

thereon proscribed the Order of the Jesuits; the most wanton act of injustice ever performed by a government. In 1884 after the failure of troops sent to Tonkin by the Ministry of which he was chief, Jules Ferry was driven from power and fell to the unenviable position of the most hated and abhorred of French politicians. When, after a retirement of several years, he was suddenly called back into public life by his unexpected election to the Presidency of the Senate, it was rumored that he had learned to look with a more reasonable eye upon all matters of religion, and that he had regretted his unjustifiable attacks upon Church, clergy and God in the days of his former power. It was even mooted that he would attempt to repair some of the wrong he had done. A Paris correspondent to the London Times states that an eminent French politician wrote as follows to the Pope:—

"Your Holiness need not be anxious about the sudden elevation of M. Jules Ferry to the Presidency of the Senate. Painful experience has taught him to take a truer and more sagacious view of institutions—of all institutions. He now feels that men need a supreme guide; that the education of nations is not advanced enough to dispense with a morality directing and supporting them; and he is now inclined to a reciprocal toleration, which will govern all his acts, will inspire him with respect for all convictions, and will make him the watchful servant of all that is great. Your Holiness will soon see that he is the French statesman with whom you may treat most easily on the ground of a mutual respect and loyalty."

We would full fain deal kindly with the dead. We hope that it actually was Ferry's intention to atone for all the wrong he had done, to repair some of the evil perpetrated by him in the days of vigor, his power, and his early apostacy. But like many another enemy of the Church in France, it was not given him to prove his sincerity. He had been suddenly recalled to public life; the voice of the people had once more placed the sceptre of political influence in his hand; he had a grand opportunity; he had all that human power could allow him; he may have relied too much upon that human potency. It matters not; the Hand of God was raised, and in the hour of his triumph the writing appeared upon the wall, and the fate of Ferry was sealed. He died most unexpectedly. Gasping for air, he vainly appealed to his wife for help—the wife whom he had taught to ignore God. He died, and a civil funeral closed his career forever. His ashes have gone to the Pantheon; his soul has gone before God. And the Church which he so often assailed remains immutable and triumphant—still singing in her vespers the words "*deponit potentes de sede.*"

THE ex-priest (as he is called) Chiniquy, has been presented with a degree by the Presbyterian College. He has been created a "D.D." If the letters mean anything, they must stand for Doctor of Divinity; which means one learned in dogma. Since Mr. Chiniquy belongs to a faith that "acknowledges no dogma howsoever pronounced, and admits no custom howsoever ancient," he has evidently been dubbed a man learned in that which he does not believe in, a person eminently qualified to teach (Doctor) what he does not recognize. What would be thought of an "M.D."—a Doctor in Medicine—who did not believe in his own prescriptions, because he had no faith in his degree? He would be about as safe, however, for the public, from a physical point of view, as the other gentleman is from a spiritual standpoint. What a huge farce! What a determined actor! The mentally blind rejoice in a crown-of-straw and a sceptre of reed!

ANTI-IRISH IRISHMEN.

Last week we made a brief reference to that anti-Home Rule petition that was signed by so many "Irish Catholics." It must have been a very interesting sight to contemplate the varied expressions on the features of those gentlemen as they scribbled their names and titles to the bottom of that address. Some must have had the scowl of a Norbury when delivering sentence of death, others the glare of Henry VIII. when signing the warrant for a wife's execution. We would have thought that no matter what his political convictions may be, the son of the immortal Liberator would have sufficient respect for the memory of his father and sufficient heart for the cause that the illustrious O'Connell championed, to remain silent and in obscurity. By parading his signature before the world on such a document as that he merely proves that he is the possessor of a name that was honorable and great until it became his. In reading over that list of earls, barons, lords, landlords and agents one is forcibly reminded of those lines of Lord Byron in his poem "The Irish Avator":

"Will thy yard of blue ribbon, poor Fingal recall  
The fetters from millions of Catholic limbs,  
Or, hast it not bound thee the fastest of all,  
The slaver, who now hail their betrayer  
with hymsus?"

That erratic, gifted, nobly-inspired English lover of liberty, whose last moments were cheered by the clash of Greek arms, and whose freedom-loving soul took flight from the historic soil of Missolonghi, ask if Erin ever gave birth to a being so bare that he would see her plunged back into the uncertainty, the darkness, the misery of long centuries, rather than join in the ranks of her emancipators, and he replies:

"If she did—let her long-boasted proverb be hush'd,  
Which proclaims that from Erin no reptile can spring;  
See the cold-blooded serpent with venom full hush'd,  
Still warming its folds in the breast of a King."

"Shout, drink, feast and fatten! Oh! Erin how low  
Wert thou sunk by misfortune and tyranny,  
Till  
Thy welcome of tyrants hath plunged thee below  
The depths of thy deep in a deeper gulf still!"

Then it is that Byron tells how, although not an Irishman he had loved Ireland and her sons, and had wept, with all the world, for the loss of her dead patriots; but soon he learned to save his tears for others, and he thus sings of the dead:

"For happy are they now rejoicing afar—  
Thy Gratian, thy Conran, thy Sheridan, all  
Who, for years, were the chiefs in the eloquent war,  
And redeem'd if they have not retarded thy fall."

"Yes, happy are they in their cold English graves!  
Their shades cannot start to thy shouts of to-day,  
Nor the steps of enslavers and chain-kissing slaves  
Be stamp'd in the turf o'er their fetterless clay."

"Till now I had envied thy sons and their shore,  
Though their virtues were hunted, their liberties fled;  
There was something so warm and sublime in the core  
Of an Irishman's heart, that I envy—thy dead!"

It was of such as the signers of that memorable petition that Byron sang when his patriotic soul fired up at the thought of Irishmen—and Irish Catholics at that—being cold-blooded and calculating enough to sign away their country's freedom and to barter their birth-right for a mess of pottage. His poem applies to-day even more than in 1821, when it was written. Amongst these "Lords of human-kind," Phillips tells us that "there is a prejudice against Ireland, predominant above every other feeling, inveterate as ignorance could generate and monstrous as credulity could feed. Was there an absurdity

uttered—it was Irish; was there a crime committed—it was Irish; was there a freak at which folly would blush, a frolic which levity would disown, a cruelty at which Barbarism would shudder, none could hatch or harbor it but an Irishman! Ireland was the Ribald's jest and the Miser's profit; the painter sold her in caricature, the billad-singer chanted her in burlesque, and the pliant Senator eked out his stupid hour with the plagiarism of her slander! In the very seat of legislation it was deliberately asserted that Ireland was 'a burden' on the Empire! The judicious apothegem remains upon record, a solitary memorial to its author's eloquence and most characteristic specimens of his political sagacity." It was thus Ireland and her cause were treated by the absentee landlords and the titled creatures whose only distinction was to be ashamed of their country and their creed. To attempt to argue with them would be useless, for their ignorance is too prejudiced to be taught and their prejudice too contemptible to be combated.

As the best and truest friends of Ireland and her cause were found in the ranks of Protestants and strangers, so the very worst enemies of the nation and her future are to be discovered amongst the native Catholics of a certain class. The Geraldines became "more Irish than the Irish themselves," while, with the solitary exception of O'Connell, the great leaders of the people were Protestant. To-day the grandson of that same O'Connell is amongst the very bitterest opponents of the national cause. Strange contradictions! And yet the Orange Ulsterman cries out against Rome Rule, while the lordling Catholic protests against Home Rule. Both from opposite sides attack their down-trodden country, and she is placed between these two fiery furnaces of intolerance; the one religious bigotry, the other political prejudice. These Irish Catholics fear for their religion should Home Rule be granted, the Orangeman fears for his faction in case of the same political result taking place. No wonder that Ireland has been the victim of centuries; with two such enemies nursed at her own breasts how could she prosper or ever hope to live. The Orangeman howls against the National cause in the name of a loyalty he openly has set at defiance and in the name of a religion that he does not understand and cannot practise; the anti Irish-Catholic screeches against Home Rule in the name of a vampire body that has sucked the life-blood from the people, and in the name of a Faith that he himself has served to persecute. They both are more watchful and venomous than the vipers that slun the land; awed by no virtue, subdued by no kindness and crushed by no correction, they strengthen on the weakness of their country and they riot in the midst of her famine. They claim that the majority of Ireland is in favor of the Union, because a portion of Ulster is with them. Here are a few facts; nuts for these strange bed-fellows to crack.

"Exclusive of Belfast, the Catholics are in a majority (in Ulster) of over 80,000. In six out of the nine Ulster counties the Catholics form the majority of the population. At the general election in 1892, out of a total of 128,263 votes, 69,464, or a majority of 15,663, were recorded in Ulster for Home Rule. There are only two counties in the province for which Home Rule members are not returned wholly or in part."

Connaught sends fifteen members to the House of Commons, and they are all Home Rulers. Munster sends twenty-five members and they are all Home Rulers. Leinster, including Dublin, sends twenty-eight members and twenty-six of them are Home Rulers. We would humbly submit that Ireland, by

a sweeping majority, wants legislative autonomy; and despite the bluster of Orangemen and the cringing meanness of anti-Irish Irish Catholics, she will have what she requires. These men imagined that in the hour of anticipated success, a petition signed by them would blow up the whole scheme and cast a bomb into the Nationalist camp such as would tear to pieces the Gladstone measure. So they had planned, concocted and determined; but their effort was not productive of the result they had desired. Well might they, in teaching their children Irish literature (if ever they would be disloyal enough to so educate the young) repeat for them the words of Moore, in the "Curse of the Fire Worshipper":

"Oh! for a tongue to curse the slave,  
Whose treason, like a deadly blight,  
Comes o'er the councils of the brave,  
And blasts them in their hour of might.  
May life's unblest cup for him,  
Be drugged with treacheries to the brim;  
With joys that but allure to fly,  
With hopes that vanish while he sips,  
Like dead sea fruit that tempt the eye,  
But turn to ashes on his lips.  
His country's curse, his children's shame,  
Out-cast of virtue, peace and fame;  
May he, at last with lips of flame,  
On some parch'd desert thirsting die—  
While I-ken that shine in mockery night,  
Are fading off untouched, unblasted,  
Like the once glorious hopes he blasted!"

The rest of the curse is somewhat too oriental and too severe for our nineteenth century feelings. We just quote these lines because Moore wrote them indirectly to apply to those Irishmen false to the cause of the country, self-seeking, ambitious or greedy of gold. Perhaps the repeating of them might serve to save those children from imitating their fathers, and the fathers may repair, to some degree, their wrongs towards their country by leaving her a generation of better and more sincere Irishmen.

MR. BALFOUR drew attention to the fact that in Mayo, Clare, Limerick and Kerry, crime had increased of late. Out of thirty-two counties he found four in which the number of crimes had augmented since last year: he omitted to state that in the other twenty-eight it had most remarkably decreased. At the opening of the spring assizes throughout Ireland, we find the same marked improvement mentioned by the Judges. In Cavan, Judge Murphy said, "the county is very free from crime." In King's County, the Lord Chief Justice said, "there had been in the serious class of crimes a substantial—a very substantial—decrease." In Meath, Judge Johnston found the condition "satisfactory." In Queen's County, Judge Harrison found "no disturbance in society." In Sligo, the Lord Chief Justice found the county in a "peaceable and orderly condition." In Westmeath, Judge Murphy found nothing to indicate a state of lawlessness. In Waterford, Chief Baron Pallas had two cases as compared with twelve last year. In Antrim, at Carrickfergus, Judge Madden had but one case before him. In Kildare, a county adjoining the metropolitan county, the Lord Chief Baron found a remarkable absence of bycotting and intimidation. Mr. Balfour finds that in four counties the increase of crime is due to the "compact between the English Government and the forces of disorder." If so, on the same grounds, the improvement in the other twenty-eight counties must be due to the same compact.

The Roman aristocracy is agitated with a pleasurable excitement at the entry into religion of Prince Hugo Boncompagni, Duke of Dora. The future priest, who is in his thirty-eighth year, has been twice widowed. His first wife was the Marchioness Vittoria Patrizi, and his second the Princess Laura Altieri. He has five children, ranging in age from three to fourteen.