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# The Catholic Record.

"Christianus mihi nomen est, Catholicus vero Cognomen."—(Christian is my Name, but Catholic my Surname).—St. Pacian, 4th Century.

VOLUME XV.

LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, JANUARY 28 1893.

N. J. 745.

## The Catholic Record.

London, Saturday, January 28, 1893.

ORANGEISM is on the wane in Ireland. The brave defenders of British liberty are commencing to ascertain that their methods are not appreciated by the rank and file of Protestantism. Time was when a message from the Grand Master was considered argument enough for the slaughtering of defenceless Catholics; but now he dare not frame a measure that may imperil the life of a single Catholic. Verily times are changed! We have before us the late address of the Grand Master to the Orangemen of Ireland. We fail to detect in it the arrogance and conscious power that stamped the manifestoes of our predecessors as classic specimens of Orange literature. We can almost fancy him shedding tears, in the writing of his paternal advice to his filial children of the Lodges of Ireland. The thought that Irishmen can live and practise their religion and occupy and grace high station must be a source of anguish and despair.

ORANGEISM is styled a religious institution, probably because of the efficacious argument it has used in the conversion of Catholics to its tenets. It recommends charity to "friend and foe." "Charity that droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven" has ever and always characterized true Orangemen. Oh, the farce and mockery of coupling the sacred name of charity with anything connected with Orangeism! Are they not accustomed to boast of the battles of Dolly's Brae and the Diamond, where Catholics were brutally massacred. How many mounds of ashes marking where once stood Irish homes, and stains of blood attesting the murder of son or father who struck a blow for kindred and liberty, might be adduced to give us an idea of the charity known within the precincts of an Orange Lodge.

We are, however, forgetting the blood and shame of the past, content to look at the present. Has not Toronto made us fully aware of the spirit that animates our saffron-hued brethren? Who does not remember the reception it gave to Wm. O'Brien—a reception that displayed the bigotry of the city and made it a reproach to every citizen of Canada. But enough. We are willing to believe that Orangemen are recognizing that truth and justice are more becoming a Christian than falsehood and untrammelled bigotry; but let us hear no more that prating about charity, alien to the practices and repugnant to the dearest instincts of trained Orangemen.

To two causes, says a correspondent of the *Catholic News*, may be ascribed the mild tone of the Grand Master's address. The long agitation has certainly had something to do with it, for it taught the Orange tenant-farmers not to trust blindly to the landlords who controlled the Orange institution. The unflinching impartiality of John Morley during the Belfast riots of 1886 has also been an important factor in curbing the valorous antics of the 12th of July men. Before that year the yellow banner claimed and secured unqualified allegiance, not only from its armed followers, but also from the constabulary. With frantic cheers it would be borne along the street that ere nightfall would be slippery with the blood of peaceable Irishmen. Morley, however, constrained the police to be impartial in their efforts for the preservation of peace and order. The result is that the demonstrations of Orange loyalty consist now in the flaunting of flags and innocent speech-making, and not, as formerly, in bullet and sword exercise on the bodies of defenceless citizens.

Why is it that some Catholic editors are discussing incessantly questions whose solution belongs only to the hierarchy. It is amusing to read their effusions. They profess to know everything about ecclesiastical affairs; and they, in their unbounded self-conceit, imagine that their suggestions, if listened to, would bring about a new and better order of affairs. Discussion is a very good thing, but it may be abused. It is like a sharp tool that may not be placed in the hands of children. Not that we mean

any unjust or uncharitable comparison, but the heated arguments heard from certain quarters are productive of little good, and of much evil. It certainly looks as if self-love, and not desire of Catholic instruction, held the guiding strings.

COUNT MAXIMILIAN O'DONNELL has been lately the recipient of numerous congratulations upon the attainment of his eightieth birthday. Austrians of all ranks vied with one another in testifying their gratitude for the man who so gallantly risked his life to save that of his sovereign. On the 18th of February, 1854, the Emperor was stabbed in the neck. O'Donnell, who was standing near, shielded him from the further onslaught of the assassin, and, fearing the dagger to be poisoned, sucked instantly the blood from the wound. No reward was too great for the gallant Irishman. He is a descendant of those whom Penal Laws banished from their native land and who went forward to where valor and ability were awarded a just recompense. Had they remained in their own country they would have been regarded as inferior by all the ignorant and worthless squireens who signed the Declaration against Transubstantiation. One of the most cherished possessions of O'Donnell is a ring containing a lock of the Emperor's hair, and bearing the words, "God reward thee."

The *Christian Guardian*, of Toronto, the official organ of the Methodist Church, has in a recent editorial called the attention of its readers to "the old persecuting spirit of the Roman Church." The editor writes, no doubt, for those who accept his assertions as infallible, and not for the many, who, thinking and reading for themselves, have long since regarded such stories as childish fables. Let him turn over the records of the past and point out one hero of the Reformation who was not a persecutor. Intolerance has gone hand in hand with the religions evoked by the pride of Luther. We do not seek to wound the tender feelings of our contemporary. We state facts known to every reader of history. What treatment, then, was meted out by Luther to Jews, who so excite the commiseration of the *Christian Guardian*? His hatred of them was excessive. He would burn their houses to the ground and hunt them out of Germany like mad dogs. Their presence should not be endured by Christians. Rome, however, during the middle ages, called the "Paradise of the Jews." There, under the protecting reign of the Roman Pontiffs, they, although aliens in religion and members of a wandering, outcast race, secured immunity from insult and torture. And did the *Christian Guardian* read but a short time ago the noble address of Cardinal Manning to the Jews? He, with mind unprejudiced and seeing in them a common humanity appealing for love and protection, spoke to them in the language appreciated and understood by many, charitable men.

But to return to Luther. He instigated the peasants to revolt, and then urged their princes to butcher them. History tells us how well the task was performed. His antagonism to Catholics was naturally carried to extremes, and Audin cites a memorable passage breathing certainly every sentiment of charity and tolerance—"If we hang robbers on the gallows," he says, "decapitate murderers and burn heretics, why should we not wash our hands in the blood of these sons of perdition, these Cardinals, these Popes, these serpents of Rome and of Sodom who defile the Church of God." Any one who presumed to interpret the Bible contrary to Luther felt the weight of his anger. John Wesley himself would have had a "high gallows and short shrift."

We have no desire to write longer on the dread subject persecution, that sounds discordantly on the ears of freedom. The feet of the Church are, as ever, on the path of justice and charity. No blood save that of her children stains her regal robes. She invites all men to come unto her, but she coerces no one. Intolerance she has condemned; and if at times Catholics have imbued their hands in the blood of their fellows, theirs was the crime and not their religion. Read her official declarations, and you will find she has

never maintained a claim of "punishing heretics with penalties, imprisonment and death." Leo the Great, writing about the Manicheans, says expressly that even in their case ecclesiastical authorities avoided all sanguinary punishment. M. B.

### A PRINCE OF THE CHURCH.

Why Cardinal Gibbons is Loved by all Classes of Men.

The familiar quotation tells us that poets are born, not made. The same might be aptly said of successful ecclesiastics. This is equally true of priest, Bishop or Cardinal. Of few can it be more truly said than of Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop of Baltimore and Primate of the American Church. As a zealous priest, wise Bishop and prudent Cardinal he has well fulfilled the greatest trusts imposed on him. The gross over the prospective creation of another American Cardinal by Pope Leo XIII, naturally turns public attention to the present wearer of the red hat in the United States. It is simple truth to say that he enjoys the respect and confidence of all classes and conditions of men. This is emphatically the case in the city of Baltimore, where the simplicity of his life and the value of his example have been the means of firmly implanting him in the affections of the people. The rooms of the Cardinal in the Archbishop's residence on Charles street are fitted with a plainness and absence of display that mark emphatically the unostentatious character of the man.

The distinguished prelate enjoys the distinction of being the youngest of the Cardinals. Hitherto it was almost proverbial that to become a Cardinal one must first become very old. But the present Pontiff has shown his desire of having some young men to assist the other Princes of the Church in its temporal government. Cardinal Gibbons is not a young man in the strict sense of the word, for he has already passed his fifty-seventh birthday, but he is young in comparison with his venerable colleagues in the College of Cardinals. Cardinal Gibbons is an American from the soles of his feet to the crown of his head. He was born in the city of Baltimore on July 23, 1834, within a stone's throw of the place where he now reigns at the head of the American Church. He was ordained a priest on July 30, 1861, and displayed such marked ability that in 1863 he was appointed Vicar Apostolic of North Carolina. Four years later he was installed as Bishop of Richmond. In 1877 he was made Coadjutor Archbishop of Baltimore, assuming on the death of Archbishop Bayley the full Archbishopric. A few years ago the red cap was conferred on him with imposing ceremonies in the city of his birth.

In personal appearance the Cardinal is slender and delicate. His features are clear cut, and his kindly manners make him friends wherever he goes. His ability as a writer ranks very high, and no one who has ever read the "Faith of Our Fathers" can help being charmed with the clearness of his style. As a speaker he is always effective in argument and simple in style. The "Faith of Our Fathers" is made up principally of sermons delivered while on missionary tours in North Carolina. The book has met with a larger circulation than any other similar Catholic work ever published. Since its publication more than 125,000 copies have been sold.

Cardinal Gibbons' career has been filled with many humorous and pathetic incidents. While he was an humble priest in the small parish of Elkrode, near Baltimore, one of his characteristic actions gave him more than local fame. Small-pox broke out in its most virulent shape in the village, and all the people who were able deserted the place as rats desert a sinking ship. One old negro, who was on the point of death, was deserted by his friends and family, who left him neither food nor medicine. Father Gibbons heard of the case and hastened to the dying man's bedside, where he remained until the last. This was not all, however, for no one could be secured to carry the corpse to the grave. Father Gibbons was not long in making up his mind. He determined to act as undertaker as well as minister. A plain pine coffin was obtained and the body placed in it. The assistance of a negro boy was invoked, and between the two the remains were conveyed to the place of interment. The last rites of the Church were performed, the open grave filled in, and the duty of the pious priest was at an end.

Another story that has been told so frequently that it cannot go unnoticed relates to the time that Cardinal Gibbons was Bishop of Richmond. There was some suit in Court relating to church property, and the Bishop was called upon to give his knowledge of the transactions. The lawyer for the other side, a pompous individual, determined to resort to technicalities. He, therefore, demanded to know by what right the witness assumed to be Bishop of Richmond. The latter replied that he had received his appointment from the Pope, whereupon the puffy counselor insisted on seeing the Papal bull and having it read in Court. The Bishop agreed to this if

he could be given sufficient time to send to his residence for the document. The messenger returned in a few minutes with a parchment filled with mysterious Latin hieroglyphics. The pompous lawyer examined it carefully and then exclaimed: "This is quite satisfactory to me. Your Honor, and establishes the right of Bishop Gibbons to his title."

The examination was then proceeded with. A few days later a story came out that the messenger, unable to place his hands on the Papal Bull, had carried to Court and shown to the fussy lawyer a Latin essay written by the Bishop in his early college days. The laugh was on the lawyer, sure enough.

No priest in the Archdiocese works harder than the Cardinal. On Sundays he is often kept busy for ten or twelve hours, while there is hardly a day in the week that he is not called upon to officiate at some religious ceremony. On a recent Sunday he arose at 5 o'clock; at 7:30 he celebrated his own Mass and at 11 o'clock sang Pontifical Mass in the Cathedral. This was not finished until 1:30 o'clock; a light lunch, the first of the day, and then the Cardinal prepared to say Vespers. At the close of Vespers he administered confirmation to a large class of men, women and children. It was 6 o'clock when confirmation was concluded, and at 7 o'clock His Eminence stepped into a carriage and was driven rapidly to one of his churches and there again administered confirmation and made a short address. It was thus that he passed that Sunday of more than a eleven working hours.

Cardinal Gibbons has a great love for the South, and is at the head of an organization which proposes to encourage desirable immigration in the Southern States. A convention, attended by nearly all the Governors of the Southern States, was held recently in furtherance of the scheme.

In speaking of the matter, the Cardinal says: "The South is the land of my nativity, and I love its people and I want to see it go forward and prosper ten-fold in all that makes a country great. To do this it must necessarily have those elements of frugality, industry and thrift which characterize in a great degree the class of immigration that will come to the South. We do not wish paupers unloaded upon us from every incoming trans-Atlantic steamer at Castle Garden. We want immigrants who will bring money with them and who will make money after they get here."

One notable thing about the Cardinal is his ability to adapt himself to all classes and conditions of men. He can sympathize with the woes of his poorest and most uneducated parishioners with just as much sincerity as he discusses art and literature with men who stand at the head of both. One incident of this trait comes forcibly to mind. The Cardinal was one of the prominent figures at a recent celebration at Philadelphia. One of the events of his stay in the City of Brotherly Love was a reception given in his honor by the Catholic Club, in their handsome quarters. It is doubtful whether such a distinguished gathering had ever assembled under their roof before. The Cardinal had the pleasure of greeting the President of the United States and nearly every member of his Cabinet, the General of the Army and the Admiral of the Navy, with their respective staffs, and a score of other national, State and local celebrities, together with any number of Archbishops, Bishops and priests. He had an appropriate word for every one, and every individual went away feeling that he had been especially favored by the Cardinal. He talked with the head of the army and war ships with the head of the navy, he surprised the Secretary of State with his knowledge of foreign affairs, and showed the Governor of Pennsylvania that he was well "up" on everything relating to William Penn and the Keystone State.

During the evening the Cardinal was thrown in contact with a group of newspaper men. Here he appeared to be at his very best. He possessed an insight into journalism which very few persons outside of the profession have, and, strange to say, did not have the erroneous opinions regarding the publication of a paper which a great many people hold. His particular knowledge of the local papers was what pleased his auditors most of all. He knew the names of the proprietors of nearly all the papers, and in an off-hand manner referred to the political opinions of each and the class of people they catered to. Newspaper men, who by their calling are enabled to see beneath the shallow ways of the world, are not apt to be dazzled by the glare of authority, and it is a high compliment to the real worth of the head of the Church to say every newspaper man left that evening an ardent admirer of the Cardinal.

Cardinal Gibbons is a very liberal prelate, without saying or doing anything to conflict with or detract from the established doctrines of the Church. Beneath a very agreeable and always courteous manner he has a devout nature. With the poet he believes that "This world is all a fleeting show; For man's illusion given;

The smiles of Joy, the tears of Woe Deceitful shine, deceitful show There's nothing true but Heaven."

There is nothing Paritanical about him, however; and he believes that to be a Christian and to be happy is not only possible, but perfectly natural. Or, in other words, to be really happy, one must necessarily be a Christian.

Innocent IV., at the Council of Lyons in 1245, conferred on the Cardinals the distinction of the now famous red cap. The special meaning of the cap is, that the Pope places it on the head, the seat of the brain, to warn the Cardinal that he must give learned and loyal counsel to the government of the Church, while the color signifies that the wearer must be prepared to shed the last drop of blood rather than betray his trust. The cap is now one of the ceremonies only, and serves for use but twice—once when the Cardinal receives it in Consistory, and next when it rests on his catafalque at his obsequies. It is then suspended from the ceiling of the chapel or aisle of the church in which he is buried, or in which he is officiated when alive. The form of the hat is round with a low crown, and wide, stiff brim, from the inside of which hang fifteen silk tassels.

Cardinals Gibbons' health is comparatively good at the present time, but it is doubtful whether he will do any more literary work—at least for some time to come. The "Faith of Our Fathers" and "Our Christian Heritage" together so admirably explain the doctrines of the Church and the beliefs of Catholics that it would be difficult to cover that particular field much better. GEORGE BARTON.

### A BIGOT ANSWERED.

Boston Republic.

Mr. T. W. Russell, M. P., a Unionist from Tyrone, Ireland, and a rabid anti Catholic, has been visiting Canada and the United States for the purpose of inflaming the Orange and Know-nothing sentiment of both countries against Home Rule for Ireland. In published interviews and in set speeches from platforms he has undertaken to malign the portion of the Irish people who have been, and are now, struggling for their country's right to govern her own affairs. The chief objection raised by Mr. Russell against the consummation of this sublime national ambition is of a religious nature. He does not want Ireland to have self-government because a majority of the population are Catholics. He states this objection with brutal frankness. The flimsy calumnies which he calls arguments, and which he throws out in support of his position, are hardly worthy of notice. They would not stand the test of scrutiny for a single moment.

After he had made a trip through Canada, and had conferred with a few Orange leaders, he permitted himself to be interviewed by a Boston paper. In the course of that interview he said: "In Canada they have the Roman Catholic Church supreme as a Christian institution and as a political machine." To this fact he attributes all the ills to which Canada is heir. He does not state what these ills are, but proceeds to build upon this foundation an argument against granting Home Rule to Catholic Ireland. Quebec is the only Catholic province in the Dominion, and certainly no more prosperous or orderly section of the State exists. Our non-Catholic contemporary, the *Boston Advertiser*, takes Mr. Russell to task for his reckless charges and insinuations. "It cannot be," says the *Advertiser*, "that a State Church is among these evils, for there is none in Quebec, or anywhere else in Canada; though there was one in Ireland—the most monstrously unjust one on the face of the earth—until Mr. Gladstone, whom Mr. Russell so cordially detests, abated the nuisance. It cannot be on account of the school question that Home Rule is deemed so bad a thing for Quebec, seeing that free public instruction is established throughout the Province, and that it is neither monopolized nor controlled by any one sect to the exclusion of others. By the way, the same cannot be said of England or of Ireland under English domination. The trouble cannot be that Quebec sets at defiance the rest of the Dominion, for any law passed by a provincial Legislature is, under the constitution, liable to be 'disallowed' at Ottawa if deemed in conflict with the rights or interests of the country as a whole. It cannot be that Roman Catholic Quebec menaces the liberties of Protestant Ontario, Protestant Nova Scotia, Protestant New Brunswick, Protestant Prince Edward Island, Protestant Manitoba, Protestant British Columbia and the Protestant North West territories, seeing that all the provinces, Quebec included, are subject to a House of Commons in which Quebec has only sixty-five members in a total of 215."

Pursuing the arraignment of this bigot with merciless force and intensity of purpose, the *Advertiser* asks whether if evils exist in Quebec they would be removed or abated by depriving the province of the right of self-rule. "Does he think," our contemporary asks, "that either the happiness and prosperity of the people of that province, or the welfare of the Dominion as a whole, would be greater to day if

the history of British rule in Ireland had been repeated in Quebec—a history of conquest, confiscation, coercion, of race and religious hatreds, of an alien population always imperfectly cowed down under a reign of terror backed by fire and sword? Does he think that Ireland to-day presents a fairer example of the fruits of good Government than is to be seen in Quebec?"

Mr. Russell's mission was intended to convince Protestants of the error of their ways in permitting the long-deferred freedom. Let him ponder on this answer to his proposition from the most conservative non-Catholic journal in New England.

### THE TRUTH AS TO SNELL.

That the drift of proselytes is not entirely toward Rome is proved by the marriage of one of the clerical instructors in the Catholic University in Washington to the daughter of a Protestant clergyman, this act, of course, sundering his tie with the Church.—*Congregationalist*.

Our esteemed contemporary has been misled somewhat by the first telegrams on the subject. The news agents, desirous of sending out something snappy, something that would insure good headlines, announced that Mr. M. Snell was a priest, and the idea of a priest marrying a Protestant minister's daughter had a juxtaposition about it that was very taking in a newspaper sense. And justly so, too, for it is certainly the most fascinating argument a Protestant minister can offer to a "converted" priest who has a dull conscience and a keen eye for beauty.

But, as a matter of unpoetic fact, Mr. Snell was not a clerical instructor. He is not a priest. He was not a professor in the University. He occupied no position in the University. He was a private secretary or amanuensis to the Right Rev. rector and paid from the rector's private purse until his services were dispensed with some two months ago.

It appears that Mr. Snell was a convert, who, after putting his hand to the plow, looked back and saw—a divorced widow, who as such he could not, by the law of the Catholic Church, marry. In the light of this fact it is not surprising that the errors of Romanism suddenly beamed on his darkened intellect. What wonderful inspiration, and so forth, comes from a woman's eyes? A twinkle is worth forty arguments and a prunes and prisms smile is enough to puzzle and confound even an anti-ontologistic psychologist all to pieces. We believe it was John Mitchell who said in reference to Pere Hyacinth's "conversion," "When I saw his blooming cheeks and hungry eyes I knew there was a woman in it."—*The Catholic Times*.

### AN ARCHBISHOP NOW.

Bravery of a Priest During the Late War.

During the late war a priest approached the commanding officer of the Federal troops that had fallen back after a sharp skirmish with the Confederates, and requested a pass to get out beyond the lines. "There are," said the Father, "a number of wounded soldiers in the camp beyond."

"But," said the commander, "the pickets of both lines are at close quarters, and you may be shot."

"It is my duty to administer to the spiritual wants of the wounded," replied the priest with much firmness and persistence, "and danger is a secondary consideration."

The commander, with eyes full of admiration, called an orderly and gave directions to have the priest conducted to the Federal pickets. There he was left to take his course alone into a deep wood full of the enemy and full of dangers. He had advanced but a few hundred yards when he was halted and several rifles presented to his breast.

A few words along with the presentation of the Federal pass lowered the guns, and rebel soldiers became his escorts to the camp hospital, where he gave administration to the forsaken wounded soldiers.

This simple priest was the present distinguished prelate, Archbishop Gross, of Oregon.

The students in the Irish College at Rome have been more than usually successful in their thesis just handed in. Fifteen places have been accorded them. Two took Solus medals, and two—Messrs. O'Reilly, of Newfoundland, and Hartnell, of the Diocese of Cloyne—have been created Doctors of Divinity and Philosophy. Altogether sixteen doctors of theology and seven of philosophy have been proclaimed.

Brother Isaac John (in the world Edmund Murphy), director of the De La Salle Institute, New York, died of pneumonia Monday. He was born in the county Carlow, Ireland, in 1845, and joined the Christian Brothers in 1863. He has since labored with special success in the schools of his order.

The late Admiral Saint Ron, the founder of the modern ironclad navy of Italy, was a practical Catholic, and, in 1865, when he was a captain in the navy, he refused to fight a duel, publicly announcing that he took this course because he was a Christian and a Catholic.