

of the lamented Father Tabaret, made many friends. His amiability and kindness made him a fit successor of the beloved priest that went before him. All who knew him will regret that permanent ill health should afflict him, much more that he should be carried off by an early death. Father Ballard, whose name is mentioned in the above despatch, is now, as above stated, actually discharging the duties of President of the College, conjointly, we believe, with Father Pallier.

No fitter choice of a successor to Father Prevost could be made than that of Father Ballard. Energetic, broad-minded and scholarly to a degree rarely met with nowadays, Father Ballard is just the man for a college presidency. The friends of the College, for whom we are privileged to speak, will hear with pleasure of his permanent appointment to that office in connection with the College of Ottawa, which can thrive only by a strict adherence to the principles and the traditions of Father Tabaret's long, useful and prosperous presidency.

#### THE POPE AND THE JUBILEE.

*Le Moniteur de Rome*, of Nov. 7th, says: "The Sovereign Pontiff completed, on Friday, the last of the visits of the Jubilee. His Holiness, about noon on that day, came down into the Basilica of St. Peter, whose doors had been previously closed."

#### AMERICA'S SHAME.

The shame of republican America is, beyond doubt or question, its diplomatic service. That a nation of sixty millions of civilized men could, even for one month, permit itself to be represented by such a man as the small and shabby Vermontese attorney, Phelps, is, we must say candidly, beyond our comprehension. All our readers know, or have heard of Henry Waterson, of the Louisville *Courier Journal*, perhaps the ablest organ of the democratic border states, if not of the whole party. Mr. Waterson himself is one of the cleverest, and, as such, one of the most unpretentious of men. But he is a thorough American, clear, keen, candid and fearless in the expression of honest American thought. This eminent journalist is now in Paris, striving to recover health, broken by untiring labours, and strength, wasted by unceasing solicitude, for the public weal. He writes of Phelps from the French capital, saying:

"All Paris is laughing at poor Mr. Phelps' latest exploit in London. It seems inconceivable, but it is. As usual, however, Mr. Bayard in whose pretended favor this bogus bill of diplomacy has been drawn, will be required by the public and the press to pay it in full, principal, discount and exchange, and at very high rates, too. Mr. Bayard's offense consists in having made an ideal in Mr. Phelps, who is not that kind of thing at all, but a shabby little Yankee, a tony, int-icated with his new made greatness, and quite dizzy over an eminence for which he was wholly unprepared. I write the Secretary of State to this effect last summer from Switzerland, though I doubt whether he thanked me for my candor. No man knows Mr. Bayard better than I do, or has a stronger respect and regard for him than I have. I voted for him at Cincinnati after Hancock was nominated, and at Chicago after Cleveland was nominated. I have followed him in many hard places. But Mr. Phelps is too much for my loyalty, and I must desert him there. Of the many beggars on horseback this Administration has mounted in its purpose to retire the politicians for knowing something, and to reward the unrecognized for doing nothing, the Minister to England, after the Secretary of War, is the most conspicuous; and mark the prediction, that such excess of zeal can end only in treachery. One shudders to think what would become of Mr. Phelps if a quarrel should spring up between Mr. Bayard and Mr. Edmunds, and Mr. Edmunds should happen to visit London."

Then comes the Boston *Advertiser*, with the following deadly knock at Phelps and the democracy responsible for his appointment:

"The leaders of the Home Rule party in Parliament are protesting bitterly at what they claim is Minister Phelps' unwarrantable action in using his position, which depends entirely upon his official character, to make it appear that this country is altogether indifferent to the Irish question. Some of the friends of Ireland in this country are understood to have called the attention of the administration to Mr. Phelps' conduct, as not in accord with the evident feeling in this country on the Irish question. This may be, but it is not likely that either Mr. Bayard or Mr. Phelps will be influenced by any representations which do not entirely agree with the views of the English Cabinet."

If Mr. Bayard has any true regard for American manhood, not to say honor, Phelps will never see the New Year as representative of America at the Court of St. James. In one year this unfortunate man has inflicted more disgrace on America than many years of decent diplomatic representation can repair. He must return, or the Cleveland-Bayard combination fall to pieces under the indignation of an injured people.

Rumors, apparently well grounded, say that the Rev. Father Fanning, of Olio, Bureau Co., Illinois is to be the first Bishop of Lincoln, Nebraska. Father Fanning was a classmate of Bishop Spalding of Peoria, and Archbishop Riordan, of San Francisco, at Louvain. He is a scholar, and well qualified for the position.

#### LANDLORDISM DYING.

Evidence is multiplying that landlordism must soon go, and go forever not alone from Ireland, but all the three kingdoms, for though not so odious, because not so palpable a curse in England and Scotland, it is all the same an infliction of the most poignant character. Besides, the landed gentry of Britain have in so many instances of late years outraged every sense of decency, propriety and manhood, that the masses will no longer tolerate them. And the masses are right, for no man can in justice wring money from the tillers of the soil to squander in unbecoming debauchery and shameless immorality. The following from the *Pilot* will serve to give an idea of the condition of the English nobility of which Landale gave us recently a view:

"The London correspondent of the *New York Times* says of Lord Savernake, who has just become, at 23, the Marquis of Ailesbury, that he is 'the best known blackguard of his generation. Beside him Landale is decent, Cairns is genteel, and Shrewsbury is a paragon. . . . and now he is a marquis and can walk into Parliament ahead of seven-eighths of the peers of the realm.' His estates bring him in \$300,000 a year. His control of church patronage must be large, and in its distribution he will have the invaluable aid of his wife, who was Miss Dolly Testor, a well-known Brighton barmaid and chorus-girl. His blood is of the bluest for he is descended directly from the great Robert Bruce. He is also 'probably the most foul mouthed man in London, which means a great deal.' He knows nothing but horses, which is bad for the horses, and will take precedence of half the nobility of England when he and his barmaid are presented at court. But the Prince of Wales probably won't require an introduction."

All this is really deplorable. But noblemen cannot expect immunity from the condemnation which deservedly falls on men of humble origin for violation of all law, human and divine. The Irish landlords, conscious that the end is coming, are now on their good behavior. We are now told, for instance, that the Earl of Dunraven has reduced his rents to 15 and 25 per cent., that Lord Massy offers an abatement of 20 per cent., while Lord Lansdowne has astonished the world by the liberality of his reductions. But, however great the reduction now made, however signal the liberality shown, the institution of landlordism must go, and over its departure no honest man will ever shed a tear.

#### TALLY ONE FOR AMERICA.

Old country aristocrats are at times led into mistakes concerning this great new world of ours, which all Christian men and women should strive to make God's own land, for it is the land of the future, the brightest inheritance of the children of men. One of these mistakes is that they can make of our free America a dumping ground for their infamous persons and practices. They foolishly believe that because this grand continent is the land of the free, the moral sense of its people is blunted, and forget that if America is the land of the free it is also the home of the brave, and brave men will never permit woman to be any man's bond slave, however high his title, proud his privilege, or capacious his purse. One Landale, called on the other side of the water a lord, but as veritable a scoundrel in human flesh as ever visited these shores, recently sought to inflict himself on America in the company of a misguided female passing under the name of Violet Cameron. Public opinion in America has frozen out Landale and his Violet, and they are now skanking the virgin soil of America from their feet. Who of our readers will not subscribe with pleasure to the statement of the Boston *Republic* concerning this luckless pair:

"Landale, who is back in England, says that the failure of his theatrical venture here is due to America's hatred of England. Well, if England wishes to be represented by such persons as Landale and Cameron she cannot blame us if we are not consumed with love for her."

What Canadian will not experience hearty satisfaction in perusing this paragraph in the Montreal *Herald*, of the 15th:

"It is announced that the Violet Cameron Opera Company will sail in a few days for England. The collapse of this enterprise is eminently satisfactory. It was an attempt to push a very mediocre actress into notoriety by means of advertising her difficulties with her husband, and her intimacy with one of the least reputable of the English aristocracy. The story of her private life, so far as it could be connected with her profession, was unblushingly set forth, and with little merit as an actress or singer it was hoped that Violet Cameron might attract American audiences curious to see a notorious woman. The American public, however, declined to be a party to the transaction, and as without their assistance the plan was unprofitable, the project was abandoned. Lord Landale went back to England some weeks ago and Violet Cameron, or Mrs. Debensande, follows. It is bad enough for that large audience are attracted by notoriety of any kind apart from artistic merit, but when it is of a kind that cannot be spoken of to unmarried women it is infinitely worse, and the more fully the failure of the scheme is advertised the better."

When England sends us respectable visitors, they will be gladly welcomed and respectfully entertained, but we have

no room for blacklegs, blackguards or brigands, titled or untitled, noble or ignoble, nor have we any other lodging to offer courtesans or concubines, whatever their social rank at home in the old world, but those provided by our capacious prisons.

#### LIBERTY ENLIGHTENING THE WORLD.

*Adam*, a Catholic journal published in Memphis, Tenn., dealt rather severely with the gifted editor in chief of the *Pilot*, Mr. John Boyle O'Reilly—as its appreciation of his poem written on the occasion of the inauguration of the colossal statue of Liberty in New York harbor, clearly shows:

"We are," wrote *Adam*, "surprised to find John Boyle O'Reilly prostituting his muse before the Pagan idol in the harbor of New York. Poetic license reaches the snapping point of tension in his Aelian chords when he says—

"I am a heretic Republican from a land grown free under feet of kings; My radiance lighting a century's span, a sister's love to Co. naba brings."

Let the excesses of the revolutions, the guillotine, the desecrated shrines, the Pagan worship on the altar of Notre Dame, the massacred hostages, the exiled nobles, the martyred and exiled religious orders, and those human angels, the Sisters of Charity and Mercy, now being hunted from the schools, asylums and hospitals of infidel France, attest the republican freedom of which the land of Voltaire is the herald. Does Mr. O'Reilly know the origin of the goddess for whose statue he sings? French liberty is associated with everything monstrous. The idol on Balboa's Island is a veiled speculation on the part of some French enemies of Christian Truth that gave us the freedom we enjoy. The easiest gulled people in the world are the Americans in many things. John Boyle O'Reilly adoring a French goddess?"

What will our respected Southern contemporary, we very respectfully enquire, say to the following:

"Cardinal Gibbons, acknowledging his invitation to the unveiling of the Statue of Liberty, writes to the Hon. William M. Evarts as follows: 'I thank you very much for your invitation, and regret that I cannot accept it, as I am to be present at a meeting of the Archbishops of the United States to be held in this city on the day of your celebration. Allow me, however, to say that I rejoice with my fellow citizens throughout the Union at the erection of this noble monument which will be another reminder of the ties which bind us to France, our faithful friend when friends were few.'"

Mr. John Boyle O'Reilly is an eminently Christian writer, and should not be taken to task after the very hostile fashion above set forth. *Adam* must know that Catholic France it was which gave America liberty, and that Catholic France today loves America with all the ardor of her generous nature. John Boyle O'Reilly is, no more than Cardinal Gibbons, an admirer nor apologist of French radical excesses, much less a worshipper of any idol.

#### EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE *Catholic Weekly* writes of Mr. Denis J. Whelan, the new Democratic mayor of Troy, N. Y. "He knows the governmental needs of the city, and as he is a man with the courage of his convictions, we are confident that his term will be of great benefit to the city. The democratic party in Troy honored itself in the recent fall elections by electing to the state assembly two promising Irish Americans, Messrs. James Ryan and Michael Collins, editor of the *Troy Observer*."

The growth of Toronto is one of the marvels of Canadian progress. Its population in 1861 was 30,775; in 1861, 44,821; in 1871, 56,092. In 1881 the Dominion census gave the city 86,415. Since then the assessor's figures show an enormous growth of population in the Queen City, the population for 1885 being 111,800, and for 1886, 118,403. The total assessment for 1877 amounted to \$17,614,393 and that for 1886 to \$33,562,817. We cannot, however, see with the *Mail* that Toronto is to displace Montreal as the commercial metropolis of Canada.

JUSTIN MCCARTHY'S lecture in Toronto on Monday, Nov. 22nd, was the occasion of a grand Canadian Home Rule display. The chair was filled by Mr. J. A. Mulgan, who discharged his duties with acceptability and success. The vote of thanks to the lecturer was moved by the Hon. Edward Blake, and seconded by the Hon. Frank Smith, both of whom spoke out manfully as thorough-going Home Rulers. The Hon. Mr. Mowat followed in a speech in the same sense, which evoked much enthusiasm. After the Rev. Dr. Dewar, of the *Christian Guardian*, had spoken a few sympathetic words, Mr. McCarthy responded in terms appropriate and eloquent.

As much interest is now being taken in this country in the proposed marriage of Mr. Michael Davitt, we reproduce with pleasure the following from the *Pilot*: "Miss Mary Yore, of Oakland, Cal., whom Michael Davitt is to marry, is about 26 years of age, rather of the brunette type, lithe and willowy in form, not pretty, but intellectually beautiful. She is highly educated, is a fine musician and excellent conversationalist. Miss Yore was a pupil in the convent school at Oakland when Mr. Davitt first met her. Her father is living, but when she was

young she was adopted by her aunt, Mrs. James Canning, and ever since then has been regarded by Mr. and Mrs. Canning as their own daughter. Miss Yore is now the principal soprano singer in the choir of the Church of St. Francis de Sales, in Oakland. The assertion that she is an heiress in her own right is a mistake. The young lady is portionless.

JUSTIN MCCARTHY'S lecture at Brantford was a great success. The chair was filled by Mr. Wm. Patterson, M. P. Amongst those present were Rev. Fathers Lennon and Murphy, Brantford; Bardou, Cayuga; Brady, Woodstock; Feeney, Callendar; and Crinnon, Donville. After the lecture the distinguished gentleman held an informal reception, when a number availed themselves of the opportunity of shaking hands, and many a *cord mille fois*, many a heartfelt "God speed you," many a fervent "God bless you for the work you are doing for old Ireland," were uttered by young and old. Men who had left the dear old land many years ago, when the prospect for freedom was very dark, comparing those gloomy days with the hopeful present and the glorious future that seems so near, and all looked with pride upon the man who has borne such a brilliant part in the liberation of their country, who, in a word, has achieved so much for Ireland and for freedom.

#### CARDINAL MANNING AT ST. CHARLES'S.

His Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster preached at the High Mass in St. Charles's, Ogle Street, on Sunday morning, when there was a very full attendance. The music of the Mass was efficiently rendered by the choir, this being one of the few London churches where Plain Chant is the rule. Selecting for his text the 30th verse of the 4th chapter of St. Paul's epistle to the Ephesians, His Eminence proceeded to summarize what he had said to those present on the previous occasion of his visiting that church, and of the Holy Spirit of God. At last there comes the great temptation, and they fall. The Cardinal concluded by urging his hearers to avoid these lesser sins, because every sin, however small, grieves the Holy Ghost and decreases the health and vigour of His grace in our hearts. Secondly, because it hinders the influx of more grace. Thirdly, because it leads on to greater sins, for though venial sins, though multiplied by millions, would never become mortal, nevertheless they may easily lead on to mortal sin. Fourthly, because every sin was

AN ACT AGAINST THE GREAT GOD, against His infinite holiness, truth, perfection, and majesty, and how could any sin be small which offended such a Being? and lastly, every sin we commit, even the least, can only be washed away in the Blood of Jesus Christ, shed upon the cross. Measure then the sinfulness of sin by the remedy necessary for your redemption. Every little sin offends the love of our Heavenly Father, wounds our Divine Redeemer again, and grieves the Holy Ghost. Once more, these lesser sins are those which will have to be expiated in Purgatory, for no mortal sin goes there. Purgatory is the place where the saints of God who have not yet received their crown are purified till they are fit to see His face. They are detained there expiating the punishment still due to those sins for which they failed to make reparation on earth. Let us then fear these lesser sins of which men think so little, but which will detain us from the vision of God and eternal bliss for we know not how long.—*London Universe*, Nov. 6th.

#### PENETANGUISHENE.

Correspondence of the *Bible Gazette*, Nov. 17.

Rarely if ever in the history of the Catholic Church here, were more successful religious exercises conducted than those which opened on Sunday, 7th inst., and ended on Friday morning, 12th. Rev. Father Labreux had invited a number of priests to assist him in making the graces and advantages of the jubilee of this year available to his parishioners, and Father McCabe, chaplain to the Reformatory, opened the exercises on the aforesaid Sunday, by a most instructive sermon on "the nature and fruits of a jubilee."

Rev. Father Hayden, of Flos, preached Monday evening on "Mortal Sin," Tuesday morning on "the mercy of God," as exercised in the Sacrament of Penance," the same evening on "the necessity and importance of Salvation," and Wednesday morning on "Grace." Rev. Father Leynett, P. P. of Midland, occupied the pulpit on Wednesday evening and delivered a telling and practical discourse on "the relative duties of parents and children." On Thursday morning he again preached on "Christian Wisdom," and the same evening the "Healing of the Tongue Lovers." The last sermon on Friday morning, was delivered by Father Hayden, the subject being "Prayer and Perseverance." The concluding part of this splendid sermon was extremely pathetic, and as the speaker recalled the reminiscences twenty years ago, and pointed out the many failures of the human family, the melancholy death of Father Kennedy, whom he mentioned by name, many of the congregation were moved to tears. Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament, which had been given every evening, followed, and closed the exercises. Rev. Father Labreux preached twice each day, in French, very acceptable and practical sermons. Miss Columbus attended to the choir, which acquitted itself throughout admirably. About five hundred received Holy Communion during the week. In company with the pastor, Father Hayden visited the school Friday afternoon and examined some of the classes, who, we understand, gave complete satisfaction. The visiting priests who so faithfully assisted our esteemed pastor during the

services, returned to their respective homes on Saturday.

#### WEDDING BELLS.

One of those pleasant events took place on Monday morning, it being the marriage of Mr. Wm. McDonald, of Chippewa Falls, Wis., to Miss Mary Letang, third daughter of our respected townsman, Mr. E. Letang, merchant. The ceremony was performed at St. Mary's Church by the Rev. Father Foley, followed by High Mass. The bride was assisted by her sister, Miss Rose Letang, while Mr. R. J. McDonald acted as groomsmen. The singing was well rendered, and the "Ave Maria" by Miss Brant deserves special mention. The ceremony being over the wedding party proceeded to the residence of the bride's parents, where a sumptuous repast awaited them. The bride was the recipient of many handsome presents, among which was a beautiful silver casket, presented by the young ladies of the St. Mary's, of which she was a member. The happy couple left on Tuesday for Chippewa Falls, their future home, followed by the good wishes of numerous friends and acquaintances.—*Alameda Gazette*, Nov. 18.

On Monday at Mattawa took place one of those pleasing events which are always looked forward to with great eagerness. Mr. P. J. Laughlin was united in matrimony to Miss Nellie Kearney. The groom was supported by Mr. Alex. McCool, while Miss Teresa O'Connor, niece of the groom, of Pembroke, supported the bride. After partaking of a sumptuous repast the happy couple left by the 9:20 a. m. train for Montreal, Toronto and other points of interest. They were met at Pembroke by a large circle of friends. The bride was the recipient of many handsome and costly presents. My happiness and prosperity attend the young couple.—*Pembroke Observer*, Nov. 19.

On Monday last, one of those ceremonies which are so particularly interesting to a community in which the parties are known took place, by which Mr. D. Kerr, of the St. Lawrence Hotel, and Miss Mary Lander were made life partners in what may be hoped will prove a domestic felicity establishment. The ceremony was performed in the R. C. Church at 7 a. m., and notwithstanding the early hour, a large number was present. After the ceremony, the bridal party and a few friends were entertained at breakfast by the Rev. Father Casey, and the groom and bride took the morning train for the States, to visit the residence of a brother of the groom, where a few weeks honeymoon will be spent. Quite a number of beautiful presents were sent in to the bride, who is deservedly popular amongst a large circle of acquaintances and both have the very best wishes of the community, that true happiness and prosperity may attend them in their path through life. Mr. Henry acted as groomsmen, and Miss Delaney, of Peterboro, as bridesmaid.—*Cambridge News*, Nov. 12th.

#### OBITUARY.

Richard Coleman.

We regret to announce the death of Mr. Richard Coleman, second son of Mr. John Coleman, an old and respected resident of London South. The deceased was born in this city and had at the time of his death attained the age of 29 years. Some time since, his health failing, he decided, accompanied by his family, to make his future home in Texas, hoping to regain his former vigor under the influence of that healthful climate. Such, however, was not in the design of Providence, to be the case, for on the 20th of this month, on his way home, with the fond hope that he would once again be with those who were near and dear to him—father, mother, brother and sisters—the hand of death set its seal upon him. He was accompanied in the journey, by his fond and faithful wife, and a friend, Mr. John Gilbert. The funeral of the deceased took place from his father's residence on the 23rd. Solemn Requiem mass was celebrated in St. Peter's Cathedral, and a large number of people of his soul. We extend our heartfelt sympathy to the sorrowing family. A good, honest man, a fervent Catholic, a dutiful son and faithful husband has gone to his eternal home.

Mrs. Margaret Daly.

Grief is bitter over the dust, when we hear the shuffling feet kneel, and the low wailing cry, as the soul floats around the tolling bell.

E. C.

On Thursday, the 11th inst. Rawdon was called upon to deplore the death of Margaret Coffey, wife of James Daly. She was universally respected and beloved, not more for her nobility of soul than for her kindness to friend and stranger. She had reached the advanced age of three score and thirteen years when she was called to receive the reward of a well-spent life. Her death, which was not entirely unexpected, has broken a link in the chain of family union, and left a void in the hearts of her children and grandchildren which can never be filled. The funeral service, which was sung in the parish church by Rev. J. O. Dabois, was largely attended, after which the solemn cortege proceeded slowly to the cemetery, where the remains were laid to rest in the family plot. The deceased lady leaves an aged husband, a brother, three sons and three daughters, two of the latter being religious in the community of St. Ann's, and a host of more distant friends and relatives to mourn her loss. R. I. P. ELBAEP.

Montreal, Nov. 23, 1886.

We walk as it were in the crypts of life; at times from the great cathedral above us we can hear the organ and chanting of the choir, we see the light stream through the open door when some friends go up before us; and shall we fear to mount the narrow staircase of the grave that leads us out of this uncertain twilight into the serene mansion of eternal light?—*Lacordaire*.

LINDSAY.—Mr. J. O'Leary, of Lindsay, is authorized to receive subscriptions for the CATHOLIC RECORD.