

three hours in session, there would be a "Donnybrook row" first would be flourished and heads broken...

This sort of "prophesying" went on with such suspicious energy, as the day began to be surmised the government party was meditating an attempt to verify it.

For four days—the 18th, 19th, 20th, and 21st of November, 1873—the conference continued in session, sitting each day at eleven o'clock in the morning, and adjourning at six o'clock in the afternoon.

There was much speculation as to who would be selected as chairman of the convention. The choice when made known called forth universal approbation.

Naturally the chief event of the first day's sitting was Mr. Butt's great speech or opening statement on the whole case. It was a masterly review of the question of Irish legislative independence.

"Twenty years before, I stood near Smith O'Brien when he braved the sentence of death which the law pronounced upon him. I saw Mesurier meet the same, and I then asked myself this: 'Surely the state is out of joint, surely all our social system is unhinged, when men like O'Brien and Mesurier are condemned to a traitor's doom?'

"Or dare to lay his hand upon the ark Of her magnificent and awful cause," who is not prepared never, never to desert that banner till it flies proudly over the portals of that old house at home—that old house which is associated with memories of great Irishmen.

As his last words died away the assemblage, rising as one man, burst into cheers long protracted, and it was only after several minutes that order was restored.

A Pawnee aboriginal presented his big and stalwart form on December day at the house of a well-to-do family in Lincoln. The hostess, pitted the savage, he being so poorly clad, and so said: "Are you not cold this wintry day?" He in turn inquired if her face was cold. She replied in the negative, whereupon he said: "Inga is face all over."

B. POPE EUGENE III. AND ARNOLD OF BRESCIA.

By J. F. L., D.D.

(Continued from our last.)

Those who are reduced to the extremity of begging their bread, are fated to meet with harsh rebuffs. The Sovereign Pontiff, whenever they are forced to rely upon the charity of the people, are by no means exempt from this destiny.

This Eugene perceived before he had been three years in France. The enthusiasm which had greeted him upon his first arrival gradually cooled. Murmurs began to circulate that the maintenance of the Papal Court was a burdensome honor.

About this time St. Bernard wrote his celebrated letter to the Romans. It is one of the most felicitous productions of the great saint. The following are its most striking passages: "I address myself to you, sublime and illustrious people, albeit a vile and worthless person, a little man of no account."

"What possessed you, O Romans, to offend against St. Peter and St. Paul the princes of the universe, but your special patrons? Why with such intolerable, such senseless fury, do you provoke upon your heads the wrath of heaven and earth?"

"The Mellifluous Doctor concludes with an eloquent exhortation, conjuring them to be reconciled to Peter and to Paul whom in Eugene they had banished from the city. 'Know you not, that with these Apostles you can brave the world, without them you are of no account?'

"The Kingdom and the Priesthood could not be joined or welded together more sweetly, more amicably, or more firmly than by their being united in the Person of our Lord, who, born to us of the royal and of the sacerdotal tribe, was consecrated both Priest and King. And, moreover, He commingled and confederated the two powers in His body, the Christian people, so that we are called by the Apostle a royal priesthood."

"If you are aware of this," continues Bernard, how long will you feign indifference to the common injury? Is not Rome the capital of the Empire, as well as the Apostolic See. To say nothing, then, of the Church, is it honorable for the monarch to hold in his hands the trunk of an Empire? For my part I know not what course your wise men and your princes may counsel you to pursue, but I, in my folly, shall tell you boldly what I think. The Church of God, has from her birth, been often oppressed and as often liberated. Hear what is said of her in the Psalm, for it is she that says it: 'Often have they fought against me from my youth; but they could not prevail over me. The wicked have wrought Verum initia malorum sunt hæc, graviora timemus.' Our beloved Pontiff, Pius, has frequently employed these words of St. Bernard, in the course of the last few years. Deus omnia avertit.

upon my back, they have lengthened their captivity. Rest assured, O King, that neither now, will God suffer the yoke of sinners to rest upon the inheritance of his just. He will doubtless liberate his Spouse from her present troubles. He who bought her with his blood, presented her his Spirit, adorned her with heavenly gifts, and, nevertheless, enriched her with earthly greatness. He will liberate her, I repeat it, but if by any other hand than mine. Let thy wise counselors decide whether it shall be honorable to thee and advantageous to thy Kingdom."

"Wherefore gird thy sword upon thy thigh, O mightiest of earthly princes, and restore to Caesar what belongs to Caesar, and to God what belongs to God. For it is evidently in Caesar's interest both to defend his own crown and to protect the Church. The former office belongs to him as King, the latter as Advocate of the Church."

This powerful appeal to the faith and reason of the Emperor had the desired effect of arousing him. Many other reasons urged Conrad to cross the Alps. The cities of Italy lay in the greatest possible disorder. The same walls, the same roof, says Dante, enclosed two, three or more factions in arms against each other, while the authority of the Emperor was rapidly growing less. Worse yet, the Normans had established themselves in Naples, and their leader had received from the Pope the crown of royalty. This last circumstance may explain why for ten years the Emperor had regarded the Roman revolution, if not with a pleased, at least with an indifferent eye. It is hard to say how he would have arranged matters; for just as he was preparing to cross the mountains he was surprised by death on the 15th of February, 1152. History has thrown out a dark suspicion that King Roger bribed certain Salernitan physicians to poison him. If the report be true, the policy of the Norman was short-sighted; because the death of Conrad cleared the throne for the terrible Barbarossa.

"Frederic Barbarossa, of Subia, of the house of Hohenstaufen, executed by the Italians, but by the Germans excoriated among the most eminent sovereigns, was certainly one of the most robust characters of the Middle Ages. Quick-witted, blessed with a prodigious memory, of winning address and beautiful form; sound of body and mind, simple in his habits, a paragon of chastity, he patronized the poets, and wrote verses himself. He knew Latin, and had studied history. Prudent in his counsels, the bravest of the brave on the field of battle, he dimmed the splendor of these good qualities by his ambition and avarice." (Cantu.)

Frederic had an exalted idea of imperial dignity and was therefore the last man to join hands with revolutionists. He took a decided stand against the Arnoldists, sent a noble embassy to Eugene, requested him to ratify his election, and promised to quench the revolution at the earliest possible date. The rebels made themselves more ridiculous than ever by protesting against Frederic's assuming the title of King of the Romans without the knowledge and consent of the "Senate," and, in their despair, called upon Arnold to draw them up another constitution more democratic than the preceding. Arnold, ever gaudens popularibus auribus, presented them with a new draft, according to which the government should consist of one hundred Senators, two Consuls and an Emperor, chosen by the people, and sworn to rule as they commanded.

Thus three times in ten years the deluded people had changed their form of government, and were further from order and liberty at the end than at the beginning. The Senate met, could not agree and dissolved. A counter revolution took place. Arnold fled into Tuscany. Eugene (who was wandering along the Liri) was recalled, re-entered Rome towards the close of 1152, and by his affability gained the affection of his people.

The checked life of the venerable Pontiff was drawing to a close. He merited well the few months of calm which were allotted him after the violent storm in which he had been tossed, but in which his confidence in God had never failed. It were time to bid him adieu, but we can not do so until we have spoken of the famous letter "On Consideration" which St. Bernard wrote to him at his request. We shall say a few words concerning them in the next number. What became of Arnold? He roved through Tuscany, where he had many adherents, until the death of Eugene. Then he managed to excite another tumult in Rome, in the course of which a Cardinal was killed. Pope Adrian IV. placed the city under interdict and retired. The Romans, left without Mass or the Sacraments, were terrified, and swore upon the Gospels that they would banish from Rome and its vicinity the heretic Arnold and his sectaries. Arnold retired again into Tuscany, where he was captured by Frederic who was moving towards Rome. This time it was not the meek Eugene that he had to deal with. Frederic brought him to Rome, had him executed and publicly burnt on the Piazza del Popolo, and his ashes thrown into the Tiber. This is the account of Godfrey of Viterbo: Arnoldus captus, quem Brixin sensit alumnus. Dogmata cujus erant quasi pervertentia mundum. Stragulat hunc laqueus, igitur et unda vehunt.—Catholic Standard.

THE SCRIPTURES AND THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

The reformers of the XVth century, differed from the Douatists of the Vth, and from the former enemies of the Catholic Church, had charged her with opposing the Scriptures, and have prejudiced their ignorant ones against us, so much that many actually believe we hold the Scripture in detestation; it being the light which makes visible our error, and open revolt against the will of God, expressed in the Bible.

In former ages there was no such facility to disseminate the Scriptures or any other book, as the art of printing was not invented. The meaning of the Scriptures was known to the people not so much by reading (for there was not books enough for all, and the majority could not read), as by preaching, so that we may say that the Christians were taught and guided by tradition, which preserved the true meaning of the Scriptures, although these were perjured by the majority.

True copies were carefully kept in order to detect any alteration; for sectaries always try to corrupt the Scriptures, as we learn from the primitive fathers. Consequently, it never occurred to the enemies of the Church, or at least they never thought it expedient, to charge her with the crime of corrupting the Scriptures, because the people then would have decided according to tradition and suspicious copies would be compared with the genuine one kept by the Church, and they would have expected to learn from her the correctness or incorrectness of the new copies. After the invention of printing it was easy to disseminate mutilated Bibles; and the people, flattered by the new religionists, with the idea of judging for themselves, after reading the Scriptures which the innovators protested to be according to the most correct and ancient copies, admitted gradually and easily the corrupted texts, which led them to embrace erroneous doctrines.

The innovators calculated upon the almost impossibility of the original text being consulted; and having already gained the good will of the people whose prejudices they had flattered, they began to attack the Church, by charging her with teaching doctrines against the Scriptures; and they apply to the people to judge for themselves, by comparing our tenets with the incorrect Bibles which were spread as genuine. Our enemies knew very well that many would find out their corruptions of the

Holy Scriptures, by comparing their translations with the original; but they also knew too well, that the number would be totally insignificant in comparison to the multitude that would read and admit the new translations as very correct. They also knew that those who would undertake to undeceive the people would be considered as "papists" and consequently would not be listened to.

The reformers would not suffer that the Scriptures should be interpreted according to the Catholic doctrine; and in order to prevent it they constantly preached and wrote innumerable works of every description. Thus they supplied the comments, and we may properly say, that the difference (on this point) between the Catholic Bible and those spread by the reformers, was that ours was accompanied by a written commentary, and the Protestant by an oral one. Protestants began then to establish their tradition and to have it for their guide, because the explanation of the text was rejected unless it was against the tenets of the Catholic Church, and the authority of Protestant theologians began to be considered as an argument in favor of the explanation, and as a touch-stone of Protestant doctrine. It is commonly believed that tradition has no influence whatever in the Protestant interpretation of the Scriptures; but this is only true in regard to an individual, but not in regard to any Protestant sect. A Protestant may interpret the Scriptures according to the dictates of his own intellect; but should his interpretation be contrary to the doctrine of the sect he belongs to, he ceases by the very fact, to be a member of it, unless he chooses to call a member of a Church an individual who opposes its doctrine. Therefore a particular sect as such must retain the same interpretation of the Scriptures, and if it does not, it ceases to be the same sect. And such is always the case; for there is not a single Protestant sect, that has not altered its doctrine, and consequently its nature, becoming, by so doing another sect altogether. However, as long as any sect remains the same, it must retain the same interpretation of the Scriptures, and this cannot be ascertained but by comparing its doctrine at different periods, which nothing but tradition, which consequently becomes a rule or a touch-stone of the sect.

What is then the conduct of non-Catholic communions, in regard to such of their members who interpret the Scriptures in a sense contrary to their tenets? They do not consider any longer such innovators as members of the sect they oppose. So does the Catholic Church. They try by every means to suppress the Catholic Bibles, which they say are corrupted. So does the Catholic Church, and for the very reason, in regard to Protestant translations of the Bible; and the same care is taken in regard to Protestant interpretations.

There are two parties claiming the Bible as their own property, and contending for its purity, and consequently blaming each other for having altered it. Who shall decide? We most willingly submit the question to any judge whatever—let it be decided by the authority of the very Scriptures themselves by history, and by the dictates of common sense and good reasoning, and we are sure that the decision will be in our favor, and the Catholic edition of the Bible will be pronounced as the correct one.

If we appeal to the Scriptures, from them we will come to the conviction of the protection granted to the Church by the Holy Spirit or the infallibility of the same, which cannot be consistent with the errors of the Scripture. But as this word, infallibility of the Church, alarms our separated brethren, we take them on their own ground, and speak only of the infallibility of the Scriptures, which certainly will avail very little, if they could have been altered in a material manner, and thus received and believed by the whole Christian world for so many centuries. It would avail very little, because an infallible guide, unless it is infallibly known and followed, can never be the source of peace of mind, and can give solidity to no church whatever. Consequently, it is evident that the will of God could not be that such material alterations should take place in the Scriptures, without being found out in so many centuries, and therefore, it is also evident that the Scriptures were not altered. But the Catholic Church was the only possessor of the Scripture for sixteen hundred years before the "Reformation," and consequently she possessed an uncorrupted Bible.

History tells us that the Catholic Church never before was accused, even by almost inveterate enemies, of corrupting the Bible. Now, the enemies of the Church have also copies of the Scriptures; they compare them, and carefully try to find out any attempt made against them by Catholics, and therefore their silence is an evident proof that no corruption ever took place in the Scriptures before the Reformation.

Consulting reason, every sensible man will perceive the impossibility of altering the Scriptures, without contradiction and even without exciting attention. This is the powerful argument used against infidels in favor of Christianity wherever they pretend to attack the authenticity of the Holy Scriptures, and our Protestant friends do not perceive that by endeavoring to make the world believe that they think the Catholics corrupted the Scriptures, they have made an attack against Christianity, very easily resisted and nullified by the above reasoning, and which we do not extend any farther, because it is a common topic by all Christian controversialists against infidelity. They must, therefore, confess that the Catholic Church never corrupted the Scriptures.

At the very commencement of the Reformation the leaders of the sects themselves openly accused each other—and proved it too—that they willfully corrupted the Bible. The accusation was not mutually denied, but they only exchanged compliments of abuse. Luther, at the head of the innovators, when accused of having added many words to the Scriptures, which altered their meaning, and especially the text of St. Paul to the Romans, where the apostle says that we are saved by faith, he added "Alone." What did he answer? That he did so, and it should be so.

The conclusion is thus having an incorrect Bible, therefore the Bible societies are not the proper organs through which the people should receive the Holy Scriptures with sure confidence. So imperfect is the English Protestant translation of the Bible, that a committee of learned Protestants is now engaged in London in the revision of the authorized Bible. Any judge on this case would thus reason: Catholics had never been accused of altering the Bible till the Reformation, and the new accusers did not prove their charge; on the contrary, Catholics prove the impossibility of such charge being well grounded. The Catholic Church, as above mentioned, established some rules to be observed in allowing the people to read the Scriptures. But to conclude from this that her intention was to withdraw the Scriptures from the people, or to prevent her errors from being detected; it is against all the rules of good reason, and a mere malicious supposition. And we will prove it by the following reflections.

At present, when the translations of the Scriptures in vulgar tongues, are revised by the Church, and sufficiently spread, and moreover the faithful are warned against the imperfections of the Protestant Bibles, and the Catholic Bibles are sold to everybody indiscriminately, with notes explanatory of the text. Protestants object to this practice of giving the Bible with comments; but why? Is it not fair to explain our meaning or the text, so that the reader will understand the doctrine of the Church and then embrace or reject it as he may choose to be a Catholic or not? Is it not fair to answer the arguments that infidelity can bring against Christ-

ianity, by the apparent contradiction of some texts, which perhaps, is perceived by an ignorant man, who, being unable to explain it, becomes an infidel. Finally, have not our dissenting friends, themselves Bibles with comments? If such Bibles are intended for the people at large, then they spread the Bible with comments, and they have nothing to say against us, but that they do not like our comments; and if such Bibles are only intended for certain classes, there is a distinction made by Protestants, which they cannot reconcile with their own principles. Do not our dissenting friends make oral notes or comments? For, either is against the supposed clearness of the Bible in all its parts, or against the principle that the Bible should be given without comment, and every man should be left to judge for himself.

One observation we consider of great importance on this subject in order to justify the Church; that is, that every text brought by Protestants against us, has been found exactly correct in our Bible, except in those cases where they themselves confess to have altered the Bible, as Luther did when he added the word "alone" to the text of St. Paul to the Romans. Had, therefore the Church any malicious intention on this subject, she would certainly have altered those texts—on the contrary, the principal errors in the Protestant Bibles are found in those texts that Catholics bring against them; and this is an evident sign that they are the persons who wish to conceal their errors. Even in this concealment they have not been very fortunate; for, the Protestant translations of the Bible disagree on those very texts, thus showing that some entered into the conspiracy of alterations, and some did not. We therefore conclude that authority, as well as reason indicates the correctness of the Catholic edition of the Bible.—Southern Cross.

IRISHMEN ABROAD.

(From a lecture—"Lessons from Europe"—by Sir C. G. Duffy in Melbourne.)

Apres des bolles, I cannot refrain from telling you a railway adventure which befel me on my homeward journey. I took a through ticket from Venice to Paris, which enables you to stop repeatedly in Italy, but owing to some ill feeling between the French and Italian railway authorities, I believe, there is no permission to break the journey between the French frontier and Paris. When I arrived at Maccon I was wearied to death, and while the train stopped for dinner I went to the chef de gare and begged him to allow me to rest a night, as I was an invalid travelling for health. The official, who was gliding in gold lace and personal importance, did not seem disposed to assent, when a door opened and another official, who overheard us, exclaimed, "Arrah, to be sure he must let you stop; why shouldn't you when you're delicate?" And sure enough my fellow-countrymen settled the business in my favour. I was not able, however, to quite forgive him for discovering so promptly from my French that I was an Irishman (laughing). On another occasion, in Egypt, where the only European language you hear in hotels and public places is French, and where a portion of the population is so Frenchified that one is sometimes puzzled to determine where the Orient it ends and the Frank begins, I was lurching at the Hotel de Europe in Alexandria. I had a bottle of claret which I only broached, and, like John Gilpin's wife,

"Though on pleasure I was bent, I had a frugal mind,"

and at the end of the meal I pointed out the bottle to a waiter, and directed him to keep it for dinner. "Garcon," I said, looking over my shoulder, "voici ma bouteille; mettez la apart pour le diner." "Yis, your honour," he replied, "your number, I think, is 16;" and I found myself confronted by an unmistakable compatriot. I met Irishmen indeed or men of Irish descent everywhere and in every rank on the Continent, and their position teaches a lesson from Europe which it will do us no harm to "inwardly digest." It is a signal illustration of the ultimate fatality of sectarian quarrels and religious persecution, that some of the most prosperous and honoured families in Ireland are descendants of French Huguenots whom Louis XIV. drove out of France because they would not become Catholics, and some of the most prosperous and honoured families in France are descendants of Irish Catholics whom penal laws drove out of Ireland because they would not become Protestant. In the drawing-room of the President of the French Republic, who is the natural head of the exiled families, I met descendants of Irish chiefs who took refuge on the Continent at the time of the plantation of Ulster by the first Stuart, descendants of Irish soldiers who sailed from Limerick with Sarsfield, or a little later with the "wild geese" of Irish soldiers who shared the fortunes of Charles Edward, of Irish peers and gentlemen to whom life in Ireland without a career became intolerable in the dark era between the fall of Limerick and the rise of Henry Grattan, and kinsmen of soldiers of a later date, who began life as United Irishmen, and ended as staff officers of Napoleon. Who can measure what was lost to Ireland and to the empire by driving these men and their descendants into the armies and diplomacy of France? All of them except the men of '98 have become so French that they scarcely speak any other language. There is a St. Patrick's Day dinner in Paris every 17th of March, where the company consists chiefly of military and civil officers of Irish descent, who duly drown their shamrock, and commemorate the national apote, but where the language of the speeches is French, because no other would be generally understood. I reproached a gallant young soldier of this class, whom I met in Paris, with having relinquished the link of a common language with the native soil of his race, "Monseur," he replied proudly, "when my ancestors left Ireland they would have scorned to accept the language any more than the laws of England; they spoke the native Gaelic." "Which, doubtless," I rejoined, "you have carefully kept up; Go dha mor thaba?" But I am sorry to say he knew as little Gaelic as English. During my last visit to Brussels I saw in the atelier of an eminent painter, the wife of a still more eminent sculptor, a portrait occupying the place of honour, which exhibited the unmistakable features of an Irish farmer; and the lady pointed it out with pride as her father, who had been a United Irishman, and had to fly from Ireland in '98, when his cause lay in the dust. One more story of an Irish exile, and I pass to other themes. At the new hotel in Cairo, the finest edifice in Egypt, as the company were waiting in the great central hall for the dinner bell, a gentleman in the uniform of a staff officer in the army of the Khedive came up to me, and in a courteous speech introduced himself as formerly a general in the American army, and desired to make my acquaintance. After a little friendly talk, he asked me, "When did you leave the States?" "The States!" I said, "why, I have never been in America in my life." "Never in America?" he rejoined; "your friend the vice-consul, pointed you out as a notable countryman whose acquaintance I was bound to make." "Well," I replied, "bating the vice-consul's flattering description, there is no mistake after all; for if my ears do not deceive me you got that pleasant mellifluous accent of your not in Massachusetts, but in Munster." "So I did," he replied laughing; "I was born in Cork, but I have lived so long in America that I sometimes forget I have any other country."

A Milwaukee editor has had returned to him a book borrowed twenty-seven years ago, and begins to have hopes of humanity after all.