

The Church in Canada.

Under this heading will be collected and preserved all obtainable data bearing upon the history and growth of the Church in Canada. Contributions are invited from those having in their possession any material that might properly come for publication in this department.

BISHOP MACDONELL.

V.

COLONEL W. L. Stone, of the New York *Commercial Advertiser*, who visited Montreal in 1836 to investigate and expose the monstrous fabrications of the notorious Maria Monk, tells us in his report that he "was introduced at the Seminary to many of the clergy and some of the dignitaries of the Church, among whom were the Lord Bishop Macdonell of Upper Canada, and the Bishop of Red River (Provencher). Bishop Macdonell is a Scotch gentleman of the old school, affable, intelligent, and, for a Catholic, not intolerant. He allows his people to read the Bible, and gives away all that he can obtain for that object. In passing down the St. Lawrence with him to Quebec I found him to be a most agreeable travelling companion." This trip to Quebec is one of the writer's *memorabilia* as may appear from the sequel. As regards the Bishop's Bible distributing proclivities the writer cannot speak decisively, but so long ago as 1790, there being then a great demand among the Scottish people for an English version of the Holy Scriptures, Bishop Hay caused a large edition to be printed, several copies of which were brought to Canada by Bishop Macdonell. This edition was contained in four volumes, and comprised the Old Testament only, ending with the second book of Maccabees, the intention being to print the New Testament at some subsequent time. Sets of this edition are now very rare; the writer's copy was printed at Edinburgh in 1805. Colonel Stone says that "for a Catholic, Bishop Macdonell was not intolerant." The writer was one Sunday evening sitting with the Bishop in the old house in Kingston built years ago by "Priest Fraser," and subsequently occupied as a convent. Being summer time the window was open. Just across the street a meeting was being held by some religionists who were evidently believers in the coloured brother's version of the Lord's Prayer "Holler'd be Thy Name," singing, praying, shouting and preaching, going on at the same time. The Bishop sat with his hands clasped and eyes closed, apparently in a doze; presently turning to the writer "Mr. William," said he, "perhaps those people have some merit." "Can't say, my Lord, perhaps they have," was the wise remark. "Ah," replied he, "your friend the Vicar-General would 'nt say that." Mr. William P. Macdonald, the Vicar-General, was, as has been remarked, a thorough scholar and polished gentleman, and in all social relations the pink of courtesy, but in controversial matters he was a tartar, a living embodiment of the national motto, *nemo me impune lacessit*. In 1834 the Hon. John Emsley became a convert to the Catholic Church, and published a little book giving his reasons. His former pastor, the Ven. Archdeacon Strachan, came out on the other side with a pamphlet and sermon, and with questionable taste sent a nicely bound copy of his production to his old friend the Bishop. The Vicar-General flared up at once, and in spite of the Bishop's remonstrances published "Remarks on the Eucharist," effectually disposing of his old school-fellow, the Rev. Dr. in fact "overthrowing him as completely as a pebble from a catapult dislodges a sparrow from the wall on which he is hopping about unconscious of his danger." The worthy ex-domine is said to have exclaimed, "It's all right, diamond cut diamond, Scotchman against Scotchman." The controversy went no further.

In 1836 the writer was in the office of his brother-in-law, the late Henry Jones, of Brockville, and being granted a holiday, availed himself of the opportunity of making his first visit to Quebec. Passing down the river from Montreal, in the steamer "Canadian Eagle," he noticed an elderly gentleman in the garb of a bishop, sitting on the starboard side of the promenade deck, and whom he re-

cognized as the prelate who had that morning said mass in the parish church of Notre Dame, on which occasion the six big candles on the high altar were lighted, much to the writer's wonderment, he having never before seen such a thing done at low mass. At no time remarkable for politeness or suavity of manner, the writer walked up and abruptly asked, "Are you Bishop Macdonell?" "My name is Macdonell," was the reply. "Who are you?" The Bishop being well acquainted with the writer's family the introduction was soon effected, and a friendship commenced which lasted during the remainder of our brief acquaintance.

The Bishop was a thorough Highlander, and did not relish remarks which seemed to reflect on the manners and customs of his countrymen. The writer one day gave his unasked opinion that oatmeal was not wholesome, inasmuch as he had known several young fellows brought up on that diet whose skins were very rough. The Bishop replied rather curtly, "You don't know what you are talking about." On another occasion the writer was reading from Bercastel's "History of the Church," an account of the hardships undergone by the missionaries, sent by St. Vincent de Paul to keep alive the faith in the Highlands and Islands of Scotland. The historian states that the missionaries frequently passed several days without food, and at the end of that time their only refecton was oatmeal cakes or barley bread with cheese or salt butter. "Under the circumstances," remarked the Bishop, "I think they fared very well." Although the Bishop "had no voice," he was fond of the national music. A grand dinner was given at the old British American Hotel, Kingston, to Sir James Macdonell, the "hero of Hougoumont." The whole town attended. The Bishop was chairman. A regimental piper in the "garb of old Gaul," with his pibroch in full blast, marched round the table. The Vicar-General who, though every inch a Scotchman, was a bit of a wag, declared that every time the piper passed behind the bishop, the latter inclined his head to one side, that his ears might be tickled by the strings and tassels of the passing pipes.

W. J. MACDONELL.

THE JESUIT OF FICTION.

III.

In Portugal the Jesuits had incurred the hatred of the Marquis of Pombal, Prime Minister of that country, for various good reasons. He had endeavoured to import Protestantism into Portugal, and the Jesuits had stopped him. They had exposed his philosophical pamphlets and caused them to be publicly burnt in Spain and repudiated by even the Paris philosophers. Checked in the new world in their work of self-sacrifice and devotion, and pillaged and outraged in every manner, at home they yet retained, between the years 1750 and 1758, not only the high favour of the Court and Portuguese nobility, but enough of power and influence to defeat at times his sinister political designs.

On the evening of the 3rd September, 1758, at a time singularly free from any political disturbance which could incite to such an act, the King, returning from the Palace Tavora was fired at by some unknown person and wounded in the arm. It is not capable of proof, as some suppose, that Pombal instigated this attempt himself. All that is known of the events of the period refutes this theory, as well as a second which attributed the attack to a mistake, and as intended for another. The truth, briefly, is that Joseph of Braganca had insulted the wife of the eldest son of the Marquis Tavora, and according to the savage law of Portuguese honour his life was forfeit. As a Christian, Tavora was obliged to pardon; as an Hidalgo, and in accordance with the ancient code of the Hidalgos, he was obliged to strike even at his King. Everything points to the probability that he did strike. Detesting, as in turn he was detested by, the great body of the Portuguese nobility nearly as much as he hated the Society of Jesus, it was for Pombal a rare occasion on