. We appealed to Cardinal Logue, who turned over to us all his books. The priests keep a census of all animals on two or four legs. Thus we got at statistics which we substantiated, and returned home resolved to tell the truth whatever the cost. I assure you after my sad experience among the Irish peasantry, every well fed person I met in London seemed an outrage on humanity. Yet one of the first things I read in the *Times* was that a spirit of lawlessness had again broken out in Gweedore, the server of eviction notices having been turned back by women and obliged to eat his processes."

"I should have done the same thing had I been one of those women; perhaps."

"A BRAVE WOMAN'S STRUGGLE."

"Mind you that land has been planted with potatoes by charity funds! Far from well during my trip to Ire-

land I broke down completely on returning and was confined to my room for six months; but before I gave up work temporarily I wrote to the *Times* for money to help the Bishop of Donegal carry on relief work for six weeks until the spring potatoes were up. The *Times* refused to publish my letter, so I paid for it as an advertisement. Even John Morely rejected it. My sole help was the *Daily Chronicle*. Thus, from my bed I raised \$2,000 with which relief work was carried on. I begged people to stop pauperizing a race that could and would work. I appealed through English and Irish papers to the women to form the nucleus of available industries. This appeal was heard. We began with knitting and went on to homespun."

"Was the work well done?"

"On taking the homespun to London tailors they told me the wool was fine but the work bad. 'Teach them to die and make stuffs like the Scotch,' said these tailors. Sending for a gillie that I knew, I learned how dyes were extracted from wild plants. With this crude information I obtained wild plants from Donegal, experimented in my own laboratory, pored over old manuals and produced beautiful dyes from Irish bogs. Gradually this knowledge was imparted to my present friends, and when Mr. Hart told Mr. Joseph Chamberlain of our success the latter said it was the most practical way of helping Ireland he had heard of."

A COMPLETE VINDICATION.

"Where did you get your money?"

"I spent my own, aided by a few staunch friends. At last I appealed for Government aid, and received \$5,000. Even this small sum excited the ire of the Tories, who call me an imposter and said I'd bought the stuffs which had been made under our direction in Donegal cottages. London society sneered and the Queen asked for an explanation. On proving my honesty, Her Majesty and the Princess of Wales both patronized Irish industries that others denounced. It was unpatriotic to admit that the Irish had virtues."

"Never mind, Mrs. Hart: your day will come."

"It has come in my complete vindication by Courts, press and people and by the establishment of industries for which orders are given in this country which should sympathize heartily in this work. The trouble now is the cost of transportation over the bogs and mountains."

"Has Donegal no harbors and rivers?"

"Plenty, but few sea boats. One hundred thousand people have most imperfect communication with the outside world. Give them sea communication and they will show how false an estimate has been put upon their ability to care for themselves. Dear me, it's time for my lecture; and off walks Mrs. Ernest Hart to the pleasant lecture room, where, surrounded by copies of rare old missals, she tells a waiting and deeply interested audience about those isolated peasants in old Ireland, who owe to this brave, untiring and generous woman the dawn of a new life."

I tell you this story, dear readers, that you may know how a woman belonging to the race that has oppressed the Irish is carrying on a work of reparation. When you think of Gladstone do not forget Mrs. Ernest Hart, and when you visit the Fair do not pass by Donegal Castle.

It is now moonlight. Again I sit in the wishing chair, and I wish all the help for Ireland that will make her happy and prosperous and bring joy to the hearts of her English woman friend. Wishes from this chair are fulfilled in a year. We shall see.

KATE FIELD.

"Arise Mary, and go forth in thy strength into the north country, which once was thine own. O Mary, my hope, O Mother undefiled, fulfil the promise of the spring."

—Cardinal Newman.

That Pie



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