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The Catholic Weekly Review.

A JOURNAL DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN CANADA

Reddite quæ sunt Cæsaris, Cæsari; et quæ sunt Dei, Deo.—Matt. 22 : 21.

Vol. I.

Toronto, Saturday, Jan. 21, 1887

No. 49.

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Bishop Dowling, of Peterborough, was in the city on Wednesday.

His Grace, Archbishop Lynch, was in Barrie on Thursday of last week attending a conference of the priests of that deanery.

Pope Leo XIII. has sent Cardinal Taschereau a special answer to the joint letter of congratulation sent him by the archbishops and bishops of Quebec Province, in which he again gives his blessing to the bishops and clergy of the province.

Boys born in Rome on last New Year's day are, if their parents consent, to be called Leo and all the girls Leonie, and to each Leo and Leonie the Papal Jubilee Committee has promised a savings bank pass-book with 100 francs placed to its credit.

The library presented to the Pope by the English deputation was unique in its character. It is described as Catholic, but it is only Catholic in the sense that all the volumes in it were written by English Catholics. It includes works of every kind, from novels and poems to scientific and theological treatises. The Pope does not know English, and it is expected that his Holiness will present the volumes to an English college.

The startling statement reported to have been made by Mr. Blunt concerning the motives of Mr. Balfour, as learned from him during a sojourn in the south of England last September, namely, that he intended to imprison those of the Irish leaders who were in bad health and could not endure the hardships of prison treatment, has been qualified only in a measure. The revised statement is that Mr. Balfour used to say during the session that if the Irish leaders were given plank beds and skilly diet there would be an end to the whole Nationalist trouble, and when his friends pointed out that such treatment would be likely to kill a man like Dillon, he used to say that that

doubtless would be a misfortune, but that the Imperial policy couldn't be altered on that account. Even as it stands, Mr. Blunts' statements demand the strictest investigation in Parliament.

Dr. McGlynn, a few nights ago, made a ruffianly attack on the Holy Father, Pope Leo, "A poor old bag of bones," "An old Italian with one foot in the grave," and much more to the same purpose—it was thus the grave Dr. McGlynn referred to the venerable Father of the Faithful. Commenting on his gross language, the Philadelphia *Daily Record*, a few days ago, spoke as follows in respect to the impression such utterances created among men of intelligence and an ordinary sense of respectability: "It is scarcely possible to misunderstand the matter and manner of Dr. McGlynn's attack upon the head of the Church of Rome. When, in the heat of controversy, harsh names are called, it is expected that the mistake will speedily be corrected, and argument substituted for invective. If this be not done, the listening public will disregard the speakers. Dr. McGlynn has had things all his own way, so far as public speech is concerned, in his contest with the ecclesiastical body which nurtured his intellect and commanded his services during the best years of his life. There was no need for him to use the verbal weapons of the traditional fish-wife of Billingsgate in assailing those against whom he professes to have just cause for offense. He has weakened his own influence, and the general sense of respect for his moral integrity, by his ill-advised hurling of epithets in the direction of the Vatican. His language is that of a disappointed and embittered man—a person who could not be trusted at the head of a great popular movement."

Whatever excesses of hate it may have provoked a section of the Protestant press to, it is gratifying to know that the Jubilee of the Holy Father has been viewed by the more influential and respectable Protestant papers with feelings of good-will and sincere appreciation. Only the "Philistine" press has had recourse to the old-fashioned abuse of the Papacy. Thinking Protestants are beginning to recognize that in these days of atheism and anarchy, as in centuries long since, on the existence of the Papacy, that is the Holy Catholic Church, depends the survival of Christendom, and the overthrow of those principles of unbelief which would undermine and possess the world. As an example of the change which has come over these papers of late years we quote the words of the New York *Independent*, the ablest and most influential Protestant paper on the continent, which opened a leading article in its last issue, with these compliments to Pope Leo:

"To Joachim Vincent Pecci, Bishop of Rome and Pope of the Catholic Apostolic and Roman Church, health and an Evangelical benediction! A priest of blameless life for fifty years, wise, moderate, successful as a priest, governor, archbishop, nuncio, cardinal, Pope, we send him our Christian salutation. Prelates, priests, and peoples of his own Communion, gladly pay him homage. We simply offer him kindly greetings in the name of Christ, to whom both Pope and Protestant bow in reverent adoration. Gifts and congratulations pour in upon him from Christian, Turk and Pagan, in honour of the jubilee of his priesthood. We esteem him as a man and as a Christian."

AN IRISH CATHOLIC NOVELIST.

II.

Unlike many novelists of higher calibre, such as Dickens and George Eliot, Rosa Mulholland has not fallen into the error of believing that she has a great "mission" to fulfil. Had she made this mistake, her chosen "sphere" would probably be to point out to her fellow-countrymen their political duties, perhaps to rouse them to armed resistance of coercion by stirring tales of former glories. Are we wrong in believing that no writer of fiction would be successful in this task? Irish Nationalists have other work to do than reading novels; and the literature furnished by *United Ireland* is more serviceable to their cause than all the romances which ever emerged from the brain of genius. There is little to be learned from the history of previous national movements except to avoid the rocks on which they wrecked.

Yet it is possible that a novelist, without making it the aim of his book, and without rudely forcing anyone's opinions, should expose some crying wrong, and excite his readers' indignation thereat. This is precisely what Rosa Mulholland has done, notably in the novel entitled "Marcella Grace," (New York: Harper & Bros.)

"Marcella Grace" is not a political pamphlet under the guise of a novel. It is, like the others we have mentioned, a simple, tender story of the affections. Yet, quietly and unobtrusively, without any of that passionate rhetoric, which, if it sometimes carries us away, oftener puts us on guard against surprise, there are some statements made in this book, which must lead English readers to think that, after all that has been said to the contrary, Irish tenants may have some grievances, and that the law, as administered under a Coercion Act, may frequently bring forth an abortion instead of justice. A glance at the history of Mrs. T. O'F. O'Kelly shows how a good-hearted and well-meaning landlord may bring misery upon tenants through wrong-headedness and mental strabismus. The whole root of the land evil is exposed to view, and the sad story of the serfs who owned the mistress of Crane's Castle as their liege-lady, is told so calmly, and in language so devoid of ornament, that the reader cannot believe it exaggerated.

Miss Mulholland has no love for the Fenians, yet she makes clearly understood how it is that they constantly recruit their ranks from those whom a sense of cruel oppression, and not unfrequently the fierce pangs of bodily hunger, drives into the arms of the societies which declare themselves able to regain the peasants' lost rights.

The trial and conviction of Bryan Kilmorey is but a sample of the results which follow from what John Mitchel bitterly called "the fraudulent sham of law," from the base system which accepts the testimony of the vilest wretches who have everything to gain by perjury, as sufficient warrant for compassing the legal murder of honourable men. In caustic but true words is described the slight sensation, the less than nine days' wonder, that ensues when, as frequently happens, the innocence of a man thus punished is afterwards proved.

The affair is made the subject of a two or three line comment in an obscure corner of some great newspaper, and a couple of anonymous correspondents waste ink and paper discussing the good and evil of the "informer" system.

When Bryan's life sentence is shortened to the term of twenty years, his wife, who has hitherto borne up bravely, is now almost crushed.

"Strange that the fixed term of twenty years seemed to her more intolerable than the vagueness of a lifetime. The idea of the lifetime had been hard to grasp, and all sorts of shapeless possibilities were felt to float through its measureless hours like unseen stars through space. But twenty years made a comprehensible period, sickeningly long, calculably ruinous in its workings, with a sharp set limit that in its very assertion seemed to annihilate any shorter limitations which an extravagant imagination might conjure up."

In the heroine of this story, whose name is on the title page, are combined all the delicacy and tenderness of a true woman with an almost masculine firmness of character. We see her first as the poor sewing girl of the "Liberties" of Dublin, "picking her way through the gutters and seeing the day break over the squalor of the streets," as she goes to "the church where she was accustomed to carry all her sorrows and temptations, leaving them at the foot of the altar." A little later she

is the stately and gracious Miss O'Kelly, of Crane's Castle, and yet she is not changed. She was as really a lady amid her poor surroundings as in her present rich abode. Marcella loves with all her passionate nature Bryan Kilmorey, a most noble type of manhood; and her love for him almost leads her to commit a grave sin in the hope of saving him from his enemies. But her great strength of mind carries her through the crisis, and a keen sense of her obligations as a landlord gives occupation to a brain almost unhinged by sorrow.

In her endeavours to ameliorate the condition of the poor, fever-stricken peasants she has the guidance and advice of Father Daly, a beautiful specimen of the Irish *soggarth aroon*.

The portrait of Mrs. Kilmorey is true to nature. The depths of a mother's love are fathomed for us, that love so self-sacrificing and at the same time so selfish, self-sacrificing in that it willingly gives up life itself for the sake of the beloved child, selfish because the mother sees nothing beyond the interests of her boy. The pathetic workings of this grand nature are well exhibited in this powerful novel.

One of the most beautiful word-pictures in "Marcella Grace" is the description of Ireland's climate, to which the nature of the people bears such a resemblance.

"We have one moment a royal richness of ambers, purples, crimsons and golds of every variety and lustre, all spread at our feet like Aladdin's treasures, and the next we are swathed in a winding sheet of gruesome gray, and move through a world, poor, cold, wind-swept and rain-beaten. Even in the unbroken weather of a summer's day, our aerial changes are so swift and ceaseless that the land we move through seems alive with motion; what was quite near is suddenly far away, and what was distant comes as rapidly smiling towards us. So much of our landscape is made up of lakes, rivers, bays, linked together by wet, verdant vegetation, and so constantly does each moss-girdled lakelet, pool with torn fringes, and strip of widening and narrowing stream, snatch at the clouds above and hold a piece of the blue sky forever in its breast, that half our earth is literally heaven, and we often seem to walk through a sort of mid-air region, with moonrise and sunset, not only over our heads, but under our feet."

The subject matter of this novel gives abundant scope for pathos, but very little for humour. Yet Goldsmith himself does not more playfully satirize the national weakness for "words of learned length and thundering sound," than does Rosa Mulholland when she makes a poor woman entreat Father Daly to visit her husband, for "though I don't mane rightly to say he doesn't love God, still he doesn't pay high encomiums to him the way he used to do, yer riverence, an' he doesn't insinuate afther him."

In taking leave of "Marcella Grace" we say to all those who have followed us, read it; read everything of Rosa Mulholland's you can lay your hands on, and be sure you will not regret it. Do not say that you cannot afford to buy the books because Catholic publishers charge such high prices. This excuse, valid unfortunately in too many cases, does not hold in this, for "The Wild Birds of Killeevy" and "Wicked Woods of Tobereevil," are published in Hickey's "Vatican Library" at twenty-five cents each, and "Marcella Grace" has been issued in "Harper's Handy Series," at the same price.

As to "A Fair Emigrant," which appeared as a serial in the *Catholic World*, we believe it has not yet been published in book form. But it is in no way inferior to the previous works of its author, and may, in some respects, be considered even superior. Bawn Desmond, Roderick Fingall, Gran, Shana and Rosheen, are people whom one meets with pleasure, and parts from with regret. The Adares, of Shane's Hollow, give ample proof of Miss Mulholland's dramatic ability, and the lady-killing Major Batt, of her humour. The peasantry are treated with the tenderness invariably shown them by this author; and, in short, the book is one of the brightest, cleverest, and most charming pieces of fiction that has been produced in our century.

It may be urged by some pious persons that Rosa Mulholland does not deserve the title of Catholic novelist, that her stories are not a whit more Catholic in tone than those of Annie Keary or of May Laffan. This is an opinion which we are prepared to controvert. It is very true that the novels we have been speaking of are not Catholic in the sense that "Geraldine," and "Rome and the Abbey," are Catholic.

There is as little of the religious tract about them as there is of the political pamphlet. But to say that they are not Catholic novels is a great mistake. Let us take an analogous case. The *Philadelphia Standard* said very well some time ago, that the benefits of a Catholic college education are not to be measured by the amount of religious instruction directly imparted to the student, but that the atmosphere of Catholicity in which such a student lives is the thing to be desired above all for our young men. So it is with novels. It is not necessary that they should contain controversial discussions, or the histories of conversions. But if the atmosphere created by the author is so impregnated with Catholicity, that you feel without being told, that you are mingling with Catholics, just as in the ordinary non-religious novel you are instinctively aware that those whom you meet consider themselves Protestants, such an author, we maintain, is worthy of being called Catholic. And it cannot be doubted that Rosa Mulholland is one of this class.

She should find, then, hosts of readers among Catholics, and in an age when a morbidly sensational fiction of which the works of "Ouida," Miss Braddon, and Mrs. Southworth are fair samples, threatens to overwhelm the world in a deluge of liquid mud, let us bid God-speed to those writers who are nobly endeavouring to stem this terrible tide.

DAVID RONAYNE.

A VISIT TO THE GRANDE CHARTREUSE.

It was a beautiful Sunday last autumn that I stepped from the railway carriage at Vogué, on the line between Lyons and Grenoble, and took a seat in the stage that ran to St. Laurent du Pont, on the way to the Grande Chartreuse. The journey was charming; for, as we ascended round the mountain, the valley sloped away beneath us, rich with green and the yellow hue of the ripened vines. But grander scenes were yet in store as we descended on the other side, the road twining its way between great high alpine rocks that rose above and seemed to defy the struggling twigs in their attempt at growth. Changing coaches at St. Laurent, we began our ascent on the direct road to the Monastery. This is well described by a French author: 'We climb along side of a river, or rather torrent, a way stretching between two walls of rock, now dry and bare, now covered with large trees, and again adorned with patches of green woods which cluster on their sides. We hear, for two leagues, the noise of the stream which gathers wrath in the midst of the ruins of shattered rock against which it unceasingly breaks. It is the leaping foam which is engulfed in the depth of two hundred feet, where the eye follows it with curious terror and then turns to the rocks wild and high crowned on high with few trees which seem to kiss the sky. This road once narrow, these heights, these religious shades, these wonderful little waterfalls which, jumping down the rock, go to swell the waters and the fury of the torrent—all this naturally leads to the terrible solitude where Saint Bruno established himself and his companions.'

St. Bruno was born at Cologne in 1035. He became Chancellor of Rheims, and in 1082, when the see was vacant, he was about to be chosen Archbishop. It was a critical period in the history of the Church; Hildebrand was on the papal throne as Gregory VII., and was engaged in maintaining the rights of God and his church against the Emperor of Germany. Rheims, situated on the border-land between France and Germany, and rather belonging to the latter, would certainly receive some blows. Bruno therefore determined to fulfil a vow he had made some time before of leading a hermit's life, for he saw that in those trying times if he once accepted the pallium he would not be likely to follow out the promise he had made to God. He first went to a Benedictine Monastery at Molesme, but not finding the tranquility he sought, he left for a forest near Ban-sur-Seine. He quitted this for the Chartreuse. But first he went to Grenoble, where St. Hugh, who had been an old pupil of St. Bruno's at Rheims when he was professor of the Episcopal College, was warned by a dream of the Saint's coming. He saw seven stars fall at his feet, rise again, and cross the mountains and rest in the woods called Chartreuse. He saw angels build there a dwelling, and on the roof appeared again the seven stars. In a few days came Bruno with six companions and told the venerable bishop his search. The dream was read, the pupil conducted his pro-

fessor to his future home where he found peace, and where hundreds of world-wearied souls in every generation since have found the same. It became the school of Saints, amongst whom was St. Hugh, of Lincoln, who established a house in Somerset, in England, and afterwards became Bishop of Lincoln. But there is little to interest in the history of a monastery, it has its trials and triumphs; its special duty and devotion; its difficulties and its dangers. These were all overcome and generation succeeded generation, until in the nineteenth century the disciples of St. Bruno lead the same holy life, and obey the same holy rule, and shed the same sweet light as did the seven stars that rose and fell at the feet of Genoble's saintly bishop.

The Carthusian rises at half past five, says Prime of the Day and Tierce of the Little Office of Our Lady. After this he makes a visit to the Blessed Sacrament. The Conventual Mass is sung at seven. This differs somewhat from the ordinary Roman rite, as the priest recites the *Confiteor* at the side of the altar just as an acolyte in our churches before Holy Communion. In saying the prayers the priest does not extend his hands but clasps them together, resting them upon the altar. Except at the consecration the celebrant does not genuflect: he merely bows. After Mass and thanksgiving, which is made lying on the side, all make half an hour of meditation and read some spiritual subject till ten o'clock, when sext is recited. Between ten and eleven the Carthusian takes his breakfast, which is his principal meal. Over the plate of soup are a couple of poached eggs, next there is a bit of fish and at the top an open round fruit tart. Add to this salad placed on a separate dish. Two small bottles of beer are also given, which must serve for supper as well. No meat is allowed under any consideration. The rule about this subject is so strict that if a Carthusian wishes to eat meat he is obliged to leave his community. After breakfast the Monks have three hours for study and manual labour. Their studies consist of Holy Scripture, dogmatic, moral and particularly ascetic theology. At half past two in the afternoon they recite, privately, Vespers of our Lady. At 2.45 the big bell sounds again, when Vespers of the day are sung, after which on ordinary days follows immediately the office of the Dead. This lasts till four o'clock when the evening meal is served, which, for more than half the year, from September till Easter, consists of nothing but one piece of bread. On joyful days a small omelette and a piece of fruit are allowed. After supper two hours are spent in study, spiritual reading and private prayer at the discretion of the individual. With these he occupies himself until half past six, when he retires. Between ten and eleven they arise and recite in their cells Matins and Lauds of the Little Office of Our Lady. At a quarter to midnight the bell rings again calling them to Matins and Lauds. Each brings a little lantern and, taking his place in the chapel, lights from it a larger lantern wherewith to follow his Breviary. The office is sung in plain chant very like the Gregorian—but it is not the same as was sung in the days of St. Bruno. The canonical office is succeeded on all days, save certain feasts and vigils, by the Office of the Dead. It is after two when the last collect is chanted and thus three hours are spent in praise and prayer while the rest of mortals seek repose. They retire for a second sleep to begin again their day at half past five.

A Carthusian lives alone with the exception of a half day every week when they take a walk in common. His cell and the chapel are at all other times his home. The cells are built off a corridor about two hundred yards in length. Passing from this corridor to a cell, we first enter a small narrow hall about ten yards in length, where the stations of the cross are erected. Crossing this we enter the cell proper—a narrow wooden bed stands in the corner with a straw mattress and coarse sheets.

On the side opposite the bed the space is divided into two parts—that near the window serving as a workshop where he can bind books or write, and that near the door where is a large wooden chair with shelf opposite it, upon which a book may rest. In the opposite corner stands a cupboard. Nothing is painted in the room at all, but everything is very neat and clean. Down stairs are two rooms with a small corridor opening upon a garden. In one room the monk saws wood—the other serves as a carpenter shop, with a lathe and bench. The garden belongs also to him, and it is his duty as well as recrea-

tion to keep it in order. Thus does the Carthusian live alone with God. His meals are passed into him through a hole in the wall, his reading, his prayers, his studies are all performed there, while the public office is recited in the chapel.

Six o'clock on Monday morning I mounted the box beside the driver and we immediately started down the mountain; the air was keen and sharp; the frost had silvered the green of the fields and had tinted the trees with amber and crimson and gold, while high above, the rising sun kept chasing away the shadows from the bold, bald Alps. Thus we left behind the mother house of the Carthusians; nature had a beautiful temple in the scene around, but grace had erected a grander shrine, where saint and repentant sinner might meet in peaceful praise and penitential prayer. And one thought was uppermost—better that Bruno left the honours behind him and fulfilled his vows to the Lord.

On the way down we passed the place where the celebrated liqueur, La Chartreuse, is manufactured. The secret is very safely guarded and only two monks at a time know it. You will, therefore, not expect much information upon the way it is made. I recommend you and your readers to taste it. The only difficulty is to get the genuine article. It is adulterated and imitated to such an extent that it is difficult to tell when you do get the real thing. A tremendous business is done in the manufacture of this liquor, as the community pays some millions of francs duty to the French Government. And it was for this reason the Carthusians were spared some few years ago when so many other orders were expelled.

England, Jan. 3rd, 1888.

J. R. T.

The Church in Canada.

Under this heading will be collected and preserved all obtainable data bearing upon the history and growth of the Church in Canada. Contributions are invited from those having in their possession any material that might properly come for publication in this department.

LIST OF THE HIERARCHY OF THE DOMINION OF CANADA.

— DIOCESE OF QUEBEC, FOUNDED IN 1674.

Translated from Abbe Gosselin's "Histoire de l'Eglise du Canada," for the CATHOLIC WEEKLY REVIEW.

- Right Rev. Francois de Laval de Montmorency, Bishop of Peterborough, i.p.i. and Vicar-Apostolic of New France, 1658-1674.
- Right Rev. F. de Laval de Montmorency, 1st Titular Bishop of Quebec, 1674-1688.
- Right Rev. Jean Baptiste de la Croix-Chevrieres de Saint Vallier, 2nd Bishop, 1688-1727.
- Right Rev. Louis Francois Duplessis de Mornay, 3rd Bishop, 1728-1733.
- Right Rev. Pierre Herman Dosquet 4th Bishop, 1734-1739.
- Right Rev. Francois Louis Pourroy de L'Auberiviere, 5th Bishop, 1739-1740.
- Right Rev. Henri Marie Dubreuil de Pontbriand, 6th Bishop, 1741-1760. (After the death of Bishop de Pontbriand the See was vacant until 1766.)
- Right Rev. Jean Oliver Briand, 7th Bishop, 1766-1784.
- Right Rev. Louis Philippe Mariaudeau D'Esglis, 8th Bishop, 1784-1788.
- Right Rev. Jean Francois Hubert, 9th Bishop, 1788-1797.
- Right Rev. Pierre Denaut, 10th Bishop, 1797-1806.
- Right Rev. Joseph Octave Plessis, 11th Bishop, 1806-1825.
- Right Rev. Bernard Claude Panet, 12th Bishop, 1825-1833.
- Right Rev. Joseph Signay, 13th Bishop, 1833-1844.
- Most Rev. Joseph Signay, 1st Archbishop, 1844-1850.
- Most Rev. Pierre Flavian Turgeon, 2nd Archbishop, 1850-1867.
- Most Rev. Charles Francois Baillargeon, 3rd Archbishop, 1867-1870.
- Most Rev. Elzear Alexander Taschereau, 4th Archbishop, 1871-1888. (Created a Cardinal in 1886.)

The first missionaries who came to Canada were Fathers Jamay, Dolbeau, le Caror and Brother Duplessis, of the Congregation of Recollets, which was a branch of the Mendicant order of St. Francis. They arrived in 1615, seven years after the

foundation of Quebec. The first Jesuit missionaries, Fathers Lallemand, Ennemond Masse, and Jean de Breboeuf, arrived in 1625.

Until the appointment of Bishop de Laval, Canada or New France was under the jurisdiction of the Archbishop of Rouen, and the limits fixed by the Bull erecting the Diocese were those of the French possessions in North America—Canada, Acadia and adjacent isles, Hudson's Bay, Newfoundland and Louisiana. In 1789, upon the erection of the Diocese of Baltimore, the country ceded to the United States was detached; in 1817 Nova Scotia was erected into a Vicariate Apostolic and placed in charge of Bishop Edmund Burke; and in 1819 Upper Canada, and New Brunswick with Prince Edward Island, were erected into separate Provinces; Bishop Macdonell was appointed to the former and Bishop MacEachern to the latter.

Bishop Plessis was named Archbishop of Quebec in 1818, but having represented to the Holy See that it was inopportune to make a change at that time, the matter was allowed to remain in abeyance until 1844. The first Provincial Council of Quebec was convened by Archbishop Turgeon in 1851, and eight Bishops assisted.

The Jesuits' College at Quebec was established in 1635 through the liberality of the Marquis de Gamache, and Laval University secured its charter in 1853.

(To be continued.)

THE JESUIT'S PROPOSAL.

A few days afterward I happened to meet a Roman Catholic lady, whom I had known for many years. To her I confided the possibility of my considering the claims of the Church of Rome. Instead of expressing unbounded joy at the prospect of the conversion of a man of my attainments, to my utter astonishment she urged me to "pray for light." I to pray for light! And she to recommend me to do so! Why, this woman's theological reading would have been a mere grain of sand to the shores of the Atlantic, in comparison with mine! The temptation to point out the darkness of her own ignorance was well-nigh irresistible, and her impertinence was unbearable; but while I was staggering in amazement she added that she would pray for me. This fairly took my breath away, and I fled from the scene. Verily the assurance of some people is astounding! A friend had once recommended me to endeavour to see a little behind the scenes before I made up my mind to join the Church of Rome, and I now felt that there was some force in his advice; for if a Roman Catholic of no mental culture could be so impertinent as to suggest to an Oxford man, who had taken high honours, that he should pray for light, there must be something wrong about Romanism.

Much as the incident just described annoyed me, I was not to be balked in my determination by so comparatively trivial a matter. My High-Church friends had certainly failed to treat me with the deference that was my due; to return to the "high-and-dry" would have been a degradation; and for the broad school of thought I had no inclination. I gave the whole matter my earnest thought, and at last decided that I would become a Roman Catholic. The only question that presented itself was as to the priest who should perform the ceremony of receiving me, and I quickly arrived at the conclusion that a certain ecclesiastic, who held one of the highest titles of the Roman Catholic Church, would naturally be eager to receive with his own hands so illustrious a member of so celebrated a family of scholars and clergymen. Accordingly I wrote to tell him of my determination, and to request him to appoint a place and hour for the function. Unfortunately he happened to be much occupied about that time, and he wrote to express his regret that his engagements prevented him from acceding to my request, and to recommend me to call upon a certain "good priest," who, he said, would gladly give me "all the instruction and assistance in his power."

That his —'s engagements unavoidably prevented his receiving me, I never doubted; but with regard to the proposed substitute I had my misgivings, nor did I quite like the tone of that part of the short note which referred to him. "Instruction and assistance" were not at all what I wanted, neither ought such words to have been used to me. No. As the great man did not elect to put himself out of the way for me, I would not go to a priest at his bidding. After all, I

proper man to receive a person of my ability would be a Jesuit, and to a Jesuit I would go.

Knowing that my reception would create great excitement if it occurred in London, I preferred to be received in the country, so I purchased a Roman Catholic Directory, and found that a certain quiet country town had a chapel served by a Jesuit Father. Thither I betook myself, and when I had taken a room in a hotel, disposed of my baggage and books, and ordered my evening meal, I sought the priest's house. I was displeased at finding that his residence lay in a low out-skirt of the town, and I was directed through a network of small streets containing the monotonous dwellings of third-class artisans. After losing my way several times, I engaged the services of a little boy, who undertook to guide me to the dwelling of the Roman Catholic priest. My tall figure, clad in a long loose cloak, my wideawake, and possibly my spectacles, attracted the attention of the natives, to whom my youthful conductor vouchsafed sundry signals and gesticulations. Some of his juvenile friends joined the procession, and there seemed to be men with pipes and women with aprons in their mouths staring at me from every doorway.

At last we arrived at the Roman Catholic chapel, and at the priest's house which adjoined it. So, having bestowed two pence upon my conductor, I rang the bell. It was answered by a woman, who asked me "step into the parlour." This was not at all the sort of thing that I had either expected or wished for; but here I was, and I felt that I was "in for it." While waiting for the priest I had time to look round the "parlour"—odious name!—and to observe the poverty of the land. The paper on the wall was hideous, and of anything but an ecclesiastical pattern. The chairs were of mahogany and stuffed with horse-hair; there was no carpet, and the only picture was a cheap and vilely-coloured engraving of the Pope. The one decent thing in the room was a rather handsome crucifix.

At last the door opened, and a tall man entered the room, in a long black gown, much worn, and very shiny at the back, I observed, as he half turned round in order to shut the door. I was somewhat surprised to find among such surroundings a man of a gentlemanly manner, with a soft, pleasant voice. Although of the most unassuming and quiet aspect, he seemed to be wonderfully at his ease; and my appearance, which I imagine to have been of a most unusual type at such a place, did not produce the slightest expression of surprise or anxiety in his countenance. He simply smiled, asked me to be seated, and took a chair himself.

I then proceeded to state the object of my visit. The thinking man, I began, had to choose between free thought and Catholicism; and of the former, I said, it was not my purpose to treat on that occasion. I then pointed out that he who had Catholic inclinations found three great churches suing for his patronage—the Roman Catholic Church, the Greek Church and the Anglican Church. Lightly passing over the claims of the two latter, and giving my reasons for putting them out of court, I gave a lucid judgment in favour of the Church of Rome. After years of study and mature consideration, I had finally decided, I said, to give the palm to the grand old See of Peter. I informed him that I had read nearly all the works of the Fathers and the lives of most of the saints; and, as a special compliment to himself, I treated him to a short panegyric of St. Ignatius, and paid a graceful tribute to the celebrity of the Jesuit Order. Finally, I wound up by telling him the gratifying news that I wished him to receive me into the Roman Catholic Church on the following morning, at any hour convenient to himself, which would enable me to catch the mid-day express for Oxford. He had never interrupted me so far, but had appeared to listen with great interest. Obviously, I thought, he was a man of great intelligence. Perceiving that I had finished what I had to say, he quietly observed:

"I shall be most happy to give you every help in my power, and I propose, as a beginning, that we should go together through a little book which we call the Penny Catechism?"

"Why, my good sir," said I breathlessly, with indignation, "I have probably read and studied even more deeply than yourself, and can you suggest to me a Penny Catechism?"

"Unless you be converted and become as little children"—you know the rest."

"I know that you have lost an opportunity of making a convert!"

"I had no intention of frightening you away from the Church: quite the contrary; but do you not think that if you lose your soul, the loss will be yours rather than mine?"

It was clear that this man was a simpleton, so I left him in disgust.—"The Life of a Prig."

CARDINAL NEWMAN ON THE POPE'S JUBILEE.

The Pope's Jubilee was celebrated at the Oratory, Edgbaston, Birmingham, on Sunday, January 1st, by High Mass, the function being of an imposing and interesting character. Cardinal Newman, who was present during the whole of the service, read the epistle and gospel, and preached from the altar steps. He said he had no intention of delivering a sermon, because he felt he was not equal to it. But when he found that so many zealous and devout hands were employed in preparing the church for the great event which they were then celebrating, he thought it would be better to do something inferior rather than to say nothing, and then to leave the result to the providence of Almighty God. What should he say which was equal to the occasion they were celebrating? Many and most important and valuable things might be said, but they would still be insufficient for so great a theme. It was of the wonderful providence of Almighty God that the Pope should have lived so long a life before he became the Pope and yet seem to have been so little employed. When I say this it is impossible that such a man could really have done little for God's service. Yet in the history of the Church, when they looked back at the lives of holy men, it often seemed wonderful that God had not employed them more fully. His Eminence then pointed out the inscrutable ways of God in the choice of persons to do His work, Moses being eighty years of age before he began his career of leader of the Israelites, while John the Baptist was cut off just at the beginning of his work. After quoting St. Gregory of Nazianzen, and other examples from ecclesiastical history, the Cardinal said he did not directly compare their present Holy Father with Moses or with John the Baptist, but still the same rule was in operation in his case as in theirs. He had lived a long life before he became Pope, and little had been known of him, yet he had now, in the few years he had been Pope, done things which, it might be said, no other man could do; but, at the same time, they had known nothing of him in those many previous years. He scarcely supposed any one of them had heard his name before he was made Pope. There did not seem any likelihood that he would leave Perugia, his bishopric, but he was found, as others were, found, by special providence and inspiration of God, and they in their ignorance, knew nothing of him. In conclusion the Cardinal thanked God as one of the greatest blessings of his life that he was allowed to stand there and say a few words that day, and that, by the special favour of God, he had lived thus long to see such a man. He had also to thank his Holiness for the exceeding kindness and consideration, and love, he might say, which the Pope had shown for him, and which he could only acknowledge very imperfectly. Cardinal Newman then gave the congregation his blessing.

After the service the *Te Deum* was sung, and the Blessed Sacrament exposed, the Cardinal remaining in the church to pray for some time after the congregation had retired.—*Tablet*

THE TWO POPES.

Unto all times, unto all generations,
Plus the Ninth shall be forever known
As Pope of the Immaculate Conception,
Of Mary's glory, the grand corner stone.

But, when the past shall answer for the present,
The future for the past—and earth shall name
Leo the Thirteenth ("brilliant Light from Heaven,")
Putting Time's feeble tapers all to shame!
By men and angels, he shall honoured be,
As Pontiff of the Holy Rosary!

—Eleanor C. Donnelly.

The *Catholic American* suggests that if every Catholic liquor-dealer would go out of the business, it would be a most acceptable Jubilee gift to the Holy Father.

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LETTER FROM HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF TORONTO.

St. MICHAEL'S PALACE, Toronto, 29th Dec., 1887.

GENTLEMEN,—

I have singular pleasure indeed in saying God-speed to your intended journal, THE CATHOLIC WEEKLY REVIEW. The Church, contradicted on all sides as her Divine Founder was, hails with peculiar pleasure the assistance of her lay children in dispelling ignorance and prejudice. They can do this nobly by public journalism, and as the press now appears to be an universal instructor for either evil or good, and since it is frequently used for evil in disseminating false doctrines and attributing them to the Catholic Church your journal will do a very great service to Truth and Religion by its publication. Wishing you all success and many blessings on your enterprise.

I am, faithfully yours,

JOHN JOSEPH LYNCH,
Archbishop of Toronto.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JAN. 21, 1888.

We have received from Messrs. Doyle & Whittle, of Boston, a copy of Dr. Howley's "Ecclesiastical History of Newfoundland," a very handsome volume, and so far as we are able to judge from a rapid glance through it, a marvel of historical research. It will receive an extended notice in the REVIEW at an early date.

The "Catholic Home Almanac" for 1888 is of greater excellence than ever. It contains articles from the pens of Rt. Rev. Bishop Keane, Rev. R. S. Dewey, S.J., Mr. M. S. Egan, Christian Reid, Eleanor C. Donnelly, Anna T. Mulholland and Rosa Mulholland, and is profusely and beautifully illustrated. The ecclesiastical calendars are in red and black. The publishers have placed a supply at this office from which they will be sent direct on receipt of application.

We have no objections to our exchanges copying articles which appear in these columns. On the contrary we rather like it, because we take it to be an evidence of the ability and timeliness of our contributors. But we do object when other papers lift articles wholesale from our columns and have not the common decency to give us credit for them. And this is by no means an infrequent occurrence, scarcely a week going by but what instances of the kind come under our notice. There are certain things which are common property in journalism, but when we go to the trouble and expense of securing weighty articles for the benefit of our readers, it is not, we think, too much to expect that when contemporaries copy them they should have the honesty to state where they come from. For our own part we are always scrupulously careful to give credit for every selected article which appears in the REVIEW, and in so doing act only in common honesty. It is scarcely decent or consistent for a Catholic journal to do otherwise. We commend these remarks in particular to the *Western Watchman*, and to the *Catholic*

American, the latter of which has contracted the objectionable habit of appropriating as telegraphic despatches from its "own correspondent" items of Quebec Church news which are translated from the French in this office.

The new Lord Mayor of London is an elastic kind of Catholic. Having announced his resolve of attending Protestant churches "in his official capacity," some one wrote to him to inquire whether, if death occurred during his term of office, he should die privately or officially.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* of a late issue shews the state of Catholic education in England, as ascertained from Government returns, and as compared with the denominational and undenominational systems, to be as follows:—

Church of England schools	84.59
Undenominational schools	85.25
Methodist schools.....	86.24
Government Board schools.....	87.82
Roman Catholic schools	88.06

His Grace the Archbishop, commenting on these figures at the Church of Our Lady of Lourdes, on last Sunday, said that the same result would be shown in Toronto, were there a competitive examination between the schools; that with teachers well trained and loving their work, and students studying conscientiously, our schools are accomplishing most satisfactory results.

It will be of interest to the Catholics of Toronto to hear that at the services in commemoration of the Pope's Jubilee, at the Church of the Sacred Heart, Exeter, England, on New Year's Day, the preacher was Rev. Father Teefy, C.S.B., formerly of St. Michael's College, Toronto, but now Prefect of Studies in the College of Mary Immaculate, Plymouth. English exchanges to hand, give the following extract from his sermon, which is characterized as "eloquent:—"

"If they were to turn their eyes to Rome that day they might well enter into the spirit of the Church and rejoice with the children from the East and the West—with the kingdom of Arabia, the Presidents of Western Republics, and the Sovereigns of Islands beyond the sea—who had brought their gifts to the Sovereign Pontiff, and were doing him honour that day. He asked the children of the Church to bring to the holy Pontiff the gift of their prayers, and to praise God for His wonderful mercy and goodness in giving to Leo XIII. the plentiful years which He had given, and to His Church the great Pontiff whom He had given—a man great amongst great men, whose triumph and victories, and whose gifts of intellect and of will the Catholic Church would remember and celebrate for centuries. Most of all the Catholics of England had reason to be grateful and bow down and thank God for the gifts and opportunities that He had visited upon Leo XIII., because during this Pontificate, especially the Church in their land, in this merry England, had grown even to greatness. Let them pray that it might grow from more to more. Let them pray God to grant Leo XIII. greater grace, to prolong his life, to fill him with more years if possible, so that he might consummate what he had begun, and they might rejoice still more to see the Church grow on and on."

The Separate School Board has done no better work for many a day than its action at last meeting in appointing as its representative on the Public Library Board a gentleman in every way so well qualified for the position as Mr. J. J. Murphy. Mr. Murphy is a man of education; and a thorough Catholic in every sense of the word, and has for years been a diligent student and book-man, so that he brings to the Library Board not only those qualities w

especially fit him to represent his fellow-Catholics, but such as by reason of his knowledge and experience will also enable him to be of service to the Library as a public institution. We can only view Mr. Murphy's election therefore, as a great gain, and we trust he may long retain his seat on the Board. To the Separate School Board our congratulations are tendered, on its wisdom and discernment in this one of its first acts of the new year.

We return this week to the question of Mr. Chamberlain's recent tour in Ulster. No excuse need be offered for recurring to the subject.

Having satisfied the Ulstermen that morally and mentally, notwithstanding all statistics to the contrary, they were a superior people to that of the South, a people of too high a caste and too dominant an order to submit to the rule of a "mere Irish" Parliament, Mr. Chamberlain proceeded to "direct public attention in Great Britain to the claims and position of the minority in Ireland." There is in Ireland, he represented, a "loyal minority" of "1,500,000 or 2,000,000"—a minority forming, if he were to be believed, two-fifths of the whole population of Ireland. It is quite certain they do not. They are probably only two-ninths, possibly only one-fifth. In 1881, the total population of Ireland was 5,159,839; the Catholic population—and the Catholics, with the exception of a few hundred landlords and Dublin Castle officials, are nationalists—was 3,960,891; and the Protestant population was, therefore, 1,198,948. Since 1881 there is reason to believe that the Protestant population of Ireland has decreased in greater proportion than the Catholic, while, furthermore, it is to be remembered that the present Protestant population includes a large number of persons who do not belong to the "loyal minority." Again, as was mentioned last week, a considerable proportion of even this "loyal minority"—which may be set down at 1,000,000—is composed of really patriotic, though conservative, Irishmen, who, there is every reason to believe, only await the establishment of a Parliament in College Green to become its most loyal and stoutest supporters. So that, instead of the "loyal minority" forming two-fifths of the population of Ireland, it cannot, excluding the Protestant Home Rulers, of whom there is a powerful Association, amount to more than two-ninths; while, if allowance were made for the change worked by seven years in its *status*, for those who are entirely indifferent, and for those who are awaiting the development of events, it would probably be found to be only an eighth, or a seventh.

Mr. Chamberlain then turned his attention to Ulster. "Ulster is the most prosperous province in the kingdom." "Speaking generally," he said, "we find that there are everywhere signs of prosperity, of industry, of loyalty, which leaves nothing to be desired," a result, he represented, which had been attained under the same laws under which the other portions of Ireland had become disloyal and miserable. It may be that Mr. Chamberlain saw only one county in Ireland, that of which Belfast is the capital, and judged of the rest by what he saw there; at all events he is sadly in error. Quoting from the article in the *Westminster Review*, which we have several times mentioned, "from May, 1851, to December, 1885, 899,850 persons emigrated from Ulster, 48 per cent. of the average population, a higher ratio even than that presented by Connaught. . . . Take the County Antrim (of which Belfast is the capital) and put it against County Dublin,—the former with its Scottish population and thriving linen

business, and the latter with its history of 'dangerous associations,' including Fenians of '66, Home Rulers of '74, and Land Leaguers and National Leaguers; the former with its four Unionist representatives and the latter with its two Parnellite members. The average population of Dublin County for 1851 to 1885 was 411,336. During that period 89,573 persons emigrated from Dublin County. The average population of Antrim was 387,269, or 24,000 less than that of Dublin County. During the same period 213,489 persons, 128,916 more, emigrated from Antrim! Was this a state of affairs which 'left nothing to be desired'? . . . To come to a period nearer our own time, and to take Ulster again as a whole—during the decade of 1871-81—the population of Munster decreased 4.48 per cent., that of Leinster 4.51 per cent., that of Connaught 2.90 per cent., while the population of Ulster decreased 4.92 per cent., the largest decrease of the whole four provinces. In 1885 again, with the exception of Munster, the greatest emigration was from Ulster; while 386 persons left Connaught, and 10,152 left Leinster, 19,498 left 'the most prosperous province' "

Again, the writer cites the evidence supplied by the returns of operations under the Arrears Act of 1882. These, he shows, "prove beyond a doubt that, with the exception of Connaught, the Province of Ulster was at that time in the most lamentable and miserable condition of any portion of Ireland." The figures are surprising. "While in the two provinces of Leinster and Munster combined only £566,100 of arrears was wiped out, the sum for Ulster alone was £561,391; only 31,873 tenants making application in Leinster and Munster, against 41,134 in Ulster. In the South one farmer in 81 found it necessary to take advantage of the Arrears Act to get out of debt; in Ulster, one out of 42. And in 1882, as in every other year, Ulster posed, and was referred to, as 'the prosperous and Imperial Province.'" The industrial prosperity of Belfast counts for little. The trade of Belfast has drained away that of the smaller towns to the dregs, the prosperity of that place being built upon the ruins of hundreds. It is to be borne in mind, too, that Ulster is not *par excellence* a manufacturing province; with the exception of Connaught, it is the most agricultural province, and yet, according to the emigrant returns, the Arrears Act, the income tax assessments, the rateable valuation of her property, and the result of her agricultural operations, she stands out in all things, save Connaught the poorest.

And this leads to another and a singular side of the question. Of all classes in Ireland there are none having, or that have had, a greater stake in the success of the constitutional movement than the tenant farmers of Ulster. If they have been pliant material in the hands of their fire-eating Orange representatives, or foremost in condemning present and past agitations, they have at least been eminently ready to reap the benefits of them. If they denounced the Fenian movement, they took all the good they could get out of the Land Act of '70. If they virtuously deprecated the Land League, they rushed pell-mell into the Land Courts. If they supported Mr. Forster in his policy of filling the prisons with the Nationalist leaders, they took, as we have seen, the fullest advantage to be derived from the Arrears Act, an act which was negotiated with Mr. Parnell while he was confined in Kilmainham. At present they turn their eyes towards Heaven at the mention of the Plan of Campaign; they will be the most eager suitors for relief under any future

concessional land legislation. While the "inferior race," the seditious South, having had the courage to fight it out, have wrested from Westminster the recognition of their just rights and privileges, the law-abiding people of Ulster have preferred to stand virtuously aloof and take advantage of the results. Which showed superior manhood? After singing the praises of the "loyal minority" Mr. Chamberlain said "it would be invidious to contrast the composition and character of the majority." It would undoubtedly have been instructive. The words used by the Duke of Wellington in the House of Lords, in speaking of the conduct of the Catholic troops (who formed, he said, at least one half of the army) in the Peninsular War might not inappropriately have been quoted by Mr. Chamberlain: "Your Lordships are well aware for what length of period, and under what difficult circumstances, they maintained the Empire buoyant upon the flood which overwhelmed the thrones and wrecked the institutions of every other people; they kept alive the only spark of freedom which was unextinguished in Europe. . . . My Lords, it is mainly to the Irish Catholics that we owe all our proud predominance in our military career. . . . We must confess, my Lords, that without Catholic blood and Catholic valour no victory could ever have been obtained."

Mr. Chamberlain is of opinion that the Celtic character and the Holy Catholic religion are at the bottom of Irish misery. Let us quote the words of his chief coercion colleague, the words of none other than the Marquis of Salisbury, as they occur in a speech delivered by him (then Lord Robert Cecil) in the House of Commons in 1865:

"What is the reason that a people with so beautiful a soil lags behind the English in the race? Some say that it is to be found in the character of the Celtic race; but I look to France, and I see a Celtic race there going forward in the path of prosperity with most rapid strides—I believe at the present moment more rapidly than England herself. Some people say that it is to be found in the Roman Catholic religion, but I look to Belgium, and there I see a people second to none in Europe, except the English, for industry, singularly prosperous, considering the small space of country that they occupy, having improved to the utmost the natural resources of the country, distinguished among all the people of Europe for the earnestness and intensity of their Roman Catholic belief. Therefore I cannot say that the cause of Irish distress is to be found in the Roman Catholic religion. It cannot be Romanism or the Celtic race. What then is it? I am afraid that the one thing which has been peculiar to Ireland has been the government of England."

Professor Goldwin Smith, the announcement comes, replies in the *St. James Gazette* to Mr. Gladstone's attack on Dr. Ingram's history of the Union, a work which has already, as our readers may remember, been reviewed in these columns. He adduces evidence, so the despatch states, to show that Mr. Gladstone totally fails to substantiate his charge in relation to the Irish Rebellion of 1798 against the humanity of the British army, and the part played by Pitt in the effecting of the Union. To those who are at all familiar with certain of Mr. Smith's writings having bearing on that period of history, the bold announcement above will have caused no little wonderment. That the precise evidence adduced will be eagerly looked for, that, of course, goes without saying; but whatever it may be, we take it as certain that it includes no part of the

argument used in his essay on Pitt. No more vivid description is to be had in the language of the deliberate and diabolical outrages by which, as a preliminary incident to the passage of the Union, the rebellion of 1798 was fomented, than that to be found in Prof. Goldwin Smith's chapters on Pitt, in his "Three English Statesmen." Against any special pleading on behalf of Pitt; or in palliation of the conduct of the British soldiery who garrisoned the island; or their responsibility under the Government for the outbreak of the Rebellion, we place the subjoined extracts from that volume, (Macmillan, ed., part 2, pp. 2; 213-233):

"Was Pitt answerable for all this?" (the Tory Reign of Terror in Scotland). He was. With full knowledge of the facts, he defended these outrages and their perpetrators in Parliament. The infamy cannot be wiped out from his once pure and patriotic name. Lord Stanhope pleads that these and still more violent measures were demanded by the temper of the time. Does not the very fact that the temper of the time was what Lord Stanhope states it to have been, prove that there was no danger of revolution, and, therefore, not even that wretched justification for these outrages on liberty and law? . . . Pitt sank so far below his nobler self as to entertain the thought of taking advantage of the free language of his rival Fox, and committing him to the Tower.

The worst Reign of Terror, however—a reign of terror in no figurative sense—was in Ireland. Unhappy Ireland and still more unhappy England, if Ireland is always to be our weakness and our shame, the standing confutation alike of our boasted statesmanship and of our boasted love of justice! In 1795, the Duke of Portland and the Whig section of the Cabinet, *I fear against the wishes of Pitt*, had sent over Lord Fitzwilliam as Lord-Lieutenant, with a policy of relief and conciliation. But Fitzwilliam had been too open in proclaiming his mission; he had been too hasty in setting his heel on the agents of tyranny and corruption; most fatal error of all, he had dismissed one of the great robber houses of Beresford. The whole nest of jobbers were immediately alarmed; and, as the means of arresting justice, they naturally had recourse to religion. They appealed against Catholic relief to the conscience of the king. We are frail beings, but conscience is always obeyed where she bids us deny a right to others. Fitzwilliam fell, *not, it is to be feared, to the displeasure of Pitt*, and was succeeded by Lord Camden. Catholic Relief was thrown out by the Irish Parliament, the Government now declaring against it. Not contented with this, the Protestants began to organize themselves for the repression of the Catholics; the Catholics organized on their side; and the hatred of the rival races and creeds burst forth. I will here follow Mr. Massey, not only one of the most matter-of-fact writers, but a most unquestionable enemy of revolution. Mr. Massey writes thus:—"Lord Carhampton, the general commanding the forces in the disturbed districts, let loose his troops upon the wretched peasantry. It was enough for a magistrate, a squireen, or even a farmer to point out any person as suspected to have his habitation burned down, his family turned adrift, and himself either shot or transported, without trial, without warrant, without inquiry. An Act of Indemnity was passed by the Irish Parliament in the session of 1796, to protect these enormities: and the Insurrection Act gave them for the future the sanction of law. The suspension of the Habeas Corpus completed this barbarous code, which, in

effect, outlawed the whole people of Ireland.' The Government armed a great body of Protestant yeomanry, who were allowed to wear the Orange ribbon, the badge of ascendancy. "The cruelties," says Mr. Massey, "perpetrated by these men, both before the rebellion and while it was raging, and after it was suppressed, differed only in degree from the worst enormities of the French revolutionists. Under the authority to search for concealed arms any person whom any ruffian, calling himself a Protestant and a loyalist, and either with or without a military uniform chose to suspect or to pretend to suspect, was liable to be seized, tortured, and put to death. Hundreds of unoffending people, and people who were guilty of no other offence than professing the creed of their fathers, and of letting fall a word of discontent, were flogged until they were insensible, or made to stand upon one foot on a pointed stake. These were the most ordinary punishments. Catholics and reputed malcontents of the better class were subjected to still worse treatment. Militia and yeomanry, as well as the regular troops, were billeted on them at free quarters; and this billet appears to have been invariably construed as an unlimited license for robbery, devastation, ravishment, and, in cases of resistance, murder."

"Sir Ralph Abercrombey, on assuming the command of the army in Ireland, branded these ruffians in general orders as formidable to everybody but the enemy. To him it did not appear essential to the honour of the profession that a soldier should be licensed to play the butcher. But he was at once hustled out of his command. The Catholics, if they had not been goaded to despair, would not have risen. Their priests had no sympathy with the Atheists of the French Republic. But the conduct of the Protestants and of the Government drove them into the arms of France, and of the revolutionary conspirators of their own country, who were mostly not Catholics, but Protestants, if they had any religion at all."

Passing over the case of Sir Edward Crosbie, a gentleman of rank and fortune, who was sent to a shocking death by an illiterate fellow who could not spell, because he thought that Parliament should be reformed, and that the squireens should not be permitted to oppress the peasantry, and who in consequence was made an example of as a dangerous member of society; and passing over the unspeakable cruelties of the infamous Judkin Fitzgerald, who was rewarded with a pension, and, at the Union, made a baronet of the United Kingdom, all of which Mr. Smith describes all too faithfully in his pages, we quote one further passage in respect to the soldiery:

"A party of the Mount Kennedy corps, of Yeomanry, were, on an autumn night in the year 1798, patrolling the village of Delbary, in the County of Wicklow. Two or three of the party, led by Whollaghan, one of their number, entered the cottage of a labouring man named Doherty, and asked whether there were any bloody rebels there? The only inmates of the cabin were Doherty's wife and a sick lad, her son, who was eating his supper. Whollaghan asked if the boy was Doherty's son, and being told he was—'Then, you dog,' said Whollaghan, 'you are to die here.' 'I hope not,' answered the poor lad; and he prayed, if there was any charge against him, to be taken before Mr. Latouche, a magistrate in the neighbourhood, of known humility and justice. The fellow replied that he cared nothing for Latouche, and raised his gun. The mother entreated him, for the love of God to take her life instead of her child's. Whollaghan, with a volley of

abuse, pulled the trigger twice, but the piece missed fire. A comrade then handed him another gun; and the mother rushed at the muzzle to shield her son. In the struggle the piece went off, and the ball broke young Doherty's arm. When the boy fell, the assailants left the cabin; but Whollaghan returned, and seeing the lad supported by his mother cried out, 'Is not the dog dead yet?' 'Oh, yes, sir,' said the poor woman, 'he is dead enough.' 'For fear he is not,' said Whollaghan, 'let him take this,' and with deliberate aim he fired a fourth time, and Doherty dropped dead out of his mother's arms. Whollaghan was tried for murder, not by a civil tribunal, as he should have been, but by a court martial. The facts were not disputed, but the defence was that the poor boy had been a rebel, and that the prisoner was a humane and loyal subject. That the Dohertys were rebels is probable enough, as, indeed, it was hardly possible that a Catholic peasant could have been anything else. But no legal evidence of the fact was tendered, and the hearsay, which was admitted, was about as credible as the oaths of the Orangemen who came to give Whollaghan a character for humanity. The real defence was that the prisoner and his companions had been sent out with general orders to shoot anybody they pleased."

How applicable to the day are the burning words which follow:

"These men were not fiends; they were a dominant class, the planter class of Ireland, maddened with cruel panic and administering martial law. It is good that these things should be recalled to mind when we see men of letters and artists, who have been brought up in the air of English liberty and within the sound of Christian church bells, proposing to blow Fenians from guns and to re-enact on Irish insurgents the atrocities which marked the putting down of the Indian Mutineers."

We submit these extracts for the thoughtful consideration of the reader. Lord Moira, adds Professor Smith, brought the state of things in Ireland before the British Legislature; "of course without effect." The Government supported their subordinates. Nor did Professor Smith, in other days, entertain Lord Stanhope's charitable ascription of these horrors to some helpless crisis in human affairs. He replies, "it was no helpless crisis, but the natural consequence of Protestant ascendancy in Ireland, sustained by the oligarchical Government and hierarchy of this country (Dr. Smith was then in England). They were the authors before God of the Rebellion, though the people died for it by earthly law."

It is with no pleasure that we print, in Mr. Smith's own words, this sorry story. But if those words mean anything, the complicity of Pitt is clearly proven. Nor have we any wish to speak hastily or harshly on the consistency or inconsistency of a course which can include the advocacy of two so contradictory opinions. It has enough of irony. Mr. Smith knows well the case of Ireland; none better; and his reactionary course in recent years, his apostasy from that side on which as a staunch defender, in time of need, of humanity and justice, he earned the gratitude of men of good will, to that other side on which, in Coercion livery, he is now seen labouring, must cause only regret and disappointment, however charitable and just in our judgments we may try to be. While Mr. Smith has only scorn for the methods of bloodshed and bribery by which Pitt, through his political creatures, succeeded in effecting the Union, he, however, approves of it as a measure indispensable to the shaking off of Protestant ascendancy in

Ireland. "Legally," he says, "of course it is perfectly valid. (On this point his opinion is opposed to that of Edmund Burke, Lord Bolingbroke, Brinsley Sheridan, and Chief Justice Saurin, who maintained that the transfer of the legislative rights of the Irish Parliament to that of an alien assembly was an act to which the Irish Parliament, as then composed, was never competent). To give it moral validity it requires the free ratification of the Irish people."

Less of free ratification it never received than it does to-day, and Mr. Smith is found ranged in the ranks of the Coercionists. At martial law, as a quietant, he has more than once at least hinted; and an old Sergeant of the Guards, he sometime said, would be more effective even than a Salisbury in the prompt settlement of Irish affairs. Let us quote him again on that subject: The term martial suspends the right of citizens to legal trial: the term law suspends the claim of an enemy to quarter and the other rights of civilized war. The whole compound is the fiend's charter; and the public man who connives at its introduction, who fails in his day and in his place to resist it at whatever cost or hazard to himself, is a traitor to civilization and humanity, and though official morality may applaud him at the time, his name will stand in history accursed and infamous forever."

CANADIAN CHURCH NEWS.

Rev. Mother Seraphine, Lady Superior of the Carmelite convent of Hochelaga, died a few days ago at the advanced age of seventy-eight years, having been a nun for fifty-two years.

Montreal will shortly have the presence of two more religious orders, the Franciscans and the Dominicans. The Franciscans, it is understood, will found a monastery there.

The relatives of Owen Connolly, the Prince Edward Islander who has left his property to charitable institutions, were omitted from the will because they were too aristocratic in their bearing. They were swells without the means to support themselves, and were thus objectionable to their plain but wealthy relation. There is a complete sermon in this case. The assumption of princely habits upon a clean purse sometimes wins contempt where admiration was expected.

In 1848 there were but thirty adult Irish Catholics in the city of Montreal, Canada. They were first gathered together for a special religious service by Father Richards, Sulpician,

in the Bonsecours church. Now there are thirty thousand Irish Catholics having splendid churches in the same city.

There was an entertainment at Laval University on Friday night in honour of the Papal Jubilee. The attendance was very large and included Cardinal Taschereau, Lieut.-Governor Angers and other distinguished guests. The opening speech was made by Mgr. Paquet, other addresses were delivered by Rev. Abbé Begin on the letter of Leo XIII. to the Cardinal; by A. Valée, on the meditation of Leo XIII.; by Hon. M. Flynn, on the Christian constitution of States, and by Rev. Abbé Labrecque on the restoration of philosophical studies.

Forty years ago, when Father (now Archbishop) Tache, then a missionary priest of the Congregation of Oblates of Mary Immaculate, established the first mission in the North-West Territory, the Indians were all pagans; now, thanks to the devotedness of the Oblate Fathers, at least four-fifths of them are Catholics.—*Ave Maria.*

The Indians of Canada who have been converted to Catholicism sent to the Pope a congratulatory address, which was presented to His Holiness by Mr. Marchand, a member of the Canadian Parliament. His Holiness was greatly touched by this homage.

CATHOLIC AND LITERARY NOTES.

On January 10th, Mgr. Kirby's eighty-fifth birthday was celebrated at Rome. Mgr. Kirby is the oldest rector the Irish College has ever had: He was a classmate of the Holy Father's.

Rev. Father John C. Drumgoole, founder of the Mission of the Immaculate Virgin and St. Joseph's Union, conducts two establishments, one at Great Jones street and Lafayette Place, New York; the other at Mt. Loretto, Staten Island. He has 1,800 children under his charge altogether whom he rescued from the iron grip of the proselyter and saved to the Church.

The Rev. Ambrose C. B. Cave, late rector of Stretton-en-le-Field, has, we learn, been received into the Church by Father Christie, S.J., in London.

A Catholic clergyman, of San Francisco, denounces as wholly false the stories that have from time to time been telegraphed from San Francisco casting severe reflections upon the private character of Mgr. Capel. The latter is said to be still living in California, and held in high esteem in society and by the Church.

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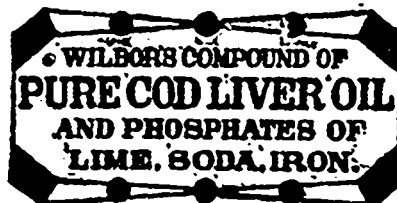
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