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Vol. 10

Toronto, Saturday, Aug. 2, 1890.

No. 26

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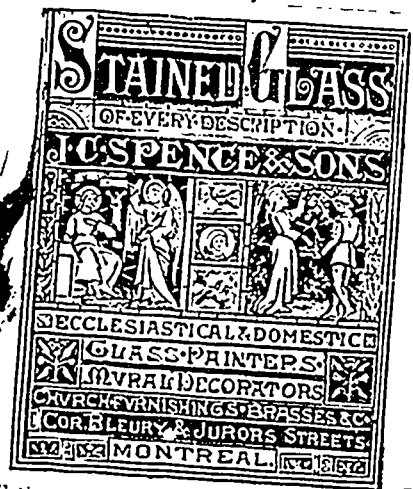
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The Catholic Weekly Review.

Vol. IV

Toronto, Saturday, Aug. 2, 1890.

No. 26

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Notes.

THE trustees of Toronto University have received the cheque for \$10,000 voted by the Quebec Legislature towards rebuilding the institution. The trustees have paid no attention to the advice of the Francophobists who recommended that the money be refused. They have, on the contrary, passed unanimously a resolution thanking the Legislature for the generous gift and for the expression of good-will which accompanied it.

It is startling, although not very wonderful, to find that the Royal Decree nominating a Prefect who is to take the place of the dissolved Municipal Council of Rome, selects for that position a notorious Freethinker and Freemason, the Deputy Finocchiaro-Aprile, who holds a high place in the supreme council of the Masonic organization. It would be difficult to suggest a step better calculated to offend the susceptibilities of Catholics who treasure the ancient memories and traditions of the Papal City.

HERE is a summary of party losses and gains on petitions, at bye-elections, and by secessions since the General Election of 1886. At that time the Dissident Liberals numbered 77, the Conservatives 316, the Gladstonian Liberals 192, and the Irish Party, 85; the figures now are,—the Dissident Liberals 68, Conservatives 307, Gladstonian Liberals 209, the Irish Party 96. The Unionist majority in 1886 was 116, the nominal majority is now, including the Speaker, 79.

THE conference of all the Protestant missionaries of China, held not long ago at Shanghai, adopted a resolution requesting Bible societies to publish editions of the Scriptures with summaries, headings, and brief introductions and explanations. The reason for the request is, according to the statements of the ministers, that the 600,000 Chinese Bibles, now annually circulated among the heathen, are largely unintelligible to them. This is an odd admission. It is tantamount to saying that the Catholic position with regard to the Bible is the sounder—viz., that the Book cannot be rightly understood without the infallible teaching of the Church goes along with it.

SOUTH AMERICA is again in ferment from Mexico to the Argentine Republic, and the trouble seems to be less political than financial. In Buenos Ayres there is a financial crisis: in Chili there is fear and uncertainty; in Brazil there is more or less confusion; Venezuela is angry over her English difficulties; and the States of Central America are at war. This is a pretty state of things so soon after the Pan American conference, but it may be no more than the usual infant's colic with which South America is so often taken. That money matters are chiefly responsible for South American turmoil at the present moment is very plain. The political puppets who are dancing before the public eyes are worked by strings from London and New York.

THE Republicans at Vicq, France, fought the usurptions of their own Government when it attempted to do them injustice. Their passive resistance first drew the attention of all France, and now they are going to try their case in the courts. Such a policy goes farther with the French Republicans than the tame, almost ridiculous submission of French Catholics to every decree of the French Chamber. Catholics are now forbidden in France to walk in procession on Corpus Christi. *L'Univers* says they may blame themselves for it. It goes on to say: "We are Catholics, and the vast majority of the French people are Catholics. Our God claims to show His universal sovereignty in the streets once a year. It is His right, and our right. We ask nobody to join in our peaceful procession, neither the Jew who crucified Him, nor the atheist who denies Him. We respect their liberty, but we want them also to respect ours." This is the proper tone. Let every parish in France hold its Corpus Christi procession next year. Let every Cardinal, bishop, priest and layman walk in it, and then let the Government put them all in jail, if it chooses.

THE episcopacy and the press of Ireland are urging with great force the educational rights of the majority of the Irish people, in respect of which they have labored for many years under every form of disadvantage and inequality. The *Irish Catholic* of Dublin, by way of protest, keeps the following notice standing from week to week in its columns:—

"The Catholics of Ireland who are compelled to contribute through the Imperial Exchequer, to the support of the National Educational system in Ireland, and thereby to aid in the establishment and sustainment of schools for the children of their Protestant fellow-countrymen, are also obliged to erect, endow, and support schools out of their own resources for the education of their children unless they consent to banish the crucifix and the most sacred emblems of their religion from the schoolroom.

In the walks of higher education the Catholics of Ireland are denied equality with their Protestant fellow-countrymen, and suffer under disabilities of the most galling kind.

This is unjust, oppressive, and intolerable."

A YOUTHFUL REMORSE.

From the French of Jean Sigaux.

BY THEOPHIL D'ADRI.

Is the little dining-room, plain, but bright under the vigorously scrubbing of his old housekeeper, old Mr. Rondelet, usually calm, was pacing back and forth in agitation. He sat down, rose up, circled around the table, tapping the chairs as he went and whistling an accompaniment with his thin lips. On his wrinkled head, from which hung a few grayish locks which time had forgotten, the cap of the retired hosier trembled, as tho' moved by the anxiety and restlessness surging under it. The good man checked the perspiration running from his brow.

The stairs were creaking. The door of the ante-room opened. He rushed that way.

"Received?" he asked, eagerly.

"Yes, father."

"Well done, George!"

And the old man, arming with enthusiastic joy, stood on tip-toe to throw his arms round the neck of his son—a tall youth of eighteen years—who was obliged to stoop to bring his fair head and fresh cheeks within reach of the paternal lips.

Received—received at the Polytechnic! Mr. Rondelet was not himself yet, altho' he had never really doubted of success. Had not his George always been among the first five of his class and had not his Bachelor's degree been accorded without the slightest objection?"

No matter; it was well to be sure, to be able to say: "Now it's all right!" And it was all right!

"Does Annette know it?"

Annette was the old servant who had raised the child, who had, alas! buried the mother, and followed the remainder of the family when they left the ground-floor in the Saint Denis for the small rooms in the fourth story.

"Annette! Why, no," replied George.

"How! Don't she know it? Here, Annette! Annette!" Annette came on the run, out of breath.

"Oh, if your poor mother was only living!" She could not say more, and carried the corner of her apron to her eyes.

"This is not all, said Mr. Rondelet, after his effusions were ended; "we must think of the uniform."

At this word, uttered with tremulous voice, his eyes brightened.

"First, I would like it of fine cloth, embroidered on all the seams."

"With beautiful shoulder-straps," put in Annette.

Turning to George, and looking him straight in the eyes:

"My son!" cried the old man in a shrill tone, "listen to what I'm going to say."

After a pause, a solemn moment in which the old housekeeper bowed her head and listened with respectful attention, he continued gravely.

"My son, I am satisfied with you."

George flushed, then turned pale. A shade of sadness, of uneasiness, appeared on his rosy cheeks and in his brown eyes. But the old man could see nothing in his son's face but the reflection of his own happiness.

"Come," said he, gaily, "I'm going to put on my best coat to do you honor, and take you to the restaurant to dine."

"With Annette?" inquired George.

"With Annette? What are you thinking of?" said Father Rondelet in a whisper. "Take a domestic! That would never do."

"Yes, yes, with Annette," repeated George, firmly. "I stick to it."

"That's all right," cried the old woman; "You're not proud. But I'm too old now and will stay here. Your restaurants are full of fine people and put me out of countenance. I like my corner in the kitchen better. It's all the same," she added, on moving away; "Heaven will bless you, my son, because you are not ashamed of poor people."

"Well, well," stammered George, sensibly embarrassed by this last eulogy.

George, in truth, was not proud, and not only did old

Annette, but his father, especially, like to give him credit for it.

Good-looking and of fine proportions, always faultless in dress, as though he had come out of a bandbox, he appeared to have no greater pleasure, in intervals of recreation, than to walk on the boulevard with the diminutive old father, notwithstanding his threadbare coat and faltering step.

If in these promenades he happened to meet one of the numerous friends he had already made in fashionable life, one of those youngsters who carry the head high and the mustache well curled in the simple and charming imperiousness of early youth, his first care was to direct the fine stripling toward the humble old man, who drew back with unaffected reserve.

Not proud! No indeed! A querulous mind might have found some exaggeration in the generous sentiment which this young man obeyed, at least some affectation in the rule which he seemed to have prescribed to himself, of selecting for his walks with his father the most elegant quarters of Paris.

The querulous mind that might have reasoned thus would not have been altogether wrong.

For ten years George had lived under the besetting memory of a sin, almost a crime, committed in his childhood. Like a criminal dragging a ball and chain by his foot, he had for ten years carried a load on his conscience.

II.

Mr. Rondelet, early left a widower, had never had, outside of the daily cares of his little business, any absorbing thought beyond his child, gifted with an attractive face, an intelligent mind and a good heart. So, George had not completed his eight years when the hosier, between the calls of customers, was thinking seriously about his future; and this future appeared to him bright as a spring morning, rosy and splendid as the setting sun. George, a soldier, physician, or in any of the learned professions, could not fail to be a great man. As to training him for a hosier, father Rondelet would have looked daggers at the weakling who might have suggested such a thing.

The lycéums. In them society was much mixed. He had known hosiers like himself who had sent their sons there. No; he would not be satisfied with a lyceum.

After much search and inquiry, the information received from the best sources decided him to place George as a boarder at Stanislas. That would cost a good deal. What mattered it? He would retrench in his table, already not over well supplied; in his clothing, which was quite plain; in his other expenses, in which he was always economical. He would cut down everything; but George should receive the education which a boy so well endowed in mind ought to receive.

Besides, he had read on the *palmares* of Stanislas many names which, even in a republic, are only pronounced with respectful admiration; and he reasoned sagely with himself that college friendships are not always unfaithful.

He was served to his wish. George, as soon as entered, inquired about his school companions.

On his right was a little, thin plain face; it was Louis De Mauval, son of an old councillor of State. On his left, a tall boy, with low forehead and sunken black eyes, Lucien De Ruber, son of the general of that name. Before him was the young Duke De Sallasta, and behind him Joseph De Foubelle, whose father had been a senator under the Empire.

These young magnates, seeing a Rondelet straying in among them, cried out:

"Who are you?"

"What does your father do?"

George, notwithstanding his frankness, was embarrassed for an answer. He guessed in a moment what ridicule and impertinence he would have to endure. His guess, however, was not altogether correct; and he found on the next day, by the welcome of his companions, that a winning face and a happy disposition are also titles of nobleness. Before the end of a week young Rondelet and young Sallasta were the best friends in the world.

However, when he was called to the parlor the first Sunday

after his entrance at Stanislas, he grew pale. He knew that on that day the parlor of the college, with its well-waxed floor and its pictures hanging on the walls, was crowded with the representatives of wealth and fashion. What figure would Father Rondelet cut in his little vest clinging to his waist, his heavy-soled shoes and his gloves of black cotton-ade? What kind of greeting would he meet in that proud and frivolous company?

It was with trembling hand that he opened the glass door; and he hesitated on seeing all these gentlemen of lofty demeanor, all these fine ladies, buzzing and consequential, among whom his comrades were laughing as they noticed his entrance.

Two hands in cotton gloves were placed on his shoulder. He turned round and met his father, who, pale and embarrassed, and fearing to slip on the over-waxed floor, was regarding him with joy and sadness.

George leaped on his neck, kissed him tenderly, and drew him to a corner. Both remained there for a minute without daring to look around or open their mouths. At their sides and in front of them they heard the hum of conversation and merry-making, of which they imagined themselves the victims, a continual din, in which every word seemed to have an injurious meaning, and went like a poisoned arrow to the heart. When they ventured to raise their eyes, they were surprised to find that no one was paying them any attention.

After his father was gone and George had returned to the court-yard, he found that there were some trouble after all.

"Who was with you?" asked De Mauvai, with a sneer.

"That gentleman was your father," said Lucien De Ruber, with mock gravity.

"Oh, no! his uncle," threw in another, passing.

George was tempted to fly with his fists at these little jesters. But a sorrow rested on him which was stronger than his anger. Blows given and received would not solve the question. Would a frank answer disarm his adversaries? On the contrary, would it not draw both on him and his father what he desired to avoid at any price, an increase of rudeness and railery?

Young Sallasta approached the group.

"I saw you in the parlor, George," said he. "Was that your father?"

George looked at him in anguish. If he spoke the truth, friendship would perhaps be broken. And as he was going to speak up loudly, "Yes, it was my father," he saw around him the bantering faces watching for his answer.

"Was it your father?" Sallasta asked a second time.

George hung his head.

"No," said he with set teeth, so low that he could scarcely be heard.

And he went away with heart ready to burst.

(To be continued.)

MADONNA.

Pensive and sad, through sense of joy to be,
Thine eyes full-flooded with the bliss of pain;
And dawning on thy springtime lips the stain
Of those dear Wounds that solved Life's mystery.
Oh, pure and blessed Maid! surely for thee
The song of birds, the stream's sweet, wordless strain,
The golden splendor of the ripening grain,
Brought thoughts of thy Divine Maternity.

So breaks the morn of days that never set,
On lauds untouched by Time's brief rhapsody,
With flushes of a far-time sorrow in the sky,
And dreamy drifts of clouds near the sea,
That ever pale, yet, aye, seem loth to die,
Like virgin hopes that know not sorrow yet.

William P. Coyne, in *Ave Maria*.

GAVAN DUFFY'S MEMOIRS OF THOMAS DAVIS.

Thomas Davis. The Memoirs of an Irish Patriot, 1840-1846. By Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, K.C.M.B. London: Kegan, Paul, Trench, Trubner, and Co., Limited, 1890.

MOST of the interesting new materials which Sir Charles Gavan Duffy gives us in his biography of Davis are fragments from Davis's correspondence with Maddyn. In a letter to the latter, written on the eve of his career as a journalist, he states the faith and the principles with which he entered on the work of his life. "The machinery," he declared, "at present working for repeal could never under circumstances like the present, achieve it; but circumstances must change. Within ten or fifteen years England must be in peril. Assuming this much, I argue thus. Modern Anglicism—i.e., Utilitarianism, the creed of Russell and Peel, as well as of the Radicals—this thing, call it Yankeeism or Englishism, which measures prosperity by exchangeable value, measures duty by gain, and limits desire to clothes, food, and respectability—this damned thing has come into Ireland under the Wings, and is equally the favourite of the 'Peel' Tories. It is believed in the political assemblies in our cities, preached from our pulpits (always utilitarian or persecuting); it is the very Apostles' Creed of the professions, and threatens to corrupt the lower classes, who are still faithful and romantic. To use every literary and political engine against this seems to me the first duty of an Irish patriot who can foresee consequences. Believe me, this is a greater though not so obvious a danger as Papal supremacy. So much worse do I think it, that, sooner than suffer the iron gates of that filthy dungeon to close on us, I would submit to the certainty of a Papal supremacy, knowing that the latter should end in some twenty years—leaving the people mad, it might be, but not sensual and mean." Thus, the ground of Davis's choice of sides in this Irish war was moral, even before it was political and patriotic. He saw the tendency of English domination and ideals, and were he an Englishman he would have set himself to resist the tendency as a moral and patriotic duty. Being an Irishman, he cast about for the best materials wherewith to build a defence against the conquest of his own people by a sensual utilitarianism, and he saw that the best material was the essential best of the Irish nature. The most effective antiseptic against the corruption was Irish Nationalism. To make Irishmen Irish would be to save them from the demoralisation of a world of ideas, which, in addition to being inherently debasing, was foreign to the Irish mind, and, therefore, all the more demoralising. Thus his purpose was ethical even before it was political; and the fervour of his advocacy was religious in his intensity. He would risk sectarian ascendancy, which, he was convinced, could not for a day resist attack in a country where the popular abhorrence of the persecuting spirit was one of the best fruits of their own martyrdom. He would risk more. "Still more willingly would I (if Anglicanism, i.e., sensualism, were the alternative) take the hazard of open war, sure that if we succeeded the military leaders would compel the bigots down, establish a thoroughly national government, and one whose policy, somewhat arbitrary, would be anti-Anglican and anti-sensual; and if we failed it would be in our own power before dying to throw up huge barriers against English vices, and, dying, to leave example and a religion to the next age." In this spirit he set to work to recover, strengthen, and save the nationality of Ireland. How he worked we know. The author of this biography has not much to add to the narrative of "Young Ireland," except those personal touches that enable us to see how the young enthusiast was the heart of the enterprise, and what a noble heart he was:—

"(Original men come in groups, and so it was now. Davis was the truest type of his generation, not because he was the most gifted, but because his whole faculties were devoted to his work; and because he was not one-sided, but a complete and consummate man. But the era produced a crowd of notable persons. Mangan was a truer poet, but altogether wanted the stringent will which made Davis's work so fruitful. MacNevin, and still more in later times, Meagher, uttered appeals as eloquent and touching, but each of them kindled his torch at the living fire of Davis. Dillon had,

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perhaps, a safer judgment, and certainly a surer appreciation of difficulties; but his labours were intermittent. Most of their separate qualities united in Davis, and every faculty was applied with unwavering purpose to a single end, which ruled his life 'like a guiding star above.'

"There is more real eloquence in your manly enthusiastic truth than in all my unsold antitheses," wrote MacNevin to him, after the scene in Conciliation Hall over the Godless colleges, and the phrase expressed the most shining quality, not only of the man's speech, but of the man. His biographer presents us with a graphic picture of him in friendship and in council. His conversation "was cheerful and natural, and his demeanour familiar and winning." At the time of which the biographer is writing "he was under thirty years of age, a strongly-built, middle-sized man, with beaming face, a healthy glow, and deep blue eyes, set in a brow of solid strength." "There was a manly carelessness in his bearing, as of one who, though well-dressed, never thought of dress or appearance. When he accidentally met a friend, he had the habit of throwing back his head to express a pleased surprise, which was very winning; a voice not so much sonorous as sympathetic, a cordial laugh and cheerful eyes completed the charm, and this strong self-controlled man, if the generous emotions were suddenly awakened, would blush like a girl." Wrote O'Hagan with graphic powers:—

I see the start of glad surprise,
The lip compressed, the moistened eyes,
I hear his deep, impressive tone,
And feel his clasp, a brother's own.

Though his talk was full of matter, "its most surprising characteristic was simplicity." It "had a flavour of wide reading and exact thought, like the olives and subtle salt which gives it piquancy to a French *plat*. But he never spoke as a leader or pedagogue, but always as a comrade. As a natural result he was loved as much as he was "trusted." "One of his friends insisted that his talk possessed the stimulating properties which Southey attributes to Humphrey Davy's wonderful gas, it excited all manner of mental and muscular energy and a pervading courage and confidence." He was a man of a temper made perfect by discipline, painstaking, punctual, and of great industry. "He did nearly as much work as all his friends united, and had leisure not only to 'carol his native wood-notes wild,' but to be the soul of their social gatherings. One of them who had been a traveller saw a porpoise in the Indian Ocean run a race with a steamer of four-thousand horse-power, and not only beat the gigantic machine, but express its enjoyment of the contest by exulting somersaults in the air, and he declared that the spectacle reminded him of nothing so much as Thomas Davis among his associates."

Davis was never a *faiscur de phrases*, but sayings of force or significance sometimes fell from him as spontaneously as pearls from the lips of the princess in the fairy tale. Someone quoted Plunket's saying that to certain men history was no better than an old almanac. "Yes," he replied, "and under certain other conditions an old almanac becomes a historical romance." I brought to breakfast with him one morning a young Irish-American recruit, burning to know personally the men who had probably drawn him across the Atlantic, and possessing himself the gifts he loved in them. I asked Davis next day how he liked Darcy McGee. "With time I might like him," he said, "but he seemed too much bent on *transacting* an acquaintance with me." A certain new recruit brought a pocketful of projects, good, bad, and indifferent, some of them indeed excellent, but he exhibited them as if they were the Sibyl's books. Speaking of him next day, someone said to Davis that his talk was like champagne. "No," said Davis, "not like champagne, like a scullitz powder; it is effervescent and wholesome, but one never gets rid of the idea that it is a physis." But though he had a keen enjoyment of pleasantry, and loved banter and badinage, he did not possess the faculty of humour. When he occasionally made experiments in this region he became satirical and savage. Like Schiller, he looked habitually at the graver aspect of human affairs, and was too much in earnest for the disengaged mind and easy play of faculties necessary to be sportive. But if we judged Burns by his epigrams, how low he would be rated!

With such a purpose and so endowed Davis entered upon his task. He set before himself the intellectual and the political regeneration of Ireland; seeking the first independently, on the lines which he and his comrades fashioned, and working for the second in hearty co-operation with O'Connell, wherever he had reason to think it was being pursued in the only way which, as events have proved, it was to be secured. Where this limitation led, and the personal suffering brought on Davis in his effort to observe it, we shall see later on. His success in the first endeavour is known to the world, and the ground of the love of Irishmen for his name. It could not be better shown than by setting in opposition a passage of his own descriptive of what he and his colleagues accomplished in one short period of their labours, with a passage in which Sir Charles Gavan Duffy describes "the intellectual stagnation of the time" when they began. It "will be best understood by examples."

In early numbers of *The Nation*, a long list of James Duffy's publications is advertised—James Duffy, who was afterwards the national publisher—but, without a single exception, they are works of Catholic piety. Denis O'Brien, a popular retail bookseller, occupies two columns of the journal with his wares; and among fifty-three periodicals and serials, forty-eight are English and Scotch; and among fourteen works of fiction or travel, only two are Irish; out of eleven miscellaneous books only one is Irish; out of thirteen volumes of poetry, there was not one native in subject or authorship; and of a hundred and seven works of popular instruction the entire were English or Scotch. To teach the people that they had a history as harmonious as an epic poem, illustrated with great names and great transactions, was like awakening a new sense, and created a tumult of enthusiasm. They loved and pitied their country; but that they might honour and worship it was a revelation.

We have never sunk to the same dead intellectual condition since; and the vindication which Ireland and her history received from Davis and his comrades has prevented the country from ever again becoming the object of merely pitiful, ineffective affection. But, on the other hand, we have not kept up the activity of intellectual creation and production which they began. Writing to Pigot, in 1845, Davis says:

We shall have a flood of Irish publications this coming season. Curry has books forward. Hodges and Smith have Matt O'Connor's "Irish Brigade," and two other most important, but unnamable books advanced. Petrie's book out; Lefanu's "Cock and Anchor," an Irish novel; the Repeal Essays in one volume. Various Parliamentary Committee Reports forward. MacNevin's "Shiel" printed. My "Curran" partly in type, and *carefully* edited. "Flood," &c., under the tools. MacNevin's "Volunteers" (the first of the shilling volumes) partly in type. Duffy's collection of ballads ready. My "Tone," and Barry's collection of "Irish Songs," to be specially attacked. Henry Grattan's fifth volume just ready for the press. Dr. R. K. Madden's third series, sold to James Duffy, per my agency, and many other things. Other literary progress in 1845 promises to be real.

This is but a sample of the work that was being done, much of it owing to Davis's direct incitement and influence, and all of which had an eager public awaiting it, because of his diligent cultivation of the sense of duty towards the national literature. But much as he valued literature and intellectual influence he was not only a writer, "only a poet," as he has sometimes been represented. As we pointed out some months since in reviewing the new edition of his essays, he and his friends had a keen sense of the social evils that oppressed Ireland and of the means of ridding her of them. His biographer emphasises this, and points out that his uniform courtesy and firmness to opponents "was accompanied by an unsparing exposure of the system they maintained." "Though it was a main aim of the young men to reconcile the gentry and the Protestant minority with the whole nation, it was an aim never pursued by ignoring the intolerable injustice of the Established Church and the existing land system. 'Be just, and you shall be the acknowledged leaders of a devoted people; but justice must be done, for they are withering under your exactions.' This was the language held. The gentry were

told that they had never done their duty, and that their neglect of it lay at the root of Irish misery."

The land system which they had framed in the Irish Parliament seemed an instrument of torture needlessly stringent for a people so broken and dependent, but, like a great bridge over a small stream, it gave the measure of the slumbering force which it was intended to restrain. The awakening of this force was the object of their constant apprehension, and it was now appealed to weekly with ideas that struck it like electric shocks. *The Nation* taught us anxious that the land was not the landlords' own to do as he would with, but could only be held in proprietorship subject to the prior claim of the inhabitants to get food and clothing out of it. No length of time, no solemnity of sanction could annul the claim of the husbandman to eat the fruit of his toil, or transfer it to a select circle of landed proprietors. The minute one human being died from the denial of this fundamental right, an injustice would be committed as positive in its nature as if the landlord class conspired to throw the soil of the country out of cultivation, and left the whole population to starve. Why should landlords be the only class of traders above the law? There was no more inherent sanctity in selling land, or hiring it out, than in selling shoes; and the trader in acres ought to be as amenable to the law, and as easily punished for extortion, as his lumber brother. The existing system had lasted long, indeed, but fraud and folly were not consecrated by time, they only grew grosser fraud and more intolerable folly. The landlord was entitled to a fair rent for the usufruct of his land; all claims beyond this over the tenants' time, conscience, or opinions were extortion and usurpation.

When the journalist stepped forward for a brief period to assume with O'Brien the leadership of the nation during O'Connell's imprisonment, he displayed the needed gifts. "Like a vigorous young tribune called from the ranks of the Opposition to be a Minister of State, he began to act and direct like one who had found his proper work, and his influence was soon felt in every province of public affairs. His policy was ready for the hour and for the generation. He had lived in solitude with the great thinkers and reformers, and was accustomed to note the currents and under-currents which govern opinion and to foresee the forces which would be at work to-morrow." Only one criticism does Sir Charles Gavan Duffy venture, and it seems to have been born as much of his later experience as of his earlier. He writes:—

He set an undue value, I think, on mere social sympathy and the dilettante nationality which grew enthusiastic over the Cross of Cong, or a Jacobite song of the later bards, but was indifferent to the present sufferings or hopes of the people. One of his friends, who spoke in parable, told him the story of a chemist who took infinite credit for a discovery by which to extract fire from snow, till some realistic person requested him to specify how many snowballs would boil his tea-kettle. He desired to make Conservatives Nationalists like Addis Emmett and Whitley Stokes; but he rarely succeeded in doing more than making them Nationalists like Walter Scott or John Wilson, devoted to the literature and antiquities of their native country, but content with its subjection to England. In Ireland nationality meant admitting the whole nation to a platform where a single class had long exercised exclusive authority—a voluntary sacrifice of old possession to abstract justice which individuals will sometimes make, but which it is visionary to expect of any large class of mankind.

We will conclude our review of the results of Davis's activity by quoting his biographer's answer to the question—"What would have befallen if Davis had not died?" and his estimate of Davis's proper influence. Our history, he notes, is full of problems like the former.

If Swift had accepted the captain's commission which William III. offered him? If Phelim O'Neill had been captured with Lord Maguire? If Tone had been permitted to colonise his island in the Pacific? If Hoche had landed in Munster? If a mitigation of the penal laws had not opened the bar to O'Connell? Any one of these casual circumstances would have turned backward the current of our history. If Davis had not died, he would probably have

been driven out of the Repeal Association, with Smith O'Brien, and he would have brought to Munster in '48 the foresight, will, and resources of a born soldier. He would not have succeeded, for the time for success was past, but he would have failed gloriously. As it is, has he not succeeded gloriously? His spirit has palpably animated whatever generous work was undertaken for Ireland from the day of his death to this hour. His comrades, while they survived, carried the opinions which they shared with him into literature and public life, into confederacies and parliaments, into prison and exile, and never failed to take up the Irish question again and again while life remained. A new generation, scattered over three continents, has found inspiration in his writings, even when they have sometimes wandered aside from the broad and noble highway which he traced out for Irish liberty. It is easy enough now to see that the work for which he was fitted was to be a teacher, and he is still one of the most persuasive and beloved teachers of his race, but beyond the pregnant thoughts he uttered, and the noble strains he sang, the life he led was the greatest lesson he has bequeathed to them.—*The Nation*.

PERE DIDON'S LIFE OF CHRIST.

Pere Didon, the great Dominican writer and probable successor to Pere Monsabre in the pulpit of Notre Dame, has been interviewed by a correspondent of the *Journal de Bruxelles* in the Ecole Albert le Grand at Arcueil, outside of Paris, of which he has been made Director. The interviewer found him correcting the proof-sheets of his *Life of Our Lord*, which is to form two large octavo volumes, and will not appear till about All Saints. Pere Didon gave his ideas about the life of Christ in a very interesting fashion. He is trying to show us our Lord in His proper surroundings, to make Him live before us in every country and among the people with whom He really lived, with the manners and customs of the times, so that we should be able, to see, to understand, and to believe. "Happily," he said, "the Holy Land has remained what it was. There you may follow the life of Jesus step by step, almost on the same stones and under the same olive trees. Ah, if manufactories had only made their way there, M. Renan would have had free play. But the Holy Land has remained as immovable as Egypt. In Egypt you still see, on a soil and under a sky which have never changed their aspect, the same fellah drawing water from the Nile, the same birds imperturbably watching you pass. Nothing can give you a better idea of monotony, all powerful monotony—Zola plying his saw! No, nothing has changed in the Holy Land. The animals have not become smaller than elsewhere, as Renan pretends. The larks are larger than ours, and one day I saw five monstrous vultures tearing to pieces a dead colt. So I have tried to make Jesus live again in the same times and places, without introducing any of our modernism, as we say, and I try to attract the reader's attention from the very outset by proclaiming the greatest name of history. That is a fact will irresistibly strike the eye (*qui crece les yeux*). And the race which gave to the world the Prophets and Jesus Christ is the first of all races. Do you know, M. Edouard Drumont is terribly ungrateful. We live a Semitic life. The sons of Shem are on the mountain top, whence they dominate and enlighten the world, whilst the sons of Japhet are conquering and subjugating it, and the sons of Ham, who have muscles but a cramped brain, are tilling and cultivating it."—*London Tablet*.

No believer claims that we have an adequate knowledge of God, for this would be a denial of the necessity of faith. He alone can grasp His own infinite perfection, and we look to Him as to the sun with eyes blinded by the too great light. But is not all knowledge partial ignorance? So long as we walk contented through the world of fact and appearance our path is smooth and our progress secure, but when we attempt to look beneath and ask ourselves what anything is apart from its sensible presentation, we sink into boundless regions where intellectual sight grows dim.

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IN CANADA.

Commenced by

The Most Rev. Dr. Walsh, Archbishop of Toronto.

The Most Rev. C. O'Brien, Archbishop of Halifax.

Rt. Rev. T. J. Doelling, Bishop of Hamilton.

The Rt. Rev. Bishop O'Mahony, Toronto.

The late Archbishop Lynch.

The late Rt. Rev. Bishop Carbery of Hamilton.

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Special Editorial Correspondence of the REVIEW.

In Ireland.

DUBLIN: THE OLD HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

II.

WE made mention, in speaking, last week of the historic places in College-Green, of the beautiful building which is now the headquarters of the Bank of Ireland, but which, from the date of its erection until the passing of the Act of Union, was the Irish House of Parliament. It is the building which, of all others in Dublin,—of all others in Ireland—has the deepest interest for Irishmen, by reason of the historic associations, and the forensic memories that attach to it. Within its walls the legislative independence of Ireland was born, and, after a few years of hopeful and of vigorous existence, foully slain. It is a site which, more than any other, calls up, to the Irish mind, memories at once the saddest and the most glad-some; and scenes at once the most glorious and the most tragic. The place is burdened with great memories—memories of great men, of great talents, and of great virtues; of rare patriotism, and of extraordinary perfidy; the recollections of a great right won, shaded by the dark, sinister incidents surrounding the commission of a large historic wrong. It recalls in short, the most brilliant and eventful period in Irish history, that, namely, between 1778 and 1800, which saw the rise and fall of the Parliament of Flood and Grattan. From the date of the entrance of these men into the public life of Ireland the Irish Parliament advanced steadily in self respect and public spirit. In 1776 it effected the first relaxation of the penal laws by enabling Catholics to take leases for a term of 999 years. In 1792 it passed a further measure of relief, which "opened to the Irish Catholics the bar, the professions, the grand juries, the corporations, and permitting them to establish public schools." But in the same year a petition from the Catholics of Dublin for admission to the elective franchise, was rejected by a vote of 208 against 25; and the House remained, to the last exclusively Protestant. "Religious Equality" was unknown and unheard of in those

days, but the principle of national independence, the sense of resistance to oppression, and a feeling of impatience under unjust and vexatious laws, took root, and day by day became more extended. It was at this time that the English Parliament began the work of crushing out the trade of Ireland by the operation of special and prohibitory, legislative acts. Direct trade from Irish ports to foreign countries or to the colonies was forbidden, the natural consequence of which was the impoverishment of the trading and manufacturing interests of Ireland, and the growth of discontent amongst all classes of the people. The struggle against this alien and oppressive legislation grew stronger every day, and was brought to a crisis by the ascendancy of Flood and Grattan in the Parliament, and by the entrance of the Volunteers upon the scene. Flood and Grattan became the leaders of the movement for commercial and legislative freedom. One or two of the incidents of this political period are worth relating. On the 12th of October, 1779, an address from the Crown having been read, in which the complaints of the Irish people were utterly ignored, the House, on the motion of Prince Sergeant Hussey Burgh, unanimously resolved: "That we beg leave humbly to represent to his Majesty that it is not by temporary expedients but by a free trade alone that this nation is now to be saved from impending ruin." "This address" writes M. Gilbert "was carried to the Lord Lieutenant at the Castle by the entire House of Commons; the Volunteers, under the command of the Duke of Leinster, lined the streets, and presented arms to the Speaker and the Members, as they passed through their ranks, amidst the applause of an assembled multitude." The Government continuing to palter with this question, the House of Commons took strong measures to bring them into a more compliant frame of mind. In a famous speech Hussey Burgh said: "The usurped authority of a foreign Parliament has kept up the most wicked laws that a jealous, monopolising, ungrateful spirit could devise to restrain the bounty of Providence, and enslave a nation whose inhabitants are recorded to be a brave, loyal, and generous, people; by the code of English laws, to answer the most sordid views, they have been treated with a savage cruelty: the words penalty, punishment, and Ireland are synonymous; they are marked in blood on the margin of their statutes; and though time may have softened the calamities of the nation, the baneful and destructive influences of those laws, have borne her down to a state of Egyptian bondage. The English have sown their laws like dragon's teeth, and they have sprung up in armed men." The Government saw that further resistance to the national demands would be dangerous, and that concession had become an imperative necessity. Soon afterwards the ruinous restrictions on Irish trade were abolished, and Ireland recovered her commercial freedom.

The cause of legislative freedom remained, however, to be won. It is around this struggle that the greatest and most enduring memories of the Irish Parliament hang. An Act of George I. placed the Irish Parliament in subordination, and in a state of vassalage, to that of England, enabling the English Parliament to ignore the Irish legislature, and make laws, at their pleasure, for the Irish people. On the 19th of April, 1780, Grattan moved, as against this Act, his famous Declaration of Rights, in a speech of great force and brilliancy, the peroration of which is familiar to every Irishman: "I do call upon you by the laws of the land, and their violation, by the instruction of eighteen centuries, by the arms, inspiration, and providence of the present moment, tell us the rule by which we shall go,—assert the law of Ire-

land, declare the liberty of the land. I will not be answered by a public lie, in the shape of an amendment; neither, speaking for the subjects' freedom, am I to hear of faction. I will never be satisfied so long as the meanest cottager in Ireland has a link of the British chain clanking to his rags: he may be naked—he shall not be in irons; and I do see the time is at hand, the spirit is gone forth, the declaration is planted; and though great men should apostatize, yet the cause will live; and though the public speaker should die, yet the immortal fire shall outlast the organ which conveyed it, and the breath of liberty, like the word of the holy man, will not die with the prospect, but survive him."

Grattan's Declaration of Rights was not adopted by the House until the 16th of April, 1782, the House assembling for the special purpose of passing it triumphantly. The Government had resolved to give way, and before Grattan rose from his seat their intention was announced by one of the ministers. He read a message from the King, recommending the House to consider the causes of the existing discontent, with a view to such a *final* adjustment as might give satisfaction to both Kingdoms. This was, in fact, a declaration of surrender to the Irish Parliament. Grattan rose slowly from his seat, and spoke to the subject in a strain of eloquence never surpassed in any age or country—sung, as it has been termed, "the morning song of Irish freedom." "I am now," he said, in beginning "to address a free people: ages have passed away, and this is the first moment in which you could be distinguished by that appellation. I found Ireland on her knees, I have watched over her with a paternal solicitude; I have traced her progress from injuries to arms, and from arms to liberty. Spirit of Swift! Spirit of Molyneux!, your genius has prevailed! Ireland is now a nation. In that new character I hail her; and, bowing to her august presence, I say, *Esto perpetua!*"

Grattan closed his speech by moving the adoption of an address which set forth a series of complaints against the assumed domination of the English Parliament in Irish affairs; and declared that:—

"The crown of Ireland is an Imperial Crown, inseparably annexed to the Crown of Great Britain, on which connection the interest and happiness of both nations essentially depend; but that the Kingdom of Ireland is a distinct kingdom, with a Parliament of her own, the sole legislature thereof. That there is no body of men competent to make laws to bind this nation, except the King, Lords, and Commons of Ireland, nor any other Parliament which hath any authority or power of any sort whatsoever in this country, save only the Parliament of Ireland."

The address was carried triumphantly. The resolutions which embodied it were laid before the English Parliament by the Prime Minister, Mr. Fox, who counselled compliance with the Irish demand, and who added that he would rather see Ireland wholly separated from England than kept in subjection by brute force—a declaration which sounds strangely in these later coercion days. Mr. Flood, however, went farther than Grattan. He contended that the single repeal of the Act of George I. was insufficient for the safety of Ireland, inasmuch as England had not expressly renounced her assumed right of passing laws to bind Ireland. Grattan held that no such renunciation was necessary, but Flood's arguments prevailed with the House and the people, and with the English legislature. From the latter came the desired Act of renunciation. This Act declared that:—

"The said right claimed by the people of Ireland to be bound only by laws enacted by his Majesty and the Parliament of that Kingdom, in all cases whatever, *shall be, and is hereby declared to be, established and ascertained for ever, and shall at no time hereafter be questioned or questionable.*"

The passing of this Act was the culminating point of Ireland's struggle for legislative independence. Ireland was then A NATION.

What followed is too well-known to be repeated here. Soon England resorted to her old practice in such matters, and the old Houses of Parliament, like the Treaty Stone of Limerick, stand as a silent memorial to this day of her perfidy, and her broken faith. Bloodshed and bribery were the two weapons by which the legislative life of the Irish Nation was ended, and it was a sarcastic saying of John Mitchell's that if bribery on as proportionately prodigal a scale were resorted to in the English House of Commons of to-day, a majority of that body could be got to vote for the handing over to the United States of the British Empire itself. On the 26th of May, 1800, with the second reading of the Union Bill, the curtain dropped in the old House of Parliament in College Green. The dramatic character of that closing scene has been often described, but by none better than Barrington in his "Rise and Fall of the Irish Nation." On this occasion, Grattan—who had been carried from his bed of sickness to record his last words in the Parliament of his country, and who, unable to stand upright, was accorded permission to address the House without rising from his seat—spoke his last speech against the Union measure, closing his peroration with this pathetic and imperishable sentence:

"Yet I do not give up the country. I see her in a swoon, but she is not dead; though in her tomb she lies helpless and motionless, still there is on her lips a spirit of life, and on her cheeks a glow of beauty.

"Thou art not conquered; beauty's ensign yet
Is crimson on thy lips, and in thy cheeks,
And death's pale flag is not advanced there."

While a plank of the vessel sticks together I will not leave here; let the courtier present his flimsy sail and carry the light bark of his faith with every new breath of wind,—I will remain anchored here, with fidelity to my country, faithful to her freedom, faithful to her fall."

Thus fell the Irish Parliament, by treachery and corruption, and every evil art that could be brought to bear for the destruction of the rights and liberties of a nation. The Act which gave the form of legality to its extinction, is wholly without, as Chief Justice Saurin well said, any moral or legal sanction. To this day it is maintained only by Coercion Acts, the frequent suspension of Habeas Corpus, and the continual presence of 30,000 British troops. The Government, after the Union, sold the House to the Bank of Ireland for a sum of £40,000. It was Curran, we think, who said that it would have been wiser for them to have expended that much money in razing it to the ground, and casting its materials into the sea. "As it stands," Mr. T. D. Sullivan has written, "it is a perpetual memento of Ireland's days of national independence; echoes of the eloquence of Grattan, Flood, Plunkett, Bushe, Saurin, seem yet to hang about its walls. It is a memorial of the treacherous and fatal measures by which a hateful deed was accomplished.

Fair and graceful as it is to the eye, it does not brighten, but throws a gloom upon College Green. The heart of every

Irishman saddens as he passes it, withal, its mute and lonely aspect gives a stimulus to patriotic feeling. Everyone longs for the day when from that temple of Irish nationality, the money-changers who desecrate it will be ejected. Nearly every patriotic organization that arises in Ireland places, as a sign of its hope and faith, a representation of the "Parliament House" on its medals and cards of membership. Prints and photographs of it are in Irish homes all over the world. And this is not merely because of the historic associations attaching to it, but because of the expectation and resolve, lying deep in the Irish heart, that what it was it shall be again—the meeting house of a free and independent Irish legislature."

The interior arrangements of the building have been greatly altered to meet the necessities of its present possessors. The Common's portion of the building has been cut up into several offices. The House of Lords, though, has been allowed to remain in its original condition, and is now used as the Board-room of the Bank Directors. The porters in attendance at the Bank show visitors through the interesting portions of the building. There are some relics of the old Parliament to be met with in other parts of the city. The Chandelier of the House of Commons is suspended in the Examination Hall of Trinity College; the Chair of the Speaker of the House of Lords is possessed by the Royal Irish Academy; and that of the Speaker of the Commons stands in the Board-room of the Royal Dublin Society. After the Union, the Government demanded the mace from Foster, the late Speaker of the Commons, which the latter declined to surrender, saying that until the body that had entrusted it to his keeping demanded it, he would decline to surrender it. It is now in the possession of his grandson, Lord Massareene.

"SHANID AROO."

ST. ANNE DE BEAUPRE.

The *Montreal Star*, which, unlike certain other Canadian journals, is usually fair and courteous towards Catholics, permits itself the discourtesy, on more than one occasion, of referring to the shrine of St. Anne de Beaupre as "the Mecca of the North." A newspaper which has so large a circulation amongst Catholics should be more considerate in its choice of language when chronicling Catholic news items, or else omit them altogether. Pilgrimages to St. Anne are approved by the highest ecclesiastical authority. There are no manifestations of the vulgar, but a deliberate profession of faith on the part of the most enlightened as of the most illiterate, in the power of God, "who is wonderful in His Saints," and in the power of the Saints as intercessors with God. From the time of the Marquis de Tracy to our own, men of all classes and conditions have been proud to kneel within that favored sanctuary, and prefer their petitions through the great servant of God, the Mother of His Mother, who is there honored. There is ample proof that God accepts the intercession of St. Anne, as of old he accepted that of Moses or others of his faithful followers, and at the time or in the place chosen by himself. At St. Anne's, it is indisputable that the blind see, and the dumb speak and the lame walk. So it was when Marie de l'Incarnation wrote in the seventeenth century, so it is to-day. And to confound the scoffers' cry of nerves, or imagination, or "faith cure," infants in arms, or toddling children, are often the subject of the most wonderful cures. Catholics believe that miracles can be performed and are performed, to-day, as in the times

of the Apostles. Men of enlightenment are most firmly convinced of this truth, because they can find no reason for thinking otherwise, while to the common mind it comes by a species of intuition. Faith gives to the most lowly a certain spirituality, so that it is surprising sometimes to observe how clear the perception, and how exact the distinctions made, even by the most ignorant, in supernatural things. Therefore, we repeat, that all are united in honoring St. Anne, well aware that in so doing, they do not derogate from the honor due to God, but rather increase it, and, as it is a matter of serious conviction to Catholics, let journals desiring to observe even a conventional decorum, abstain from such trivial and unmeaning head-lines as that referred to above.

ST. HILAIRE.

A CHARMING country is that which lies in the neighborhood of the Beloeil Mountains and the Valley of the Richelieu. The hills, pine-clad to their very summit, contain, as it were in their heart, a little lake, deep, limpid and mysterious, as those Scottish tarns, dear to the lover of romance and to the tourist in search of the picturesque. Its wooded shores lend it a pleasing mystery. Its depths, said in some places to be unfathomable, has given rise to the surmise that the lake sprang from the crater of an extinct volcano. The hills rise up about it, catching moonlight and sunlight, with weird effects, which would baffle the brush of the artist. At some little distance below the lake, upon a table land, commanding a superb view of the outstretching valley, is the "Iroquois House," under the management of Mr. Bruce Campbell, a hotel which is too familiar to Canadians to require description here. It has undergone many improvements in the past years and bids fair to outrival most of the summer hotels in Canada.

One of the amusements of guests at the hotel, consists in climbing to the "summit," that is, the highest point of the neighboring hills, from which can be enjoyed a view of the whole surrounding country. Another delightful "climb" which has quite a flavor of Switzerland, is known to the country people as the "Coupe." There are many other pleasant excursions, without any of the risks of Alpine climbing, such as the stroll to "the Flats," or to the "Lumekilu Road," or in fields and orchards, or through woods enlivened by the presence of a mountain brook, tumbling tumultuously on its way to turn the mills. The mills are quite a feature of St. Hilaire, and some of them are so strongly suggestive of the past as to relieve their environment from that scourge of our era, the commonplace.

The road winds downwards from the hotel, through a scattered little village, wherein farms and orchards meet the eye. Turning in one direction it leads to the comparatively large and important village of Ste. Jean Baptiste de Rouville, which has quite a fine old church. Taking another direction it goes downwards to the Richelieu River, a stream associated with much that is historic. On either side the River are the villages of Ste. Hilaire and of Beloeil. The Church of St. Mathieu de Beloeil has been thoroughly renovated and is now a handsome and imposing structure, decorated in excellent taste. Beloeil has a Convent of Providence Nuns, and another, which is a thriving educational establishment, in charge of the Sisters of the Holy Name from Hochelaga. They have also a very pretty little Convent School on the St. Hilaire side of the water, near to the clean and bright and admirably kept parish Church. A new presbytery is in process of erection.

In all these villages there is a marked absence of real poverty, which speaks well for the thrift of the French-Canadians. It is true there is no mad struggle for wealth, and possibly advantages are neglected which might be a source of material prosperity. But squalor and misery are unknown. The people seem to live calmly and contentedly, doing their fair share of labor and enjoying its fruits.

Altogether St. Hilaire is an exquisite county. The sunsets in the calm and placid river, neither very deep nor very

wide, the moonlights on the hills, the sweet scent of clover and pine, varied by that of honey, the fresh breezes blowing through fields of grain or of waving grass, the coolness of the forests, abounding in maples, oaks, beeches, with an occasional linden or sycamore tree, all combine to render it a delightful summer resort. A. T. S.

THE IRISH PARLIAMENTARY PARTY.

The following letter, re the absence of the Irish Members from the House at the recent division in which the Tory Government were nearly defeated, and of which Archbishop Walsh of Dublin, and others, severely resented, has been published in the *Dublin Nation* by Mr. T. D. Sullivan, M.P., as a defence of the Irish Parliamentary Party.

To the Editor of the Nation:

DEAR SIR.—The members of the Irish Parliamentary Party are, like other parties of men, liable to ills and accidents, and subject to all the vicissitudes of human life. Health, home, family, and business have claims on many of them that they cannot entirely disregard. In consequence of their being weak mortals, mere flesh and blood, not all of them in robust physical condition, some of them not young, and few of them blessed with much of the world's wealth, it happens that their entire number are not at all times present at the post of duty in the House of Commons. In this respect the Irish Party are in no way exceptional. The full strength of any party is rarely maintained for any considerable time on active service in any part of the world. It is not kept up in army or navy, in firm or factory, in Church or State. On the question—if question there be—whether the attendance of the Irish Party in Parliament comes nearly or fairly up to the possibilities of the case, I say nothing whatever. But it may be well at this juncture to point out to the Irish people the fact that in proportion to their numbers the attendance of the Irish Party is better than that of any other party in the British Parliament, and that it is given at a much greater sacrifice of personal comfort, of time, of labour, and, comparatively speaking, of money. There are men in the Irish Party whose services in the House of Commons involve for them a pecuniary loss which they can ill afford. For nearly all of them those services necessitate much rough travelling, and long absences from business and home. A journey to London from South-West Cork or North-West Donegal is no light matter, any way you take it. The Channel lies in the way, and no voyager needs to be told what that means. With English members the case is different: they are always within easy reach of their places of residence or of business. In the very busiest times of the session any one of them can have Saturday, Sunday, and part of Monday in his own place. A curious illustration of the different circumstances of Irish and English members in this respect presents itself to our eyes every week. The House of Commons does not sit on Saturdays, but the suite of rooms constituting the Library is left open, up to a certain hour in the evening, for the convenience of members wishing to read or write. Hardly ever on those days is an English member to be seen there. They have all gone home. The only persons in the place are Exiles of Erin. Their homes are far away. At the National Liberal Club, well filled throughout the rest of the week, the same thing is noticeable; on Saturdays and Sundays the house is almost quite deserted. The Irishmen only have to stay. Their staying powers and their working powers are not bad, but yet it is possible to overtax them. Some of our best men are visibly injured by the strain. It proved too much for Joseph Gillis Biggar. He dropped and died, it might almost be said, on the floor of House of Commons.

I do not write this letter in any controversial spirit. It is not only a proper but a praiseworthy thing for Irishmen to look sharply after the degree of attention given by their representatives to Parliamentary affairs, especially at the present time, when the Coercion Government are being hard pressed and are apparently tottering to their fall. I fancy it can do no harm to throw a little light, as I have sought to do, on the facts and conditions of the whole case, so that opinions formed and judgments passed on these matters may, as far as possible, be well-founded, reasonable, and just.—Yours very truly,

June 24th.

T. D. SULLIVAN.

CLUTCHES AT CULTURE.

TALLEYRAND says somewhere that no one in France knew the happiness of life after 1786. France must have been delightful for the nobles at a time when the manner of living at ease had been made a perfect art. It is a question whether people who were not noble enjoyed it or not. I fancy that some of us, who remember what life was before the reign of "culture" in America, must look back with something of Talleyrand's feeling. If we were ignorant of Tolstoy and Ibsen—if Meredith and Browning did not form constant subjects of discussion,—we were satisfied with Dickens and Thackeray. But all that has been changed. Culture is an awful reality; it permeates the atmosphere; it floats just above the heads of thousands, and their frantic attempts to clutch it are not pleasant to the view of the lover of simplicity.

Emerson told us long ago that true culture meant simplicity. But even Boston has outgrown Emerson; our violet-crowned one now looks across the seas for her demigods; and, losing her individuality, she is no longer sublime in her admiration of herself. The bean remains, as it were; but there is no Margaret Fuller to give it a halo of romance. The bean, like Wordsworth's primrose, is now only a bean!

This clutching after culture by people who do not know what culture means adds a new hardship to life. And Mr. Gladstone, who has his good points, has stimulated these gymnastic clutches by his reviews of the "Journal of Marie Bashkirtseff." How the words of this ill-regulated young woman are quoted from Portland, Me., to Kankakee, Ill.; from Denver, Col., to San Francisco, Cal.! "Marie Bashkirtseff" is everywhere in a paper cover. "Robert Ellesmere" and the unhappy "Marie" have taken the place of the chromo. One may buy several pounds of soap and take either of these volumes *gratis*. Let the English set a literary fashion, and we all clutch for it. One reason is that we can steal foreign books; and when culture can be had for nothing, it is all the sweeter.

This clutching business shows how superficial the people are who perform it. A good book should be dear to us because it answers some need in our natures,—because it interprets a longing for something beyond us. A man of a few books is more likely to be truly cultivated, and therefore more simple and sincere, than the man of many.

You visit a friend. His daughters talk Ibsen without knowing anything about Ibsen, whose stuff most people read in the French translations ten years ago without finding much in it but hopelessness and modern paganism. And they clutch at the wretched Bashkirtseff, and they show unintelligible photographs, and they play the "dominant seventh," and tell you how content they would be always to live where the tonic chord forever sounded! Do you love Botticelli? Are you wrapt by the meanings of Sordello? Have you studied the tone-colors in Browning? Have you felt the ecstasy that filled the piper that played before Moses? And so on.

You long for one breath of honesty, one touch of simplicity; you are tired of opinions which are borrowed or reflected. And to be told that culture means pessimism, hopelessness, morbidness, and everything except that which elevates us nearer to God, is an affront to intelligence and a relapse into barbarism.—*M. F. Egan in Arc Maria*.

David Garrick, the eminent English tragedian, was a man of great generosity and of kind heart. He had deposited five hundred pounds in the hands of a lawyer for safe-keeping; and the latter, seeing what he supposed to be a chance to make some money, speculated, losing Garrick's money along with his own. He was in despair, having no means left with which to satisfy his creditor. But he had numerous kind-hearted friends, and after a little while they met to devise some plan whereby he might be extricated from his difficulty and permitted to continue his business.

Their alarm was great when a letter arrived from Garrick, but it was turned to joy when they found that he had sent back the note the lawyer had given him, thus relieving him of his indebtedness. Accompanying the note were these words: "I understand that your relations and friends meet to-day. I should much like to join them, but am prevented from doing so; and as you ought to have a good fire with which to make their reunion cheerful, I send you a paper to light it with."

General Catholic News

On Tuesday Archbishop Cleary received the Pallium from Rome.

His Grace, Archbishop Walsh, of Toronto, is the guest of Rev. Father Brady, of Ingersoll.

Messrs. Dillon and O'Brien will start on a tour of America about the middle of September.

By permission of Cardinal Lavigerie, Father Schynse has acceded to Emm Pasha's request, and joined his expedition.

Rt. Rev. Mgr. Windthorst, of Ch'illicothé, O., is a nephew of Dr. Windthorst, the great German leader of the Catholic party.

Rev. F. Lewis, of the Capuchin Order in France, has made application for permission to attend on the lepers in the East Indies.

Cardinal Lavigerie, Archbishop of Algiers, is training a number of negroes to the practice of medicine, with a view of sending them to Central Africa.

One of the eight World Fair Commissioners-at-large, appointed by the President was Hon. Richard C. Kerens, of St. Louis, president of the Catholic Club and Knights of St. Patrick.

John Ford, a young Catholic student of Cornell University, won the first prize in the annual prize essay contest of seniors in American colleges, offered by the American Protective Tariff League.

Cardinal Newman is so weak that he was carried into church at Birmingham, on July 11th, was seated during the service, and carried out at its conclusion, bestowing benedictions upon his people.

Rev. Abbe Proulx, vice-rector of Laval University, who has been to Rome on a mission connected with the universities' dispute, has left for home and will be back in Montreal the first week in August.

His Lordship Bishop Begin, of Chicoutimi, conferred the order of priest on Mr. Emile Poirier, son of Mr. F. P. Poirier, merchant, of Riviere du Loup yesterday. It was the first ordination ever made in the place.

The Benedictine Fathers have been reinstated in the possession of the Abbey of Knechtsteden, at the gates of Cologne. The Benedictine Order is so popular in Germany that their return was hailed by all with the greatest enthusiasm.

President Andrews, of Providence, R. I., says that the public schools "are not Godless, but creedless," and thanks God that they are. According to Webster a 'creed' is a 'belief.' So the learned President thanks God that there is no belief in God in the public schools.

Mr. Lawrence Barrett, the well-known actor, says he will make the effort of his life next season in "St. Thomas a Becket." This play has been in the process of construction for him by an author, whose name he is not at liberty to divulge at present, for eight years, and it is still in the chrysalis stage. It will deal with the most thrilling incidents in the life of St. Thomas.

At the last regular meeting of the Catholic Celtic League, Branch No. 518 I. C. C. U., upon Bro. W. L. Hart retiring from the office of President, Bro. J. J. Henry was elected by acclamation to fill that position. Bro. W. L. Hart was elected as Delegate to attend the next annual convention of the I. C. B. U., which will be held in the city of St. Louis, Mo., on the third Wednesday in August.

The Pope has addressed a touching and eloquent letter to M. Chesnelong, President of the recent Congress of French Catholics, in response to the address forwarded by that body and declaratory of the loyalty and affection of its members to the Holy See. The address in question has, I am assured, proved a source of much satisfaction to the Pope.

The Prince of Wales has definitely settled the precedence of Roman Catholic Cardinals at the British Court, says the cable, by deciding that in all commissions over which his Royal Highness may preside His Eminence Cardinal Manning shall rank next to himself, and above all peers of the United Kingdom. This is a higher tribute to the Prince's judgment than to the personality and office of the Cardinal. In all important respects His Eminence towers loftily above the heads of the royalty, nobility and gentry of his country to such an extent that no formal recognition of the fact can make it more patent than it already is in the eyes of the world.

The Rome correspondent of an English paper tells this story: "A few days ago the clever professor, M. Marrucci, showed the Ostian catacombs to a distinguished party. Stopping before the picture of the Blessed Virgin holding the Infant Jesus in her arms, he said: 'Protestants pretend that the cult and picture of the Blessed Virgin were not introduced until the council of Ephesus, in the fifth century, had proclaimed that the Virgin Mary was really the Mother of God. Now here we have a picture of Our Lady which is anterior by a century to the council of Ephesus. And it is the most recent of the representations of Mary which are to be found in the catacombs. If we were in the catacombs of St. Priscilla, I could show you a painting of the Virgin Mother which dates from the first century, which was seen and venerated, if not by the apostles Peter and Paul themselves, at least by their immediate disciples.'

A few weeks ago, in the Cathedral of Algiers, was celebrated the solemn ceremony of the departure of twenty members of the Missionary Society of Algeria, who were about to enter Equatorial Africa. The church was filled by an enormous crowd. The entire body of the clergy was present. The students of all the seminaries, the pastors and curates of parishes and the canons formed a long procession as Cardinal Lavigerie, assisted by his Coadjutor, entered the centre. After Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, the choir of seminarians and students chanted magnificently Giot's "Departure of the Missionaries," during which time the twenty missionaries, with Father Gerboyne, of the Diocese of Laval, at their head, stood in a circle before the altar. Among them were two negroes from the Soudan, who are members of the missionary band in the quality of medical assistants. Picked up by the Cardinal's workers in the interior of Africa with a great number of their companions, they were afterwards sent to the University of Malta, where they finished their medical studies, and now follow their old masters in the Apostolate. After the first strain of the hymn, the Cardinal addressed the congregation, after which, with cross and mitre, he advanced towards the altar, and kneeling kissed the feet of the missionaries, beginning with Father Gerboyne, who had just given Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, and embracing afterwards the feet of the negro physicians. Upon these men, in particular, the Cardinal counts for the work of civilization in Africa, because the difficulty which Europeans find in the climate of Central Africa prevents the number of white missionaries from rising to a sufficiency. After the Cardinal, clergy and religious, and the faithful present in turn embraced the feet of these missionaries, the ceremony terminated a little before evening.

The following important letter on the hours of labor has been addressed by Cardinal Manning to the Swiss statesman, M. Descourtins, author of a work entitled "The International Protection of Labor":—

MY DEAR M. DESCOURTINS—I cannot tell you with what satisfaction I have read your book on "The International Protection of Labor." If I am not mistaken, you have been

the first to bring home to the public conscience of Europe the condition of millions of persons whose life is one round of ceaseless toil. All political and diplomatic questions are subordinate in importance to those of which you have treated, namely, the labor of children and women, Sunday labor, and the hours of labor. Hitherto these questions have been regulated by the profit which the capitalists desire to secure and by production at a cheap rate.

Some years ago I was reproached with being a hard political economist for having said that married women and mothers who by the marriage contract had engaged to attend to family cares and the rearing of children, have neither the right nor the power to bind themselves by contract for so many hours a day, in violation of the engagement they had previously made as wives and mothers. Such a contract is *ipso facto* illegal or null. You have well brought out this moral law, without which we should have a horde instead of a nation.

Without domestic life there can be no nation. It is the same in the case of men. As long as the hours of labor are only regulated by the master's guins, no workman can enjoy an existence worthy of a human being.

The humblest worker, as well as the wealthy and the cultured, has need of some hours to improve his mind, and if he cannot obtain that time, he is reduced to the condition of a machine or a beast of burden. What sort of a nation will men who find themselves in this condition form? What can be the domestic, social, or political life of such men? And yet, it is to this that the individualism and political economy of the last fifty years lead us.

Political economy, properly speaking, comprehends all that concerns the general wealth of a people. It embraces, limits, and regulates all the interests and acts of men forming a society: it regulates them by the higher moral law which is that of nature and of God. It is necessary, above all things, to maintain the principles which govern the life of man and human society. The question of where to buy most cheaply or sell most dearly is a secondary one.

Such are the questions you have presented to the public conscience of Europe, and in doing that you are aided by Leo XIII. and the Emperor of Germany. I hope that the millions of our brothers who groan under the yoke of excessive labor will see their condition ameliorated.

Your faithful friend, † HENRY E. CARDINAL MANNING.

ROYHOOD OF POPE SIXTUS V.

In a little village in the March of Ancona there once lived a family of poor peasants. The parents had a son whose name was Felix. This boy was bright and intelligent, but, as they were very poor he was obliged to attend to a herd of swine. Felix had been taught by his parents to be obliging and amiable in his deportment toward everyone; the other boys of the village, however, made fun of the swine herd, and they were very rude and ill-mannered. One day, as Felix was engaged in watching the pigs in the field, a bare-footed monk came by. He had lost his way, and was in search of some one to show him the path through the wood. The weather was very bad, and so the other boys, with their usual rudeness, refused, saying, one after another, "I won't go."

Felix then sprang forward and, respectfully bowing to the stranger, he offered his services as guide. The monk engaged in conversation with the boy on the way, and he was not long in discovering his intelligent mind, and took him with him to the convent. Later, with the consent of his parents, he was admitted into the Order. Felix studied diligently, and he soon ranked among the most learned of the monks. But, notwithstanding this, he never became proud, but remained always humble, polite, and ready to do the bidding of all.

The result was that everyone knew him, so that he rose from one post of honor to another until he became a Bishop and at last a Cardinal. Finally, the Chair of St. Peter becoming vacant, he was unanimously elected Pope on the 24th of April, 1585, and under the name of Sixtus V. he reigned wisely and well.

THE MOST REV. DR. CROKE.

A SPECIAL feature of the *Echo*, a London Liberal Unionist paper, is a column entitled, "Echo Portrait Gallery," which consists of sketches of distinguished statesmen, authors, historians, artists, &c. The following is the Liberal-Unionist view of his Grace the Archbishop of Cashel:—

Forty years ago, when a young curate in the county of Cork, Dr. Croke, Archbishop of Cashel, was a recognised figure in Irish politics. He preached the doctrine of the Land League when Mr. Parnell and Mr. Davitt were in their nurse's arms. That was in 1849, when famine was striding through the country, and the great clearances of that year were still mending. The outlook for the Irish tenant farmers, as a class, was gloomy in the extreme; they were unable to discharge their liabilities, and their only prospect of relief was a general reduction of rents. Dr. Croke straightway drew up a plan by which the landlords might be forced to adopt this issue, and submitted it to the country. He would have the solvent tenants on any given estates bind themselves, like honest men, by solemn promise, not to propose for or receive the farm of an ejected or distressed tenant who himself sought, and was refused a reasonable abatement, unless the farm in question be given them on the conditions already proposed to, and refused by the landlord. The necessary result of this plan would be one of two things—either the rents would be reduced to the desired equitable level, or the landlords would be constrained to keep extensive tracts of country on their already enfeebled hands. Dr. Croke expressed his conviction that if some such plan were adopted a serious inroad would be thereby made in landlord rule in Ireland, and some share of the Irish tenant farmers might yet hope to live and flourish. The farmers, however, did not hearken to his plan of campaign. What might have been done if they adopted his counsel? it is not for the writer to say. Thirty years after, Dr. Croke, as Archbishop of Cashel, was to witness the preaching of a similar crusade by the founders of the Land League.

Nothing daunted, Dr. Croke worked on, and was one of the few sturdy Irish priests who took an active part in the land agitation of the "Fifties," when Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, with Frederick Lucas and others, set about the making of an "independant," as distinguished from the "place-hunting," Irish Party in the House of Commons. That movement did not long survive. It was deserted by most of those who had created it, and was opposed by the prelates of the Catholic Church. Disgusted at the turn affairs had taken. Dr. Croke said he would never again join any Irish agitation. In a remarkable letter to Sir Charles (then Mr.) Gavan Duffy, when that gentleman was about to throw up his seat in Parliament and leave for Australia, Dr. Croke wrote:—"This much, however, I must say, that our party has been long since destroyed, and that there is no room in Ireland for an honest politician. For myself I have determined never to join any Irish agitation, never to sign any petition to Government, and never to trust to any one man, or body of men, living in my time, for the recovery of Ireland's independence. All hope with me in Irish affairs is dead and buried. I have ever esteemed you at once the honestest and most gifted of my countrymen, and your departure from Ireland leaves me no hope." That the Archbishop of Cashel is not of the same mind now is well known. To-day he is the most active politician among the Catholic hierarchy of Ireland.

Archbishop Croke is a man of generous instincts, warm-hearted, full of humour, and a capital platform speaker. In these respects he is unlike his brother prelate, the Catholic Archbishop of Dublin, Dr. Walsh, who is cold, and, in style of speaking, so academic and diffuse as to easily tire an audience. Like the Cardinal-Archbishop of Westminster, Dr. Croke has been good material for the pen of novelist-politician. Mr. Wm. O'Brien, in his novel "When We Were Boys," describes the Archbishop of Cashel as we know him to-day. Here is his portrait: "The doctor" was the half-awesome, half-caressing Irish title of the Very Rev. Marcus O'Harte, D. D., the President of St. Fergal's—a strong-built, massive-headed, precipitous-looking figure, with masses of stormy-clouded wrinkles piled over his eyebrows, in the region to which physiognomists assign quickness of perception and swiftness of action; an upper forehead where the ramparts of

the reflective were rounded off, as in all fine Celtic heads, into an imaginative arch; a square mouth, which would be a cruel mouth but for a twitch of drollery that now and again trembled at its corners; and a wonderful grey eye, which always seemed to pierce you through and through, whether with a sun-ray or a dart of lightning."

The subject of our sketch was born near Mallow, county Cork, and is now in his 67th year. He was educated at the Irish College in Paris, that nursery of many an Irish ecclesiastical politician. Having passed with distinction through the usual course of studies, he was appointed to a professorship in the College of Messin, in Belgium. He soon after proceeded to Rome, entered the Irish College there, and also attended the lectures at the Roman University. His three years' career in the city of the Popes was of much brilliancy; he captured two gold medals, and took the degree of Doctor of Divinity. A year after winning these distinctions he was ordained priest, and returned to Ireland. He then entered Carlow College as Professor of Rhetoric, and again went back to his Alma Mater, the Irish College in Paris, where he was engaged in teaching theology. In 1849 he returned to his native diocese, and was attached to the parish of Charleville, county Cork, until 1858 when he was appointed President of St. Colman's College, Fermoy. This important position Dr. Croke filled with honour to himself and benefit to his Church for seven years. He was then appointed to the pastoral charge of Doneraul and Chancellor of the diocese of Cloyne. Five years later, in 1870, he was selected by the Roman Pontiff to fill the vacant bishopric of Auckland, New Zealand. He returned to Ireland fifteen years ago on his promotion to the Archbishopric of Cashel, and during that time has played an important part in the affairs of the country. No other member of the Roman Catholic Episcopacy in Ireland is so popular with the people; none other displays less the ecclesiasticism of his high office. He is as sincere a politician as he is an earnest Churchman. Archbishop Croke is a stately figure, tall and well-proportioned, with a face fresh and hardy some. In manner he is frank and genial; and, having been fond of athletics in his prime, he is to-day as vigorous as the

youngest ecclesiastic in his diocese. He resides in Thurles, a little market town, with a mediæval air, situated in the heart of Tipperary. There is no mistaking the ecclesiastical centre of the Archdiocese of Cashel, grouped, as it is, with scholastic, religious, and historic buildings. Next to the Archbishop's house is a beautiful Byzantine-Romanesque Cathedral, which has been justly styled the most exquisite gem of ecclesiastical architecture in Ireland. Immediately opposite is the Diocesan Training College, an imposing building, worthy of a metropolitan city. Dr. Croke is not an admirer of the literature of the day, and he holds rather unorthodox views about books. He does not see much need of, or any great good that can come from, most of our modern publications, excepting always those of a purely scientific, statistical, or matter-of-fact character. The mountain of dissertation, speeches, rhymes, reviews, essays, romances, and so forth, that have seen the light since he became of an age to read them, are not of much value in his eyes. The Archbishop himself has never given any publication to the world, and never troubled the printers beyond writing an occasional preface for some religious work. Ah yes! we remember, he has once published a poem. He has no patience with those who find everything that is bad in amateur theatricals and in the amusements of the people generally. He rails at those young men who affect the fashionable promenades of town and city, instead of straightening their backs on the athletic field, and on one occasion gave vent to his feelings by tuning out a song in which he satirized the "masher," to the tune of Father Prout's "Groves of Blarney." Regarding the study of Irish history, he says he could never bear to read such a cheerless chronicle. He is of opinion that it is infinitely better to make history, even in a small way, than to read or write folios about it.

We would advise the Rev. Clergy, Nuns, and our readers generally, when they are requiring Church Ornaments or Religious articles to write our call on Desaulnier Bros. & Co., Montreal, for Catalogue and Price List.



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JOHN FOY, MANAGER.



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OF

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LIST OF PRIZES.

1 Real Estate worth	\$5,000	5,000
1 do	2,000	2,000
1 do	1,000	1,000
1 do	500	2,000
10 Real Estate	300	3,000
30 Furniture sets	200	3,000
60 do	100	6,000
200 Gold Watches	50	10,000
1,000 Silver Watches	10	10,000
1,000 Toilet Sets	5	5,000
2,367 Prizes worth		\$50,000.00
TICKETS		\$1.00

It is offered to redeem all prizes in cash, less a commission of 10 per cent. Winners, names not published unless specially authorized:
A. A. AUDET, secretary,
Offices, 19 St. James street, Montreal, Can

The Province of Quebec Lottery

AUTHORIZED BY THE LEGISLATURE

For public purposes such as Educational Establishment and large Hall for the St. John Baptist Society of Montreal.

MONTHLY DRAWINGS FOR THE YEAR 1890

FROM THE MONTH OF JULY

July 9, August 13, September 10, October 8, November 12, December 10.
SECOND MONTHLY DRAWING, AUGUST 13 1890.

3134 PRIZES

WORTH \$52,740.00

CAPITAL PRIZE

WORTH \$15,000.00

TICKET, . . . \$1.00

11 TICKETS for \$10.00

Ask for circulars.

LIST OF PRIZES.

1 Prize worth	\$15,000	\$15,000.00
1 " "	5,000	5,000.00
1 " "	2,500	2,500.00
1 " "	1,250	1,250.00
2 " "	250	1,000.00
5 " "	250	1,250.00
25 " "	50	1,250.00
100 " "	25	2,500.00
250 " "	15	3,000.00
500 " "	10	5,000.00
Approximation Prices.		
100 " "	25	2,500.00
100 " "	15	1,500.00
100 " "	10	1,500.00
100 " "	5	4,950.00
100 " "	5	4,950.00

3134 Prizes worth \$52,740.00

S. E. LEFEBVRE, MANAGER,
81 St. James St., Montreal Can.

The Father Mathew Remedy



The Antidote to Alcohol found at Last!

A NEW DEPARTURE

The Father Mathew Remedy

Is a certain and speedy cure for Intemperance and destroys all appetite for alcoholic liquor. The day after a debauch, or any intemperance indulgence, a single teaspoonfull will remove all mental and physical depression.

It also cures every kind of FEVER, DYSPEPSIA, and TORPIDITY OF THE LIVER when they arise from other causes than intemperance. It is them powerful and wholesome tonic ever used.

When the disease is strong one bottle is enough; but the worst cases of chlorosis, remens do not require more than three bottles for a radical cure.

If you cannot get from your druggist the pamphlet on Alcohol its effect on the Human Body and intemperance as a Disease, it will be sent free on writing to.

S. Lachance, Druggist, Sole Proprietor
1588 and 1540 Catherine st., Montreal

TORONTO POSTAL GUIDE. During the month of August 1890, mails close and are due as follows:

	Clos.		Dce.	
	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.
G. T. R. East	6.00	7.30	7.45	10.30
O. and Q. Railway	7.30	7.45	8.00	9.00
G. T. R. West	7.00	3.20	12.40	7.40
N. and N. W.	7.00	4.10	10.00	8.10
P. G. and B.	6.30	3.45	10.40	9.00
Midland	6.30	3.30	12.30	9.30
C. V. R.	6.00	3.20	11.20	9.35
G. W. R.	6.00	4.00	10.30	7.30
	11.30	9.30	3.20	
U. S. N. Y.	6.00	4.00	9.00	5.45
	11.30	9.30	10.30	11.00
U. S. West States	6.00	9.30	9.00	
	12.00		7.20	

English mails will be closed during August as follows: August 4, 6, 7, 11, 13, 14, 18, 20, 21, 25, 27, 28

FITS Send at once for a FREE BOTTLE and a valuable Treatise. This remedy is a sure and radical cure and is perfectly harmless as no injurious drugs are used in its preparation. I will warrant its cure

EPILEPSY OR FALLING SICKNESS
In severe cases where other remedies have failed. My reason for sending a free bottle is: I want the medicine to be its own recommendation. It costs you nothing for a trial, and a radical cure is certain. Give Express and Post Office Address:

H. G. ROOT M. C., 180 West Adelaide St. Toronto, Ont.

The Great Secret of the Canary Breeders of the World. **MANNA BIRD** Manna features song to cage birds and preserves them in health. Sold by mail. Sold by druggists. Directions free. **World Food Co., 400 N. 45th St., Phila., Pa.**

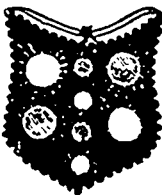


CLIMAX OF ABSORPTION

A CURE

WITHOUT MEDICINE.

Our appliances act as perfect Absorbents by destroying the germs of disease and removing all Impurities from the body.



All diseases are successfully treated by CORRESPONDENCE, as our goods can be applied at home.

STILL ANOTHER NEW LIST.

Senator A. E. Botsford, Sackville, advises everybody to use Actina for failing eyesight.
Miss Laura Grose, 166 King w., Granulated Eye Lid; cured in 4 weeks.
Rev. Chas. Hole, Halifax, is happy to testify to the benefits received from Butterfly Belt and Actina.
A. Rogers, tobacconist, Adelaide west, declares Actina worth \$100.
Miss Flora McDonald, 21 Wilton Ave., misses a large lump from her hand of 13 years standing.
S. Floyd, 119 1/2 Portland st., Liver and Kidneys and Dyspepsia cured.
G. R. Glassford, Markdale, Sciatica and Dyspepsia cured in 6 weeks; 15 years standing.
Mrs. McKay, Ailsa Craig, after suffering 13 years, our Sciatica Belt cured her.

Mrs. J. Swift, 87 Agnes st., Sciatica for years, perfectly cured in 6 weeks.
Chas. Cosens, P.M., Trowbridge, general Nervous Debility, now enjoys good health.
Thomas Bryan, 371 Dundas st., general Debility, improved from the first day, now perfectly cured.
Wm. Cole, G.T.R., fireman, cured of Liver and Kidney troubles.
A. E. Colwell, engraver, city, Rheumatism in the knees, cured.
J. A. T. Ivy, cured of nightly emissions in 6 weeks.
Your Belt and Suspensory cured me of Impunity, writes G. A.
Would not be without your Belt and Suspensory for \$50, says J. McG.
For General Nervous Debility your Butterfly Belt and Suspensory are cheap at any price.

"H. S." says Emissions entirely ceased. Have not felt so well in 20 years. THESE LETTERS ON FILE.

CATARH Impossible under the influence of Actina. ACTINA will cure all Diseases of the Eye. Given on 15 days trial.

Combine Belt and Suspensory only \$5. Cure certain. No Vinegar or Acids used.

Mention this Paper. Illustrated Book and Journal FREE.
W. T. BAER & CO., 171 Queen st. West, TORONTO, ONT.



ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

A creation of Tartar Baking Powder. Highest of all in leavening strength. - U. S. Government Report, Aug 17, 1889.

Dominion Line Royal Mail STEAMSHIPS SUMMER SEASON.

Liverpool Service Sailing Dates From MONTREAL, From QUEBEC.

*Sarnia	Thur. July 17	
*Oregon	" " 21	
Dominion	" " 31	
Vancouver	Wed. Aug. 6	Thur. Aug. 7th
Toronto	Thur. " 14	

Bristol Service, for Avonmouth Dock. SAILING DATES. FROM MONTREAL.

Idhao	July 19th
Ontario	" 31st

Rates of passage per S. S. "Vancouver" Cabin \$60, to \$80. Return \$100 to \$140, according to accommodation. By all other Steamers \$10 and \$20, according to accommodation in three and two berth rooms. Return \$20 and \$30. Intermediate \$30. Return \$30. Steerage \$20. Return \$10.

*These Steamers have Saloon, State-rooms, Music room and Bath-rooms, and ships, where but little motion is felt, and carry therein-Cattle or Sheep.

G. W. TORRANCE, DAVID TORRANCE & Co
18 Front St. W Gen. Agts. Toronto. Montreal & Portland

ALLAN LINE

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT, 1890.

Reduction in Cabin Rates

Liverpool, Londonderry, Montreal and Quebec Service.

STEAMER	From Montreal At Daylight	From Quebec 9 a.m.
Parisian	30 July	31 July
Circassian	13 August	14 August
Sardinian	20 "	21 "
Polynesian	27 "	28 "
Parisian	3 Sep.	4 Sept.
Circassian	17 "	18 "
Sardinian	24 "	25 "

RATES OF PASSAGE.

Montreal or Quebec to Liverpool. Cabin, from \$15.00, to \$20.00, according to accommodation. Intermediate, \$20. Steerage, \$20.00. Return Tickets, Cabin, \$25.00 to \$30.00.

Passengers are allowed to embark at Montreal, and will leave Toronto on the Tuesday Mornings Express, or if embarking at Quebec, leave on the Wednesday Morning Express.

H. BOURLIER,

GENERAL WESTERN AGENT

Corner King and Yonge Street TORONTO

SUNLIGHT SOAP

12 OZ TABLETS

\$5000 Reward!

LEVER BROS., TORONTO.

WHOSE PERSON WHO CAN PROVE THAT THIS SOAP, MANUFACTURED BY THEM AT THEIR WORKS, PORT SUNLIGHT ON MERSEY, CONTAINS ANY FORM OF ADULTERATION WHATSOEVER, OR CONTAINS ANY INJURIOUS CHEMICALS.

LESS LABOUR & GREATER COMFORT

GUARANTEED PERFECTLY PURE, GENUINE, and FREE from adulteration. All Dealers are authorized to RETURN PURCHASE MONEY to anyone finding cause for complaint.

Canada, France, & America

CONSUMPTION SURELY CURED

TO THE EDITOR:

Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of human cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and Post Office Address. Respectfully, T. A. CLOUM, M.C., 185 West Adelaide St., TORONTO, ONTARIO.

Continuation of the GREAT JULY MARK-DOWN SALE McKEOWN & CO.

During the remainder of this month we will continue our enormous

MARK DOWN SALE

In order to reduce our Stock as much as possible prior to 1st August.

Our sales this month has been unprecedented but there are lots of Goods left yet that must be closed out. We will offer unapproachable bargains in Dress Goods, Silks, Satens, Prints, Ginghams, Table Linens, Sheetings, White Quilts, Lace Curtains, Flannelettes, Tennis Flannels, Check Muslin, Victoria Lawn, India Linens, Skirting and narrow Embroideries, Laces, Handkerchiefs, Corsets, Ribbons, Kid and Silk Gloves and Mitts, Ladies' summer Underware, etc. and also a special purchase of 500 doz. Ladies Balbriggan, Striped Black and Colored Cotton Hose selling 3 pair for 50 cts. this is less than half actual value.

Immense reductions in Jackets, Jerseys Waterproof Cloaks, Parasols, Ladies and Childrens Muslin Underware &c, &c.

Everything as advertised

M'KEOWN & CO. 182 Yonge Street.

W. K. MURPHY
Funeral Director & Embalmer
407 QUEEN ST. WEST TORONTO
Diplomist for Embalming



A NATURAL REMEDY FOR

Epileptic Fits, Falling Sickness, Hysterics, St. Vitus Dance, Nervousness, Hypochondria, Melancholia, Inebriety, Sleeplessness, Dizziness, Brain and Spinal Weakness.

This medicine has direct action upon the nerve centers, allaying all irritability and increasing the flow and power of nerve fluid. It is perfectly harmless and leaves no unpleasant effects.

Our Pamphlet for sufferers of nervous diseases will be sent free to any address, and poor patients can also obtain this medicine free of charge from us.

This remedy has been prepared by the Reverend Pastor Koenig, of Fort Wayne, Ind., for the past ten years, and is now prepared under his direction by the

KOENIG MEDICINE CO.,
60 W. Madison cor. Clinton St., CHICAGO, ILL.
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.
Price \$1 per Bottle. 6 Bottles for \$5.
Agents, Lyman & Co Toronto