

tion." These are weighty words, and might well serve as the charter of the first restored Irish Parliament.

SOME INTERESTING reminiscences of Napper Tandy, whose participation in the affair of ninety-eight, and subsequent immortality in the "Wearing of the Green," have made his name familiar to everyone of Irish birth or antecedents, have lately appeared in English exchanges. About forty years ago, it seems, there died at the village of Burtonpool, Donegal, a man named Harry McNelis, who had spoken to Tandy on Rutland Island, and who was present at his trial in Lifford in 1801. Some of McNelis' recollections have been preserved, and among them the statement that it was on Rutland Island, not the Island of Arran, as the guide books say, that General Tandy and his French companions landed on 16th September '98. Local traditions also bear testimony to this. On Rutland Island, then, Tandy placed sentinels and hoisted a flag bearing the words "Erin-go-Bragh." He and the French General, Rey, the reminiscences go on to state, entered the post-office, opened some newspapers, and there learned to their dismay of Humbert's disaster in the West. Tandy left an official letter with the postmistress, Miss Foster, exonerating her for the irregularities of the postal service of that day, and General Rey gave her a gold ring from his finger. A further pleasing reminiscence is that Napper Tandy paid for everything he received on the island, including a cow and two pigs. He finally discharged a cannon and sailed away.

ANOTHER RACONTEUR relates that Napper Tandy's life was not spared because of appeals, as has been stated, by Lord Cornwallis "or any other Britisher," but because of representations from Bonaparte himself. The latter, it is claimed, sent instructions to his brother Joseph not to sign the Treaty of Amiens until the French general, Tandy, was released. This release was accordingly effected, and Tandy landed in Bordeaux on the 14th March, 1802, the Treaty being signed a few days later. The arrest, it should be said, had taken place in the neutral territory of Hamburg, at the instance of the British Minister, Tandy being at the time on his way back to France after his daring descent on Rutland Island. These little incidents give an added touch of interest to a song that, whatever the political fortunes of Ireland, will never grow old.

"I met with Napper Tandy, and he took me by the hand,  
And he said, 'How's poor old Ireland,  
and how does she stand?'  
She's the most distressful country that  
ever yet was seen,  
They are hanging men and women for  
the wearing of the green."

IT HAS been represented to us that our remark three weeks ago to the effect that Mr. Samuel Young, the Protestant Home Rule Member of Parliament from Ireland, is the only person now living who was a "Repealer" in the days of O'Connell, is slightly inaccurate. Mr. James Corcoran, of Toronto, formerly of Stratford, whose love of country and intelligent interest in its welfare is well-known to his many friends, joined the Repeal party in Ireland in his early boyhood, and recollects clearly many of the stirring incidents of the movement. He thinks, too, that there may be many others still living who joined under similar circumstances. This fact, honorable alike to Mr. Corcoran's youthful patriotism, and to his serene old age, renders necessary some qualification to our statement regarding Mr. Young. And on referring to the source of our information we find that the claim made for the latter indicates rather that he is the only living Repealer now actively in Irish politics. As to the accuracy of this we are of course dependent upon those in Ireland who have made it. But, in any case, it forms an agreeable reminiscence of one of the heroic periods in the long struggle for self-government. And since the publicity given to the matter in these columns has called forth this interesting item of information regarding so good an Irishman as Mr. Corcoran, the reference must be counted as of good effect.

We must guard against a too constant dreaming of the past which may unfit us for the heroic work of the present. Only as memory makes us more earnest to act in the living to-day, with its countless demands, can we mark its emotions as healthy.

## ENGLAND AND THE REFORMATION

### MANY CHURCHES IN THE VILLAGES OF ENGLAND WERE FORMERLY CATHOLIC AND WERE BUILT LONG BEFORE THE REFORMATION

Americans, generally speaking, seem to have a wrong impression as to present-day conditions in England. Having travelled in the United States for several years, I have been much impressed by the number of otherwise intelligent people who picture England as an overpopulated and overcrowded country, teeming with cities and towns, where the people are huddled together like human bees in a hive, a mass of factories, mills, smokestacks and furnaces, the streets on either side being lined with row after row of tenement houses the whole country labyrinthized with railroads, along which crawl numberless freight trains shrieking their whistles day and night, and whose headlights are hardly discernible because of the fog.

Scores and scores of times have I been asked the question (by Protestants as well as by Catholics) "What you an Englishman, and a Catholic—how comes that?"

So it is that I accede to an invitation to write a few words relating to England as I know it, from an experience of over twenty-five years' residence there.

What a mistake, England overpopulated? Overcrowded? Not by any means—or, to use an Americanism, "not on your sweet life."

True it is that there are some thirty odd manufacturing centers, alive with humanity, congested with mills and factories; but not with tenement houses such as we know them in the large cities of this country.

But take any one of these manufacturing centers, start out from the middle of it, say from the Town Hall, which is usually located near the center of the town, and it is possible to be out in the open country in a few minutes by the aid of railroad or street car, or by walking, in an hour.

Out in the open country—and what country. Along lanes hedged on either side with many hued flowers and sweet scented hawthorn. Through rustic villages with their straw thatched cottages, and where the principal buildings are nearly always the parish church and an inn or inns, relics of the old stage coach days before the coming of the steam engine. Here you can stay and rest, away from the smoke, and dust, and din of the city—rest and refresh the inner man with food or drink, at the cost of a few cents only. Here you will find a people contented and at peace with the whole world, a people who have not yet caught the "gold fever," and have not given up their whole lives to chase the almighty dollar and worship Mammon. Such contentment as it seems impossible to know in this great and wonderful United States, where all is hurry and bustle and restless energy in the attempt to make money, and where we all feel dissatisfied no matter how much we make, but must keep on striving for more to such an extent that we are rapidly becoming a nation of idolaters; for it seems to me that we are all willing to do more and make more sacrifices for the almighty dollar, than we do or will do for Almighty God. Hard words, but nevertheless true; for is it not a fact that we bend all our energies to make money, no matter what the weather, hail, rain or shine? Nothing deters us. And, in this mad race for wealth we fail to heed the Voice from the tabernacle on the altar, calling always calling, "Come unto Me ye weary, and I will give you rest." Now pass the Church, with the latchstring always on the outside, but are in too great a hurry to spend five minutes with God, or to salute Him as we pass.

But I started to tell you something about England, not to endeavor to preach a sermon, yet an opportunity to call your attention to the fact that there are more things in life—more things and better—than money or wealth, such as contentment, satisfaction and peace, as exemplified by the residents of many of these English villages, cannot be passed by me, and I have heard American travelers and thinkers, assert the same views. As I say, the principal buildings in these villages, are generally the church and an inn; the Manor House or Hall, is usually some little distance from the village proper. Many of these churches were built prior to the so-called Reformation; built by monks and priests as a labor of love. They are generally of fine proportions and with room for congregations twenty times as large as those attend at the present time. Still, whilst many of them were designed and built by Catholic hands, they now belong to the Church of England, or, as we know it in this country, the Episcopal Church.

These churches are of interest to the tourist, inasmuch as many of them contain the tombs of historical personages, or have magnificent stained glass windows of priceless worth, or some special features of design, or artistic stone carving, etc. And whilst in these days the congregations are very small, there is always to be found a resident clergyman, who draws a good stipend from the State. Many clergymen whose congregations will not average twelve people at a service, are paid from \$2,500 to \$15,000 and in some cases even much more per annum. This is not the case in the villages, but the same condition of affairs can also be found in the city of London itself.

in the largest city in the world.

Many of the cathedral cities of England have changed very little during the last fifty or a hundred years: they are still sleepy in appearance, having few, if any, industrial enterprises or factories. They are in every sense of the word, cathedral towns, for the cathedral is the attraction for tourists, which latter bring the bulk of the money to the town. Then again, these cities are the home of men of wealth and moderate means, who have retired from business, and desire to spend their later days in peace and comfort, away from the industrial world.

And these cathedrals; what magnificent buildings they are; these, like the old village churches, having been built by Catholic hands, some of them over a thousand years old, but in a splendid state of preservation. Some of these buildings took over a hundred years to build. Practically all of the English cathedrals of to-day were confiscated (or stolen) at the time of the Reformation (?); and have been in the hands of the State Church, the Church of England, ever since, standing, however, as testimony of the glorious days when England was known as "Our Lady's Dowry."

An Englishman, and a Catholic? This question is amusing to one who has watched the progress and growth of Catholicism in England for the past thirty years.

It would have been a relevant question a few years ago, that I will grant; but now—now that England is fast returning to the "Faith of its Fathers," now that Our Lady is reclaiming her own, the question is wide of the mark and no longer logical.

Hardly a week passes but what the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass is not offered in some place for the first time since pre-Reformation days. New missions, new churches are in evidence all over the country, and the Catholic priest is no longer looked upon as an outcast. On the other hand, he has come into his own, and is to-day looked upon by all classes as a representative of his Master, and he is treated as a gentleman wherever he goes, and is elected to public offices (Board of Guardians, etc.), and invited to public functions, just as are the representatives of the State Church.

To show the change in sentiment, the writer, thirty years ago, then attending a college school belonging to the Church of England, along with the other students, used to call after, and throw stones at a Catholic priest (taking care, of course, that we were far enough away from him to escape should he chase us), whenever we saw him, which I am now happy to say, was not very often. Still, whilst I say, this was a Church of England institution, many of those students, like myself, are now Catholics, and one (if not more), is a priest. Not only the students—for, the rector at that time, a clergyman drawing a salary of 3,000 pounds (\$15,000) per annum, some years after the writer had been received into the Church, also, as we say in England, "went over to Rome," and became a Catholic.

At the time I am speaking of, in the writer's home town, a town of some 60,000 people, there was a small Catholic church (more like a large barn), poor school buildings, and one priest, with a parish of about 1,700 souls all told. To-day there are two churches, splendid school buildings, three priests, and a parish of over 6,000, a great many of the latter being converts. Not only this, but in same length of time, three other churches have been erected within an hour's walk of each other in districts adjoining this same town each having its own priest, and growing parish. One of the three priests now stationed in this town, being himself a convert, last June started classes which he styled "Convert Classes," any adult being invited to join. At the first results a class of 20 adults were received into the Church the last week in November, and made their first Communion in a body on the first Sunday in December.

And this same condition of affairs applies all over the country. His Holiness the Pope making recognition of the fact by appointing two new Archbishops a few months ago, thus creating two new archdioceses in England.

Last summer a "motor chapel," a specially constructed automobile, equipped with all the necessary materials for the service of the Church—toured part of the country, in charge of two or more priests, under Father Herbert Vaughan, giving missions to non-Catholics, where Catholicity had not been preached since the Reformation. Some of these places, of course, not having seen a Catholic priest before, were bigoted enough to put every obstacle in the way of the missionaries, such as refusing to rent a hall to them wherein to hold the mission. The Protestant Alliance also had several virulent preachers and lecturers following the missionaries, holding counter-meetings within ear-shot, and denouncing Catholicity in often times violent language. Still, with all this, the missions were a great success, and the opposition did the missionaries more good than harm, from the fact that the average Englishman likes to see fair play, and the contrasting methods employed by the Protestant Alliance and the Catholic missionaries, and the eloquent and straightforward manner that the latter had in explaining the doctrine of the Catholic Church, appealed to the people in favor of the latter.

Another movement meeting with unlooked for success over there is conducted by laymen. Laymen, well

versed in the teachings of the Church, may now be heard expounding the same on street corners, parks, and other public places; a work hitherto left to other denominations. As a convert, I am as I am to state, and state truthfully, as I am speaking from experience, that a layman can reach the masses more readily than the priest, and it should be the duty of all right thinking laymen, especially in these days of religious and industrial unrest, to understand the fundamental principles of his religion, so that he will be able to refute the arguments of the enemies of Christianity and religion generally.

Another fact that proves the tendency of the English people toward Catholicity, or anyway in so far as the quest for knowledge is concerned, is evidenced by the number of pamphlets which are bought bearing upon the teachings of the Church. The new Catholic Cathedral at Westminster, which has already cost over \$1,500,000 and is not finished, has in the vestibule of the church, a book rack, containing pamphlets issued by the Catholic Truth Society, explaining the teachings of the Church on vital points as looked on by outsiders, or non-Catholics. These pamphlets are sold at one penny (two cents) each, and a notice is displayed asking visitors who desire to purchase to help themselves and place a penny for each one taken in a box that is there for that purpose (although for the matter of these pamphlets could be taken, and used or destroyed, without the payment of any money, should a person see fit to do so, as there are no attendants at this book rack.) The latest figures, December, 1912, shows that an average of one thousand copies are taken each week, and 1,000 pennies are also deposited in the cash box.

Then again, let me call your attention to the class of converts; these are not confined to any one particular class of course, but range from the laborer to the man of vast wealth and often of title. But notice must be taken of the number of learned men and women who are joining the Church; many of the latest converts stand high in the arts, literature, politics, etc. Many are the conversions from the ranks of the Church of England clergy. Only a few months ago, seven clergymen of the church of England, rectors and curates of fashionable churches in Brighton (the English Newport), resigned their livings, and "went over to Rome," five of whom are now studying for the Catholic priesthood.

The highest position in the State Church is that of Primate, or Archbishop of Canterbury. One of the most eloquent priests and authors in England to-day is Mr. Robert Hugh Benson, who is a son of a late Archbishop of Canterbury, and himself a clergyman of the Church of England prior to his conversion. Dozens, and I use the word advisedly, of the leading priests of England to-day are converts from the ranks of the clergy of the State Church.

In one district in the diocese of Liverpool, the non-conformists, who had been considered the strongest religious body, some time ago took a census of church-goers, as regards their own places of worship. They found that in ten years the attendance at the morning services had fallen off 50 per cent, and the evening services 34 per cent.

In the same district, in the same length of time, the Catholic Church shows a net increase of 27 per cent, based upon the number of Easter Communion, the number of which ten years ago amounted to 170,000 and last year 217,000.

So that, whilst the spirit of intolerance is waning, the Anglican and non-conformist Churches are bewailing their gradual decline, and have to acknowledge the steady growth and increase in strength in the One holy, Catholic and Apostolic Church our Holy Mother.—Home and Country.

### KEEP UP THE GOOD WORK CATHOLICS AND CATHOLIC SOCIETIES SHOULD BRING SLANDERERS TO COURT

Press despatch to Montreal Star.  
St. John's Nfld., Feb. 19.—The criminal libel case against Charles A. Swift concluded last evening after evidence had been heard connecting the prisoner with printing and circulating what was alleged to be an oath taken by members of the Knights of Columbus. Charles O'Neill Conroy, Grand Knight, the plaintiff, described the Order as a social and fraternal one, with the principles of charity, unity, fraternity, and patriotism. Its members took no oath of any kind. The knights were loyal and law-abiding. The object of the Order is to make better citizens. Mr. Fenelon, the knights' counsel, emphasized Mr. Conroy's statement under oath.

The prisoner admitted the charges, expressed deep regret, and apologized to all concerned. Cross-examined by Hon. A. B. Morine, K. C., representing the knights, he said he had acted at the request of Henry Blatch, a local boarding-house keeper, and had never seen the alleged oath till it was shown to him by Blatch. He had since learned it originated in a paper called The Menace.

### PRISONER APOLOGIZED

Mr. Morine said the proceedings were taken to show the bogus nature of the oath. If Mr. Swift had justified his conduct or attempted to set up the truth of the alleged oath the prosecution would be pushed to the extreme limit. There was no desire

to prosecute or even to punish. Swift having explained, apologized, and given proper information, his clients were satisfied that he was a victim and bore no actual malice, as he sincerely regretted his part in circulating the defamatory matter. This being so, the prosecutor's object had been achieved and he desired the proceedings should go no further against this particular person. Prosecutor Conroy would, however, prosecute for any further circulation by anyone, and he reserved the right to prosecute anybody else who has been concerned with the Swift proceedings. The knights may proceed against Blatch, but it is not probable that they will.

### MR. BUCKLEY'S LETTER

Editor CATHOLIC RECORD, — I noticed in a recent number of the RECORD a letter from Mr. William P. Buckley commenting on my previous letter in your paper, in which I made certain statements of fact as to the "weeding out" of Catholics in these parts from the public service. Mr. Buckley does not controvert a single statement I have made; in fact, he states emphatically that in one of the cases I mentioned a grave injustice was done to the gentleman who was dismissed from the service. He states, however, rather exultingly, that in the "menial positions"—the words are his own—the Catholics hold 75 per cent. of the jobs. By the menial positions, I presume he means the jobs of charwomen, janitors, messengers, and the like. Because, he argues, his co-religionists, fill such places, they ought to be content. That surely does not illustrate the highest hopes they should entertain. I think he will find they have higher ambitions. They will not be satisfied to have only the jobs of scrub-women, janitors, and errand-boys; they look for better.

But there is another fault to be found with Mr. Buckley's defense of the present condition. His statement of fact is not correct. Seventy-five per cent. of these petty places are not filled by his co-religionists. He is unable to show that it is the case. In what department is it true? Let him name one, and the proportion of each. He cannot do it.

I drew attention to facts which cannot be disputed and your readers can draw their own inferences.

Mr. Buckley says he understands governments are formed to live under not to live upon. That is a great discovery. Such a view would be defence of the complete exclusion of Catholics from public office. How nicely it would apply when Catholics in Ireland and other parts of the British possessions were expressly disqualified from holding public office. When it was claimed that Catholics should not look forward to public employment, that they should not have the same legitimate ambitions as other citizens, how applicable the answer would be, "governments are made to live under, not to live upon."

One fails to see that Mr. Buckley's explanation is in any way satisfying. He must give a better one.

CITIZEN.

Knowledge should be used as a buckler of defense, not as a sword with which to wound others.

There is a boundary to the understanding, and when it is reached, faith is the continuation of reason.

An imperturbable demeanor comes from perfect patience. Quiet minds cannot be perplexed or frightened, but go on in fortune or misfortune at their own private pace, like a clock during a thunderstorm.—Robert Louis Stevenson.

### BISHOP BURT'S FIGURES

FACTS DO NOT SUBSTANTIATE HIS CONTENTION

Bishop Burt (Methodist), in a lecture at Meadville, Pa., recently said: "Two-thirds of the inhabitants of Italy are Protestants."

Were Italy a nation situated somewhere upon Mars, inaccessible to men living upon this earth, we might be inclined to believe. We are afraid that deep prejudices have narrowed his testimony on Italy. That sunny land is not too far away for other witnesses to disprove such exaggerations. By the Catholic Church the people were converted from paganism and have never thrown it overboard.

Fifty years ago the Methodists began to spend money for the perversion of Italian Catholics, and have been sending back every year highly decorated accounts of their success, but the simple truth is that they have utterly failed.

From their own official report of several years ago we are able to cull the following: In Italy and Italian Switzerland there are about 34,000,000 people, and the Methodists among them, including members and probationers, total exactly 3,449. Rome, which is well over half the million mark, contains 266 members and probationers. How many of the 3,449 and 266 are Italians, and how many are English, American or German does not appear. Also it will be found that the present Methodist following in Italy has cost about 7,000 lire per head. One year there was a gain of 75 persons. At the same rate of expenditure and progress it will take 12,500,000 lire and 36,000 years to convert the Italian people from their present faith to Methodism.

A later report announces that there were 32 native preachers in the field, whereas the previous one registered 55. We note also that in the space

of one year these 32, aided by 9 foreign missionaries, baptized 2 adults and 86 infants, while in the previous year the number of adults was 5 and infants 87. This means a diminution of 6 baptisms only several years ago. Does this look like two-thirds of 34,000,000 people?

The writer has been on the ground and is fully acquainted with the methods pursued at their two schools in Rome. He can substantiate the contention of Archbishop Ireland: "The Methodist propaganda in Rome is so calumnious in its assaults upon the Catholic faith, so dishonest in its methods to win proselytes, that the Holy Father is compelled by the vital principles of the high office, as Vicar of Christ, to avert at all costs the slightest movement on his part that might directly or indirectly be interpreted as abetting or approving even by implication its purposes and tactics."

REV. DR. THOS. A. KIRBY, Cleveland.

### DID SHAKESPEARE "DYE A PAPYST"?

Amongst the several hundred excellent articles on a great variety of subjects in the Catholic Encyclopedia, is one on "The Religion of Shakespeare."

Every intelligent Catholic, more especially every Catholic who knows something about the changing religious conditions of Shakespeare's times, must wonder how much of all that poetic intuition, that mysteriously profound knowledge of human nature, and that sympathy with all nature, came from the Catholic, and how much from the semi-pagan Protestant, mind of Elizabethan England. It has been the boast of Protestantism for many generations that the age in which the Reformation triumphed in England was the golden age of English literature; that Edmund Spenser was the poetical champion of Elizabeth against Rome; that Bacon was the philosopher of Protestantism long before Kant; that there could have been no Shakespeare if there had been no revolt against Rome. All such sectarian crowing is apt to irritate the Catholic who reads and who cares, so that he longs for someone to produce substantial proof of what has been so often asserted: that Shakespeare, the poet far greater than Spenser, the greatest dramatist since Euripides, the brightest star save one in the intellectual firmament of "the spacious days of great Elizabeth," himself "dye'd a Papyst."

This makes the topic eminently interesting for an encyclopedia article, and especially so when the encyclopedia is particularly intended for Catholics. It remains that the treatment should be as perfect as the subject is apt. Here is the difficult thing to achieve, and its triumphant achievement makes this page of the thirteenth volume a source of pure delight.

For some people, the use of an encyclopedia is to decide lets: an encyclopedia article ought to be finally authoritative. To be sure, there is certainly no such thing as the subject of the matter, but there can be no decision but that very same impossibility of decision needs to be authoritatively decided; in such a case the encyclopedia article ought to give the last word of all that is known on one side or the other. And this is just what Father Thurston has done in regard to Shakespeare's religious belief, and done it in about fifteen hundred words. He begins with the

classical statement of the Anglican archdeacon Davies, that Shakespeare "dye'd a Papyst," and reviews in admirably logical order every argument on either side—from external evidence and from the evidence of the plays—without the slightest apparent bias one way or the other.

Reading the article one cannot help thinking what a brilliant success this good Jesuit would have made on the bench of the Supreme Court: he deals with his question really as though it were of no consequence to him personally whether Shakespeare was a Catholic or a Shintoist, thereby displaying that critical poise which makes him one of the most potent historical controversialists since Newman. Summing up the whole condensed series, pro and con, the conclusion appears to be that Shakespeare, the poet, was the son of a Catholic father and mother, but that he lived his life outside of the Church. As to whether he died, as Archdeacon Davies asserts, "a Papyst," very likely he did, and quite possibly he did not. But the great thing is that in case of a dispute as to whether Shakespeare was a Catholic or a Protestant—which is indeed a very interesting question—there is where the dispute can be settled with genuine substantial benefit, so that the disputants shall really be much better off, intellectually, than when they first broached the subject.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

### THE CATHOLIC SPIRIT

The Catholic spirit means personal devotedness and a willingness to sacrifice self for others; it means reciprocal union of husband and wife, of parents and children; it means submission to authority; devotedness which never wearies, strong enough to overcome the friction which every day brings with it, generous enough to banish suggestions of selfishness.—Rev. E. J. Devine, S. J.

The secret of life is not to do what one likes, but to try to like that which one has to do; and one does like it in time.

### THE SONG OF THE THRUSH

Ah! the May was grand this mornin'  
Sure, how could I feel forlorn!  
Such a land, when tree and flower  
Tossed their kisses to the breeze?  
Could an Irish heart be quiet,  
While the spring was runnin' riot,  
An' the birds of free America were  
Singin' in the trees?  
In the songs that they were singin'  
No familiar note was ringin',  
But I strove to imitate them an' I  
Whistled like a lad,  
Oh, my heart was warm to love them  
For the very newness of them—  
For the old songs that they helped  
Me to forget—an' I was glad.

So I mocked the feathered choir,  
To my hungry heart's desire,  
An' I gloried in the comradeship  
That made their joy my own,  
Till a new note sounded sillin'  
All the rest. A thrush was trillin'  
Oh! the thrush I left behind me in  
The fields about Athlone!  
Where, upon the whitethorn swain,  
He was minstrel of the Mayin'  
In my days of love an' laughter  
That my years have laid at rest;  
Here again his notes were ringin'  
But I'd lost the heart for singin'—  
Ah! the song I could not answer  
Was the one I knew the best.  
—T. A. DALY, in "Carmina."

10¢ Packages

**DON'T FORGET TO ORDER**



**FROM YOUR GROCER**

**MAKE SURE OF THE NAME**

**Kellogg's**

**CORN FLAKES**