

a former time, trembled for her own child when she saw the floodgates of persecution loosened on the Pope, and more than once expressed her fears to her husband, who, however, smiled at the fears as became a man free from prejudice. Nevertheless, disasters rapidly followed each other for the Bonapartes. The father, crushed at Sedan, had to place his sword at the feet of the King of Prussia, that very sword which he would not place at the service of the church, but even used against it. And his son, unhappy boy! went afar to perish miserably at the hands of the Zulus. The mere possibility that these two accidents another should be added strikes me with terror and disposes me to suffer anything rather than enter Rome or the ancient and apostolic palace of the Quirinal.

I now suffer keenly on account of my inability to return you the affectionate visit with which you honored me, but it is not my own fault. It is the fault of those who rule according to worldly policy while we act in accordance with our material instincts. You who are also a mother can understand me and sympathize with me, while I, for my part, can understand you and sympathize with you. Without entering into political questions which concern us not, permit me to predict for both of us a happy day, the day on which our husbands, ourselves and our children may visit each other and embracing each other merit at the same time the blessing of the Vicar of Jesus Christ.

"I am, with my whole heart, your affectionate sister,

"ELIZABETH."

These are the words of a Catholic princess, and clearly show what is thought in Catholic circles of the present position of the Holy Father. The letter reflects honor on the Empress Elizabeth. Her sentiments, so nobly expressed, remind one of the best days of the ages of faith. With such a noble outspoken Catholic mother, the house of Hapsburg may well hope for long years of prosperity and security. The rights of monarchs to their thrones was never so gravely injured as it was by the spoliation of Rome and the dethronement of the Pope. It can never be reasserted in a manner so just and so emphatic as by the restoration to the Supreme Pontiff of that which is his own.

AMERICA VINDICATED.

Mr. Bryce, M. P., in the December number of the *Fortnightly Review*, discusses the question of American politics. The honorable and learned gentleman, who is Professor of History at Oxford, and well known as author of that excellent work, the "Holy Roman Empire," has more than once visited America. In his last visit he was accompanied by Mr. Freeman, also an able writer and profound thinker. Both lectured to large audiences, and were well received. Mr. Freeman has just concluded a series of magazine articles treating of Americans and their institutions. Mr. Bryce now steps forward with an article, the product of keen observation and mature reflection on "Some Aspects of American Public Life." He declares very plainly "that America is no worse than England in possessing political characters whose faults and even vices surpass their merits, and that there are plenty of public men in Washington just as upright, fair-minded and high-minded as most of the leading politicians in England. He asks his English readers not to be misled by exaggerations, or to trust to American newspapers or novels for the real condition of American politics, but at the same time he calls on Americans to improve the efficiency of their administration, and to put a stop to jobbery of public work, and encourages those who have already set to work to stop the leaks in the ship of state. He points out the fact that, while in England the political life of the country is its main, its central, its highest social life, the chief occupation of the men most conspicuous by rank and talents, the great game for ambition and the widest field for patriotic and philanthropic effort, in America it is not the main or central current of its life, but a kind of side-

channel encumbered by weeds and bushes. His own experience, during a stay of four months in this country, led him to believe that politics are almost never the subject of discussion as they are in England, and that many Americans look on government as a matter of small interest and no moment, a view that is at least justified by the extraordinary elasticity of its finances and the almost absolute freedom of individual and corporate enterprise in every direction.

Mr. Bryce thinks that the efforts made in recent years to bring into political activity those who have long held aloof from them is both wise and timely. There is no doubt that both the United States and the Canadian dominion have suffered very severely from the fact that so many useful and estimable men keep aloof from intervention in the political life of the country. These men do so from a mistaken view. They judge all politicians by the acts of one, or of a few, and heap undeserved condemnation on them all. There have been, as there are now, and always will be, some few men, who, by accident or dexterity, secure the confidence of their fellow-citizens to such an extent as to be entrusted with some responsible public position. But these men are the exception, and not the rule—and the duty of all patriotic citizens is to combine to remove the evil as soon as possible. Non-intervention, instead of removing or lessening, simply aggravates the evil.

Civil Service Reform is, we need not say, in his eyes an absolute condition precedent to any real improvement in American politics, but, so long as party organization is so complicated and intricate a piece of machinery, it will be next to impossible to simplify the working sufficiently to enable it to be kept moving without the trained hands that find their only compensation in public offices. Mr. Bryce thinks the management of the affairs of the ordinary towns and cities is not much, if at all, worse than that in England, while he looks upon the caucuses, whether it be in Philadelphia or in Birmingham, as the source of very great evils. He compares, but not without inaccuracy, the various methods of political organization in use here and in England, and points out the fact that New York, with its vast population of poor and ignorant people, mostly recent emigrants from Europe, must not be taken as a type of American city politics, while Philadelphia, he thinks, has the honor of being largely controlled by the "bolters," moderate and patriotic men of both parties.

We differ from Mr. Bryce in his refusing to have New York taken as a model of American civic government. We have very closely watched the course of municipal affairs in the city of New York for many years, and feel justified in saying that on the whole no city in America has had, since the Tweed scandal, a more honest or efficient administration of public affairs. Strangers visiting America are exposed to fall into the hands of the aristocratic know-nothing class, which is the very bane of the municipal and political life of the metropolis. That class is never tired of holding up the foreign element of the population of New York to ridicule. But that element is just as capable of self-government as the shoddy native born pretenders. Mr. Bryce states that the striking difference between the English member of Parliament, with freedom from local pressure, and the American Congressman, who is forced to vote under the party lash, is one of the discreditable features of American politics. We doubt if that freedom which he ascribes to the English M. P. is as extensive as he would fain have us believe. Mr. Bryce finds that public opinion, an irresistible factor in American politics, is slowly but steadily setting towards reform of the Civil Service, and the very effort to secure it has enlisted a large number of able and thoughtful men, who take no part in ordinary party elections and hold no office, in discussing matters of principle and in enlightening their fellow-citizens on the necessity of thorough reform. Under their influence, indifference

to politics diminishes, and there is a steady increase in the number of able and earnest men who enter public life, especially as candidates for local offices. Every year more and better "Independents" are elected, both on the score of their own merit and as a protest against the control of rings and the power of professional politicians.

Mr. Bryce draws many warnings from the American system for his own countrymen and decides that that system with all its drawbacks is preferable to that of Europe. His reflections on the subject he undertook to treat in the *Fortnightly* cannot fail to remove many misapprehensions existing in the old world on American politics and institutions.

THE BONAPARTISTS.

The manifesto of Prince Napoleon has raised a storm in France. The Prince himself has very little personal influence, but the dynasty of which he is the supposed representative has a very large and influential following throughout the country. There can be no doubt whatever that the very mention of the Napoleonic race excites amongst Frenchmen a feeling of enthusiasm which no partisan rancor can subdue. Never since the republic has been established has there been the same excitement as now exists over the recent manifesto of Prince Napoleon. It is a document well calculated in our estimation to make Frenchmen think of the present situation and future prospects of their country. We have no admiration for Prince Napoleon personally. His course of action has been many times of such a character as to invite and merit the very severest censure. But he now represents in French politics an element that can neither be despised nor ignored. The Bonapartists are yet, notwithstanding dissension and jealousy, the most powerful of the monarchical parties in France. The other fractions of the Right are so hopelessly weak and so hostile to each other as to render it impossible that they could control sufficient influence to overturn the radicalism now rampant and all powerful in France. We can see no real hope for monarchy in France, no prospect for the subversion of radical rule except through the return to power of the Bonapartist dynasty. Louis Napoleon, the last of the sovereigns of that race, had little or nothing to recommend him to public esteem. His course as a sovereign was marked by weakness and duplicity of the most palpable character. Sedan was a fitting close to a career such as his. His action on the Roman question especially was so clearly unjust as to alienate from him the sympathy of the very best classes of Frenchmen. And this today is the real weakness of the Bonapartist family, that they stand in a large measure deprived of that sympathy. We do not expect that Prince Napoleon himself will be able to secure it for the Napoleonic dynasty, but if his son Prince Victor be as true to his Catholic instincts as he ought to be, there is little doubt that he will be the coming man in France. We hope he will prove himself a true Catholic Prince and thus merit the approval and support of those classes of his countrymen who have at heart the true honor and glory of France.

IMMIGRATION RETURNS.

From the immigration returns for 1882, compiled by the Department of Agriculture, we learn that the total arrivals for December at different points were as follows:—Halifax, 438; St. John, N. B., 7; Montreal, via United States, 595; Suspension Bridge, 3,456; Emerson, from United States, 560, 5,345, other ports, 7,806; total for December, 13,151; previously reported, 162,267; total for 1882, 175,418. Of those 98,690 are said to have remained in Canada and 76,728 passed through to the United States. It is also estimated that 30,000 settlers arrived in British Columbia in 1882, and 1,200 are reported as having crossed the frontier into Manitoba at points west of Emerson.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Blind Friend of the Poor: Reminiscences of the Life and Works of Mgr. de Segur, by one of his Spiritual Children. Translated from the French by Miss Mary McMahon. 16mo, cloth, 40 cents.

We have received the above neatly printed volume from the publishing house of Benziger Bros., New York. The following, taken from the Preface, briefly explains the nature of the work: "These few pages, written during a retreat, are intended by the author to satisfy the natural impatience of the friends and spiritual children of Mgr. de Segur while waiting the larger Life which will appear in a few years from a more authorized pen and of which this short sketch is to serve only as a sort of preface."

The author, who has had the honor and social conversation of seeing the deceased prelate several times a week, gives in this work only authenticated facts, preferring

in the interest of truth to omit those of which he is not perfectly certain. The only object in publishing these "Notes" is to make him more loved, whose loss is to the Church and to France an irreparable misfortune."

THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

We have much pleasure in giving place to the following letter from the esteemed parish priest of Douglas, in the Diocese of Ottawa. We extend our hearty thanks to the reverend gentleman, as well as to others of the clergy who have thus aided us in establishing on a firm basis a truly Catholic paper.

Douglas, Jan. 9th, 1883.
MR. THOS. CORRY—My dear Sir,—I find it more difficult to introduce Catholic literature into Catholic homes than I anticipated.

I thought it sufficient for a person to read the *Record* once to have him subscribe for it afterwards.

In this I was mistaken, for there are still a few of my people who are only beginning to look upon it as an inseparable companion.

My reasons for this apathy are, (1st.) that they do not understand the mission nor realize the necessity of the enterprise. (2nd.) that they ignore the evil caused by the secular and atheistical press of the country.

I will have the *Record* go to every

homestead in my parish in which literature can be read. I look upon it as a blessing to each family and therefore I shall subscribe and enclose for the present, for 60 copies, which you shall please mail to the following addresses:

Yours faithfully,

H. S. MARION, P. P.

BANQUET TO AN ARCHBISHOP.

On Wednesday evening the 11th, the Episcopal Palace of Charlottetown was the scene of a brilliant reception, in honor of the Archbishop-elect of Halifax. The clergy of this diocese are naturally proud of the honor and distinction conferred upon them by the Holy Father, in the selection of one of their number for the exalted position of Archbishop of one of the most important Sees in America. They wished to testify that pride by a grand reception and testimonial to the cultured Dr. O'Brien, as he was familiarly known in the diocese. The Rev. Dr. was always a great favorite among the clergy of the island, and nearly every one of them was present on the occasion of this fraternal meeting.

At six o'clock in the evening, the clergy met in the grand *salon* of the palace, and the Very Rev. James McDonald, V. G., read the following address on behalf of the priests, and presented the Archbishop-elect with a beautiful gold chain, cross and ring, which costly and precious emblems of the Episcopacy were made to order in Montreal, and are of magnificent workmanship.

To His Grace the Most Rev. Cornelius O'Brien, D. D., Archbishop-elect of Halifax.
MAY IT PLEASE YOUR GRACE,—The welcome and not unexpected intelligence recently received from Rome, of your appointment by the Holy Father to the Archbishopric of Halifax, has caused us, the clergy of the Diocese of Charlottetown, much and unfeigned joy. We beg to tender you our warmest congratulations on your elevation to so exalted a position in the Church's hierarchy.

Your selection by His Holiness Pope Leo XIII. to fill so high and honorable an office, is an additional proof of the wisdom usually evinced by the Holy See in discerning and rewarding the solid virtues and distinguished merits of those whom it chooses to be the principal teachers and guardians of the faith.

We are not unmindful that called, as you have been, to the dignity of the Archbishopric, and to succeed therein Prelates of brilliant past and eminent sanctity, you will have additional duties to fulfill and more weighty burdens to bear; but we cherish the encouraging hope that the same benign Providence that has hitherto sustained you in the zealous and faithful discharge of your priestly functions will not fail to favor you with such an increase of Divine grace and assistance as will enable you to perform the more onerous obligations of your higher station in a manner eminently conducive to the greater glory of God and the abundant salvation of souls.

Most pleasing to us as is your promotion to the highest dignity in our ecclesiastical province, yet our pleasure is not unmingled with feelings of regret when we reflect that henceforth, in our reunions and clerical conferences, we shall be deprived of the wise counsel and salutary influence of one whose edifying companionship, superior theological attainments, and general scholarship always insured for him a hearty welcome among his fellow-priests.

On the eve of your departure from amongst us for your metropolitan See, we beg your Grace's acceptance of the accompanying archiepiscopal cross, chain, and ring, which we offer as a small token of our high esteem and fraternal love for you, and as an assurance of our best wishes and fervent aspirations for your good health and length of days, and for your happiness in time and eternity.

As the Rev. Dr. rose to reply, it could easily be seen that he was nearly overcome by emotion on bidding farewell to the ranks of the priesthood on this island. The first few sentences were broken, and the learned prelate was evidently struggling to keep his feelings under control. It was certainly a difficult task to separate from his brother priests who stood around him, listening in silence to his parting words of affection. As the Right Rev. Dr. entered fully on his reply, he grew eloquent and animated, and it was evident that he spoke the warm language of a tender and loving heart.

After the reply to the address, all retired to the refectory, where a sumptuous dinner was in preparation. The Right Rev. Dr. McIntyre, bishop of Charlottetown, presided, the archbishop-elect being seated on his right. After dinner was over, the grand *salon* was again visited, where some hours were spent in singing and social conversation. The time was most pleasantly passed, in fact the most enjoyable that the clergy had in any reunion for some years. Thus the priests of this

island bade farewell to one of their most esteemed confederates, and certainly one of their brightest ornaments.

"FATHER TOM."

AS HE APPEARED TO AN EAST END LADY IN EDINBURGH—THE SCOTCH GOSSIPS AND THE 3-S-TS—THE BISHOP OF "MEAT."

Father Henry Shea in the Indo-European Correspondence.

Some three-and-twenty years (it was in the summer of 1859) the ominous tidings began to be bruited in the Grassmarket and its neighborhood, that those dreadful people the Jesuits were coming to Edinburgh, and were to begin operations in a disused brewery off the Grassmarket, till such time as their church in Lauriston street should be built.

The coming event was the subject of discussion over their tea by two old dames whom we may call Mrs. Mac and Mrs. O. Mrs. Mac was Scottish by nationality and an adherent of the Presbyterian persuasion; Mrs. O. was a staunch and, let us hope, a devout Roman. Both these ladies dwelt in the near the Grassmarket.

It was with no small consternation that Mrs. O., who had been decanting on the many advantages which the new Fathers and their church would bring, heard from Mrs. Mac that if she (Mrs. O.) intended worshipping in the Jesuit's church, she would have to change her religion. For, said the Presbyterian dame, these Fathers had not the same religion as the rest of the Romans, and they had been cast out of many Roman Catholic Kingdoms; nay, condemned by the Pope of Rome himself.

Do you know, Mrs. Editor, that I verily believe the venerable Mrs. Mac might have written a work against the Jesuits with quite as much credit and renown as many pamphlets I wot of; and possibly with more honesty, for the old body may have said all she knew, and that of course was only evil. Will you say that there was a *suppressed* rec in her tale? But if she knew only half the truth, how could she be accused of keeping back the other half? Was there *suppressed* fact? But suppose she thought her story true, the counter supposition falls at once.

There, there, my Good Editor, I know what you are going to say. Charity, not to say justice, forbids our calumniating our neighbor. Granted. And that to say the evil, about the truth of which we are not sure, against our neighbors is calumny to all intents and purposes. Yes, yes. Of course; you may read that in any spiritual book. But, don't you see that, so far as the Jesuits are concerned, it really matters very little whether you speak the truth or lie, provided you speak against them. Indeed I am not by any means sure that the lie is not the more preferable of the two. When the very word "Jesuit" has been incorporated in our English dictionaries as a synonym for all that is knavish, one need not only not be squeamish as to what one says about such people, but there is a sort of grace in saying what you like against them. When, having merely called a man a Jesuit, you have by the very fact, put him outside the pale of fair play and branded him a knave, what matters it if you specify an exact charge or two coined for the occasion? If a cry of "mad dog" is raised against some luckless hound, and the cry is that of the majority, how do I wrong the creature by averring that he barks at the mouth? Answer me that.

Now, don't rejoice, Mr. Editor, I know you will say, *Nepi pariter*, and that I am arguing beside the point. The fact is that an intelligent public will agree with me and not with you. Ah! You! Now for the explanation of this little anti-jesuitical outburst.

Last Friday evening I was in the Lauriston street church—it figures in the Edinburgh Postoffice Directory Map as the "J—ts' Church"—upon my word it does—listening to a tall, portly man with very white hair, and a pair of eyes that looked like the bonneting of a great big bull. He stood on a platform at the chancel arch, and he was clad in a white serge habit and black cloak. His lecture was "The Church the Image of God." One of his illustrations of the vitality which the Church enjoys and communicates to her members was the Society of Jesus, which the lecturer said had outnumbered from its very birth to the present day, a persecution so constant and unrelenting as to be well nigh without precedent. And here it was that the lecturer adduced as instance of what misrepresentation, if it be not constant, may effect; the very name of Jesus, said he, was now accepted by many as a by-word and reproach. Yet the lustre of that Society, so far from being dimmed, was as bright and great today as it ever was.

The lecturer was the renowned Dominican orator, Fr. Burke—"Father Tom," as men love to call him. And, indeed, "Father Tom Burke" is a household word among English-speaking Catholics, both here and across the Atlantic. I had read his sermons and lectures often, but saw and heard him for the first time last Friday; and when I found, to my amazement, that for an hour and a quarter he had riveted my attention (who can hardly pay attention past the twenty-fifth minute) I owned him a real orator. He is both mentally and physically fitted for one.

You must not suppose, however, that "Father Tom" is great only in the pulpit or on the platform. I might almost say that he is greater in conversation than in public speaking. The greater part—at all events the earlier part—of his career was spent in Rome, Perugia and other parts of Italy, so that he speaks Italian fluently. He speaks French well; is a good musician—but above all he has an apparently inexhaustible fund of Irish wit; and though his health is wretchedly bad, and he must be now verging upon sixty, he has all the buoyancy and freshness of a youth.

Edinburgh has of late been favored with several displays of eloquence, forensic and other. There has been the "Dunceat Outrage" trial this week at the High Court, concerning the pilfering of a noble Earl's remains with a view presumably to ransom. The central figure in this trial was not precisely grand. It was that of a rat-catcher. He has been sentenced to five years' penal servitude, and may now exercise his art in prison. We have also had meetings convened by Liberal candidates for this city, the representation of which is vacant owing to Mr. Cowan's retire-

ment. These meetings have been much disturbed by youths who have been apotropized by indignant electors as "grown-up babies." And last—and apparently least—is a temperance sponser by the name Morphy.

You may remember my telling you that the Calton Hill is disfigured by a "feeble reproduction" of a classical ruin. I have since been told that the intention of those who put it there was by no means to represent a ruin; but they began to build the frontage of a classic temple which lack of funds prevented them from finishing. Nor is the High School beneath, a Grecian affair, as I hinted. Looking at it more attentively, I see it is not Grecian. For fear of going wrong again, I will not call it Egyptian, though I dare say it is.

There has been excitement about the nomination of an Englishman to the Greek Professorship in the University, and the correspondence columns of the local papers have teemed with expressions of opinion on the subject. Was it by a misprint that a writer was represented as stating that the new Professor's father was Bishop of Meath? His name is Butcher.

CATHOLIC PRESS.

Buffalo Union.

THIS year is thus far signalized by a perfect epidemic of bad lectures and defalcations. Foremost among them is State Treasurer Polk's absconding with \$100,000 of Tennessee funds to be accounted for. He has been arrested, to be sure, and brought back to answer for his crime; but, though he cannot fill the aching void in the Treasury, he will probably fare easier at the hands of the law than many a lesser criminal; more especially as he threatens disclosures that will criminate many of his governmental associates. But what is the secret of all these breaches of trust; of this high-handed trifling with other people's money? What but the general contempt of the day for small things, contempt for the gradual accumulations of honest labor; and the growing desire to possess and enjoy wealth, without working for it. Not even the most reckless means to defraud the widow and the orphan, or to render himself amenable to the authorities of a plundered state. He only "borrows," and in his frantic efforts to cover his tracks, to keep up appearances, to retrieve what he has already asked, falls headlong into the abyss of ruin, and drags many a guiltless one down with him. What the country needs is a return to the simplicity of an earlier day; an emphasizing of the fact that there is no lasting or reputable gain without a proportionate outlay of hard work; and such an enforcement of the law that thieves shall be punished according to their magnitude, and no family connections or social position or educational attainments avail to screen a rascal from the consequences of his misdeeds. So shall the public conscience be righteously formed, and honesty, if from no higher motives than those of policy, come into fashion again.

THERE have been 2,400 divorces decreed in Maine during five years, making a ratio of one separation in ten marriages.—New York Sun.

What unpeppable faithlessness, cruelty, lust, and wretchedness might be revealed by the secret history of those 2,400 divorces! Is this some of the dead sea fruit of New England "Culchah"? Sunday schools and bibles galore have long been there; and the voice of the preacher is heard in the land. But it seems the divine command: "What God has joined, let no man put apart," is regarded as quite too old foggy for the modern "culchah" child of progressive ideas. And those are the people that piously call for the extermination of the Mormon plague. What are the apostles of divorce but a species of Mormonism! The only difference between them—as Gail Hamilton pithily puts it—is that the Mormons drive their wives abroad; the other fellows prefer their tandem. If something is not done to stop the progress of this dreadful cancer that is eating its way into the very vitals of the home and the family, it requires no prophet's ken to see the end of it all. What is Protestantism doing to stay the foul disease? Alas! nothing. It is powerless.

Boston Pilot.

THE best way to keep the abomination known as "socialism" in its home, in Europe, is to import a few more such "leaders" as Herr Most. This wretch has not even an idea to fall back upon. He is the apostle of greed and robbery. He is without money and he would seize by force the money of others. Not a word of argument, not the slightest pretence of equity. Only—those who have nothing, seize! In his last speech in Chicago, he said that only when the people got the upper hand they should stop killing. The only thing to be done was to keep on killing. People here must kill, must open banks and stores and help themselves to whatever they wanted, and bankers and capitalists must be set to work on the streets. It never struck this man that bankers and capitalists have at least as much right to exist as workmen. He has no idea that the thing needed to improve our social system is not brute force, but a sense of Christian brotherhood, equity, fair play. The word "socialism" which ought to stand for the noblest philosophy, is a hissing and an abomination in the ears of men, because of such moral and intellectual monsters as Herr Most.

Congratulations.

The Milwaukee Catholic Citizen appears in a handsome new dress this week and also considerably enlarged. Our contemporary is a well-selected and well-written paper.

A pleasant affair took place at the Huron hotel Tuesday evening, the occasion being the marriage of the proprietor's eldest daughter, Miss Mary Lewis, to James Dewan, Esq., of this city. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Father Tierney, at St. Peter's cathedral. After spending a pleasant evening with favored guests at the residence of the bride's father, the happy couple left by the 11.20 express on their honeymoon trip amid the congratulations of their many friends.

Will Mr. Patrick Kelly kindly send his post office address, in order that we may be enabled to send him what he requires.