

PAPAL INFALLIBILITY.

A Protestant Who Says It Only Requires the Exercise of High Reason to Believe the Doctrine.

[Philadelphia Catholic Times.]

I was interested in the letter of Mr Seaman and your answer thereto, which appeared in the March 17th issue and also in that of March 24. Some fifteen years ago while studying the claims of the Catholic Church and endeavoring to obtain solutions to various difficulties which arose in my mind as the result of my Protestant education, I asked myself the question: "What is to prevent a wicked Pope from deliberately betraying his trust, and in spite of his infallibility, spreading error broadcast throughout the Church?"

As I understood it, it seemed to me that his infallibility insured his positive possession of the truth, but his peccability allowed his betrayal of it. But in reality I suppose that the doctrine of infallibility includes not only the divine guidance of the Pontiff's mind, so far as relates to his own possession of the truth, but also the overruling Providence which controls the public enunciation of it.

As a remarkable instance of how God overrules the declarations of men, when it suits His purpose to do so, I would refer your correspondent to the narrative of King Balak and Balaam the prophet as recorded in Holy Scripture (Numbers xxii. xxiii. xxiv.)

Here are shown in a most wonderful manner how, despite the weakness of the prophet and the temptation he was under, both by reason of the bride of honor and riches offered by the King as well as through the fear the prophet had of the King's anger, he was compelled by the Lord to speak the truth concerning the future of Israel and to bless, instead of cursing, the people of God and to prophesy their future glory and greatness.

The consideration of this narrative helped me very considerably to appreciate the security of mind, I might add the reasonable security of mind, the devout and believing Catholic possesses upon the subject of the divine guidance of the Church.

He feels at all times that over and about the human elements of the Church, whether that element arises to the sublime heights of that sanctity which is so becoming to it, or whether it falls to the depths of imperfection which is so unbecoming to it, Almighty God is present not only as enlightening, guiding, directing, but also as overruling the actions of men.

When we consider God as not merely enlightening the mind of the visible head of His utterances, the faith of Catholics is shown to be most reasonable and based upon the highest kind of certainty.

We have the command of God to "hear the Church" with a penalty attached to disobedience of this divine injunction, and coupled with this we have the divine promises: "I will be with you all days, even to the end of the world," as a teaching body. The "gates of hell shall not prevail against it" ever rings in our ears, to remind us that Christ, the founder of the Church, is as calm and undisturbed by the storms which rage around Him as He was when quietly sleeping in the company of His disciples amid the raging tempest in the Sea of Galilee.

I will add but one more sentence and then close. It does not require the exercise of "credulity," but of the highest reason on the part of your correspondent to believe in the Catholic doctrine of the infallibility of the Pope. Yours very truly,

R. S. PETTET.

1926 N. TWELFTH ST., Phila.

ROME'S MONUMENTS AND RUINS.

INTERESTING DISCOURSE BY REV. T. M. LENIHAN.

Sunday's discourse at Corpus Christi church, Fort Dodge, Ia., consisted of a description of a few of Rome's ancient and historic monuments. Father Lenihan mentioned the famous Castle of St. Angelo. This was one of the best known castles in Europe and there was probably more ancient history connected with it than any other castle in the world. It had figured in most of the revolutions that had taken place in Europe for high seventeen centuries, and it helped in a great measure to shape the destinies of the Church since the time that Christianity became the established religion of the Roman empire.

The Castle of St. Angelo has always been in the possession of the rulers of Rome, and during most of those years the Popes might

be justly regarded as the rulers of the Eternal City, not only in matters spiritual, but as the sovereign heads of the papal possessions of which Rome was always the capital city.

The Castle of St. Angelo is built on the west bank of the Tiber, a quarter of a mile from St. Peter's and the Vatican Palace, and is connected with the Vatican by an elevated and enclosed passageway. Formerly the castle was called "Hadrian's Mole," because the Emperor Hadrian had built it as his monumental tomb.

Early in the centuries Hadrian's Mole was converted into a castle for the defense of the city, and in the sixth century it saved Rome from the devastating hands of the Goths. Pope Gregory the Great, while conducting a procession through Rome to pray for the cessation of a plague, beheld the archangel Michael sheathing his sword over the castle, and in memory of the event the structure was called the Castle of St. Angelo and a bronze figure of the archangel adorns the summit of the battlements. This figure had always held in its firm grasp the Papal flag until the invasion of Victor Emanuel in 1870. Then Pius IX. sent word that the guns of St. Angelo should remain silent, as he wished that no more blood should be shed in defense of the Eternal City. Since then the Castle of St. Angelo has been in the hands of the French Government and they have converted it into a military hospital and prison.

By special permission his party was shown its dark and gloomy chambers and the horrible and ghastly stories which the guide told them of the happenings that took place in the different chambers as they passed through them would fill a sensational dime novel. The guide of the castle is in the employ of the government, and he wishes to make out the former rulers of the castle tyrants and fiends of the worst type. Coming to one hall the guide told them of the awful instruments of the Inquisition which were here; in another, where heretics were tried and put to death; in a small, dark chamber he claimed that Galileo was confined and his eyes gouged out, in another where the thumb screws were applied to noble cardinals, who were conspiring for the tiara, etc. Most of these ghost stories were without foundation, as, for instance, the one regarding Galileo, who was never confined there and who lost his sight while pursuing his studies at his home in Florence, where he died. This guide was particularly bitter against the Pope and the Vatican government, though he claimed to be a devout Catholic. Most of the Italians are Catholics. Of 35,000,000 in Italy, statistics show only 350,000 non-Catholics, yet it seems the majority of the people are in favor of a government independent of the Holy See. This would bring about a unification of Italy which all desired. But he thought that before long a republic would take the place of the present bankrupt government.

From the battlements of the castle one has a fine survey of the surrounding country. At the foot of the castle flows the historic Tiber, with its broken bridges that date back to the days when the brave Horatius went down with the broken timbers into the raging torrent in defense of Rome. The Tiber is not "yellow," as so many writers claim, but a dark, turbid stream, flowing with a strong, full current to the sea. It was navigable when the Romans floated the immense obelisks, which now adorn the piazzas, from Egypt to the walls of Rome, but it is no longer. The banks, though thirty feet deep, are often overflowed and the inundations of the Tiber breeds the fatal and dreaded malaria of the Roman Campagna.

The next point of interest was the renowned Roman Pantheon, which, though built before the days of Christ, looked strong enough to last till the end of time. Built as a pagan temple it was converted into a Christian church in the seventh century and dedicated to God under the invocation of "All Saints." In commemoration of the event the festival of All Saints was instituted by the Church and is still observed on the first day of November.

Connected with the Pantheon were the famous baths of Agrippa, not yet excavated. The Roman baths were famous. Their ruins are spread out all over Rome and many of them are now occupied by monasteries, churches and extensive vineyards. They were most sumptuous and had all kinds of hot air appliances, which we are accustomed to term modern inventions. They could accommodate over a thousand guests at a time.

Back of the Pantheon stood at one time the celebrated temple of Minerva, and now the celebrated church of the Minerva which holds the body of St. Catherine of Siena beneath its main altar.

Twenty minutes' walk from the Pantheon brings us to the celebrated Roman Forum, lying between the Capitoline and Palatine hills. At the foot of the Capitoline hill was the Mamertine prison, in which St. Peter and St. Paul were confined before their death, and where St. Peter caused a fountain of water to spring forth from the solid rock in order to baptize his jailers, whom he had converted.

From the Mamertine prison, all the way down the valley to the Colosseum, the ruins of the Roman Forum spread out like unfolded pages of ancient Roman history. They were the ruins of all that was great and glorious in pagan Rome. Here were enacted some of the most memorable scenes in the history of Rome, and here Rome began to fall into decay. Only a portion of the ruins have been excavated, but enough to reveal the history of ancient Rome. The Forum is a field of ruins—of broken triumphal arches and columns and altars and statuary—arches and palaces created by the pride of men, telling of battles fought and victories won, but now crumbling to dust and telling in their decay the old story—the vanity of life and the emptiness of human greatness.

Two convents and boarding schools are now the only inhabitants of the once famous Palatine hill.

At the end of the Forum is the great and gigantic Colosseum. It is the most imposing structure and the most picturesque and interesting ruin in Rome. Only one-third of the immense structure now remains, and yet it is overpowering in its solemn grandeur. To readers of ancient history the Colosseum has always been symbolical of the greatness of Rome and the vastness of its enterprise, but to a Christian the Colosseum must be forever associated with the early struggles of the Church and the dying moans of her fearless martyrs. Here were sacrificed to the gods of Rome thousands of her Christian martyrs and frequently the arena ran with their blood. "The Christians to the lions" was a part of each day's programme here for many years, and at the cry the wild beasts were let loose on their helpless victims. And when occasionally a fierce lion, instead of pouncing upon its victim, would crouch and cower at his feet, as was the case with the youthful Pancratius, the hundred thousand pagan spectators only cried out

the louder for his death. Instead of arousing their admiration, it only maddened them to the rage of demanding his death at the stake, the rack or the fiery furnace.

The Colosseum must always be associated with such sad, yet glorious memories of the past, for the blood of the martyrs became the seed of the Church. Yet, thank God! the days of religious persecution are being numbered with the dark civilization of the barbaric past. Thank God, we can all now worship God according to the dictates of our enlightened consciences. We can never feel too grateful for this heavenly boon and should never cease to pray for its continuance.—Catholic Messenger.

GREEN GRAVES.

A CRITICISM OF WALTER LECKY'S BOOK.

Glasnevin and Mount Jerome—The Graves of the Patriots, Poets, Orators and Statesmen of Ireland.

The readers of the TRUE WITNESS will remember the series of original sketches that appeared in these columns last year, over the signature of Walter Lecky. They have been compiled into book form and we could not do better, in giving a notice of the same, than to reproduce the words of Eugene Davis, the popular and able litterateur, as they appear in the Western Watchman. We, however, must take the liberty of disagreeing somewhat with Mr. Davis on a couple of points, which we shall indicate at the close. On the whole the criticism will serve to convey a fair idea of the value of this new work, and decidedly the fact of Mr. Davis giving it so much attention speaks volumes in its favor. Mr. Davis writes thus:—

"Green Graves in Ireland," by Walter Lecky, is a delightful little book of 136 pages, printed in double-leaded type, and on polished paper, and only costs a quarter. It is published by the Catholic firm of Murphy and Co., of Baltimore Md. Although the subject of graves is a rather sombre and melancholy one, the author weaves odd lanreels of humor around the pages of his book which serve to dispel the gloom, and make his readers laugh very merrily indeed. He cracks his jokes without, of course, desecrating the graves of Ireland's illustrious dead. The "green graves" which Walter Lecky visited in an Irish tour he made some years ago, are situated in a Catholic and a Protestant cemetery, Glasnevin and Mount Jerome. In the first mentioned garden of death Denis Florence MacCarthy's grave is situated. The shamrocks wave their little tendrils over the unpretentious little stone whereon are written the following words:

"Eic Jacet

D. F. MCCARTHY."

This was in accordance with the poet's wishes when he sang:

"Yes from these heights the waters beat
I vow to press thy cheek once more,
And lie forever at thy feet,
O shamrock of the Irish shore."

The verdant trefoil is at his feet, and, I fancy, the faded singer that rests beneath "the chosen leaf," is at rest after life's fitful and fretful fever is over. Mr. McCarthy was only one of the minor poets of the Young Ireland epoch, but he had a wonderful gift of melody beyond the power of most poets. His muse had all the fascinating melody of the night-ingale. He was, moreover, true to fatherland, although, somehow or another, the British government did not think it worth its while to have him arrested in the stormy days of '48. He traveled extensively on the Continent, and was an accomplished Spanish scholar. His knowledge of Spanish impelled him to the first metrical translation of Spain's Shakespeare, Calderon, that was ever made into English. A few steps from the grave of McCarthy is a black slab of Irish slate stone, and underneath the epitaph, "J. C. Mangan's Grave." That is all; but that is enough. A garland of roses spanned the clay over his remains with the legend: "He loved liberty!" Mangan was undoubtedly the best of our Gaelic minstrels. He was a genuine first-class poet. Unfortunately he was the Edgar Allan Poe of Ireland. A round tower and a vault commemorate the memory of the great tribune, O'Connell, whose mortal remains he consigned to Ireland, surrendering his heart to Rome, and his heart to God. Near the ashes of the Liberator lie those of a distinguished jurist, a national apostle of the young Ireland era, who afterwards became Lord O'Hagan, who was the first Catholic Lord Chancellor since the days of James II. of England. In an obscure corner of the Necropolis are suitable monuments to the memories of the late Cardinals Cullen and McCabe. Mount Jerome, the Protestant cemetery of Dublin, is the casket where lies Davis' grave, with an immense slab stone weighing down on the poet's ashes. On his tomb were his own lines. "He served his country, and loved his kind." What a sweetly pathetic epitaph, brimming over with that strong, manly, and muscular affection of Davis for his motherland. His wish was to have been buried on a green hill side, but he was buried instead within the prison walls of Mount Jerome. Referring to the grave on the hill side, he sings:

"Oh 'twere merry unto the grave to go,
If one were sure to be buried so."

"He had some misgivings as to where he would be buried," Lecky says. "Relatives are a queer set, and the worst of it—they have the best of it—when we are dead." Carleton's grave is also described by our author, who towards the closing pages of the volume gives the most graphic pen and ink picture of Robert Emmet that I have ever read. He defends him against his enemies with rare tact and logical skill.

CRITICISM OF THE VOLUME.

I say once more that this volume is a delightful one. It fascinates you by its delicious word painting, which is a striking characteristic of Lecky's style. He is so entertaining and so interesting and he puts you into such good humor with yourself while tasting his

quaint Irish drollery and his laughter-moving stories that you grow to actually love the author himself. When I settled myself comfortably in my rocking-chair—a fragrant cigar between my teeth—to open the book, I could not give up the absolute luxury its perusal afforded me. Not till I came to the last page was I perfectly satisfied. Now it is high time for a little criticism. Referring to Thomas Davis, Walter Lecky says, speaking of his "baneful influence," that it shattered the hopes of the Repealers. Repeal was already shattered in 1843, when the last of O'Connell's monster meetings to be held in Clontarf was suppressed. O'Connell decided on resisting the suppression at first; but his courage cooed out of his heart when the eve of the fatal day came. On the eve of the meeting he issued a manifesto ordering the people to go back to their respective counties. That Sunday was a day of doom for Ireland. Daniel O'Connell was never again the Daniel of old. He had been vanquished at last by the Saxon. Clontarf was the Waterloo of the Irish Napoleon. In regard to Lecky's accusation of Davis of having a fear that Catholics would persecute Protestants after Repeal was won, I should say that the poet had good and valid reasons to be nervous on that score. In those days Catholics detested Protestants very bitterly. Many Catholics promised themselves—when they would fall into their own again—the Protestant estates, and often swore to avenge the persecution of the Penal Days. I myself remember a time when I was taught to hate the Protestant boys of my town. In the days of my boyhood in the latter part of the sixties and early seventies, I was instructed to fire stones at the Protestant juveniles, while I was trained to sing "Proddy noddly green gut, never goes to Mass!" I now believe that there are as good and self-respecting people go to Protestant churches as to Catholic. I have been taught toleration at the feet of such men as Thomas Davis and Gavan Duffy. Davis had an extraordinary face; in the play of thought it was beautiful. There is a statue of Davis in Mount Jerome. The poor sculptor won fame, but no bread for his work of art. The Irish were too poor to pay him; but they are able to pay right well their "swearin' tearin' members" of the English commons. Literature is at a discount as well as real self-sacrificing patriotism. Politics are quoted as very much above par. Davis never earned a cent out of his connection with the cause. He had some private means of his own. In fact the cause blighted his financial prospects which could have had the support of influential friends if he had been a West Britisher. Apropos of Cardinals Cullen and McCabe, Lecky denies that they were unpatriotic. I am astonished at his judgment in this respect. There was not a millionth part of the essence of patriotism in Cardinal Cullen's heart. He was an ardent supporter of the English government, he excommunicated the Fenians, he put under a ban the Catholic followers of Isaac Butt, who advocated a beggarly measure of Home Rule! McCabe was a favorite of the Castle, whose balls he attended; yet on the night of the Cardinal's wake there was dancing and jollification galore on Cork Hill, where the Castle is situated. This criticism will please Lecky. We are such dear friends that we cannot quarrel—even if we tried to—a contingency which is impossible.

A FEW OF OUR OPINIONS.

It is true that "Repeal was already shattered in 1843," but even after the last of O'Connell's monster meetings was held, the hopes—vain hopes if you will—of the Repealers survived the memorable Clontarf manifesto of O'Connell. Until the Nation appeared in 1843, the Repealers were still more or less sanguine for their cause; but the moment that a "new spirit came into Ireland," when Davis laid down his programme and proceeded, with his towering ability, to carry it into execution, the last "hopes of the Repealers" were shattered; and O'Connell himself bowed to the inevitable. Regarding Cardinals Cullen and McCabe, it seems to us that if Walter Lecky's judgment is at fault in denying that they were unpatriotic, most certainly Mr. Davis rushes into the other extreme, apparently forgetful, in his desire to prove his contention, that neither of the Cardinals should be judged by the standard that might apply to politicians—their rank, obligations, responsibilities and imperative caution must be considered, as we think Lecky has done.

THE CATHEDRAL PEWS.

The sale of pews in the St. James Roman Catholic Cathedral took place Tuesday evening, the 10th, Messrs. Benning & Barsalou being the auctioneers. The sale was not very largely attended. Some of the best pews were sold at prices ranging from \$35 to \$25, although others had been sold privately at much higher prices. Among the buyers were Messrs. Moise Richot, who has attended service at the cathedral for the past fifty-two years, and L. J. A. Derome, W. A. Hamilton, Judge Baby, Mr. Burke, Dr. Hingston, M. Richot, L. J. Forget, Dr. Brodeur, C. A. Geoffron, P. McCrory, D. M. Amos, J. C. Beauchamp, Mr. Quintal, P. Demers, M. Guerin, C. Hurtubise, C. A. Briggs, J. O. Gravel, H. Herbert, Mr. McCready and Louis Masson.

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