

News From Catholic England.

Feast of St. Anselm Observed Fittingly in Westminster Cathedral.

Church Needs No Pretty Pageants For Saints, Says Monsignor Moyes.

(From our Correspondent.) London, April 22.—It is well to see at such a time as the present, when pageants and rumors of pageants are so much in the air, that the Catholic Church in England is forestalling the attempt to rob her of the great and noble men whom she made what they were, and who, we are told, are to be drawn captive in the triumphal car of Protestantism at the forthcoming "Church Pageant" to be held under the auspices of the Bishop of London at the Fulham Palace in June...

THE SCOFFING ENGLISH. The English are a peculiar people. How they scoff and jeer at anything at all approaching sentiment, how they even ridicule Catholics for their adornment of their churches and altars with flowers and beautiful works of art. And yet—go and take a look at the statue of Lord Beaconsfield opposite the House of Parliament, any day near the 19th of April, and you will see it surrounded with a carpet of pale primroses, upon which lie more of spring's maid of honor, in every conceivable device all offered to the memory of the great statesman. And if you say, "Well, Beaconsfield hasn't been dead so many years, they haven't had time to forget him yet," take a look at Nelson's statue on Trafalgar day, or, better still, at that of the unhappy Scottish King, which has a history all its own, and which is decked by loving and remembering hands on every 31st of January with trails of snowy roses; and then wonder at the inconsistency of the English people!

THE SPIRIT YET LIVETH. Unfortunately for her and her claims, the spirit that inspired him "yet liveth," and when the Fulham Palace pageant astonished the country with its galaxy of great and holy men, the spirit of the past will be apt to remember the fine press accounts of yesterday's ceremony at Westminster and possibly to say, Why, Anselm was a Catholic saint. What's he doing here?—a question which it is to be hoped may lead to others.

WORTHY OF THEIR EFFORTS.

Yesterday morning's ceremony at Westminster Cathedral was worthy of the best efforts of the large number of reporters who attended. At ten thirty they passed, through a Cathedral filled to its utmost capacity, a long procession of choristers, clergy of the Archdiocese, Monsignori in their tyroan purple, Cathedral chaplains in their distinctive dress, Monks of St. Benedict and St. Dominic, Friars of St. Francis, the Canons of the Cathedral Chapter, and the Bishops of the Province of Westminster, the English Hierarchy who are met together in London for their annual Low Week conference, and who, with the exception of two, who are in Rome, and one or two others detained by illness, attended, wearing their jewelled mitres and splendid vestments. The Archbishop of Westminster, vested for Mass, came last, bestowing his blessing on the kneeling throngs as he passed. The panegyric of the Saint was preached by one of the Cathedral Canons, Monsignor Moyes, who is called the "walking Encyclopedia" of Westminster, so great is his store of knowledge. To this he adds a fine delivery, and command of graceful language in which he vividly narrated the struggles which this early occupant of the See of Canterbury had to undertake to preserve the Church from the rapacious hand of the Red King, and later, from the ambition of Henry I. Emphasis was laid upon the Court of Appeal sought by both Archbishop and King—Rome—and when the preacher spoke of the sacred Pallium, which was brought to England by a Papal Legate and bestowed on the saint in glorious Canterbury, as the same sign of jurisdiction from St. Peter as the Pallium which our Archbishop was wearing that morning eight hundred years after, a little wave of appreciation ran silently through the vast congregation.

NO NEED OF PAGEANTS. We do not need pretty pageants with handsome scenery and beautiful costumes to connect us with the Church of Anselm's day," said the preacher, "we are the Catholics Church—the same Church in communion with which that great Archbishop passed to his reward." At the close of the Mass the Papal brief was read which empowered the Archbishop of Westminster to impart His Holiness' blessing to all present, and His Grace gave it standing on the steps of the sanctuary. Then the long procession made their stately way back to the sacristies, and the crowds poured forth into the prosaic London streets, their units mingling with the crowds of heretics, atheists, and modern idolaters, with it is hoped, a truer perception of the truth of Monsignor Moyes' words—that if our work for the conversion of England to the faith of St. Anselm is to be fruitful, our own lives must show the faith that inspires them.

DOINGS IN TURKEY DISTURB VISITORS.

CONSTANTINOPLE IN WAR TIME.

Parliament Plans Embellishment of Capital While Country People Starve.

(The following letter is printed out of the regular order, on account of the interesting, but somewhat disturbing conditions in the Turkish capital. Next week Miss Henry will take her readers back to Athens.—Ed.) Constantinople, April 14.—Scarcely a tourist is left in town. The army disturbance is driving everyone away; sightseeing is an impossibility, with bullets flying about, and Stamboul in a turmoil. Trouble has been brewing since last week, when the murder of a newspaper man occurred on the Bridge of Galata. Yesterday but few shops were open, as the merchants to drop their heavy iron shutters and so protect their wares from the rabble, which always gathers in civic uprisings. While there is no danger for Europeans, the quarrel being among themselves, last night as I listened to the ceaseless firing I was glad of the strong iron doors protecting the house, and which I had heretofore regarded as uselessly cumbersome.

A FITTING HONOR. To-morrow is the feast day of the patron saint of this land, there are red June roses blooming temptingly in all the florists now, yet the number of those who cast a thought to him who was the inspiration of so many desperate combats in the good old days when the battle cry of our forefathers was "St. George for Merrie England" will be more minute still. Across the Thames in Southwark there is a fine Cathedral dedicated to the Saint, the centre of a diocese which is instant in all good works of Catholic piety, and leads in that of the Crusade of Rescue for Destitute Catholic Children. Here St. George will be fittingly honored and the Catholics of London will journey hither in the evening to join their brethren of Southwark in our splendid festival of the United Choirs which always takes place on the 23rd and is looked forward to by musical enthusiasts as a red letter day, while those who have a special devotion to St. George may satisfy their desires by venerating the relic which is borne in grand procession round the Cathedral to the strains of a martial hymn at the close of the Benediction.

BLESSED SPANISH VESSEL. Spain is having some splendid vessels built upon the Clyde for her navy, and the first of these, the "Almirante Lobo," was successfully launched a few days ago from the stocks of Messrs. Scott, of Kinghorn, last week. Being a vessel of His Most Catholic Majesty it was blessed with all the old and beautiful formula which Holy Mother Church uses on such occasions, by the parish priest of the district, being christened by a daughter of the builders in the presence of the Spanish Commission, whose members had travelled from London for the occasion.

A PRE-REFORMATION RELIC.

An interesting relic of pre-Reformation times which comes from Scotland, where it has been preserved in the house of an old Scottish family, is now in London, having passed into the hands of the Art and Book Company, who have a delightful repository of art treasures opposite the Cathedral. The object in question, which the writer was privileged to examine the other day, is an old copper chalice, of beautiful workmanship and design. It stands seven inches high, and the balance is most perfect; the chaste lines and the bowl and stem and the massive effect of the knob, which is surrounded by six bosses upon which is engraved the word "Maria" finished by a rose, all go to make up a most perfect (Continued on Page 8.)

Ireland and the Fiscal Question.

The Country Has a Trade Problem Which Deserves Consideration.

An Irish Preference is Needed to Aid Irish Industrial Situation.

The question is occasionally asked in Canada as to the position occupied by the Irish people in regard to the fiscal policy. That query is, in some measure, answered by a recent reader in the Weekly Freeman, of Dublin, here appended: We have been hearing a good deal recently about the Fiscal Question as it affects Ireland; about free trade and protection, and how this country stands between them. Without trying for one moment to belittle the greatness of the great fiscal issue, without trying to give Irish readings on the points in controversy, without ignoring the fact that Ireland is certain to be very closely touched by the result of the agitation for tariff reform, it is open to us still to declare that even from a commercial point of view the great and important question for Ireland is not whether British free trade is justified itself or the reverse, or whether British trade would be the better of a little protection, but rather whether the Irish people are going to make up their minds seriously to support Home Manufacture. The vast controversy which Mr. Joe Chamberlain has opened up for Englishmen, and in which the British Colonies will take a hand before the issue has been decided, may well be left by Irishmen to take care of itself. We do not mean that they should endeavor to forget that such a big and important controversy is in progress, that they should affect a silly ignorance of the whole affair, or dismiss it with a lordly wave of the hand and a "Plague on both your houses" sort of sigh.

OVERDOING INDIFFERENCE.

That would, indeed, be overdoing the indifference. On the contrary, Irishmen ought to make themselves acquainted with the question in all its development, and ought to watch how public opinion is veering in regard to the several points that are raised. For it is quite on the cards that before the fight has been brought to a conclusion, before the policy of the future has been settled, before the electoral pronouncement has been made, which shall mean Free Trade or Protection for the next few generations, Ireland may be able to turn a trick in the game. At all events, it is highly prudent that Irishmen should be alert and ready to take advantage of any opportunities that may turn up. But in the meanwhile we again assert, without hesitation, that the main question for this country and its future is—When are the Irish people going to resolve highly and to carry out the resolve faithfully, to support Home Manufacture?

A FALSE CRY. The old cry that the Irish article is always the dearest article has been falsified. It has been proved again and again that Irish prices, or, as it should be said, the prices of Irish goods, are not a whit dearer, for quantity and quality, than those of British and other foreign manufacture. The same remark applies to a whole host of household and other articles of common use and in constant request. It is similarly so with foods. At this moment there is not the slightest excuse for the Irish consumer who does not act on the salutary principle of Preference for Irish goods. Even if it could be contended that the Irish goods would cost a trifle more than those placed in competition against them, the excuse would be unworthy of a man with the slightest spark of patriotic feeling. There is still an enormous quantity of unnecessary importations, showing that a vast quantity of Irish support is still being given to goods in connection with Irish products. It should be the object of every Irish man and woman to do everything possible to decrease the bulk of the unnecessary importations, and this can be done only by acting on the policy of giving our Irish industries the Protection of Irish Preference.

MAINSTAY OF IRISH TRADE.

Now the mainstay of Ireland's trade, the foundation, the chief prop and support, the only reliable basis of prosperity and progress for this country is to be found in the support of Irish manufacture by the Irish people themselves. We need not think lightly of the foreign market, we need not be taken as ignoring the vital advantage of an overseas trade, when we assert that we set small store upon such adjuncts compared with the store we set upon the support by the Irish people themselves of their own wares. Therein will be found the only real, solid, permanent foundation of an

and gray its dirty, crooked streets, ugly dogs and curious old brown wooden houses come into disagreeable evidence. But when the sun shines over the Golden Horn, dances on the blue waters of the Bosphorus, glimmers upon the domes and graceful minarets of Stamboul, falls softly upon the tall, dark cypress of Scutari, the capital of the Ottoman empire becomes what it really is, the most fascinating city in Europe.

ELIZABETH ANGELA HENRY.

THE RIGHT RELIGION. In the May "Extension" George C. Hennessey tells of the progress of the chapel car in the South, and relates that at Rosedale, two colored men, one a Baptist and the other a Methodist, got into an argument about which of their religions was right. After some time spent on the subject, the Baptist said to the Methodist, "Well, I know my religion is right, case I reads in de Bible of John de Baptist, but I don't read nowhere of John de Methodist."

SCHOLAR'S DEATH IS LOSS TO IRISH.

DEMISE OF WHITLEY STOKES.

He Was Great Student of Irish and an Authority on Language.

It is with keen regret that all interested in Gaelic studies will learn of the death of Dr. Whitley Stokes, which took place at his residence in London on the 13th inst., owing to pneumonia, says a writer in the Weekly Freeman. Dr. Stokes, who was born in Dublin in 1830, was the son of Dr. William Stokes, a celebrated physician, who was also a man of strong National sympathies. Passing through Trinity College, where he had a distinguished course, Whitley Stokes was called to the English Bar in 1855. After a few years he went to India, where his legal successes brought him into prominence, and in the following year he was, by the influence of Sir Fitz-James Stephen, appointed Acting Administrator-General at Madras. Two years later he became Secretary to the Governor-General's Legislative Council, and later he was made Secretary to the Legislative Department. He was entrusted with the work of drafting many important Indian laws and legal codes. In 1877 James Stephen as Law Member of the Council of the Governor-General. Almost from the time of his arrival in India, Stokes had devoted himself to various literary studies, in addition to his great legal labors. He framed an important scheme for cataloguing Sanskrit manuscripts. He was, however, most attracted by his Irish Studies. In Trinity College he was the intimate friend and pupil of Siegfried, the brilliant Professor of Sanskrit, whose contributions to the study of archaeology he subsequently published.

A GREAT WORK.

Before he was thirty years of age he had begun that work for which Irish scholarship with which his name will be for ever identified. In 1858 he prepared a work on Latin declensions with examples explained in Irish. This work was published in Irish Glosses in 1860, and from that year onward his name constantly appears amongst the contributors to philological and archaeological publications, some of his papers running to sixty, eighty, and a hundred pages, and containing some of the most helpful contributions to the elucidation of grammatical phenomena. He did for Celtic declension what Dr. Strachan did for the Irish verb. He took up the study of Middle Irish shortly after his arrival in India, and soon became a recognized authority on the subject. In fact, his fame spread far and wide, among scholars, and the respect in which he was held by them is shown by the various honorary degrees conferred upon him. He was made a foreign associate of the Institute of France, a member of the German Oriental Society, and the recipient of degrees from Trinity College, Dublin, from Oxford, and from Edinburgh. During the later years of his life Dr. Whitley Stokes settled in London, and devoted himself to his Celtic studies. He also devoted attention to Cornish and to old Breton manuscripts and records. He worked very largely in the British Museum. The list of his works is a noteworthy one, and includes annotated additions of many of the most important works in Middle Irish.

A DISTINGUISHED FAMILY.

His sister, the late Miss Margaret Stokes, was also a celebrated Celtic archaeologist. Dr. Stokes was a vigorous controversialist, and his criticism of some of the works of the late Dr. Atkinson of Trinity College, will be generally remembered. Personally he was most attractive and courteous in manner, and, for all his great learning, scholastic attainments, and distinguished career, was gentle and unassuming. Dr. Whitley Stokes's grandfather—also a Whitley Stokes—was a close friend of Wolfe Tone, and for some time a United Irishman. He is remembered to again and again in most affectionate terms in the famous Diary. He was the son of Gabriel Stokes, D.D., Fellow of Trinity College, Prebendary of Elphin, Chancellor of Waterford, and Rector of Deserthmartin, in the Diocese of Derry, and grandson of Gabriel Stokes, an engineer and deputy surveyor of Ireland in 1735, the first of the family to settle in Ireland. This Whitley Stokes was born in 1763, and became a Fellow of Trinity in his twenty-fifth year. Tone once designated him as "who fitting head of a system of national education" should Ireland become independent. His statue, by Foley, is in the Hall of the College of Physicians. Like his son, he took a great interest in Irish learning, and wrote the life of his friend, George Petrie.