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MONTREAL, THURSDAY, AUGUST 5, 1909

PRICE, FIVE CENTS

A Reproach and Its Removal.

A Graphic Story of the Dreadful Cataclysm of '47-'48 in Ireland.

(By Vivian Grey, in Canadian Messenger for August.)

The ancient chronicler, Giraldus, once taunted the Archbishop of Cashel because no one in Ireland had received the crown of martyrdom. "Our people may be barbarous," the prelate answered, "but they have never lifted their hands against God's saints; but now that a people have come amongst us who know how to make them (it was just after the English invasion), we shall have martyrs presently."

Did the archbishop, speaking from the depths of a prophetic soul, see the gaunt spectre stalking forth throughout the land? Did visions of leaner kine than ever troubled Pharaoh's dreams float before him along the Shannon's banks and over against the shores of Killarney's loughs? And was it the portentous shapes discerned in the Angevin dawn which became the grim realities of the first decade of the Victorian reign?

AN IRISH CATAclysm.

The years 1846, 1847, 1848 witnessed a cataclysm in Ireland, for at that time a famine fell upon the land. The potato crop failed, a failure that meant the extermination of the Irish peasantry, whose dependence on this tuber dated from events well-known in Irish history. Successive high-handed land-deals—Elizabeth Stuart, Cromwellian—had driven the Irish to the bogs and mountains, where they discovered existence possible only through the cultivation of this esculent, so tenacious of life in conditions hostile to all other species of food-plant.

But a blight came; the crop was ruined. The country soon found itself in the throes of a famine. Who was to provide? who was to act? Ireland had no legislature of her own, nor had she for seven and forty years. In the Imperial Parliament she had but a delusive semblance of representation; and so totally useless was any action of theirs that the Irish members preferred to stay at home. But the politicians in England probably knew nothing about the condition of the country from which the cries of distress proceeded, or if they did, they thought the time opportune for the making of political capital out of a disaster. It is a historic fact that the people were dying by thousands of famine and of fever before England as a nation could see her way to move at all in the matter.

In the famous monster meeting held in Dublin, in 1846, where a formidable array of lords, commoners and landlords, proprietors raised their voices in protest and appeal, nothing practical resulted. The answer of the Imperial economists to the solemn warning and demand of this august assembly, was simply: "We cannot interfere with the ordinary currents of trade."

THE TEMPORARY RELIEF ACT.

True, the Temporary Relief Act was passed and put into force a portion of the year 1847, but its application was made with unspeakable humiliation to the Irish race. The Hon. A. M. Sullivan has left himself on record as a witness: "I doubt if the world ever saw so huge a demoralization, so great a degradation, visited upon a once high-spirited and sensitive people. I frequently stood and watched the scene till tears blinded me, and I almost choked with grief and passion."

This Act and a scheme to rid Ireland of its surplus population were really the only means settled on by the Government to cope with the disaster.

But the people, the peasantry, "once the country's pride," were dying, and dying by tens of thousands, of famine and of fever. The alternative now became fight. "To the sea! to the sea!" and the great and melancholy exodus began to the sea, away from the dear old homeland, to the wilds and rigors of the Canadian colony.

DEATH IN COMMAND.

Who shall depict the tragedy of those scenes? Broken hearts, bitter tears, despairing farewells. The slow-moving ships, whose sails were shrouds, their prows turned westward, and death in command. Vessels laden with thousands of perishing Irish plowed the Atlantic, and no pen can ever describe the nameless horrors of a voyage in one of those floating sepulchres.

Sir Stephen de Vere, who shared the wretchedness of an emigrant ship in the interests of his afflicted countrymen, subsequently addressed a letter on the subject to the Under-Secretary of State. "If the emigrants washed," he wrote, "they could not cook their food from lack of water; they had to stay in bed to feel their hunger less; ardent spirits were sold to passengers once or

twice a week; lights were prohibited because the ship was freighted with powder for the garrison of Quebec, though there were open fire-grades upon deck, and lucifer matches and lighted pipes used secretly in the sleeping berths." And this ship was by exception better than the other emigrant vessels coming to Canada.

UNSHRIVEN AND UNHOUSELED.

Hundreds died on the long voyage out, unshriven and unhouseled, being necessarily cast overboard to mix with the elements of ocean's depths. Those who survived reached the quarantine stations at Partridge Island, New Brunswick, and at Grosse Ile, below Quebec, enfeebled by long lack of proper nourishment, and infected with disease either from this cause or from the foul insubstantial conditions of transportation. They found no adequate preparations made for their coming, and they were obliged to remain on the ships at anchor, suffering untold misery.

At the end of the month of May, 1847, the chief agent for emigration at Quebec, sent a report to the emigrant vessels at Grosse Ile to the Earl of Elgin, then Governor-General of Canada, in which he says: "The number at present detained there is twelve thousand, the greater part of whom are still on board the ships." He considers the question of feeding this large body of people a great and serious problem, the supplies being low, and the regular ration being too scant anyway properly to support human life. "The mortality," he adds, "is truly alarming, the number of deaths averaging from forty to fifty a day."

GOVERNMENT METHODS.

Again in a memorandum to a letter from the Governor of Canada to Earl Grey, dated "Government House, Montreal, June 28, 1847," we read: "The number of emigrants already arrived at Quebec, up to the 20th June inst., is 28,452. The number of deaths among them has been truly fearful, and of those who have not been attacked by disease, a large proportion have become so weakened and emaciated from various causes that they require almost as much attention as the sick, and will require it for months to come." Earl Grey, in his capacity as Secretary of the Colonies, answers that the representations on this important subject will receive the serious consideration of Her Majesty's Government, etc. He then recommends economy and the guarding against a too generous provision, lest the emigrants come to consider themselves as wholly dependent on the Government.

From May 24, 1847, to October 16th of the same year, about one hundred thousand Irish emigrants or, more properly speaking, British subjects, if not indeed, full-fledged citizens, were reported to have been landed in the country, and were "lying helpless in the sea and river ports of Canada."

NO IRISH WANTED.

It seems that the German and other emigrants to the Western States, at this particular period, found no difficulty in proceeding to their destination; but the Irish who were desirous of joining their relatives in the United States were not permitted to land at the seaports along the frontier. The American steamboats on Lake Champlain refused to take them; and the authorities at Ogdensburg invariably sent them back. At Oswego and Sackett's Harbor, the same course was adopted; at Lewiston, the ferryman was imprisoned for landing Irish immigrants at that place. The United States Government naturally objected to having their country made a dumping ground for the victims of Great Britain's "Clearance" policy in Ireland and they had legislated with a view to self-protection. A law was enacted limiting the number of persons which each passenger vessel was allowed to carry, and raising the passage price so that destitute persons were excluded. A law previously in existence in the State of New York was more strictly enforced, which obliged the owner of a vessel to give bonds that no emigrant brought out by him would become chargeable to the Commonwealth for a period of two years after arrival. The enforcement of these laws helped to augment considerably the number of diseased and destitute persons to Canada.

AWFUL CONDEMNATION.

In the official accounts of the time one meets certain depositions made by the incomers on their arrival at Grosse Ile, which carry awful condemnations of some Irish landlords, the demolition of houses, the separation of families, and other instances

of cruelty and treachery that make the Acadian tragedy of 1755 pale into insignificance. Sweeping generalizations are, of course, not to be indulged in. It is a fact that sympathy and assistance were given by many landlords and by hosts of individuals, both in Ireland and England, but, in the main, Government methods had to prevail. The calamity was exploited for the making of political capital, with the dire result that two million people, mostly the peasantry, perished in those dreadful famine years.

A CRY OF DISTRESS.

The nations of the world responded to the cry of distress which went forth from the British Isles in 1847. John Mitchell told the truth, however, when he wrote the words that every son of the Celtic race would endorse: "I solemnly affirm that neither Ireland, nor anybody in Ireland, ever asked alms or favors of any kind, either from England or any other nation or people; it was England herself that sent round the hat." He wished that the world should know this, even while Ireland was trying to show her eternal gratitude to those nations and individuals who came forward with help:—to the Czar, the Sultan and the Pope, for their roubles and their paus; to the Pashas of Egypt, the Shah of Persia, the Emperor of China, the Rajahs of India, and above all to the United States which did more than all the rest of the world—Philadelphia taking the lead in conspiring to do for Ireland what her so-styled rulers refused to do—her her young and old people living in the land."

THE TIDE TURNS WEST.

Westward on to America continues to turn the tide of a hopeless, hapless migration. The quarantine station of Grosse Ile reeks with the squalor and the horrors of deadly disease and enforced degradation. Physicians, clergymen and private individuals, devote themselves heroically, but their efforts to cope with the exigencies are in the proportion of a loaf to a hungry army. Suffering and death, fever and panic on all sides. At Grosse Ile alone, the total number of deaths is estimated at nearly six thousand.

With the opening of navigation in May, 1847, it was decided to send on to Montreal the convalescent at Grosse Ile and Quebec, as well as the new arrivals who were not yet attacked by the typhus; so that Montreal now became the head center of the trouble. Obedient to the instructions of the encyclical of Pius IX, on the Irish Famine calamity of 1847, Bishop Bourget, of Montreal, addressed a circular letter to his parish priests, requesting the immediate assistance and co-operation of all the faithful in the fearful emergency which the colony was facing. The response was prompt and generous, considering the circumstances and the population of the country.

ARRIVAL IN MONTREAL.

A committee was immediately formed to prepare for the arrival of the unfortunate people who were soon to be cast upon the shores of the Upper St. Lawrence. Temporary hospitals, or sheds, were hastily prepared by the municipal authorities, and by the middle of June six thousand Irish had been landed at Montreal. Of this number thirty-five hundred were at once assigned to "the sheds"; the others being sent up the country to Bytown, to Kingston, to Toronto, and adjacent points. But as was to be expected, before the early days of July the epidemic was raging in Montreal. The average daily number of deaths went as high as thirty and forty, the disease being no longer confined to the strangers, but having spread among the inhabitants of the city.

THE RELIGIOUS AID.

The Sulpicians closed their college to allow their staff of professors to give the dying the benefits of their ministry; the Jesuits of New York City sent a contingent of their members to fulfil the pressing duties of the hour. At the request of the emigration authorities, the Grey Nuns of Montreal took up their position at the front, and never flinched during the ordeal, though all it may be said, contracted the disease, and many laid down their lives in the field. The Sisters of Providence joined their assistance; even the cloisters of the Hotel Dieu were thrown open, by episcopal order, to allow these Religious to serve in the moment of imperious need. Bishop Bourget was there with Bishop Phelan, of Kingston, not only to alleviate spiritual sufferings, but to alleviate physical suffering as well.

Matters continued thus for several weeks, the pestilence abating at times, only to break out anew, until the scourge had at last spent itself and the ordeal was over. In the month of August of this "Black '47," whose gloom thus extended to all America, the Bishop of Montreal wrote a second pathetic letter, wherein he invoked the Virgin Mary, under the title "Our Lady of Good Help," to come to the assistance of

of cruelty and treachery that make the Acadian tragedy of 1755 pale into insignificance. Sweeping generalizations are, of course, not to be indulged in. It is a fact that sympathy and assistance were given by many landlords and by hosts of individuals, both in Ireland and England, but, in the main, Government methods had to prevail. The calamity was exploited for the making of political capital, with the dire result that two million people, mostly the peasantry, perished in those dreadful famine years.

Dr. Eliot's New Religion.

Keen Commentary Upon Senseless Argument of Harvard's Late President.

There is a summer school of theology connected with Harvard University. Dr. Eliot, the retiring president of the institution, lately addressed the pupils of that wonderful school, preachers of that wonderful temperaments, and the fact that he did is enough to immortalize the halls of Harvard in the eyes and minds of every paltry preacher in America.

It is old news to learn that Dr. Eliot wants a new religion; even the "Podunk Bugle," edited by our friend Si Slocum, knows that, and so do its readers. It may not be amiss, however, to take up Dr. Eliot's "New Religion" for a short study.

Among other foolish things, Eliot says (addressing the famous theologians of Harvard) is this:

"As students in this course you have attended a series of lectures on popular education and the modern spirit of enquiry, on religious devotion and organization. You have also listened to lectures on psychotherapy, and by that I mean the scientific doctrine, which after fifty years has perceptibly modified the expectations of thinking people."

RELIGION A FLUENT THING.

"The general impression you have received from this course must surely be that religion as personified is not a fixed but a fluent thing. It is, therefore, wholly natural and to be expected that the religious conceptions prevalent among people should change from century to century. Now the nineteenth century immeasurably surpasses all preceding centuries in the increase of knowledge, the spread of scientific enquiry and the passion for truth seeking. Hence the change in the relation of the church to the man in this century is more extensive than ever before in the history of the world."

So religion is no longer a "fixed" thing. It is as changeable, in Eliot's lovely mind, as a shirt. Still the self-same cultured individual of Massachusetts, notwithstanding his inherited Unitarian standards, will speak to us of Our Saviour Jesus, and tell you that he, Eliot, is a Christian. Withal, even a man in whose mind but feebly glimmers a dying spark of Christian sense, knows and understands that the Eternal Son of God, would never have become man to found a "fluent" religion, one adapted to blow the way every wind would have Dr. Eliot's whiskers blow.

THIRTEENTH CENTURY GREAT-EST.

Of course, as Eliot is not of the "Dark Ages," the nineteenth century was the era of human glory and grandeur. People slept in the past; but some of the nineteenth century elected Eliot to Harvard's supremacy! That is the whole trouble! All the greatness of today fell from a cloud, and was, in work, thought, and improvement. In all probability, the Unitarian professor of Harvard has had no time to either read or learn that the thirteenth century was the greatest of all. He is a Rationalist, and yet he will not hear the scholars of his school. He does not know, it is plain, that the philosophical mind of to-day is living on the past.

In the thirteenth century, the Catholic Church controlled things and men; there was peace and there was order; there was strong intellectuality and there was sound morality. But the fact that Rome led is enough to set Eliot preaching and prating about "new religion." Has not every youth of twenty years been given a new lease of life, since Eliot wrote or talked to the "yellow" press?

Eliot's "new religion" will suit the young man with an old man's face who wants none. It is certain, too, that no class of citizens will welcome the day of "Eliotism" in religion more heartily than the vast army of crooks in the slum-capitals of America, and that, in spite of Dr. Eliot's personality, in spite of his own integrity and in spite of the strict living of which he has always afforded an example.

Dr. Eliot says his point of view is that of a well-read American layman. That may be; but he forgets to tell us to what degree his head is now swollen. Nor did he give us any proof of his extended sanity, a few days ago, when he cited the names of the books everybody should read. We think he is evidently failing, and so, are sorry that he refuses to be silent. Notwithstanding his nonsense of the past, in newspapers and pamphlets, he really deserves a better fate at his own hands.

(Continued on Page 8.)

SAINTLY INVOCATION ATTACK-ED.

The Doc says "secondly," that in the new religion there will be no personifications of primitive forces such as earthquake, frost and light. There will be no dedication of remarkable human beings, or worship of ancestors or rulers."

And there you are! A sly attack on Catholicism. He was thinking of our prayers to the saints, when he uttered those words. For the time, being, we are glad to be able to tell Dr. Eliot that we shall go on, as before, praying to saints, even if the Doc himself intends sending copy to the New York American at forty dollars a cord.

But Dr. Eliot adds that the new religion of his brain "will not impress one with the necessity of his own welfare or security, but with services to others." That is, in other words, the devotee of the new era may be the most consummate blackguard in the Union personally, and at heart; all he will have to do is to preach to others. He forgets, the dear Doc, to say that if all men adopt his system there will be none left to hear. All must preach, nobody practise; you must think of everybody else, not of yourself. The salvation of one's own soul is a secondary matter, Eliot says so. But if a religion is meant for all, it must be meant for all, both talkers and hearers. Yet Eliot thinks otherwise, or says so.

WE WILL BE GODS.

However, Dr. Eliot has something to soothe us. It appears we are all going to be gods. So, why not shake hands right off and be done with it? Listen to Harvard's sage again:

"The new thought of God will be the most characteristic element in the new religion. The multiplication to anybody of all the noblest, tenderest and highest qualities which man has ever seen or imagined in a human being must be the new religion. In this sense every man makes his own God and from it barbarous or civilized, happy or unhappy, improving or degenerating, forms his own God out of his own experience and imaginings."

Our friends the Jews stand no better chance than we do, for Eliot excommunicates them in the preceding paragraph. They are even completely exploded at Harvard. The old God of our fathers and our God must cease to exist, for has not Harvard's wonderful ex-president decreed his uselessness.

The only trouble of it all is that Eliot is trying to play the part of Cardinal Gibbons in the eyes of the American people. He is plainly jealous of the fact that the daily newspapers deem it necessary, for the country's welfare, to publish, every month, the contents of some telling sermon from Baltimore's great Churchman. Eliot is leaving Harvard, and he wants the world to hear of his passage. He tells us, to console us, that God is going to be revealed through the soul of each of us. With all his Unitarianism and Evolutionism, he is still sufficiently a man to admit he has a soul to save, and, while we note his confession, we thank him with our hat off our head.

NO DOGMA.

Eliot has no dogma of any definite kind to offer his hearers. A man may believe what he likes. Dogma has too much Romanism to it to be part and parcel of the "new religion." You may believe in anarchy or in murder of any kind, as long as you are cultured after Boston methods, you are safe. The great Almighty God of our fathers does not enter into Dr. Eliot's scheme. Whatever our differences have hitherto been with Protestants of any, and no shade, at least we have all agreed to think of, believe in, and pray to, Our Father in Heaven, but Eliot wants none of that.

What is more, if his system of morality were to grow universally then it might as well serve a man to die the moment after he was born into the world. Immorality and sin in all its shape finds a refuge in "Eliotism." The home is no longer a home. Our fathers and mothers must cease to be what they have hitherto been. Marriage will be a conventionally, and righteousness a farce. The conscience will be given an extra chance of livelihood. You may rob, curse, blaspheme, etc., etc., "Eliotism" will save you! In fact, you do not need to be saved; all you will have to do is to save your neighbor.

ELIOTISM A FAILURE.

What a difference, between what Dr. Eliot writes and the great pas-

Stolen Sacred Vessels.

Found in a Peculiar Way After Lapse of Two Centuries.

Sacred vessels stolen from a monastic church nearly two hundred years ago were discovered the other day in a singular manner. In the neighborhood of Lake Constance, Switzerland, a hunter wounded an old she-fox. The fox took refuge in her hole. The hunter succeeded in drawing the creature with her two young from the burrow, and in doing so heard within the den a peculiar metallic noise. Securing a pick, he loosened the soil around the hole, laying bare the cavern. What was his surprise to find a large number of gold and silver vessels—chalices, ciboria and the like—all forcibly bent and indented. The sacred vessels were several hundred years old, and undoubtedly belonged to the nearby Monastery of St. Gerold, which was robbed of its ecclesiastical goods on the night of August 21st, 22nd, 1721, and which had never afterwards been recovered.

Double Jubilee at Montfort.

The jubilee of the twenty-fifth year of the orphanage as well as that of the establishment of the Company of Mary in Canada, was held on Sunday and Monday at Montfort, and was a memorable event, not only at the orphanage, but throughout the surrounding district. The fête began with the arrival of the train on Saturday night bringing Archbishop Bruchesi and other distinguished visitors from Montreal and Ottawa. The front of the building had been gaily decorated with small flags and garlands of evergreen and paper roses, and archways of evergreens were erected at the entrance, while the whole was brilliantly illuminated with electric bulbs and lanterns. The entire establishment turned out to greet the Archbishop, the boys carrying scores of Chinese lanterns, multiplied in reflection in the still water of the lake.

At Mass on Sunday morning Archbishop Bruchesi officiated. A banquet was given at noon, followed by a concert by the children in the afternoon, and visitors were shown over the building.

Mass on Monday morning was celebrated by Mgr. Routhier, of the archdiocese of Ottawa, who also gave the address at the unveiling of the monument to Father Bouchet, erected by orphans of former years.

Priest With a Record.

Rev. Father Story, of Brockport, N.Y., has never missed celebrating two Masses on Sunday during the past 46 years at his church. He was ordained 54 years ago by the late Bishop Timon of Buffalo.

Noted Actress Takes Veil.

A despatch from New York announces that Miss Mabel Howard has forsaken the footlights and entered a convent.

She is now serving her novitiate, and in a short time she will take the veil. She has entered the convent of the Order of Our Lady of Charity of the Good Shepherd of Angers, New York. Her determination to enter the church came after an illness of three years ago, which forced her to retire for a time from the stage.

Miss Howard has appeared with Richard Mansfield in "Cyrano de Bergerac," and Mme. DuFrano in "Za Za," with Mrs. Leslie Carter. She played the leads in the "Heart of Maryland" with Gillette, in "Sherlock Holmes," and later in repertoire with Otis Skinner and Ada Rohan. Her last engagement was with Ezra Kendall.

It often happens that the man who seems to take most interest in Heaven has the least investment there.