

be felt long after the call shall have gone forth, summoning him to the eternal reward of his arduous labours. The Irish Catholics of Montreal will ever look to St. Patrick's as the great centre towards which all their interests converge. Animated by the zeal, and formed in the school of the venerable pastor, others will, in God's own time, be found to carry out the broad and comprehensive policy he has so wisely devised; but heaven grant that the day may be far distant when our people shall be deprived of the inestimable benefits that are daily being conferred upon them by the powerful intellect and boundless sympathies of their beloved Father Dowd.

J. J. CURRAN, M.P.

EXETER CATHEDRAL.

To the Editor of the CATHOLIC WEEKLY REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—Exeter, the fort or *castra* on the Exe, remarkable for its cathedral. Such was the extent of my knowledge of the county town of Devonshire, acquired in school, until last summer pleasure and duty gave me an opportunity of visiting its beautiful Cathedral, a short account of which will form my letter.

The See of Devonshire was originally fixed at Crediton, but was transferred to Exeter in the time of Edward the Confessor. The ceremony is thus described. "King Edward first placed the charter with his own hand upon the high altar of St. Peter's Abbey Church, which was chosen for the Cathedral; he then led Leofric by the right hand while his Queen Eaditha led him by the left up to the episcopal seat and placed him in it in the presence of many nobles and ecclesiastics." Of this Saxon Church no portion now remains. The foundations of the present Cathedral were laid by Bishop William Warelwast, a nephew of William the Conqueror. He built the two massive towers, which were afterwards joined to the nave by Bishop Quivil (1280-1291), who made them serve as transepts. The Cathedral was dedicated in 1328, and soon after the magnificent screen in the West Front was completed, but many of the images here suffered greatly from the iconoclasts of the 16th and 17th centuries. The interior was thoroughly restored about twelve years ago.

Entering the Cathedral by the western door and looking down the aisle, the visitor is charmed by graceful columns and delicate arches and varied windows. Not so lofty as many of the continental Cathedrals, still for uniformity of architecture and beauty of detail Exeter Cathedral is unrivalled in England. The whole length presents one unbroken view of slender reeded column with exquisitely carved capitals, while between every two arches spring the ribs of vaulting to form the chaste canopy above. Separating the choir from the nave and transept is a beautiful screen which was completed in 1324. The stalls are well carved in oak, but the principal object of attraction here is the Bishop's throne, with a light and elegant pyramid of open oak carving rising above it nearly to the vaulting. A beautiful reredos of alabaster has been placed in the choir—the central group representing the Ascension; the left, the Transfiguration; the right, the Descent of the Holy Ghost. Here there is a fine pulpit of Mansfield stone containing three splendidly carved panels—one referring to St. Alban, the second to St. Boniface "the Apostle of Germany," and the central one to an Anglican, Bishop Patteson, who was murdered in the East in 1871. The Lady Chapel stands back of the choir and contains a very fine stained window and a rich decorated tomb of Bishop Bronescombe, who died in 1280. In St. Mary Magdalen's Chapel is a stained window with Bishop Stafford (who died in 1395) on his knees, and a label with the inscription "Sancta Maria Magdalena ora pro me." There are many other chapels around the choir, with two in the transepts, and all are rich with monuments; but my description is too long and rambling. Let us turn away, for yonder comes the Dean in surplice to go through the cold dull reading of the Book of Common Prayer—what a mockery on the grand liturgy of the old Church which, once sung by Benedictine Monks, echoed through those aisles, built by their hands and sanctified by their prayers. But all is changed; the temple is there in renewed beauty, but the Light and the Lamb of the temple is gone, and the voice of the sacrifice is hushed. How long, O Lord, how long? "What a shame!" is and ought to be our only word as we pass outside.

Sometime ago in your columns it was stated by a friend of mine, Mr. D. A. O'Sullivan, that the only monuments of Catholicity in England were those of stone. I must differ from him, and call attention to a few. In the language we have several examples. "Bumper" is derived from Bon Père, and was a toast drunk by the fishermen to the Pope. "Bloody," used as an irascible adjective, is a corruption, according to Max O'Rell, of *By our Lady*; according to others it is an oath taken by the Precious Blood. Both prove its Catholic origin. Many names of places still savour of Catholicity—Paternoster Row, Marylebone, All Saints' College. In Cornwall we have many places called after Saints, while in Devonshire we have two odd examples; these are Mary Tavy and Peter Tavy. One might think they were called after some family of the name of Tavy; not so, however, as they are corrupted forms for St. Mary on the Tavy and St. Peter on the Tavy, the Tavy being a small river. Another interesting example is "Lady Day." This is so common that if a grocer were to send a bill of the 25th of March (for it refers to that day) he would date it "Lady Day," while there are deeds not more than twenty-five years old which are distinctly dated "The Feast of the Annunciation." These are from memory, but many more can be found, carrying the mind back to the days of faith. Nor could it be otherwise, the land that was Catholic for a thousand years cannot be entirely changed in three hundred years so that neither in laws nor language nor custom there should remain some relic. "Yours was the first, it will also be the last," is the remark of the Cornish people to the priests. Let us hope so, at any rate.

England, Nov. 24th, 1887.

J. R. T.

IN THE KEEP OF LISFINNY.

"Do you wish to see me, sir?" asked Mr. Jasper Douglas Pyne, M.P., as he thrust his characteristic face through an ivy-wreathed aperture half-way up the northern wall of Lisfinny Castle on Saturday evening last. I intimated that I had travelled from Dublin for that purpose. The hon. member then gave me certain instructions as to the mode by which I could accomplish my object. For the present I shall not describe how I carried them out. Suffice it to observe that it is not by any means easy, even for a friend, to get an interview with Mr. Pyne, and that he has it in his power to make it utterly impossible for an enemy to do so. This may seem a strong assertion, but it is nevertheless perfectly true. Were it possible for any instruments of Mr. Balfour to get up in a balloon over Lisfinny Castle and endeavour to capture Mr. Pyne in that aerial fashion, I would not advise them, for reasons which I wot of, to try it. The fact is, marvellous as it may seem, that Mr. Douglas Pyne occupies a position which is absolutely impregnable and unassailable, and that nothing short of the artillery which battered down the forts at Alexandria could reduce his fortress. As the river Bride, which flows under the walls of Lisfinny, is not quite the place to manœuvre ironclads in, he can calmly afford to wait the issue. Hence, we have the sublimely absurd spectacle of one man defying the whole power of the British Government for perhaps some months to come. The situation is absolutely unique. Mr. Pyne is a humorist of the first order; and he enjoys the fun immensely. As the police, armed with the warrant for his arrest, patrol his farm-yard, and look helplessly up at the satiric invitation, painted on a board seventy feet from the ground, that visitors wishing to see him will please ring the bell—neither bell nor door being visible anywhere—he smiles benignly while he watches them from some ivy-covered loophole in his ancient eyrie. Never was there beheld a situation so utterly ridiculous.

I joined Mr. Pyne in his drawing-room as soon as the arrangements for my advent had been perfected. It is a fine apartment, as far as space is concerned; but it is right to note that it has not been kept in the best possible state of preservation. It is a room of about fifty feet square and about thirty high, and, to put it mildly, looks more like the cave of Macbeth's witches, poetically known as the Pit of Acheron, than anything else I have seen. This fact, however, does not in the slightest degree interfere with Mr. Douglas Pyne's equanimity, but rather adds to his delight. There is plenty of air in the apartment, inasmuch as the windows have no glass. Glazing was not much of a fine art when Lisfinny Castle was built; and the