



EDITORIAL NOTES.

In the *Belleveille Intelligencer* appears a telegram from Winnipeg, dated 28th March, which states that "the Dominion Government has decided to erect a large industrial school for Indians at Brandon. It will be in charge of the Methodist church and will be erected next to the Dominion Experimental Farm." It may be of interest to know that the paper to which this piece of information was sent is the personal organ of the Hon. Senator Bowell, Minister of Trade and Commerce. Whether it is the intention of the Government to erect the school in question, or not, we cannot say. The item thus flung off may be merely a feeler in the direction indicated. It appears to us that it would require even more hardihood, than certain sections of what is called the government possess, to impose upon the Catholics of this Dominion the tax of supporting Methodist industrial schools, and that in the very centre of our own missionary operations. The next thing we will hear of is a demand to have our convents abandoned for the use of some Orange lodges. We once said that the Protestant element is the one to reap the most benefit from the advent of a Catholic Premier to power; it seems that we were not far astray. Clarke Wallace and Mackenzie Bowell (we place them in the order of their importance—not in the cabinet, but in the lodges) will soon run amuck in every direction, unless Sir John is able to satisfy them and their followers with the sacrifice of every Catholic interest. As a just man that he is, Sir John will not allow any section of our cosmopolitan people to suffer injustice at the hands of any other one; the inevitable result will be that as long as the Controller of Customs strives to take control of more than mere customs and manners, the Premier will find the Orange *Oliver Twist* eternally crying for "more." But the country and the government may both tire of the cry.

"We bring our years to an end,
As a tale that is told."

With these words does the *New York Mail and Express* preface its obituary of the late notorious editor of that organ, Col. Elliott F. Shepard. The name Shepard is anything but a moral perfume in the noses of Montrealers; that of the late fire-eating, Rome-hating editor of the most vituperative and lying sheet that *New York* sends forth, has been synonymous for barefaced mendacity in the mind of every self-respecting man and every reading Catholic in the United States. The text of his obituary is most appropriate. His life has ended "like a tale that is told"; and like the story in a dime novel, at that. It was a tale on a par with the sensational literature of the day, and just as pernicious in its effects upon the moral and religious training of the generation. Col. Shepard did three things in his life that are worth recording. He married an heiress; he edited a paper; and he died. The first act

brought him wealth that he had not the trouble to earn; the second gave him an opportunity of blackguarding Catholicity and all belonging thereto—the objects of his baseless hatred; and the third secured for him a last resting place in the Vanderbilt tomb on Staten Island. The wealth he can no longer enjoy; the paper he can never edit again; the grandeur of the tomb overshadows even his name and memory, while the Catholic Church still continues to flourish and the cross to triumph in all lands.

Now and again we hear, even in modern times, of severe and terrible visitations of God, especially in cases of horrid blasphemy. Not long ago at Nashville, Tenn., in the Criminal Court, a man named Harvey Weakly, on trial for murder, fell dead in the witness stand. When asked if he had killed the victim, Weakly said he "hoped God would strike him dead if he had." Scarcely had the words fallen from his lips when he dropped dead upon the floor. Sometime ago we related the story of the boy who was paralyzed, at Lacolle, when blaspheming. These are lessons which God teaches in order to warn others as well as punish the guilty. It is a terrible think to take the name of the Lord God in vain!

BENZIGER BROTHERS, the popular and world-famed Catholic publishers of New York, have just issued from their press a neat and elegant volume entitled "A Gentleman." It is the work of that prominent and able *littérateur* Mr. Maurice F. Egan, LL.D. The chapters consist of several essays upon subjects that should be read by every young man of the world, and especially by parents and teachers whose duty it is to train the rising generation. In the last part of the volume are some of Mr. Egan's "chats with good listeners," from the pages of the *Ave Maria*. We will just mention the contents, and leave to any of our readers, anxious to learn the requirements of society and the little points of etiquette which go to make up the gentleman, the pleasant task of pursuing the work itself. "The Need of Good Manners;" "Rules of Etiquette;" "What makes a Gentleman;" "What does not make a Gentleman;" "How to express one's Thoughts;" "Letter-writing;" "What to Read;" "The Home Book-shelf;" "Shakspeare;" "Talk, Work and Amusement;" and "The Little Joys of Life."

THE Russian Nihilist and the French Socialist, or Anarchist, come in for nearly all the blame whenever there is question of criminal outrages, foul political murders, or dynamite attacks. Yet, unfortunately, these anti-Christians are not the sole monopolists of the questionable distinction of menacing society and human life. The Italian anti-clerical, the member of the accursed *Illuminati*, the follower of Lemmi has a right to a share in this kind of notoriety. One day, the week before last, six bombs were thrown in the city of Rome. We can

readily understand that it was not in honor of the Pope's jubilee that such pyrotechnics were let off. The first explosion occurred soon after the outrage at the Marigona Palace, that took place the night previous. This was the third palace that had been attacked in four days. A bomb was also thrown at the residence of the American Minister. Surely these mad men cannot claim to be the sons of Liberty when they attack the representative of the freest country on earth. But they are blinded by passion and frantic with hate.

WE DESIRE to raise our humble voice in the chorus of congratulations that has been swelling around that noble veteran Catholic journalist of Boston, Mr. Patrick Donahoe. The University of Notre Dame, Indiana, has conferred upon him its Latere Medal in recognition of his countless services in the cause of religion. He has been the founder and main spirit of *Donahoe's Magazine*; he has been long manager of the good old *Boston Pilot*, and the work he has done and the benefits he has scattered on all sides are incalculable. Long may he live to rejoice in his well earned honor.

THE following is the text of the petition from a number of Irish Roman Catholic Unionists, to the Imperial Government. It requires no comment, as it sufficiently explains itself:

"To the Honorable the Commons of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland in Parliament assembled. The humble petition of Roman Catholics in Ireland sheweth, that we entertain unshaken allegiance and devotion to the Crown and constitution under which we live and enjoy full civil and religious liberty. That we regard the maintenance of the Union between England and Ireland as a necessary safeguard of that liberty. That we believe the establishment in Ireland of a separate Legislature and Executive in the manner proposed in the Government of Ireland Bill recently introduced into your honorable house would be most prejudicial to our religion and disastrous to the best interests of Ireland. We beseech your honorable house to reject the said Bill. And your petitioners will ever pray."

The foregoing had a goodly number of signatures, the four-fifths of which are the names of earls, lords, and members of the landed gentry. Here are a few of them:

"Signed, Fingall, Killeen Castle, Co. Meath; Kenmare, Killarney house, Co. Kerry; Louth, Louth-hall, Ardee; Enly, Fervoe, Limerick; De Freyne, Frenchpark, Roscommon; Westmeath, Pallas, Co. Galway; Count de la Poer, D. L., Gurteen, Co. Waterford; John Harrold Barry, Cork; C. B. Bellew, Dunleer, Co. Meath; Henry Grattan Bellew, Bart., Mount Bellew, Co. Galway; J. Ross, of Bladenburg, Rostrevor house, Co. Down; John V. Cassidy, 53 Upper Mount street, Dublin; W. H. F. Cogan, P. C., Tinode, Co. Dublin; Daniel O'Connell, D.L., Derrynane."

We pause at the last one. The name and the place. Great Heavens! We wonder that the ashes of the Liberator do not arise from the tomb in Glasnevin, his heart come forth from its resting place in Rome, and his spirit descend from the skies to haunt the familiar walls of

old Derrynane, and to blast with indignation the unworthy bearer of an immortal name. This petition teaches two lessons; one to the Orange Unionists, that it is not a question of Rome Rule; the other to the faithful Nationalists, that there are interested lovers of tyranny, who are ready to bind the chains faster around the limbs of Erin.

WE were considerably amused with a series of letters appearing in that hard, adamant, conglomerate, stoney organ of extreme anti-Catholic ideas in England, the *Rock*, and signed by different unknown writers. Amongst them is one from the pen of an "Englishman." This character exceeds any one we have yet met with in his attacks upon our Church, and in his ignorance of what that Church is; he has also surpasses any modern writer in his criticism on Irish affairs, and his complete hollowness upon the most elementary questions connected with that land. In speaking of this "Englishman," the *London Universe* has a very timely editorial note. Before quoting from it we would remark that we hope this would-be educator of the masses, is not a sample "Englishman." There are but two regions from which such characters emerge; either the rocks of the Cornish coast, where ignorance and bigotry are proverbial, or the slums of the Seven Dials, where they flourish in the atmosphere of crime. Thus does the *Universe* analyze the man and the work:—"He not only talks nonsense, but all that he quotes is incorrect, and his names of persons and things are incorrect also. The very column in which his stupidities appear seems to reel as though intoxicated. He heads his letter, 'Queen and Pope,' and from beginning to end introduces neither." In order to give our readers an idea of the class of writers from whom our anti-Catholic organs love to quote, we will furnish another extract from the same criticism. The *Universe* says, still speaking of this "Englishman": "He talks of the Bull '*Cæni Domini*,' and of the 'Rev. Mr. O'Reefe'; he says '*dynamite* explosions might be called *gunpowder* treasons.' Clearly he is in love with the 5th of November national anthem, which sings of 'gunpowder treason and plot.' He next lets us know that he wrote once to Lord Iddesleigh to ask him 'to reduce the number of Irish members,' but having received a snub, 'wrote to the *Rock*.' He ought to have done this in the first place. The *Rock* is the natural home of this 'Englishman,' and of all who are like him. Indeed, we may call him the eagle of the *Rock*, although everywhere else he will pass for nothing higher than a jay or a jackdaw. He knows 'most of the Irish leaders, at least by sight,' and this gives him a right 'to feel that he knows something of the country.' Let us add that this hopeless blockhead is, at the same time, something of a villain. At the end of his letter he proposes punishment as the remedy for the misery and wrongs of Ireland. He deserves to be tarred and feathered, and 'ridden on a rail.'"