

The Catholic Record.

"CHRISTIANUS ERIT NOMEN MEUM, CATHOLICUS VERO COGNOMINE."—"CHRISTIAN IS MY NAME, BUT CATHOLIC MY SURNAME."—St. Pagan, 4th Century.

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(Written for the Catholic Record.)
**A REMINISCENCE OF ST.
RAPHAEL'S**

Some few years ago I had occasion to visit the parish of St. Raphael in the County of Glengarry. In those days to arrive at the fragment of Canada dedicated to "Raphael the healer, Raphael the guide," you took the Grand Trunk train which leaves Bonaventure Station, Montreal, at nine o'clock every morning, and travelled eastward for about two hours and a half, when you would arrive at Lancaster, the county town of Glengarry, where a stage coach would be in waiting to convey you into the wilds of the interior. The short journey from Montreal is through a charming country and it is interesting to observe the different nationalities of the inhabitants, easily distinguishable by the appearance of their houses and farms. From Montreal to Lachine everything speaks of city life, and not in its most attractive aspect. At Lachine the eye rejoices in the sight of the glorious river, upon which steamers and small craft are beginning to be astir—calmly surveyed by rows of pleated "suburban villas" in which the city people play at country life for the summer months. Opposite—and gaining enchantment by distance—is the Iroquois village of Canehwaaga, one of the most interesting spots in the Dominion. Leaving Lachine, we come to St. Anne-Au-Bout de l'Île—the St. Ann's of Moore's boat song, where there is real country. Pure air, fresh milk, new laid eggs, mosquitoes and all other rustic allurements abound at St. Ann's. The view from the railway bridges connecting the island of Montreal to Ile Perrot, and Ile Perrot to the Seigneurie of Vaudreuil in the mainland, is very beautiful. The water here is dotted with wild and lovely little islets all covered with verdure. Shady nooks under the foliage of the graceful trees, that grow right down to the river's brink, seem to invite the dusty traveller to come and rest in their serene depths. Beyond the further bridge are some foamy rapids, murmuring never ceasing complaints of their rocky bed, and lashing the abutments of the bridge in their impotent wrath. Here the Ottawa and St. Lawrence meet but do not mingle. The different colored waters are plainly discernible for many miles below the confluence.

The vast expanse of water formed by Lake St. Louis and the Lake of Two Mountains is divided only by the slender bridge and the verdant flats of Ile Perrot. The trees on this island are of a very low size, but exceedingly luxuriant in foliage. The graceful shimmering branches of "les trembles," as the habitants call a species of poplar, almost touch the water's edge. In this district the peasantry are French, and their bright garments add to the picturesque aspect of the scenery amid which they live. The women delight in alpine and stockings of gay colors, and they and the men both wear gaily trimmed hats peculiar to this part of the province. Straw woven into a sugar loaf shape, generally rising to a height of from sixteen to twenty inches, with a drooping rim of proportionate breadth. Leaving grand old Vaudreuil we pass through the county of Soulanges, skirting Coteau Landing, the new avenue for commerce between Canada and the United States, still finding on all sides the tin covered roof, curved verandah, and farms, more picturesque than fruitful, which distinguish the Province of Quebec. Suddenly the scene changes—houses assume a grave and decorous aspect, barns become more numerous and larger, buck boards disappear, and give place to highly varnished bugles, hat crowns shorten, the faces under them lengthen—we are in the province of Ontario and in the county of Glengarry, one of the adopted homes of a *chlanah nan Gael*.

To me the stage coach business was altogether a new experience. I had driven in almost every other conveyance from a buck board to a barouche, but never in a shiny, shabby, creaking, top-heavy looking "Black Maria." I mounted its rather inaccessible steps, and took my place inside with some qualms, for my only fellow traveller was a typical Yankee, and, alas! he had been indulging in some or many of the intoxicating drinks for the concocting of which men of his type are supposed to have a genius. The many mail bags were thrown in, the driver came out of

the inn door, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand, climbed to his seat, blew a horn and off we went. I do not remember much of the roads through which we passed—one sign indeed impressed itself indelibly in my memory—it ran thus: "A large supply of elegant coffins always on hand." But the reflections which that sign might have inspired were rudely broken in upon by my fellow passenger, who, leaning over, pointedly addressed my quaking self with—"Was you raised at Sandfield's Corner?" On my replying in the negative he leaped into silence and after a while ejaculated: "I guess you're goin' to stop a spell with the Miss Browns on Vanhook hill." This I also negatived. He then enquired: "Hav you folks tow Alexandria?" I shook my head. My Vermont friend was silent for a short time, then suddenly drawing out a battered watch of the warming pan size and shape, he held it open before my eyes, exclaiming: "Contradict that if you dare, its a quarter to one!" Not wishing to be considered contradictory I drew out my own watch, and showed him that it agreed with his. Soon after this interchange of amenities, John blew his horn, rained up his steeds, and turning round to me with: "This here is where you get off, just follow the mail carrier," tossed one of his many canvass bags into the centre of the dusty road. I alighted, and the stage creaked away towards Alexandria. The last words which I heard from my Vermont friend were: "I wish, I'm durned if I knew what she wants her Sandfield's Corner!" In the middle of an expanse of dust and clay, where four roads fork, with no shelter but an uninviting wayside hostelry, I stood and awaited the coming of the mail boy. He came, as all things do, if we wait long enough. He was small, bare legged, and almost bare headed; he grasped the bag, which, although the property of her gracious majesty, lay prone in the dust, and throwing it over one shoulder, set off at an ambling canter for St. Raphael's.

I followed for a little while, and then the boy gained upon me—hill and dale, sunlight and shadow were all one to him, but not to me. And had I not with me the most inviting of luncheons wrapped in snowy napery tucked into a little basket by the fair hands of the sweetest of Montreal maidens, herself a pearl of Glengarry, and a novel, such a tempting tale woven of Mr. Howell's grave and graceful thoughts—down I climbed a sturdy fence and lay me down under the shade of a friendly elm to partake of egg sandwiches and to read "the undiscovered country." The title was not inappropriate to the reader. It was my very first venture, and I aimed high. I was going to Glengarry at the suggestion of a New York editor to search out matter for magazine articles, concerning the immigration and establishment of a large portion of the great Clan Donald in Glengarry. I knew nobody in the county and I spoke no Gaelic. I had been preceded by a letter from a lady friend to the parish priest of St. Raphael's, and upon his courtesy or indifference depended the success of my undertaking. Have you ever read "A Undiscovered Country?" It is a pretty book, and I think a good one. As I read it to that May afternoon with the sweet air of God's country blowing around me and the music of birds and insects making melody in the branches overhead, I chanced upon a death-bed scene where in an old man speaks of a priest as "the helpful elder brother of the helpless human race." The truth of that sentence quelled my fears—I arose and went on with confidence and faith. Over the hill-top of the roadside, past hedgerows in which spring flowers were blooming, under elms such as artists love to paint, and the village came in sight. Only a few cottages, with broad garden acres, and away beyond the brow of the hill the church and venerable presbytery. On the verandah of the post-office I saw the flutter of a soutane, the priest and the postmaster were having a friendly game of checkers. Using my umbrella as a screen I steered past these gentlemen and climbed the hill, then crossed the road and entered a quaint old gate round which rose bushes clustered and which guarded the entrance to the presbytery of St. Raphael's and the College of Iona of former days. Private hospitality is sacred, yet it is admissible to tell in general terms of the kind welcome given to the weary stranger. When the good father, summoned from his recreation, came bustling in with a hearty, "my poor child, you are welcome"—all fear was dispelled. I knew I had found a friend, and so it proved. All that could be done to make a visit pleasant was done by Father M.—and his two charming sisters; under their guidance I interviewed the oldest inhabitants and gathered facts

and anecdotes without number, and proved by experience the wonderful expansiveness of Highland hospitality. Small wonder that it is proverbial! Why let any body to test it drive up to the house of a well-to-do farmer in Glengarry (or a poor one, if such exist, but I saw none) and he is absolutely certain to be invited to enter and partake of whatever meal may be in course of preparation; indeed in all probability he will be coaxed to "untackle his beast and stop a week." What pleasant recollections I have of tea and Highland cakes, partaken of at more than one hospitable board where the host between mouthfuls of "bannock" discoursed of the old days in which "Father John" ruled in Glengarry. The friendly feeling of those good people to their clansmen in Prince Edward Island and in Cape Breton is very striking. Over and over was I asked for news of some relative or friend in the "gem of the gulf," or by the shores of the broad Bras d'Or. Alas! in those days my knowledge in such subjects had not been acquired. I knew a little of the Prince Edward Island Highlander, but he of Cape Breton was always associated in my mind with that mythical personage of questionable charms, "MacDonald, of Bras d'Or." To be sure there was also the celebrated "Ronald MacDonald, Horse and Wagon Maker, Why cogamale, Cape Breton, over." But of the real and grand population of farmers and fishermen, who on the hills and in the valleys of Antigonish County, and throughout the length and breadth of old Ile Royal, cherish the traditions of their forefathers and speak the language of Caledonia, the brave episcopal flock of the saintly Bishop Cameron, I then was ignorant.

After these evenings of "interviewing" came the pleasant rest in the presbytery—where the parish priest would with respect and affection speak of Father John whose curate he had been so long—and would show the picture of the pioneer Bishop, the history of whose career has lately been so graphically told in the "Record," and point out the landmarks of the old, old settlement, the blue chapel, and the college of Iona, those tabernacles erected in the desert for the service of the Lord of Hosts, and then the talk would turn on poor bleeding Ireland and mine host, a County Cavan man, would read aloud some portion of the story of her wrongs, "Shamus O'Brien" or "Fontenoy," and read with such effect, such pathos, that tears of sympathy would pour down the cheeks of his little audience of three. But even happy visits come to an end—and there came to me a last day in Glengarry—when I wandered through the old garden and mused on the history of the heroic dead who had once paced up and down those shaded avenues and counted their hours by the old sundial, that overgrown with roses still shows the letters of Father John's name. And then came farewells and a drive over the road that had seemed so long only one week before, and lo! the stage coach at "Sandfield Corner," and the journey home to weave all the facts gleaned into a prosy article for the CATHOLIC RECORD. That was all in the good old days. Now the iron horse of civilization rushes through Glengarry—and mails are dispensed by means of jaunty mail clerks in regulation postal cars. Mine host has been promoted to a more stirring parish and a rumour once reached me that a fine new house with "modern improvements" had been built to supersede the old Presbytery of St. Raphael's. I have never tried to learn if this be true—better leave it in doubt, and fondly picture St. Raphael's as I last saw it, with the setting sun throwing long shadows on the moss grown dial, where the roses clustered in sweet rebellion against relentless time, and the lads and lassies flocking to tell their beads in the old, old College of Iona, with the glory of the bright May evening turning their ruddy looks to gold; and the solemn old house standing hard by, with its shaded gallery and its quaint pictures and many pious memories, a monument of the energy of the grand old Bishop of Kingston, Alexander M. Donnell, who

"Though dead still lives
In the hearts of his countrymen."
A. M. P.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CONSTANT READERS.—There are many Religious Communities both in Canada and the United States. For the Franciscans you can apply to Rev. William Gauspohl, Chatham, Ont.; for the Jesuits, apply to Rev. F. Doherty, Guelph, Ont.
F. S. C.—The country of St. Patrick's birth is a controverted point. Himself states that he was borne at Bonaven Tabernie. The difficulty lies in deciding what modern place was then called by this name. We consider that the weight of authority locates it at Boulogne-sur-Mer in France.

SPECIAL TO THE CATHOLIC RECORD. THE LATE BISHOP CARBERY.

The month's mind was celebrated this morning by a solemn requiem mass in St. Mary's cathedral for the repose of the soul of the late Bishop Carbery. There was a very large congregation present, and the church and altar were heavily draped with crape. The following clergy were present: Archbishop Lynch, of Toronto, attended by Father Doherty, superior of the Jesuits of Guelph, and Father Smiley, of Niagara Falls; Bishop Dowling, of Peterboro, attended by Rev. Dr. Kilroy, of Stratford, and Chancellor Keough, of Hamilton; Vicar-General Heenan, Fathers Bardou (Cayuga), Spetz (Berlin), Cushing (Toronto), Doherty (Guelph), Owens (Ayton), O'Donohue (Owens Sound), P. Lennon (Brampton), J. Lennon (Galt), Brennan (Dumerton), Congrove (Elora), O'Connor (Arthur), O'Leary (Freeton), O'Connor (Paris), Feeny (Pricewille), Corcoran (Teewater), Slaven (Oakville), Carre, Halm, Murphy, and Craven (Hamilton).

Vicar-General Heenan celebrated the mass, assisted by Father Bardou of Cayuga, and Father Spetz of Berlin, after which Bishop Dowling preached a memorial sermon on the death of the late bishop, taking as his text the words, "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints." He said:

May it Please Your Grace, Rev. Fathers and Dear Friends,
On a sad occasion of this kind it seems to me that our sorrowful silence is far more significant than speech. But it has been deemed proper that some words should be spoken and some consolation be given to the hearts of the bereaved. Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints. We have met to day to mourn the loss of a great and good prelate, to pray for his soul and to do honor to his memory. The diocese of Hamilton is again in mourning, and as a former priest of the diocese I am here to express my sympathy with clergy and people and to share as I might in the general sorrow. For it is well known that your late Bishop was a very dear friend of mine and that between him and me there existed from the first the most friendly and intimate relations. It fell to my happy lot to be the first priest of his diocese to welcome him to the shores of America and to be the last priest and bishop on the occasion of his departure to bid him an affectionate farewell. Little did I think that that farewell would be a final one, and that I should never again have the privilege of looking on his genial, friendly face until, please God, we shall all meet in a better and brighter world. Happily for me his panegyric has already been pronounced by His Grace. That eminent dignitary, with his accustomed charity, with the heart of the sad tidings that he hastened here to the cathedral to celebrate a Requiem for the repose of the soul of his dear friend. For that act of charity and piety the Archbishop well deserves, and I am now happy to tender, our best thanks as well as the grateful acknowledgments of the clergy of the diocese. For though his memory is still fresh in your memories, it only remains for me to direct attention to some of the lessons which it seems to me to be the will of God that we should all learn from the review of the life of so holy a man and so eminent a bishop. The first and most important lesson of course is this, that sooner or later, and perhaps sooner than most of us suspect, we shall all certainly follow him. The Apostle says that "it is appointed for men once to die." To other rules there may be exceptions. There is none to this. Yes, people and priests, bishops and Popes all must die. Hence the necessity and the wisdom of being, as he was, always prepared to give an account of our stewardship. "Blessed is the man whom when his Lord comes He shall find watching." Who would have thought when we first looked upon him less than four years ago that in so short a time he should have passed away? Who would have expected as we looked upon him on the day of his installation, seated on that throne, in all the majesty and dignity of his sacred office, the very type apparently of health, freshness and vigor, that the angel of death was already so near, and that in so short an interval his mortal remains should be consigned, as they are to-day, to the cold and silent grave? Looking into that grave in far off Ireland, where he sleeps the sweet sleep of the just, in the pure white habit he loved, waiting for the dawn of a happy resurrection, let us pray, as I fervently do, that when the same Angel comes as with a like summons we may all be equally prepared, equally resigned and equally worthy to enter into the joys of the best.

And now, turning from the tomb to review the life of the living man, what special lessons does that life convey? Many and beautiful lessons indeed: for was not his entire life, from youth to age, one of instruction and of edification? But God is blessed to give each of his servants special characteristics, and amongst those which distinguished the late bishop I will state a few, such as his spirit of self sacrifice, his zeal for souls, his devotion to duty, his obedience and reverence for authority and especially his profound reverence for and devotion to the Holy See. Twice in his life he gave striking and admirable instances of self-sacrifice. First when a mere boy, by a supernatural impulse he left home, kindred and country to consecrate himself to God by the three solemn vows of charity, poverty and obedience. And secondly, when in his old age, at the call of the Holy Father, he overcame the ties that bound him to the order he loved, and with all the disadvantages of age, climate and want of experience with the customs of this country, through a spirit of obedience, assumed all the cares, anxieties and responsibilities of the Bishopric. Who is there that does not admire the heroic action of the holy youth in the very morning of life, in all the lovefulness of his boyhood, at an age when the world has charms so tender and so attractive, forsaking all that was so dear to him on earth and hastening across the continent to the holy city among strangers, to devote himself henceforth and forever to the service of God and His church in the illustrious order of St. Dominic? And who would have surmised that the humble novice from Ireland who sought only the obscurity of the cloister, would one day rapidly rise to the highest honors in the order, become in succession prior, provincial and associate general in Italy, and afterwards a brilliant bishop of the church of God in our own far off land of Canada. But it is written that God gives His grace to the humble, and no doubt it was because God saw in the heart of the novice the virtue of true humility that he determined to exalt him. There, in his novitiate, for seven years, devoted to study, to piety and to discipline, he advanced in years, and grace, and wisdom before God and men, and there it was that by his devotion to duty he merited therein graces that sanctified and beautified his young and afterwards adorned his priestly character. Two motives led him to make this sacrifice. First, the love of God and His Church which he inherited from an Irish Catholic mother, a love which continued to burn in his soul brightly to the last. That love he longed to communicate to others. He came to cast fire on the earth, and what willed he but that it should be unkindled. Hence his secret motive, his burning zeal for souls, a zeal first manifested in the Irish missions and afterwards exercised to our edification throughout the length and breadth of the diocese of Hamilton. The first mission was in his native land, where, for nearly thirty years, he went around like his divine Lord, doing good, and where his goodly deeds are still remembered. Here, in the vigor of his manhood, with the zeal of an apostle, he went around preaching divine truths, reconciling sinners to God, visiting the poor and friendless and afflicted, establishing confraternities for the young men and conducting retreats for communities and for clergy. Who can tell but God alone, who is now his reward exceeding great, how much good effected, how many souls he enlightened, how many sinners he reconciled, how many young men he saved from shipwreck, how many vocations he found, how many abuses he corrected, how many graces he was instrumental in distributing for the honor and glory of God! And when he came amongst us we all remember how earnestly he longed to go out on his pastoral visitations! We recall the activity and alacrity with which he hastened to the several parishes, however distant and difficult of access, until in a short time he had visited every mission and parish in his extensive diocese? And where is the pastor amongst us that cannot recall some pleasing and profitable reminiscence of those visits? Some happy thought suggested, some good work inaugurated, some sound instruction imparted, some holy zeal unkindled? Yes, the labors he sustained, the good works he accomplished, the good example he imparted, the students he adopted, the clergy he ordained, the conferences and confraternities he established and the wise and beneficial laws he enacted—these and many other good works will remain as so many proofs of his zeal and devotion to duty and of his successful and happy administration of the diocese of Hamilton. The Holy Father greatly honored us in sending us such a Bishop, so wise, so gentle and so good. And in return no bishop was ever more devoted to the Chair of Peter—to Rome he went in his early youth to make his first sacrifice, in Rome he was educated under the shadow of the successor of St. Peter, to Rome he went for his Episcopal consecration and to Rome he was hastening with his gifts for the Golden Jubilee when the Angel of Death met him on the way and summoned him to a more glorious jubilee in the heavens. He died in his native land in holy Ireland, in the monastery that he loved, attended by his confreres, consoled and comforted by his early friends, sustained and strengthened by the sacraments and blessed with the special benediction of the Vicar of Jesus Christ. Honored in life, honored in death, who shall say that he is not even now greatly honored and exalted in the heavens? May we all learn to profit from the lessons of so holy a life and be found worthy to merit so happy and edifying a death. Eternal rest grant him, O Lord, and may perpetual light shine on him.

The usual contradictory statements of the Pope's position in regard to Ireland have been sent over the cable. At one time we are told virtually that the Holy Father is encouraging the Coercion party and discouraging the Nationalists, but at last we have the undoubtedly true version that he has no intention to interfere to discourage the patriotic movement.

LATEST PHASES OF THE IRISH QUESTION.

Lord Salisbury threatens that if the Ministry be defeated, an appeal to the country will be taken. The Liberals warmly welcome the intimation, as they claim that they want nothing better.

A new half penny evening daily, the *Star*, has been started in London under the editorial management of Mr. Thos. O'Connor. It will be addressed to Liberals and to the working classes and it will greatly strengthen the Irish cause which it will warmly advocate. The first issue was 142,600 copies.

As usual the Government supporters are reporting dissentions in the Nationalist ranks. They will, undoubtedly, prove to be as baseless as former similar reports. Mr. Shaw-Lefevre has declared in a letter to the *Times* that if one of the 750 tenants who are threatened with eviction on Lord Clarke's estate be evicted, he will go to Ireland to hold an indignation meeting on the estate. Such a meeting will be, as usual, proclaimed, and this will probably end in his arrest. Owing to his important position in the Liberal ranks, this challenge to the Government will probably precipitate a crisis. At all events important results may be expected.

The Welsh Calvinistic Methodist clergy held their session for the sale of Clwd Presbytery at Phyl, the Moderator, Rev. Thos. Hughes presiding. There were present more than one hundred ministers and representatives. At the close of the session the ministers signed a protest against the coercion policy of the Government. In the protest they say that "by interference with personal liberty, with the rights of public meeting, and with the freedom of the Press, the Government is pursuing a course that increasingly tends to the degradation of law and the subversion of order." Their object in making this protest, they declare to be "to free themselves from complicity with a spirit and method of Government that are utterly unworthy of a professedly Christian nation." Stronger terms than these have not been used by Nationalists in Ireland.

Twenty three Protestant ministers of Cardiff have signed a protest similar to that of the Welsh Calvinists of the Vale of Clwd. These include Church of England, Baptists, Methodists, Presbyterians, Congregationalists and others. Besides protesting against the suppression of free speech and free press they say: "We also protest against the cruelty with which evictions have been carried out in the sister country, and likewise against the harsh and unjust sentences which have been inflicted upon some of her most patriotic sons."

Father Matthew Ryan having completed his term of one month's imprisonment, has been released. Ten thousand persons, including the Mayor of Limerick, the sheriff, Municipal Council and many clergy received him with loud cheers, and with every demonstration in his honor.

United Ireland has a cartoon representing Mr. Blunt caught in the steel trap, "Coercion Court," while John Bull, close by, has Secretary Balfour by the ear, being about to castigate him with a scourge labelled "Irish Indignation." John Bull says: "You sneaking cur, you have caught one of my noblest sons in that cruel un-English machine on the Queen's open highway." Balfour answers: "Bo o o! I'm sorry I caught him. I set the trap for Irish patriots. I did not think any Englishmen were coming this way." On the highway free speech and free press are placed to be trodden underfoot.

The Irish Prison Board on New Year's Day sent a message to Limerick jail stating that according to Act of Parliament Father Ryan is entitled to wear whatever clothes he likes. Yet these are the men who have such love for law and justice as to descend to midnight theft and other acts of violence in order to force prisoners to more guilty than Father Ryan to wear the prison garb! Even in Father Ryan's case the discovery was not made till he related the endeavor to force him to do the same. We shall soon hear Lord Salisbury repeat once more that the laws are the same in Ireland as in England.

Mr. O'Brien said in his speech at Tallmore, that he believed that "Balfour's boast that he would sink us to the level of criminals was a piece of calculated brutality—part of a deliberate policy of defamation which unscrupulous men are carrying on against us in England—a new and more truculent form of the 'Parnellism and crime' policy of the London *Times*, and it would have been base in us if we had lain down submissively under an infamy of that sort." He claimed, not in the spirit of boasting that the "protest we have maintained, and the voice of English opinion and of English discussion have already broken the neck of Balfour's prison list scheme." He confirmed Mr. Blunt's story of Balfour's murderous intentions, and left his hearers thoroughly convinced that his denial of it is but an addition to his long list of downright falsehoods.

The Dublin *Freeman* issues a cartoon representing Secretary Balfour as Robinson Crusoe on the desert island with his hatchet dripping blood, his umbrella made of the Union Jack supported by a bloody bayonet, and himself in the moment of terror when he beheld footprints in the sand. The footprints are those of the Marquis of Ripon and Mr. Morley. He has just been slung "I'm Monarch of all I survey," when he beholds the footprints—feeling that more alarming ones will follow. The ship Coercion is seen not far off, dismantled and useless.

Father McFadden has been arrested at Armagh on the charge of holding anti-landlord and anti-police meetings. On the arrival at Londonderry the police escorting him were stoned by an excited mob. Mr. Blaine, M. P., was arrested at the same time and committed for trial on charge of inciting the tenants to resist the authorities.