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The Catholic Weekly Review.

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

Reddite quæ sunt Casaris, Casari; et quæ sunt Dei, Deo.—Matt 22: 21.

Vol. III

Toronto, Saturday, Nov. 2, 1889.

No. 37

CONTENTS.

NOTES.....	593
FROM THREE RIVERS.....	Lorraine 594
CATHOLICS AND THE CATHOLIC PRESS.....	L. W. Reilly 594
THE O'DONOGHUE.....	595
THOMAS DAVIS.....	Thos. Francis Meagher 597
CHARGES AGAINST CARDINAL MANNING.....	598
EDITORIAL—	
Archbishop Walsh.....	600
The O'Donoghue.....	600
An Offensive Publication.....	600
The Cronin Case.....	601
The Logic of Events.....	601
A Change in Opinion.....	601
A Visit to Cardinal Manning.....	602
Closing of Hamilton Mission.....	603
Correspondence.....	609
Canadian Church News.....	603
Catholic and Literary Notes.....	603

Notes.

Mgr. Bosse, Vicar Apostolic of Labrador, telegraphs that the distress among the people there is very great, and that unless assistance is rendered before the close of navigation their condition during the winter will be deplorable. The results of the fishing season have been extremely poor, and already wide-spread destitution prevails. It is very desirable, therefore, that steps should be taken to prevent absolute famine during the winter, by at once forwarding a supply of provisions. Consignments can be made to Mgr. Bosse, Pointe aux Esquimaux, Labrador.

Some of the comic papers have been twitting Her Majesty on having transferred her affections from Scotland to Wales, and one picture represents her as being as skilful in touching the chords of the Welsh harp as in eliciting the music of the pibroch. "It is a pity," says the *Montreal Gazette*, commenting upon the relations of the Sovereign towards her Irish subjects, "that the Queen could not be induced to give Ireland a small share in the distribution of her favours. Absentee landlordism used to be one of the grievances of Irish tenants. They have got over their yearnings on that head, and now they would not ask better, we are told, than to have absenteeism made the law and its violation a punishable offence. But there are still some loyal people in Ireland who would enjoy an occasional glimpse of the august lady to whom they owe allegiance. The Irish are as warm-hearted as their brother Celts of Cambria or Scotia, and would be glad to have an opportunity of entertaining their sovereign. Yet the Queen turns persistently away from them, gives her daughters and granddaughter to Scotchmen, smiles upon the shepherds and the goatherds of the Scottish and Welsh Highlands and shows no aversion to even continental homage. Ireland only sees the graciousness of majesty through the reflected splendors of a lord-lieutenant. Moore once wrote an apologue of a charming rambler—a sort of fairy queen, but it was before Elizabeth's time—who won the heart of Erin by trusting in it. English statesmen might, though it would require some tact to do so without offence, submit it humbly to Her Majesty."

A short time ago we related—by way of recalling the outcry which was raised a few years ago in this city on account of the Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario having entertained Cardinal Taschereau at dinner—a somewhat similar incident which the Earl of Hopetown, the lately appointed Governor of Victoria had been made to undergo. It appeared that the new Governor, though since 1887 he has borne the sounding title of Her Majesty's High Commissioner to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, was a man by no means unsympathetic or unfriendly withal towards Roman Catholics. Allied by blood to a number of Catholics, he had on more than one occasion excited the hostile criticism of Presbyterian bigots. The last occasion was in July last, when he invited the Catholic Archbishop of Edinburgh to dine at Holyrood—an attention which filled a reverend gentleman named Primmer, with anguish, and caused him to cry out that it was the first time since the Reformation that Anti-Christ had been so complimented.

The soul of this Reverend Mr. Primmer has been harrowed up again. The *Dunfermline Press* in a late number gives the following news item:

In his church at Townhill, Dunfermline, on Sunday the Rev. Jacob Primmer requested the special prayers of his congregation on behalf "of the Queen, that she might be delivered from the evil influence of the ex-Empress of France, who was following Her Majesty (he said) like an evil spirit." No sooner did the Queen go to Balmoral than this bigoted Papist went to Abergeldie, and only last Sunday Her Majesty paid her a visit.

It will be observed that even Royalty has its inconveniences. But whatever restrictions it may be desirable to place upon the power of Her Majesty, yet even the most republican of persons, we are of opinion, would be disposed to permit her the simple and natural liberty of choosing her own friends and guests. One thing we will say, however, for Mr. Primmer, and that is that he appears to be a much more reasonable person than his predecessor, the chivalrous Knox. Knox, he will remember, denounced "the monstrous regimen of women," and taught the lawfulness of assassinating a monarch if a Papist.

As will be seen by advertisement elsewhere, the Bazaar in aid of the new Church of St. Paul's in this city, will be opened on Monday, the 18th inst. The grand structure to which the proceeds of the Bazaar will be applied, is fast approaching completion, and will be "a sermon in stone" unto all time of the energy and zeal of the Rt. Rev. Bishop O'Mahony, and the clergy of St. Paul's, and the devotion and faith of their people. The new church, which has been fully described in these columns, is a beautiful specimen of Italian architecture of the severely classic style of the seventeenth century. It will be a source of pleasure to our readers, we feel sure, to do what they can by making the Bazaar a success, help to complete a great and good undertaking.

FROM THREE RIVERS.

To-day is the feast of St. Ursula, and in the old white monastery, built by Bishop St. Vallier of holy memory, the cloistered pupils of the Ursulines are holding high carnival. This ancient educational establishment, with its splendid record and its "long descent," is doing good service in this part of the Province of Quebec. One can easily distinguish the pupils of the Ursulines by their composed and graceful deportment, by the thoroughness of their acquirements, and by their excellent pronunciation of English, this latter trait is the more remarkable in that the tongue of the Anglo-Saxon is not the mother tongue of many of their instructresses, and that the very excellent English which one hears spoken by the daughters of St. Angele, in Three Rivers is the result of careful study, combined with a natural aptitude for languages on the part of *les dames Ursulines*.

Three Rivers is rich in Communities. Up at the 'op of the Rue Ste. Julie stands a magnificent hospital, presided over by the devoted Sisters of Providence. Here the sick are tenderly nursed back to health, the aged and infirm are cared for, orphans are trained in the path of virtue, and poor little foundlings are rescued from misery and death. In connection with this convent is a large and beautiful chapel, in which the Rev. Pere Pichou, S. J., has just preached a most successful and well attended retreat to the married ladies of the town, "*Les Dames Charitables*." These ladies well deserve their name, for I am told that the hospital owes its existence to their unceasing efforts in the cause of charity.

Opposite to the hospital is the Seminary, an imposing building, the home of three hundred persons, priests, ecclesiastics, students, and servants all told. It was a beautiful sight yesterday morning, to see the entire alumni of this college, headed by their band, march to the quay and embark on board of the ferry steamer for Cap de la Magdeleine. This pilgrimage is an annual affair. Every October these young votaries of the Blessed Virgin go on the Feast of her Purity to offer her their homage in the little church which was built on the Cape in 1714, and which succeeded the one that, many years prior to that date, the early Jesuit Fathers had "*basty sur un Cap*." In this first church a Confraternity of the Holy Rosary was canonically established in 1694. It exists, and every day of this golden October its members at the feet of Mary Immaculate, implore her protection for the Father of Christendom.

But all this is far from another Community of Three Rivers of which I wish to tell the readers of the Review. Away back of the town, where the Seminary grounds lose themselves in a dark sweet scented grove of pine and spruce, stands a small, white, two-storied house. A strange covered entrance hall runs out to meet the sidewalk. Above the door of this is emblazoned in scarlet and white the arms of the Commissariat of the Holy Land, and an inscription in letters of flaming red announces that this is the "Commissariat de Ferre Sainte."

Entering, the visitor finds himself in a hall on either side of which is a double row of precious old engravings—gems of the skill of artists of ye olden time. Each of these represents a saint of the Order of St. Francis of Assisium, below are two plain deal kneeling benches, and above, on a white ground, runs the legend, in scarlet letters, "All ye holy Saints of the Order of St. Francis, pray for us." The inscription is in French and reads "*Saints et Saintes*," which sets forth the superior explicitness of the tongue of the Gaul for in English we could scarcely, no matter how literal we might wish to be, say "Saints and Saintesses" pray for us!

Mounting a few steps at the far end of the corridor you ring a little bell, and the door is opened by a Franciscan Father for this is a Franciscan Monastery and the loved brown habit of the Recollet is once more seen in the Province of Quebec.

There are as yet but three in this little Community—two Fathers and a lay Brother; their missions is to preach missions, to have charge of the various congregations of the Third Order of St. Francis, and to collect the monies subscribed for the pious work of caring for and protecting the

sacred places, hallowed by our divine Saviour's footprints—the sanctuaries of the Holy Land. The Superior is the Rev. Pere Frederic, already well known in Canada.

In the spring time of the year, when the buds of the red blossoms of July were forming on their stems, when the summer was dawning, and the daughters of Mary were telling their beads in the sweet May evenings, there came here from St. Hyacinthe a holy and devoted band of religious women, the Nuns of the Precious Blood. Settling down in handsome house, donated to them by the mother of one of their number, they began their devoted life of intercession and reparation in the old town of Three Rivers. Their exquisite little chapel, with its beautiful altar, and its two fine paintings of St. Agnes and St. Catharine of Sienna, is already the favourite retreat of many a pious soul, and here in the gloaming, during this month of the rosary, the public are privileged to recite their beads with the nuns and to share in the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, which is daily imparted by the Rev. Chaplain. To this little chapel, on the 15th of October, came the Bishop of Three Rivers, who, in the presence of a kneeling crowd which extended from the sanctuary to the entrance gate of the Monastery, formally opened the novitiate and admitted to the band of lovely nuns who, in their white and scarlet robes, knelt in their lattice guarded choir, three chosen souls who wish to consecrate themselves to the adoration of the Precious Blood.

While on the subject of matters religious in Three Rivers, I would like to say a word of a painting which has lately been executed here, for veneration in the chapel of the Seminary. The painting, which is life size, represents the vision of St. Francis of Assisium when our Lord bent down from the Cross to embrace him. The artist, Mr. Desiro Mattheu, a young man, and a native of Three Rivers, has certainly produced in this one of his first large studies—a work of which he need not be ashamed. The figure of St. Francis is admirably drawn, the face is most life like and devotional.

In Mr. Mattheu's studio there is also a portrait of Monseigneur La Fleche, which is not yet finished, but which promises to be one of the best, if not the very best, likenesses yet executed of that prelate in his later years. The studies in crayon and pencil which hang on the walls, show that Mr. Mattheu, unlike most artistic aspirants of the present day, gavelis mind to drawing before he attempted to paint.

It is to be hoped that the proceeds of his brush will soon enable him to go abroad and receive the thorough artistic training for the reception of which, nature has so admirably fitted him.

LORRAINE.

Three Rivers, P.Q., 21st October, 1889.

CATHOLICS AND THE CATHOLIC PRESS.

Catholic newspapers have few readers among Catholic men. Their best friends are the clergy and the women. If they depended for their support upon the laymen, they would all fail.

When a man is asked to subscribe for a religious journal, he usually replies: "I have no time to read it," or, "There's nothing in it."

Ask any ten men, into whose homes a Catholic paper goes regularly, why they buy it, and nine of them will answer, each for himself: "I take it because my wife likes to read it," or, "I subscribe for it for the sake of the children," or, "I get it because Father Blank told me to."

Why do the men not read religious journals? The blame lies, first, with the men; then, with the papers themselves.

The indictment that may be framed against the men for neglect of the church press has three counts:

1. Men are indifferent to religion. They are worldly. Their heart is in their business. Therefore the news in the Catholic papers doesn't interest them.

2. Men are most sensitive to reproof. They hate to be told of their faults, or to be reminded of their duties. On this account they avoid the religious journals, which contain articles on the wickedness of sin, the necessity of confession, the obligation of penance, the shortness of life, the terrors of hell, and other fundamental doctrines of Christianity.

3. Men are contented with the religious news which they find in the daily papers. These reports are generally inaccurate and always untrustworthy, but the careless Catholic men are satisfied with them.

The reasons why the Catholic papers are not read by the men are :

1. They are poorly edited. As they are not officially maintained by the Church, and are meanly supported by the people, they are not able to pay for the services of first-class men; writers, for example, who would be entrusted with the direction of any of the great secular journals; consequently the rule of "poor pay, poor preach," obtains among them. With but few exceptions they are published by men who have not sufficient capital to properly conduct them under the conditions that confront them, and they are edited by men who have not distinguished themselves in literature.

It is true that the Catholic press in the United States has had and has in its service a few men of conspicuous ability. Among the dead are Brownson, MacMasters, and Hickey. They were men of genius, and they were exceptional. They had a vocation to serve the Church in journalism, and they consecrated their lives to its cause. Their devotion was chivalrous. But their work was unrewarded, and passed without proper appreciation. They died poor. Had they sought adequate pecuniary compensation for their labor, they would have been compelled to leave religious journalism. In their disinterestedness, they have some successors to-day at work on the Catholic papers, men of faith, who look for their recompense to the next life.

But what lost to the Catholic press the pens of Girard and Hazard? What kept John Gilmory Shea editing a flash story-paper for years? What drove Maurice Francis Egan from the sanctum tripod to the pedagogues chair?

Of course, while money is not the highest object which men may seek, the husband and father is under obligation to provide for those dependent on him. He is in duty bound to ask for his labour sufficient to support his family in comparative comfort, and to lay by a fund for the inevitable rainy day. This income he can hardly get from the religious journals. They pay their editors from ten to twenty-five dollars a week. Within that range lies the average salary. It is probably eighteen dollars.

But even the highest remuneration offered by the six strongest Catholic papers is not a just and sufficient wage, for what are twenty-five dollars a week for a gentleman with a wife and four or five children to support in any of our large cities? And this is the rare reward for the Catholic editor who has reached the top rung of the ladder. He has given twelve years to preliminary studies, and, say ten to fifteen years to the practice of his profession. Now, in the full flush of his powers, he has got up as far as he can go, and in future he can do nothing but topple over and fall down as soon as his health breaks under the strain of mental toil. Meanwhile, how much can he save? He has the education of a gentleman. He has his position in the community to uphold. He has his family to support decently. Unless he is willing to live in a tenement-house in some squalid neighbourhood, furnish his table with coarse food, clothe him and his in shabby garments, and enjoy few of the comforts and none of the luxuries, how much of a competence can he amass in New York, or Boston, or Philadelphia, or Cleveland, or Chicago, or San Francisco, out of a weekly income of twenty-five dollars? When would he be able to buy and furnish a home? What chance would he have to educate his sons at college and his daughters at academy? What provision could he make, besides, for his loved ones, to be used in case of his death?

If the half-dozen Catholic editors who get the unusual sum of twenty-five dollars a week, cannot every one make that amount support six or seven persons in a manner becoming their station in life, what is to be said of the wages of the fifty men who get ten or twelve dollars a week? And is it surprising that the Catholic press does not attract and keep the ablest of our college graduates?

Why, a master mechanic will get from thirty to sixty dollars a week, and a doctor or a lawyer who has risen above the second row in either profession, with seven advances in prospect before the head of the procession is reached, will make three

thousand dollars a year; and in secular journalism, the rewards are in proportion to ability, to the value of the work done, and to the number of the years of training. For instance, the managing editor of the *New York Sun* earns seventy-five hundred dollars a year, and the conductor of the *World* gets twice that amount.

2. Catholic papers have little originality. They have no factotum who is editor, reporter, proof reader, and general utility man. They have no regular contributors and no staff correspondents. They are made up mostly of clipping from the *London Tablet*, the *Liverpool Catholic Times*, the *Dublin Freeman's Journal*, and the secular press.

3. Catholic papers contain too much foreign news. They frequently devote more space to European affairs than to happenings in the United States. It is easier to make translations from the *Moniteur de Rome* and *L'Univers* than to write a dozen articles on American questions, it is cheaper to clip columns of matter from the *London Weekly Register*, the *Cork Examiner*, the *New Zealand Tablet*, the *Indo-European Correspondence*, than to purchase reports, descriptions, or essays written by men hereabouts.

Consequently the ruck of Catholic papers have full details of Mgr. Spaghetti's installation as Canon of the Cathedral of Caprera, they contain long extracts from Bishop McNamee's pastoral on proselytism in Commemora, they print a translation of Cardinal Personne's circular about the votive basilica of *La Ricca*, and they devote a half page to an account of the dedication of an asylum for superannuated Maori in Bush town, with a verbatim report of the "eloquent" sermon delivered by His Grace, the Archbishop of No Man's Land.

But which of them had a reporter at the last Plenary Council of Baltimore? Which of them had a representative at the laying of the corner-stone of the Catholic University near Washington? How much space did they give to the Congress of Catholic coloured men? Where did they get their report of the Georgetown College Centenary? How many of them noticed the debate at the last session of Congress over the admission of the Territory of New Mexico into Statehood? They looked at the reports of the Associated Press and the local papers, and from these they cooked up their own chronicles.

4. Catholic papers give too much attention to foreign politics. They drive away Protestant Americans and some Catholic Americans, because of their interminable reports and discussions of Irish affairs and German events. The unsophisticated reader of them might suppose that Home Rule in Ireland was a religious question, or that the Catholic Church was identified in some manner with Emperor Frederick's treatment of Bismark, or Emperor William's lack of respect for his mother.

Catholic papers neglect American public questions. In this country, where it is the duty, as well as the privilege, of the citizens to take part in the government, our journals avoid treating the moral obligations of citizenship. They make no effort to create a Christian public opinion. They are free to denounce political misrule in Europe, but they do not condemn politicians who are guilty of bribery; they do not lash the venal citizen who sells his vote; they do not pillory the campaign manager who purchases "floaters in block of five;" they do not protest against the corporations of manufacturers, mine-owners and railroads that "bulldoze" their employees into voting against their convictions, their interests, and their inclinations. They act as if the axiom of the atheist no religion in politics were an affirmation instead of a denial of the Christian principle that "all authority is from God."

While it would be detrimental to the Church for the Catholic papers to identify it or themselves with any political party, the fact is, that a majority of them have Democratic affiliations, and do not hesitate to let their preferences be seen. This is injurious; as religious journals they should have no political party bias. They should be unfettered to discuss public questions, and, leaving aside the petty squabbles of rival organizations for the spoils of office, they should discuss only those great affairs of state wherein moral issues are involved, unless, indeed, they have to confront happenings whereby Catholic interests are invaded or Catholic rights destroyed.

The Protestant press does not hesitate to form a Protestant

Public opinion. It is not unmindful of its opportunity to consider the platforms of parties, projects of law, national affairs, bills before Congress and the State legislatures, the Mormon question, the evils of divorce, the public schools. It is American of the Americans. It is not preoccupied with foreign interests. To it American questions are of supreme importance.

6. Catholic papers are not made attractive to the men. They contain no articles for sons, brothers, husbands, or fathers, as such. They tickle the clergy with compliments and notices, and they charm the women with stories, poems, fashion items, cooking receipts, and general household hints; but the men look in them in vain for any articles especially for them.

The men do not long for a chapter and a half of a continued story of Irish peasant life; a ten-column sermon on original sin; editorials on the Tenants' League; Boulanger; the price of sauer-kraut in Berlin; delinquent subscribers; a few local paragraphs, the bulk of which appeared in the daily papers five years ago; and a job lot of "patent inside" miscellaneous matter.

What can be done so that the men will read the religious journals?

Convert the men; improve the journals. If the papers were interesting to the men, the men would be interested by them.

First of all, the Catholic papers should be thoroughly Catholic, and, secondly, enthusiastically American.

Cardinal Gibbons is doing a great work for the Church in the United States by impressing his fellow-citizens with his intense Americanism. Hitherto, we have had many foreign-born bishops, with outlandish names, and an exuberant love for their native country, that make them endeavour to keep up old-country customs, cling to foreign habits, and cherish alien ideas. They were saints, great missionaries, unworthy men. This country owes them an everlasting debt of gratitude. In one way, however, their influence was deterrent on the Protestant public: it propagated the idea that the majority of the Catholics in the United States are foreigners; that natives or naturalized, we are not loyal citizens to this republic; and that we are not in love with American customs. That idea the Archbishop of Baltimore is smashing. A native of Maryland, an ardent patriot, an eminent churchman, he loses no opportunity to wave the Star-spangled Banner (God bless it!) and to proclaim his devotion to the institutions of this democracy. Next to his God and the souls of men, he loves his country. He is an American citizen clear through, and he is proud of it. He is serving the Church, when, whether in Rome or Philadelphia or Washington, he lets his admiration for the Constitution be publicly known, for he is furnishing a living refutation of the falsehood that one cannot be at once a genuine Catholic and a true citizen.

None of our papers should hamper his work by their foreign ways.

But with all of them discussing American questions; looking frequently on the brightest side of religion; noticing the progress made in science, music, literature, agriculture, and commerce; meeting with official recognition from the Church; finding some support from the people; and making themselves attractive to every member of every family they visit, they would soon be read by the men.—*L. W. Reilly, in Donahoe's Magazine.*

Rev. James McCallen, S. C., of St. Patrick's church, has been selected as master of ceremonies to the Catholic convention which is to meet in Baltimore next week. The convention will be the most important gathering of Roman Catholics ever held in America. Father McCallen left for Baltimore on Monday.

Those who possess relics of the True Cross will prize them all the more to learn that, in consequence of its present scarceness, the Holy Father has addressed a request to all the bishops throughout the world to leave, by testament, to their successors the relics of the True Cross which they are privileged to possess in their pectoral crosses.

THE O'DONOGHUE

The O'Donoghue of the Glens is dead. Three decades ago that news would have sent a thrill of pain through Ireland. Now it passes almost without remark. A generation has grown up which knows not the once popular Tribune. His figure has long faded from the Irish canvas. For years he has been no more than an echo, a shadow, an outis. When his name was casually turned up men shook their heads and said, "Ah! where is he?" or wondered were he still alive, or lightly remarked that he had married money and disappeared from view.

And now we learn that the chieftain passed away at Ballinacorney Court—the seat of his father-in-law, the late John Ennis, the railway and bank magnate—on Monday last, after a brief illness, in his fifth-sixth year; passed away literally, we mean. He had virtually passed away long, long before—perished for the lack of moral backbone.

There never was a young man who entered public life under more propitious auspices, or who gave more glorious assurance. He was of the line immortalized in legend and song—the line of the white horse of the lakes, of the Knight of Lover's penciling, and no distant relative of O'Connell. His political sponsor was George Henry Moore. He was returned for the premier county—Tipperary—after a contest unexampled in enthusiasm and self-sacrifice. In appearance he was remarkably well-favoured—tall, handsome, and straight as the mountain pine. He was active as a deer, and frank and fearless in bearing. There were stories concerning him which almost invested his personality with a romantic halo—for instance, stories of having run up a Kerry mountain to win a wager from an Englishman, of plucky escapades at Aldershot Camp, of a renowning in imperial Paris such as might only have been expected from one of Dumas' heroes. He was the idol of Ireland, the pet of his younger countrymen and indeed of his fair countrywomen too.

When he stood up in the House of Commons hon. members flocked in to stare at the dishevelled "patriot" with the humbugging ancient title. And lo! instead of a gaunt savage in tattered raiment, grunting ungrammatical gutturals, they were confronted by a faultlessly-dressed gentleman, perfect in manners, and speaking choicest English with ease, precision, and a musical intonation. It was a revelation to them, as it is to some of those vulgar, pretentious Americans who stare at a true Irish patrician as if he were a curiosity.

It was reported that the Irishman in common with the Prince of Wales had his clothes built by Poole, and it was hinted that he was not exactly the fellow to be snubbed or sneered at with impunity. When he threw up his Major's commission in the Kerry Militia, and for being too Irish was deprived of the commission of the peace, the reader may be sure he did not drop out of favour at home.

It was mysteriously whispered that he was the friend of Mitchel and Martin, and strange hopes sprung to life in the bosoms of the more ardent. When the episode of his challenge to Sir Robert Peel occurred, his place was closer than ever to the Irish heart. Of course the duel is an absurdity, an anachronism, and very sinful to boot; but somehow there was a secret joy among the most peaceful of Irishmen that the insolence of the then Chief Secretary had been chastized. This was how it came about: Sir Robert Peel described a meeting in the Rotunda, over which the O'Donoghue had presided, as one of "mannikin traitors." Our countryman sent him a message by Major Gavin, and was referred to Lord Palmerston, who played buffoon for his colleague and brought the quarrel before Parliament as a means of securing peace. *Punch*—at that period the paper was not guided by a delicate-minded wit, but was too often the practise-ground of low Cockney jokers—*Punch* had some satirical verses ending:

Now in the Commons House,
Tame as a beaten spaniel,
Sits The O'Donoghue,
Whose real name is Daniel.

This is how history is written. The cap fitted the other head. It was felt in every West-End club that blood had to be spilled in questions of honour of that kind it was safer to back the man of ancestry than the decedent of the cotton-spinner.

Alas! in matters touching honour of another kind, The O'Donoghue was not so scrupulous. Suffice it that he disappointed his supporters, alienated the confidence of his admiring friends, and lost his hold on the people who at one epoch would have dragged his chariot in triumph. We think he was not wicked so much as weak. Financial embarrassments first set him wrong. Political dry rot subsequently set in, and it may be presumed the Whiggish circle, into which he was plunged by his matrimonial alliance, finished the process of decay. In an active Irish party he became impossible. But he is not to be put into the category of the O'Connor Powers or the "Frank Hughs," or other lesser fry, although we are inclined to look upon them with a certain leniency, the one as a poor devil whose ambition overshot the mark, the other as a dupe of an amusing intellectual conceit. They were mutineers, The O'Donoghue was an accepted leader. Connection with Irish Nationality to him was a social loss, not gain. While physically intrepid he was mentally lymphatic, had not the courage to face poverty, the good sense to retrench instead of "flying kites," or the moral independence to turn with scorn from the counsel of pompous financiers, the covert gibes of a set of haw-haw noodles, or the railery of silly fashionable womankind. And so he gave up to a coterie what was meant for Ireland. The voice which might have inspired the Senate became the oracle of the drawing-room; he who promised to be the Moses to lead his people out of bondage degenerated into the indolent country squire.

Yet somehow we cannot think of The O'Donoghue with enmity. Our feeling is rather that of commiseration. We knew him in his youthful prime amid the misty hills of Tipperary. The last time we met him was in Fleet Street, and intuitively both turned after they had passed a few yards. He had grown portly and iron-grey; there was a wistful recognition in his eyes; a glance, a move, and there would have been an inevitable hand-shake. We half regret now that there was not at least a personal reconciliation. But no, that is the most grievous trial in this tough struggle of ours that the Irish instinct of friendship must be suppressed, and that, as matter of duty we must present our backs to those who have faltered or strayed in the bye-path. Otherwise, there would be no distinction between the O'Donoghues and men with spinal marrow like The O'Gorman Mahon. Still we feel that The O'Donoghue in his inmost soul must have been faithful to his first love, and must have looked back with yearning to the season when the boys gathered in the glen of a summer night, and "the Kerry piper's tuning make them long with wild delight." To think of it, to dream of it, in the words of Molly's song, must have often filled his heart with tears. Alas! for the unredeemed vows, the balked aspirations, the wasted career. And yet, recalling what he once was, what kindly Irishman will refuse to echo "God rest his soul?"—*London Universe*.

THOMAS DAVIS.

Look at that young man. He is about the the middle height; his movements are quick, and indicate the nervous, sanguine temperament. His shoulders are stooped. He carries the habits of the study about him in the streets, and his brain is ever bent over and ahead of his body. As he paces onward, with quickness and intent, it would seem that the legs strove to overtake that something which is passing through his mind. His dress is not over elegant or careful. Get a glimpse at his face and you at once perceive that energy, love, firmness and devotion are stamped there. My friend, Dr. Redfield, the physiognomist, would tell you that great force and affection beamed from that young man's mouth and chin; that strong passions and vigor lay there, and that ostentation played no part in his life-drama; that the nose indicated intellect, and the eyes versatility, activity, and penetration of thought; and, were the hat off, his forehead would present a striking combination of these various faculties and powers. Follow him, if you will, and ere you have left him you will have visited the workshop of the artisan, where he talked of Irish oak for furniture—the studio of the artist,

A Brief but Brilliant Sketch of the Immortal Irish Poet-Patriot by Thos. Francis Meagher.

to whom he has rapidly and brilliantly suggested and grouped a picture from Irish history—the galleries of the Royal Hibernian Academy where he has awakened new beauties in the painted imaginations of Danby, the chivalric groups of MacIose, or the portraits of Burton—the library of Trinity College, where he has consulted an old manuscript and fixed a date—the museum of the Irish Academy, where he has met Dr. Petrie, and with him inspected some newly dug-up Danish or ancient Irish relic—the committee of the Repeal Association, where he throw new and friendly light upon subject of angry debate. Probably he has led you to his editorial room, where he has corrected a handful of proof sheets; visited half-a-dozen book-sellers' shops; and called on William Elliot Hudson, to hear him play over an arrangement of some glorious old Irish airs, which he had recovered from a blind piper in the wilds of Connemara or the glens of Munster.

Ay, to all these places, and many more, will this young man, with the bent shoulders and eager face, lead you; and in all will he exhibit the extensive resources of his intellect in bright, happy suggestions, and from all will he bear away some lesson to be acted on, which other eyes are blind to, and to which other ears are deaf.

In the evening, at MacNevin's house probably, he will meet his literary and political friends, the nucleus of the party afterwards known as "Young Ireland," and suggest to them how best they may supply the wants of Irish Literature, or instigate the life of Irish Manufactures and Arts, by pointing out the exigencies of the one and the necessities of the other as observed by him in his day's inspection. Here parliament will be reviewed, party questions discussed, and Irish policy settled, wit flashed; and the young man with stooped shoulders and eager face will perambulate the streets homewards, the old Irish air ringing through his brain and almost mastering his limbs, until he has found a translation in words of the meaning and melody, which he writes out with little correction, and in next Saturday's *Nation* we find a "Lament for Milesians," or a "Fanny Power," with the well known signature of "The Celt."

And that young man is "The Celt?" Ay, that young man! Would you know more of him? Listen.

Thomas Osborne Davis was born in the year, 1814, at Mallow, in the county of Cork, Ireland. The scenery by which the child is surrounded fills the fancy of the man. We receive impressions then as we do the letters of the alphabet, and they are alike imperishable in our memories; and alike capable of as great variety of grouping and suggestiveness under the guidance of fancy in the one and experience in the other. The scenes of Davis' childhood were well calculated to add to his natural abilities all that was chivalrous, beautiful and national. In his poem entitled "The Rivers," he calls the locality of his birth and childhood, the "Eden of Ireland." Characterising his native Munster Blackwater and its scenery, in contradistinction to the river of the same name which flows through Munster, he has these fine verses:—

"Far kinder the woodlands of rich Connamoro,
And more gorgeous the turrets of saintly Lismore;
There the stream, like a maiden
With love overladen
Pants wild on each shore.
Its rocks rise like statues, tall, stately, and fair,
And the trees, and the flowers, and the mountains, and air,
With Wonder's soul near you
To share with and cheer you.
Make Paradise there."

Within a circle of ten or a dozen miles round the cradle-home of Davis, the air is thick with lay and legend—here hanging like a tattered banner over the castle of the O'Keefes at Dromagh—here muttering through the venerable abbey of Buttevant, or whining, dirge-like, through the ruins of the Augustinian monastery at Ballybeg. Yon Kanturk lifts its remnants of castellated antiquity; and west of Buttevant the ruined castle of Liscarrol has many a crimson tale of the civil wars.

Is there any doubt but that the youth rebuilt those walls in his imagination, besieged or defended them, fought all their battles, and carried with him into his manhood and his public life the victories and glories of his fancy? No doubt, they haunted him like as Shelley says—

"The echoes of an ante natal dream."

In addition to the liberal teaching of the rocks, streams, woods, mountains, and ruins, Davis received a good education, and entered Trinity College, Dublin. Here he read much, devoured books of great variety, and shelves full outside of the college course. He received no distinction, and had but a "moderate reputation for high ability of any kind." "He was not a dull, plodding, blockhead premium-man," says Mitchell. "But," says Dr. Wallis, an early friend and associate, "his powers were like the nucleus of an ambry star uncompressed, unpurified, flickering, and indistinct. He carried about with him huge loads of what other men—most of them statisticians and logicians—had thought proper to assert; but what he thought and felt himself he did not think of putting forward."

Thus he continued reading, feeling and thinking in silence until he was about twenty-eight years in this world, and all that he has given us in song, essay, political report, artistic suggestiveness, and statesmanlike force, was made valuable and put into readable shape in the three years which filled the interim between that period and his death, on September 16, 1845. His beautiful and brilliant "Life of Curran," prefixed to the collection of "Speeches," was published in 1840; but it was upon a sudden, on the starting of the *Nation* newspaper, he felt his strength and fairly spread his wings.

A CHARGE AGAINST CARDINAL NEWMAN,

Anything concerning Cardinal Newman is always of interest to both Catholics and non-Catholics. Hence we publish the following correspondence.

GALOBY, N. W. T. April 13. '89.

Dear Sir,—Let me remind you of our conversation lately respecting Cardinal Newman.

You said, according to the best of my recollection, that the Rev. Mr. Barber, some time ago incumbent of All Saints (Anglican) Church, Winnipeg, had freely stated to yourself, Mr. L. M. Fortier and others that while he (Mr. Barber) was a student, somewhere in England he and several of his fellow students had serious thoughts of becoming members of the Roman Catholic Church, that in this frame of mind they went together to consult Cardinal Newman on the matter and that the Cardinal, after hearing what they had to say, replied in effect. "You think we (Roman Catholics) are all united and that there are no dissensions among us, but you are quite mistaken; I advise you not to join the Roman Church but to remain where you are." (that is remain Anglican.) The distinct impression Mr. Barber conveyed was you said, that Cardinal Newman did not feel at home in the Communion of Rome, really, did not believe all she taught and thought that Anglicans were foolish to become Roman Catholics. Now as I said to you I am absolutely certain that this is an utterly false representation of anything that may have occurred between Mr. Barber, his friends and Cardinal Newman. Similar sentiments have often been attributed to the Cardinal and he has more than once taken occasion publicly to repudiate them in the distinctest manner. Writing at home I am now able to quote his own words on some of these occasions.

(1) A letter written to the author of a book entitled "Recollections of Cardinal Wiseman."

The Oratory, Birmingham,
April 18, 1899.

My Dear Sir:—I suppose Dr. Manning's account of the matter is the right one. It irritates the judgment, feelings and imagination of Protestants to know that religious men have deliberately, and at great sacrifice, acted on the conviction that Protestantism is not a safe religion to live in or to die in. It is a great difficulty in their way, and the fact of this deliberate sacrifice on the part of men now alive is argued against them by others, and unsettles those whom they wish to keep contented in Protestantism. The consequence is that they are always hoping that Dr. Manning and I may come back; and from wishing and hoping they proceed to mention that it is likely, and those who hear them say that it is likely, misinterpret them on account of their own similar hopes and wishes, say that it is to be expected; and then the next hearer says that it is a fact which is soon to be, for he has heard of the expectation on the best authority: and then the next

hearer says that he has the first authority for saying that Dr. Manning or Dr. Newman is coming back in the course of the next few months. And then lastly someone puts into the newspapers that he knows a person who was told by Dr. Newman himself that he had discovered the unreality or hollowness of Romanism, and meant to return in the course of April, May or June to the bosom of the Establishment. Thus can I account for the most absurd and utterly ungrounded reports which ever since I have been a Catholic have been spread abroad about the prospect of my return from the Mother of Saints to the City of Confusion.

Very faithfully Yours.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.

(2) A Letter written to the Editor of the *Globe*.

Sir:—A friend has sent me word of a paragraph about me, which appeared in your paper of yesterday to the effect that "I have left or am about to leave my Oratory at Brampton, of which I have been for several years past the head, as a preliminary, in the expectation of my private friends, to my return to the Church of England" (The letter after correcting the reference as to the Brampton Oratory, where he had not been for years continues:)

I have not had one moment's wavering of trust in the Catholic Church ever since I was received into her fold, I hold, and ever have held, that her Sovereign Pontiff is the centre of unity and the Vicar of Christ, and I ever have had, and have still an unclouded faith in her creed in all its articles: a supreme satisfaction in her worship, discipline and teaching; and an eager longing and a hope against hope that the many dear friends whom I have left in Protestantism may be partakers of my happiness. This being my state of mind, to add, as I hereby go on to do, that I have no intention, of leaving the Catholic Church and becoming a Protestant again, would be superfluous, except that Protestants are always on the look out for some loop hole or evasion in a Catholic's statement of fact. Therefore in order to give them full satisfaction, if I can, I do hereby profess *ex animo* with an absolute internal assent and consent, that Protestantism is the dreariest of possible religions; that the thought of the Anglican service makes me shiver, and the thought of the thirty nine articles makes me shudder. Return to the Church of England? No? "I should be a consummate fool to use a mild term) if in my old age I left "the land flowing with milk and honey" for the city of confusion and the house of bondage.

I am Sir

Your Obedient Servant,

JOHN H. NEWMAN,

The Oratory, Birmingham June 28, 1862.

(3) A letter written to the Editor of the *Liverpool Daily Post*, 1874.

Sir:—I beg you to do me, the favor of allowing me to contradict absolutely the assertion of one of your correspondents that "at one time I was on the point of uniting with Dr. Dollinger and his party and that it required the earnest persuasion of several members of the Roman Catholic Episcopate to prevent me from taking that step."

This statement in both its clauses, and from beginning to end, is utterly and ridiculously false. And it is a crime in an anonymous writer to make allegations against another, of a nature to damage him in the eyes of his brethren, without a title of evidence to bear them out.

Yours &c.,

JOHN H. NEWMAN

(4) A postscript appeared to the fourth edition of his "Letter to the Duke of Norfolk" issued in April 1875 in answer to a remark by Mr. Gladstone, [For "April" read "February." The "Letter" appears to have issued from the press in 1876, N. D. B.]

"From the day I became a Catholic to this day, now close upon thirty years. I have never had a moment's misgiving that the communion of Rome is that Church which the Apostles set up at Pentecost, which alone has "the adoption of Sons, and the Glory, and the Covenant's, and the revealed law, and the Service of God and the promises," and in which the Anglican Communion, whatever its merits and demerits, whatever the great excellence of individuals in it has as such, no

part. Nor have I ever for a moment hesitated in my conviction, since 1845, that it was my clear duty to join that Catholic Church, as I did then join it, which in my own conscience I felt to be divine.

Persons and places, incidents and circumstances of life which belong to my first forty-four years, are deeply lodged in my memory and my affections; moreover, I have had more to try and afflict me in various ways as a Catholic than as an Anglican; but never for a moment have I wished myself back, never have I ceased to thank my Maker for his mercy in enabling me to make the great change, and never has He let me feel forsaken by Him or in distress or any kind of religious trouble."

Such explicit declarations as the above will, I think satisfy you that Mr. Barber's account of his interview with Cardinal Newman is a misrepresentation, without accusing Mr. Barber of deliberate falsehood, which I have no wish to do, the only explanation of the occurrence I can give is the one I suggested to you; namely:—that Cardinal Newman plainly perceived from the remarks of Mr. Barber and his friends that they held certain views or theories about the Catholic Church, which they ignorantly thought could be held in the communion of the Roman Church, and which they were unwilling to give up and they were consequently not ready to place themselves under instruction much less was it possible in their then frame of mind to receive them into the Church. Perceiving this the Cardinal may have dismissed them with a remark to the effect "I could not in conscience receive—into the Church" (as of course he could not, for the Catholic Church by reason of her divine infallible authority demands unquestioning absolute submission of the understanding and will in matters of faith and morals) adding "You had (therefore) better go back to where you came from." What else was to be done in such a case except to stay where they were until humility should prepare them to be admitted into the one true fold.

As to the reference to "dissensions" and "want of union" I do not believe the words were used. The conversation may have turned on questions on which the Church has not spoken and which therefore are open to discussion among theologians; but these discussions are not disunion nor dissensions, nor signs of it.

At our conversation I said to you that I wished to lay before Mr. Barber what it is alleged he stated for his explanation and if he reasserted it, to lay it before Cardinal Newman himself. You agreed to this, asking me however to give you an opportunity to confirm your recollection of Mr. Barber's assertion by consultation with Mr. Fortier. I write now in order to have your word whether I have correctly set down Mr. Barber's statement. You will understand that I shall feel at liberty to make any use I see fit of all correspondence in connection with this matter.

Yours faithfully,
(Signed) N. D. Beck.

F. FITZROY DIXON, Esq., Winnipeg.

MR. CURRAN, M.P., CORRECTS A MAIL ERROR.

The following communication appears in the *Toronto Mail* of Saturday:—

Sir,—In yesterday's issue of your paper, in an article entitled "The Latest Explosion," referring to an address recently delivered by me at the unveiling of the Tabaret statue, you state:—

"The Ottawa University, by the way, was merely a college until the Pope by a rescript conferred University powers upon it. Non-Catholic colleges have to apply to the Legislature for such powers."

Of course such statements are very palatable to the section of the population you are catering to at the present moment; the only weak point about them is that they are wholly devoid of truth. The Ottawa University was not merely a college until the Pope, by a rescript, conferred University powers upon it. Catholic as well as non-Catholic colleges have to apply to the Legislature for such powers, and amongst others the Ottawa University has had to make such application. If you will refer to the statute of the Province of Ontario, 48 Vic., ch. 91, you will find that the law incorporating the original college of Bytown, subsequently the College of

Ottawa, was amended and University powers conferred upon that institution by the laws of Ontario. The Head of the Church has been pleased to recognize the University thus established by the law of Ontario as the Catholic centre of education for the Province. Thus another grievance is exploded, and the title of your article, "The Latest Explosion," fully justified. It is too bad that the writer, who is so anxious to enlighten the people of Canada as to what took place in Italy hundreds of years ago, is not aware of what occurred in the Legislature of his own Province in 1885.

Yours, etc.,

Montreal, October 17.

J. J. CURRAN, M.P.

Correspondence.

FATHER MATHEW CENTENARY COMMITTEE.

CAPUCHIN MONASTERY, CHARLOTTE QUAY,
CORK, 1st October, 1889.

To the Editor of the CATHOLIC WEEKLY REVIEW.

As you are doubtless already aware that preparations are being made in many places to celebrate worthily the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Father Mathew, the Apostle of Temperance, which occurs on the 10th October, 1890.

In this city, which was the cradle of his great Total Abstinence Movement, and from which it ultimately extended to America, as well as throughout the United Kingdom, the Centenary will properly be made the occasion for a grand public commemoration. A highly influential and representative Committee has been formed for this purpose as you will see on reference to the circular accompanying this letter.

In considering the form which the celebration should take, the Committee's attention has been particularly directed to the fact that one of the latest undertakings of Father Mathew's life, and one which was naturally very dear to him, was the erection of a suitable church for his Order in the City of Cork. This work he was obliged to leave unfinished, owing to the funds which he had collected for its completion, being applied to the more urgent purpose of relieving the dire public distress occasioned by the Irish famine of 1847.

Since that time it has been found impracticable to finish the church, owing to the numerous other demands upon the slender resources of the Capuchin Order and of the citizens of Cork for religious and educational objects; but the desire is strong in the hearts of all those who revere Father Mathew's memory to finish this work at the first favourable opportunity.

Such an opportunity now presents itself, and indeed the Committee feel that it would be a lasting reproach to all who honour the great Apostle of Temperance if his Centenary should pass by and still leave his memorial church in its present imperfect and unsightly condition.

The Committee, in making this special work a prominent feature in the Centenary celebration, deem it incumbent upon them to give it not merely a local, or even national character, but to regard it as one in which Father Mathew's admirers and friends all over the world would be glad to have a share; and they, therefore, contemplate an appeal for aid to the people of America as well as those of other countries, and especially to the various Temperance organizations which acknowledge him as their venerable founder.

In order to carry out the above, the Committee has arranged to send to America the present Very Rev. F. Mathew, Guardian of the church and convent in Cork, whose duty it will be to deliver public lectures in Temperance halls and other places throughout the States. As the proceeds of these lectures will be devoted to the due celebration of the Centenary, as well as the completion of the church, they appeal to you to give as much publicity as possible to his visit and also to his lectures in order to render his mission a success.

We beg to subscribe ourselves on behalf of the Committee

Your obedient servants,

Dan'l Ryan, Mayor; R. A. Aikins, High Sheriff of Cork; Mee. Healy, M.P.; J. William Lane, M. P.; John Flynn, O. H. C.; Timothy Mahone, J.P.; Patrick N. Dunn, ex-High Sheriff; D. F. Giltinan, Hon. Sec.

The Catholic Weekly Review.

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IN CANADA.

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All advertisements will be set up in such style as to insure the tasteful typographical appearance of the REVIEW, and enhance the value of the advertisements in its columns.
Remittances by P. O. Order or draft should be made payable to the Business Manager.

LETTER FROM HIS GRACE THE LATE ARCHBISHOP OF TORONTO.

ST. MICHAEL'S PALACE, Toronto, 29th Dec., 1888.

GENTLEMEN,—

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

I am, faithfully yours,

JOHN JOSEPH LYNCH,
Archbishop of Toronto.

FROM THE ARCHBISHOP OF HALIFAX.

HALIFAX, July 11, 1888.

DEAR MR. FITZGERALD,—

I have been very much pleased with the matter and form of **THE CATHOLIC WEEKLY REVIEW**. The high moral Catholic tone, the fine literary taste displayed make your paper a model of Catholic journalism. May it prosper much so long as it keeps to its present line.

Yours very truly,

C. O'BRIEN,
Archbishop of Halifax.

FROM THE LATE BISHOP OF HAMILTON,

HAMILTON, March 17, 1887.

MY DEAR MR. FITZGERALD,—

You have well kept your word as to the matter, style, form and quality of the REVIEW, and I do hope it will become a splendid success.

Believe me, yours faithfully,

JAMES J. CARBERRY,
Bishop of Hamilton.

[TORONTO, SATURDAY, NOV. 2, 1889.

It is understood that Archbishop Walsh will assume his new dignity and new duties on the 27th of November, and that he will arrive in the city on that date. Previous to this he will attend the Catholic Congress at Baltimore. No official announcement, we understand, of the date of His Grace's installation will be made until one week before the time fixed upon.

Readers of the REVIEW may have read many accounts of The O'Donoghue, whose death a few days ago removed a once distinguished figure in the public life of Ireland, but none, we fancy, more charming than the one we publish elsewhere in this number. The O'Donoghue entered public life shortly after the bursting of the "Brass Band,"—the party of Keogh and Sadlier—but the National organization which was started under his auspices and those of John Martin and other prominent Irishmen, was not destined to last long. It came into collision with the Fenian movement, which shortly after swept like wildfire through the country, and being the weaker, it went under. The subsequent career of The O'Donoghue was disappointing; he grew half-hearted, shrank from the Home Rule policy of Mr. Butt, and placed himself in opposition to that of Mr. Parnell. The last seat he represented was that of Tralee, which on the passage of Mr. Gladstone's Redistribution Act, was swept away. From that time forward his name sank into oblivion. Such was the fate of a man "who, at one time," says *United Ireland*, "attracted the attention of Europe by rivalling the French Emperor in the magnificence of his equippages; who spent a princely patrimony in reckless extravagance and had his debts paid by

a foolish tenantry; who challenged an Irish Chief Secretary to fight a duel; who could boast of a descent from a line of princes stretching back into pre-historic times, and who was one of the handsomest as well as one of the most eloquent men in Europe."

We received a few days ago the November number of the *Converted Catholic*, an infamous publication issued in New York by an apostate priest named O'Connor, and filled from cover to cover with unspeakably vile attacks on the Church and the priesthood. The publisher and purveyor of all this smut is thrusting it, it appears, upon members of the Canadian clergy. In the number which came under our notice our attention was attracted by the following letter from our old friend, Dean O'Connor, of Chesterville;

CHESTERVILLE, ONT., Oct. 8, 1889.

JAS. A. O'CONNOR, 60 Bible House, N. Y.

SIR.—To-day's mail brought me another copy of your *Converted Catholic* which I at once return to your address, as I have returned every copy that I received—either here or in Perth. Do not further insult me by sending me any more of them. If you are satisfied with your present position, that is your own affair, not mine. Thank God, I am with mine and do not want any more such rubbish as your brochure teems with. So let not any more of it be sent me if you still respect the old Irish name,

JOHN S. O'CONNOR, V. F.,

Pastor of Chesterville, Ont.

The publisher returns to this remonstrance a long, rambling and abusive answer. But on another page we find in flaming type the following:

WANTED—FIFTY DOLLARS.

We want fifty dollars to send 1000 copies of this issue of the Converted Catholic to the priests of Canada, Dean O'Connor's associates, who, we doubt not, will enjoy our reply to his letter.

WILL NOT SOME OF OUR FRIENDS WHO HAVE THE MEANS HELP TO MAKE UP THIS SUM AND LET THESE CANADIAN PRIESTS SEE WHAT WE ARE DOING?

The above is only one of many urgent appeals for money. If only the funds be forthcoming for the *Converted Catholic*, terror, the apostate tells his dupes, will be struck in the hearts of every man at the Vatican.

The *Mail* will be interested in learning that a priest in the Roman streets, chancing to meet a little gang of roughs under the inspiration of advanced ideas, was a few days ago stoned so gravely that it was necessary to carry him to the hospital. No arrests were made by the police in connection with the outrage.

THE LOGIC OF EVENTS.

When this REVIEW in April last stood out alone among American Catholic journals to say that Mr. Jessop's *Century* stories, in which he held up in his true light the Irish American saloon-keeping "patriot," and the Irish American saloon-keeping ward politician, were not all caricature, and not all exaggeration; and that, while they were not, we confessed, the pleasantest reading, yet that the unpleasantest part about them was their undeniable fidelity to every day facts and experiences, it was howled and bellowed at by every demagogue, and assailed by every discreditable and interested agency. There was no attempt on their part at any serious argument;

no disposition to approach the question as one simply of facts—the truth or reasonableness of which could be ascertained easily. It suited their purposes better to mistake personalities for argument, to denounce this REVIEW as a libeller of the Irish race, and to assail it with the coarsest abuse that viciousness and vulgarity could together produce. Even so good an Irishman as Rev. Father Foley of Baltimore, one of this journal's contributors, was held up as "a slanderer of the Irish," and as *particeps criminis*, because of the powerful articles which he wrote, dealing with the deplorable connection of such large numbers of our Irish Catholic people with the disgraceful traffic in whiskey. It was very evident proof of how hard professional demagogism had been hit. One would almost have thought that the whiskey interest were the most vital point of Irish feeling. Papers like the *Irish Canadian* seemed to be attacked acutely with a sort of Hibernian hydrophobia.

They were not long in this ugly mood, however, before the logic of events kicked them into their corners. In the first week in May last, and under circumstances of extraordinary brutality, Dr. Cronin was put to death in Chicago, in execution, as seems to be overwhelmingly proved, of a decree of a secret council of a camp of the Clan-na-Gael, in order to prevent, it is believed, his exposure of a corrupt use of certain monies collected by the "physical force" party for the Irish cause. With the network of crime and corruption surrounding this murder, which has since then been brought to light, the public is fully familiar. It is now seen that the ridicule of the *Century* stories was none too strong, and was not misdirected; and it is curious to observe, also, that those very publications which were loudest in denouncing this REVIEW as an enemy of the Irish cause, and as a libeller of the Irish race, are those which are now at great pains to explain that the efforts of the Irishmen in America who seek to promote by honourable and lawful means the natural rights of the Irish people at home, are not to be confounded with the assassins and self-seekers who compose such murder clubs as the Chicago Camp of the Clan-na-Gael, and the affiliated divisions of Dynamitic Fenianism marshalled by Mr. O'Donovan Rossa. And this, be it remembered, is all that this journal contended for, and for saying which it was visited with hurricanes of abuse. But who now will say that our position was not right, that our criticisms were not well meant, that our strictures had not foundation? Take the opinion of one of the ablest American Catholic papers, the *Milwaukee Catholic Citizen*, which says in its last issue:

"Incidents reported in the Chicago press in connection with the Cronin case discover the existence in that town of a phase of Irish-American life which, after all, was not greatly misrepresented in Jessop's *Century* stories and Scanlan's Irish plays. Camps of the Clan-na-Gael met in saloons, and at one particular gathering the minions of the press heard sundry inebriated patriots talking over the details of a plan to rescue the prisoners. This is Jessop's story of the "rise and fall of the Irish Aigle" rehearsed. In that much berated story decanters and bottles in the rear room of a saloon figure largely both in the text and the illustrations. We complain about these things and we denounce the aspects of Irish-American life depicted in the plays. But after all, is there not a great deal of truth in these unpleasant portraits of life about us? 'The fault is not in our stars but in ourselves.' Can there be great damage in holding the mirror up to nature? May not ridicule go a great way towards curing the situation?"

Notwithstanding the excited feelings of those "patriots" to whom any, even the least, criticism is an unpardonable and a hateful thing, we venture to say to them that they do more to degrade the Irish in the estimation of other men than could be done by a thousand journals openly and avowedly hostile to them. Despite all their sorry and unworthy efforts to misrepresent us, we tell them that we think better of our Irish people than they do, although we have never been blind to their failings. No race, no nation is faultless. But there are deeper, stronger, nobler and manlier types of the Irish character than those which they defend—the Thug-saloon-keeper, and boodler. Our quarrel with these journals is not that they give the Irish more, but far less, than they deserve. The Irish people we hold to be, not, it may be, superior, but at all events, not inferior to any people in the world in intelligence, religious feeling, virtue, intellectual capacity, bravery. They furnish more than their quota of the best soldiers and officers, the first orators and statesmen, authors, journalists and artists in the English-speaking world. They very nearly control the press and the politics of this continent; the descendants of the exiles of a few years ago are to-day honourably distinguished in the service of Spain, France and Austria. They are destined to yet fill a high place in the scale of nations. It is because of this, and because centuries of oppression have sent so many of them adrift in poverty and in innocence, that this journal will have only the hard word for those who seek to prey upon and degrade them.

Reading over the *Irish Canadian's Apologia pro vita sua* in this week's number, in which it recounts, in chronological order, the number of journals that have regarded it as not above suspicion, we feel ourselves compelled to admit, with everything of delicacy and reluctance, that there does seem to have been a good deal of unanimity upon the subject.

Though we have had occasion to touch upon the subject of the Cronin murder ourselves in this number it has been from necessity, rather than from choice; and with the opinion of an able contemporary, the *Baltimore Mirror*, we wholly agree. There is one Catholic paper in the United States which is conspicuously noisy just now in calling that stern justice be meted out to the conspirators, though the heaven should fall; and it is a paper which more than any other (for happily it has few imitators) has been an assassin of character, and for years fed upon the worst political hates. It is to this paper that the *Mirror* obviously refers in the following passage:

There is a growing belief among American Catholics that religious newspapers should curb their propensity for meddling in criminal matters. If scoundrels who pose as friends of Ireland steep their hands in blood, or if assassination is unjustly ascribed to secret orders that are supposed to be enlisted in the Irish cause, it is not the province of American religious journals to assume the role of council for either side. Catholics, as a body, are not responsible for the crimes of cut-throats and political assassins, no matter what the pretended character of the latter may be; and we submit that it is a great injustice for Catholic journals to give the impression that Catholics are more interested than others in such cases by devoting space to heated discussions of the subject. Better let these matters rest where they belong—with the courts of justice.

A VISIT TO CARDINAL MANNING.

Archbishop's House, the lonely-looking palace of the Cardinal Archbishop, stands in Carlisle Place, a quiet street off one of the main thoroughfares of Westminster. It was on a grey September morning, warm and still, and the news-vendors were shrieking in the streets the announcement of the latest Whitechapel tragedy, when, leaving the hum of traffic in Vauxhall Bridge Road behind us, we came into the comparative silence of Carlisle Place. The Cardinal's outlook is not a cheerful one. In front his windows is a waste plot of ground covered with rubbish of building materials, his site for the Catholic cathedral, one day to be built. On another side the windows overlook a row of mean-looking workmen's houses, so that the Cardinal fittingly dwells with the poor always at his doors. On the other side indeed mansions broken up in luxurious sets of flats lie between Archbishop's House and the Convent of the Sisters of Charity, which flanks it at the downs look away from such comfortable neighbors. At the Cardinal's door, when we reached it, his old servant, who came to him from Cardinal Wiseman, was dismissing a needy-looking workman, a docker perhaps, for those were strikes-times. We went through a bare hall, all of grey stone, and up a wide stone stairs, which led to a balustraded gallery overlooking the hall, and whence various doors go off. We waited for the Cardinal in a stately room—a room in which councils might be held. A long table went down the centre, and around it was great chairs, French chairs of ormolu and crimson satin, with an air of old-world magnificence. The room had its share of pictures and curios. There was a portrait of Blessed John Fisher, an old portrait, or an exceedingly clever copy; there was a large picture of the last Vatican Council and a little one of Our Lady of Good Counsel under a glass shade was Cardinal Wiseman's beretta, and on another table, in marble, an Italian Mater Dolorosa. There were also some delicately painted portraits, family-portraits apparently. All this one had time to notice before the Cardinal's entrance. Within this room is a smaller one, where he receives his visitors sometimes; of a wet or cold day it is easier to warm, than the great room outside. This lesser room is more of a library, with bookcases at each end filled with the great in literature. On a side-table here I noticed a set of the Greek poets done into English.

Presently the Cardinal came in, a tall old man and thin to attenuation, with the face of a saint, colorless and ascetic, in which the eyes, full of kindness, smiled for the stern mouth. He was attired in a long cassock trimmed with the red of his Cardinalate, and on his thin silver hair there was a scarlet skull-cap. As he seated himself in an arm-chair he drew his Irish visitor a chair by his left hand with a gesture of fatherly kindness. One left filled with a mixture of awe and reverent affection for him. He was tired with the labor and anxiety of the strike, and leaned back in his chair, looking very frail. His strength must be far greater than its seeming or he could never get through the work he does. He talked first of poetry, mentioning among recent poetry which had interested him that of Mr. Arthur Symonds, whose "Days and Nights," dealing, as they often do, with painful social problems, would naturally interest so great a social reformer as the Cardinal. Other poetry which he mentioned with much appreciation was that of Mrs. Hamilton King.

Presently he branched off to other topics. Ireland, lying near his heart, easily came uppermost. He spoke of the goodness of her people. Before the Royal Commission on the Housing of the Poor it had been proved, he instanced, that in the most extreme cases of poverty and overcrowding no such evils had arisen as in other countries; drink was the only trouble, and the drink question seemed to lie heavily on him. He referred with satisfaction to the temperance work being done in Cork by Mrs. Barry and her helpers. He said the Irish made homes under the protection of God, and no enemy came to break through except drunkenness. "Men," said the Cardinal, "can build houses, but only God can build a home." Then he branched away to the newspaper press, and what it was doing, and with especial reference to the Catholic press. The doings of a certain class of anti-Irish English Catholics and its mouthpieces in the press must needs vex his heart. "The Weekly Register," he said with em-

phasis, "offends." My friend had brought him a newspaper cutting which purposed to give authentic account of his way of living, how he had a farm in the country whence come fowl and eggs and butter for his table; a pretty fiction over which His Eminence smiled as he read it. "There is my only farm," he said, pointing to the desolate plot of building ground outside. The news of yet another Whitechapel horror seemed to move him deeply; his face took on a new pallor, if that be possible, and as he closed his eyes, in pain and horror, he looked like a saint whose reward is already come. The sin and misery of the great city must lie heavily at his heart, though scarcely any other man has done as much to lessen the burden. I thought of what Lord Shaftesbury's son wrote when his father lay dead: "I often heard my father say of you that wherever there was good to be done and evil to be fought he was always sure of you."

One carries away two impressions from the Cardinal,—his stateliness and his meekness. He never for a moment is less than a Prince, and there is an atmosphere of Royalty about him which might well be missing in the Courts of this world, so that the recipient of his sweetness feels at the heart a little throb of passionate loyalty with the reverence and love which go out to answers his graciousness. He is well-nigh, it seems to me, the most impressive figure of our day. Unlike his great brother-cardinal, though he is a man of books he is also a man of affairs. He has done more to reconcile the English Protestant mind to the idea of priesthood than all the generations of priests who went before him. To the most unlikely places, social gatherings and public meetings and into the hives of men, he goes carrying his Master's standard, and drawing eyes and hearts to follow it. He has had the fullest possible life—the life of the world and the life of the cloister alike are open books to him. He is worn with his eighty-one years—"those eighty-one steps,"—steps up the narrow stairs of perfection and into the presence-chamber of God, and he rules his life hardly, being a total abstainer and almost a vegetarian. He has traveled through many prosperities and many trials to this gray palace of his, whither go the prayers and heart-beats of his spiritual children in London, and the myriad of his spiritual children elsewhere, who are so through love and loyalty. Even in the eyes of men it is a proud lot,—far prouder than any to which he might have traveled from the green lanes and dusky woods of his Sussex parsonage. And away from the eyes of men the gifts of God and the consolations of God are God's secret and sacred.—Katharine Tynan in Boston Pilot

THE CLOSING OF THE HAMILTON MISSION.

On Sunday last, the mission preached by the Rev. Fathers Drummond and Connolly, S. J., in St. Mary's Cathedral, Hamilton, was brought to a successful termination.

After High Mass Rev. Father Connolly gave the Papal Benediction, after which he thanked the people of the Cathedral parish for their appreciation of the sermons and instructions, as evinced by the large and sustained attendance both morning and evening. He paid a glowing tribute to the Rev. clergymen of the Cathedral for their indefatigable zeal in searching out and bring back to the fold so many lost and straying sheep, who had fallen away from the practice of their religion. This he considered one of the most noted fruits of the mission. Special praise was due to the Rev. Father McEvoy, the Rector, whose administrative ability procured such order and punctuality in all the exercises. "But in what terms," he went on to say, "shall we express our thankfulness to his Lordship the Bishop of Hamilton, who invited us to come in your midst. With a courage such as only a Catholic Bishop can display, and at a time when the air was rife with slander and obloquy against the Society of Jesus, he invited two of its members to this important city of the Dominion, threw open to them his cathedral church, lent them his pulpit and exhorted his people to go and hear the vindication of their order. Never shall the Fathers of the Society of Jesus forget this proof of episcopal courage given in their behalf. We congratulate the people on the pastors God has placed over them, and the pastors on the flock committed to their care. About to take our de-

parture, we can leave them the assurance that we shall carry away, and ever retain the memory of their piety and earnestness."

His Lordship Bishop Dowling then thanked the Rev. Fathers personally, and also in the name of the congregation, for the very efficient work which they had done in the parish, and concluded by praying that the fruits of the mission would long remain ripe in the hearts of the people.

The Men's branch of the League of the Sacred Heart was established in the afternoon. Some two hundred and fifty men being in attendance. Counsellors were chosen from among the leading Catholic citizens. This work bids fair to become a permanent and lasting good in the parish.

Hamilton, Oct. 28th.

CORR.

CANADIAN CHURCH NEWS.

Archbishop O'Brien of Halifax, Rev. Father Murphy, and Hon M. J. Powers, speaker of the Nova Scotia Legislatura, will attend the Catholic Congress at Baltimore, next week, Cardinal Taschereau is also arranging to be present.

While the Anglican Diocesan Synod was in session at Newfoundland last month, the news was received of the destruction by fire of the Catholic Cathedral in Harbour Grace. A resolution of sympathy was passed by acclamation and a copy forwarded to the Bishop of Harbour Grace, who replied in the following terms :

To the Rev. Henry Dunfield, Clerical Secretary to the Diocesan Synod of the Church of England in Newfoundland

Dear Rev. Sir—I beg to acknowledge receipt of your letter of the 3rd inst, with the accompanying resolution from your Synod. Please do me the further kindness to assure your excellent Lord Bishop and the other reverend constituents of the Synod that we set a very high value on this timely expression of sympathy, and appreciate fully the kindly fellow feeling and broad far reaching Christian spirit that inspired it.

Sincerely yours in Christ.

R. MACDONALD.

Bishop of Harbour Grace.

The corner-stone of the new St. Mary's convent, corner of Brithurst street and McDonnell square, was laid last Sunday afternoon at four o'clock by Rev. Father Rooney. Administrator, assisted by Rev. Father McCann Rev. Father Finan and Rev. Father Cruise. After the service in St. Mary's church a procession was formed, headed by a cross-bearer, two acolytes in red soutane and white surplice, and the incense bearer. The procession proceeded from the church to the spot where the large carved block of stone was waiting to be laid in position. The church had been crowded, and when the congregation poured out to witness the ceremonies in the open air it was augmented by hundreds of people who were drawn together by curiosity, or attracted by the presence of the previously large assemblage. When the corner-stone had been well and duly laid the procession was reformed, and during the march around the side of the proposed convent the foundations were sprinkled with holy water. The building will cost between \$7,000 and \$8,000, and if the weather continues open until Christmas it will be roofed in by that time. It will be constructed of red brick and stone, will be three storeys high, and about 64 feet deep by 50 feet wide. It is intended for a convent for the Sisters of St. Joseph resident in St. Mary's parish, and as a select school for young ladies. For these purposes it will be complete in all its arrangements, the heating and ventilation receiving special attention. The old frame house at present standing will be allowed to remain for a time, and will be used in connection with the new building. Eventually it will be removed, when the whole plan devised will be fully carried out.

The late King of Portugal, receiving in almost his last moments of consciousness, the Sacrament of the Church, expressed, with touching humility, his gratitude to the Cardinal Nuncio. "Thanks," he said repeatedly, with a smile, "thanks ;" and he listened reverently to the delivery of the blessing sent to him by the the Pope.

CATHOLIC AND LITERARY NOTES.

The Papal household assemble every night between nine and ten o'clock for the recitation of the Rosary, after which they retire to rest. But long after that hour, writes a Roman correspondent, the Cardinal Secretary of State or the under Secretary is often summoned to the Holy Father's apartments, where by the light of the midnight lamp, the Vicar of Christ watches and thinks and prays for the welfare of the Church.

A story has been started by Signor Crispi's organ to the effect that the late Cardinal Schiaffino—who died of acute gastro-enteritis, aggravated by his having taken cold water when over-heated—was poisoned. This ridiculous statement is denied by Dr. Ceccarelli, who attended him. The Cardinal was a close friend of His Holiness Leo XIII., a learned and devoted son of Holy Church.

The *Catholic Review* makes a good point in its latest number. It remarks that certain New York firms, publishers of books which are largely used in Catholic schools, academies and colleges, never advertise in Catholic journals. For this they deserve to be called to account. The injustice to Catholic paers could be corrected by our educational institutions refusing to buy from them.

The Pontifical Encyclical on the Social Question is extreme long and consists of two parts ; the one doctrinal, and the other intended for the practical guidance of the several classes concerned in production and distribution. His Holiness has kept back his work for the sake of the final corrections, to which he has given more than usual care.

Miss Madden, sister of the Solicitor-General for Ireland was received into the Church on the Feast of the Holy Rosary in St. Mary's Dominican Convent, Cabra, by the Rev. Father O'Brien, assistant chaplain to the North Dublin Workhouse. Miss Madden had been a deaconess of the Protestant Church, and in this character devoted to the needs of the poor in the workhouse some time and she retired from this position, to the great regret of all whom she had so served. The reason for her withdrawal has not been made apparent.

"PROSPERITY" IN "UNITED ITALY."

We are constantly having dinned into our ears by the anti-Catholic press assurances of benefits and blessings to the Italian people as a result of the destruction of the temporal sovereignty of the Pope. "United Italy" is held up to admiration as a country free and happy, and those who desire to have restored to the Holy Father the property of which he has been robbed are denounced as enemies of Italian progress and prosperity.

We need hardly say that those stories of Italian freedom and happiness are, in a high degree, imaginary. They are mere romance. The fact is, that the talk about Italian prosperity is pure fiction. There is no prosperity in Italy. The people there are ground down into hopeless poverty by ruinous taxation, and they are flying from their native land in tens of thousands every year. In a discourse delivered a couple of weeks ago in the Cathedral of Armagh, Most Rev. Dr. Logue, Archbishop of that diocese and Primate of all Ireland, presented a picture of the beauties and advantages of Italian "Unity." His Grace has, in the course of his experience, seen some terrible things in Ireland, but he declares that the poverty and distress, of which he has often been an eye-witness, in Donegal and Connemara were "nothing to the poverty and distress he had seen amongst the peasantry of Italy." The Italian people, he says, are so burdened with taxation that he had known several to give up house property as the taxes were higher than the rent. His Grace adds that in spite of the beautiful Italian climate and other natural advantages "the people are flying from the country in larger numbers than the peasantry ever fled from Ireland."

Such is the condition of things in "free and United Italy." We may be quite sure that the facts of the situation are not unappreciated by the Italian people. They cannot fail to see through the sham and hypocrisy of the claim that the spoliation of the Church has brought any real benefit to Italy.—*N. Y. Freeman's Journal.*

Listen—a song of rejoicing,
 Hearts that were heavy are glad.
 Women, look up and be hopeful,
 There's help and there's health to be had.
 Take courage, O weak ones dispondent,
 And drive back the foe that you fear
 With the weapon that never will fall you.
 O, be of good cheer.

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For all derangement of the liver, stomach and bowels take Dr. Pierce's Pellets. One a dose.

H. Kavanagh, who is lying seriously ill in London, and who sat for many years in parliament for the county of Carlow, was, says the *Dundee Advertiser*, physically speaking, the most extraordinary man that ever sat in the House of Commons. We have had, and still have, blind men in parliament, and deaf men are more common than the constituents suspect. Mr. Kavanagh had all his senses, but he was without arms and legs. He had to be carried into his seat in parliament. He addressed the house always sitting, and was allowed to vote without going into the lobby. He was by no means a silent member. He spoke frequently on Irish questions and sat on a number of select committees—a special list having been constructed to raise him to the level of the corridor in which the committee rooms are placed. He was a man of some mental vigor, but his parliamentary efforts were concentrated in the defense of Tory and landlord ascendancy in Ireland.

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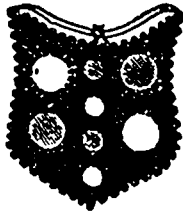
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	a.m. p.m.	a.m. p.m.
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O. and Q. Railway..	7.30 7.45	8.00 9.00
G. T. R. West.....	7.00 3.20	12.40 7.40
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T. G. and B.....	7.00 3.45	11.00 8.30
Midland.....	6.30 3.30	12.30 9.30
C. V. R.....	7.00 3.20	9.00 9.20
	a.m. p.m.	a.m. p.m.
		12.50
G. W. R.....	2.00	9.00 2.00
	6.00 4.00	10.30 4.00
	11.30 9.30	8.20
	a.m. p.m.	a.m. p.m.
U. S. N. Y.....	6.00 4.00	9.00
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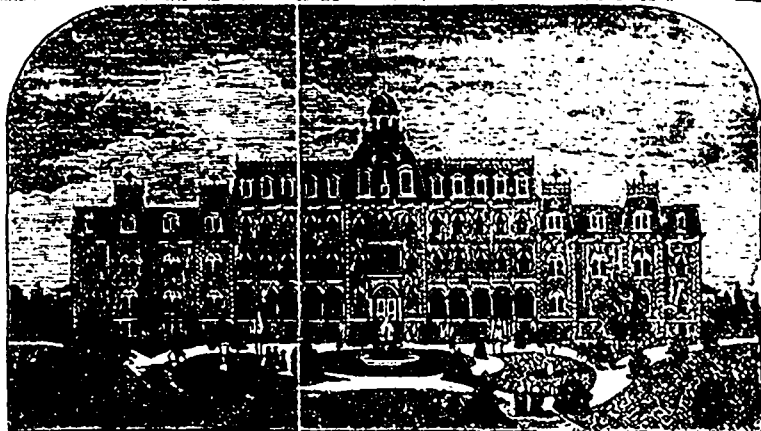
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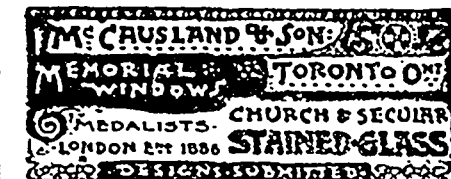
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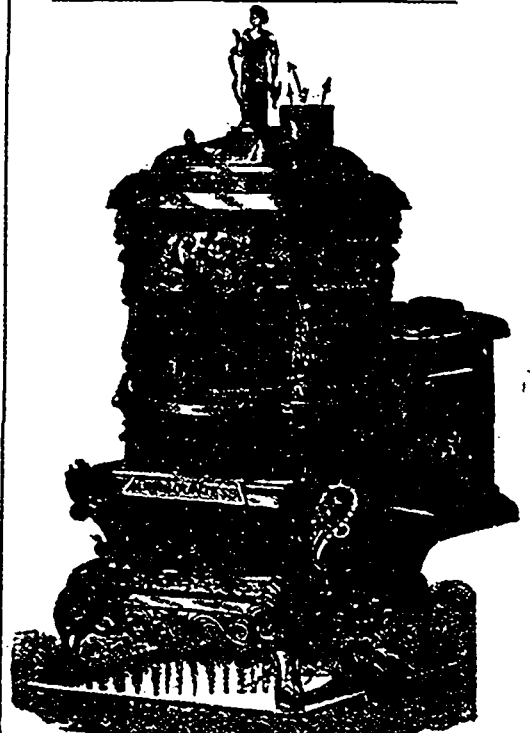
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