

surprise on hearing that Magellan was a Catholic. But it is unnecessary to multiply such instances. Books and conversation furnish them in abundance. I am not aware, however, of any good reason why this singular ignorance should prevail. People who can talk fluently on Sitting Bull, Captain Kidd, Tom Paine, or Brigham Young, might certainly be expected to know something about the great Catholics who discovered, explored, and settled America.

But it must be admitted that the ordinary sources of information are very imperfect. I take up one of the most popular encyclopædias in this country, and look in vain for Marquette, Rochambeau, Jogues, De Brébeuf, Pinzon, Champlain, La Salle, De Maisonneuve, Barry, Gallitzin, Gaston, Charles Carroll of Carrollton, and, indeed, most of the names in this volume. Was it prejudice or ignorance—or both—in the compilers that led to such a shameful omission? I turn over the pages of the same boasted encyclopædia, and I find that the traitor Benedict Arnold gets nearly half a column of close print; the immoral monster Brigham Young, nearly a column; the infidel Tom Paine, a column; and the spy André, two columns! This is the way fame is distributed and merit rewarded by the publishing blockheads and bigoted literary hacks who get up what is called an encyclopædia.

"Why not consult the standard works on American history?" somebody may suggest. Just so, my friend. We shall reach them in a moment. Many of them certainly claim our attention—if it be for nothing else than the extreme care taken by their authors to insult the Catholic reader by slandering the Catholic Church as often as convenient. Bancroft has written a small library