THE HERALD.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 16, 1884.

The Appointment of Clerk of the Crown.

A CONFLICT OF OPINION has arisen between the Provincial Government and our Supreme Court as to the power of the former to make the appointment of Clerk of the Crown. The facts of the case are as follow: The late Mr. Daniel Hodgson was appointed Clerk of the Crown by Lieutenant-Governor Fitz Roy, on the 25th February, 1839, having acted in the same capacity for the preceding nine years, and Prothonotary in succession to Mr. Goff, in the year 1830. For over half a century, and until his death, in July last, he performed the duties of both offices. As two generations had arisen during his tenure, it is not surprising that persons looked upon the positions as actually one and the same, that the Clerk of the Crown was, for the time being, Prothonotary, and *vice versa*. The emoluments attached to these offices Mr. Hodgson received by salary and fees until 1872, viz., £160 per annum as Clerk of the Crown, and fees as Prothonotary. In that year "An Act relating to the office of the Prothonotary of the Supreme Court of Prince Edward Island" was passed, fixing the salary "of the Prothonotary of the Supreme Court as and for the salary of that office" at $800 per annum in lieu of all fees, and it further provided that the Prothonotary "shall be nominated and appointed by the Judges of the Supreme Court of this Island, and shall hold office during the pleasure of the Supreme Court." Thereafter Mr. Hodgson annually received $800 as Prothonotary, and $520 as Clerk of the Crown. Upon his death these offices became vacant, and the Judges of the Supreme Court, under authority conferred by the Act of 1872, appointed the Hon. John Longworth Prothonotary, while the Lieutenant Governor in Council, by virtue of the power and authority vested in him, and in pursuance of precedent, appoint Mr. James D. Irving Clerk of the Crown. It is understood that then the Chief Justice raised the question as to the power of the Lieutenant-Governor to make the latter appointment, inasmuch, as in his opinion, one or more Acts of the Legislature in effect combined the two offices, and the appointment of Prothonotary carried that of Clerk of the Crown with it. Judge Hensley, however, held that it was vested in the Lieutenant Governor, and before him Mr. Irving took the oaths of office as Clerk of the Crown. Two sessions of the Supreme Court were held in Summerside and Charlottetown, and as no exception was there taken to Mr. Irving's appointment, it was generally supposed that the matter was settled, until, upon the first day of this (Hilary) term, all the Judges being present, the Chief Justice enquired if a Clerk of the Crown had been appointed, when Mr. Irving produced his commission as such from the Lieutenant-Governor. The Chief Justice then stated that the Court did not approve of the appointment, as under the present constitution of the Province, the Lieutenant-Governor had no power to make it, and secondly, that Mr. Irving owing to his want of experience and training, was not competent to fill it. In this opinion Judge Peters concurred, while Judge Hensley dissented. The next day the Chief Justice announced that, as the appointment was with the Crown, the Lieutenant-Governor, who, he said, did not represent the Crown, and could not assume its prerogatives, had no power to make it, and that, in any case, the appointee must be approved by the Judges. The Court disapproved of Mr. Irving's selection on account of, as was alleged, his lack of knowledge, and accordingly had appointed Mr. Longworth Clerk of the Crown *ad interim*, who would proceed with the business. The Attorney General formally protested against the decision of the Court, contending that Mr. Irving was duly appointed by the only proper authority, that the Court, under the circumstances, had no power to make an *ad interim* appointment, and he declined to recognize any Clerk of the Crown except Mr. Irving.

From what we have stated it will appear that the Chief Justice has receded from the position which he took last summer, viz., that the appointment of Prothonotary carried with it that of Clerk of the Crown. The statute law of the Province, as well as precedent, were certainly against him upon that point, but as it is withdrawn from the discussion, we shall not now remark upon it. These learned Judges have, we understand, drawn up a memorandum embodying their reasons for not recognizing the appointment of Mr. Irving, which they have forwarded to the Lieutenant-Governor, and which is not yet published. So far as we can learn, the grounds taken by them are, that the appointment of Clerk of the Crown rests not with the Lieutenant Governor, who, they allege, does not represent the Crown, and that the appointment is subject to the approval of the Bench of the Supreme Court. It will be observed that the learned Judges carefully avoid saying who does represent the Crown. If the Lieutenant-Governor does not, then it must be the Governor-General; and if so, how does it arise that their Lordships have for the past ten years, been recognizing in the Courts as Attorney-General, the highest Crown officer, conducting all the Crown business, a gentleman holding commission as such from the Lieutenant-Governor?

Under the terms of Confederation it was expressly provided that the constitution of the Executive authority in this Province should, subject to the provisions of the British North America Act, continue as at the time of Union, until altered under the authority of the said Act. Now no change has been made in the constitution of the Executive authority, and the powers and prerogatives which it possessed at the time of Union it still retains, excepting those which, under the provisions of the British North America Act, reverted to the Governor General. Among these latter powers were the control of the Customs, Militia, Postal Service, &c., and, by the 96th section, the appointment of the Judges of the Superior, District and County Courts in each Province, and accordingly all vacancies since occurring upon the Bench have been filled by the Governor General. The prerogatives of which the Lieutenant Governor was at that time divested, were those of mercy and of honor. Before Confederation the Lieutenant Governor could open the doors of the gaol to a criminal, or save him from the scaffold — now he cannot. He had also the power, provisionally and subject to confirmation by the Queen, of conferring titles of honor and dignity, such as the appointment of Queen's Counsel, a purely honorary position—now he has no such power; the title of Honorable, which formerly attached for life to Executive Councillors, is now strictly confined to Privy Councillors and Senators. It is by virtue of the prerogative still possessed by the Lieutenant Governor, and without the authority of any Law on our Statute Book—for there is none—that he has, from time to time, filled the positions of Executive Councillor, of Attorney-General and of Provincial Secretary, and that he has appointed Mr. Irving Clerk of the Crown. By virtue of the same prerogative, the Lieutenant-Governor, not only of this, but of all the Provinces, appoints Justices of the Peace who are Judges in an inferior sense. True, their right to do so has been questioned, but invariably upheld. It is but the other day that a decision was rendered in Ontario declaring that the Lieutenant Governor possessed this prerogative of the Crown, and it is in the recollection of many of our readers, no doubt, that in one of the appeals under the Canada Temperance Act to the Supreme Court in Prince County, exception was taken to the validity of acts done by a Justice of the Peace, holding his commission from the Provincial Government, when the Judges expressed themselves so satisfied that the Government did possess the power of appointing Justices of the Peace that they deemed it unnecessary to hear argument in reference to it. Without introducing the Lieutenant Governor personally into this discussion, we think it but reasonable to suppose that, as head of the Executive of this Province, he of all persons should know what prerogatives he does and does not possess, and, while as to the competency of an appointee he receives the advice of his Council, he himself is responsible as to his power to make the appointment. Is it likely then that Lieutenant Governor Haviland assumed the responsibility of filling the office of Clerk of the Crown before he satisfied himself that he had the power to do so? We think not, judging from His Honor's reputation as a public man and his constitutional knowledge.

It will, we think be admitted as rather extraordinary that no doubt seems to have entered the mind of the Chief Justice as to the power of the Lieutenant Governor to appoint a Clerk of the Crown so long as Mr. Longworth was seeking and personally canvassing the Government for the position. But so soon as Mr. Irving was commissioned the first objection was raised that the office was united with that of Prothonotary, and upon this ground being found untenable, the second objection was taken that the Lieutenant Governor had no power to make the appointment.

The contention that in any case the appointee must receive the approval of the Supreme Court is simply ridiculous, and unprecedented in constitutional government. It would indeed be interesting sport for the general public to look on and see a game of battledore and shattlecock progressing between the Crown and the Court—the former nominating, the latter rejecting *ad libitum*. As to Mr. Irving's competency for the position we have nothing to do in these remarks; we can only say that, so far as we can learn, the unanimous voice of the Bar is in his favor, and, as to his lack of experience and training, if a service of twelve years' close application under so able a chief as the late Mr. Hodgson is any recommendation, then he is the man for the post.

It may, perhaps, appear presumptuous on our part to call in question a decision of two learned gentlemen occupying such distinguished positions as the Chief Justice and the Master of the Rolls; but when we find the head of the Court so wavering in his judgment, and their Lordships displaying so little unanimity upon this question, we may be pardoned for expressing an opinion.

American Parties.

THE people of the United States complain of a depression in trade, though not to a great extent, and they indulge the hope that it is caused by over-production merely, and can be easily remedied. What troubles them is their large annual surplus, which they hardly know how to dispose of. One would think trade depression and a surplus incongruities, and so they are, in fact. The difficulty, however, is how to reduce taxation. The Democrats, now that Mr. Carlyle is in the proper place, propose to re-adjust taxation in such a way that, while not doing away with legitimate protection, taxation may be lightened by the partial abolition of internal revenue. The Republicans hardly know what to do. They can utilize the annual surpluses in liquidation of the national Debt, only as the bonds fall due, and as they will not come up for liquidation to any extent until 1887, Senator Blaine comes forward with a proposition to distribute the surplus among the States, so as to lighten local taxation, a scheme the Democrats will not hear of, but which will add to Blaine's popularity, and aid him in his presidential aspirations. The great body of the Republican party have taken the stand that taxation must not be reduced, because a reduction would interfere with protection; the Democrats wish to reduce taxation so as to lighten the burthens of the people, and so both parties *pose* as public benefactors. In this respect they closely resemble our Canadian parties, with the difference that they are not so honest, or perhaps it would be more proper to say not so fully committed, for it would be hard to point out a principle our Grits would not swallow to gain the Treasury benches. The intelligent masses of Americans are, however, likely to see through the obscurity of numerous side issues that a protective policy has brought them from the house of bondage, has enabled them to pay off the greater part of their vast war debt, and still have a surplus, has enabled them to absorb the European millions who came to their shores, and has, in a word, given them years of national prosperity the world has never before paralleled. The masses are not acquainted with political economy, they don't know if it is a science or a humbug, they know little about metaphysics, but they do know when they receive blows, and they certainly know when they are prosperous and when they are badly off. The question that divides the parties now, therefore, is eminently one of tariff, but both parties are willing to modify (or swallow) in view of the presidential election. And, as the New York *Times* says, parties are no longer divided by parallelles of latitude so much as by degrees of longitude. The South leans towards Free Trade, the East towards Protection, and the West would like a tariff for revenue only. It must also be understood that the degrees of longitude run through the South as well as the North. The politicians at Washington are now engaged in caucuses, every day suggesting changes and compromises, but the issue the two great parties are to join will not be known until Congress is well under way. Then hey for the presidential election and the straight article.

Gone to Canossa.

COLOR the thing over as he may, the Prince Bismarck has experienced the first great defeat of his life, and at the hands of the Pope. He has gone to Canossa. The heir to the Imperial Crown of Germany has gone to Rome, and had a formal interview with Leo XIII. and his ministers, the result of which is that the May Laws are to be repealed and Dr. Falk, their framer, to be discredited. The Italian journals are making little of the interview that took place at the Vatican; but it is of no use. All Europe knows that peace has been proclaimed, and that it was Prince Frederick who came to negotiate it at the desire of Bismarck and the Emperor. The Prince was surrounded by his staff, all the formalities were complied with, it was a State ceremony was gone through, but briefly, as befitted a soldier like Frederick William and a Pope like Leo. The result is not yet altogether known, but the ending of the Kulturkamp is a foregone conclusion. This conclusion has been arrived at only after it was found that it is an absolute necessity if the Empire is to be held together. Bismarck exerted all his great skill in trying to crush the Catholic Church in Germany, but he failed, and he is now doing what a less wise statesman would be too proud to do, he is bowing to the inevitable. During the past few years he has seen with alarm that according as the Church's influence waned Socialism waxed strong and menacing, and he realized that the monster would devour the Empire if not checked. But what power was to check it. He had brought about Sadowa and Sedan and the unification of Germany, but he could not crush the Socialists. There is only one power that can deal with Socialism, and that is the Vatican. Hence he had to go to Canossa to conciliate that power. It is true neither he nor his representative was compelled to kneel in the snow and hold the stirrup of the Pope. That was a ceremony of medieval times, but the moral humiliation of the proud Chancellor is just as marked. He has surrendered, and there is the end of it; he has surrendered to the prisoner in the Vatican.

In order to realize the full value of the journey to Canossa, it is necessary to review the anti-Catholic legislation of Bismarck and his creatures since the beginning of this bitter contest between the Papacy and Germany. It was Bismarck who intrigued the "Old Catholic" movement into existence, a movement once thought so formidable, but which has died of inanition. In 1871 he caused the abolition of the Catholic department in the Prussian Ministry of Education. He expelled the Jesuits in 1873, as well as other religious associations. In the same year the Falk Laws were enacted, followed in 1874 by three other acts making the Catholic Church entirely subordinate to the State, and stripping it of all its rights. Next came the law enabling Catholic ecclesiastics to marry, and compelling civil marriage, and registration of births, deaths and marriages by civil functionaries. After this came several other persecuting acts in rapid succession until what is known as the *Sperrgesetz* was passed, an act interdicting salaries to ecclesiastics who refused compliance with the May Laws.

Now everything is changed, and the journey to Canossa has been taken, for which the masterly diplomacy of Leo XIII. and the courage and tact of Herr Windhorst deserve the credit.

MR. WALKER, the Liberal candidate for Derry, has been elected by acclamation. The times are changed since none but a dyed-in-the-wool Tory would think of offering himself for that constituency. There will soon be an election for Cork city to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of John Daly, a whilom Nationalist, but who has been called upon to resign because he would not support Parnell. Rumor speaks of a coalition between the Whigs and Tories, but even if that be possible, the Nationalist chances are good.

AN IMPRESSIVE CEREMONY.

ORDINATION OF A CATHOLIC PRIEST IN ST. DUNSTAN'S CATHEDRAL.

Since Father Walker was ordained in 1877, St. Dunstan's Cathedral has not witnessed the ordination of a priest, and indeed the ceremony is a rare one in all places. It is generally the custom in cities such as Montreal, Quebec, Brooklyn and other large Catholic centres, to have a number ordained together, sometimes as many as a hundred, as was the case in Montreal lately. On such occasions the service is generally a special one, and as the friends of the ordained clergymen assemble in large numbers and fill the Church, the general public have not the same facilities for witnessing the ceremonial as had the congregation of St. Dunstan's on Sunday, though for the matter of that all parts of the Island were represented. The Cathedral was filled to its utmost capacity, and there was considerably over 3,000 persons present. Nor did the fact of there being only one deacon before the altar for admission to the sacred office derogate from the interest felt on the occasion. In fact it was quite the reverse, and somehow or other the vast concourse held their breath very often during the most solemn of the solemn scenes enacted, and were profoundly silent. All observed the ordination ceremonial with the most intense interest—some, too, were observed to be in tears, the old as well as the young, and among both sexes.

As stated in the last issue of the HERALD, the name of the young aspirant is Francis Gallant, of Rustico, just returned from Rome, where he had been six years studying at the Propaganda, to be ordained in his native Island in presence of his own kith and kin and the friends of his youth.

His Lordship the Bishop of Charlottetown celebrated Grand Mass, Father Carroll officiated as Master of the Ceremonies, Father McPhee, of Rustico, Archdeacon, Father McIntyre, Sub-deacon, and Father Corbett was in charge of the Sanctuary.

Before Mass was begun the Bishop and the aspirant entered the Sanctuary, the latter preceding, attired in deacon's vestments, and carrying a wax taper in his right hand. After the Epistle the Bishop sat in front of the Altar, and to him the Archdeacon said:

Most Reverend Father, our Holy Mother, the Catholic Church, prays that this Deacon be raised to the dignity of the Priesthood.

BISHOP.—Dost thou know whether he be worthy?

ARCHDEACON.—As far as human frailty allows us to know, and as far as my own knowledge is concerned, I testify that he is worthy of the office."

The Bishop then expatiated on the qualities the aspirant should possess on account of the eminence of the dignity demanded, and gave his charges, telling him it is the duty of a priest to bless, to preach, to baptize, and to preside over the assembly of the faithful, he also shewed why it is the Church is so careful in the choice she makes with regard to those who are to assume the dignity of the Priesthood. As the priests are the assistants of the Bishop, it is necessary they should live a life free from censure or disrepute, and should, therefore, try to practise what they intend to preach. The priest must be a mortified man, free as possible from the faults and failings of our general humanity. His doctrine must be the spiritual medicine for the people of God, the odor of his holiness; he must be a solace to the Church, so that by his preaching and example he may build up the Temple of the Lord. The Bishop then said:

In order to give grace we invoke the whole of the Triumphant Church in recitation of the Litany of the Saints.

At this stage Professor Caven chanted the old Litany of the Saints, and as the fine voice of the singer rolled out through the Church's space, and the responses, "*Te rogamus audi nos, &c.*," were made by the choir in perfect harmony, the scene was solemn and thrilling, at least so it was felt by the people below who listened with profound sympathy, and took up the refrain in their innermost hearts.

During the singing of the Litany the aspirant lay prostrate at the foot of the Altar. After the Litany was chanted the Bishop imposed hands on him, and each priest in turn followed his example. The Bishop next invoked the Holy Ghost to descend and infuse the Spirit of Sacerdotal Grace into the Soul of the young Levite, and the priests held up their hands as if to unite them with those of the celebrant.

After the beautiful preface in which the Church recalls the rights and privileges of the old law, and begs of God to infuse the Spirit of Aaron into her children, the Bishop proceeded to invest the young man with the vestments and insignia of his sacred office. He placed the stole over his shoulders to indicate his authority, and then the chasuble was folded up (to be unfolded at the end of the ceremony), after which the Pontiff (Bishop) knelt down and intoned the "*Veni Creator*," which was taken up and chanted by the choir. This was followed by the anointing of the aspirant's hands with Holy oil, the Bishop using these beautiful and affecting words:

O, Lord! deign to consecrate and sanction these hands with unction and blessing, that whatever they shall bless shall be blessed, and whatever they shall consecrate shall be consecrated, and sanctified in the name of the Lord.

The Bishop next presented the newly ordained clergyman with the Chalice filled with wine and water, and the Paten on which rested the Host (materials for the sacrifice), saying at the same time:

Receive the power of offering Sacrifice to God for the living and for the dead.

The celebrant continued the Mass until the Credo, during which time the anointed hands of the Priest were purified. Then began the Mass proper. At the Offertory, which was made simultaneously by the Bishop and the newly ordained clergyman, the scene was almost sad in its impressiveness, though deeply solemn might be a more appropriate expression. Here were both extremes of sacerdotal life meeting, blending together, so to speak; for our beloved Bishop is nearing the three score years and ten allotted to man, while Father Gallant is but on the very treshhold of manhood, and looks quite a youth with his fair young face and modest demeanor. He seemed deeply affected while making the Offertory for the first time in his life, and his voice often sank so low as to become inaudible, while that of the Bishop was full and clear. All present were more or less affected, and the sacred drama brought unbidden tears to many an eye in the congregation. After the Communion Father Gallant recited the Confession of Faith, and the Bishop took his hands within his own and conferred upon him the terrible power of remitting sins, that power which the Catholic Church only can claim, and then, having unfolded the Chasuble, he exacted from him a promise of obedience in the following manner:

BISHOP.—Do you promise to me and my successors obedience and respect?

PRIEST.—I promise.

The Bishop then gave him the Kiss of Peace, and rising from his sitting position with mitre on head and crozier in hand, said to the kneeling Priest:

May the blessing of the Omnipotent God, Father, Son and Holy Ghost descend upon you, that you may be blessed in your Priestly functions, and that you may offer a pleasing Sacrifice for the sins and offences of the people to the Almighty, to whom be all honor and glory throughout all ages. Amen.

And thus was concluded one of the most impressive ceremonies ever celebrated in Charlottetown, a conclusion to which the choir gave accentuation by the the singing of that fine old Ambrosian chant from the *Te Deum* in their very best vein.

The Reverend Father Angus McDonald, of Rustico, preached the sermon of the occasion, taking his text from St. Paul's 1st Epistle to the Corinthians, 4th chapter, 1st verse. The following is a condensed report of what was a very beautiful sermon:

After a few preliminary remarks on the sacred text, the Reverend preacher said that under the new, or Christian Law, it was necessary the aspirant for Holy Orders must have a vocation of grace, and a long probation was required, during which he would have to go through seven steps or grades before he could be admitted to the Priesthood. The first grade was that of the Tonsure, which represented the Crown of Thorns worn by Christ, as also the Crown of Honor and Glory which was the reward for a faithful performance of his sacred duties. It reminded the minister of God that he now belonged to his Divine Master, and as with the symbols attached to the several orders until the last irrevocable step is taken, and the Deacon becomes a Priest before the Altar of God. St. Augustine says all religions regard sacrifices as a special prerogative of the Deity, and of the subjection of man. St. Jerome says there was never a religion, true or false, that did not include priests and sacrifices. This practice is as old as the world itself During the Patriarchal age the heads of families offered sacrifice. Cain and Abel offered sacrifices. So did Noah, so did Abraham, but according to the New Testament Melchisedeck King of Salem, was the first who offered sacrifice to the Most High in a sacerdotal capacity. Among the Jews the Levites were the only tribe authorized to offer sacrifices, and so continued until our Saviour came into the world, and instituted the grand sacrifice of which, as St. Paul says, all those previous were but the shadows. They lasted until the Incarnation, when was instituted the new law in which the Son of God Himself was to be the High Priest and Victim, as foretold by the Prophets. It was Isaiah who said that "from the rising till the setting of the sun my name shall be heard among the Gentiles, said the Lord of Hosts." Sacrifice is most essential to religion, most agreeable to God, and most necessary to man. Our Saviour came not to supersede the old law, but to perfect it. Our Saviour instituted a sacrifice infinitely superior to those of the old law, and infinitely more pleasing to God. His was the free offering of his own life for the salvation of the world, a sacrifice which was of infinite value, and worthy of Him to whom it was offered. The Sacrifices offered up under the old law were of no intrinsic value, but all the necessary conditions surrounding a great sacrifice were fulfilled on Mount Calvary. Hence the sacrifice of like value to that of Calvary is the Mass offered up at all times throughout the wide world. The Real Presence is there; God is offered to God, the Second Person of the Blessed Trinity, through the ministry of the Priest, than which nothing can be more grand, or more illustrative of the justice of God or the dignity of human nature. The Catholic Priest is chosen to offer up this tremendous sacrifice. "Do this in commemoration of Me," said our Lord at his Passion, and it is done by the Catholic Priest. Who, after this, can measure the dignity of the Priest? Noah was great in his ministration, Moses was great dividing the waters of Horeb, Joshua in causing the sun to stand still; but there is among you a greater today, in the person of this young Priest just ordained, who has received from God the power of celebrating Mass, and offering up his only Son a Sacrifice at the Altar, who has the power of saying to God "descend from thy throne that we may offer you up to thy Father." There is granted to man what is refused the angels. The mystery is great and the dignity is great, and it must be acknowledged that Priests possess a terrible power in consecration. The Priest, when called to the sacred office, is Christ's vice-gerent on earth; he is placed between God and man. Next to the great power of sacrifice, possessed by the Priest, is that of absolution from sin. The ever glorious and Blessed Virgin, with all her power and manifold graces, can only petition her Son; the Priest can give absolution, for has not God Himself said, "Whosoever you shall bind on earth shall be bound in Heaven, and whosoever ye shall loose on earth shall be also loosed in Heaven?" Our Saviour told them they must go and preach the gospel to all nations, and his spirit would remain with them, even to the consummation of the world. The commission of the Priest is from Christ, as St. Paul says, or rather Christ uses him as an instrument, in order to apply to men the fruits of the Redemption. Hence, the profound respect the Priest is entitled to from all Catholics. And he is worthy of their love and respect and gratitude. It is he who attends them from the cradle to the grave. He is with them when they are baptized in the Catholic Church, and he stands by their bedside when death comes to visit them at the last moment; and it is he who leads them in the intervals on the road to salvation. Of himself, the Catholic knows nothing about the Holy precepts of his religion, it is the Priest who has to teach and instruct him. He comes to him as a faithful guide, and he makes him worthy of a happy abode in the mansion of his Holy Father. He is the moulder of youth, the consoler of old age; like a good shepherd he provides wholesome nourishment for his flock. At the confessional he disburthens the soul of the sinner of his weary load; and gives advice, warning and instruction. At the day of Judgment, God only can tell what good has been done by the Priest at the confessional. He administers Holy Communion. It is the Priest who, by rain or in shine, by day or by night, visits the rich and the poor, the high and the low, impartially, regardless of infection or contagion, bringing hope for the sick and solace for the dying. Who are they who bestow strength and courage to the departing soul when assailed by the principalities of hell—but the Priests of the Church—whose prayers are continuously ascending to Heaven for the suffering upon earth. The foregoing are a few of the reasons why Catholics should be grateful to their Priests, though a good deal more could be said if time were allowed. Look at the dark pall of ignorance and superstition that overspread the world when Christ came to redeem it; and look around at present and observe sacrifice ascending to the most High God from Altars all over the earth at the hands of the Priesthood ordained in the Catholic Church. In conclusion, the eloquent preacher exhorted those present to render obedience to the Priests in return for their love and care, to pray for the young Priest ordained that morning, for the Bishop, the Pope, and for the whole Catholic Church militant.

Father Gallant sang Vespers and gave Benediction on Sunday evening, and departed for Rustico in company with Father Angus McDonald on Monday morning. "May God prosper him in his journey through life," was the prayer sent up by the large congregation, after as well as during Mass, expressed in different words, perhaps, but with the same object.

WE are happy to observe that the City Hospital is growing in favor with the public, as is evidenced by the very handsome subscriptions received, which we referred to in the HERALD of last week. During the past year one hundred and twenty patients were received into the Hospital, of which number forty-two were Protestants, and seventy-eight were Catholics. Out of the one hundred and twenty, sixty-two were discharged cured, twenty-seven improved, eleven were declared incurable, and three died, leaving seventeen in the institution on the 31st Dec. The number of out-door patients was two hundred and ten. We may say in conclusion that the best medical attendance is to be had there, the most improved surgical instruments, and that several very difficult operations were performed.

A LIBERAL CONSERVATIVE CONVENTION will be held at Murray Harbor Road School House, on next Saturday, for the purpose of nominating a candidate in the interests of the party, to contest the Belfast District, a constituency made vacant by the death of Angus D. McMillan, Esq.

Letter from Myles O'Regan.

Mr. Editor:

It is no use trying to get behind my incognito, and your subscribers will have to content themselves with reading my epistles without knowing who I am. There are several reasons why I should conceal my identity, the strongest, of course, being my natural modesty. Were I to reveal myself and let the world know the number of my box in the Post Office it would be so flooded with registered letters that there would be no space left for newspapers or those dirty little scraps the lawyers pester a fellow with now and then in the way of reminding him that it were better to settle up at once and save legal expenses. When I was correspondent for the Rocky Mountain *Screamer* I was so well-known that I could not appear in public without having greenbacks and gold coin stuffed into all my pockets by foolish but well-meaning admirers, among whom were ladies who, from the number of slippers they sent me, must have thought I belonged to the family of centipedes. I may say, however, that I am descended on both sides from a hundred Irish kings, in common with every other well-regulated Irishman having an O prefixed to his name. My personal appearance is so remarkable that I am inclined to think I was originally cut out for a dude. At all events the dudines admire me immensely, by which I do not mean the short, vulgar little Irish pipe of that name, but the female swell. Why should people be down on the dude so? What has he done? What can he do? In order to be a dude of the first water it is only necessary to sell your brains (if you have any), and for the proceeds purchase a cane and an eye glass. Then part your hair fair in the middle, wear a *nil admirari* air, and say very often during the day that the world is a *doosid* bo-aw, and that life is not worth living. The following is a verbatim report of a conversation I overheard lately between a dude and a dudine, who found themselves together at an aristocratic party given by Hookem Snivvey, Esquire, Snook Street. They stood together in an oriel window with the moon-light shining on their inane countenances:

Dudine—Chawles—aw.

Dude (after a quarter of an hour.)—Did you speak—aw—Bawdee (meaning Birdie.)

Dudine—Yaws. Aint the moon a bo-aw to-night, dearest?

Dude (with his cane in his mouth)—Yaws. Life is not worth living undaw the circumstances.

Dudine—aw—That's so.

Dude—It is a doosid bo-aw.

Ignorant people may labor under the delusion that any two ordinary mortals can carry on a conversation such as the above. But it is not so. Alas! many and many a night have I lain awake till my pillow was bedewed with tears practising the beautiful language of dudes to no purpose. I could compose an epic poem in half the time, or a drama that would drive Shakespeare crazy with envy; but I could not pronounce bo-aw with any satisfaction. Hence I have given it up. After all, every man to his peculiar acquirements. Still, the thing can be done if the brain is properly soaked reading dime novels. But here I am again running right off the track. The fact is everyone should be content with what gifts and accomplishments he is in possession of and not be sighing for more or others. There is a law of compensation in this world which, if it governed generally, would do away with the craze for wealth. "There is poor Brownjones," some unthinking individual will exclaim, "brimful of talent, but with never a cent in the world to bless himself with." But, Mr. Editor, why should Brownjones have talent and beauty and riches together? That would not be fair. Would you have one man possess everything and another nothing? That poor devil of a millionaire standing yonder with his big ugly mouth all agape, would you deprive him of his dollars and give them to that elegant dude swinging his cane to the ambient air as if the universe was all his own by right of illustrious descent? And would you rob the dudd of all he possesses—his good looks—and bestow them upon poor Smith, who can sing and who has original wit and humor all his own. If the dude and Smith were not handsome and witty, respectively, they would not be in such demand in society, and would, therefore, have more time to make money like our ugly stupid friend who has been grabbing at the dollars and cents all the dear days of his life. Nature, I repeat, has framed the law of compensation which gives beauty to one, talent to another, money to a third, but when those attributes are centered in one person, depend upon it he has a skeleton somewhere in his cupboard. But where was I? Oh, yes, writing an autobiography. Well, Mr. Editor, I respectfully decline the offer to come out into the open. They would be only sending me to Parliament, and I would not like that; or pressing me to occupy the editorial chair of the *Patriot*, a still more unwelcome billet. I may say I control the columns of the *Patriot* already, for, as you may perceive, I am in possession of the editor to do with as I pleased. He held out against me a long time with his usual obstinacy; but seeing I was determined on having him, he yielded as gracefully as he could. "My dear O'Regan," said he, "I am conquered, utilize me as you think proper in a literary way, but let it be in the interest of the party. But I do emphatically refuse to carry the mails between the Capes. Now, if you have enemies whom you want slandered, or political opponents you would like to see vilified or calumniated, I am your man. I can sling more ink on their private characters in an hour than all the soap in Canada will wash away in a year." I accepted him on those terms, Mr. Editor, and am now ready to commence business, (in partnership) as first-class vilifiers—Grit characters cleaned and repaired at half price. I am about opening what I shall call a Laird Bureau, on Queen Street, to which I invite the inspection of the public.

I see Mr. A. W. Brayley has left the staff of the Summerside *Journal*. I wonder what's the cause? And it seems he has gone back to his native Boston, "where he will no doubt find employment better suited to him than he did here on the Island." I wonder if that sentence is meant for a subtle sarcasm. When Mr. A. W. Brayley joined the staff of the *Journal* three months ago he did so accompanied by a flourish of trumpets loud enough to wake up Horace Greely or George Brown from the dead to gaze with the clay in their eyes at the brilliant journalist who was to illuminate the columns of the Summerside *Journal*. People thought he was Whitelaw Reid or Charles Dana in disguise, and now he has gone back to his native Boston. Was it the climate that disagreed with him, or was the Island too narrow for his capacity, or did Boston hold out its cultured hand and invite the child of genius back. There will be a vacuum in Summerside journalism until he be replaced. I would apply for the vacant position myself, but I'm afraid I lack the necessary culture. Nevertheless, I think the *Journal* should encourage native talent and industry, and cease importing bright particular stars from their own firmament over the Hub, or if they do they should give them a more cordial send-off than poor Brayley received. I have been offered the position, but promptly and respectfully declined. Suppose, after three months, I received the G. B. (see *Patriot*), how would I feel on reading such a paragraph as this in the *Journal*? "Myles O'Regan is no longer on the staff of this widely circulated journal. He has gone back to his native bog, where it is to be hoped he will find employment more suited to his taste, &c. He was not esthetic enough for us, and so we gave him his congé."

While in Charlottetown last week making purchases for next Christmas, I saw a sight that did my heart good. Two gentlemen with hands clasped affectionately together were marching to the Supreme Court to be introduced to the Judges. There was a proud look in their eyes, superinduced, so to speak, by their guard of honor, composed of a *posse comitatus* with poles as long as the masts of a fore-and-aft schooner. If these gentlemen ran away they would be in Halifax before the stavemen could get themselves together; but they would never run while in such a state of beatitude. Perish the idea!

Yours fraternally,
MYLES O'REGAN.

Review of Magazines, &c.

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

The *North American Review* for January is unusually happy in its treatment of the great question of contemporary interest, and, in this respect, it stands alone among its competitors. It contains two articles on the Mormon problem, now coming once more to the front for solution. One is from the pen of John Taylor, President of the Mormon Church in Utah, and is, of course, a defence of Polygamy, though a lame one. Mr. Taylor contends that Mormonism is based upon the scriptures, and that polygamy is highly moral in its tendencies. The second article is written by the Hon. Eli H. Murray, Governor of Utah, who, leaving the moral aspect of the question aside, shows conclusively that Mormonism, if not checked, will become a danger to the State. Senator Mitchell has an article on "The Tribulations of the American Dollar," which, owing to divers causes, is about as much a source of annoyance, comparing the silver trade dollar to the legal tender in use, as the standard time and old time as heretofore accepted threatens to become on the hands of the people of the United States. Senator Blain, of New Hampshire, treats of "Alcohol in Politics," and prophesies that the liquor question will soon throw all others in the shade, and that prohibition must obtain if the people are to be saved. Gail Hamilton shows Thomas Carlyle up in his true light in a trenchant article, in which it is made manifest that the hero worshipper had a very small soul of his own, and made his wife, who was far too good for him, as miserable as a woman could be who thought she was performing a sacred duty in administering to the wants of a great writer, but a selfish man. Edward Self has an article on "The Evils Incident to Immigration," in which he tries to make it appear in a sneaking underhand way that further immigration is not desirable, especially Irish immigration. We do not know whether Edward's self was engaged in putting down the rebellion, but whether he was or no, he will remember that his countrymen were glad to receive Irish immigrants between 1861 and 1865; and that when the mild-eyed German 11th corps broke and ran from Chancellorville, the Irish lay in dead ranks at Fredricksburgh, on St. Mary's Heights. Eaten bread is soon forgotten.

THE CENTURY.

The *Century* has a continuation of the serial Dr. Seviere, pronounced by competent critics, to be the best story written since Uncle Tom's Cabin. It is life-like and its pen pictures are startling but realistic. The "Bread Winners" is also continued in the *Century*, a fine story, but written, one would think, in support of the monopoly and plutocracy now obtaining such power in America. It has an æsthetic flavor to it, however, and is charmingly told. The *Century* is altogether high toned, and evidently published for the benefit of those who, though they may not have literary taste of their own, are well able to pretend to it, and purchase it wherever it is to be had.

THE CELTIC.

The *Celtic* for December contains an article written by D. Dowling Mulcahy, "On Froude as a Historian of the Irish people;" "Cornerstone Chronicles," by Clothe-an-Cunnell; "Irish Poets and Novelists," by T. O. D. O'Callaghan, in which the late Robert Dwyer Joyce's writings are reviewed; a fine poem by Patrick Sarsfield Cassedy; "Our Dead Comrades," by Michael Cavanagh; "Bachelor Bluff's Holidays;" and many other essays and sketches, by standard writers of ability. The *Celtic* is a handsome magazine, which may be had for $3.00 a year, or 25 cents a number, from the office, 117 John St., New York.

VICK'S FLORAL GUIDE.

Among the periodicals we like most to receive is *Vick's Floral Guide*. The *Guide* for 1884 is particularly interesting and beautiful. The publisher, James Vick, Rochester, N. Y., is, perhaps, the largest florist and seedsman on this continent, and, therefore, can afford to sell his wares at a cheaper rate than any other man or firm. To those interested in flowers, seeds, or spring planting, generally, we would advise reference to the *Guide*, and purchase at wholesale prices from Vick's, who sends seeds, &c., at his own proper expense.

OUR LITTLE ONES.

The Christmas number of this beautiful little Magazine is really very fine and interesting. The pictures, so dear to the hearts of little girls and boys, are the best we have ever seen in any publication of like nature, and the poems and stories are pure and well written. The frontispiece, "Santa Claus at Sea," is a work of art. *Our Little Ones* is issued by the Russell Publishing Co., Boston.

THE WEEK.

The latest edition to the illustrated press is the *Week*, published by Henry Procter, 49 Pikes Buildings, Cincinnatti, Ohio. If one would judge that every available space in every kind and degree of literature had been filled before the appearance of the *Week*, he would have judged reasonably and naturally, and still have been astray, for, strange to say, that journal does fill a want long felt, to use a forcible but a hackneyed phrase. It is the only genuine critic on art that we know of, whether the art of the painter, the dramatist, the actor, or the singer, and, as such, is really valuable. For the rest, the appearance of the *Week* is bright and handsome; and it is, what its name implies, a first-class weekly illustrated paper.

New Advertisements.

R. O'Dwyer, Commission and General Merchant for sale of P. E. Island produce in Newfoundland, advertises the public that he solicits consignments. Captain English, so well known on the Island, is in partnership with Mr. O'Dwyer, and will take special charge of all consignments. Office, No. 289 Water Street, St. John's, Newfoundland.

Fraser & Reddin now claim to have the best stock of drugs and chemicals ever before offered, and amongst them diamond dyes, just received.

A Liberal-Conservative convention will be held at Murray Harbor Road School House, on the 19th.

If you want seeds send to Steele Bros., Toronto, Ont.

See Hop Bitters advertisment.

The Markets.

BOSTON MARKETS.

BOSTON, January 10.—Pork is steady with a fair demand; sales of prime at $13.50 to $14.00; mess at $16.50 to $17.00; and clear and backs at $17.50 to $19.00 per bbl. There is no change in the butter market. Demand steady, but moderate, and choice grades are firm; we quote western and northern creameries at 33 to 36; for choice and some fancy, higher; and 24 to 30 for fair and good. Cheese is firm and sales at 12½ to 13½ for choice; 11 to