

The Time Witness

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THE LAST CATHOLIC QUEEN OF ENGLAND.

Queen Victoria can claim no descent more honorable than that she derives from the great house of De'Esté of Modena. A former member of that house, Mary Beatrice, daughter of the Duke of Savoy, was once Queen of England, wearing the crown matrimonial as the wife of James VI. Her story is fully and graphically told by Agnes Strickland in her "Lives of the Queens," and is replete with fascinating and striking incidents. Mary Beatrice came to England as the bride of the then Duke of York and her presumptive to the throne of this country. She was the second Charles James, a widower with two daughters, the elder, Mary (afterwards the Princess of Orange), being very nearly the age of his youthful wife, who had just completed her sixteenth year.

Mary Beatrice was at once plunged into the center of society in the gayest and most distinguished court of Europe. Young, beautiful, and admitted as she was, her innate purity of mind and heart and the governing influences of piety and religion kept her unswayed in the midst of the contaminating associations which surrounded her. She, in common with her husband, became the object of sectarian hatred and persecution from those who opposed the Catholic succession, but no word affecting her honor or fair fame was ever uttered by the most inveterate of her foes.

Soon after coming into England, the young queen had, at the request of her husband, sat for her portrait to Lely, the famous artist. He had just completed a series of portraits of the Beauties of the Court of Charles the Second, and had depicted them (as was the fashion of those times) in character as the several fair goddesses of mythology. But Mary Beatrice he portrayed as "Innocence" in the modest robes of white, her fair hair falling in natural waves over her graceful neck and shoulders, and without a single ornament. A distinguished Protestant traveller who visited the Royal Gallery of Hampton Court, where the portrait has now hung through the lapse of two centuries, wrote of it: "The face is shining in its innocent loveliness, and no one with heart or sensibility could gaze on it without emotion."

Before her marriage, Mary Beatrice had earnestly desired to embrace the religious life, and to enter the novitiate of the devout community in which she had been brought up. Her father, the Duke of Savoy, had been labored with the fulfillment of His holy will, and desire for her tower of strength in the dangers which beset her youth and inexperience—her ark of refuge when the storms of life gathered around her, and the bitter waters of affliction seemed ready to engulf her sore-stricken spirit.

The brilliant alliance offered her at the English court proved too dazzling to her family and the State, and she was compelled by absolute authority to relinquish her own choice of life and yield up her cherished desire. She came into England a sad unwilling bride; but, once she had taken upon herself the vows of wedlock, she obeyed resolutely those precepts of duty that had been inculcated on her youthful soul, and was throughout life a model of every wifely excellence and devotion.

All know the fate of the unfortunate James II. Driven from his throne by the force of religious intolerance to the proserous ambition of his own children, he fled from invading foes and faithless subjects to seek refuge and aid from the friendly and powerful kingdom of France. His devoted wife was with him in this time of grief and humiliation, bearing in her arms their infant son, the rightful heir to his father's throne. Many of their people were loyal in the midst of treachery, and numbers followed them into exile. These last unhappily became their fellow sufferers for their estates in England were thus confiscated, and they became a charge upon their sovereign, themselves dependent upon the generosity of their royal kinsman of France.

The Queen's constant devotion to her afflicted husband, her careful and anxious training of their son, her charities to the poor, and self-sacrificing kindness to their fellow-exiles, fill many pages of her beautiful biography. The remnant of King James's life was spent in fruitless efforts to recover his lost throne; and soon, inheriting his father's evil fortune, spent his own last years in the same hopeless endeavor.

In the first year of their exile a daughter was born to Mary Beatrice, who proved a very ray of sunshine on her gloomy and darkening path. The child gave early promise of the intelligence and beauty which distinguished her mother, and it was a touching sight to witness the parental love and tenderness which from the first dawn of reason she evinced toward her unhappy father. He called her lovingly "La Consolatrice," and said he now had one daughter who had never sinned against him." She became the comfort and stay of her soon widowed mother, her tender and sympathetic child, companion, and friend.

Mary Beatrice in her adversity and dependence was still admired and revered by those who knew her worth, and her presence was often and urgently desired at the great carnivals and festivities of the court. But from all such scenes she shrank instinctively, finding no enjoyment in worldly pleasures and magnificence. On one of the few occasions when State etiquette demanded it, she paid a visit of ceremony to the court and the royal family at Versailles. All were impressed with the charm of her conversation and the grace and elegance of her manner, and after her departure the aged King exclaimed with enthusiasm to those about him, "See what a queen ought to be!"

But the exiled Queen was now called upon to bear the heaviest grief that had yet befallen her, in the loss of her idolized daughter, whose premature death resulted from a malignant epidemic after a few days' illness, and in the very bloom of her youth and beauty. The stricken mother, who had just been this crushing blow with a resignation high

was saint-like, blessing the Divine Master of life and death in the words of holy Job, redoubling her acts of love and mercy, seeking consolation at the foot of the Cross, and uniting her sufferings with those of the bleeding and adorable Heart of Jesus. She spent the rest of her life in the retirement of the Convent of Cholle, where the gifted superiress and a few other chosen spirits consoled her solitude, shared her devotions, and cheered with their gentle ministrations the years which remained of her earthly pilgrimage.

After she had been thirty years an exile, bereft of home and fortune, husband and children, and for many months a prey to a painful malady, Mary Beatrice breathed out her beautiful and blameless life, strengthened by the consolations of religion, and surrounded by sorrowing friends. The Duchess of Orleans, a German Princess by birth and education (and with a friend of William of Orange), wrote thus to her friends at home, from the French court:

"The good and excellent Queen Mary Beatrice is no more! She is universally lamented. She never in her life did harm to any one. Of the large pension she received from the Government, she kept only a bare subsistence for herself, giving all to the needy and unfortunate. She never spoke an unkind or reproachful word of others, though she had been so cruelly dealt with by many. She had died at peace with God, and with a world that was not worthy of her."

PONTIUS PILATE.

The Sentence Passed by the Roman Governor on Christ—A Remarkable Document—The False Charges Brought Against the Son of God—The Divine Tragedy.

A correspondent of Nones and Queries extracts from the K-nish Z-burg what is called "a correct transcript of the sentence of death pronounced against Jesus Christ." The following is a copy of the most memorable judgment in the annals of the world, namely: that of death against the Saviour, with the remarks that the journal Le D'oit has collected, the knowledge of which must be interesting in the highest degree to every Christian. Until now we are not aware that it has ever been made public in the German papers. The sentence is word for word as follows:

"Sentence pronounced by Pontius Pilate, Intendant of the Province of Lower Galilee, that Jesus of Nazareth shall suffer death by the cross. In the seventeenth year of the reign of Emperor Tiberius, and on the 25th of the month of March, in the holy City of Jerusalem, during the Pontificate of Annas and Caiaphas. Pontius Pilate, Intendant of the Province of Lower Galilee, sitting in judgment in the Presidential seat of the Praetors, sentences Jesus Christ of Nazareth to death on a cross between two robbers, as the numerous and notorious testimonials of his own lips prove—

1. Jesus is a misleader.
2. He has excited the people to sedition.
3. He is an enemy to the laws.
4. He calls himself the Son of God.
5. He calls himself falsely the King of Israel.

6. He went into the Temple followed by a multitude carrying palms in their hands. Orders: The first centurion, Quatuor Cornelius, to bring him to the place of execution, forbids all persons, rich or poor, to prevent the execution of Jesus. The witnesses who have signed the execution against Jesus are: 1. Daniel Kobani, Pharisee. 2. John Zorobabel. 3. Raphael Kobani. 4. Capet. Jesus to be taken out of Jerusalem through the gates of Tournes."

The sentence is engraved on a plate of brass in the Hebrew language, and on its side are the following words: "A similar plate has been found in the year 1289 in the city of Aquil (Aquilis) in the kingdom of Naples, by a search made for the discovery of Roman antiquities, and remained there until it was found by the Commissaries of Art in the French army of Italy. Up to the time of the campaign in Southern Italy it was preserved in the sacristy of the Carthusians, near Naples, where it was kept in a box of ebony. Since then the relic has been kept in the chapel at Caserta. The Carthusians obtained it by their petitions, that the plate might be kept by them, which was an acknowledgment of the sacrifices which they made for the French army. The French translation was made literally by members of the Commission of Arts. It does not have a fac-simile of the plate engraved, which was bought by Lord Howard on the sale of his cabinet for 2,890 francs. There seems to be no historical doubt as to the authenticity of this. The reasons of the sentence correspond exactly with those of the Gospels.—London Tablet.

FRENCH FRIENDSHIP FOR THE POPE

PARIS, Nov. 13.—The Chamber of Deputies to-day discussed the budget of the ministry of foreign affairs. M. Ferry, of the Right declares that he saw nothing to criticize in the policy of M. Goblet during the past six months. M. Goblet stated that the situation could be faced with composure. France threatened no one, and was sufficiently strong not to fear provocation. The Government would defend the dignity of the country without forgetting that peace was the chief interest. An amendment having been proposed to abolish the embassy to the Vatican, M. Goblet said: "As long as we live under the regime of the concordats, it is necessary to maintain relations with the Vatican for the training of the clergy and the appointment of bishops and cardinals. The importance of our protectorate in Eastern countries also requires the maintenance of friendly relations with the Vatican. Rival powers dispute our protectorate. The friendship of the Pope is, therefore, precious. The Pope already has his bitternesses. Is it for us to increase them? It has been said recently that the Pope could no longer count upon any country but France,

think my little task fairly done if the kind husband and wife, and without it there can be nothing good or great in a community. The race started from the home of a wedded pair, made one flesh by that sacred union, and all that is worth cultivating in life springs from the same fountain. If obedience to lawful authority is not learned at the family fire-side, the lesson is never assimilated, and the natural outcome of the absence of such proper training.

THE NUN OF KENMARE

RELIGIOUS HER POSITION AS MOTHER SUPERIOR OF THE SISTERS OF PEACE.

UTICA, N. Y., Nov. 16.—Sister Mary Francis Clare, known so widely in the religious and literary world as "the Nun of Kenmare," the author of about thirty books and founder of numerous schools, convents and institutions for the training of working girls, has resigned her position as Mother Superior of the Sisters of Peace. She is now living in retirement in this city, engaged in literary work. To-day she made public her letter of resignation to Pope Leo XIII. The following is an extract from it:—

HOLY FATHER.—It is with great grief and regret that I address this letter to Your Holiness. I am obliged to resign to you my hand the office to which you were pleased to appoint me and leave to others the work of the Order of Peace, which Your Holiness has authorized me to establish. I have not taken this step without long and careful consideration, for I am every day more and more conscious of the necessity of such work as this for working girls. They have been, indeed, the great support of the Roman Catholic Church and they deserve all that can be done for their comfort and encouragement. But I have found such opposition to this work which I so dearly love, from certain bishops whose influence is so powerful that other bishops do not like to support what they disapprove even though it be the cause of Your Holiness, that I am obliged to retire from it. My health, always delicate, has completely given way under the pressure and pain of this disquietude.

It is estimated that the Nun of Kenmare has given over a million of dollars to works of charity and mercy. She comes of an illustrious family and is a native of Dublin.

HOW IRISH!

How Irish! Who that has Celtic blood in his veins has not felt that restless, quicksilver mood which is a boiling point when he hears of those words uttered with contemptuous sneer? How often some blunder, some awkwardness, some trifles, or some piece of downright stupidity, call forth that exclamation! I am not so prejudiced as to claim for my countrymen a total exemption from those unenviable characteristics, but I fancy that they enjoy a monopoly of them; to put the case modestly, and without exaggeration, I assert that they are as quick-witted, as graceful, as thrifty, and as intellectual, as their original neighbors in the adjoining island. If there are to be found ignorant, fuddled and uncivilized human beings in Ireland, does not the same deplorable state of affairs exist in other and more prosperous countries? And whose is the fault in Ireland?

If one wanted to find a typical Englishman or Scotchman, one would scarcely look for him in a Lancashire coal mine or a Glasgow cotton factory. Why then should the typical Irishman be a half-starved Connemara peasant, or even more glaringly wretched, than he be, a Dublin Irishman, fashioned by the hand of the Creator, but a puppet invented by a farce writer, a creature with a shock head of flaming red hair, an enormous mouth and an idiotic propensity for blundering? If six baby John Bull, six infant Sandies, and six little Patricks, were taken by chance from London, Edinburgh, Glasgow, and the fairies of France or Germany, educated alike, and given the same start in life, does any one seriously believe that the last named boys would not be themselves as bravely, and achieve the same deed of success, as either of the former? I know that which end of the ladder, I would confidently look to find them. He is a boy and a girl, who, when their lovely island was the acknowledged nursery of saints and learned men; but, glorious as that society and learning were, it may be that they were secretly more holy and precious in the sight of God than was the forced ignorance that was the costly price of their Irish training. The faith in the dark, dark penal when it was death for a Catholic teacher to instruct, or for a Catholic child to learn. Better such ignorance, bitter though it be, than the learning which was to be procured only at the schools set up with the definite purpose of proselytizing. All that the children of the Faith now have been more intense than this; for the deep, devoted love of learning never died out of their hearts, and it was only when they had to make their choice between ignorance and heretic teaching that they were forced by convenience to choose ignorance.

How Irish! Yes, thank God, how very Irish has been their undeviating fidelity to that holy Faith! How Irish the missionary spirit which, since the days of St. Patrick, has animated the Irish Church, and sent forth priests and bishops to the very farthest ends of the earth to win souls to the knowledge of the love of our Lord Jesus Christ. How Irish the fervent love of God which has impelled the Sisters of Charity and Mercy to give their lives to the service of the poor and suffering! How Irish the self-abnegation which leads so many holy women to leave all the pleasures of this life and devote them to the service of their fellow-creatures. How Irish the filial love of the true-hearted emigrant girls, which has sent thousands across the sea to the dear old fathers and mothers at home! How Irish the strong love of kindred which has caused the prosperous settlers in new lands to send for brothers and sisters, till whole families, who parted in sorrow, have been united under the gleam of the Southern Cross! How Irish the buoyant, joyous temperament which never meets trouble halfway, but laughs at difficulties, and bravely sets them as naught! How Irish the generosity which has raised the noble cathedrals, the churches, convents, and schools, which adorn this fair America of ours to God's honor. How Irish the hospitality which gladly welcomes friends to share the good things God has given! How Irish! Well, perhaps, it is a little bit Irish the way in which I am running on, so I must pull myself up, though, after all, I should

think my little task fairly done if the kind husband and wife, and without it there can be nothing good or great in a community. The race started from the home of a wedded pair, made one flesh by that sacred union, and all that is worth cultivating in life springs from the same fountain. If obedience to lawful authority is not learned at the family fire-side, the lesson is never assimilated, and the natural outcome of the absence of such proper training.

THE SANCTITY OF MARRIAGE.

THE CATHOLIC VIEW ENDORSED BY A PROTESTANT THINKER.

No people can be profligate who think lightly of the sanctity of home. The household is the foundation of all social order, and without it there can be nothing good or great in a community. The race started from the home of a wedded pair, made one flesh by that sacred union, and all that is worth cultivating in life springs from the same fountain. If obedience to lawful authority is not learned at the family fire-side, the lesson is never assimilated, and the natural outcome of the absence of such proper training.

We cannot say if there is, as some assert, a growing disregard in this country of marriage vows, and all the household bonds that sweeten the atmosphere of domestic life, but certainly the papers are full of the sad records of unfaithful husbands and wives, and of the quarrels, the divided families, suggestive of untold miseries in desolate homes. There is not a day in which we have not the account of some fleeing father who has left his little ones and gone off with an enchantress who has bewitched him into such utter ruin; or of an eloping wife who has sacrificed the home of her youth, and is now dependent to help or save her from the despair she has invoked by such reckless misconduct.

If the evil is growing it may be well to look for the cause of it, and see if some remedy cannot be devised to check its further progress. The easy divorce laws prevailing in some of the States have doubtless had their share in the increase of the evil, and the laxity of the marriage vows and leading vain and frivolous or hot-tempered people into a disregard of the sacred tie. Some think that the "self assertion" of women in societies devoted to the advocacy of "women's rights" has also contributed to the disregard of many of the solemn covenants made to God and man. And it is said that the life and all kindred interests that draw men away from the family fireside have affected a like result with them.

In our judgment all of these lesser causes have done but little to awaken the disregard for the home, and for all that is bound up in that sacred name, compared with the want of the religious training of the young. The household is a divine institution, as old as the first human pair. For the hardness of men's hearts, as we learn from the record, polygamy and all the looseness of the marriage relation which that system involved and perpetuated, prevailed for many centuries. But Christianity brought the true doctrine again to light and established the home on a basis which has made it a fountain of blessing wherever this has had its undisputed sway.

The Roman Catholic Church has done very much among its adherents in prohibiting the separation of parties joined in wedlock, and in preventing the scandal growing out of meretricious relations, as old as the hills. The homes of the members of that body are not always models of peace and comfort, but that Church has at least prevented the saddest of all results, the scattering of the children by the severance of the marriage ties at the whim of the father or mother. We must go back to the days of the catechism and the full training of the young in the fear of God if we wish to re-establish the sanctity of the home, and to renew in it the family altar and all the helpful sacrifices laid thereon in the earlier years.—N. Y. Journal of Commerce.

MORE MONEY REQUIRED.

An Appeal to the Various Branches of the Irish National League to Aid Parnell.

LINCOLN, Neb., Nov. 17.—The following circular has been addressed by President Fitz Gerald to the various branches of the Irish National League:

"To the Officers and Members of the Irish National League of America:

The foulest conspiracy known to British history since the days of Titus Oates has been entered into by the present Government of England under cover of the London Times (newspaper), for the purpose of thwarting the efforts of Mr. Parnell and his colleagues to secure by constitutional agitation the rights of the Irish people. Failing by every other device known to the tyrant and oppressor to repress the aspirations of men, who, struggling for liberty, already begin to breathe its atmosphere, this Tory Government, beaten in its role of the tiger, now descends to the sly methods of the serpent. Salisbury and his cabinet have stooped to employ bribery, forgery, perjury, and out-casts of society to forward the characters of their Irish leaders, and thus drive them from public life, hoping thereby to force the Irish people to adopt as their only alternative the policy of violence and despair, a policy which in Ireland's policy and helplessness could only end in her destruction. Even in this last infamous design, this most despicable of all British Governments begins to fear the exposure of its unexampled turpitude. The Royal commission, created by the Tory Government and framed with a view to accord Mr. Parnell and his friends only that modicum of justice, which even corruption must pay to public decency, has proved itself incapable of descending to the level of Tory baseness. The opening statement of the Attorney-General has fallen in its evil intent, and several of the witnesses have, under cross-examination, made admissions damaging to the enemies of Mr. Parnell rather than to himself and his colleagues. The evidence the Irish leaders are proposed to offer will prove, beyond a doubt, the infamy of the Government and its mask, the London Times, in attempting, by means of forged letters, to destroy not only the representative of the Irish people, but the venerable statesman, who, as leader of the British Liberals, has dared to inaugurate a policy of justice and conciliation between the people of Great Britain and Ireland. Baffled at every point of its ignoble and malicious course, the Salisbury Cabinet is now striving to keep back the damning evidence held by the Irish leaders by prolonging and extending the commission, and consequently increasing the enormous costs in the hope of compelling Mr. Parnell to abandon the case for want of funds

to meet the heavy expenditure forced upon him and his friends.

Irishmen of America—You have nobly supported and encouraged Mr. Parnell in his contest with the enemies of Ireland. He stands now before the bar of British public opinion to answer the charges of villainous conspirators with English secret service money at their backs. Will you desert him now? Will you by apathy and indifference aid the foul conspiracy that seeks to morally assassinate the foremost man of the Irish people? Concentrated in him to-day are the feelings and aspirations of the world-wide Irish race, and shall Charles Stewart Parnell become the victim of the forger and the perjurer because he has not the money that necessity will compel him to expend to defeat the machinations of his and Ireland's enemies? To harbor such a thought would be an insult to every man of Irish blood. Come, then, to the rescue of the man who stands as the ideal representative of our race to-day. We have fought our great constitutional battle in America. The heat of the contest is over, and now let Irishmen of every political shade join in friendly grasp and pledge their aid to our brothers beyond the sea. Every branch of the League is most earnestly requested to raise at once a Parnell defence fund and remit the same as speedily as possible to Rev. Charles O'Keilly, D. D., Detroit, Michigan. The urgency is very great. Ireland speaks by the voice of Charles Stewart Parnell. He asks assistance more for the cause of the motherland than for the cause of personal defence. He asks your help in the name of the living and by the memory of the dead. I will answer for you. You never failed Ireland in the past and you will not fail her now.

Yours respectfully,

JOHN FITZGERALD,
President of the Irish National League of America

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AMERICA AND ENGLAND.

Sir Thomas Esmond Compares them Together.

Sir Thomas Henry Gratton Esmond lectured before a large and distinguished audience in the historic "Round Room," Dublin, on the 16th, his subject being "America and America." The Lord Mayor presided, and leading members of Parliament, priests and patriotic citizens occupied the platform. After recounting the amazing progress of America, materially and intellectually, Sir Thomas continued:—

One of the secrets of American success is the superior education of Americans. It is also one of the secrets of America's general well-being (applause). One of the fruits of the high standard of intelligence resulting from it is that America's criminals number barely more than one-tenth of one per cent, and her paupers something less than one-fifth of one per cent of her entire population. The United States are undoubtedly the richest, the most progressive and the most humane of nations in existence. Unquestionably the most wholesome, rich and the most healthily progressive. England is at present their nearest competitor; but they leave her far behind. England is rich, no doubt, but how has she grown rich? By the plunder of seven centuries; by the robbery of weaker nations; by the crushing out of the best and the destruction of weaker peoples; by the imposition of her tribute upon the industry of all unable to resist her grasping avarice (applause). America has grown rich by honorable means. She has not bud one ounce she has injured no one; she has not rent her flesh and smites to the ground and destroys the best and the noblest of her rivals in the peaceful walks of trade; she has not strangled budding industries at one side of the globe to protect her manufacturers against honest competition, nor has she made away with fire and sword on the other for the introduction of her poisonous wares to the demoralization and debasement of the entire world (applause). None of these crimes can be laid at America's door. Whatever she has won she has won honestly and fairly. Mankind owe her gratitude, not hatred. England has waded to greatness through the tears and the blood of her victims. Her conquests are those of the bullet and the sword. America's triumphs are those of peace. Her symbols are the plow and the spade and the ploughshare (applause). She has delivered the virgin soil of her vast prairies; she has released the hidden treasures of her coal and iron mines; she has laid her boundless forests under contribution; she has fostered and promoted by an industry ever on the march the varied industries congenial to her diversified topography and climate. She has chained the subtle forces of nature to the car of her peaceful progress. She has girdled a continent with iron roads. I have travelled the length and breadth of America. I have seen every phase of her civilization, and her boundless wealth; as her extraordinary progress and her astounding prosperity. I have been amazed at her intellectual activity, her incomparable alertness and enterprise. I have revelled in the beauties of her matchless scenery, and have enjoyed her unapproachable hospitality, but if I were given my choice of all her great and wonderful blessings, if some potent wizard were to offer me the selection for Ireland of the best of America's possessions, I would say without one man's hesitation—"Give me the Government of the country" (loud cheers). The Government of America has made her what she is. If she were governed by the present Government of England, she would be a wretched, miserable, and wretchedly poor island. An Irishman whose experience of government is derived from the thing so called under which he lives, from the load-bearing system, the social agency, and the administrative corruption which English rule in Ireland has engendered, cannot understand the nature of that constitution which is at once the foundation and the bulwark of American greatness. He has been so long ground down, treated as a serf, spurned, insulted, spat upon by the official rascals of the present Government, that he can but approximately estimate the character and meaning of a Government which exists by the consent and works for the good of the governed (cheers). His embodiment of government is the policeman. His ideals of the machinery of administration are the baton and the buckshot, of which he has periodical experience. His notion of law is of an unmerciful fact always waiting for his protection, always at hand for his persecution. His understanding of justice is derived from hearsay, from tradition; and his enjoyment of liberty is chastened and

purified by periodical fasts, and indeed liberty by total abstinence. In America they have graduated in a different school. They do not call military despotism constitutional government, nor perpetual coercion constitutional freedom. They do not hold.

AUSTRILIANS AND FRENCHES THE CHAMPIONS OF LAW AND ORDER.

nor the shielding of criminals the administration of justice. With them the laws are made by those who live under them, and the administrators of the law are the servants, not the masters, of the people. In America democracy has reached the highest development it has yet attained. At every point, through its gradations, the huge structure of Government which spreads from the Atlantic to the Pacific is acutely sensitive to public opinion. Every public position, from that of Vestryman to that of Senator, from that of Police Magistrate to that of President, in contrast by popular suffrage, and is held a popular pleasure. Throughout the American Republic every man has a vote, and only one. Every man is a sovereign. Every man has an equal vote in the government of the land. No man is denied the right of participation in the conduct of public affairs. There are none of those senseless and unjust anomalies which obtain with us, and to which usage has given a species of spurious sanctity, by which puppets are placed at the head of national affairs, merely by the accident of birth; by which positions are charged with the control of national destinies, and personalities with the safeguarding of national interests, for no better reason than that they enjoy the very questionable honor of possessing what is called royal blood. There is none of this folly in America. The American commonwealth is a republic of the people, and progress. The Government of the land is not made secondary to the supposed interests of the few. The principle on which the American Constitution is founded is that all men are born free and equal, and the same principles are carried in practice to the very full extent. There are no guinea of hereditary honors, and no titles of nobility. The fathers have fastened upon the children of the state, claim a vested right to the control of the treasury. In America every man who has a penny man who devotes his intelligence or his energy to the increase of the national wealth or the enlightenment, and to the consequent increase of the national welfare, finds nothing to hinder him, and he is encouraged by the Government to his activity or the citizen's enjoyment of his results; while, on the other hand, the man who seeks to live upon the brains or labor of other men, the man who neglects to use his opportunities to the best advantage, is held a misuser of the public property, and is unmercifully censured him as a danger to society, a enemy to the State (cheers). The application of some of these sturdy Republican theories would do us no harm over here. For my part, my brief experience of liberty in America has opened my eyes to the depth and the nature of the slavery in which we are held, and has fallen on me as a revelation. I have tried and labored for the abolition of the slave trade and the slave system, and the ill-favored, disreputable, cowardly clique known as the Government and the Governors of Ireland. It has stimulated my longing to enjoy, and strengthened my determination to obtain, a system of government for my own land as fair, as free, as honest, and as just as the Government of the United States (loud cheers). We shall live to see such a Government established in Ireland. Our sympathizers in America will second our efforts to obtain it. But let us not forget that the more vigorously we carry on the light the more speedily will it be extinguished, and that the more we rely upon ourselves, and the less we depend upon others, the more plainly shall we prove our claim to National Independence (loud and prolonged cheers).

CATHOLIC NEWS NOTES.

Bishop McQuaid and Father Lambert have gone to Europe together.

Next month the Pope appoints several Prelates to the Cardinalate.

The Catholics of Australia and India have presented the Pope with \$1,000,000.

The Catholic members of the Dutch Parliament will ask the States General to re-establish the Dutch Legation at the Vatican.

The Capuchin Nuns and the Sisters of Adoration, whose convents were burnt in the Quirinal Palace, have been ordered to leave Rome.

Rumor now has it that Father Schleyer, the inventor of Volapuk, is alive, and is working hard to put his new language into circulation.

Cardinal Manning has written to the German bishop, urging them to direct the emigration of the young men of their flock to London.

The Turkish government has sent to the various provinces all horrid instructions not to place any obstacle in the way of the conversion of Armenians desiring to become Catholics.

A synod has been held at St. Mary's Cathedral, Aberdeen, for the purpose of promulgating the decrees of the Provincial Council, recently held at Fort Augustus by direction of the Holy See.

The recent Catholic Congress held at Zurich was a great success. The members decided to convocate a general assembly of Swiss Catholics next year, for the purpose of founding an association in defence of the Church and the Holy Father.

Rev. Father Collins, aged 85 years, met with a severe accident in Chicago last week. His life is despaired of, and he is president of Mount St. Mary's College, Emmitsburg, at one time. Recently he was superannuated.

Mendiant—Please help a poor blind man! Kind old lady—Blind? Why, bless me, there's a shilling for you. Mendiant—Thank ye heartily, ma'am. I knowed the minkit I see ye comin' ye was a kind hearted ole 'oman.

OTTAWA, Nov. 14.—In connection with the death of Lord Leacon, of Balaklava fame, recently announced, "Muffit," a well known contributor to the local press, recalls the fact that both Captain Nolan, who carried the well remembered order for the advance of the "Six Hundred," and Lieutenant Dana, who was declared the "bravest of the brave" on the eventful occasion, and afterwards decorated with the Victoria cross by the Queen in person for special acts of gallantry, were Toronto boys.