

## THE ANGLO-SAXON RACE.

Stretch forth ! stretch forth ! from the south to the north,  
From the east to the west, stretch forth ! stretch forth !  
Strengthen thy stakes, and lengthen thy cords,  
The world is a tent for the world's true lords !  
Break forth and spread over every place,  
The world is a world for the Saxon race !

England sowed the glorious seed  
In her wise old laws, and her pure old creed,  
And her stout old heart, and her plain old tongue,  
And her resolute energies, ever young,  
And her free, bold hand, and her frank, fair face,  
And her faith in the rule of the Saxon race.

Feebly dwindling, day by day,  
All other races are fading away ;  
The sensual south, and the servile east,  
And the tottering throne of the treacherous priest ;  
And every land is in evil case,  
But the wide-scattered realm of the Saxon race.

Englishmen everywhere ! brethren all !  
By one great name on your millions I call,  
Norman, American, Gael, or Celt,  
Into this, this fine-mixed mass ye melt ;  
And all the best of your best I trace  
In the gold and brass of your Saxon race.

Englishmen everywhere, faithful and free,  
Lords of the land, and kings of the sea ;  
Anglo-Saxons, honest and true,  
By hundreds of millions, my word is to you ;  
Love one another, as brothers embrace,  
That the world may be blessed in the Saxon race.

—From *Baker's Circle of Knowledge*.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

THE BOSTON "PILOT" AND CHARLES DICKENS.

The *Pilot* quotes an extract from Charles Dickens' "American Notes," giving a superficial idea of an Orange and Green trouble in Ontario, which the novelist heard about. The editor of the *Pilot*, in referring to this opinion of Dickens', says, "No man ever chose the right view of a subject more instinctively than Dickens. No man has ever spoken with greater scorn of bigotry and ignorance." We trust the aforesaid editor will survive the following extracts from Dickens, and continue his belief that "no man ever chose the right view of a subject more instinctively than Dickens."

In Mr. Forster's *Life of Dickens*, in a letter from the latter to the former, dated Lausanne, 1846, (vol. ii., p. 233,) we read :—

"I don't know whether I have mentioned before that in the valley of the Simplon, hard by here, where, at the bridge of St. Maurice, over the Rhone, this Protestant canton ends, and a Catholic canton begins, you might separate two perfectly distinct and different conditions of humanity by drawing a line with your stick in the dust on the ground. On the Protestant side—neatness, cheerfulness, industry, education, continual aspiration, at least, after better things. On the Catholic side—dirt, disease, ignorance, squalor and misery. I have so constantly observed the like of this since I first came abroad, that I have a sad misgiving that the religion of Ireland lies as deep at the root of all its sorrows even as English misgovernment and Tory villainy."

Mr. Forster observes that "almost the counterpart of this remark is to be found in one of the later writings of Macaulay," though the fact is that Macaulay's words are far stronger and broader. In another letter to Mr. Forster, from Lausanne, Oct. 11, 1846, (vol. ii., p. 272,) Dickens says :—

"I don't know any subject on which this indomitable people have so good a right to a strong feeling as Catholicity, if not as a religion, clearly as a means of social degradation. They know what it is. They live close to it. They have Italy beyond their mountains. They can compare the effect of the two systems at any time in their own valleys, and their dread of it, and their horror of the introduction of Catholic priests and emissaries into their towns seems to me the most rational feeling in the world."

And again, in a third letter (Oct. 20, 1846), vol. ii., p. 274 :—

"As to \* \* \* the talk about their opposition to property and so forth, there never was such mortal absurdity. \* \* \* I would be as steady against the Catholic cantons and the propagation of Jesuitism as any Radical among them ; believing the dissemination of Catholicity to be the most horrible means of political and social degradation left in the world."

We will likely hear no more from the *Pilot* and its friends in praise of Charles Dickens. We presume it will commend Forster's *Life of the novelist* to the tender mercies of the Congregation of the Index. PROTESTANT.

## A CATHOLIC'S VIEW OF CATHOLICISM.

SIR,—One afternoon in 1875 I was travelling from France to Germany, side by side with an Italian gentleman. He was a fluent English speaker : had lived in London several years, and was then a resident of Rome. Speaking freely on the changes going on in his native land, he remarked to me that the priests had for ever lost their influence over his people. "Once I regarded them as supernatural : the Pope I deified. The Pope was the God I feared and revered most. Now I am a wiser man, a better Christian, and I despise priests and popes as impostors. They seek first their own selfishness : then the Kingdom of God and His righteousness. The temporal power is their daily hunger and thirst, not the salvation of our souls, or the amelioration of our sufferings. I once whipped my eldest child for refusing to go to the confessional. Now, I would sooner see her dead at my feet than that she should go ; yet I am a Catholic still. I was once spat upon by a priest in the Corso at Rome. I had

no manliness. I was a dog, and had to bear the humiliation. Now, I would shoot the Pope himself if he dared to give me such a public insult. Rome remembers the Italian merchant who was spat upon in the Corso. Then I was a mere Papal slave ; now I am an Italian, thank God and Garibaldi ! Wait, my friend ! We have undergone a grinding absolutism ; we have lost our right of electing bishops and the clergy ; but wait. Not more than two more Popes will die before we will surprise the Curia and the world ; when the Pope will be the choice of the people, not of the College of Cardinals." R.

## OUR MUNICIPAL BY-LAWS.

SIR,—Among our municipal by-laws "concerning offences against good morals and decency" (ch. xvii) it is ordained and enacted as follows :—Sec. 1. "No merchant, trader, petty chapman, peddler, hotel or tavern keeper, or any other person keeping a house or place of public entertainment within the limits of the said city, or any other person, shall be allowed to keep open their place of business, and expose for sale, or be permitted to sell or retail on the Lord's Day, commonly called Sunday, any goods, wares, merchandise, wines, spirits or other strong or intoxicating liquors, or to purchase or drink the same in any store, shop, hotel, tavern, house or place of public entertainment, within the limits of the said city."

Sec. 2. "No person shall be allowed to open or keep open any dram-shop, tavern, or other place of the same description within the said city, during all the time that will elapse between eleven o'clock in the evening, on each Saturday, and the Monday morning next following."

And in Section 4, it is further enacted that "in order the more effectually to repress the offences above specified—every police officer or constable is hereby authorized to enter each and every shop, hotel, dram-shop, tavern, house, or place of public entertainment, within the said city, and to arrest therein, on view, any person or persons found guilty of the offences aforesaid."

One of the afflictions of this Province, and especially of this city, is that it has too much law and too little justice. In the face of such enactments as the above, what do we find in a Sunday walk about our streets ? Do we find that "this Catholic city" is any the better for having so many churches and clergy ? At least, some respect might be expected for the Lord's Day, not to speak of a plain municipal law. No doubt a poor organ-grinder would be arrested should he attempt to earn a few cents in our streets on the Sabbath. But from one end to the other, in our most public thoroughfares, actually blocking the sidewalks, and even cheek by jowl with some of our police stations, "traders, petty chapmen, peddlers, hotel and tavern keepers," etc., laugh at law, and take these enactments as the little jokes of men like Mayor Beaudry.

It is not long since that even the New York authorities made a raid on the liquor-dealers, and compelled them by heavy fines to close their bars on the Sabbath. But Montreal is a "Catholic city"—that means that though Protestants pay the largest proportion of the taxes, are the largest owners of property, and the largest employers of labor, numerical strength must be superior and enjoy advantages denied to the class whose money and enterprise have mainly made Montreal what it is, commercially, in the eyes of the world.

A people so accustomed to the breach of any municipal law, easily rise to the breach of every law. What with the vulgar exhibitions and amusements, the gambling and vice on St. Helen's Island on the Sabbath, and the open sale of apologies for strong drink, under sanction, be it marked, of our civic authorities, with constables to enjoy the sight at the expense of the city, we are fast preparing Montreal for its moral decline. If its morality leaves it, how long will it be before its commerce follows.

Here surely is scope for the Catholic press. Let us hear not only from the press, but from priest and pulpit. This evil is under the very eyes of the Church. Let it be anathematized. CIVIS.

## LA PETITE MADELAINE.

By MRS. SOUTHEY.

Le bon Walter, whose term of banishment was now within three weeks of expiration, would have accounted himself the most enviable of mortals, but for his almost ungovernable impatience at the tedious interval which was yet to separate him from his beloved ; and for a slight shade of disquietude at certain rumours respecting a certain Marquis d'Arval, which had reached him through the medium of the friend (the chaplain of his regiment), whose visit to his family established at Caen had been the means of inducing Walter to accompany him thither, little dreaming, while quietly acquiescing in his friend's arrangements, to what conclusions (so momentous for himself) they were unwittingly tending. The brother and sister-in-law of Mr. Seldon (the clerical friend alluded to) were still resident at Caen and acquainted, though not on terms of intimacy, with the families of St. Hilaire and Du Résnel. La petite Madelaine was, however, better known to them than any other individual of the two households. They had been at first kindly interested for her, by observing the degree of unmerited slight to which she was subjected in her own family, and the species of half dependence on the capricious kindness of others to which it had been the means of reducing her. The subdued but not servile spirit with which she submitted to undeserved neglect and innumerable mortifications, interested them still more warmly in her favour ; and on the few occasions when they obtained permission for her to visit them at Caen, the innocent playfulness of her sweet and gentle nature shone out so engagingly in the sunshine of encouragement, and her affectionate gratitude evinced itself so artlessly, that they felt they could have loved her tenderly, had she been at liberty to give them as much of her society as she was inclined to do. But heartlessness and jealousy are not incompatible, and Mlle. de St. Hilaire was jealous of everything she condescended to patronise. Besides, la petite Madelaine had been too useful to her in various ways to be dispensed with ; and when, latterly, the capricious beauty became indifferent, or rather averse to her continuance at the Chateau beyond the stated period of secret service in the mysterious boudoir, Madelaine was well content to escape to her own unkindly home ; and, strange to say, better satisfied with the loneliness of her own little turret-chamber, or the dumb companionship of poor Roland, and with the