

IRELAND'S REIGN OF TERROR.

An article in "The Gentlewoman" contains the following vivid account of what many of our fathers were wont to call "the awful times":

"It was the eve of the '98, when the Castle authorities had lost their heads, and so no safety from the threatening danger except in wholesale terrorism, a system which admirably suited the politicians who hoped by a deliberate dragging of the people to force on an insurrection, and thereby furnish another argument for the Union. Summary roadside hangings from the readiest tree, merciless floggings at the nearest gate, and all the brutal outrages of a licentious soldiery, at last achieved the hoped-for result. The maddened peasants rushed to arms, and one of the greatest crimes in history was consummated. Now among the most active of the magistrates was Power, who at the head of a troop of dragoons rode about the country night after night, laying hands on all wayfarers, and by the cruelty of his punishments earning the undying hatred of the aggrieved peasants. They in return slew his cattle and burned his crops, and his unpopularity became so great that his partners in the prosperous Clonmel corn and butter business he had taken up got rid of him as quickly as they could. These misfortunes embittered Power exceedingly, but further hopes of reward for his loyalty and zeal stimulated him into acts of savagery which culminated in the commission of a deed which lost him his appointment. The story is a sad one, and gives a terrible picture of the state of things and the state of men's minds just a hundred years ago in Ireland.

A young lad named Tommergan left his widowed mother in her cabin at Mullough one April evening in order to take a broken pitchfork to be mended at a neighboring forge. His mother had tried to dissuade him from going, for the misdeeds of Power and his nocturnal headlong rides were the terror of the folk around. The poor woman instinctively feared danger, but her lighthearted boy, in his anxiety to be ready for work next day, disregarded her prayers, and a few minutes later Power with a couple of dragoons overtook him and shot him down. Then he had the dying stripling flung over a trooper's horse, and in this condition, with limbs and head hanging down, he was taken to Clonmel and shown to Power's horrified children. He died some hours later, and his corpse was immediately hung up for exhibition over the gateway of the gaol. After waiting and watching through the lonely night, the mother started off at dawn to seek her son, but could get no tidings of him until, attracted by a mournful crowd outside the prison, she looked up and saw the hideous blood-stained corpse. The murdered boy's relatives, urged by their landlord, who hated Power, prosecuted the latter for murder. He was, owing to the exertions of the Government, acquitted, but was dismissed from the magistracy.

And yet, as things then went in Ireland, where magistrates daily rode about the country attended by the hangman ready at a sign to flog or string up the first peasant the whim of the moment might select as an instant victim, there was nothing very exceptional in the Mullough tragedy. For instance, just before this occurrence Power had, at the instance of Lord Donoughmore, become the owner of the Clonmel Gazette, the editor of which was Bernard Wright, a poet and linguist. It chanced, unluckily for the latter, that an ignorant and brutal magistrate named Thomas Judkin Fitzgerald was constantly scouring the country attended by dragoons, and in one of these excursions it occurred to "Flogging Fitz," as he was always afterwards called, to search the person of the Clonmel editor for evidence of treason. Nothing of a suspicious nature was found save an invitation to dinner written in French. This was sufficient, however, Fitzgerald did not know a syllable of French, but he promptly decided that anything French must be treason, and so there and then had the unfortunate Wright nearly flogged to death. And for savage work of this kind the Government indemnified Fitzgerald against any legal consequences of excessive zeal, and rewarded him with a baronetcy!

We might add to the above that when Barney Wright was flogged, so terrible was his agony that his mouth had to be filled with lead to keep him from biting off his tongue, and when the physicians thought that he could not survive, and he expressed a wish to have the smell of paint, they captured a young painter's apprentice—Richard Slaiden—who was going to work, and brought him in to paint the walls of the room with white paint. It was thus that Slaiden became an eye-witness of the scene, which for half a century afterwards he used to describe with horror. When "Flogging Fitzgerald" died, and the news went abroad, his victim of former days—Barney Wright—was in the Clonmel post office. On hearing the news he turned the color of death and was about to give expression to his feelings, when the postmaster said: "Death ends all, Wright, you must say nothing, but remember 'Nil de mortuis nisi bonum.'" At once Wright took up a slate, and writing Fitzgerald's full name down the margin wrote a most terrible acrostic. We have not present to our memory the words of that scathing impromptu; but it began thus:

"Nil de mortuis nisi bonum!
The words are good, but I don't own 'em."

And it closed as follows:

"Lucifer hath made thee his infernal herald;
'Down on thy knees,' thou bloody Tom Fitzgerald."

When Fitzgerald had ordered the flogging of Wright these were his words: "Down on thy knees, thou bloody rebel!"

HOW THE POOR LIVE IN WESTMINSTER.

On reading a report of the sermon preached a few Sundays ago, by Rev. M. Garvin, S.J., in the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Farm Street, London, on behalf of the poor schools at Westminster, we felt inclined to treat the subject editorially. But as we proceeded with the reading of that remarkable discourse, we discovered that it contained such a fund of information, it presented in such glowing terms the fearful condition of a section of the London poor, it drew such a vivid distinction between the poverty to which Christ made reference and the degradation that is not poverty, but a condition almost inferior to that of the lowest of brute creation, it pictured so powerfully the comedy of human life seen in the contrast between the clients of divorce courts and the miserable scum that rises upon the surface of irreligion and immorality, it, finally, condensed into a short space so many terrible lessons and proved so conclusively how much England has lost since she lost the Catholic Faith, that we have determined to give the report in full, and leave all comment and deductions to the readers. Father Garvin said: "He was there to plead for the religious instruction of the poorest of the poor in this desert of London. He laid stress upon the religious instruction, because unless the religious instruction be given in the schools it would not be given at all. There was no need for him to speak of the secular instruction given in the schools at Westminster under the charge of the Jesuit Fathers, because the Government inspector had reported that the

teaching and the answering of the children were both satisfactory. The schools depended for their maintenance partly upon the grant and partly upon voluntary contributions. He occupied that pulpit for the purpose of soliciting the unfailing charity of that congregation to help in swelling the voluntary contributions for the support of these schools. He had described the children as amongst the poorest of the poor. The parents on their wedding-day often had the registrar's fee paid by the priest who married them. The children lived in dwellings unlightened by the sun and unrefreshed by the air, in dark and squalid homes where no man would stable his horses and no woman would shelter her dogs. He had seen some of the stables that surrounded the district of Mayfair, and he had also visited the homes of the poor with a view to supplying facts for the appeal which he now made, and he stated most solemnly, and in the presence of Almighty God, that there was absolutely no comparison between the luxurious abodes of horses and dogs in Mayfair and the homes and dungeons where human creatures were born, labored, and lived, and died. If they considered this picture somewhat exaggerated of the district which he had described he would ask the congregation to visit the streets in the neighborhood of the Army and Navy Stores, Victoria Street, Westminster.

He appealed to them to save the child whatever the faults might be of the parents. The poverty of the

child was a very impediment to his eternal salvation. The poverty which he endured was not the poverty of the Gospel. The latter meant difficulty in making ends meet. Hence, persons well born, well bred, and well educated might be poor in the Gospel sense, and experience pecuniary difficulties at a time of illness, but the poverty in Westminster was a positive degradation. It was not the poverty which Jesus Christ meant, but it was partly the consequence of sin, partly the consequence of the banishment of the Church from this land 300 years ago. The Church only could meet and overcome the poverty which staggered statesmen as they gazed upon it. But at once an objection was put forward. "The poor," it was said, "have so many faults, even those whom you speak of." But had not every one some fault, was every man and woman—excepting the poor—without their faults? The poor, again, it was urged, squandered their earnings in publichouses and passed disgracefully immoral lives. And the rich—what did they do? Did they never live beyond their means, wealthy though they be, or did they never exceed their position. Did they never squander their money or indulge in cavousing, did they never enjoy improper amusements? It was said the streets wherein the poor of Westminster lived were immoral, but were they more immoral than the squares and streets and mansions of the West End of London?

What an object lesson the West End of London set in the month of May, 1899—our Lady's month—to the starving poor of Westminster. Where had gone the honor and the respect due to woman, where the worship of her purity which constituted her strength, and her spotless attraction? Where was the chivalry that Jesus Christ came to teach, and which was exemplified in the ideal woman, Mary ever Virgin, and which He showed now to every good and pure woman, whether she sat on the throne, or whether she swept a crossing in the street? Where had fled the old English love and veneration for the sanctity and indissolubility of the marriage vow, the very foundation on which rested the whole fabric of human society. What an example the rich set—the upper ten as they called themselves—in society, in the newspapers, in the Divorce Court to the sweating millions in London's lonely desert, for lonely most assuredly it was. The poor saw about them in the metropolis the greatest wealth in the world flaunting itself before their

eyes. They heard of gorgeous banquets, they heard of money squandered on outings and dresses, and riotous living, and these poor people turned literally to places fit only for rats and rabbits to burrow in. Could they wonder if sometimes these poor people complained, and if their voices poured forth words unpleasant to listen to? Although England at this moment was the best governed country under the sun, yet there was—and really, in a certain sense, there must be—a tremendous inequality between the laws as administered to the poor and to the rich. A starving boy stole a pair of boots and was promptly sent to gaol, and a smart woman stepped from a well-appointed brougham in Bond Street and made purchases of great value for which she never meant to pay. To him it seemed the smart woman was the bigger thief of the two. The poor boy was sent to prison, but evidence was not clear enough to send the smart woman after him.

But on goes the comedy of human life, with the starving poor jostling against their betters to learn from them lessons and examples. How were they to be taught? By religion only. "There is no education worthy of the name," said Mr. Gladstone in one of his many speeches, "which is not grounded upon religion." There was only one religion in this world which was founded by Jesus Christ, and that was in the Holy Catholic Apostolic Church, with Leo XIII. happily reigning as the head on earth. Teach the poor child his religion, speak to him of the truths of faith. He would listen and drink them in, for God had given him sufficient intelligence. Teach him the truths of faith, remind him, as life went on, that if he sinned he was within easy reach of the means of forgiveness. There were sacraments of God's Church by means of which sins were forgiven. Remind him that the body of the Lord was for him, to be his food and his drink. Teach them to realize this world was but a dream at the best that swiftly passed away, and that in the next the inequalities of the starving, struggling poor would be set right, and where virtue receive its reward. It was a strange lesson, yet it was a sweet melody to the ears of the poor to know that if they loved God and kept His commandments with far more certainty than the sun would rise over London the day would come for them when the courts of Westminster would be exchanged for God's own kingdom in Heaven.

Notes From British Columbia.

The Rev. Oblate Fathers have received confirmation of the death of Mgr. Durien, the venerable and grand old Bishop of New Westminster, B.C., and also of the appointment of his successor, in the person of Mgr. Donville. His Lordship Mgr. Augustin Donville, O.M.F., was born on the 4th June, 1857, at Bischweiler, in the diocese of Strasburg, Alsace. In the early seventies he came to Canada, and made a complete course of studies at the Ottawa College—now the Ottawa University. In 1880, or 1881, he entered, as a novice, the Order of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate. Having completed his novitiate at Lachine, near Montreal, he returned to Ottawa, where he taught in the classes of the University while following his course of theology. On the 30th May, 1885, he was ordained priest. For some time Father Donville was attached to the University as a professor in various branches. About 1889 he was sent as a missionary to British Columbia. When, in 1897, the late Mgr. Durien—also an Oblate—felt his strength failing he asked for a coadjutor. On

the 3rd of April, 1897, Father Donville was created titular Bishop of Germanopolis; on the 22nd August, the same year, he was consecrated as coadjutor Bishop of New Westminster, by Mgr. Langlois, O.M.F., Archbishop of St. Boniface. Finally Mgr. Donville has succeeded the late Bishop Durien.

It may not be generally known that Bishop Donville is an exceptional linguist. French is his mother tongue, and of course he is master of that language. German he speaks just as fluently as French; he was born and brought up on the German frontier. English he possesses almost to perfection—accent, style, idiom and form. Of the dead languages we cannot say how many he has learned and taught; but, if our memory is not at fault, he speaks Italian, Spanish and some other modern European tongues. We are told that he has mastered more than one Indian dialect since his residence in British Columbia. Above all, and with all his accomplishments, he is a grand priest, an exemplary religious, and a perfect and polished gentleman—consequently he will be a remarkable Bishop.

CHRISTIAN SCIENTISTS.

On June 5th a number of the Christian Scientists held what they called a communion service, in their mother church, in Boston. This announcement reads very nicely in the press; but few, if any, real Christians would ever dream that by "communion service" they meant a "silent prayer," or, according to the words of the one who exhorted them, that it means, "to enter into the inner sanctuary of Saul for a brief moment, into the holy of holies, into the secret places of the Most High." Any ordinary Christian—not being a Scientist—would feel somewhat puzzled to know what this kind of ceremony really is. But Mrs. Eddy, the pastor, sends an annual message, and in that they are very clearly enlightened upon the subject. At least one suppose they are; as "Scientists" it is only natural to expect that they understand the "scientific" language of their "inspired" founder, or foundress.

At all events, for the benefit of the less favored, the ignorant many, (ourselves included), we will reproduce the statement of Mrs. Eddy regarding Christian Science. She says: "On comparison, it will be found, that Christian Science possesses more of Christ's teachings and example than all the other religions since the first century. Comparing our scientific system of metaphysical therapeutics with materia medica, we find it completely overshadowed and overwhelms it, even as Aaron's rod swallowed up the rods of the magicians of Egypt. I deliberately declare that when I was in practice (as a physician, we suppose), out of one hundred cases I healed ninety-nine to the ten of materia medica." Possibly this constitutes a very clear and exact definition of the doctrines of the Christian Scientists; but we are too ignorant to be able to fully grasp its purport. In the first place we do not know much about materia medica, consequently, we are

not competent to judge whether it is more or less efficacious, in matters of eternal salvation, than the "scientific" system of metaphysical therapeutics." But we have a slight acquaintance with that rudimentary mathematical science called arithmetic, and we fail to see exactly (unless we allow a margin for the miraculous) how Mrs. Eddy was able—out of one hundred cases—to cure ninety-nine by Christian Science, and ten by ordinary medicine. It is quite possible that the science of metaphysical therapeutics can account for the extra nine cases; or they may simply be the products of an elastic imagination. Anyway, we do not pretend to understand this scientific Christianity; the pure, unadulterated, honest, sim-

ple, and true Christianity is more in accord with our powers, mental and otherwise. If our salvation depended upon a knowledge of metaphysical therapeutics, or even a knowledge of materia medica, we would run a very poor chance on the last day—no matter how we may have lived. If to save our soul it were necessary to find one hundred and nine cases in one hundred, we certainly would fail in the great object that is, or should be, dearest to all men. Therefore, not feeling ourselves qualified to work out our salvation by any such elaborate and scientific methods, we have only to fall back upon the good, old-fashioned means, of Catholic Faith, which has done duty for millions before our time.

INCENSE AND CANDLES.

The following despatch from London, Eng., of June 8th, deserves to be reproduced in full. It scarcely needs any comment, and it constitutes the saddest commentary imaginable upon the situation to which Protestantism has reduced a large and respectable section of Christendom. Such confusion, such contradiction, such error! Bad, indeed, must be the pligh of those seekers after salvation, when the simple questions of the use and the antiquity of incense and candles at Divine service have caused so much discussion and given rise to such a terrible amount of unnecessary work.

The despatch reads thus: "Incense was the issue before the Archbishop's Court last week. Now it is a question of candle. The Archbishops of Canterbury and York listened to much learned testimony and argument on the subject in the guard room of Lambeth Palace yesterday.

"One of the counsel for the Rev. Henry Westall, Vicar of St. Cuthbert's, Philbeach Gardens, produced in triumph conclusive historical authority for the statement that procession-candles in church were used in the presence of that bulwark of Protestantism, Queen Elizabeth. This seemed to the unlearned among the audience to settle the matter for good and all.

"But the counsel for the 'Low Church' side was soon on his feet with proof that on the very occasion cited by his opponent good Queen Bess had cried impatiently, 'Away with those torches. We see very well.'"

"This seemed to leave the question very much where the Archbishops had found it, except in so far as it had been shown that Elizabeth, defender of the Faith, thought daylight a sufficient illumination at divine service.

"Although their decision cannot possibly be binding upon anybody, and although London has begun to swell and to empty itself of fashion, their Graces of Canterbury and York betray no signs of the irksomeness of their task, which they undertook in the hope of keeping the squabbles in the established church away from the secular courts. Popularly spoken of as the 'Archbishops' Court,' the proceedings in the guard-room form no court at all and are officially designated the 'Archbishops' hearing.' The authority for the hearing is contained in the prayer-book and reads: 'Parties who have any doubt or diversity take anything, shall always resort to the Bishop of

the diocese, who shall take order for quieting and appeasing the same. And if the Bishop be in doubt then he may send for the resolution thereof to the Archbishop.'

"One feature of the proceedings is that they are bringing to light many quaint historical facts. Ancient records are being rummaged by both parties to the dispute. Counsel for Rev. Edward Ram, the Norwich clergyman, who is accused by his Bishop of using incense in his church, has discovered in the archives of St. Michael's Cornhill, his rule to be observed by the vestry. 'They shall provide for fire at all such feasts as incense is accustomed to be offered unto Almighty God, with other things necessary to the office according to the solemnity of the feast.'

"Mr. Didbin, who appears for the Bishops, tried to offset this by maintaining that the incense was used merely to fumigate the church. He quoted an instance of ancient church bookkeeping, when there was an item 'for dressing the church after the soldiers and for frank incense to sweeten it'; also a record of St. Peter's, Barnstable, 'for tobacco and frank incense burned in the church.'

"But some of the authorities cited are centuries older than Protestantism. Polacina, whose 'History of the Popes' was written in the fifteenth century, has been a tower of strength to the ritualists. He ascribed the origin of incense to about 795-815. From a panegyric by Eusebius, delivered at Tyre in the year 312, to the latest edition of the Encyclopaedia Britannica, no source of enlightenment is neglected, although the opponents of incense try to confine the enquiry to the post-Reformation period."

These people seem to have absolutely no conception of the difference between the figurative and the literal, between symbolism and reality. For example, they claim that the Sacrament of the Altar is merely a symbol—while it is the most perfect reality in existence; but they imagine that incense and lighted candles are objects of worship for Catholics, while they are merely symbolic incentives to devotion. Incense has, in all ages, been the symbol of sacrifice—and the sacrifice of the Altar is consequently fittingly accompanied thereby; candles were at once the symbols of the light of Truth, and the necessary means of illuminating the catacombs where the early Christians worshipped—symbols and memorials!

ABOUT LAWYERS.

A prominent Q. C. of Toronto has recently contributed a very grave and timely article, to the columns of the "News," on the "reprehensible methods in drumming up clients." While the statements of the writer are more especially applicable to Ontario and to the Law Society, still they may not be unworthy of reproduction for the benefit of our own Bar Association. A considerable space is devoted to the consideration of the immature and poorly equipped students who pass, by hook or by crook—especially by money—the matriculation examinations and to a lengthy advice to the Law Society regarding more exacting regulations. In the following remarks the Q. C. in question has certainly touched upon a crying and growing evil—and, we regret to say, one that is not confined to the Province of Ontario. We fear that this very city could furnish a few illustrations of the following:

taking their wives to call on the family of an injured person, though an entire stranger. A short time ago a young girl, who is a stenographer in a law office, by way of sounding the praises of one of her principals, said: "He was a hustler, he gets lots of business. He never rushes of an accident but that he rushes to see the injured person to get the case." Hundreds of actions are brought in which the plaintiff's solicitor has agreed with his client as a condition to his being given the case that he will not charge his client if he loses. Why, sir, I recently heard a law student give his principal away by stating that all his cases were not paying ones, as some were on speculation, and he did not always win. For the desperate straits in which so many members of the profession find themselves the overcrowding is mainly responsible, but the benchers of the Law Society must take their share of the blame. They have it in their power to do much to reduce the numbers. Then, too, much blame must be attached to parents who would be doing far better for their sons if they kept them on the farms, instead of shoving them into professions for which, in very many cases is evident, they are in no wise fitted."

When an upstart salutes you, or a coxcomb, it is that you may notice him.