# The Catholic Register.

*"Truth is Catholic; proclaim it ever, and God will effectually protect the rest."*—BALMEZ.

VOL. V.—No. 45. TORONTO, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1897. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

## ...The... Sagasta Ministry.

FROM OUR SPANISH CORRESPONDENT.

The fall of the party held so cohesively united by the great talent of Canovas has at length occurred. Its fall was from the internal anarchy that had grown even over his body, only a question of how soon will the end come; and this has been hastened by the organization of the Bishop of Majorca, Balearic Isles, in solemnly excommunicating, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, Senor Navarro Reverter—for daring to usurp and possess himself of one of the most celebrated shrines of the Balearic and claim rights for the government which the Concordat had exclusively reserved for the Church and its ministry. Their successors, the Liberal ministry of Sr Sagasta, has not persevered in the attempted sequestration which has proved a death blow to a Conservative ministry, but will quietly acquiesce in whatever decision His Holiness, who has been mutually chosen as arbitrar in this great strife of Church and state, may come to. Up to this no decision has been arrived at although the Vatican is proceeding in its investigation with the greatest activity having frequent interviews with Spain's truly popular and noble Ambassador, Senor Merry del Val, and by whom the constitution and arguments of the late ministry will be faithfully, logically and eloquently advocated from its point of view. The Holy Father has consigned the study of the entire subject under its different aspects—according to Spanish legislation and international law—to a select number of cardinals and has required them to investigate how far the clauses of the concordat embraces it in its treaty stipulations, so that nothing will be left undone, no point uninvestigated from its foundation in 1470 by private charitable individuals to the date to clear up the claims of the Church, and to show how untenable are the pretensions of the government in seeking to sequester a shrine so dear, and so cherished by the people of Majorca. Of such importance is the decision that its finding will at once govern and decide a number of similar sequestrations lately made by the same minister of the property of several religious institutions and communities, against which the prelates and press of some have protested—but in vain. Fruitless have been appeals to Conservative equality of late years, for the Italian government in the seventies, when Victor Emmanuel in an evil day cast his eye on the possessions of St Peter, could not be animated with a greater desire for confiscation of church property; nor have a more glutinous appetite for the treasures of its shrines than has had the representative of Spanish finance—Senor Reverter—a covetousness like this one recorded in the Acts of the Apostles that has had its speedy punishment, in the fall of a ministry that had a sacrilegious despoiler in its ranks. But if Sagasta and his Cabinet are inclined to avoid the pitfalls of their predecessors, they, too, seem inclined to stumble into others equally opposed to Catholic interests. During the previous regime of Sagasta and afterwards, during that of Senor Canovas the Spanish nation was honorably and cordially and unstintedly ously represented in the salons of the Vatican. A familiar and popular face was heartily welcomed in the diplomatic council chambers of the Papal court, in the person of Senor Merry de Vallo; but the late change of ministry would seem to incline toward a change of Ambassadors, so that the "parasites" of Liberalism would now fain sacrifice the services of one of the most distinguished and courteous of its diplomatic corps and have him replaced by one who had been, according to the Masonic Review, in 1883 if he is not still, a highly titled functionary of Masonry. Surely Spain—Catholic Spain!—through the voice of its episcopacy, through the protests of its priesthood and of its people, will at once denounce this gross insult sought to be offered to the Vicar of Jesus Christ; to send as of old, a Judas to receive from his vicegerent the kiss of peace and thus afford Masonry an incident, over which its organs will clamor and raise their palm of triumph over the Papacy and its compulsory reception of one of its adepts—Sr. Victor Balaguer. This political chicanery and disreputable political tactics were tried when Senor Sagasta was last in power, when another disciple of the Triangle, the "A.P.A." of Spain, Senor Moret, was sought to be thrust on His Holiness; however, the earnest energetic "non possumus" of the Vatican then will, we trust, be now repeated, and that the outrageous attempt of 63 will not be persevered in in '97. It is to be hoped that the "Roman Curia" will teach as effectually Spain, as the Sultan has taught the powerful Cabinet of Great Britain when it sought to send to the successor of the Prophet an Ambassador distasteful to him, in stonecrophical language that had but one candid interpretation, "take him away, I won't have him. Send him elsewhere, for by the Bosphorus he will have no legation or imperial reception." And mighty as are the thunders of "John Bull" in his storm moods, the voice of the Vicar of Allah tamed his indignation and he quietly acquiesced in the refusal.

And but the items on the home programme of ministerial promises and concessions to popular demands is their determination to liberate a crowd of those supposed Anarchists who for some 16 months have been imprisoned as accomplices in the Anarchist outrage during the Corpus Christi procession of '96. These at the request of the noble Queen Regent are to have their cases individually investigated, and if there be no positive evidence of actual guilt they are at once to be placed at liberty and restored to the bosom of their families and to the hearths that their hearts left desolate.

The generous act of Spain's illustrious and charitable Regent is worthy of imitation by other and more powerful royal sovereigns. England's Jubilee has passed away and its political prisoners still pine in dungeons, why then do not The Daily Chronicle, of London, whose editorial staff write such tirades against Catholic Spain for its possession of detectives against the hearth-stones of its own nation and against the Kaiser of Germany, who has accused political prisoners in hundreds in the jails scattered over the chief of his vast empire, but this would not serve the interests or political tactics of The Daily Chronicle's clients, the filibusters of Cuba, or the wire pullers and manipulators of the Bourses of the old and new world.

Since the above has been written The Noticion Universal of Barcelona publishes the following telegrams, the one to show the popular feeling for Dr Cervera, Bishop of Majorca, the other to give pleasure to the Catholics of the Christian world, that Rome has spoken and confirmed the action of one of its most illustrious prelates.

Today the ladies of Aragon assembled at the feasts of Our Lady of the Pilar, in its historic city of Saragossa, have remitted to the Bishop of Majorca a telegraphic message, applauding the noble conduct he displayed in guarding the cherished sanctuary of the Isles from the grasp of the despoiler, and protecting the interest of the Catholic Church and the ancient legacies of its Catholic children.

Despatches have been received at Madrid confirming the news that the Vatican has applauded the energetic attitude of the Bishop of Majorca in his conflict with the late Chancellor of Spanish finance and praising the Apostolic firmness and moderation with which Dr. Cervera defended the rights and prerogatives of the Catholic Church.

WAR IN CUBA.

The government replaces General Weyler by General Blanco, who in the Philippines was the favorite of the Masonic and consequently earned justly the suspicions, aye, enmity of the religious orders, who had him recalled now. He goes to the west, to the pearl of the Antilles, to succeed three distinguished generals, none of whom have conquered the smiles of fortune, or the plaudits of the Spanish nations. It has received with applause the resolution in relieving Weyler, but the new nomination of the government has inspired no enthusiasm. The press has no friend in the recent selections; for whilst in the Philippines, he was never wearied chafing beneath what he styled the tyranny, terrible and intolerable, of the press, when his shortcomings were the subject of just and well-merited criticism.

The most popular of prelates and the most energetic of cardinals, His Eminence Cardinal Cinaco Maria Sancha, has been elevated to the supreme dignity of the primacy of Spain, to the primacy of the ancient Metropolitan See of St Ildefonso Toledo, whilst the Prince-Bishop of Argel, Cardinal Cassanas, fills the vacancy now created in the fair floral city of Valencia. JUAN PEDRO.

BARCELONA, Spain.

## BIG MEETINGS.

(WRITTEN FOR THE REGISTER.)

The year drawing to a close is likely to appear in history as the year of great meetings. Her Majesty's jubilee was, of course, the event beyond the waters; whilst here we have had, in rapid succession, the British Association, the Provincial Exhibition, and the W. C. T. U., that is, the Women's Christian Temperance Union. We hope we have written the title correctly; it is a veritable mouthful.

Politics and patriotism, science, agriculture and stock raising were at the bottom of the first three; the fourth confined itself to religion and morality in general, with a special application to the uplifting and purification of the race.

With such diversity of object there can hardly be an interest in the human breast but some of the meetings touched and quickened it into more vigorous life. It is not merely, as we used to hear in our youth, the school master that is abroad now, whole multitudes have assumed that role, and pour forth instruction in an attitudinize to rouse you of these heavy fall ratus. Surely it must be a great educational time, and men are growing by leaps and bounds. The Jews will be enriched by the cheapness of old clothes, for no man's garments of last year can fit the swelling proportions of such as have attended all or some of these great assemblages.

May be so, and then again, may be not. There is plenty of talk which is not instruction, plenty of movement that is not progress, and much restlessness that is not growth. The noise we hear, then may not mean as much as we think, the rushing together of multitudes from far distant places may be evidence only of a kind of dustomper, and the din and glare of things are not necessarily the measure of their actual worth. A wise old hen leaves the nest in which she has deposited her contribution to to-morrow's breakfast table with hardly a sound, whilst the giddy chicken after a like incident, cackles so clamorously as to annoy the neighborhood and endanger her own throat.

Whether, then, the voluble enthusiasm manifested at these great meetings betoken depth of conviction on the part of the assistants, or be only an illustration of the saying that hollow things make greatest sound is a question not easy to determine. There is, however, one feature about these meetings which I think every one must have observed. The political, the scientific and agricultural sections on the whole, to have been marked by rule and order and so, in some measure at least, to have advanced the objects which called them into being.

Lord Salisbury made a good stroke of policy by the jubilee celebration the scientists gave an appreciable impetus to their special studies, and the provincial fair was, as usual, educative and useful.

It is harder to see very clearly what has been accomplished by the last great assembly. As an exhibition of personal appearance it was well. I saw only the portraits in the daily papers, and perhaps the fault was as much in the artist as in the models—so let that go. The dresses, too, I assume not merely to have been in taste, but to have given taste itself a great jog upwards. At least I hope so. Then, too, the grand hall, with its rich fixings and flaming lights, and above all, its immense crowd of human beings quickened by quick expectations, and throbbing with a laudable curiosity, all this made up a scene, not easily forgotten, and quite capable of inspiring a lofty eloquence. The speeches were—some of them—quite admirable, though a good deal fulsome, and wordy and gushing. If we add to these things the guiding hand of a very accomplished lady, deeply in earnest in a worthy cause we have enough to show that the occasion was one of great possibilities for good.

It would be a pleasure to be able to say we have sanguine expectations that this good will all be accomplished. We hope it will, and cannot think so much effort should be fruitless. And then again it is so ungracious to have doubts in the midst of so much confident prediction. Why should we even entertain doubt? Well we think there is some ground for it. The meeting did not seem to know what it was there for, or at least had such hazy notions of its proper object that it is quite impossible to believe there was anything like concentration of effort on one point; and without this what is the good of a crowd?

We have divisions enough already. There are sects and sections of sects siding down almost to the impotence of individuality. Why give us another, making concert and union more and more impossible? And this is what was done. Assembling under the auspices of sacred temperance, these good women had hardly got together till they showed unmistakably—most of them, any way—that they had hardly a notion of what the word or the virtue means. I am not alluding now to the diet on hope) exceptional case of her who dismissed her honest sompstress for buying something of a man who dealt in tobacco. Such women as that are made of the same stuff as the brutal John Knox who could boast that he made his own Sovereign shed tears, or of the gloomy Calvin, who burned Servetus for not thinking as he did himself. Her then we put aside as the victim not of human error but a kind of diabolic malignity. But the others? Which of them, with perhaps two exceptions, but outraged temperance by advocating the most extravagant intemperance. In the hope, which experience shows to be very unfounded, of saving a few from the consequences of ill regulated appetite, they would shackle universal society, as if for a thistle in the toe the whole body should be blistered. This is a doctrine and a practice which is a waste of time to advocate; for the doctrine is false, and the practice unreasonable, even impossible. And the arguments used were about as pointless as the end aimed at is unattainable. Dr. Quincy says somewhere that women will never be good ball players, because they are constitutionally unable to throw straight. There is needed a twirl of the elbow and a pose of the wrist, which they can never achieve. And the papers, this very season have told us how a lady, being appointed to what is called the christening of a new locomotive, made a vigorous sling of her bottle of champagne from a distance of six feet, and, missing the engine, big as the side of a barn, splashed her poor husband who was innocently attending to his own business, some yards away, on the other side.

Whether this be true or not, I think there can be little doubt a good many members of the big convention were unhappy both in the choice, and the wielding of their argumentative missiles. In choice because you cannot, except accidentally, make men temperate or anything else by mere appeals to their feelings or sense of fitness or utility, and in the wielding, because, like the lady with the bottle, they throw too far, and missing the object aimed at hurt and offend many who would be their friends. The culprit shivers at the constable's touch; the innocent man throws it off with scorn, and perhaps knocks the officer down, so when you class all as criminals, needing the shackles of prohibition, you are sure to convert every genuinely temperate man into an opponent of the unjust claim, for no body but the slave or the coward wants to be bullied by either man or woman.

A meeting, then, summoned in the interests of temperance, and advocating legal prohibition, reminds one of the orator who could never rightly set forth the value of teetotalism on less than what he called four stiff brandies or that other apostle who, after the most violent declamations against even touching, tasting, or handling, was picked up about midday near the post office, in this city, suffering from the "horrors."

The whole scheme is wrong and unjust, and ought to fail. It is one of the greatest enemies of true sobriety for many reasons, but chiefly for this, that it diverts from real temperance work—a great and a holy one—the activities of very many earnest people.

Like bad whiskey stimulating the sick man to a sense of strength, and preventing him from taking useful medicine till recovery is impossible, this senseless agitation, splutering around and making wild speeches, amid the glare of gas lights, to crowds who want to be amused, all this is only deceiving you into the false notion that you are doing your duty to a holy cause.

Hence we would say to those who are thoroughly desirous of the spread of this noble virtue. Come down from these noisy platforms, ladies eyes were made to look up, and are always at their best in that position. Leave this rough, coarse work to men. They are more fitted for it, and though far from perfect, can do it better than you. Consult your fathers and husbands, or better still, your clergyman, and when they have advised you, you will find in the vast capacity for ministering love, with which God has made you specially strong, a thousandfold more resources for promoting temperance or any other virtue than you now find in these useless public exhibitions, and make yourselves far more amiable women into the bargain.

## Placentia, Newfoundland.

WRITTEN FOR THE REGISTER BY "ANON."

Within the past few weeks a new route has been opened up between the American continent and Newfoundland, which gives facilities for bi-weekly communication between this country and Canada. A steamer—built on the most approved style—fitted up with every thing that can minister to the comfort of the travelling community has been provided by the Newfoundland railway contractor, Mr. Reid. This elegant yacht like steamer is named Bruce and her ports of call are, Sydney, Cape Breton and Placentia, Newfoundland. The sea route can be travelled in fifteen hours, and such rapid and frequent communication is of course of immense advantage to the travelling public and to people of business. Placentia being the terminus for the present of this route, it may be of interest to intending visitors and indeed, to the student of colonial history generally to give a few notes on the old Newfoundland town, which was the scene of many a determined struggle between France and England in bye gone days. Placentia was discovered by a French navigator named Gargas, in or about the year 1660. The Frenchmen, taken by the unique surroundings of the place, the not work of waters, the cordon of hills, and the level plot of beach afterwards the site of settlement, named it Plaisance, the "pleasant place." Here then settled a French colony, who built premises and tenements along the beach, of Placentia. Cleared grass plots yet to be seen mark the site of ancient buildings. The French occupiers garrisoned their new settlement. This was easily effected, as the hills around were nature's own bulwarks. A channel separated the town proper from the North Side—now called Jersey Side. On that side rises the steep height of Castel Hill" so called from the Redoubt there placed by the Frenchmen—the cannon of which could sweep the Rhodestead. Outside of this hill was another summit called "le vive coeur" and on the opposite side a green point—called by the French Pointe Verte—and by the English the Down or the Bar—runs into the sea. English ships rounding this point would be straight targets for the French guns—first playing on them from the top of the hill; then from Fort Louis—the ruins of which still sustain it its base; and if by any chance they got further in, the guns from the battery on Mount Pleasant, across the water on the north-east side, could open fire at leisure. Landward and seaward the place was difficult, either of surprise or assault, and it was finally ceded to the British, after many efforts had been made to take it. The French Government set the greatest importance on Placentia—both as a military stronghold and a trading port—and to this day the curious in such things may see in Placentia, documents giving over property, the parchment bearing the seal of the grand monarch. The beach of Placentia is of sea formation; it still retains an undulating appearance. The vacant spaces along the edge of the beach are utilized as land in places. The rest is occupied by private dwellings, and attached to each house is a garden, made by the industry of the inhabitants, the turf and clay being actually brought from neighboring hills and islands, and laid over the original beach such gardening has been going on for 100 years and to day many a green meadow and vegetable plot, and plantation of trees, prove the energy of the people and add to the beauty and resource of the town. In this manufactured soil are produced some of the best potatoes and root crops to be found anywhere. Amongst the antiquities of Placentia is an Episcopalian church, the oldest ecclesiastical edifice in the country, surrounding this is the old graveyard containing tombstones which date back over two centuries, and close by a court house of many interesting historical associations. There are also several private houses which go back to the early days of the last century. Amongst the modern buildings is the commodious Star of the Sea hall, including public reading rooms and dramatic room, also a noble Roman Catholic Church Romanesque in style. Adjoining this is a fine presbytery and a Presentation Convent.

The legendes surrounding Placentia are of unique interest to the lover of boating, the artist or the angler. Taking the place of either a sea side resort or a centre of historic interest, a point of contention between two great nations, and rich in monuments of the ancient days, it will amply repay the passenger coming to Newfoundland by the Bruce, to give some time to "exploring" old French Placentia.

## Young Women's Mission at St. Patrick's.

WRITTEN FOR THE REGISTER.

A three weeks' mission is being given under the direction of the Redemptorist Fathers at St. Patrick's Church, of this city, and its success has so far been so extraordinary as to make it deserving of more than a passing notice. The first week was devoted to the married women, the second to the young women and the third, or present week, to the men. As one of the second named class, I must confine myself to the second week's work.

Before speaking of this, however, it may not be out of place to say a few words about the church in which the Mission is being held. St. Patrick's seems peculiarly adapted in many ways for the work now in progress. Though neither large nor pretentious, it is so complete in its appointments that nothing is wanting that could conduce to the harmony and dignity of the beautiful ceremonies of the Church. The whole atmosphere seems to breathe a spirit of devotion. A neat exterior, an artistic interior, sweet sounding and sonorous bells, a fine organ, a well-trained and well balanced choir, beautifully decorated altars, a highly decorous manner of conducting services and ceremonies, all tend to a tout ensemble beautiful and grateful to the senses, and of spiritual benefit to all taking part in its effects. Did space permit I should like to describe the pretty sanctuary, with its sky-like dome of blue studded with stars of gold, amongst which appear, like the Cross of Constantine, three medallions bearing the symbols of Our Lord's Passion, the beautiful and impressive "Crucifixion" forming the front centre-piece, its dark background cast into vivid relief by the chaste white and gold of the altar and the delicate shading of the walls; the unique and handsome altar railing of brass in pattern showing the ripened grape-vine and the full sheaves of wheat. All these things, however, can be but touched upon; we must return to our mission.

The exercises of the Mission, which opened on Sunday evening, consisted of the Masses at 5 and 7 o'clock; at the latter a discourse was delivered, an instruction at 7.30 p.m., followed by the recitation of the beads, a sermon and Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament. On the last four days confessions were heard almost throughout the entire day.

To say that the exercises were well attended would be but to give a very faint idea of the number that crowded the church. Every available spot was utilized. The greatest hospitality was shown to all, gallery, vestries, sanctuary, all were thrown open to any wishing to avail themselves of them. On one night, by actual count, seventeen hundred and thirty-four women were present, and doubtless on the last two evenings this number was exceeded.

The opening discourse on "What does it profit a man to gain the whole world and lose his soul," was followed by sermons on Mortal Sin, General Confession, the General Judgment, the Precepts of the Church, the Duties of Young Women, and the Blessed Sacrament, all ending on Sunday evening with a sublime eulogy on the Blessed Virgin.

The gentlemen conducting the mission are the Rev. Fathers Hanley, Kander and Jones. The earnestness and unflagging attention with which they performed their work was sufficient incentive, had any be one needed, to arouse enthusiasm and ardor in those for whom they worked. Though possessing in common the endurance and zeal of the missionary, yet—if comment be not presumptuous—each differs from the others in manner and oratorical style, and thus each one by contrast intensifies the work of the other two. Father Hanley speaks with the clear enunciation perfect modulation, eloquence of language and ease of gesture which tell the finished speaker. Father Kander is an orator who being endowed by nature with a good voice and power of mimicry avails himself also of any external object which may illustrate his words—no simile or metaphor is too bold for the flight of his imagination and in the grand tableaux he presented when drawing his missionary cross from his girdle he held it aloft accompanied by the most fervid and soul stirring words, the effect was such as to form a sublime climax to what was throughout a master piece. To this Father Jones is a perfect contrast, from beginning to end no gesture is made; placing his hands firmly on the pulpit he begins to speak and without other external aid than that of a clear voice and earnest presence, he holds his hearers. The profound student is evinced by the richness of his words and the logic of his reasoning. Listening to a discourse from Father Jones is like listening to a demonstration of one of Euclid's problems, its clearness and precision rendering his meaning apparent to all. Father Jones also won his hearers by his home illustrations. Amongst other things he told us that at college the students who had good sisters were always known by the inexpressible refinement, and he acknowledged, and acknowledged it proudly, that were it not for his own sister he would not be in the position which he now holds.

Perhaps the most touching picture of all was presented on Saturday evening when the vast congregation dedicated themselves anew to Our Blessed Lady. A number of beautiful children lent their presence to the scene. Arrayed with exquisite taste in spotless white, crowned with graceful wreaths of smilax and natural flowers, with folded hands and bowed heads they entered from the vestries on either side of the church, their sweet childish voices raised in the praises of our dear Mother rang out on the subdued air and no great flight of fancy was required to imagine that a band of celestial spirits had really descended in our midst. Meeting in the centre aisle the children approached the altar, where forming in rows they remained during the evening.

In the sanctuary a shrine had been erected. This was in itself a work of art. Built somewhat in the form of a pyramid the base and sides were banked by foliage plants, palms and ferns, while tier upon tier rose a profusion of choicest blooms which in their luxuriance seemed to speak rather of June than November. Myriad lights hung forth midst the rose, carnation and chrysanthemum, gold and crystal glittered while from the censers ascended the veiling smoke to where, crowning the whole, rose the statue of the Immaculate Conception. From a circle of lights broken only by an illumined cross looked forth the sweet face of the Madonna. The whole was an ecstasy that could only emanate from the poetic mind of an artist. The artist is Brother Louis sacristan of the church. During the evening the children dedicated themselves in a solemn manner by raising their hands and making aloud their promise of allegiance to the Blessed Virgin. Their example was followed by all others present. The "Magnificat" beautifully sung by the children, and Benediction ended a most picturesque and impressive ceremony.

The mission closed on Sunday afternoon when the Papal Benediction given with the utmost solemnity was received by perhaps the largest concourse of women ever present in the church. The Very Rev. Father Wynn, Rector, then ascended the pulpit and in a few gracious words thanked those present for their attendance, he added that the greatest evidence of the success of the mission was the large attendance at the 5 o'clock Masses. He closed by asking the prayers of all for the success of the men's mission. To Father Wynn who was a veritable "Angel of the household" so assiduously did he look after the welfare of all, the thanks of all are due.

Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament brought this most beautiful time to a finish. Solos were most feelingly sung by the Misses O Donoghue and Flannery during the Benediction. We say nothing about the interior effects of the mission, these are too sacred to be touched on lightly, but we can safely say as one girl was heard to remark, that this was indeed a "holy week." M. L. H

### Obituary.

Richard Creagh, who had resided in Toronto for half a century, respected by all who know him, has disappeared in death, and entered, we trust, into blessed eternity. Mr. Creagh was born at Glin, County Limerick, Ireland, 78 years ago, and was the son of Michael Creagh, who fought with Wellington at Waterloo as Captain in the 90th Regiment. He was of the best blood of his native county, and as true an Irishman as ever breathed the air of Limerick. His life in Toronto was quiet and unobtrusive, but those who had the pleasure of his acquaintance had learned to admire his many excellent qualities—his ardent love of the faith of his fathers and the land of his birth, his warm friendship, his kind and neighborly disposition.

Our friend died on the 5th instant and was buried on the 7th. His funeral was one of the largest that ever left St. Paul's parish, and the cortege included numbers of different creeds and nationalities, who attended to pay the last tribute to one who had deserved well of his fellow citizens.

Mr. Creagh leaves a grown-up family to mourn his loss. May his soul rest in peace.