

# The Catholic Register

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THURSDAY, JAN. 2, 1902

LET THE MAIL APOLOGIZE

Flaneur, in The Mail, describes the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius as a "swindle," and in support of this elegant epithet gives an alleged extract in English from a French work of which we have heretofore not heard. The Register notes this conduct on the part of the Conservative organ in chief in connection with our special letter in the present issue from an Ontario gentleman resident in Naples in which the miracle is impressively described. And in order to show how mean in source and character are the sources so often indulged in by unbelievers, it is only necessary to point out in this instance that "Flaneur" knows no more of French than he does of Sanscrit, that he found this alleged "translated extract in some anti-Catholic sheet, that it served the purpose of his paper to have a fling at the Catholic Church at Christmastide, and that the enquiry which is made the excuse for publication is his own invention, as of course, are the great majority of like questions appearing from time to time in The Mail.

Any intelligent reader will see from a careful scanning of the paragraph paraded in The Mail that it is not original, inasmuch as any person sufficiently well educated to make the translation would have detected in it contradictions of history glaring enough to discredit the whole apparent purpose of the author. Let us see what ground "Flaneur" stands upon. We give the following entire paragraph:

"Enquirer." Toronto.—The story of the swindle known as the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius is too long a one for me to tell you to-day, but the following extract from a book by Mons. M. A. Debav, "Histoire des Sciences Occultes Depuis l'Antiquité Jusqu'à Nos Jours," will throw considerable light on the subject:

"Under the First Empire General Championnet was occupying the City of Naples with a handful of troops. At the instigation of the English a conspiracy was hatched to kill off the French, which was to break out on the fête of St. Januarius, the pretext to be found this wise: Every year at the same date the blood of St. Januarius, contained in a vial, is exposed, completely thickened, before the eyes of the multitude. All eyes are then fixed on the vial and the waiting is in profound silence. Suddenly the blood liquefies, while no one touches the vial, and the crowd shouts with joy, because it is a good sign. When, on the contrary, the liquefaction does not take place it is a bad sign; Heaven is angry. However, this year the saint was going to exhibit his hostility to the French by keeping his blood congealed; but Championnet very luckily discovered the plot. He hurried to the spot where the blood was to be exposed and there spoke confidentially to the exhibitor, while showing him the muzzle of a pistol: 'If the blood delays liquefying, I blow out your brains on this spot.' . . . You hear me?" The blood liquefied almost immediately, because the General never talked in vain, and so the conspiracy collapsed. The liquid contained in the vial which passes for the blood of St. Januarius is a mixture of sulphuric ether and spermaceti, which has been colored red with alkanet. This liquid will remain thick at ten degrees above zero; it will liquefy at fifteen and boil at twenty degrees."

Imagine, if you please, all you loyal and intelligent readers of the Conservative organ in chief, the English nation together with Italian priests "hatching" a conspiracy to "kill off the French." And a brave French general dishing the plot at the point of a pistol, The "Gunpowder Plot" is not

in it with this. And the paper that publishes as history — as unquestionable and unquestionable truth — this pretty story, is The Toronto Mail, organ of the select "loyalists" of the most loyal colony of England. Good enough! Let us go a little further. The hero of the episode was General Championnet. Poor old Mail! It is not our business on all occasions to defend England and the English against you but this time at least we do so incidentally to the exposure of your gross ignorance and malice. Look up your French history and you will find that General Championnet was not occupying Naples at the time you speak of. You will find, moreover, that he was dead. You will find your alleged history all tied up in hard knots. The French Empire was established in 1804, you blockhead, and General Championnet died at Antenne, France, in 1799. But should you say that if it was not General Championnet it must have been some other general, then you helpless ignoramus you will be in a tighter corner than before.

It is true that French troops occupied the city of Naples in 1799, where they established the "Parthenopean Republic." On the 4th of May, 1799 General (afterward Marshal) McDonald, commander of the French army in Naples, was present with his staff in the Cathedral, during the exposition of the blood of St. Januarius. This we learn from the diary of the Tesoro chapel and that of the Archbishop of Naples. For though "Flaneur" naturally is ignorant of the fact, an official diary has been kept in the chapel of St. Januarius since September, 1659, and this diary records day by day the exposition of the relics of the saint; in what state and condition the blood was found when taken from the tabernacle, after the lapse of what time the change, if any, occurred; what was its course and character; in what condition the blood was, when safely replaced in its tabernacle in the evening; and generally any other facts of the day which the officers charged with this duty deemed worthy of note. Another diary is kept in the archiepiscopal archives. This was begun in the year 1526. There are some gaps in this last diary until the year 1642, from which date it is complete.

Both these authorities assert that on the first occasion of the liquefaction of the blood, after the entrance of the French troops (May 4th, 1799,) the liquefaction, so far from being long delayed, took place unusually soon. The diaries also mention the respectful demeanor of General McDonald and the other French officers. General McDonald afterwards presented to the Treasury Chapel, that is the chapel of St. Januarius, a beautiful silk mitre, rich in gold work and jewels, which is still shown in the sacristy.

Finally, to settle the whole matter, the following from the official organ of the French Republic, The Moniteur (No. 259, 19th, Prairial, Year VII. (June 10th, 1799), ought to be sufficient: "Naples 21 Floreal VII., (May 13th, 1799) — The festival of St. Januarius has just been celebrated with the customary solemnity. General McDonald, Commissary Abrial, and all the staff, witnessed the renowned miracle. As it took place somewhat sooner than usual, the people think better of us Frenchmen, and do not look on us any more as atheists."

This city of Toronto prides itself upon its English traditions. We really think it owes The Register a debt of gratitude for going to the trouble of defending Englishmen against so insidious a slanderer as The Mail. We call upon the editor of The Mail for an apology. He cannot claim irresponsibility for "Flaneur." That poor creature of paste and scissors clips and pastes the stuff that suits the paper. He dare not for instance say that the Conservatives under General R. L. Borden had hatched a conspiracy to "kill off" Premier Laurier. He dare not say anything disrespectful or unkind of the policy of the paper. He would be discharged if he did. He is at liberty to idly slander and ridicule the Catholic Church, because that is the policy of the paper. We are well aware of the fact that The Register stands no chance of securing an apology to Catholics. But The Mail here declares Englishmen

to be murderous conspirators and in this sensitive English city of Toronto that sort of thing cries to heaven for vengeance. Apologize! Apologize!

## MR HORACE PLUNKETT IN TORONTO

Toronto's centre of gravity was so much disturbed by the recent Galway election that the visit of Mr. Horace Plunkett, the defeated candidate, to the city was something of a blessing in disguise. The Globe, for instance, took the election so badly that it had perforce to renounce Home Rule. It has since explained, in reply to an article in The Register, that this renunciation had a string to it in the Galway election meant the Irish cause, and if Mr. William Redmond's speeches expressed it all accurately and deliberately, then The Globe was ready to wash its hands both of the cause and its leaders. The Globe does not need to be told that the Galway election was not the Irish cause. There was provocation both for the Galway election and for the speeches which distinguished it. But Mr. Plunkett, at the National Club dinner in Toronto, on Saturday night did not mention these things. To do him justice, he appeared here, as he has always appeared to his fellow Irishmen, a moderate politician of irreproachable manners, who is willing to sympathize with Nationalists as freely as with Tories for the common interest of all in Ireland. He is not, however, a Home Ruler. He is in a word the Rosebery of Irish politics, plowing a lonely furrow in his own kitchen garden — but with a weather eye open to the immediate support of the party in power.

We have no fault to find with his speech in Toronto. Home Rulers and others who were present, to honor a distinguished visitor heard nothing of a contentious or controversial nature fall from his lips. He did not speak as a partisan. His words of criticism were reserved for Mr. T. W. Russell, a stronger advocate of the Unionist party than himself, and a man whose right place, like Mr. Plunkett's own, is on the side of the people.

The speech of Premier Ross, which followed, was a friendly commentary upon the tone of Mr. Plunkett's deliverance. The difficulties which have fallen into Mr. Plunkett's lonely furrow would not trouble Canadian politicians in the least. There was a good deal of Imperial sauce thrown into the Premier's address; but in view of the requirements of the occasion the point of what he said might not have been missed by Mr. Plunkett sitting at the table. We publish elsewhere parts of both speeches to show the contrast in their spirit.

The newspaper readers of the city of Toronto will probably wonder at the mild airiness of Mr. Plunkett's references to the Galway election. They may have expected him to breathe out nothing but disappointment and resentment against his alleged disloyal countrymen. But they do not know Ireland as Mr. Plunkett knows it. Mr. Plunkett likes to consider himself popular after a fashion. On his personal reputation he is better than the Galway election showed. The feature of that election which Canadians overlooked is that Mr. Plunkett went to Galway as Mr. Chamberlain's nominee. He went there a member of the Imperial Government, opposing Home Rule, because the Government might have something better to offer. Had he been elected, the victory would have been Mr. Chamberlain's. The Colonial Secretary would have laughed at the Irish party next day. The presentation of Mr. Plunkett to Galway was one of the boldest political efforts of Mr. Chamberlain's career. The Irish party met it in kind. They backed a candidate whose election would be a personal rebuff to Mr. Chamberlain. They probably felt sorry for personal reasons that Mr. Plunkett had been selected as the instrument of Mr. Chamberlain's trial of skill. Mr. Plunkett bears no hard feeling over the result. He is candid in saying so. He called it opera bouffe on Saturday evening. Mr. Chamberlain can hardly consider it in the same light. The Galway election was in reality very astute politics on the part of the Government. The rebuff personal to Mr. Cham-

berlain with which it was met was not anticipated. The fight and the issue of it were but incidents in the history of Home Rule, which remains to-day what it has been from the start, a strictly constitutional movement, in which the Irish people themselves are also largely trustworthy guardians of the constitution.

## THE MUNICIPAL ELECTIONS.

Toronto is certainly getting out of the old rut of municipal politics. There is a principle, or at least the profession of a principle, involved in the present municipal elections. Time out of mind a mayoralty campaign in this city has been the test of a year after year of stereotyped vituperation among the candidates. This time the electors have an issue to consider. A new issue it is not, but inasmuch as it is big enough to fill the imagination of the people, it is better than a score of charges and counter-charges, factional, personal and partisan. Municipal ownership is the common platform of the two candidates between whom the voters must choose. And the choice must be made on personal grounds, for neither has behind him an organized party working for municipal ownership. Mr. Maclean has been the sole champion of the principle in Ottawa. If the electors of Toronto were to endorse him, he might succeed in accomplishing in the future what he has failed to do in the past. That is to win over

stood by the discerning press of Ontario to mean a tacit confession of merited ostracism. Hon. Edward Blake, a few years ago, during a visit to Toronto, went upon Sir Wilfrid Laurier's platform and was ordered to a back bench by an usher who did not know him. That usher typified the press of Ontario. Hon. John Costigan is not known to this section of the press, and he is not worrying for its recognition.

## EDITORIAL NOTES.

The familiar "Queen's Head" on stamps, which have been in vogue for almost 65 years, will soon pass into the limbo of things that were. With the first week of the New Year will appear the head of King Edward VII on all stamps, and thus the memory of Queen Victoria will have disappeared from coinage and stamps alike. To the present generation the boom of postage stamps is not sufficiently appreciated. It was only on December 5th, 1839, that the postal rates for letters commenced to be charged by weight, previous to which the tariff was regulated according to distance. Few are aware that it was an Irishman called Archer who invented the method of perforating stamps. In November, 1846, and at considerable expense, he patented a machine for cutting little slits all round each impressed stamp, which, however, was not approved of by the Postoffice authorities. Nothing daunted, Mr. Archer set to work, and in 1850 perfected a machine which cut out tiny circular holes round each stamp as at present. For this he was offered by the Treasury a sum of £500, but he refused the amount. He was voted

high chief ranger of the Catholic Order of Foresters.

Your unserving fidelity and untiring energy on behalf of Catholic Forestry are so well known and highly appreciated by the brethren of this city and district, that they have availed themselves of this opportunity to in some way give expression to that esteem in which you are held by them, and also to share with you the distinction, so well merited and conferred on you by the representatives of one hundred thousand Catholic Foresters recently held in the city of Detroit.

In after years, when the young members assume the cares of office and you are enjoying the quiet and happiness which is sure to be the lot of those who have been industrious, frugal and upright characteristics which we are proud to know you possess, you will be able to recall with pleasure and pride the esteem in which you were held by those laboring with you for the elevation and perpetuity of our grand and noble order. Accept, then, brother vice high chief ranger, this cabinet of cutlery from your co-laborers of the Catholic Order of Foresters of Ottawa and district. Kindly convey to your devoted and loyal helpmate, she who has sacrificed so much in order to assist you in carrying out the principles of our noble order, the best wishes of the members of the Catholic Order of Foresters, and the fervent hope that you and yours may long be spared to enjoy the sweets of a well-spent life.

Signed on behalf of the Catholic Order of Foresters of Ottawa and district, Wm. J. Kane, chairman, John Maher, secretary.

An excellent programme was rendered during the evening, the contributors being: M. J. O'Connell,

## The Boer Children's Christmas.

The Register, not having seen in any Canadian or American paper, the text of the poem, written by M. Edmond Rostand, the brilliant author of "Cyrano de Bergerac," "La Princesse Lointaine," and "L'Alceste," on the Christmas of the Boer children, reproduces the words in their entirety:

BALLADE DE NOËL  
(Pour les petits enfants d'Europe.)

Voici venir le jour où les enfants sont Rois,  
Puisque c'est ce jour là que la Douceur est née.  
Et les petits enfants de ces faibles d'exploits  
Dont l'âme ne sera jamais exterminée.  
Mourant Grelottements de chair contamine,  
Ils meurent dans les coins de camps mauseux;  
Et leur Noël n'est pas un vieux homme aux yeux bours,  
C'est un spectre, il n'a pas dans ses mains transparentes  
Des caisses de joujoux, des boîtes de bonbons,  
Mais de petits cercueils de tailles différentes.

La bûche de Noël des conquérants narquois  
Est une poutre en feu de la ferme ruinée;  
Mais eux, les doux captifs, pieds nus, sans feu, sans toits,  
Quels souliers mettront ils dans quelle chemise?  
Morte, la grande soeur, par la guerre muée.  
Le grand frère a rejoint dans le bleu des vallons  
Ceux que, lord Kitchener poursuit, a réculons,  
Et chaque nuit, du clos sinistre où sont les tentes,  
Sortent en défilés monts furtifs et plus longs.

De tout petits cercueils de tailles différentes.  
Cinq mille tout petits cercueils en quelques mois!  
Mais la rougeole est donc anglaise cette année?  
Deux sur mille enfants quatre cent trente-trois.  
Quoi! Noël fait chez nous danser la malséance?  
Quoi! tu dresses, sapin, ta tête illuminée?  
Quoi! des tas de joyeux bonshommes font des bonds  
Vers la branche aux fruits d'or que vers eux nous courbons?  
Et, là-bas, des regards de femmes expirantes  
Voient clouer par des mains de vieillards moribonds  
Tous ces petits cercueils de tailles différentes.

ENVOI  
"Inces, n'êtes-vous pas, enfants, nos princes blonds?  
Partagez les cadeaux dont nous vous accablons;  
Jomez, il faut donner, pour que, moins dévorantes,  
Les fièvres n'envoient plus sous les tentes oblongs  
Aut de petits cercueils de tailles différentes."  
—Edmond Rostand.

## ST. BRIDGET'S C. O. F., OTTAWA.

St. Bridget's Court Catholic Order of Foresters, elected the following officers: Chaplain, Rev. Father McCarthy; Chief Ranger, W. J. Kane; Past Chief Ranger, M. J. Shea; Vice-Chief Ranger, J. G. O'Neill; Recording Secretary, H. Reynolds; Financial Secretary, F. P. Lewis; Treasurer, M. F. Kehoe; Medical Examiner, Dr. J. F. Dowling; Trustees, P. Devine, T. Kealey and M. O'Brien; Senior Conductor, J. O'Brien; Junior Conductor, L. Keely; Inside Sentinel, F. Stringer; Outside Sentinel, John Kane. One candidate was balloted for and one application received.

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(Continued from page 1.)

Sussex street, they presented him with an illuminated address and a cabinet of solid silver cutlery. At the last meeting of the High Court in Detroit Mr. Quinn and the Catholic Foresters of Ontario were honored by his election to the important position of High Vice Chief Ranger. It was a just recognition of his services for he is deservedly known as one of the most faithful and energetic members of the Order in Ontario. It was the first time that an Ottawa man had been elected to an office of such responsibility in the Catholic Order of Foresters and his fellow members in this city wished to convey to him some tangible expression of their appreciation of the work that had caused him to be thus honored. The Foresters accordingly arranged the presentation. Provincial Chief Ranger C. S. O. Boudreau presided, and in a fitting address he welcomed those who attended and gave a resume of Mr. Quinn's career as a member of the Order. Congratulatory addresses were also given by Rev. Father McCarthy, Rev. Father Sloan, Provincial Secretary Vincent Webb, Dr. Troy, District Deputy W. J. Kane, District Deputy Walter J. Roche, District Deputy J. G. Foley, Chief Ranger W. E. Mulvihill, District Deputy James Buckley, District Deputy M. H. O'Connell, District Deputy S. C. Larose and District Deputy W. C. Labelle.

Mr. Walter J. Roche made the presentation to Mr. Quinn and Mr. Wm. J. Kane read the following address:

Bro. Michael Quinn, Vice High Chief Ranger of the Catholic Order of Foresters:  
Dear Sir and Brother—Your co-workers in the field of Catholic Forestry in the Province of Ontario, and more particularly those of the city of Ottawa, were delighted when, at the last convention of the order, you were chosen to fill the responsible position of vice

chief ranger of the Catholic Order of Foresters. The gathering broke up about 10 o'clock after the National Anthem was sung. The capable committee that spent much time and energy in making the arrangements for the affair was composed of Messrs. Wm. J. Kane, chairman, John Maher, secretary, and Walter J. Roche. Reference was made to their untiring efforts to make the event a success.

## OBITUARY.

One after another the landmarks of old Bytown are passing away, and enrolling themselves with the silent majority. This week the painful task is imposed upon us of chronicling the demise of Mr. John Gleason, which sad event occurred at his home in this city on the Thursday, 5th inst. As far back as the year 1848, when the flood of Irish emigration had reached its greatest height, and when Irishmen were flying from the land they fondly loved as they would fly from a house of pestilence, Mr. Edward Gleason, the father of the subject of this brief memoir, joining in the frightful exodus, left Rath Keale, in the County of Limerick, his birthplace, and sought a home on this side of the Atlantic. Coming to Canada he made his way to the straggling and unpretentious village of Bytown, which to-day is the beautiful city of Ottawa. After a lapse of three years, his wife and two sons — John and James — rejoined him. Mr. Gleason passed away many years ago, but the sons survived him, and creditably maintained the best traditions of the race from which they sprang. John became a most successful cattle dealer and butcher, whilst James, in another line, was equally so. John represented By Ward for some years in the City Council, and had he not voluntarily resigned from municipal life, the people would have continued to confide in him their suffrages until the hour of his death. A son of his — Edward — is a clever barrister, still young, but destined to become a leading man in Ottawa.

RAMBLER.