

The Catholic Register.

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THURSDAY, JANUARY 14, 1897.

Calendar for the Week.

- Jan. 14 - St. Hilary. 15 - St. Paul, first Hermit. 16 - St. Marcellus. 17 - 2nd alt. Epiph. Feast of Holy Name. 18 - St. Peter's Chair, Rom. 19 - St. Fabian. 20 - St. Canute and Sebastian.

Official.

St. John's Grove, Toronto, January 12th 1897.

To the Clergy of the Archdiocese of Toronto.

REV. AND DEAR FATHERS—A theological Conference will be held at the places and dates as follows:

- (1) On the 10th of February in the forenoon at Barrie for the Clergy of the Deanery of that place. (2) On the 17th of February at noon at St. Michael's Palace for the Clergy of the Deanery of Toronto. (3) On the 24th of February in the forenoon at St. Catharines for the Clergy of the Deanery of St. Catharines.

The subject matter of the Conference will be "De verbo Dei traditio" and "De Eucharistia" as a Sacrifice and Sacrament.

By order of His Grace the Archbishop JAMES WALSH, Secretary.

Dr. Linehan the new Bishop of Auckland, New Zealand, is an Irishman. He is the first Irish bishop to fill the See since the retirement of Dr. Croke of Oshel.

The signing of a general arbitration treaty between Great Britain and the United States, aside from the questions provided for in the document itself, shows the need for friendly relations between the empire and the republic. It would not be straining a neighborly feeling for all classes of Canadians to recognize this fact.

Honor and shame from no condition rise. Across the Atlantic three ladies of title, a princelike Princess and two Countesses, have been engaged for weeks advertising their shamelessness with the industry of patent medicine proprietors, whilst nearer home a domestic servant, who was as snow compared to them, takes her miserable life under circumstances the most pitiful. The wages of sin is death whether for the high or the humble; and when women of title and fortune take advantage of their position in the world to advertise their vice wherever newspapers are published, it is perhaps charitable to suppose that they have lost their reason. Even in the spirit of the old heathen maxim they are made mad before they die.

There is no dissenting voice to Irish unity in the protest against overtaxation. And there is another question upon which all the Irish people concerned are also united. This is Catholic University education. Heretofore, because the Catholic hierarchy have kept the university demand in the front, they have been told the question is entirely a clerical one. The laity of Ireland have now signed a declaration which expresses the convictions of the Irish Catholic people. It is signed by nearly two score members of the titled aristocracy, by sixty members of Parliament and by thousands of influential Irishmen in all parts of the country. The declaration brings the Conservative ministry once more face to face with the necessity of higher Catholic education in Ireland.

The discussion of religion and education just now is world wide. A universal attack seems to be impending upon Catholic education. In England the details of the anti-Catholic campaign bring to light some incidents resembling P. P. A. methods in the United States and Canada. For example when the Benedictine Fathers in Buckfast, Devon, started to build a school near the Abbey recently, the local School Board opened a temporary school at once as near the spot as they could get. A permanent building was hurried up and a head mistress of well-known ability and experience engaged. It was a surprise to the Board a few days after the lady's appointment to hear that she (the name is Mrs. Ray) went over to the Abbey and was formally received into the Catholic Church. Her change of faith coincided with her appointment seemed to create some suspicion in the School Board.

It was not necessary that Archbishop Langvin should publicly denounce the absurd statement of a French Canadian Liberal paper that he at first approved the "settlement" of the school question. Now that this lie is nailed another equally reckless will, no doubt, be invented. Mr. Sheppard in The Toronto Star indulges himself characteristically over the malicious yarn that the Archbishop preached from his pulpit about sending his watch to Montreal to be raffled for school funds. The Archbishop shows this newspaper story to be as false as all the others. A rather interesting fact in connection with the constant invention of canards, by which it is sought to fasten public ridicule on the Archbishop of St. Boniface, is that the very newspapers which are keeping up the supply of lies are the loudest praters of the sacred right of freedom of the press. Are we to assume that the habitual printing of lies in a public sheet sanctifies the trade of the liar? Such seems to be the newspaper notion of freedom of the press with all its sacred privileges.

The Catholic electors gave united support to the Conservative Government of England in the effort put forth to secure fair treatment for voluntary schools. They are now beginning to regret their recent expressions of confidence; but their action they can never regret, because as Catholics they had only one course open to them. However when they find the Conservatives acting as if they desired to re-arrange their policy in the exclusive interest of Anglican voluntary schools, their disappointment is naturally keen. Rev. M. G. Glaney expresses this change of Catholic feeling in a letter to The Tablet, in which he says: "If then we find that we have been fooled with falacies, and that thousands of Catholic voters have been trapped to the polls by promises that were made to be broken, we shall not be slow to say the thing we mean or to speak as the grossness of the treachery demands." And in the same article he reflects that the members of the Irish Party appear to be the only trustworthy champions of Catholic education.

Ireland and the English Parliament.

The Imperial Parliament is summoned for Tuesday next the 19th inst. All the political indications of the past week have pointed to one question as the engrossing issue of the session. An united Irish demand will be made for redress of the financial grievance under which Ireland has labored since the Union. Concerning this matter perfect and harmonious determination is shown by all classes of Irishmen. The Unionist landlords and their press are loudest in their protests against the unjust burden the country has so long borne. More than one appeal to the sacred right of revolution has been heard in that quarter. Irish Tory vehemence has struck terror to those so-called Unionists in Great Britain who have been the most rabid anti-Home Rulers. Lord Castletown and Lord Dunraven are warned in The Times of the disgrace of associating on public platforms with John Daly. But after all what does this sort of argument amount to? Only to this, that John Daly has been incarcerated long years for proclaiming a cause which Lord Castletown at last is able to recognize. England has always been subtly illogical in her punishment of Irishmen who have asked only that their country be justly treated. Take the case of Sir Charles Gavan Duffy,

who is only one of a large number. England jailed him for advocating Irish rights. Released from prison he goes out to Australia and becomes a pioneer in that great colonial continent. Wharoupan England gives him knighthood, although he has never lowered the standard which he raised in Ireland and under which he was branded a convict. The case of John Daly and Lord Castletown is not different in principle from that of Sir Charles Gavan Duffy. In the speech of the Bishop of Limerick published in this issue we read the true explanation why the Irish aristocracy and the Irish people have been so long separated in opposing camps. The aristocracy have never until now seen that the people's interests are their interests. Mr. Standish O'Grady has something to say on this head in The Westminster Review, wherein he gives advice to his fellow members of the aristocracy. He says:

If we lead the people, and lead them well, we may save ourselves, and even our brethren who have already fallen into the pit of the Landed Estates Court, and at the very lowest we shall have some sport with the British statesmen before we perish. With a nation behind us who know what we may not be able to do?

The popular leaders of Ireland are not jealous of the fresh volunteers. There is no need that they should be. An Irish party should be representative of all classes and interests in the country; and besides the new leaders know how much they lack the experience of the boys of the old brigade. To Mr. Dillon's tried and true band they owe the disclosure of the Financial Relations Commission. The O'Connor Don, speaking at a vast meeting in the Mansion House, Dublin, on Dec. 28th, told the Irish Tories what they owe to Messrs. Sexton and Blake among others. These are his words:

I am glad to say I think that on the Royal Commission we all tried to help each other. We desired to ascertain the truth, to make it so plain that no cloud or mist could enshroud it, and every possible help, sometimes the help of silence was the most effective. We gave to one another. Of Mr. Sexton's examination and cross-examination of the witnesses it would be impossible for me too highly to speak, and I cannot but express my regret, in the interest of this cause, that he has voluntarily withdrawn himself from the arena where the question must shortly, and perhaps finally, be threshed out (hear, hear and applause). It may, perhaps, be invidious to mention any other name, but I feel so strongly that we are much indebted to another member of the Commission that I cannot refrain from mentioning him, I refer to the Hon. Edward Blake, M.P. (hear, hear). To Mr. Blake's wise foresight, to his conciliatory address, to his large-minded views, and his clearness and precision in enunciating them, we are much indebted for having secured practical unanimity in what is called the joint report; and as chairman of the Commission I feel bound to notice the important assistance he rendered in bringing about that agreement which has since proved of so much value.

It delights us to hear such high tribute paid to our able Canadian chief, who has stood by the people and by the people's party in the fight since he entered it, winning the esteem and admiration of all honest Irishmen and of all who watch Irish affairs with interest. Mr. Blake's position in the coming session of parliament will be a commanding one.

The Roberval Fire.

The terrible results of the fire at Roberval will inevitably turn many reflective minds upon the danger of illuminating with candles in the midst of church decorations which easily catch the wavering flame. That the danger is carefully guarded against is best attested by the fact that fires in churches, either on festive or on ordinary occasions, are quite rare, more rare than in any other description of buildings. Indeed the calamity at Roberval stands out with appalling prominence; and most readers of the accounts given of the conflagration cannot fail to admire the heroism displayed by the nuns. Anyone who has over marked the excitement even of trained firemen around a blazing structure can see how it was with the Ursuline Sisters. Their first thought was to save all lives. The rescue of some children in the dormitory should have earned the Victoria Cross for the noble woman who performed it had she not subsequently perished. More than one surmise has

been ventured as to why the nuns resorted to the burning building after they had got all the children out. The impression given by the newspaper reports is that the first little squad got suffocated in the smoke and that the second party went to their rescue. But the fact that one of the Sisters was sick in bed and unable to stir is proof enough for us that both the gallant little rescue parties faced certain death, hoping against hope that the helpless one might be reached and rescued. The whole world knows that in a religious community the family bond is in a sense one with the alliance to God and the Church. It was heroic the most exalted, that had no thought of finching in the face of death, which impelled the sacrifice of the nuns of Roberval. It was a glorious deed, although its fruitfulness must have been certain beforehand. To turn to a more prosaic feature of the disaster, the loss of the convent is the loss of the district and of the province. It is to be hoped that the Quebec Government will come generously to the aid of the community.

The Recent Disaster in Kerry.

Gathering our information from the excellent accounts published in The Dublin Freeman's Journal between the dates of Dec. 29 and January 2, we are this week able to give our readers a connected narrative of the bogslide in Kerry, which has overwhelmed the picturesque valley of the river Fleek and brought death and devastation upon the country side. The scene of the occurrence is near the border line of Cork and Kerry some fifteen miles from Killarney. Before the disaster the bog filled an elevated basin on the mountain side 200 acres in extent. On the night of Dec. 27 there had been an unusually large rainfall even for that wet mountainous region. The Fleek hardly held its bounds its rushing flood; but a lad who crossed from one side of the valley to the other at midnight saw nothing more unusual than the rain swollen stream. The catastrophe took place without the least noise of its own, as far as the account given at the inquest shows us; but the natural theory of the occurrence does not agree with any such notion of unobtrusive silence. However, in the morning the earliest peasants abroad saw Bog na-meen spread out like a lake of asphalt below the hill from where it had fallen. It was then moving southward. The house of Con Donnelly, Lord Kenmare's quarryman, had been submerged and nine lives must certainly have been lost. Terror seized upon the people; but as the bog continued to move rescue and searching parties were formed, and through out day much brave and severe work was done. Thousands were occupied in this way. Men armed with pitchforks with ropes around their bodies as a precaution against accident, probed the wall of black slime as it advanced. It was not until the second day that the bodies of Con Donnelly and his wife were recovered. The bodies showed indications that the unfortunate people had been roused from their bed to be immediately overwhelmed by the torrent of liquid peat. Later in the day the coat of Donnelly's son, containing in the pocket a prayer-book, was speared in the slime. At the end of the second day forty holdings had been submerged. The peat fell into the Fleek and made the river so thick with mud as to kill the fish. Roads, fences, hillocks and trees were submerged, and the loss of farm stock could not easily be estimated. The third day the Log was still slipping onward, it having then obliterated the entire valley as far as the eye could reach. The scene of devastation extended a distance of nine miles to the Headford, the average width of the deposit being a quarter of a mile extending in places to half a mile. On the fifth day, the movement of the bog stuff had become so slight that the Fleek was able to carry off all that fell into its bed. By this time the vague fear of the peasantry had given place to the suffering caused by the loss of houses, crops, stock and belongings. The directors of The Freeman sent the first check for £50 to Father O'Sullivan, the parish priest, and her Majesty sent a letter of sympathy (no enclosure) to Lord Kenmare.

The Evening Telegram.

There is a column in The Evening Telegram headed "Ups and Downs." It is a thing with a past, a notorious survival; but not without present significance as preserving the oldtime reputation of Mr. Ross Robertson's paper when its policy was free trade in stigmatizing citizens of all sorts and conditions, especially men in public life. The writer of "Ups and Downs" is in his way a virtuoso. As long as he lives in the service of Mr. Ross Robertson, Torontonians are not apt to forget what The Telegram has been. A peculiarity of "Ups and Downs" is a mysterious literary style. The first time you figure in this column you are puzzled to know the meaning of the writer who penned the malignant looking little mosaic about you. You may read it from top to bottom and from bottom to top, and commence in the middle and read it both ways; but you cannot make sense out of it and think it in the end a bit of laborious, insulting incoherency. On this account some people say the "Ups and Downs" might be more fitly called "Upside-downs." The second time you see yourself in the column you do not relish the attention any more than if a public buffoon followed you along the street jabbering at your heels. The third or fourth time you are quite prepared to grapple with your tormentor. The history of the "Ups and Downs" shows a variety of knight-errant instincts displayed by those who have entered the lists against Mr. Ross Robertson's clown. More than once has a sorely tried citizen suited the punishment to the crime by committing assault and battery. Both Mr. Ross Robertson and his hired merryman have been turned upside-down in the gutter in front of The Telegram office. Three newspaper editors, Mr. McLean of The World, Mr. Sheppard of Saturday Night, and a former editor of The News have threatened reprisals against Mr. Ross Robertson, which seems to be an effective method of securing his respect. It is now the turn of THE REGISTER. We have been half a dozen times in the "Ups and Downs" column and can stand no more of it in silence. We are accordingly prepared to do our share to alleviate the general nuisance. For the present, however, we do not intend to say anything severe; but on the next provocation we root certainly shall lay on Macduff" on Mr. Ross Robertson and his annoying duffer. His latest illusion to this paper is as follows: The sins of THE CATHOLIC REGISTER against truth, justice and fair play will never be entirely without excuse so long as that journal reveals an ignorance which must be extensive as its iniquity. He is hardly as involved as is his wont in this; but is more like himself

Kerry are not unknown. In North Kerry, in Galway and other parts of Ireland bogs have at rare intervals caused peasants to fly for their lives. In the present case the bog was at a considerable elevation filling up an amphitheatre enclosed by little hills. Mountain streams poured into this natural basin from all sides, there being only one outlet into the brawling brook called the Own-a-croo, which at a distance of 4 miles joins the Fleek. When the 200 acres of water distended bog overflowed its basin it must have accomplished the eight miles to the Fleek with avalanche like speed. The name Own-a-croo is historic. The stream is called after a celebrated bard of Kerry, Own Roe O'Sullivan. In the valley of the Fleek some of the greatest Gaelic poets of Munster in the eighteenth century were born. The hill upon which the bog stood is known as Knock-na-geeha, or the Hill of the Winds. The bog itself was called Bog-na-meen, or Bog of the Meal, for there, in the days of the famine, meal was distributed to the starving peasants. Lord Kenmare's quarry in the immediate neighborhood is undermined by a hidden stream which can be seen discharging its water into the Fleek. The hillside abounds with springs; and the conclusion is almost certain that the combined waters of these springs and the rivulets discharging into Bog-na-meen basin flooded the entire 200 acres of bog stuff lifted it above its barriers and cast it into the vale below. It will be many a day before the valley of the Fleek shall smile again as tourists on their way between Cork and Killarney may remember to have seen it.

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in the following, which we take from the same column:

Compassionate liberality on the part of J. Hallam, Esq., has occasioned the presence of an orchestra, and thus is supplied the musical element necessary to complete the comic character of an inaugural meeting which promises to be a burlesque on public business. Some of our readers are literary critics. What do you think of this? Is it only vulgar nonsense; or is it cabalistical? Are the readers of The Telegram furnished with a key to what the comprehension of the uninitiated cannot see? We ourselves can only guess "Hallam, Esq.," an "orchestra," an "inaugural comedy" and "public business" twisted into a sort of logarithmic curve. One certain impression on the entire paragraph conveys, that the writer was in a humor of some thought that died in the thinking. Not long ago the editor of The World suggested that as Canadians are looking out for a native literary style there may be a future for the inverted genius of The Telegram staff. His style is certainly original, rather suggestive of the ingrafting of a crazy pedagogue upon the familiar type of corner-loader who makes it his business to jeer at every respectable passer by.

A Loving Tribute to the Rambler.

To the Editor of The Catholic Register. The Rambler from Clara was popularized in prose and verse in Ireland. He was noted for his eccentricity and jocularity. One evening lately I discerned a weary traveller approaching the O'Connell post office. On close scrutiny I noticed his step was elastic, his head was erect, his countenance had a smiling approximation of some warlike chieftain of mediæval antiquity. He flourished a powerful weapon in the shape of a big black-thorn and made several motions with it above his head, displaying semi-circles, quadrangles and demi semi-quavers. He held this weapon in a dangerous attitude, but after my surmise was over I considered all these tactics were practised with a view of intimidating delinquent subscribers to THE REGISTER. The Rambler entered our wigwam, unbuckled his knapsack and was greeted with a cordial milk faith. The Rambler is a walking encyclopaedia of general information, legends, biography, travels, &c. He can describe Tam O' Shanter's flight from Ayr in a most fantastic way, giving all the incidents and emphasizing it with a regular Scotch accent. He can describe the great and gallant Brian Boru at the battle of Clontarf, when he annihilated and demolished the Danes and drove them ignominiously from the bloody battle field. He can describe in pathetic language how the great Finn McCool, the famous Irish giant, stole the great sun of Athlone from the garrison. It weighed a ton. Finn carried it ten miles, and for refreshment took only five gallons of potteen. He can tell how Finn fought a great battle with the Scotch giant who came all the way from Scotland. The champions met in a yard surrounded by a high wall. Finn was a great wrestler. He got hold of the Scotchman and threw him over the wall. He was badly stunned. On recovering consciousness he called out to Finn to throw over his horse; he would gang awa home and never come again. The Rambler can give a funny description of Irish celebrities. The Rambler is a fascinating and interesting conversationalist. He has accumulated knowledge from his incessant travels. He can give a history of all the noted pugilists from the time of the flood to the present time. He knows all the politicians on both sides. He knows all the clergymen in Ontario and can locate them all. He is not vindictive in politics; he gives all a fair show, and gives merit to whom it is due. I cannot fully describe the intellectual fluctuations and ability of the Rambler. His mental organization is full and replenished from time to time with a superfluous amount of ancient and modern philosophy, embracing scientific attainments of the highest order. I think I should give him a seat in the Senate. If he were once installed there he would keep the refractory members in subordination. The political atmosphere would be eradicated of all sensational gossiping. Peace and tranquillity would reign supreme. Politicians would forget their animosities and live in harmony with each other. Political abuse would be consigned to oblivion. He can repeat Cicero's oration against Cataline in grand style. TIMOTHY TERENCE O'MULLIGAN.

Children for Adoption.

The St. Vincent de Paul Children's Aid Society of Toronto, have a number of children, boys and girls (wards of the society) for whom they are most anxious to find adopted homes in good Catholic families. They are fine healthy children with ages ranging from 2 to 12 years. The rev. clergy and the Catholic press are urgently requested to give them invaluable aid in this good work. For full particulars apply in person or by letter to the society's agent, P. Hyne 26 Shuter St., Toronto.

Father Dollard for Brockton.

Father James Dollard has been officially appointed to the parish of St. Helen's, Brockton, to assist Father Cruise in that large and growing part of the city.