

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

Brother Tobias, Director of the Christian Brothers, Toronto, writes:—"We like the first numbers very much. It bids fair to be the best Catholic journal in Ontario."

The Catholic Record, published in London, is on our exchange list. In age, it is but a trifle in advance of the News. It is remarkably well edited, and is evidently under the supervision of an experienced hand.

We have received the first numbers of the Catholic Record, a new Catholic paper published at London, Ontario. It gives evidence of being under the management of able and competent editors.

KING ALFONSO'S PERIL.

LATER DETAILS OF THE ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION.—GEN. GRANT A SPECTATOR OF THE CRIME.

Madrid, Oct. 28.—The assassin who attempted the King's life fired from the sidewalk, in front of a house not far from the arch entrance to the Plaza Mayor. He aimed too low; the ball passed through the hand of a soldier standing guard on the opposite side of the street.

A solemn Te Deum was sung yesterday at the chapel in the palace of San Telmo, the seat of the Duke de Montpensier. The family of the Duke were present and joined in the mass.

The culprit has been removed to the Saladero Prison, and the persons arrested as his accomplices have been liberated. Nothing has transpired about the prisoner. The newspapers are forbidden to publish any accounts of the prisoner's antecedents or associations.

Gen. Grant was standing at the window of a hotel a short distance from the attack, following with his eyes the progress of the royal cavalcade. He clearly saw the flash of the assassin's pistol.

London, October 28.—Don Carlos, in a letter to the ex-Queen Isabella, congratulating her on the escape of King Alfonso, declares that demagogues shrink from nothing in its attempts to destroy even the Princes whom it has itself placed on the throne, and who are forced, perhaps unwillingly, to be its slaves.

IRISHMEN IN CYPRUS.

BY A RETURNED "SPECIAL." FROM OUR IRISH EXCHANGES OF OCT. 12. LONDON, SATURDAY.

Whenever there is any work to be done, or privations to be endured, or dangers of bullet or climate to be confronted, the irrepressible Irishman is sure to come to the front. But he does not always get the credit of his nationality, or rather his nationality does not always get the credit of the brave duty he honestly performs.

So well may John Bull, when he's robbed of his bread, Call poor Ireland the land of potatoes. But to cheat the Irishman of the honor he has fairly won is to rob him of something more valuable than bread, and something which he longer than heaves usually do on his humble board after a hard day's toil.

Putting aside the political bearings of the annexation, or whatever else it is to be called, of a far corner of foreign territory, it will be interesting to set on record how our compatriots who had to act, and not to reason why, behaved when ordered to go to Cyprus. Not only will it be interesting, but it will help to show how deeply indebted the empire is to the integral part thereof, which it is too ready to ignore when claims to civic equality are calmly submitted.

To begin at the beginning, one of the smartest ships in the squadron detailed to cruise round the coast as safeguards against possible enemies before a man was disembarked was the iron-clad corvette *Palma*, commanded by a distinguished Irish seaman, Captain Beamish, C. B., a good-hearted officer as ever tried a quarter-deck—kind to his men, attentive to his work, and possessed of considerable talents.

The chief himself, skilled in the use of the pen, and tongue, and sword, the genial Sir Garnet, is Irish to the backbone. He is lucky, but he has earned his luck. He has not only discovered success but commanded it. He may be said to have been born in the service, for his father had been in the Twenty-fifth, and since then he has followed the flag.

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of "O's" and "Mac's"—ay, even in the ranks of the famed "Black Watch" many a stout so-called Highlander wears a petticoat in his manhood to-day who wore it in his childhood in an Irish valley. The One Hundred and First have lost many men—most of them Irish—and so has the fleet, which is full of Irish sailors. The first man of the Transport *Marine* to die at Larnaca was Adrian, from Newry, a carpenter on board the *Falkin*. He fell a victim to consumption and was reverently dropped into the sea off the storied Cape Krio. When the admiral was asked should they bury him ashore, he said no, for the only man he had lost so far had been buried at sea. Grim joke! That man had been drowned and his body had never been recovered.

Considerable excitement has recently been caused in Galway, by the extraordinary conduct of the constabulary authorities of the town, in sending members of the force to note down anything they might deem objectionable in the sermons at the Catholic churches, and report to the officials. The Bishop of the Diocese, the Rev. Dr. McEvilly, has found it necessary to send an indignant protest to Dublin Castle against this outrage on his clergy and people, but as yet no explanation has been made.

GALWAY.

Speaking upon this subject the *Evening Express* writes:—"The Bishop of Galway's reprobation against the employment of Catholic constables as spies upon their own clergy, is to be attributed to the absence of the Lord Lieutenant from Dublin. His grace's good sense would, we feel satisfied, make short work of the nuisance. The ingenious persons who first conceived the notion of making this odious use of Catholic policemen would have been a valuable agent of English power in times when the object of State policy was to worry and outrage the Papistry. Indeed, those devoted servants of the crown, who in '98 used to hang one Croppy by the help of another, might have envied the Galway policemen their petty retirement in Galway, by the one happy stroke of Catholic policemen are forced to do the hateful office, and Catholic clergymen to wince under it. We live in days, however, when services of this sort are not esteemed at their proper value; when, indeed, they are ungratefully set down as blundering and criminal stunts at British rule. Even in Galway, English statesmen have learned by this time that the policy of intolerance is a mistake; and it would be hard to say how Catholic feeling could be more bitterly wounded in its tenderest part than if our churches were to be treated like the resorts of habitual criminals, and Catholic policemen instructed to use their notebooks instead of their prayerbooks, and to pounce upon whatever falls from the lips of the preacher without regard to the "caution" vouchsafed professional thieves. An outrage of this description is not to be excused by the "explanation" of a subordinate official. Sub-Inspector Cameron may be a great personage in Galway; but we think the Most Rev. Dr. McEvilly acted as became his dignity when he declined to enter into diplomatic *potpourris* for the purpose of making a complaint which possibly might have embarrassed the ambassador himself pretty closely. Irish Catholics will await with considerable anxiety the action of Sub-Inspector Cameron's superiors; and we believe the Bishop of Galway's temperate remonstrance will be nowhere more heartily endorsed than within the ranks of the Royal Irish Constabulary."

BISMARCK AND THE NUNCIÓ.

The *Journal de Bruxelles* publishes an interesting communication from a personage at Munich concerning the origin of the conference between Prince Bismarck and the Nuncio. Some time since the Nuncio published a communication from the same source about the progress of those negotiations, and the authenticity of the information then given has been established from various quarters. The personage referred to recently had an audience of the Nuncio, Mgr. Masella, and he writes as follows:—"I was especially desirous of knowing how the assurance, so often repeated in the *Journal de Bruxelles*, that Prince Bismarck had taken the initiative in the Kissinger negotiations, was exact or not. His Excellency declared to me that this statement was founded on fact. The following is a short history of what preceded the Kissinger view:—"Already, at the beginning of June, some persons in high position at Munich had given Mgr. Masella to understand that he might go to Berlin in order to confer there with Bismarck about putting an end to the ecclesiastical conflict, for the Chancellor (so it was expressly stated) entertained very conciliatory sentiments towards the Holy See. The Nuncio, however, had said that, under the circumstances then existing, he was obliged to decline to go to Berlin. Then came June 17, on which day the King and Queen of Saxony celebrated their silver wedding. Mgr. Masella was present at the festivities. On this occasion he was invited, through a minister, and at the special request of Prince Bismarck, to a conference at Berlin, Bismarck, Nuncio, declared that, to his great regret, he was unable to go to Berlin. He returned to Munich, and sent word to Rome of what had passed in connection with this invitation. The Holy See approved of his conduct. A few days later Prince Bismarck made a new proposal. Kissinger was this time suggested by him as the place of the interview, and the Holy Father commanded the Nuncio to go to Kissinger. The preceding account differs in some slight particulars from previous statements of the German Conservative paper. But there is every reason to believe that the narrative of the *Brussels* journal is in all respects authentic."

The New York *Sun* states that a discovery has been made which will revolutionize the old methods of manufacturing glass and iron. The discoverer, Mr. S. C. Salisbury, a few days ago, at the navy yard in New York, that an intense heat can be maintained in a furnace by keeping a small stream of peculiarly prepared petroleum continually flowing into it. No coal whatever is required. The heat is so great it will melt pig iron in ten minutes instead of two hours, and make glass liquid in two hours instead of six, and, as now required. It is claimed that it can be used to great advantage on ocean steamers for generating steam, as being far cheaper and safer than coal fires.

The leading clergyman at Albany is a devoted equestrian. A new horse had been sent him from the stable, and the gamin who brought it was shouting, "Whoa, Emma!" The reverend gentleman, in all innocence, asked if that was the animal's name, and was told yes. Riding through the park, the bystanders were convulsed to hear the good dominie repeating in excited tones, "Whoa, Emma! whoa, Emma!"

The Legion of Honor has now about 100,000 members. A majority are chevaliers, or knights; next in order are officers, then commanders, then grand officers, and lastly grand crosses.

Mr. Gladstone, on his arrival in Liverpool from the Isle of Man, was beset by such a throng that he could hardly make his way to the railroad station, after yielding twice to the clamor for a speech.

William Olmum Stafford, a clerk of the Liverpool branch of the Bank of England, recently absconded with £14,000 of the funds of the bank. A reward of £500 has been offered for his apprehension.

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A GLOWING TRIBUTE IN THE U.S. TO IRELAND BY A PROTESTANT CLERGYMAN.

In an old copy of the Memphis (Tenn.) *Advertiser* is published an interesting lecture delivered by the Rev. David Walk to the congregation of the Linden-Street Christian Church in that city. The lecture was the result of a tour through Europe, and the reverend gentleman thus speaks of his feelings when he first beheld the coast of Ireland:—"The coast of Ireland! How the words thrilled me! I no longer heard the angry rush of the waters; I no longer noted the rolling and tossing of the ship; I ceased to think of the laboring, groaning engines. I thought only of the blessed, solid earth on which my eyes were resting. Yes, there could be no mistake; those are the towering hills of Ireland. There she stands like a dear mother, stretching forth her arms over the stormy deep, inviting her children to her breast. Rising up from the ocean like a goddess, she is the first to offer rest to the weather-beaten mariner, and to give the traveler from the New World a welcome. Long live old Ireland! Green be her fields, bright be her skies, and happiness be the portion of her sons and daughters." Alluding to Catholic and Protestant Ireland, he said—"My business is to state facts—not to make them. Of course, I had ever been taught—in fact I had read it in the Sunday-school book—that the North of Ireland, which I supposed to be Protestant, is greatly superior to the South of Ireland, which is supposed to be Catholic. Now, I have been through Ireland, from the extreme South to the extreme North, and I aver, upon the honor of a gentleman and a Christian, that a greater fraud than the assumed superiority of the Protestant over the Catholic population of Ireland was never palmed off on an innocent and unsuspecting public. It is pitiful when men attempt to coin religious capital out of such material. On the other hand, I saw more squalor, more abject misery, more poverty and wretchedness in Glasgow and Edinburgh than in the whole of Ireland put together. Scotland is Protestant, Ireland is Catholic. I say it is my duty to state these facts as I see them, and not to allow religious prejudices to blind my eyes to the truth. The sun of heaven shines on no fairer land than on the South of Ireland. From Malton on the Blackwater to Cork on the Lee, it is pure and beautiful as a dream in the heart of a sinless maiden. I saw just two cities in Europe which I should care to live in. One of these is Dundee, in Scotland; the other, Cork, in Ireland—with a decided preference for Cork. Everywhere in Ireland I was treated like a gentleman. Never for a single instant was I maltreated by a human being."

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