

The Catholic Record.

"Christianus mihi nomen est Catholicus vero Cognomen."—(Christian is my Name, but Catholic my Surname).—St. Pacian, 4th Century.

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LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, AUGUST 26, 1905

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IRELAND'S CONDITION.

Ireland's poverty, says a writer in "Pleasant Hours," of Toronto, is due to the Roman Catholic religion. It is useless to ask him how and why the Church is responsible for the poverty which so offended him. But if he knew ought of Ireland's history he would not wonder that its people are poor but that there are any Irish on the planet. Ireland, defeated time and again, betrayed by dastard sons, robbed of books and learning, despoiled of its lands, marked by blood and hunger, and pursued by fire and sword, lives and clings with indomitable tenacity to the faith which has been and is its chief support and consolation. And the tourist who measures religion by dollars and cents, or thinks it is a kind of cash register plus a moral code, taunts it with its poverty, which with impudent ignorance he ascribes to the Church.

Ireland is poor as all apostles are. For it has gone to the ends of the earth, not preaching how to make the dollar but how to be generous and pure. It has not been clothed in purple and fine linen and buried in the hell of materialism. It has been ever the friend of civilization that turns out men. Froude admits that its freedom from vulgar crime and exceptional delicacy and modesty of character were due to their everlasting honor, to the influence of the Catholic clergy. He said in 1872:

"Ireland was one of the poorest countries in Europe; yet there was less theft, less cheating, less house-breaking, less robbery of all kinds than in any country of the same size in the civilized world. Contrast the moral condition of Catholic Connaught with that of Protestant Ulster."

Without going into this subject suffice it to say that the man who keeps his eyes open will find in Catholic Ireland a higher standard of toleration, of mutual charity, of honesty, of purity, than in Protestant England.

THE VICTIM OF INJUSTICE AND INTOLERANCE.

Ireland is poor because she has been the victim of injustice and intolerance. To ascribe this poverty to the character of its religion is a very stupid way of trying to get a verdict of acquittal for the men who made it poor. But their record is on the pages of history. Says Mr. Lester:

"Every cruelty and outrage that can dishonor our nature was perpetrated by the English vampires who infested the land. Cities were sacked, villages burned, women violated, and the helpless and young slaughtered by thousands."

Their lands were confiscated: their priests hunted like wolves: in some towns they were not allowed to live: they could not buy land, or inherit or receive it as a gift: rack-rented as they were, they were compelled to pay tithes to parsons whom they did not want. And Ireland's poverty, we are told, is due to the Roman Catholic religion! No wonder the blood grows hot at this charge made by men whose forebears robbed and murdered Irishmen! Mr. Lester says:

"To describe all the torments wrung from the innocents by rack and torture—to enumerate the robbed and the slain without trial or provocation—it would make the most damning record of national crime ever offered to the horror of man or the justice of God."

SOME OF THE CAUSES.

Our readers know that the English boycotted Irish trades and manufactures. The English markets were shut by law to Irish cattle. The attempt to trade with the continent was promptly repressed by the landlords who evicted many small farmers. The Irish then reared sheep and sent the wool to England, but this also was banned by Parliament. When the Irish made the wool into cloth and sent it to England the British Parliament addressed King William III. in the following fashion:

"Wherefore we humbly beseech your most sacred Majesty, that your majesty would be pleased, in the most public and effectual way that may be, to declare to all your subjects in Ireland that the growth and increase of the woolen manufacture hath long been, and will be ever looked upon with great jealousy by all your subjects of this kingdom, and if not timely remedied may occasion very strict laws totally to prohibit and suppress the same." His sacred Majesty forbade the exportation

of Irish woollens. The English Parliament having done its share, the English landlord began forthwith to exhibit no small skill in the art of oppressing and impoverishing a people. They forced the Irish tenant to pay exorbitant rent, and when he could not pay him he called on the Crown Brigade to give the Irish an object lesson in enlightened civilization. Every improvement of the land by the tenant was rewarded with an increase of rent. For the landlord whose hunting-box and town house, and other things were surely passports to heaven, had to live, and his victims, too, had to keep body and soul together to have tourists taunt them with poverty! The landlord created the famine: and notably in 1847 and '48 amused themselves with evicting tenants who had paid their rents fully.

TESTIMONIES TO ENGLISH MISRULE.

In Dec., 1880, General Gordon bore witness in a letter to the Times to the patient toil of the Irish: He said:

"I believe these people are made as we are: that they are patient beyond belief; loyal but at the same time broken spirited and desperate, living on the verge of starvation in places in which we would not keep our cattle. I am not well off, but I would offer— or his agent £1,000 if either would live one week in one of these poor devil's places and feed as they do."

See the rags and wretched cabins of the thriftless and lazy Irish. What an awful blight this Roman Catholic religion casts upon those who profess it! But note and give thanks for the wealth and intelligence of Protestant Ulster, which is, however, the poorest province except Connaught. But how do we account for the fact that Ireland, with her own Parliament, in the time of Grattan made a rapid advance in commerce and agriculture and manufactures! Lecky says:

"In the last year of the Irish Parliament the material progress was rapid and uninterrupted. In ten years from 1782 the exports were then trebled."

How explain that fact of Irish Catholics winning fame and affluence in Canada and the United States.

We believe that the Irish race is one of the thriftiest and most industrious on the face of the earth. They put value into land that would damn the bravest, and then have their rent increased for their pains. They may be in rags and in wretched cabins, as our friend asserts, but these rags and cabins are testimonies to English misrule.

And as for intelligence Cardinal Newman says in his historical sketches:

"If there be a nation, which in matters of intellect does not want 'protection' to use the political word, it is the Irish. I would be paying a poor compliment to one of the most gifted of nations of Europe did I suppose that it could not keep its ground, that it would not take the lead in the intellectual arena though competition was perfectly open."

ORANGE "LOYALTY."

During the weeks preceding the election we heard glowing tributes to the loyalty of the Orangemen, while admitting this our friends who are conversant with the history of Canada must concede that we have contributed our quota of work and blood to the compacting and upbuilding of Canada. But the statement that Orangemen have been always well-springs of loyalty and valiant defenders of Britain does not square with the truth. We have an idea that they plotted to put the Duke of Cumberland on the throne instead of the late queen. Did not they threaten to kick the queen's crown into the Boyne if Gladstone ran counter to their wishes? And did not Col. Sanderson talk of revolution if Parliament granted Home Rule?

FATHER SWINT'S ASSIGNMENT.

Rev. John Swint, who spent the last year at the Mission House, is now located at Hinton, W. Va. Father Swint has been set aside by the Bishop of Wheeling for missionary work in his diocese and when his work is organized on a diocesan basis he will be one of the best missionaries in the field. His balding head, and while there he earned for himself by his assiduous application to study and duty the highest commendation of his superiors. In the Mission House he was the same exact, devout and earnest student and went forth fully equipped for splendid work in his own diocese. His missionary career will be most fruitful if hard work and assiduous application can secure results. As soon as he settled in Hinton he gave a non-Catholic mission with commendable results. It was his introduction to his townspeople and many have been drawn to the Church by his exposition of its teachings and policies.—The Missionary.

SOPHISMS AND SLANDERS ON IRISH CATHOLICISM.

Some time ago Sir Horace Plunkett wrote a book. This in itself is a fact not to be wondered at. Many people did so. Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe wrote one book which made her famous, and she wrote another which made women blush for her. Sir Horace Plunkett ought to be sorry that he wrote the book of which we speak. He should not of written it, since he is a British official, and the book is controversial in many matters which in one way or another come into relation with the office he holds—or rather, we should say, occupies. Many say his office is more academic than practical; or, in other words, that the Irish people are taxed to enable him to test pet theories of his, in economics, at the public expense. Be this as it may, his office has relation only to things fiscal and material. Despite this fact, the book which he presented the public while so officially occupied deals largely with moral and religious questions, germane in no degree to the matters with which he is called upon to deal or consider. This is why he should not have written the book. No official ought to mount a platform and lecture people upon matters which belong to other authorities to deal with. Such conduct—especially in Great Britain, where there is no such laxity as regards gratuitous meddlesomeness as prevails here—such conduct deserves the strongest condemnation.

This book of Sir Horace Plunkett has given the cue to several minor fry to bark in the same key. Hence we have had Mr. Frank Hugh O'Donnell and Mr. McCarthy vociferating against the Irish Bishops, because, forsooth, too much money is spent by them on church building and too little on education! We have Mr. George Moore charging them with instilling too much virtue into the Irish peasantry. The terrible charge was not original with Mr. Moore. Sir Horace Plunkett had already formulated it, in a milder manner, in his bill of indictment against the hierarchy and clergy of Ireland. This over-zeal for virtue, he postulated, was one of the chief reasons why the Irish peasantry seize the first opportunity where the Divine law of restraint on human passion is enforced with relentless severity!

It is only now that any categorical reply to this strange literary production is put before the public. Many sporadic protests against particular portions of it have found their way into print, but a serious examination of the heads of indictment has been lacking. This want is at length supplied. The Rev. M. O'Riordan, of Maynooth, has picked up the audacious glove, and his blast of defiance is brave and convincing. He is a doctor of philosophy, a doctor of divinity and a doctor of common law in that famous school. His literary work and his learning are not unknown in the United States, for in the Catholic World a good many years ago he began to attract attention, and since then in the American Catholic Quarterly he has given some specimens of his erudition and his literary power. His reply to the Knight's onslaught is entitled "Catholicity and Progress in Ireland" (B. Herder, St. Louis). Portions of it appeared from time to time in various Irish publications. An argument by piecemeal is, however, an unequal method of dealing with a case. As it stands now, Dr. O'Riordan's work is a masterpiece of style. It is the whole subject, showing both cause and effect, in the past and the present. It is not an effort of eloquence, such as "J. K. L." or John of Tuam would have depended on: it is a work of the severest architecture as to style. It is a mass of figures and facts of stone and iron, so to speak—imposing and durable, as a monument, as a Crown Prosecutor's bill of indictment in an Irish conspiracy charge.

With those writers who have taken their cue from Sir Horace Plunkett on the subject of Irish virtue and clerical crassness Dr. O'Riordan will have

THE HALF SIR

By GERALD GRIFFIN

CHAPTER VI.

Delay the bride? Bid Our friends disperse and keep their mirth un-

The haughty independence of spirit which she loved to indulge, or to affect, returned with more than its accustomed force on the heart of Emily Bury, when she learned that Hamond had finally and fully effected the half marriage which his letter contained.

She should spend some months in a foreign climate, where the air, more tempered and lighter than that of her native land, might agree better with the subdued tone of her constitution.

CHAPTER VII.

Let me know some little joy— We that suffer long annoy— An' our mind will be thought Through an' our woe brought.

We have our own good reasons for requesting that the reader may ask us no questions concerning the occurrences which filled up the time between Hamond's flight and the year preceding that on which our tale commenced.

The friends parted soon after the ceremony, Martha O'Brien setting off with her husband for Munster, and Emily accompanying her lord to the house of his father.

and cord knee-breeches, old brown hat and dark striped woolen waistcoat, and making it sufficiently manifest by his odd staring manner and raw questions that he was a passenger, and a stranger to the part of the country by which he was sailing.

"Put down your rudder a taste, Bat," said the former to the man at the helm. "I see a squall comin'."

"Why, then, I see now," said the boatman, assuming at once a manner of greater frankness and good will, "that you are a real Irishman after all, be your taking a joke in good parts."

"To this query, the passenger in the brown coat only answered by casting a furtive glance towards a small square hole and trap-door in the fore-castle deck, out of which the wreaths of smoke which were issuing, showed it to be a substitute for that apartment which is termed the cabin in more stately vessels.

On the fore-castle of one of the Galway hookers, a tight-built little vessel, which, by the smallness of its bends, its greyhound length, and gunwale distinguished by a curve inward (technically called a famke home) was enabled to bear a heavier sea and make a much faster progress than the other open boats of the river—on the fore-castle of such a vessel, two men were placed: one, who belonged to the boat, as appeared by his blue breeches jacket ornamented with rows of horn buttons, coarse canvas trousers, red comforter, battered and bludgeoned with a bit of linden cloth, and the about with a bit of linden cloth, and the other seated on a hat band; the other seated on the fluke of the anchor, in a thread bare brown coat

face, as the smoke penetrated his eyes, and assaulted those unmeasurable apertures above the mouth, which, in this age of refinement, it may suffice to indicate by an allusion to the organ of smell.

"The taste of smoke is convenient such a night as last night was," said the boatman. "See how your friend likes it."

"Why, then, I see now," said the boatman, assuming at once a manner of greater frankness and good will, "that you are a real Irishman after all, be your taking a joke in good parts."

"O, the same to be sure—and a great gentleman, too, only he's not a Milysian like meself."

"Wasn't it a queer place for him to take—a man that I see having money so flush about him—a place in the cabin of a hooker, in place of a berth like any responsible man in the reg'lar packet?"

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back from the trap-door, making a wry

about the old 'oman, and the rest of 'em. Well, I'm maken a long story of 'em, they come to the king, the two of 'em, an' siz Congcullion, 'Now where's this woman, siz he, 'or what an I to do with her, and sure it's a droll thing to be senden all the ways to Kerry for a gorsen like meself to fight an old hag, siz he. 'There she is in the air out fronte you, and what should he see above only a quern stone, like that they uses in grinden the whate, and the hag sitted up upon it, and shooten down arrows through the hole in the middle at the king's man, an' she flyen about that way be magic art in the air above."

"The passenger replied to this observation by looking unusually wise, as if for the purpose of affording, by a counter-indication, a clue to the cause of his 'friend's' peculiar opinions, and by touching his forehead mysteriously with his finger.

"Why then 'tis in a great measure true for you—but still an' all it's a great thing for 'em to mane well any way, bekays be that mains there's hopes they'll be set right one time or another you see."

"O yethen, there is. But I'd be sorry there was a little hole of our comen safe to shore this holy mornin'."

"While this conversation passed between the politicians, the bad weather which had been threatened by the appearance of the morning, began to make its word good. A small hand-some-ly rigged sloop was the only vessel that seemed likely in point of speed, with the hooker, which last, as it appeared, was a sailer of high reputation on the river, and the trial of force, which presently took place between them, attracted the interest of those who manned the mere unambitious craft.

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and many of them were observed lowering their peaks and running to the anchoring places near shore—while others, with sails reefed close, and pressing from the height of their turf the bottom upwards, struggled on slowly, battling their way by inches against the heading wind, and steeping three rows of the turf which covered the leeward gunwale in the heaving brine.

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thing can prevent terrible now!" "Can't you stop 101 at Kew asked Jim, although he knew able reply. "No operator there! Per suddenly sick to-day."

"The boy started train rattling one hundred yards the tank one hundred yards station down from a box car, 'Who's pulling you to nig 'Riley?'"

"Dan Riley? What's he doing you? I thought it was way that train dashed in an 'Why, there was a lot ishable stuff, and all the were out. Dan Riley and they nabbed him with wheeler."

"Jim rushed down the shouted: 'Riley, come to quick! Have your fireman to pull out, and I'll have he while we get orders!'"

"Riley told his fireman ready and then ran the office. He himself raced foot. To the wondering crew at the office, Jim explained Just as he had finished, a in half dressed carrying case."

"Riley, there's no time to stop! You must be Here are the other do now! Somehow I feel a going to take a way out of In reply, Riley turned man: 'Ned, I'm going to 101 before she gets to Wh You needn't go unless you can fire and run her, too. You doctors who ain't must be prepared for the trip you ever took! T hundred people on the only way to save them catch that Limited—and flying to-night!'"

As he talked he was engine, the others inst following. Dan, Ned and tors silently got into the placed the doctors who hold on and not be in just behind him, one st apron between the top and holding on to the right-hand side, and the same position on the left hand side. The great m ticking the news to beac The steam-gauge pounds, and Ned began coal. Riley slowly pul open and threw his lev the engine fairly low for sparks over the telegra seemed to gather hers plunge into the night. As the steam whi gently pulled on his th his lever a notch, g her steam as the pist in and out faster and an incarnate force for in silhouette against thrown back from the doctors stared at t they felt an awe crop The bell kept ringi Ned was shoveling co hot throat of the iron few seconds of the tr appeared like two cr mess through which light from unknown d He pulled his lever quarter notch, drew to the last cog, and l It showed one hund pounds, and the popu The time was no Many farm houses sh their windows, and c people heard the shrieking whistle an pop-valves, and rem Limited has just gon By the time the o Sandy bridge, the si so fast that they l only up and down, a peared like giant solid iron. To keep upright with all their streng and lurching every opened mouth, th black that was str serve as a reflect faces and forms of venturing against sudden death. Suddenly Ned po and began shoveli Riley pulled his t cog, and the machi pulling leap. Ne two red end light deeper, but they and the Limited w of more than fifty Southern Pacific ballasted and sm country, but it w night. The pursers k fifty miles, and r that flying train White's smiles sh floor; the nick w not be kept in stand up and h

DAN RILEY'S WILD RIDE.

WM. A. BOWEN.

The crimson glare of the semaphore at Welmer made but a faint glimmering pathway through the cold mist, and a halo shone around the light inside the office window. It was the only light office between Seguin and Schulerberg. An all-night man had to be kept there because there was an up grade over two miles long just west of the depot. Here heavy freight trains were frequently stalled, and had to roll back and beyond the station to take a header for the hill and force the grade."

The east-bound "Sunset Limited" was known to the trainmen as No. 101. It stopped only at county seats or at large towns that were intersected by other roads or at telegraph offices when signaled for special orders. This did not often occur, especially when the train was late, for its time was very fast and delay was difficult to make up.

So when Jim Byrd, the night operator at Welmer, heard 101 slowing up without his having received any order for her, he ran out with his lantern to see what was wanted. The big mogul-engine came to a sudden stop in front of the office, with all brakes down hard, pulling and whoezing, the air pumps groving to full capacity and the pop-valves blowing off with the sound of a tornado. The engineer leaned out of his cab, and the conductor rushed up the platform.

"Wnow! She's pretty hot!" said Byrd. "She's got to be to reach Huston on time. Worse than that, we've got to pass 83 at Schulerberg, unless you've got orders. They told us to stop here unless you told us to pass Got any orders for us?" This was all said by the conductor in a loud, quick voice.

"No," answered Jim. "I guess they forgot to tell me to signal you to go by, as I heard the clicker at Seguin saying for you to go ahead and make up lost time unless signaled down here."

"Way in thunder didn't they have you give us the white light then? grove by the engineer, grasping his lever and waiting for the conductor to swing on to the main car. Then the great machine started east with puff that told of an angry engineer, and the white glare from the furnace plowed a pathway of light far up the track. Jim went in, sat at his desk and began to nod, with his hand on the key, so as to be easily aroused if called. The rear end lights of the departing train were still to be made out vaguely in the light fog, when Jim was roused as if by a blow. The key was conveying to him in its mysterious way the excitement thrilling from the nerves of the sender. Jim was awake in an instant, and with horror he rapidly wrote down the following from the despatcher's office: "Signal 101 for orders! Tell him to pass 83 at White's switch! Letter him not stop! Hold 71 at bridge siding until all others are clear! His order delayed by accident in 101 had had time to get here yet," thought Jim. "How she goes just by the bridge siding now!" Shocked though he was at the thought of the collision that was imminent, Jim lost no time, but tickled headquarters the exact situation, and asked if an engine could not be sent out of Schulerberg to overtake 83 which could not be far from there. The reply was worse than the first message: "No engine fired up at Schulerberg! Charley had stroke of paralysis at key; no one knew it until wired you. That caused delay in orders. Have doctors ready to take engine of 71 as soon as she comes and go down to wreck. No-

