

ARCHBISHOP CLEARY.

Letter from His Grace.

To the Editor of the *Globe*.

Sir—In the midst of grave and pressing ecclesiastical duties now engaging my whole attention, it is difficult to find time for correspondence with hostile journalists. Were I assailed personally, I would not deem their most violent assaults worthy of a moment's notice. But you attack my office, and through me you wage war against all Bishops, all priests, and all ministers of religion of whatsoever denomination who believe in a divine mission to teach the doctrine and law of the Saviour, to proclaim its truth and its duties in season and out of season, especially in seasons of anti-Christian campaigning, and to stand manfully between the lambs of the fold and the devouring "wolf in sheep's clothing," whom the Pastor of Pastors commands us to repel with zeal and unselfish courage, to denounce him and all the neighbors to join in pursuing him, regardless of the obloquy and insults of hirelings and poltroons. In fulfilment of this primary duty of my pastoral office, I now turn my attention to your editorial article of last Friday's issue, headed "Archbishop Cleary"—truly a right good name for mountebanks to conjure with in seasons of no Popery campaign.

A question of fact has first of all to be settled. You quote from the *Catholic Record*: "For the past eight years the *Globe* has been nursing an ugly grudge against His Grace, because of its failure to attempt to dragoon the Archbishop into campaigning in opposition to Sir John Macdonald and the Conservatives during the Federal election of 1890." You, sir, take shabby advantage of the obvious misprint of 1890 for 1886 to solemnly argue the impossibility of "retaining a grudge for eight years on account of an event which is said to have happened four years ago. Verily your reasoning powers eclipse Aristotle. You proceed to say, "No such event ever happened, the story is the wildest kind of fiction." Now, sir, the fact which you designate "fiction" is absolutely indisputable, and the *Globe's* own pages are witness to its principal parts and circumstances.

Shortly after the Provincial victory over the *Maid* Meredith host of no Popery bigots on the 28th December, 1885, I had occasion to go to Trenton on a Saturday evening, and the good Catholic people of that town hastened to prepare an address, which they read to me the following day in the church after mass. In addition to various other claims on which they based their gratitude and love and veneration for me, they were kind enough to mention my writings and discourses in defence of their natural and divine right sustained by the constitutional charter, to give their children a Christian education. They likewise offered me special thanks for the arduous work I had recently done in Eastern Ontario, traveling around my missions in extremely inclement weather and instructing my faithful people everywhere on the divine obligation laid upon all parents and all Christian men to maintain this right against all aggressors. How well the Catholics of Eastern Ontario obeyed the law of God in this respect became publicly known on polling day. Trenton rejoiced in the Provincial triumph and offered me warmest congratulations. In reply I dealt with the sentiments they had kindly expressed to me; told them how important a part of the Christian religion is the Christian formation of the minds and hearts, the morals and manners and dispositions of youth, and concluded by exhorting them to cherish and guard, as the apple of their eye, the right to maintain their Separate Schools. Not a word did I say to them on any other subject whatever. It happened that

the Federal campaign was then in progress. The *Globe* undertook to give its readers a report of what had taken place in the church at Trenton. The local pastor, Rev. Edward Walsh, came to me with that journal in his hand and amazement in his eyes, and said to me, "Listen to the *Globe's* account of what occurred in our church!" Lo and behold! It was a forged address, seemingly prepared by somebody outside Trenton, and published in my name. It represented the whole burden of my reply to the Catholics of Trenton as a campaign against the Conservatives, and against Sir John Macdonald in particular. That, as every one knows, was not one of the things I could quietly submit to. Campaigning is no function of my office. I have never campaigned since my advent to Canada. Politics do not enter into my business. I make no study of them. I never treat of them in the Church or in clerical conference or anywhere else. I know no party under heaven, but God's Church, of which I am an appointed ruler, charged with mighty responsibilities before heaven and earth. My clergy deal with me in constant and familiar relations, and not one of them could toll to-day, after fourteen years of unrestrained intercourse, to which political party I would attach myself, were it necessary to give my adhesion to any. Was it not intolerably bad to invent such a speech, and give it to the public as mine, directly in contradiction of my life and character. Rev. Mr. Walsh prepared a letter of remonstrance to the *Globe*. I took it to Toronto, and mailed it in the city. Hardly had I completed my brief report, when a gentleman than whom Canada does not count one more up right, more truly honorable or more generally esteemed among her sons, called upon me, at the request of the *Globe*, to ask my consent to the suppression of Father Walsh's remonstrance, because of the harm that would be likely to result to the Liberal cause from its publication, since the people generally would infer from it that I favored the Conservative in preference to the Liberal party. In truth the remonstrance signified neither approval nor disapproval of either side, but protested vigorously against the forgery of my name for campaigning purposes. Enough to say, that I insisted inexorably on its publication by the *Globe*, and, to make this more sure, I had a dozen copies printed already, and had mailed them to various journals in the Province. Having been then requested to aid in preventing the remonstrance from being interpreted unfavorably to the Liberals, I consented to be interviewed by a *Globe* reporter on the subject. He came to me about 7.30 o'clock, p.m., just before tea hour, and I spent more than three hours in replying to his questions in accordance with the wishes of the distinguished gentleman who had interposed on behalf of the *Globe*. The reporter on his return to the *Globe* office, at 11.30 p.m., found the mutual friend there, awaiting the result of the interview, and I had to go to rest, after my day's fatigue, with cold feet and an empty stomach, all the household having retired to their bed-rooms at their customary hour of sleep. The remonstrance and the interview appeared in the next day's issue of the *Globe*. I and my friends read it, and all were satisfied. This, sir, is what you have been pleased to call a "story of the wildest kind of fiction." Say, Mr. Editor, did the *Record* err in stating that you strove to "dragoon" me into campaigning in opposition to Sir John Macdonald and the Conservatives?

You declare, moreover, that you have "no grudge" against me. Excuse me for suggesting that you ought to consult your spiritual director as to the proper method of examining your conscience. You have been giving vent to your grudge in various forms

throughout the past eight years. Why, Sir, you have even gone so far as to corrupt the report of a memorable debate in the Local Assembly in order to sling insult at me in the name of a cabinet minister, by suppressing one half and mutilating the other half, of the sentence in which he made complimentary reference to my success in the well-known controversy with the leader of the Opposition in 1890. As the *Record* says in the article which you now criticize, "Could there be any clearer evidence of spitefulness and vindictiveness being the motive of the *Globe's* present hostility to the venerable and intrepid Archbishop than the following caption with which the editor introduces his Grace's most timely and telling revelation to the public of the *Maid's* abuse of the liberty of the press?" Here it is in immonsole large double-lead capitals: "MADILL AND CLEARY! 'DELIVERANCES FROM TWO CLERICAL CAMPAIGNERS!' Was the *Record* much astray in branding you as "offensive," as "unjust and extremely insolent?" You printed that abominable caption in spitefulness and vindictiveness. You offered this deliberate insult to the sacred order of the episcopate in my person; for you know you cannot cast dishonor upon one of the episcopal body without dishonoring all. And this is more emphatically true, when your insult is directed against me in my official capacity and by reason of my faithful discharge of the first duty of a chief pastor towards my flock. We, the divinely appointed Rulers of Christ's kingdom, cannot accept your dictation as to the time and manner of giving pastoral instructions to our people upon the law of God and the divine obligation laid upon parents and all true Christians to maintain and defend in all legitimate ways their rights to give Christian education to our little ones. "Feed my lambs," is the first and most imperative mandate of the Pastor of Pastors to each of us; and neither we, nor our clergy, nor our people, will tolerate your misconduct in abusing us and holding us up to public execration because, forsooth, we choose to exhort our people to constancy in the faith and fidelity to duty without consulting you about the opportuneness or expediency of the time and manner of delivering such instructions. You think we ought to "be low," and be mute as mice, while you are engaged in your political warfare; and you revile us as "clerical campaigners," because we guard our flock from having their minds and hearts corrupted by the wicked literature scattered amongst them during your electoral contest. You know full well that "clerical campaigners" is not a true or proper nick-name to apply to the chief pastors of God's Church, or to any one of us in this Province. You might well have left that sort of slander to the *Maid*. You know that you are guilty of a wilful misrepresentation in calling my doctrinal instruction on faith and duty a "political manifesto." It did not contain one word on the subject of politics or political parties. It is the same in substance as twenty other instructions delivered by me on the same subject within the past year. Neither I, nor any of my fellow-Bishops, ever engaged in political campaigning, although we have as much right to do it as the clergymen of other denominations whom we welcome into the arena. We confine ourselves to the duties of our holy calling, and in this we are one and undivided. If my voice is heard more loudly and more frequently than other Bishops on this subject of the divine right and duty of parents to christianize their offspring in our schools, it is because the leader of the no-Popery faction challenged me directly to defend the sacred cause of Christian education against him, and the Bishops of the Province in full assembly ex-

pressed to me their unanimous wish that I should go to the front and meet the Philistine openly and publicly with courageous heart. They are with me, and I am with them. We are one in Christ, in office, in duty, in heart and soul. As one of them, in congratulating me ten days ago on the delivery of that pastoral instruction which you and the *Maid* agreed to designate a "political manifesto," writes: "It is worthy of you, being full and solid in doctrinal teaching, and quickened by the spirit of God's Church. May God bless you and strengthen and sustain you in all your works. This one utterance will do for us all. Our vows are, thank God, *quid unum et idem*, and that is a great comfort and satisfaction. Don't imagine, therefore, Mr. Editor, that you can insult me in my official capacity without involving in the same insult every Bishop, every priest and every loyal Catholic layman. We will continue, with or without the permission of your Mighty Highness, to instruct our flocks on the law of God and the duties of Christian life "in season and out of season;" and I hope to be pardoned for differing from your thoroughly Apostolic mind when I say, that a most suitable season for strengthening the faith of our flocks, and directing them in the path of duty, is when your political campaign is in progress, and the country is flooded with impious literature, and the ravening wolf is rushing with terrible ferocity down upon the fold.

As to your linking of my name, or rather part of my name, stripped of its official adjuncts, with that of the individual whom you call "Madill," I will not spoil its significance by any comment. Every one knows who and what that individual is, and the sublime morality of his present occupation, which he has prudently judged to be more lucrative than that of stable boy. You remind me of the universally execrated method employed in the English penitentiaries twenty years ago for superadding dishonor and moral degradation to the incarceration and other physical sufferings of the Irish political prisoners. Many of these were gentlemen by birth and education and refinement of culture. The practise was, to chain each of them to some vicious, brutish, sin-hardened criminal of the worst type, to whom the sensitive Irishman, who loved his country, "not wisely, but too well," was thus bound in closest companionship at meals, at work, in the cells and in the quarry, from morning till night—Enough. Please say, was the *Record* wholly erroneous in stigmatizing you as untruthful, unjust, insolent and vindictive?

In your article of last Friday's issue you returned to your defence of Mr. Meredith, and your condemnation of me for having charged him with using "extremely bad language in relation to Catholics," and having described him as a "hungry adventurer": and this you repeat is "language of unwarranted violence." Before dealing with this judicial delivery of years, I must ask you to explain to the public why you corrupted the text of my instruction by attributing to me the phrase "extremely bad language," instead of "very bad language," as it stands in the original. Twice in your article you have perpetrated this dishonorable trick. It looks as if corruption of the utterances, oral or written, of all who dare to disagree with you, has become quite natural to you by dint of long practice. I stand by my own words, not by your falsification of them. Whatever you may consider expedient for the little coterie of so-called Liberals who hang around you and swear by you, the real Liberal party, represented by Sir Oliver Mowat and his Cabinet, loathe your shameful methods, and their murmurings are heard on every side against your misconduct. "Non tali auxilio, nec defensoribus istis" shall their battle be