

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE RUSSELL.

It is a very significant fact that an Irish Catholic should be, at last, raised to the high post of a Lord Chief Justice of England. At one time it was considered that a member of the Hebrew race would never secure, or be allowed to occupy, any representative position in the politics of Great Britain; and yet the day came when Benjamin Disraeli arose to the Premiership of the Empire, and was the most flattered and petted of British statesmen. When O'Connell thundered at the doors of Westminster and demanded Catholic emancipation, when the great tribune of the people was refused a seat in the House on account of the oath that he was asked and refused to take, if any man would have predicted that the close of this century would behold an Irish Catholic at the head of the judiciary, that man would be considered insane. Yet, as Horace said, "the times change and we change with them." A mighty wave has passed over the British Empire, and on its crest rides the barque of liberty.

Apart from the creed and nationality of Sir Charles Russell, there is something remarkable in the success of his career. It seems only a few years since he was admitted to the London Bar, fresh from his triumphs in the Courts of Ireland; it seems but yesterday that he pronounced the grandest forensic effort of modern times, on the occasion of the Parnell Commission; it seems scarcely any time since he gave evidence of his wonderful erudition, when the International Conference, or Arbitration took place in Paris. And to-day he sits as Lord Chief Justice of the realm. It is a matter of universal congratulation that such a man should have received due recognition of his abilities and exalted character. It is unnecessary to express any feeble congratulations to Lord Chief Justice Russell himself; he must feel and know that the civilized world is proud of the honor conferred upon him. But we think that the Government of Great Britain, the Bench and Bar of the realm, and the people of the country are to all congratulated on having received a master-mind, an exceptionally learned jurist, and a character of the first water, to preside over the highest tribunal in the country.

This movement, on the great chess-board of public events, speaks hope and encouragement to the Irish race. It is now evident that there is no position, however elevated or responsible it may be, but sons of the Old Land are to be found worthy and able to occupy it. It is also clear that the future is growing brighter, and that the clouds of the past are rolling away before the breeze of modern freedom. In our day it is only in the most barbaric lands that ability is unrecognized on account of race or creed. The days of the pale are no more; giant strides have been made along the highway of emancipation. The Irish Catholic can look up to the beacon-light of promise that now burns upon the topmost peak of the great mountain range of the British Judiciary. According to the inspiring words of Mr. Justin McCarthy, one party or the other must soon grant legislative autonomy to Ireland, and one of the best evidences that the race is able to govern itself may be found the success of the children of that land, in the governments of colonies and of other nations, as well as in the fact that one of their number is to-day recognized by Great Britain as the safest and best custodian of the vaunted jewel of "British Justice."

In this world there is no honor without a corresponding trial, no crown with a cross, no cup of happiness without some

drops of bitterness mingled in its contents. While Lord Russell has been receiving the universal congratulations of his countless admirers on the culmination of his triumphal career, in the office of high dignity that now is his, a sorrow of a private nature has come to him—one of those afflictions that are inseparable from our lives in this world. One of the new Lord Chief Justice's sisters, who was a Poor Clare, died in her convent at Newry, at the advanced age of seventy-nine years. She had been a member of the Order for over fifty-six years. Even while expressing sympathy for the great jurist, there is a ray of consolation in the fact that a long life of humility, obedience, sacrifice and poverty—for the sake of the poor—has certainly been the herald of an endless life of happiness, glory and reward. Two grand examples of Irish Catholic piety and greatness—the humble nun and the exalted jurist; the one faithful throughout years of obscure labor, the other faithful throughout years of worldly success. The Irish race should be proud of that family of Russells.

WAITING.

A writer in Outlook says that one of the most successful men of the country said: "I can wait longer than anyone else in this country except the Roman Catholic Church." The learned editor of the Philadelphia Catholic Times thus comments upon the remark:—

"The man whose mind discovered one of the secrets of the Catholic Church's mastery over society, civilized or savage, deserved success. Conscious of her own perpetuity from the beginning, the Church has passed triumphantly through persecutions in almost every age of her existence, as impervious to them and to all human vicissitudes as the pyramids of Egypt. Kingdoms and empires rise and fall; generations come and go; her ephemeral enemies fret out their short feverish lives, but the Church waits on, and she will continue to wait, despite the world, the flesh and the devil, till her Founder comes again to judge the quick and the dead."

Well may the Church afford to wait. She has all time and all eternity at her disposal. The One who holds the destiny of the universe in His hand has promised to remain with her during the ages, until the consummation of time. She can laugh quietly at all the din and strife going on around her; her enemies may menace and her opponents may strain every nerve to overthrow her, but she towers aloft like another Mont Blanc amidst the howling of tempests, the crushing of avalanches, and the thickening of clouds; based on earth, but reaching the heavens, around her feet the nations and the things of the world may crumble, while around her summit eternal lights must ever play. We feel that it is due the writer of that splendid editorial, as well as due our Catholic and non-Catholic readers, to reproduce the wonderful sketch of the Church's history that, in a few lines, he gives us. It contains more than our pen could trace in many columns:

"The pagan emperors brought the hitherto resistless power of the Roman Empire against her in her infancy. She waited and suffered, and the gods of the Pantheon fell broken from their altars. The apostate Julian devoted his life to her destruction; dying, he cried out: 'Thou hast conquered, O Galilean.' The contest was long, but the empire fell asunder like broken glass, and the Church, triumphant, set herself to the task of reconstructing society and bringing order out of social chaos. Heresies arose; she waited, and they died. The northern invaders overswept the former seat of the empire; she waited and converted them. Then came the great revolt of the sixteenth century; she waited and is waiting, and it is dying. The mighty genius of Napoleon determined to make her subservient to his ambition or destroy her as he destroyed powerful

kingdoms; she waited and sent one of her priests to administer to the dying exile on St. Helena the consolations of religion. The Iron Chancellor, flushed with victory over France, determined to measure strength with her; she waited, and he went to Canossa. He is now bowed down with age, lingering, useless, with one foot on the brink of the grave and the other in it, awaiting the closing scene. And so it was, and so it is, and so it will be till time shall be no longer. History has no consolation or encouragement for the enemies of the Church of Jesus Christ. In the face of their predecessors they see their own as in a mirror. They know she is energetically waiting till they troop off to join their comrades, the dead failures."

It is unnecessary to add one stroke to this magnificent picture. There stands history—the prophet and wizard of the past—telling the story of the Church's perpetuity and immutability, and challenging the world to produce such another institution. The past nineteen hundred years may be considered as the very best human evidence of the immortality and truth of Catholicity. Like her own Founder, the Church waits on, as the generations roll past, as the sands of years flow through the glass of time. He beholds the future, the present and the past, even as all actually present. In consideration of the Divine element within her the Church knows neither time, space nor climate; she is to-day what she was in the beginning, and what she will be on the fiery night that shall precede the Judgment Day. She can wait calmly with the quiet dignity of an institution existing under a Divine promise.

IRISH AND CHINESE.

Our friend Mr. Thorne of the Globe Quarterly Review has been getting into hot water—if we are to judge from the "Globe notes" in the last issue of that publication—on account of a remark which he tries very hard to explain away and to justify. In his article upon the "Labor Problem," he said: "The Irish could vote and the Chinaman could not, so the Hibernian dictated legislation at Washington, and the Chinaman, though much his superior in many ways, had to go." He complains that a number of readers threw his publication against the wall, or, in other words, refused to read it any more. He wants \$40,000 and \$10,000 per year during the next ten years to give up his magazine. Nobody is going to offer that amount he may rely. The fact of the matter is that because he is the founder and sole proprietor of the Globe, he thinks that he should be allowed to write what he likes and criticise in as rough a style as he pleases, and that no person has the right to dissent from his views. He claims the privilege of being frank, and yet does not seem to accord that same privilege to others. A man's walking cane may be his own property, but if he uses it upon the heads of others he is likely to come to grief. Mr. Thorne's style is most original, as we once stated. Some time ago we compared the Reviewer to an unfettered eagle; but an eagle is also a fierce bird of prey. Much as we admire the soaring of the kingly bird, still we are not anxious to see him pounce upon any of our unoffending citizen.

We never yet met with a greater adept at vituperation, nor apparently a more consummate literary egotist, than the editor of the Globe Review. He sneers at everyone; he seems to think that he alone has years, experience and knowledge, and that all the other journalists are merely small fry, poor fellows without originality, or freedom of thought and expression. He speaks of the "stray gleams of poetic strength among the coarse and brutal crudities

of Whitman's quasi-idiotic verbosity;" he calls some men scoundrels, others fools, and he expects that the public will take this billingsgate as the exact and proper estimate of the individuals that he wishes to crush. After crying out "God bless old Ireland," and after making a very awkward attempt to praise the country and the race, he thus gives evidence of the "coarse and brutal crudities" of his own compositions:

"But for the hoodlum Irish, the political Irish, the treacherous Irish, the boycotting Irish, the dynamite Irish, the Irish that kept up perpetual factional wars out of contemptible and petty family and tribal jealousies for a thousand years, from about 600 A.D. to 1600 A.D.; for the Irish that never could unite to put down their own accused and stuffy upstart sectional pride, or agree upon any one united form of government, or upon any one king, or president or other ruler, and through whose treachery at last Cromwell & Co. were able to do what the earlier Norsemen had failed to do; and for these same hoodlum, quarrelsome and treacherous Irish, now fighting in the politics of the United States, who would embroil this land with England, who stab their betters in the back, body or soul; who would shut out the Chinese, the Italians and the Poles, and who in higher ecclesiastical circles made it necessary for the Holy Father to send an Italian Bishop over here to keep them in order; for all these classes of Irishmen, and especially for those who have given up the Globe (ah! that is the thorn that pricks); because they could not stand our two lines of unvarnished truth, I have only pity, verging as closely to unutterable contempt as Christian charity (God save the mark!) will allow."

After this illogical, absurd and false tirade against the Irish; after picking out the characters of a few Sham Squires, Keoghs, Jimmy O'Brien's, Pigotts, Careys and LeCarons, and taking them as a standard whereby to judge the Irish race at home and in America; after bespattering not only Irish-American statesmen, but also Irish-American priests with this kind of mud, the auto-crat of the Globe Review closes his extraordinary note with the following:

"The last rascality in this same line is the movement proposed by the Knights of Labor to colonize American colored men so that the Knights—God pity the vulgar clowns—may have a free field for their striking and spendthrift organization."

Talk of vituperation after all this. The attack upon the Knights of Labor is as unfair as is the sweeping charge upon the Irish. We have no intention of entering into a defense against the Globe's harsh and uncalled for attempts to cast upon a race the odium of a few individuals or to blacken an organization with the very debatable course taken by a branch of the same. We once praised up the Globe Review, judging it fairly from the numbers we had read; we think it now our duty to let our readers have an idea of the opinions, disposition, style and methods of that organ—all of which seem to have recently developed with extraordinary rapidity. Even were the learned Reviewer to own his Globe and the greater globe of the earth, as well as a few of the surrounding planets, still we think that others might be permitted to hold honest opinions without the risk of being attacked, and writers (even of an inferior grade) should be allowed to do their best without having to run the gauntlet of such unreasonable censure and ridicule.

A COUPLE of weeks ago the Decree of the Index, in which Dr. Mivart's "Happiness in Hell" articles were condemned, was published. To the condemnation is appended the following words: "The author has laudably submitted and repudiated the articles (*opuscula*). This sentence does the learned Doctor more honor than all the grand works that have come from his pen."