

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, JULY 15, 1893.

NO. 769.

THE HOME RULE BATTLE.

GLADSTONE RUDELY TREATED.
A special cable to the New York Times says:—There probably has not been another great state ceremony here for centuries from which parliament so sternly and heroically divorced itself as in the case of the recent royal wedding. There were a few ministers and party leaders at the wedding proper, but they hurried back to Westminster as soon as they could, and through the afternoon and evening, when the rest of London was abandoning itself to sightseeing and festivity, the House of Commons was thronged with an exceptional muster of members fighting with more than usual rancor and heat over closing the first group of claims in the Home Rule Bill. The whole evening session was one series of turbulent scenes, where hardly a sentence of any of the speeches failed to lose itself in the howls and shouts of "fag" and "shame" on the one side, and a triumphant roar of "remember coercion" on the other. Under the stress of this furious excitement Gladstone was personally affronted in the lobby during one of the divisions by young Tories, who swarmed up to him when passing, and bawled "grand old gagger" square into his venerable face, an epithet he resented with a great blow of scorn and indignant gestures.

MR. SPEAKER HARSHLY CRITICIZED.
I have frequently spoken of the grotesque British theory that the speaker of the Commons must *ex officio* differ spiritually from the rest of humanity. In its present working out this theory has been a very awkward and harmful one in the Home Rule crisis throughout. Speaker Peel is a devoted anti-home ruler. He is also an extraordinary inflated and histrionic creature, who plays all the little antiquated ritual symbolism by his wig and gown as solemnly as if the fate of the empire hung on every step and genuflection, and has come seriously to believe in himself as a sort of impeccable, infallible, parliamentary pontiff. Other speakers have put on airs, but this man makes them all by comparison the merest worms of abasement. A rough, shy, Cornish Radical named Coneybear wrote a letter this week to a paper temperately calling attention to what everybody knows, that the speaker's discretion in granting closure bears an interesting relation to his partizan sympathies. This was brought up in the house, and the speaker from his chair, with waving arms and vehement declamation, made a speech like nothing else on earth so much as Booth's great scene in "Richelieu," and swept the house of its feet into an action which amounts practically to a declaration that the speaker is exempt from original sin, and could not do wrong if he tried. Gladstone, who loved old Sir Robert Peel, and for years took the fondest paternal interest in advancing the political fortunes of his son, now quite forgives his desertion to the Unionists, and seems fascinated by his arrogant, theatrical pretensions to parliamentary omnipotence. This may have its picturesque and even its touching side, but it is hamstringing the British parliament all the same.

HOW THE CLOSURE WORKS.
The New York Herald's London cable says:—Politics have been unusually interesting this week, because of the Conservative reception of the action of closure. Parliament has had several scenes which would not have been out of place in the tempestuous meetings of certain continental legislative bodies, where instandards and chairs so often drive home arguments. The presiding officer has had a hard time of it, and has not been able to keep the house within respectable bounds. All sorts of hateful epithets have been hurled back and forth and members of opposite convictions have labored fiercely to prove each other liars. Much to the delight of the Irish party the Conservatives have been the most grievous offenders—a fact which does not go well with their awful forebodings as to the sessions of the Irish parliament if such a body should be permitted.

GLADSTONE'S ELIXIR.
Mr. Gladstone has kept his temper and has scored again and again, thanks to the superheat of his adversaries. Far from being wearied by his labors, he acts as if they were an elixir of life to him. He began the session wearied, and the Tories hoped he was about to break down. Now he is well and strong and made a better figure at the royal wedding than even those ancient and sturdy beef-eaters who are the flower of British longevity.

A TEMPESTUOUS WEEK.
The Sun's London cable says:—The royal wedding has distracted attention from what has really been the stormiest week of the present session of Parliament. Mr. Chamberlain played more successfully than ever before the tactics of goading the Irish members into indiscreet fury. Then came the fiercest display of passion and most violent outbursts of personal feeling yet exhibited. The language of the campaign has become brutal in many cases. Lord Randolph Churchill, in a political speech this week, summed up an attack upon Gladstone with the question: "Is he

a lunatic or is he a traitor?" It is charitable to suppose that the weather is partly responsible for this violence of language. It has been, perhaps, the hottest week London has ever known, and there has been no breaks in Parliament's labors on account of the social festivities. Mr. Gladstone's closure plan has worked successfully thus far, and the futile protests of the Opposition count for little. Clause 9 is the point of danger. It deals with the retention and status of the Irish members. Mr. Gladstone wisely decided to leave to the decision of a committee of the house whether the clause shall remain as it stands, disqualifying the reduced number of Irish members from a voice in purely English affairs, or shall be amended, giving full privileges. The trend of opinion in the Liberal ranks seems to favor the latter proposition. The Irish members will make a strong protest against any curtailment of their number or powers during the six years while the judiciary, police and taxation powers remain under Imperial control. This protest, however, will not go to the length of defeating the Government on the clause. The danger is well understood by both sections of Irish members, and the result will probably be full support to the Government upon the clause amended as above outlined.

THE CHAMPION "ESCAPE."
The Boston Republic says that the demand for escaped nuns and converted priests as evangelists among Protestant communities has led to many startling and sensational episodes. When the supply of the peripatetic stars became large, a comparison of claims was rendered necessary, so that managers might be able to assure their patrons that the best talent in the market had been secured. We all remember the thrilling tale told by Edith O'Gorman soon after she took the stage; and we recall how the Protestant heart was moved by the story of her imprisonment and escape. Edith's managers and her husband made a tidy bit of money out of the narrative, and the fact that it was a tissue of falsehood from beginning to end did not lessen her attractiveness as a drawing card. Since then others have entered the field. We have had Mrs. Margaret Shepard, who claimed to have escaped mysteriously from a convent, but the records show that the only place in which she was immured was a jail, but whether she escaped from that or served her sentence we know not. She is now doing a thriving business in Canada, and recounting the wonderful tale of her deliverance. Miss Cusick, who erstwhile bore the name of the "Nun of Kenmare," took a new tack. She did not "escape" at all. She just left. Her success as a propagandist of Protestantism has not been brilliant, but she is making a living. A young English woman made a great spurge, a year or so ago, by sending for her solicitor and "escaping" with him from a French convent in broad daylight. She tried hard to get into a row with the superior of the institution, but she failed. Her demand for the privilege of going out into the world in her convent garb was denied, and she has repeatedly pointed to this denial as an exhibition of conventual tyranny and Jesuitical deviltry. This young person has done a thriving business by describing to gullible Protestants the methods employed to rid the convents of recalcitrant inmates. The most approved plan, she says, is to put poison in their food.

But with all these and many other ingenious and startling bits of realism at their disposal, the managers of "escapes" found the neglected and deserted offices of school Director or President? If they were not willing to sacrifice themselves to duty on the altar of their country what would become of us all? With Protestants shamefully neglecting their duty to their country by leaving all the offices vacant and fleeing from fat salaries as from a pest house we would in a short time—if the Catholics did not man the breach—a byword and a scolding to the nations. Looking at it thus from a patriotic point of view, the lady Apapist will understand why Catholics are willing to fill the deserted offices rather than see the country go to rack and ruin. This apathy or aversion to holding office, so conspicuous in the non-Catholic American, is a foul blot on the escutcheon of enlightened Protestantism, and as a religio-social problem worthy of the attention of Herbert Spencer.

But why are our large cities governed by Catholics? What we have said would afford a sufficient answer to this question, but three other replies may be given. First, they are not so governed; second, in view of Protestant neglect the Catholic— from a strong sense of duty and a "peeled optic" on the perquisites—is willing, at the urgent desire of his many friends, to take an office; third, he frequently manages to poll enough votes to get it. We cannot imagine any other reason.

With reference to the drilling of young ladies and little boys and girls and packing churches with arms, the *Witness* makes a good suggestion. We imagine we can see a spasmodic quiver in his left eyelid when he proposes it. Here it is:

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The italics are his own. We join the *Witness* in recommending this plan. Let the vigilant guards of liberty be on the alert and report facts, so that we may get at the bottom of the conspiracy. But above all things, avoid generalities; give names of places, of churches packed with arms, of writers and witnesses. This is the only way to push these Apapist liars and villains to the wall. Make them give particulars, so that their slanders may be brought home to them. In carrying out this plan the *Witness* will be doing a good, honest work.—*Philadelphia Catholic Times.*

THE "CATHOLIC UPRISING."
The New York *Witness* publishes a letter from a rampant Apapist regarding the "Catholic uprising." Being a female Apapist she has many questions to ask, such as: Why is Satolli, Pope No. 2, stationed at Washington? Why is it necessary for nearly every Catholic church to be packed with arms? Why is it that even the young ladies and little boys go to drill? Why is it that they are zealous to get into office—any office, from School Director to President? Why is it that so many of our Public Schools are governed by Catholic Directors and teachers? Why is it that nearly all of our largest cities (if not all) are governed by Catholics?

This does the old lady crush the *Witness* with her ponderous interrogatives. It does not attempt to answer her questions, but tries to soothe her nervousness in a mild-mannered way, which shows that it gives little or no credence to the charges implied in the questions. The old lady is evidently badly shaken up by the terrible bug-bears her imagination has conjured up. Just think of it, Satolli in Washington! Why, ah, why? And the necessity for nearly every Catholic church to be packed—packed, milled you—with arms! If they were packed full as full of arms as this old lady's head is with nonsense, there would be no room for the congregation. And the young ladies and little boys go to drill! This reminds one of Sergeant Buzfuz's charge on Mr. Pickwick's "chops and tomato sauce" telegram to Mrs. Bardell: "Chops and tomato sauce! Gentlemen of the jury, what does it mean? What moral turpitude is under these words, gentlemen of the jury? Do they not hide a villainous conspiracy against the domestic happiness of my client, Mrs. Bardell? Perhaps the young ladies and little boys drill only for exercise. But prudence requires the nation to be on its guard against these young ladies and little boys—especially the young ladies for if they were to form themselves into an army of invasion the country—the male portion of it at least—would be in danger of capture and bondage for life. Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty.

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AN ANSWER TO TARTE.
Archbishop Tache Addresses an Open Letter to Mr. J. Israel Tarte, Member of Parliament for Lislet, in Connection With the Schools of Manitoba.
Mr. J. Israel Tarte, M. P.:
Sir—I hope you will not be too much astounded if I take the liberty to write you through the press. I do it merely to answer her questions, but tries to soothe her nervousness in a mild-mannered way, which shows that it gives little or no credence to the charges implied in the questions. The old lady is evidently badly shaken up by the terrible bug-bears her imagination has conjured up. Just think of it, Satolli in Washington! Why, ah, why? And the necessity for nearly every Catholic church to be packed—packed, milled you—with arms! If they were packed full as full of arms as this old lady's head is with nonsense, there would be no room for the congregation. And the young ladies and little boys go to drill! This reminds one of Sergeant Buzfuz's charge on Mr. Pickwick's "chops and tomato sauce" telegram to Mrs. Bardell: "Chops and tomato sauce! Gentlemen of the jury, what does it mean? What moral turpitude is under these words, gentlemen of the jury? Do they not hide a villainous conspiracy against the domestic happiness of my client, Mrs. Bardell? Perhaps the young ladies and little boys drill only for exercise. But prudence requires the nation to be on its guard against these young ladies and little boys—especially the young ladies for if they were to form themselves into an army of invasion the country—the male portion of it at least—would be in danger of capture and bondage for life. Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty.

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HOME RULE.

Guelph, July 1, 1893.

To the Editor of the *Catholic Record*:
Sir—I have been requested by the committee to transmit to you for publication in your paper the enclosed correspondence and list of Catholic subscribers to the Home Rule field. Yours etc.,
J. P. DOWNNEY, Sec. of Com.

Hon. Edward Blake, Q. C., M. P., House of Commons, London, Eng., May 22, 1893.

DEAR SIR—We herewith send you a draft for £39s. 7d., amount of subscription raised by Guelph supporters of Home Rule, to aid you and your party in the struggle which you are so valiantly and successfully carrying on.

We take this opportunity to assure you of the pride which we, as Canadians, feel in the great work which you have accomplished in the cause of Irish self-government.

Aware, as we are, of the immense sacrifices which you have made, we cannot but realize that our's is but a trifling and unworthy effort to promote the cause of Home Rule.

We earnestly hope that under the wise and able leadership of Mr. Gladstone and your Irish allies will soon reach the goal for which we have all for so many years been earnestly striving.

Yours truly,
THOMAS J. COFFEY,
Chairman of Committee,
N. HIGGINBOTHAM,
Treasurer,
J. P. DOWNNEY,
Secretary.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT.
House of Commons, June 3, 1893.
DEAR SIR—I have pleasure in acknowledging your kind letter covering draft for £39s. 7d., the Guelph subscription in aid of Home Rule.

I have transmitted your letter and draft to Messrs. Coffey, Sexton and Dillon, trustees, for application to the object and acknowledgment in the papers.

I am sure that your subscription and kind words are an encouragement to us in our long struggle. Yours faithfully and obliged,
EDWARD BLAKE.

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THE FEAST OF THE SCAPULAR.
On Sunday next, the 16th inst., will be celebrated with unusual ceremony at the Carmelite Shrine of Our Lady of Peace at Falls View. A Plenary Indulgence can be gained at every visit made to the church from Saturday evening until sunset of the feast. Rev. Dr. Howley of Newfoundland, will deliver the paucity at the shrine. The reverend prior of the monastery will direct the musical part of the ceremony.

The Lecture Was Postponed.

Prof. Sims, who recently attracted considerable attention as an A. P. A. warrior, is played out. Even his friends refuse to listen to him. The London, Canada, *Advertiser* gives this account of Sims' last appearance in that city: "Appreciation of oratory seems to be on the decline in this city. When