

The Catholic Record.

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

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BISHOP CLANCY.

Sketch of the Bishop of Elphin.

A STUDENT AND PROFESSOR AT MAYNOOTH—A BRILLIANT PULPIT ORATOR—HIS SEE AND SOME OF HIS PREDECESSORS.

Right Rev. John Clancy, who succeeded to the See of Elphin on the death, a year or so ago, of Bishop Gilleooly, was born within the limits of the diocese over which he now presides as chief pastor. His native place was Riverstown, where he first saw the light of day about forty years ago. Showing an inclination to study for the priesthood, he was sent, after his preparatory education had been obtained in the national schools, to Sligo, where he began his classical course under the Marist Brothers. Then he passed to the diocesan seminary, which was then located at Athlone, and the abilities which he displayed there led to his being sent by his Bishop to Maynooth. At this latter college he soon ranked as one of the most brilliant students, leading his classes and winning a place on the Dunboyne establishment, which fact enabled him to pursue a special course of studies. After his ordination and the completion of these special studies, he went back to his native diocese and Bishop Gilleooly, who was then the ordinary of Elphin, appointed him a professor in his former alma mater, which, during the time Dr. Clancy was at Maynooth, had been transferred from Athlone to the episcopal city, Sligo. The future Bishop remained at this institution, discharging his professional duties with the same brilliancy and success as he had previously pursued his ecclesiastical studies, until 1887, when he was chosen, at a conciliar held at Maynooth, the successor of Rev. Dr. O'Rourke in the chair of English literature. Dr. Clancy was at that time known as one of the most eloquent and finished orators of the Irish Catholic Church—somebody has recently called him *facile princeps* a preacher of the Irish hierarchy—and the Irish Bishops who were then trustees of Maynooth, wishing to utilize his oratorical abilities on behalf of the students at that seminary, created a special chair of sacred eloquence, and appointed him its incumbent. He remained at Maynooth until a couple of years ago, when the venerable Dr. Gilleooly requested his appointment as his coadjutor; with which request Rome duly complied, and Dr. Clancy was accordingly consecrated on March 24, 1895, and he succeeded, as of that date, to the Elphin See on the death of the former incumbent.

The diocese over which Dr. Clancy now presides as Bishop is one of the oldest Episcopates in Ireland. Its first ordinary was St. Asicus, whose feast, falling on April 27, is kept as a double of the first class, with an octave, throughout the diocese. Some authorities claim that St. Patrick placed St. Asicus over the Elphin churches, but that is considered doubtful. This proto-prelate is thought to have ruled this diocese about the middle of the fifth century, and having been a goldsmith in his youth he is said to have ornamented his cathedral with productions of his skill, and to have fashioned many of the sacred vessels used in the divine service. Toward the close of his days he quitted his See and returned to Donegal, where he spent his time in prayer and penitential works; and although his people requested him to return to his See, he could not induce him to quit his retreat, where he died with the reputation of having lived a saintly life. His nephew, Bishop Beuethus, succeeded him. The diocese of Elphin was not originally what it is to-day in the matter of extent, and at least three places now located in Bishop Clancy's jurisdiction were formerly the sees of Sees, to wit, Ardcarne, Drumdrumcliff and Roscommon. These Sees were, however, at an early date annexed to Elphin, which then became one of the richest in Ireland. The line of succession from the sixth to the twelfth century is more or less obscure; but from the latter period it can readily be followed down to the present day. Many distinguished divines sat in the chair which Dr. Clancy now fills, and perhaps the most remarkable and best known of these prelates was Dominick Burke, a Dominican friar of Athenry, whom Pope Clement X. promoted to the See in the year 1671. This disciple of St. Dominic and predecessor of Dr. Clancy was born in 1629, and having determined to embrace the religious life, he entered the order of the friars preachers, and sailed for Spain to enter the Dominican convent in that country. The English occupants of Ireland, then on the watch for all Catholic ecclesiastics, caused his arrest at Kinsale, and, after having been robbed of all his scanty possessions, he was thrown into jail. He managed to effect his escape, however, but was compelled to lie hidden in a neighboring forest until he was succored by an Irish nobleman living in the neighborhood, who enabled him to return to his parents' residence. There his mother endeavored to dissuade him from attempting to reach Spain, but he persisted in his purpose, and finally managed to sail from Galway. He reached his Spanish destina-

tion in due time, and for the space of six years he pursued his studies and was promoted at the finish of them to the priesthood. Ireland being still in the throes of persecution, his superiors deemed it unsafe for him to return, and they sent him to Italy, where the next sixteen years of his life were spent. His piety and abilities won him many honors in his order during those years, and filled important offices in his order at Venice, Milan and other Italian cities. In a general chapter of order held at Rome in 1670 he represented the province of Louvain, and the following year he was named Bishop of Elphin and consecrated in the Eternal City.

Dr. Burke was but forty one years of age when he started back to Ireland to take possession of his See. The bitter persecutions to which the Catholics of Ireland were subjected in those days were then at their height, and the good Bishop found it necessary to use the utmost care and vigilance to avoid arrest. At one time he had to lie hidden in a solitary spot for the space of four months, and in order to consecrate, on one occasion, properly the holy oils on Maundy Thursday he was compelled to travel forty miles by night, as it was out of the question to make the journey safely in daylight. For a long period he had to dwell at Galway, in order to escape the quest that was being made for him at his diocese; and finally that place becoming insecure, he was compelled to seek shelter in exile, going over to Belgium and accepting hospitality from his Dominican brethren in the city of Louvain. Alluding to this period of the persecuted prelate's career, an Irish ecclesiastical writer said this of Bishop Burke: "From his retreat, in 1695, by frequent letters addressed to the Sovereign Pontiff, the orthodox princes of Europe and their ambassadors assembled to deliberate, on the peace of Ryswick, he informed them of the deplorable state of the Irish Catholics and of the intention on the part of the English people to extirpate the Catholic religion in Ireland. By his intercession with Innocent XII. two Briefs were issued, breathing piety and sympathy with, and recommending the Catholics to subscribe for the support of the exiles from Ireland, then thrown destitute all over the continent. The Bishop of Elphin also solicited for the entire kingdom of Ireland absolution from the presumed excommunication pronounced by the nuncio, Rinuccini, and although others had applied and met with repulse—not so with the Bishop of Elphin." This zealous and patriotic prelate was not permitted to return to his See and his flock, but died at Louvain, after having been Bishop of Elphin, for thirty-three years, on New Year's day, 1704. His remains were buried under the high altar of the Dominican conventual church in that city.

No successor appears to have been appointed for his See until 1707, when Ambrose McDermott was made Bishop of Elphin, and administered to the diocese for the ensuing ten years. Then came Bishop Patrick French, whose term appears to have run from 1718 to thirty years later, when the See received as a new incumbent Dr. John Brett, a Dominican, who was consecrated in Rome in 1743 for the diocese of Killala, and who, five years subsequently, was transferred to Elphin. Right Rev. James Fallon occupied the See from 1759 to 1775; then came Bishop Edward French, who died in 1810; Bishop Plunkett, who died in 1827; and who was then succeeded by his co-adjutor, Bishop Patrick Burke; Bishop Brown, who was transferred from Galway in 1844, and Gilhooly, consecrated Sept. 7, 1856, whom Dr. Clancy has now succeeded. The Elphin diocese, which is a suffragan to the archdiocese of Tuam, embraces Roscommon and certain portions of Sligo and Galway. The episcopal residence is at Sligo, where is also located the diocesan college, in which Bishop Clancy was formerly a pupil, together with a Dominican convent and establishment of the Ursuline and Mercy Sisterhoods. The diocesan priesthood numbers about 100; there are 34 parishes in the diocese, 84 churches, with 14 public chapels and chaplaincies, 310 national schools, attended by 35,000 pupils, and a Catholic population of 170,000. In the diocesan report of the present year, evidently an official utterance, it is stated that "large convent schools are located in Sligo, Roscommon, Elphin, Boyle, Athlone, Castlerose and Strokestown, attended by over 3,000 girls. The parochial schools, under lay teachers, now exceed in number 300. Model schools have been erected and opened in Sligo in defiance of the protest of the Bishop and of the adverse decision of the prelates of the province assembled in synod; but no Catholic pupil enters their unadorned walls, and supported at an immense expense from the public tax, there they stand a monument of British aggression upon Catholic rights and also of Catholic fidelity to the voice of their pastors."

Dr. Clancy, who is one of the youngest Irish Bishops, not alone in years but also in point of consecration, will, as a matter of course, receive a cordial welcome and his old associates of Maynooth, now on the mission here, fellow-students and pupils, will be delighted to see him on American soil.

His reputation as a preacher, which has preceded him, will make people in the places where he tarries here eager to hear him in the pulpit; and that desire will doubtless be gratified by the Elphin prelate, who is well used to being asked to deliver sermons, for in days when he was professor at Maynooth invitation to fill the pulpit here and there on some notable occasion were continually addressed to him. The Elphin diocese has but one junior in length of days in the purple in the Irish hierarchy, viz., Bishop Henry of Down and Connor, whose consecration took place some six months later than his own, though Bishop Hoar, of Ardagh, who was interred only five days before him, cannot be considered as greatly his senior.—Boston Republic.

THESE PRELIMINARIES.

New York Freeman's Journal.

A few words more on this rather monotonous subject. Dr. McAllister seems to think we insist on conditions that are impossible, and in doing so make debate between us impossible.

He says: "And now let me ask you to show how it would be possible, by the logic of your position and the Roman Catholic principle of infallibility, for you and me ever to reach the discussion of the main issues between us. You demand of me, as a preliminary, valid proof of the inspiration of the Scriptures. But at the same time you affirm that it is impossible for me to furnish such valid proof, apart from the testimony of an infallible Church. So we cannot possibly come to the discussion of the main issues by any proof of the inspiration of the Scriptures, which I, as a Protestant, might proceed to offer. This way is therefore absolutely closed against us."

We affirm that it is impossible to prove the inspiration of the Scriptures without the infallible authority of the Church affirming that inspiration and designating the books of which inspiration is affirmed. This means that you, as a Protestant, Catholic, Jew or Gentile, cannot offer any valid proof of the inspiration of the Scriptures without the infallible authority of the Church.

This statement does not prevent you, as you seem to think, from attempting to prove the contrary. So far from that, it imposes on you, who offer the Scriptures as inspired testimony, the obligation of proving that our statement is false. We say you have no valid proof of inspiration other than infallible authority. At this you throw up your hands in despair and complain that we have deprived you of the power of producing, as a Protestant, any valid argument in favor of inspiration. That, it seems to us, is a strange admission coming from you. In fact, our statement your line of action was clear. It was to deny the truth of our proposition and proceed to prove it untrue. That you declined to proceed on this line of argument is a strong implication that you fully recognized the weakness of your position.

If our statement be true, you, who deny infallible authority, cannot prove the inspiration of the Scriptures. If you admit it to be true further discussion on that point is closed. If you do not admit its truth there is but one line of action open to you. It is to produce valid arguments, other than that of infallible authority, to prove inspiration. The shortest and best way to prove that a thing can be done is to do it.

Why did you not try it, instead of complaining that by a few strokes of the pen we had robbed you of the power to do it? You appear to have little confidence in the proofs of inspiration which you, as a Protestant, can offer.

If the fact that we are a Catholic prevents you, as a Protestant, from giving valid proof of the inspiration of the Scriptures, you may imagine for the time being that we are a Gentile, or a Chinese or Hindoo pagan and then present your valid proofs of inspiration and submit them to criticism. You are free to proceed in this way. Nothing we have said prevents you. Hence you are in error when you say our insistence on this point closes the way to a discussion of the main issues. You who were recently hunting for an antagonist should now when you find one, dogge an issue which your line of argument raised. You introduced the Scriptures as an inspired witness to prove what you imagine to be errors of the Catholic Church. We called for the proof of their inspiration. After having recourse to the well-known vicious circle of proving the Book's inspiration by the Book's own testimony—a method as valid in the mouth of the Mormon and the Turk as in yours—you complain that we are obstructing debate because we insist on your authenticating your witness.

Speaking of proving the infallibility of the Church by the infallibility of the Church, which Dr. McAllister erroneously thinks Catholics must do, he continues: "To escape the force of this logic you will probably contend that the Roman Catholic Church and the *ecclesia* utterances of the Roman Pontiff are more truly divine than the revelation of God's will in the words of

Sacred Scripture. Do you fly to this as a refuge?"

Notice here how surreptitiously the doctor wings his way to the refuge of a *petito principii* by assuming the point at present in issue—namely, the inspiration of the Scriptures. Is it possible that intellectual habit blinds him to the fact that the point he is required to prove is whether the revelation of God's will is in the words of scripture?

We most certainly prefer the authority of the Church and her teaching to the authority of any book in existence whose inspiration is not proved; just as the early Christians believed in the authority of the Church before the New Testament was in existence. The Scriptures rest for their authentication on the Church, not the Church on the Scriptures. The Church is first in the logical, as well as in the chronological order, and the Scriptures have value over profane history only after the Church of Christ, by her infallible authority, authenticates them.

This is enough on the Scriptures, as the doctor, rather than assume the burden of proving their inspiration, has abandoned his plan of introducing them as a witness to Apostolic principles, and betaken himself to what he calls reason and common sense. He proposes now to prove that the Church is not infallible by proving that she has contradicted herself. That is, that she has, in the domain of faith and morals, taught as revealed truth at one time what at another time she has condemned as false. We say "in the domain of faith and morals" because it is in that domain that infallibility is claimed.

If he proves what he proposes to prove he will have shown that the Catholic Church has erred, and is therefore fallible. In the same way, if he prove that one Pope, when defining *ex cathedra* has ever contradicted another Pope when speaking *ex cathedra*, he will show that the Pope is not infallible.

There are, however, some preliminaries to be considered, such as, When does the Pope speak *ex cathedra*? and some other points. We leave these things for another time.

A LETTER FROM IRELAND.

Our readers will, we are sure, be pleased that we have given them an opportunity of perusing in our columns the following racy letter from "Kit," the clever correspondent of the *Toronto Mail and Empire*. The last portion of the article, "Home at Last," referring to the Woman and the Boy (which, of course, means "Kit" and her son) is an exceedingly pretty piece of work—and so Irish! But it could not be otherwise, for "Kit" has a great Irish heart, and, besides, an Irish brain in the bestowal of which Nature has been exceedingly liberal.

DUBLIN DOINGS.

I will jot down a few things about Dublin doings, though goodness knows when my dear Canadian readers will see them. The Atlantic Ocean is a fearsome thing, and it's getting tired I am of thinking it's between us!

The gay capital of Ireland is *en fete* over the visit of the Duke and Duchess of York. It is the Jubilee over again though on a smaller scale. The Unionists are exhibiting the greatest loyalty with courteous indifference. If their Royal Highnesses had brought with them—as was fully expected—a message for the release of the Irish political prisoners, Unionist and Nationalist would have joined in giving them only such a splendid reception as this warm-hearted people can give. The London correspondents are in "ectasies" as it is, over the cordiality of the welcome. They are not used to the warm tone that rings in an Irish hurrah. The cheering is most cordial, only there is not enough of it. When one side of a nation remains emotionless—indeed, paralysed—the other, no matter how lively it is, cannot "boss the whole show," as slang has it.

Certain London syndicates have decorated Dublin. In fact, some of the same decorations used in London during Jubilee week are now dressing up Dublin in gay colors. The green note—so lacking in the London decorations—is more prominent here, and very fresh and pretty do these little green flags look as they float bravely beside the Jack and the Cross of St. Andrew. Dublin is in a joyous mood. She has put flags in her hair and searched the attic for the old, faded, beautiful National emblem—a golden harp on a field of green—but, so long had these lain unused and decaying, that she could only find two of them, and these she hoisted amid their gayer brethren—Jack, Andrew, Turkey, and Greece. And forlorn looked the harp. It is out of fashion, this flag of a Nation. Here and there it had crowned itself with a coronet, and quartered itself with the red, white, and blue; sometimes it shone upon a field of blue. Then it waved proudly—but the two big green flags—those of their solitary harps—so long silent—drooped mournfully.

Anyhow the town is very gay—for the thirty-two counties have sent their fairest daughters and most stalwart

sons to see "Princess May" and her husband, and likewise to take part in the brilliant affairs of the month. First of all—unless you had prepared for it—you can get no lodgings. If you do—in some outlying suburb—you pay the cheerful price of twenty-five dollars a week for bed and breakfast! Men are sleeping upon the billiard tables of hotels; upon the landings, and even in butlers' pantries. Ladies are glad to roost in bathrooms at a guinea a night. All the "London Season" seems to have journeyed over to "dear, dirty Dublin" (which by the way, looks remarkable well washed and groomed these days). Grattan street, long, narrow Grafton street, where the prettiest and best dressed girls in the world promenade every afternoon, is almost roofed over with arches, flower baskets, and lines of flags. Trinity College railings are beautifully decorated, while Nassau street never looked so well. Irish Society—all of it—is in Dublin just now, and so is London Society. Peers and peeresses are as common in the streets these days as they are scarce all the year round. Even the absentee landlords (!) have come over to join in the fine doings. Think of the doings though! The Royal visit (Poor Dublin is furnishing up her Court etiquette. She had got out of practice somehow.) The investiture of the Duke of York with the Order of St. Patrick; the Flower Show; the opening of the Textile Exhibition, and the Horse Show! The finest Horse Show—bar none—that the world can give. One worth coming all the way over from Canada to see—and inter-larding, as it were, all these functions are dinners, dances, polo matches, receptions. Oh, but Dublin knows how to be gay. She does not take her pleasures sadly!

"Princess May"—they won't call her anything else here—stepped upon Erin's shores, dressed in an apple-green gown of Irish poplin. All the pretty Irish girls had run down to Kingston to meet her, I think. There they were on the pier, and they cheered, and clapped, and waved their little lace-edged handkerchiefs. I think the Duchess was surprised at the warmth of the greeting. It was said that at first she was very timid, poor thing! but there was no need for it. The Irish people recognize the visit as a purely social one—bearing no political significance whatever—and if there is one party which feels no inclination to accord a great welcome to the Royal couple, at least they receive them with respect and dignity. Heaven send that it will be like this throughout the visit! Ireland is the point upon which England and Scotland have fixed watchful eyes. That she may behave herself gracefully, quietly, and with dignity is the hope of every Irish born person who has the real interest of Ireland at heart.

HOME AT LAST.

Two people in whom I take an interest, set out one sunny morning late in a journey to a place they called home. A most difficult and distressing bit of a place to get at—an island, indeed, set about by a great hedge of rocks and cliffs and bluffs, against which the wild sea-waves beat mournfully. They were very gay, these people, and being used to travel in a comfortable land called Canada, forgot to put their names upon their luggage, or, indeed, do other than commit it to the care of a very young porter with a weak chin, who, being told to label it "Dublin," sent it off comfortably to Drogheda. But the Woman and the Boy knowing naught of this, were tucked away by a grey-haired guard (something chinked in his hand at the moment) in a smoking carriage, all by themselves. "Engaged," in big red letters, was pasted up on the window, whereat the Boy immediately stood on his head, which is his way of showing content and delight. All along the journey, at intervals, the guard looked in on them in a fatherly way, and there was always the same music in his hand when he moved off again. So, after many hours, Holyhead was reached, and there was the Shamrock panting away, ready to toss you like a pancake over the immense frying pan of the Irish Sea, beneath which, it is my firm belief, the great Sea Serpent has his dwelling. For the heaving and swelling of that bit of sea exceeds the might of the Atlantic when in its wrath. Here, too, was the amiable guard, expressing his delight that the Woman and the Boy had arrived at this much of their journey in a good state of repair. Need they look after their boxes? Not at all. Just get aboard the boat and make yourselves comfortable. Thus this wicked old guard, after one had made a musical box of him with threepenny bits. The less said about the journey across that Irish Sea the better. The Shamrock, I was told, behaved disgracefully. Indeed, she was by no means sober when she left, but her intoxication grew to insanity when she got fairly out from her restraining moorings. She waltzed, she reared, she came side-croppers. She kicked higher than any ballet, and tried to make her way over on her head. She exhibited a wild desire to wallow like a pig, and

only began to steady herself when everybody else was very unsteady indeed. She sobored up when the lights of Dublin blinked at her, and when she had reduced every other woman to a wreck. Then she sailed in, just as if she had come out of the band box, and shrilled three big whistles of demonic joy at sight of the feeble crowd that tottered down her gangways.

The Woman and the Boy were very quiet when they set foot upon the quays of Dublin. Quiet, I think, from great joy. There was nothing riotous in it, I know, for the Woman told me afterwards that they could only hold each other's hand very tightly, speaking no word "for fear they would cry." They are ridiculous people, no doubt, but absurdly sentimental notions about things, but for once they were strangely quiet and retiring. The Boy noticed that the Woman touched the walls and railings lovingly as she walked away from where the ship landed them; and he also saw her lay her lips against an old gray wall, who responded with a frigidity which was lowering to the spirits, but, he knew—she said in confidence to me afterwards—just what was "sort of hurting her," and he travelled on behind her doing just as she did. They were very happy I have heard tell.

And the Boy said Dublin was beautiful. Oh, so much cleaner and wider and brighter than London! London was great. But Dublin! What was there in the world that could compare with Dublin? The hotel they put up at that night—a railway one on the quays—what a hotel that was! There was no London hotel could come up to it. Of course not. And these two greese climbed into bed and forgot all about looking after their luggage.

And what despair and desolation reigned next morning when all five boxes were found to have disappeared. The kindness of the officials was the worse misfortune. "There now, don't be unaisy. It'll turn up right enough in a few days. Don't be runty about it, it's an' disturbin' your mind. We'll do all that for you." Thus porter, agent, superintendent, and, "shure, you couldn't be angry. The two were dismayed though. They ran about on outside cars from one station to another. The Westland Row officials abused the North Wall men, and both joined in sending the mail boats that land at Kingstown to perdition. All the while it was, "Take it aisy now. Fair an' aisy goes far in the day. Shure, you'll never grow fat if you're frettin' that way. This lame you'll be always." The marvellous kindness, uselessness, and good nature of them infected the Woman and the Boy. What really was a week's delay anyway? Of course, she wanted her best gown for the York affairs at the Castle, but "shure, you could go just as you were. There would be no mistaking you for anything but a lady anyway." "Oh, my countrymen," said the Woman, "but it's you could whistle a throste out of the bush!"

Five days after—a mere trifle of a delay—these two recovered their luggage which had been "lost" in the Drogheda cloak room, and with it their buoyancy. But the Woman, I am told, had meantime to buy herself a new gown and bonnet at a delightful Grafton street shop, and the Boy said he believed she was glad of the excuse. It was certainly a very nice gown, and became her vastly, the Boy said.

Stingy Christians.

The *Pupils of the Cross* has a story that will bear retelling for the benefit of those who, as they say, can never understand why the clergy are always needing money, and whose offerings are always in inverse ratio to their complaints.

A clergyman whose salary had not been paid for several months told the trustees that he must have his money, as his family were suffering for want of the necessities of life. "Money!" exclaimed one of the trustees, noted for his stinginess. "Do you preach for money? I thought you preached for the good of souls." The minister replied. "So I do; but I cannot eat souls. And if I could, it would take a thousand such as yours to make a meal."

Although the Catholic clergy have no families of their own to support, there are innumerable demands on their purses which the laity seldom take into account. The hidden charity of our priests is beautiful, and many who are most generous in their benefactions receive least credit for it. The poor and distressed know what the Catholic clergy do with much of the money that comes to them. We once knew a priest who had laid up a few thousand dollars against a rainy day, to expend it all on the suffering poor of his parish during a winter when the bread winners were out of work. The rainy day came and it poured; but his trust in providence did not fail him. He is now with God, and we feel certain his reward is immeasurably greater for that act of self-sacrifice. The late Bishop Burgess, of the Diocese of Detroit, gave handsome sums in charity every year; and was always most liberal when there was least likelihood that any one would find out how generous he had been.—Ave Maria.