

ing Mass, bare-foot on their knees, in the open air!

### THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

The following letters are samples of those which we are constantly receiving from our patrons. We do not wish to draw any comparison between the Record and other papers published in Canada claiming the support of Catholics. We merely allow the people to judge for themselves which is most worthy of support. From the way in which the paper has been received and supported for the past few years we hope soon to be able to enlarge and add new features which will make it a still more welcome visitor to the homes of our people. We have not given premiums with the Catholic Record. We do not find it necessary to sugar-coat it with cheap baubles in order to induce the people to subscribe. The paper has won its way into thousands of Catholic homes solely on its own merits. The following letters of Rt. Rev. Bishop of Halifax, and Rev. Father Carolan, together with the extracts given from letters we receive from day to day fully explain the cause of the great favor in which the Record is held by the Catholic people of the Dominion:

St. Mary's, Halifax, Nov. 7, 1881.

I have had opportunities during the last two years or more of reading copies of the Catholic Record, published in London, Ontario, and approved of by His Lordship the Right Rev. J. Walsh, the Bishop of that See. I beg to recommend that paper to all the faithful of this diocese.

—MICHAEL HANNAH,

Archbishop of Halifax.

Bonaville, Newfoundland, Dec. 2, 1881. Thomas Coffey, Esq. Dear Sir,—Enclosed please find post office order, for the amount of two years' subscription to your excellent paper the Catholic Record. Though the paper needs no word of commendation from me, and though the case were otherwise, such a word would be of insignificant weight, yet I can hardly refrain from expressing how happy I am to observe that it continues to hold undisputed possession of the high place it first so readily acquired in the ranks of respectable journals. The good opinion formed of the Catholic Record in the earlier days of its existence, has been greatly confirmed by a more intimate acquaintance with it throughout the intervening period of its successful progress and development. As it grows in years it seems to grow in usefulness and vigor. I have not seen one issue of it which does not contain a large amount of most valuable information on subjects of vital importance to Catholics. In fact, it brings to the domestic fireside in a condensed form, the news of the world, the teachings of the Catholic pulpit, the lecture hall, and lessons of the Sunday school in Christian doctrine.

I heartily wish it the wide circulation it so justly deserves.

I remain, dear Sir, yours truly,

P. CAROLAN, Priest.

Rev. B. Casey, Almonte. You deserve all praise for labor and care in the selection of religious matter, as well as for articles on the rights and duties of governments and peoples, and on the necessity of making education more Christian.

Ottawa, Dec. 23, 1881.

Mr. Thos. Coffey, Esq. Dear Sir, I enclose two dollars and twenty-five cents for my subscription to the Record and HARP. The Record gains every reader.

I remain, yours truly,

THOMAS SMYTH.

See of State Office, Ottawa, Sept. 1, 1881. Thos. Coffey, Esq. Dear Sir, I enclose four dollars for your paper of the Catholic Record.

PETER LOGAN.

James W. Grace, Marshall, Mich. As a Catholic journal, the Record is the only one which should be without it.

John J. Bedford, Guelph. We hail the Record with pleasure every week.

Joseph Bellefleur, Windsor. Your journal is highly appreciated by all its readers.

John Brennan, Eagle Lake, Wis. I feel happy every week when I receive your good Catholic paper.

Mrs. P. Jackson, Windsor. Enclosed please find four dollars, and continue sending the Record. It has become indispensable in my family.

Wm. Chisholm, Salford. Your paper is always most welcome.

Bernard McKenna, Billings Bridge. I consider it the best Catholic paper I have ever read.

W. P. Scott, Culloden. Your paper is anxiously read by my family. It is interesting in Catholic matter and instructive to old and young.

Gerald J. Nagle, Rock Forest, Que. I am well pleased with your paper.

Thomas Reid, Windsor. All Catholics in Canada should have the Record in their families.

### The Devil Has No Happy Old Men.

I met a man one day on his way to church. He had just passed the milestone of life labeled "seventy years." His back was bent, his hair was white, his eye was dim, and his face was furrowed. Withal, he seemed still fond of life and full of gladness, not at all put out with his lot. He hummed the lines of a familiar hymn as his legs and cane carried him along.

"Aged friend," said I, "why should an old man be merry?"

"All are not," said he.

"Well, why then should you be merry?"

"Because I try to serve God who is a good Master."

"Are none other happy at your time of life?"

"No, not one, my friendly questioner," said he; and as he said more, his form straightened into the stature of his younger days, and something of inspiration gave a beautiful glow across his countenance.

"Listen, sir," said he, "to the truth from one who knows, then wing it round the world, and no man be found to gain say my words: The devil has no happy old men!"

### MISSION IN WALKERTON.

The Redemptorist Fathers Miller and McInerney will open a mission in this place on New Year's Day. We doubt not the results of these religious exercises will be highly gratifying to the good fathers who are laboring in this important parish.

The Catholic Telegraph notes the fact that the late Archbishop McHale died during the pontificate of no less than seven Popes. He was born during the reign of Pius VI, was just nine years of age when Pius VII. ascended the Chair of Peter, and was elevated to the priesthood in the same reign. He became a Bishop in 1823, two years after the enthronization of Leo XII, and afterward enjoyed the confidence of that Pontiff's successors, Pius VIII, Gregory XVI, Pius IX, and Leo XIII.

### The Little Kings and Queens.

By H. H.

Monarchs whose kingdom no man bounds, No leagues uphold, no conquest spreads, Whose thrones are on many mounds, Whose crowns are curls on sunny heads.

The only sovereigns on earth, Whose ways are certain to endure; No line of kings of kindest birth, No line of kings of kindest blood.

No fortress built in all the land, No strong they cannot from it free; No place made too rich, too grand, For them to roam triumphantly.

No tyrant so hard-hearted known, Can their diplomacy resist; They can usurp his very throne; He abdicates when he is kissed.

No hovel in the world so small, No meanly built, so squalid, bare, They will not go within its walls, And set their reign of splendour there.

No beggar too forlorn and poor, Forget them all they need to thrive; They frolic in his yard and door, The happiest kings and queens alive.

Oh, blessed little kings and queens, The only sovereigns in the earth! Their sovereignty nor rests nor leaves On pomp or riches or of birth.

Nor end when cruel death lays low To dust each little curly head, And other sovereigns crownless go, And are forgotten when they're dead.

But these hold changeless empire fast, Triumphant past, all earthly scenes; We worship, trust to the last, The buried "little kings and queens," —*Harper's Magazine.*

### HERE AND THERE IN IRELAND.

A Few Notes from James Redpath and His Irish Friends.

From the Boston Pilot.

NEW YORK, Dec. 25, 1881.

MY DEAR BROTHER O'REILLY—I see, and am delighted to see, that our friend, "Rev. Petrolum V. Nashy," is accused of exaggerating his reports of Irish distress and of British tyranny in Ireland—that it has been said of him, as it were, that he is a Land Leaguer, and the truth is not in him.

Mr. Nashy, in politics, is a saint of the modern school, who believes in resisting the devil, to the end that that great friend of Irish landlording may "live from him."

The more that Nashy is abused for telling the truth the more truth he will tell, and thereby help more efficiently to make Americans understand what Irish landlording is.

Mr. Locke's first introduction to Irish landlording, my guidance, was at the Galtee Mountains, in Cork, where the people, although extremely wretched, are not so wretched as in many districts of Mayo, Galway, Kerry, and Donegal, that I have personally investigated.

As Mr. Locke, his son and myself were driving out from Mitchellstown to see the homes of the peasantry of the Galtee mountains, we met several battalions of the British army returning from aiding in the eviction of the poor tenantry of the infamous Countess of Kingston.

These tenants had been visited, a few days before, by a well-known English woman, Mrs. Cragan, and another English lady, who had come from England to see for themselves whether the Irish people were justified in their determined resistance to the exactions of the Irish landlords.

Like Mr. Locke, a few days before, any one who came to Ireland with the belief that the wrongs of the Irish peasantry had been grossly exaggerated. They went back, not with the belief, but with the knowledge (as we all went back with the knowledge) that the hundredth part of the truth had not yet been told about these agrarian miscreants, for whose sake Ireland had been kept in pauperism and robbed alike of her prosperity and population for ten generations.

Miss Cragan's companion (whose name I have forgotten) read a short statement of her observations on the Countess of Kingston's estate at a private meeting of the Ladies Land League of Dublin. It was not published. I obtained a copy of it. Let me make a few quotations from it.

"HOMES OF THE COUNTESS OF KINGSTON'S TENANTS."

"Miss Cragan and I visited some tenant-farmers, and laborers' places on the estate of the Countess of Kingston. The places were more like the lairs of wild beasts than human habitations. There were large holes in the rotten thatch, through which the rain falls on the rotten floor, and on the bedding and bed-clothes were filthy, reeked masses of rags and straw. The smell from this mass of filth was something awful. We could scarcely bear the smell without fainting."

"THEY ARE FED AND CLOTHED."

"There is no distinction made between the farmer's and laborer's food. It consists of Indian meal stirabout, or potatoes, from year's end to year's end. Therefore the people have a starved and famished appearance."

"The families of the laborers had no clothes, only what were on them, which had to do double duty, as they were obliged to use them as bed-clothes at night."

"Some of them would have died of starvation only for their neighbor's bounty. The laborers never have enough to eat."

"REPRESENTATIVE CABINS ON A RACK-RENTED ESTATE."

"In one place we visited, the roof had fallen. They had replaced it by furze bushes. We had to crawl in and could not stand upright or turn round when we got in. There was an old woman, 75 years of age, crouching before a few sparks of fire, trying to warm stale cabbage and water in a cup. She told us that was all she had for her dinner. I did not see a mouthful of anything else. An old armchair, without a seat, was the furniture. She had no clothes, only an old filthy woollen dress, which was under her covering at night. She has no underclothing."

"Did the noble Countess relieve this poor and lonely old woman? Oh, no! The writer continues: 'But for her neighbors she would have died of starvation. They also gave her seed for a quarter of an acre of land.'"

"When the laborers are idle, their wives have to beg. One woman, a tenant-farmer's wife, had turned her pig-sty (having no other necessity for it) into a sleeping apartment for herself and family. It was simply a dark hole, where neither air nor light could enter. The foul air and smell from the filthy bed nearly choked us. We saw a similar place further on. We had to strike a match, as we were in total darkness. There was not a single thing in this damp, dark, and foul-smelling hole. Only a heap of filthy rags and rotten straw, on which a family of eight have to sleep every night. This was the inner apartment; the outer one was lighted by a hole with a wad of straw in it. A couple of old chairs was the only furniture. Women and children, starved looking things, were in rags. Miss Cragan burst out crying when she saw this deplorable sight. She said, humanity was outraged by such a state of things. The estate of the Countess of Kingston cost a quarter of a million of money (\$81,250,000); the walls enclosing the domain are seven miles in circumference, and cost \$50,000. Comment is needless."

THE BUCKLEY ESTATE.

These ladies also paid a visit to the Buckley estate on which most of the tenants whose condition was described by Mr. Locke are living. They say of these poor people:

"The wretched state of the people on the Galtee Mountains is something appalling. The thatch was rotten, holes here and there in it, through which the rain fell. There were large holes in the bedroom floor filled with rotten water. The smell from the festering mass of bed-clothing was sickening. The people have not enough to eat for a week, and of buying a half-penny's worth of soap."

Mr. Locke and myself saw these and similar sights there.

From south to us now go north, and see how the people fare there under Irish landlords.

Here is an unpretending picture of peasant-life that is seldom so vividly portrayed in the ambitious writings of historians. It is given in a private letter to me from Father McCabe, of the parish of Glenade, in the diocese of Kilmore. This diocese includes nearly all of Cavan and part of Leitrim and Fermanagh.

"THE PARISH OF GLENADE," writes Father McCabe, "has its name from two Irish words, Glan-avda, or Fodla, which latter word by contraction has become a slang word. It means a long valley. It is in reality as well as in name. This valley lies between two lofty mountains, and runs towards the Atlantic Ocean. It is separated from the sea by a strip of land two miles wide. The mists from the sea are caught by the mountains, and fall upon us in very heavy showers. The howling of the wind through this place is quite enough to terrify a stranger. You might imagine some giant was whistling for his dog that had gone wild after some mountain spirit! The winds are wild, anyhow, unroof houses, tear down trees, and scatter in their fury the furze (for there is little or no corn) that has been gathered with much difficulty. It is a cheerful, bleak, and dreary place."

"HOW ITS PEOPLE LIVE."

"About 400 families live in this place. They are sober and virtuous. They live by finding a little stock. They are good hands at butter-making. They rear calves, and sell them at the approach of winter, as the cold would kill them. On the mountain-side, which is a common, they feed sheep. By selling butter, calves, and sheep, they live."

"Two-thirds of the parish is in Leitrim and one-third in Sligo. I suppose the population is 2,000. There are only four Protestant families living here. Any one who came to Ireland with the belief that the wrongs of the Irish peasantry had been grossly exaggerated. They went back, not with the belief, but with the knowledge (as we all went back with the knowledge) that the hundredth part of the truth had not yet been told about these agrarian miscreants, for whose sake Ireland had been kept in pauperism and robbed alike of her prosperity and population for ten generations."

"THE LANDLORDS OF GLENADE."

"The land is cold and bad. Yet the poor people are rack-rented. The rents on some lands have been raised three times in twenty years. As an example, one land was purchased about fifteen years ago by Curscadden, who lives at Manorhamilton, near this place. There were then thirteen tenants; now there are only three. He took the mountain side from them, and he doubled the rent on the portion left. He has it now in his own hands. The poor people had to fly. Some took leases at a rack-rent, for fear of this man coming over them. The lands are all rack-rented."

"In the bad days past" (Father McCabe is now replying to my question, What the landlords did for the relief of their tenants during the famines of 1847 and 1879) "the landlords contributed nothing to the support of the poor people they had robbed."

ONE GOOD LANDLORD.

"Sir Henry Gore Booth is an exception. At the relief committee he was indefatigable. Week after week he came long journeys to assist me in the just distribution of the alms that our friends at home and abroad contributed. He owned the Sligo portion of this parish. His lands are not so highly rented as other lands, but 'duty days' and 'dog money' make them too dear. He is a humane landlord, and takes an interest in his people. He is not an absentee."

"All the other landlords would be too bad in Botany Bay."

So here is one good Irish landlord! But, alas! he is so mean that in addition to the rent he charges for the bog—bog which must be removed to make the land arable; and he is so despotic that he retains the feudal custom of serf-labor or unpaid labor called in the West of Ireland 'duty work.' This impost was a reasonable one during the feudal times because the lord did give protection (to be sure much of it was of the wolf and sheep order) for the service or 'duty' rendered by his tenants. But now that the tenant supports the landlord, what a monstrous impertinence it is to exact 'duty work' from the peasant! My advice abolished it in Western Mayo and Western Galway; and I trust that here will be a strike against it wherever it may yet linger in the lonely parishes of the West of Ireland.

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To add to the loneliness of their wintering, scurvy set in, and death began to thin the settlers.

"There were eight dead and more than fifty for whom there was no hope of recovery," says the account of Cartier's voyage. "Our captain, seeing the misery and malady thus spread, summoned all to prayer and devotion; and he caused an image in remembrance of the Virgin Mary to be borne over the snow and ice and set up against a tree low-shore distance from our fort; and he ordered that on the Sunday following, Mass should be celebrated at the said place, and that all those who could walk, both sick and well, should go in procession, singing the Seven Psalms of David, with the Litany, praying the said Virgin that it would please her to implore her dear Child to have pity on us. The Mass said and celebrated before the said image, the captain declared himself a pilgrim to our Lady of Rocamadour, promising to go thither if God did him the favor to return to France."

What a picture! Sick and well chanting the Litany of Our Lady and the Seven Penitential Psalms as they went in procession that wild December day over the snow and ice to hear Mass said before the leafless tree on which the picture or statue of Our Lady was placed! And, when the last Gospel had been said, have Cartier saying a pilgrimage to the far-off shrine of Mary? And what was that shrine? Far remote as Cartier's pious act seemed to us now the sanctuary of Roc Amadour is so ancient that its history seemed to blend ages ago, with the life of St. Patrick, the Apostle of Ireland. In the province of Quercy, in a dry and sterile tract strewn with boulders, tower to the skies rugged, rocky mountains whose height appeals you to the Dark Ages of the world, sometimes a mountain torrent, is hemmed by precipitous rocks; as you reach it you see some horses on the mountain-side; as you advance you see other horses higher and higher up, clinging as it were to the face of the rock. This is Roc Amadour, once a place with no fewer than eight gates in its stout walls, four of which you must needs pass to reach the staircase leading to the church. On a peak above the tower yet rises, though sadly shattered by time, by Huguenot and infidel, the Church of Roc Amadour, surrounded by rocks that seem to protect it, and where once in cloistered homes pious nuns poured forth their constant prayers.

Two hundred and seventy-eight steps cut in the rock led up to the Church of Mary and the twelve rock-cut chapels. Kings of England and France in the old times came here to honor Mary and leave their rich votive offerings. The walls were hung with *ex-voto*, the sword of Roland, chains of captives from Barbary, mementoes in every form of favors sought and graces obtained by the intercession of Mary. Great was the confidence in Our Lady of Roc Amadour and her intercession when the brave heart of Cartier, amid the horrors of his wintering on the St. Lawrence, turned to her for aid and help.

And who was Saint Amador? If we lay aside wild dreams that seek to connect him with Zacharias of the Gospel, he seems to be St. Amador, Bishop of Auxerre, and predecessor of St. Germain. With the latter holy prelate St. Patrick was connected, and in all probability he accompanied St. Germain when he visited Britain to check the Pelagian heresy, and obtained by his prayers a miraculous victory for the Christians over the heathen.

Now, according to the Book of Armagh, St. Patrick, on hearing of the death of Palladius having been already appointed by the Pope, "turned his journey, as well as those with him, to a certain wonderful man, a very high Bishop, by name Amathorex, dwelling in a neighboring place, and there St. Patrick, knowing what was to come to pass, received Episcopal consecration from the holy Bishop Amathorex."

St. Germain succeeded to the See of Auxerre in 418, and by the resignation of St. Amathorex, the latter might still have been Bishop of Auxerre, and the great Italian mission in his church at Roc Amador.

It is impossible, indeed, to give the highest authority as a fact of undoubted history, but there is nothing to prevent our piously believing that the Saint Amador from whose hands the Apostle of Erin received the apostolic succession, was the same who made Roc Amadour such a famous pilgrimage, a shrine to which the pilgrim's heart turned when the peril of Ocean threatened his frail bark, or other dangers lowered, which seemed to bar, forever his hope of ever seeing his home and friends again. How often had the bold navigators heard of the bell of Roc Amadour, which tolling of itself amid the stillness of night, told priest and religious that

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What a picture! Sick and well chanting the Litany of Our Lady and the Seven Penitential Psalms as they went in procession that wild December day over the snow and ice to hear Mass said before the leafless tree on which the picture or statue of Our Lady was placed! And, when the last Gospel had been said, have Cartier saying a pilgrimage to the far-off shrine of Mary? And what was that shrine? Far remote as Cartier's pious act seemed to us now the sanctuary of Roc Amadour is so ancient that its history seemed to blend ages ago, with the life of St. Patrick, the Apostle of Ireland. In the province of Quercy, in a dry and sterile tract strewn with boulders, tower to the skies rugged, rocky mountains whose height appeals you to the Dark Ages of the world, sometimes a mountain torrent, is hemmed by precipitous rocks; as you reach it you see some horses on the mountain-side; as you advance you see other horses higher and higher up, clinging as it were to the face of the rock. This is Roc Amadour, once a place with no fewer than eight gates in its stout walls, four of which you must needs pass to reach the staircase leading to the church. On a peak above the tower yet rises, though sadly shattered by time, by Huguenot and infidel, the Church of Roc Amadour, surrounded by rocks that seem to protect it, and where once in cloistered homes pious nuns poured forth their constant prayers.

Two hundred and seventy-eight steps cut in the rock led up to the Church of Mary and the twelve rock-cut chapels. Kings of England and France in the old times came here to honor Mary and leave their rich votive offerings. The walls were hung with *ex-voto*, the sword of Roland, chains of captives from Barbary, mementoes in every form of favors sought and graces obtained by the intercession of Mary. Great was the confidence in Our Lady of Roc Amadour and her intercession when the brave heart of Cartier, amid the horrors of his wintering on the St. Lawrence, turned to her for aid and help.

And who was Saint Amador? If we lay aside wild dreams that seek to connect him with Zacharias of the Gospel, he seems to be St. Amador, Bishop of Auxerre, and predecessor of St. Germain. With the latter holy prelate St. Patrick was connected, and in all probability he accompanied St. Germain when he visited Britain to check the Pelagian heresy, and obtained by his prayers a miraculous victory for the Christians over the heathen.

Now, according to the Book of Armagh, St. Patrick, on hearing of the death of Palladius having been already appointed by the Pope, "turned his journey, as well as those with him, to a certain wonderful man, a very high Bishop, by name Amathorex, dwelling in a neighboring place, and there St. Patrick, knowing what was to come to pass, received Episcopal consecration from the holy Bishop Amathore