JULY 1, 1807.

THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

SALISBURY'S PET BABBITS.

Prangemen and rack renters are rebbits of Lord Salisbury's famous to, the National League is the boa-tor. The Orangemen may est green paddock of Ireland and the green paddock of Ireland and their pretty pranks for the delecta-of the Tories. The Lesgue must be play their pretty pranks for the delecta-tion of the Tonics. The League must be crushed without scruple or remores. This is no fanciful description of the coercionist policy, which is designed merely to give those pretty pet rabbits their own way. Would not mad dogs and hungry wolves be fitter titles, my Lord Salisbury, for your pampered pets? The Government of Ireland is in the hands of the Orange Association. The invertebrate jellyfish, Balfour, has languidly confessed as much. The brutal and blundering King-Harman, without a ray of intellect in his head or of pity in his heart, is at the head of the Irish Executive. His double qualification is that he is an Orangeman and a rack-renter. The Coercion Act is wanting to make the Orangeman's and rack-renter's despotism in Ireland more should and secure. The last resource of English rule in Ireland is, to hand her over bound hand and foot to the awage bigorty and merel-less greed of a miscrable miuority of the people. We need not hunt through Irish history for the records of Orange clines. They meet us everywhere, they have left a blood-stain on every page. Friends and fore give heroic John Mitchel credit for homesty and intelligence. Only the other day we read in the Daily Express what a blood-stain on every page. Friends and fore give heroic John Mitchel credit for honesery and intelligence. Only the other day we read in the *Daily Stopress* what sounded very like a panegyric of the sturdy Presbyterian. No sectarian pre-judice, at any rate, we may be sure embittered his estimate of the Orange Association. His Irish history proves, at least, that the Orange coercionist policy is consistent. He is writing of the open-ing of the intesenth cantury. "A fostering 'countenance," he says, "was given to Orangemen that tended more to foment and encourage them to put down or putch their atrocities." "It is certainly," he added, "not an agreeable part of our duty to narrate and dwall upon these outrage because this halps more or less to keep alive the relig-ious animosities between the two religious sects, which is the very object of the English Government in encouraging these outrages. Much more pleasing would it be to draw a well of oblivion over them; ; but for two reasons this cannot be. Fust,

be to draw a veil of oblivion over them ; but for two reasons this cannot be. First, the modern history of Ireland would be almost a blank page without the villainles of Orange persecutions and the complicity of Government in these villainles. Next, because however well inclined, we have not been permitted to do so for a single moment.¹

Catholic Review. It is to be hoped that the Earl of Den-bigh is not to be acceptedas the represen-tative of English Catholic opinion on Iriah affairs. He is most certainly not a true representative of the msj rity of English opinion on the storm questions now before the English Pariment. We much prefer, for the ake of Catho-licity, for the sake of Ireland, for the sake of English, fair play and com-mon humanity, to take a stateman of the manly fibre and proved expressions of the new English which Mr. Gledstone is leading, and which Mr. Gledstone triendly and sympathetic eyes. If greve one to find a man of Lord Denbigh's character lending himself to all the litilenese, narrowness and bitterness of the small achool of English Catholies, one of whose main and meanest character-istics is a rooted antipathy to the Irish vatholics Irish Catholicity is unfashion-able. It does not wear broadloath. It does not draws in silks and estins. For centuries it has been compelied to statist the sortes struggle for existence; had to take to the hedges for its school-houses and look to Providence for its food, pre-tering to starve rather than accept the soup of English proselytiser. The time is a siligion threadbare and in the sould the religion was all there and stored there, the nobler and brighter for to try, not without some success, to recon-vert England to the faith of England's locefathers. To large-minded and large hearted

 and the presenting the order of the product and orgener the consectors of the product and orgener the product and the product of the p English audience he announced himself as "Catholic first, English if you will." We do not blame Lord Denbigh for being an Englishman and a patriotic Englishman. We certainly do not blame him for being a Catholic. Many years have passed since he made that utterance, and probably Lord Denbigh has changed with them. Certainly the tenor of the Rugby speech forces one to suspect that in his heart to-day he would reverse the famous utter-ance. scarcely labored two years on the mission in the Western counties when he was arrested and sent prisoner to the Counter in London, "where, enduring great misery till the morrow after the Ascension," he began a confessorahip which lasted till death. His biographers tell us that his brief apostate was marked by the conver-sion of the father of the celebrated Jeautt, Father Robert Parsons and that at his sion of the father of the celebrate.l Jesuit, Father Robert Parsons, and that at his apprehension the pursuivants were careful to possess themselves of all his belongings, for the word robbed "was a principle verb in all apprehensions of Catholica." In the Counter he was tormented with hun-ger and thirst; all meat and d'ink was forbidden him till he was well-nigh fam-ished, and he owed his life to "a penny-worth of hard cheese, and a little broken bread," which he had somehow managed to procure. ance. It is known that Lord Denbigh joined the miserable little crew who went a peddling to R me, to try and induce the Holy Father to condemn the Irish Land Lesguers, the people who tried to ensak up the back stairs of the Vatican and capture the Holy Father, in favor of a cruel and persecuting power against a nation struggling in a most righteous cause—in fact, for its very existence. How signally the mean attempt failed is now known. It failed mainly through the prompt and decisive action of the noble hierarchy of Ireland. With Lord Denbigh's speech there is no call to deal in detail. The animus of it will be sufficiently shown by a few er-tracts. Unmasked and repulsed in his intrigues at Rome, he now turns on the Irish hierarc.y, venting his spleen on that splendid body of men, and inferentially on the Holy Father himself. As for the Irish cause, he condemns that wholly. Among the herces whom he picks ont as the upholders of principle and the saviours of society and the throne are Hartington, Gorchen, John Bright and Chamberlain. These names we leave to tell their own story. They are traitors one and all to their party, and to Liberal traditions. It is known that Lord Denbigh joined In the Tower he was "thrust down into to procure. In the Tower he was "thrust down into a certain underground dungeon, very deep, and being shut in on every side, involved in the densest darkness." Here again he was worn out, and almost killed with hunger, and because "he would not confess where he had seen Father Parsons, how he was maintained, where he had said Mass, and whose confessions he had heard, they caused needles to be thrust under his nails ; whereat Mr. Briant was not moved at all, but with a constant and pleasant countenance said the Paalm 'Miserere,' desiring God to forgive his tormentors." But his suffarings did not end here. He was, even to the disjinting of his body, rent and torn upon the rack ; yet, "the next day following, notwithstanding the great distemperature and sorenees of his whole body, his senses being dead and his blood congealed, he was brought to the torture again, and there atretched with greater severity than before." No wonder that after this terrible torture he lay upon the bare ground for fitteen days aince this undertaking was given to the world by Dr. Patton :--"We have no doubt that Colonel King-Harman, if it be any satisfaction to any Irish member, will 'disown and repudiate every bond of union between the ascoic-tion of which he is a member and the desperedces' in question. And not only this, but we venture to predict that every

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THE ENGLISH MARTYRS-BLESSED ALEXANDER BRIANT, S. J.

support of Divine grace and for the comfort which he felt after he had taken a vow to enter into the Society of Jesus, he would in all probability have never survived to take his place beside Campion and Sher-win on the gibbet of Tyburn. One other form of suffering it was his privilege to experience. There was in the Tower of London till recent years a relie bygone barbarism called familiarly, with a touch of that grim humor which seems so out of place in a chamber of horrors, the "Scav-enger's Daughter," in other words the instrument devised by Sir R. Skellington for the compression of his victims. "It was a broad iron hoop, consisting of two parts fastened to contract himself into as somall a compass as possible. Then the executioner forcing down his shoulders and introducing the hoop under his lega, compressed the victim close together until he was able to fasten the extremities of the hoop over the small of torture was one hour and a hall, during which time it commonly happened that

time shotted to this kind of tortire was one hour and a half, during which time it commonly happened that from excess of compression the blood started from the nostrils and some blood started from the nextrils and some times even from the extremities of the bands and feet." There are persons still living who can recall the days when the old Catholics of London used to take their children to the Tower to show them the scene of such sufferings and to venerate the instrument of torture which had been anctified by the blood of so many martyrs. After being stretched on the rack and being crushed in the "Scav-enger's Daughter" in the crual manner just described, Blessed Alexander Briant with little left of that beauty which had won the admiration of the friends of his youth, was dragged with aix other priests to the Court of Queen's Bench, Westmin-ster, to plead to the capital charge of high treeson.

is ster, to plead to the capital charge of high treason. The character of the man showed itself in his bearing during his examination and after his sentence. To silence the hereti-cal ministers who taunted him with being ashamed of his orders, he had in the best manner he was able shaved his head in the manner of the ecclesiastical tonsure, and carried with him a wooden cross which he had made out of the trencher allowed him in his prison cell, and with a piece of charcoal he had drawn as well as his rack-torn hands would allow on this the figure of his crudified Master. Being ordered to throw away the sacred emblem which gave such offence to the English Pharisees of the sixteenth century he of course re-fused, and when a zealous bystander anatched it from him he exclaimed: "Thou art able to tear this cross from my iused, and when a zealous bystander ematched it from him he exclaimed: "Thou art able to tear this cross from my hands, but from my heart thou can'st nowise pluck it until I shall shed my blood for Him who for me poured out His upon the Cross of Calvary." Having heard the iniquitous sentence pronounced against him, he appealed in the words of David to the justice of the Sayreme Judge: "Judge me, O God, and plead my cause against an ungodly nation." A bystander secured the cross, which subsequently found its way to Rome, and came into the possession of that generous promoter of Catholic interesta, George Gilbert, who om his death bed held it in his hands while he invoked the holy matryrs Sherwin, Briant, and Campion, whose friend he had been and whose martyrdom, with that of so many others, he caused to be repre-sented on the walls of the English College, Rome. On the appointed day. December 1st.

senter all y other and y other and y an of such profound jy, and with his naturally innocent and angelic face, that he attracted the eyes and hearts of all upon himself." But there was no room for nits in their such areas and the such as pity in that cruel crowd and, exceeding great zeal, patience, constancy, and humility" of Bleesed Alexander Briant won the martyr's crown.

A MODERN SAVONAROLA.

LENTEN SERMON IN FLORENCE THAT RE CALLS THE DAYS OF PETER THE HERMIT.

A LENTEN SERMON IN FLORENCE THAT RE-CALLS THE DAYS OF PETER THE HERMIT. Day after day, says the St. James's Gazetic, through the greater part of Lent and down to Easter Tuesday, the Duomo of Florence has presented a striking spec-tacle. The great veil of dark green silk spread over the nave, a few feet higher than the sounding-board of the pulpit, has thrown the nave into mysterious gloom. From seven o'clock in the morning till eleven, men and women have ast on chairs and benches to keep a place. Long before eleven the whole dark area has been crowded thick with human beings, and the crowd has evelide and spread till it has filled the sisles and all the westward parts of the vast building. At leven o'clock men carrying a sedan-chair have made their way to the pulpit step; their living freight has passed with an effort into the pulpit, to pour forth for a whole hour a torrent of impassioned words, words addressed to the working classes by a preacher who has stirred them as no one has since Fra Girolamo. Padre Agostino da Montefeltro. It is computed that an audience of 7,000 chiefly of the working classes, has steadily attended his course of thirty-two sermons. The phen-menon is so remarkable that it seems addresses. the thirty first, preached last Easter Monday, one day after the anni-versary of the last sermon ever preached by Bavonarola, his sad farewell to San Marco four hundred and ten years ago. This is comething of what Padre Agostino caid : There is a class of men which has gone

aid : There is a class of men which has gone in the phase; now held in There is a class of men which has gone through remarkable phases; now held in esteem, now depised; now regarded with affection, now hated; at one time the pledge of safety to their country, at another time a grave peril; a principle of life, and an element of disorgan'zation. It is a class whose wants, tendencies, as-institute are occupient at the curve trathe a case whose while, tendencies, as-pirations, pre occupy at the present mo-ment the attention of the economist, the philosopher, the politician, and of all true lovers of their country and of human resider.

i) politically, it is politically, and of all true lovers of their country and of human society.
Thank heaven, the working man has generous hearts to love him now, to make noble efforts to place him in his trap position of dignity. But he has enemies too; some of whom seek to oppress him, others to cajole him, all to make of him rate of the eyour prototype; you are a workman, like God. And not only a workman, with God. He has left it to you to work with Him, to complete His work. God has placed in the only an instrument of production, a machine in flesh and blood for enriching them; the other seduce and flatter him with talk of liberty, fraternity, equality, —pretend to see in him a king, that they man do fhis little treasury. The only true friend of the working man the sense of dignity that alone supports him reveals to him his true dignity—gives him real consolstion. Man must have a sense of dignity it that alone supports him revealer. I begin, thou complete the working man this sense of dignity? Without that he does not live. Who gives the working man this sense of dignity? Without that he does not live. Who gives the working man this sense of dignity? Without that he does not live. Who gives the working man this sense of dignity? I work to the sense of a lives in the revealer of dignity is that alone supports him.

are parasites, neuropers. Is it not you who make the plough that tills the soil, the ship that sails the seas, the engine that runs from city to city? Society is a great workshop with innumerable wheels. You give the motive-power. You need not use force. You have only to stay away ; they will soon find that they cannot de without you." This doc-trine smiles on the working men who begin to play with it. But they soon come to give ear to a certain spologue—the apologue of the belly and the members. They ask, "Am I really sufficient for my-self?"

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They ask, "Am I really sufficient for my-self" No, working man, you are not sufficient for yourself. You must live the life of the body, and so you need a doctor. You must live the life of the soul, and so you need a priest. You must enjoy in peace the fruit of your labors, and so you need some one to exercise justice. For all these three you must, in the end, have clauses other than the working classes. You say, perhaps, "How often has a working must used the knife of the surgeon, held the eccles of justice, offered the sacrifice to the Lord!" That is so, but only as exceptions. As a general rule you must have men-trained carefully if they are to play a worthy part in these careers. And the study of the laws of nature perfects the processes of labor, renders them more institui; for your own sakes you must have men whose instruments are not the ham-mer and the saw, but the pen and the compasses.

mer and the saw, but the pen and the compasses. The working man begins to see that this is true. But he turns upon me and eays : "Where is my consolation, my dig-nity ?" And I reply, You have seen the working man cures his lot, the working man without religion. Your consolation, your dignity, is in and from religion. Religion comes to you and says : Work-ing man you are creat. And this is work-Religion comes to you and asys: Work-ing man, you are great. And this is why you are great: because God hath given to no other class of men to resemble Him as closely as you do. If you doubt what religion says, look at the work of God--first in creation and then in redemption, Was not God a workman when He spread forth the heavens and laid the founda-tions of the serve and show the the coundtions of the earth, and sowed the soll with seed, and took clay to form the body of man ? That is the beginning of your

blot training the second secon

by science, because more fruitful and active. We have seen the interest on capital reduced from 6 per cent, to 4. We have seen the price of the necessaries of life fall, the pay of the working man realize the value of economy." The working man draws himself up with dig-nity and turns from the economist as he turned from the man of letters. What revelation of dignity, of consolation, has revelation of dignity, of consolation, has revelation of dignity, of consolation, has the economist for him? Look to the philosopher. Hear Jules Simon. He comes to the working man and says: "Your lot is hard. I sympa-thize with you. But what would you have 1 No one can alter your lot. When you were little you were told to look to the grayer, to God, for counfort. But this is all a mistake. God is too far off. He cannot hear you. And if He could, He could do nothing. The general laws they cannot be disturbed without intro-make answer: "What consolation is " there for us there!" Look to the politician. He says: "We have some time more or less dis " there so cupied with the working mans makes. At some time more or less dis " there for us there!" Look to the politician. He says: "We have socipied with the working mans makes answer: "What consolation is " there for us there!" Look to the politician. He says: "We have socipied with the working mans makes answer: "What consolation is " there for us there!" Look to the politician. He says: "We have nother the working mans makes which sounds strange to an Eng-liah ear, but is full of that self restrained working man goes forth under the banner, "Look to the politician replies: "If is al a mistake. God is too is here here the word "Religion!" When the working man goes forth under the banner, "Look to the politician replies: "If is al always so; we must wait. You dono wait yourselves; you go on with your own what ware main is ways poor." "You are you wait is aid that the preacher is placed in his edan chair and carried forth. Then the town and the a so to the sourse, and it is said tha London Tablet.

house of the murdered man, and driving his mother into convulsions, but the Gov-ernment never attempted to interfere to punish the ruffians or protect their victims. We refer our readers to the History for the monotonous detail of similar outrages and a vivid description of the insolent swagery of Orange desperadoes who claimed then as now to be the mainstay of British Government in Ireland. But they have shanged all these things, says our intelligent and impartial Chief Secre-tary; so his friend, Mr. William Johnston of Ballykibeg, has informed him. The Orangemen have made some alteration in the rules of their association, and the tiger has thereby been transformed into the lamb. Their sins that were as red as scalet have become as white as wool. But what about Belfast ? imperti-nent curiodity will demand. What about Toronto ? What about Kingston ? What about Hamilton ? Is not the old deviliah and blood thirsty epirit of Orangeism still and blood thirsty epirit of Orangeism still and blood thirsty spirit of Orangeism still openly betrayed i The concentrated Orange atrocities of Belfast in a single month outnumbers and outwelghs the criminal record of the rest of Ireland for a decade. The Government bundle the recommendations of their own Commisa dealet. "Iso Got their own Commis-sion for the restraint of Orange deviltry in Belfast under the table, while they urge forward a ferocloux measure of repression for the crimeless National organization. The Orange doings in Toronto, Kingston, and Hamilton connot be ignored. So the Daily Express has felt. They paint too strongly the character of the "loyal" asso-clations to which these assessins belong, and by which they are paid, encouraged, and controlled. The suggestive heading of "Orangeism and Crime" in a National-ist contemporary, has touched the Daily Express on the raw, and wrung from it an insignant denunciation of the murderous assaults in Canada, over which it had been complacently chuckling in a previous complacently chuckling in a previous issue. We have already commented on this article in the Express It is now a week alnce this undertaking was given to the

What a Penitent is.

"A penitent," says a writer, "is one who every hour calls to mind in the bitterness of his soul the sine of his past life—who takes part with a justice of God against himself, and gives up innocent pleasures in order to atone for the sins which he formerly committed. A penitent is one who is ready to submit to the loss of health and property, to crosses and afflic-tions as to a punishment due to him on account of his transgressions—to corporal pain, and to a foretaste of the eternal torments which his sins have deserved." This is the description of a true peni-This is the description of a true peni-

External punishment must be accom External punishment must be accom-modated to the manners and customs of the times. But although laws framed by men are liable to change, the laws of pen-ance are founded on the Gospel, and can never change. We must eatisfy the Church with the rigors of public penance; but we cannot eatisfy the Church, or God, unleas hy one private nenance we make unless by our private penance we make full atonement for our sins. If there were an easier road to heaven, it would certainly have been pointed out to us .-Little Crusader.

Consumption Surely Cured.

TO THE EDITOR-Please inform your readers that I have Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. 0 address Bearpeetfully 0. address. Respectfully, DR. T. A. SLOCUM, Branch Office, 37 Yonge St., Toronto.

always so; we must wait. You do not wait yourselves; you go on with your own advancement; you make yourselves more rich; we remain always poor." "You are unjust," the politician replies; "we have given you the right to cast your ballot into the urn." And that is all he can say; you have a vote !

the urn." And that is all he can say; you have a vote! Then comes those whom I will not name, and say: Workman, you seek consolation, you seek dignity. You have it in yourself, in your force. You are the king of the age. Look at the power of your arm. You have only to move to make the earth tremble; you have only to organize to overthrow the usurpers your employers; you have but to hurl yourself upon society to reduce it to powder." You answer, "What! all this progress, only to lead to a state of savagery! The force that is most fair to our eyes is not that which lets itself be bound by love. I have read that the most beautiful ideal of the king of the forest is not the savage lion, but the lion that recognizes its benefactor. To rule by sympathy is better than to rule by force. Leave me. I will have none of that insolent greatness that you offer me."

and many and area dance and hand

The Victor's Crown

Should adorn the brow of the inventor of the great corn cure, Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. It works quickly, never makes a sore spot, and is just the thing you want. See that you get Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor, the sure, safe and painless cure for corns.

Get the Best.

Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Straw Dr. rowlers Extract of whid Straw-berry is the best, most prompt and safest cure for cholera morbus, dysen-tery, sick stomach, cramps, cholic and cholera miantum that has yet been dis-covered. Its popularity is undimmed by age, All medicine dealers sell it.

From Manitoba.

I have been cured of chronic diarrhosa rule by force. Leave me. I will have none of that insolent greatness that you offer me." Others come to you and say: "You alone are necessary in a country; all else