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# The Catholic Weekly Review.

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

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

Vol. II.

Toronto, Saturday . Nov. 3 1888

No. 38

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## NOTES.

The Boston *Pilot* calls the attention of the Protestant ministers to the newest act of aggression on the part of the Jesuits. "By some unaccountable oversight, Messrs. Miner, Moxom & Co. last Sunday forgot to call the attention of the universe to the latest and most awful revelation of Jesuitical wickedness, viz., the appointment of a son of Loyola to the position of astronomer in the Catholic University at Washington. Can the watchmen on the towers of Boston's Zion be ignorant of what this means? that it signifies the turning over of our free-born American weather to the control of the Pope? If they are dull witted or infirm of purpose, at least Senator Blair, who is on the spot and able to ferret out a Jesuit intrigue before it is even conceived, should see to it that this insidious scheme is nipped in the bud. As everybody knows the Republican vote always falls off when the weather is unfavourable. General Greely, it is true, gives us as good weather as he can, considering that his department is hampered by a Democratic Administration; but suppose the Jesuits were allowed to set up an opposition weather bureau at Washington? Does anybody doubt that they would send rain, hail and snow to keep the patriotic but feeble Republicans home on election day, and to secure a victory for the Democrats? The country looks to Senator Blair, since the Boston pulpit pounders have shirked their duty, to save the Republic from the establishment of a nefarious Jesuitical weather factory right in the nation's capital."

*L'Etendard* of Wednesday refers as follows to the late Montreal Christian Congress;—"It is a sad spectacle to see pretended Christians, ministers of the Gospel, boast of sentiments which would make Turks blush. Assuredly if we had Mahometans instead of our Protestant population, there would not have been the least difficulty in erecting a statue to Mary on the Mountain, for, however incredible it may seem, the Mahometans have more veneration for the Holy Virgin than have those counterfeit Christians. Goddesses of Liberty, even Venuses, would suit them admirably, but do not speak to them of the august mother of the God Saviour. Those people think that our

clergy are too rich. They themselves would not remain long if they had to be satisfied with the incomes of our priests. And what are we to think of men who, instead of admiring the devotion of our Sisters of Longue Pointe, even go so far as to lead one to infer that these holy Sisters of Charity are overflowing with gold, and speculate upon the unfortunates confided to their care? As to most of the other assertions, mostly all of them lies, meant only to mislead Protestants who live away from this province, we decline to refute them."

We are glad to learn that following the example of other places, a Parnell defence is to be formed in Toronto. We only regret that it is not under somewhat stronger auspices. Upon the issues of the great fight upon which the Irish leaders have entered depend the reputation of men and the cause of a nation. We are like armies in camp on the eve of a great battle, which may be a decisive one. May God defend the right.

"When the ruler of Germany," said the *Times*, "still fresh to the responsibilities of his inheritance, meets the venerable Head of the Catholic Church face to face, and holds private colloquy with him, his temperament must be cold indeed, and his imagination dull if he be not deeply impressed by the significance of the occasion." The comments of the English press on the recent meeting have been, on the whole, fair. The morose *Morning Post* alone of the London journals professed to treat the event as of light importance, and to pooh-pooh its "artificial ceremonies," and skillfully devised "diplomatic fictions." The London *Echo* gives to the occurrence perhaps the truest interpretation. The acknowledgement of the high authority and position of the Pope is all the result, it says, of Parliamentary action. It was won by Herr Windthorst. Day by day he gained in strength till at last Bismarck was obliged to come to terms with him, rescind the obnoxious May laws, and surrender the right to appoint bishops. It is in the light of all this that the visit of the young Emperor is interesting. It is the outward sign of the power of a small but compact Catholic minority in Parliament. "There is a strong touch of personal piquancy," said the *Pall Mall Gazette*, "in the visit of the young soldier who is head of the Empire militant, to the venerable scholar who is head of the Church militant; and the historian of the future will show much barrenness of imagination if he cannot make a picturesque story out of their meeting."

"It looks," says *Laclede* in the *Montreal Gazette*, "as if the last great landmark of Ville Marie must go. The nuns of the Congregation have themselves applied to the proper court for leave to translate the remains of their mother, the Venerable Marguerite Bourgeoys, from there—its twofold secular bed of marble, in the heart of the city, to Monklands, on the mountain. The event will be a solemn one, and there is no doubt that citizens of every class will join in the procession—which should be public—to honour the memory of the holy woman who, with Sieur Paul Chomedey de Maisonneuve, was the real founder of Montreal."

## A FÊTE DIEU PROCESSION IN THE PROVINCE OF QUEBEC.

A fine day in June is a good gift from God. I know of no better way of sanctifying it than hearing mass in a country village in the Province of Quebec, and taking part in the fête Dieu procession of the Blessed Sacrament. The particular village that E—— and I chose this year in which to combine our visible expression of devotion and our invisible study of French Canadian life and character, was Sault au-Recollet, seven miles from the heart of the city of Montreal, on the southern branch of the Ottawa, known as the Rivière des Prairies. Half an hour's ride in one of the crowded carriages of the Canadian Pacific Railway, wherein you have made the acquaintance (by sight only) of one or two eminent Canadian statesmen, a missionary bishop, two nuns, three young seminarians, various thrifty housewives returning with their week's supply of necessities, a farmer or two, divers travelling agents, a man whose leg had been blown off recently in a gas explosion and who persisted in being taken home to be nursed, three priests, and last and most lovely, a little maid of ten summers, in spotless white raiment, wreath, and veil, going out by train to receive the blessing of "grandpere," she having that morning made her first communion.

"Sault-au-Recollet!" calls the conductor, and you, by means of a brave little jump, alight on the platform, which is almost two feet below the step of the carriage, and look wildly around you as the train steams slowly off to crawl through the iron suspension bridge which spans the rapids between Sault-au-Récollet and Bord-au-Plouffe. Carriages there are none, apparently; but as you gaze a spider-like vehicle, drawn by a veritable ghost of Rosinante, comes in sight and the driver declares himself bound for the village. Along with a small contingent of our fellow-passengers E—— and I entered this chariot, called in these parts "la diligence."

The road winds along the margin of the turbulent river, and the music of the ever-foaming rapids keeps time to our tuneful thoughts. Under branching elms, across cool, bubbling streams, and past picturesque cottages we are slowly driven. A turn in the road brings us to a lofty mission cross in a little inclosure by the wayside. Upon the cross are nailed the instruments of the Passion, and as we pass it our driver lifts his hat in salutation. Before this simple shrine knelt a little girl in a blue frock, her high straw hat trimmed with a band of vivid red, and her chaplet between her little brown fingers. Further along the road we encountered a band of children, all dressed with neatness and a picturesque effect of colour; they were singing lustily, with all the power of their shrill little voices, and the burden of their song was in the interests of the morrow.

Donnez, donnez, donnez, donnez,  
Donnez, donnez un beau jour!

When the cross-roads were reached our driver reined up. Rosinante and alighted at the door of a large brick building known as "Peloquin's Hotel," a house liberally patronized both in summer and winter by excursion parties from the city.

Admirable in all its arrangements we found this village hostelry, and it was in a very contented frame of mind that we opened our eyes on the morning of "Procession Sunday." Our awakening was at an early hour, for, determined to share all the village privileges, we had decided upon approaching the sacraments in the little chapel of the Jesuit Fathers' novitiate, situated fully a mile from Peloquin's. A well laid "trottoir" extends along the roadside, so that our shoes were none the worse of the dampness of earth and grass as we slowly wended our way along the beautiful country road. Throughout the night the rainfall had been considerable, and a cloudy sky frowning sullenly above the rapid river gave promise of bad weather and a consequent disappointment. Our walk was most enjoyable, in spite of the threatening aspect of nature—the country was so lovely in its new spring livery, and the gardens all so sweet with their brave show of lilacs and lilies. Pretty cottages extend

from Peloquin's to the beautiful Convent of the Sacred Heart, the well-kept grounds of which occupy a large space on the map of our route. Then the road meets the river, and the two run along in harmony for a little way until the shore widens out from us, and we pass on under the lindens and over a meadow where a brook murmurs among the sweet cowslips and choke-cherry trees. On we go past shrines of curious style and decoration, past primitive Canadian cottages and more stately houses in shaded grounds, past the residence St. Janvier, presented by Monsignor Vinet to the diocese of Montreal, as a home for invalided priests—on until we come to "the Hill which is called Beautiful," or in other words, to the gateway which divides from the outer world the Canadian novitiate of the Society of Jesus. Up the broad plane of avenue, under the grand o'd limes and elms, past a shrine of the Blessed Mother, in the shadow of which is a parterre of flowers planted in the device of the sacred monogram, and an unpretending flight of steps leads us to the small brown door through which so many men have entered as Saul to emerge as Paul. It was a new experience this, and we trembled somewhat at our own temerity. The door was opened by a young lay brother, a pretty boy of possibly twenty years of age, whose downcast lids could not well veil the beauty of his large lustrous eyes.

We asked for an English-speaking father, and he ushered us into the poor little chapel to prepare for confession. What a poor chapel! Poor as to space, furniture, and decoration, and yet how holy! A quaint old altar, some good oil-paintings, two bits of delicate painting in needlework, old and of great value, a terrible suggestion in crude colour of St. Michael on the war-path—the picture, I was afterwards told, was painted by a native Mexican, which probably accounts for the saint having five ostrich-leathers in his hair—a side altar to the Blessed Virgin, a small harmonium, and some rows of yellow benches complete the inventory of the furniture of this nursery of saints. I am forgetting to include the confessional, of tiny proportions, tucked behind the door in such wise that the penitent is more or less shaken according as the door be more or less frequently opened during the time of his recital of transgressions.

Half-past eight saw us retracing our footsteps, duly fortified for the fatigue of the morning. Passed us rolled neat vehicles, full beyond the original intention of the builders, for none could be left at home to-day: even the babies must come to do honour to the Bon Dieu. From all the quaint old homesteads came the families in Sunday raiment; along an avenue to our left came evidently an entire household, the mother of proportions seldom attained save by a daughter of Israel or a French-Canadian matron, the father as thin as a rail, his shining broadcloth coat hanging in wrinkles around him, his trowsers showing a strongly-marked crease down the centre of each calf, and his silk hat resplendent in gloss though antique in shape. In his arms, clad in pink and blue, reposed the baby. Before us trotted two tiny boys, aged possibly four and six. The broad space of greensward in front of the church was edged by horses and carriages tied to the fence—nicely kept horses and carriages, telling of the prosperity of Sault-au-Recollet. There was no loitering outside to talk of current events; each parishoner with grave solemnity entered the church and took his seat. We did likewise with this difference that we took some one else's seat.

In some parts of the sacred edifice there was room and to spare; in others seats were at a premium. I counted nine little boys perched on the holy-water cask. In they came, the good country people, many of them in gorgeous toilets. After the gospel the curé made the announcements for the following week, beginning with a few well-chosen words on the subject of the procession of the day, in which he recommended his flock not to engage in idle conversation on the route, but to say their beads and endeavour to remain recollected. In the sanctuary were seated three old priests from St. Janvier, the vicaire of the parish, and two young Jesuits from the novitiate.

At the conclusion of the Mass we all left the church for

delicate face, formed us into line. First went a man of the greenward, where an old priest, with a beautiful important demeanor, carrying a blue mace whereon, under a golden ball, ran the legends, "*Dieu et mon Droit*" and "*Honi soit qui mal y pense*"—in what honour I know not. Next to him came a man gorgeous in white gloves, bearing aloft the banner of the Blessed Sacrament, and then the women of the parish, the Sodalties of Les Dames de Ste. Anne, of Les Enfants de Marie, and female members of the Third Order of St. Francis; then the guard of Honour of the Blessed Sacrament, the acolytes and the white-robed choir, the cross-bearer and the thurifer, the priests, and the canopy under which the venerable curé bore aloft the Holy of Holies, supported by two other white-haired clergymen, and then the men of the various Sodalties. Down the broad incline in front of the Church and out into the village highway poured the procession, and just when the Blessed Sacrament passed the portals of the gateway the grey clouds broke and the sun shone forth in all its splendour. Along under the willows swept the cortege, and music filled the air. The main part of the singing was done by the two young Jesuits, whose magnificent voices carried the *Pange Lingua* across the blue waves of the swift river, and echoed from the opposite banks of the fair island of Jesus. Solemn and slow was our pace and recollected our demeanor; in the hand of every man and woman hung a rosary, and the plea to our merciful Mother, *Priez pour nous, pauvres pecheurs*, arose on all sides.

The village was gay with flowers and bunting, a grand decoration was formed by flags loaned by the ladies of the Sacred Heart, small standards floated from the window of every cottage, and the ground was strewn with bright blossoms from the garden and meadow. In passing the neat homes of the good people of Sault-au-Récollet we had distractions, pardonable perhaps to strangers, and took many a glimpse at the exquisitely tidy and clean interiors of these cottages. In the doorway or on the gallery of almost every one was a baby who, too small to go to Church, had been securely tied to its little chair and probably confided to the protection of St. Joseph. "Anxious? Yes, of course I am, but I have to work for my living; I cannot be always running after my children, so I give them to St. Joseph and tell him to take care of them, and—*voilà, tout.*" St. Joseph took good care of these mites, and of the aged and infirm too who, likewise propped up in their chairs, sat on the galleries and bowed their heads, encased in red or blue tuques, as Jesus of Nazareth passed them by. In one house only did the dwellers appear too fashionable to join the procession; they lounged on their verandah, and their devotion apparently continued only so long as the Blessed Sacrament was directly within their range of vision.

At the first repository came the sign to kneel; and even the cherished plush plastrons went down in the dust as their wearers, with a faith stronger than fashion, bent low under the Divine Benediction. Then up again and on—on past the pretty gardens, and the road to the mill and the bright river, past the little shops and cottage homes to still another resting place, where again the Son of Man was lifted up to the adoration of the multitude. Then up and back, back towards the Church, past the babies and the aged and infirm, past the homes, the doors wherof stood wide open, the better to admit the blessing of the Bon Dieu, and up the greenward to the church for a third and last benediction; at the close of which the people dispersed quietly and with decorum, not waiting for the usual chatter and gossip which too often mar the harmony of a Sunday morning in the country.

Our prayers finished, E——— and I set about an inspection of the old Church of Our Lady of the Visitation. The facade is quite new and really imposing with its tall twin towers. But enter, pass under the choir gallery, and you are at once in the last century. The quaint antiquity of the church interested us so much that we were bold enough to call upon Monsieur le Cure and ask him to enlighten us as to the probable date of its erection. Monsieur le Cure lives in a magnificent modern mansion of gray stone, apparently very complete in all its appoint-

ments. We found him organizing a dinner-party; the old clergymen from St. Janvier who had assisted in the procession had accepted his hospitable invitation to remain to dinner with himself and Monsieur le Vicairé, but the two young Jesuits were with many thanks declining, and, as we entered, they departed to the adjacent novitiate. Monsieur le Cure, a dear old man with a kind fatherly manner, told us that his parish had had its beginning in 1696, when the Christian Indians of Ville Marie were brought from the mountain and established at Sault-au-Récollet. The cause of their removal from the "Mission of the Mountain," which was upon the actual site of the Grand Seminary, was the too great facility with which they could purchase "fire-water" from the white traders. The same danger was found to prevail at Sault-au-Récollet, so that in 1721 the Indian mission was removed and permanently established at Oka, on the Lake of the Two Mountains, where it still exists. The actual church of Sault-au-Récollet was built in 1751; the extension and facade were added of late years.

While we talked to the curé the odour of boiled and roast grew more and more apparent, and we hurriedly said good-bye.

And then back through the daisies and buttercups, through the cowslips and clover, under the blossoms and over the brooks, until our hotel is reached. In the afternoon Benediction at the convent of the Sacred Heart, and then the convenient train from Ottawa, which brings us to Montreal in ample time to allow us to attend the last English sermon of the season at the eight o'clock service in the Church of the Gesu.—A. M. Pope, in *Catholic World*.

#### CARDINAL NEWMAN ON PROTESTANTISM.

No wonder, then, that Protestantism, being the religion of our literature, has become the tradition of civil intercourse and political life; no wonder that its assumptions are among the elements of knowledge, unchangeable as the moods of logic, or the idioms of language, or injunctions of good taste, or the proprieties of good manners, Elizabeth's reign is golden, Mary's bloody, the Church of England is pure and apostolical, the reformers are judicious, the prayer book is incomparable, or beautiful, the thirty-nine articles are moderate, Pope and Pagan go together, and the Pope, the devil, and the Pretender. The anti-Catholic rancor is carried into your marts of commerce; London is burned down, and forthwith your greatest architect is instructed to set up a tall pillar to perpetuate the lie, that the Papists were the incendiaries. Take your controversy with you when you sit down to cards, and let the taunting name of Pope Joan be the title of your game. Run a horse the coming year, and among your Sorcerers, Lamplighters, Maubrans, and Priams, you will find Crucifix a striking, perhaps a lucky name for your beast; it is but the emblem of an extinct superstition. Dress up for some fancy ball, or morris-dance, and let the Grand Turk jump about on one side of you, and the Pope with cross and beads and triple crown upon the other. Go to the stage of the Mountebank, and teach him, when he displays his sleight-of-hand, to give effect to his tricks by the most sacred words of the Catholic ritual. Into your very vocabulary let Protestantism enter; let priest, and mass, and mass-priest, and mass-house have an offensive savor on your palate, let monk be a word of reproach, let Jesuitism and Jesuitical, in their first intention, stand for what is dishonourable and vile. What chance has a Catholic against so multitudinous, so elementary a tradition? Here is the tradition of the court, and of the law, and of society, and of literature, strong in themselves, and acting on each other, and acting on a willing people, and the willing people acting on them, till the whole edifice stands self-supported, reminding one of some vast arch (as at times may be seen), from which the supports have crumbled away by age, but which endures still, and supports the huge mass of brick-work which lie above it, by the simple cohesion of parts which that same age has effected. My Brothers of the Oratory, you see what I meant when I spoke of the tradition of the Pharisees, and said that it might be

powerful in influence, though it was argumentatively weak; you see why it is that the fair form of Catholicism, as it exists in the east, west, and south, never crosses the retina of a Protestant's imagination. It is the incubus of this tradition which cumbers the land, and opposes an impregnable barrier between us and each individual Protestant whom we happen to address. Whoever he is, he thinks he knows all about our religion before speaking to us,—nay, perhaps much better than we know it ourselves. And now, if I said much more, I have said abundantly sufficient for the point I have had in view; and yet there is one portion of the subject still behind, which is almost more to my purpose than anything which I have hitherto mentioned.

Protestantism is also the Tradition of the Anglican Clergy; and in speaking of them, with reference to it, as I am going to speak, Brothers of the Oratory, do not suppose me to be forgetful either of their private worth or social uses. As the other functions of the Constitution subserve the temporal welfare of the community, so does the established clergy minister to it with a special fidelity. But here I am all along speaking of kings, lords, commons, law, literature, and so, also, of the clergy, not simply as parts of the body politic, but as organs of Protestantism; and, as I have pointed out the office which other political ranks and departments fulfil in its propagation, so am I now to speak of the duties of the Religious Establishment. I say, then, that its especial duty as a religious body is not to inculcate any particular theological system, but to watch over the anti-Catholic Tradition, to preserve it from rust and decay, to keep it bright and keen, and ready for action on any emergency or peril. It is the way with human nature to start with vigour, and then to flag; years tell upon the toughest frames; time introduces changes; prejudices are worn away; asperities are softened; views opened; errors are corrected; opponents are better understood; the mind wearies of warfare. The Protestant Tradition, left to itself, would, in the course of time, languish and decline; laws would become obsolete, the etiquette and usages of society would alter, literature would be enlivened by new views, and the old Truth might return with the freshness of novelty. It is almost the mission of the established clergy, by word and writing, to guard against this tendency of the public mind. In this especially consists its teaching: I repeat, not in the shreds of Catholic doctrine which it professes, not in proofs of the divinity of any creed whatever, not in separating opinion from faith, not in instructing in the details of morals, but mainly in refurbishing up the old-fashioned weapons of centuries back; in cataloguing and classing the texts which are to batter us, and the objections which are to explode among us, and the insinuations and slanders which are to mow us down. The Establishment is the keeper in ordinary of those national types and blocks from which Popery is ever to be printed off,—of the traditional view of every Catholic doctrine, the traditional account of every ecclesiastical event, the traditional lives of popes and bishops, abbots and monks, saints and confessors,—the traditional fictions and sophisms, calumnies, mockeries, sarcasms and invectives with which Catholics are to be assailed.

This, I say, is the special charge laid upon the Establishment. Unitarians, Sabellians, Utilitarians, Wesleyans, Calvinists, Swedenborgians, Irvingites, Freethinkers, all these it can tolerate in its very bosom; no form of opinion comes amiss; but Rome it cannot abide. It agrees to differ with its own children on a thousand points; one is sacred—that Her Majesty the Queen is "the mother and mistress of all churches;" on one dogma it is infallible, on one it may securely insist without fear of being unreasonable or excessive—that "the Bishop of Rome hath no jurisdiction in this realm." Here is sunshine amid the darkness, sense amid confusion, an intelligible strain amid a Babel of sounds; whatever befalls, here is sure footing; it is "No peace with Rome," "Down with the Pope," and "The Church in Danger." Never has the Establishment failed in the use of these important and effective watch words; many are its shortcomings, but it is without reproach in the execution of this its special

charge. Heresy and scepticism and infidelity and fanaticism may challenge it in vain; but flung upon the gale the faintest whisper of Catholicism, and it recognizes by instinct the presence of its connatural foe. Forthwith, as during the last year, the atmosphere is tremulous with agitation, and discharges vibrations far and wide. A movement is in birth which has no natural crisis or resolution. Spontaneously the bells of the steeples begin to sound. Not by an act of volition, but by a sort of mechanical impulse, bishop and dean, archdeacon and canon, rector and curate, one after another, each on his high tower, off they set, swinging and booming, tolling and chiming, with nervous intenseness, and thickening emotion and deepening volume, the old ding-dong which has scared town and country this weary time; tolling and chiming away, jingling and clamouring and ringing the changes on their poor half-dozen notes, all about "the Popish aggression," "insolent and insidious," "insidious and insolent," "insolent and atrocious," "atrocious and insolent," "atrocious, insolent and ungrateful," "ungrateful, insolent and atrocious," "foul and offensive," "pestilent and horrid," "subtle and unholy," "audacious and revolting," "contemptible and shameless," "malignant," "frightful," "mad," "meretricious,"—bobs (I think the ringers call them) bobs, and bobs-royal, and triple-bob-majors, and grandsires—to the extent of their compass and the full ring of their metal, in honour of Queen Bess, and the confusion of the Holy Father and the Princes of the Church.\*

So it is now; so it was twenty years ago; nay, so it has been in all the years as they came, even the least controversial. If there was no call for a contest, at least there was the opportunity for a triumph. Who could want matter for a sermon, if ever his thoughts would not flow, whether for a convenient digression, or effective peroration? Did a preacher wish for an illustration of heathen superstition or Jewish bigotry, or an instance of hypocrisy, ignorance, or spiritual pride? the Catholics were at hand. The deliverance from Egypt, the golden calf, the fall of Dagon, the sin of Solomon, the cruelties of Jezebel, the worship of Baal, the destruction of the brazen serpent, the finding of the law, the captivity in Babylon, Nebuchodonosor's image, Pharisees, Sadducees, Herodians, and zealots, mint, anise, and cummin, brazen pots and vessels, all in their respective places and ways, would give opportunity to a few grave words of allusion to the "monstrous errors" or the "childish absurdities" of the "Romish faith." Does any one wish an example of pride? There stands Wolsey; of barbarity? there is the Duke of Alva, of rebellion? there is Becket? of ambition? there is Hildebrand; of profligacy? there is Cæsar Borgia; of superstition? there is Louis the Eleventh; of fanaticism? there are the Crusaders. Saints and sinners, monks and laymen, the devout and the worldly, provided they be but Catholics, are heaped together in one indiscriminate mass, to be drawn forth for inspection and exposure according to the need.

The consequence is natural;—tell a person of ordinary intelligence, church man or Dissenter, that the vulgar allegations against us are but slanders,—simple lies, or exaggerations, or misrepresentations; or, as far as they are true, admitting of defence or justification, and not to the point; and he will laugh in your face at your simplicity, or lift up his hands and eyes at your unparalleled effrontery. The utmost concession he will make is to allow the possibility of incidental and immaterial error in the accusations which are brought against us; but the substance of the traditional view he believes, as firmly as he does the gospel, and if you reject it and protest against it, he will say it is just what is to be expected of a Catholic, to lie and to circumvent. To tell him at his time of life, that Catholics do not rate sin at a fixed price, that they may not get absolution for a sin in prospect, that priests can live in purity, that nuns do not murder each other, that the laity do not make images their God, that

\*The foregoing lecture in 1851 was, by an accidental coincidence, written simultaneously with an able pamphlet by Serjeant Bellasis apropos of the conduct of the Anglican clergy of the day.

Catholics would not burn Protestants if they could! Why, all this is as perfectly clear to him as the sun at noonday, he is ready to leave the matter to the next person he happens to meet; every one will tell us just the same; only let us try; he never knew there was ever any doubt at all about it; he is surprised, for he thought we granted it. When he was young, he has heard it said again and again, to his certain knowledge it has been uniformly said the last forty, fifty, sixty years, and no one ever denied it; it is so in all the books he ever looked into; what is the world coming to? What is true if this is not? So, Catholics are to be whitewashed! What next?

And so he proceeds in detail;—the Papists not worship the Virgin Mary! why, they call her "Deipara," which is "equal to God."

The Pope not the man of sin! why, it is a fact, that the Romanists distinctly maintain that "the Pope is God, and God is the Pope."

The Pope's teaching not a doctrine of devils! here is a plain proof of it; Cardinal Bellarmine expressly "maintains that, if the Pope commanded us to practice vice or shun virtue, we are obliged to do so, under pain of eternal damnation."

Not a Pope Joan! why, she was "John the Eighth," her real name was Gilberta, she took the name of John English, delivered public lectures at Rome, and was at length unanimously elected Pope.

What! councils infallible; open your eyes, my brother, and judge for yourself, "fifteen hundred public women followed the train of the Fathers of Constance."

Jesuits! there are at least twenty thousand in England; and, horrible to say, a number of them in each of the Protestant Universities, and doubtless a great many at Oscott.

Beauty and sanctity of the Popish festivals! do you not know that the Purification "is the very feast that was celebrated by the ancient pagan Romans in honour of the goddess Proserpina?"

The Papists' not corrupters of the Scriptures! look into their Bibles, and you will find they read the prophecy in Genesis, "she shall crush thy head, and thou shalt lie in wait for her heel."

Popery preach Christ! no; "Popery," as has been well said, "is the religion of priest craft; from the beginning to the end it is nothing but priest, priest, priest."

I shall both weary and offend you, my brothers, if I proceed. Even absurdity becomes tiresome after a time, and slanders cast on holy things and persons, when dwelt on, are too painful for a Catholic's ears; yet it was necessary for my subject to give instances of the popular views of us and of our creed, as they are formed under the operation of the tradition of Elizabeth.

Here I am reminded of another sort of tradition, started by a very different monarch, which in the event was handled very differently. It is often told how Charles the Second once sent a grave message to the Royal Society. That scientific body was founded in his reign, and the witty King, as became his well-known character, could not help practising a jest upon it. He proposed a question for its deliberation; he asked it, as I dare say you have often heard, to tell him how it was that a live fish weighed less heavily in water than when it was dead. The Society, as it was in duty bound, applied itself to solve the phenomenon, and various were the theories to which it gave occasion. At last it occurred to the members to determine the fact, before deciding on any of them; when, on making the experiment, to their astonishment they found that the hypothesis was a mere invention of their royal master's, because the dead fish was not heavier in the water than the living.

Well would it be if Englishmen in like manner, instead of taking their knowledge of us at (what may be called) royal hand, would judge about us for themselves, before they hunted for our likeness in the book of Daniel, St. Paul's epistles, and the Apocalypse. They then would be the first to smile at their own extravagance; but, alas! as yet, there are no such signs of such ordinary prudence. Sensible in other matters, they lose all self-command when the name of Catholicism is sounded in their ears. They trust the voice of Henry or Elizabeth with its thousand

echoes, more than their own eyes and their own experience; and they are zealous in echoing it themselves to the generation which is to follow them. Each in his turn, as his reason opens, is indoctrinated in the popular misconception. At this very time, in consequence of the clamour which has been raised against us, children in the streets, of four and five years old, are learning and using against us terms of abuse, which will be their tradition all through their lives, till they are gray-headed, and have in turn, to teach it to their grand-children. They totter out, and lift their tiny hands, and raise their thin voices, in protest against those whom they are just able to understand are very wicked and dangerous, and they run away in terror when they catch our eye. Nor will the growth of reason set them right; the longer they live, and the more they converse with men, the more will they hate us. The Maker of all, and only He, can shiver in pieces this vast enchanted palace in which our lot is cast; may He do it in His time!—*Lectures on the Present Position of Catholics in England.*

### MEN AND THINGS,

The Duke of Norfolk is short of stature and awkward in gait. But few would take him for the premier duke and hereditary marshal of England. He is a small man of that make called an inferior presence. But no one of his rank and blood, it is declared, is more distinguished for good sense and sound judgment. Although a keen sportsman and a lover of manly games, unlike many of the English aristocracy he does not degrade them by dissipation. On the contrary, all his efforts have been in the direction of improving and educating the masses of the people. He aids all works of charity and contributes freely to the Catholic churches of England. Indeed, it would be difficult to find a man of his position possessed of more simple habits. The Duke never has more than one servant with him when he travels, having none of the luxuries of the age, and his toilet case would excite the disdain of any clerk in a dry-goods store in Broadway. Two strong features of his character are his love of church and family. He attends Mass every morning at 8 o'clock. Not a week passes that he does not receive holy communion. In all cases of charity he personally examines the merits of each petition, and if he finds the application worthy gives liberally. Though he was educated under the tutorship of the celebrated Dr. Newman of polemic fame, the Duke is neither a man of learning nor of real literary tastes, though he gives liberally and is interested in behalf of all causes of education. What he lacks in intellectual culture is fully balanced by sound practical judgment. His peculiarities have, however, frequently been made the subject of rather severe criticism, and society writers of England, always severe on Catholics and Catholic institutions, have sometime written him down to the point of ridicule.

Relationships, says the *Tablet*, are complicated things, and unusual marriages tend to make them more complicated. Over in Italy, however, the relationships consequent upon the marriage of the Duke of Aosta and his niece, the Princess Letitia Bonaparte are being carefully studied. To-day Princess Letitia is the niece of King Humbert; in a few days she will become his sister-in-law. But taking the matter a step farther back the skein begins to get very tangled. By marrying her uncle, her present grandmother becomes her mother; now the daughter of her grandmother, is either her own mother or her own aunt; but Princess Letitia is the daughter (as just proved) of her grandmother; ergo Princess Letitia is either her own mother or her own aunt; not being her own mother she therefore holds the probably unique dignity of being her own aunt. By a similar process the Duke of Aosta becomes his own nephew. Here the plot thickens. If she is her own aunt, and he is his own nephew, what relation are they to each other? As she is her own aunt, she is also her husband's aunt; but he is his own nephew, therefore she is her husband's great-aunt.

## The Catholic Weekly Review.

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LETTER FROM HIS GRACE THE 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 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. CANNERY  
Bishop of Hamilton.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, NOV. 3, 1888.

The Lord Sackville episode only shows that to be a success as a diplomat a man must be able, like Von Moltke to remain "silent in seven languages." It is a condition which United States electoral ethics impose with especial severity. But though Lord Sackville made a mistake which any caudid man might make, the subsequent events have made it plain that he has been more sinned against than sinning. "Elements farcical and fictitious," as the *Daily Telegraph* says, "abound in the situation which has no danger because it has no dignity. Terror, inspired by the use the Republican wire pullers made of the letter, proved too great for the instincts of chivalry and courage which will return after the election.

"We confess ourselves," it adds, however, "far too much friends of America to enjoy the spectacle of its Government driven by an ignoble trick and an election howl to heave good manners and great principles overboard, and adopt a course which in private life would be called by painful names."

We are sorry to see that the Young Mens' Liberal Club of this city, under the sway of the swelling periods of one of its more advanced members, a gentleman too, if we mistake not, who still retains a surreptitious belief in Catholicism, has been led into the mistake of denouncing what it terms French Canadian "provincialism," and clericalism, as a bar to Canadian national development and unity. From the reports of the speeches made at one of the club's recent meetings, we should be disposed to think that some few of its members had mistaken the meaning of Liberalism. They appear to have fallen into the error of supposing that Liberalism is synonymous with the *Mail's* no-Poperyism, Francophobiaism, and anti-clerical-

ism, whereas it has nothing in common with them at all for what the *Mail* defines as Liberalism is not Liberalism, but the agnostic radicalism of M. Paul Bert and the school of French atheists.

We presume it was for the purpose of setting, right these young Liberals that the *Globe* a few days ago defined the essence of Liberalism to be in the belief that we should do unto others as we would they should do unto us; that in Canada a Liberal should hold firmly to the opinion that there is room in this vast country for both races, and that one race can justly demand no more from another than obedience to just laws and good administration. The purpose of a good Liberal as of any good citizen ought to be to build up a united empire, not to wipe out the French Canadians, and their traditions and language.

THE FRENCH CANADIANS AND ANNEXATION.

It will, we fancy, interest a good many of our readers to learn that when Mr. Erastus Wiman struck up in the United States the same tune which Professor Goldwin Smith and the *Mail*—who form, with Mr. Wiman, the head and front of the Commercial Union cabal—have been harping on in Canada, the plaint that a most potent factor against annexation is the Catholic Church in Canada, a New York Catholic journal sought to show that Mr. Wiman was mistaken. Perhaps the paper we speak of, the *N.Y. Freeman's Journal*, has access to sources of information not enjoyed by most Canadians; at any rate, it proceeds to tell the American public some things about Canada, which Canadians, we fear, have hitherto been unacquainted with themselves. To begin, it divides the Canadian population of five millions, or thereabouts, into three classes, as regards the question of union with the United States. Half of the whole population of Canada, say 2,500,000 people, it sets down as favourable to annexation, 1,750,000 it sets down as anxious for the establishment of an independent Canadian nation, and a small minority of 750,000 as in favour of maintaining our present relations with Great Britain. And from the same authority we learn that the class which desires to set up an independent Republic on this side of the St. Lawrence is largely composed of the French-Canadians. While admitting that there was a time when the Catholics of Canada would not consent to annexation, it submits, in its analysis of the existing situation, that the causes that then governed them are no longer in existence. Before the War of the Revolution, the people of the thirteen colonies were rather hostile to the Church, and the Canadians, who were then only few in number—at the time of the Treaty they numbered only 60,000—were afraid of absorption and the consequent extinction of the privileges for which they had fought on many a battle field; but since then the changes in situation and sentiment have been great, and the French Canadians are now, this New York journal states, no longer afraid of absorption. They are absorbing instead of being absorbed; they have increased from 60,000 to 1,600,000; they have sent 600,000 of their number to the United States; they are establishing themselves in the Eastern townships, which Lord Sydenham, noticing their prolific growth as a people, set apart for English colonization; they are invading Ontario, extending into Nova Scotia and New Brunswick and colonizing the North-West:—working out in all these various ways what Professor Goldwin Smith would term the peaceful reconquest of the country, why,

asks the *Freeman's Journal*, should such a people fear annexation? As a matter of fact, it informs us, they do not fear annexation. The elder clergy, always conservative, it explains, and Sir Hector Langevin and Mr. Chapleau, the French Conservative leaders, are willing to remain as they are, "at least for a season," but they are in a minority, and with the rest it is different.

"As regards," it says, "the French Liberal, or *parti nationale* which is now in the majority, they incline towards a French Republic *in rapport*, if not in alliance, with old France. When General Boulanger visited this Continent, to take part in the Yorktown centennial celebration, he landed at Montreal, and was shown over the city by Mr. Beaugrand, a pronounced annexationist, who has since then been twice elected mayor. Even the French-Canadians thought they recognized in Boulanger the man of *revanche*.

"It is a pity," said the General, at a *levee* he held in the *Hotel du Canada*, "that we have this quarrel with Germany; if it were settled we would turn our attention to giving French Canada independence."

The sentiment was applauded by all present, and by none more enthusiastically than Mr. Beaugrand, Louis Frechette, the poet, and several priests who were present. The younger generation of priests are for independence.

The French Canadians want independence but, failing in that, they will accept annexation in preference to the *statu quo*. The British Canadians would revolt against independence, knowing that a large French immigration would result, and that they would be outnumbered and overshadowed. Anything rather than this, and annexation a hundred times over.

It is evident that the connection with Britain cannot last under such circumstances, and that annexation will come in the fullness of time. When it does the French Canadian element will flourish more than ever and, as citizens of the Union, their language, their religion and their laws will be safe."

We said in a former paper that the *Freeman's Journal's* foretellings ought to have some better foundation than a cock and bull story about General Boulanger. As we anticipated Mr. Beaugrand has contradicted its statements. Writing to the *Mail*, which, of course, copied the story, he says: "Will you permit me to say that the quotation is false from the first to the last word, and that such an interview has only existed in the fertile brain of some enterprising correspondent. The whole thing is too absurd for any further comments on my part."

The *Freeman's Journal* will, we hope, pardon us if we tell it that it really knows absolutely nothing about public opinion in this country. And least of all does it appear to understand French Canadian opinion. For in no other section of our country men is there cherished greater loyalty to Canada and its institutions, or a prouder and more robust sense of our nationhood as a people. We do not think it can be shown that any single French Canadian of any position or of any influence has declared in favour of annexation. On the contrary they regard it as treason even to consider it. They know that it would mean the destruction of our nationality, the sacrifice of our traditions and institutions, and a blow to our religion. What have we to obtain in exchange for these? Mormonism? Divorce? Their Godless educational system? The doubtful advantages of their political system? If not these what else?

The fact is that we in Canada, rightly or wrongly, are bold enough to think that we, in our modest way, have the superior civilization. It may be indeed that to the American Philistine we present only the spectacle of an absurd little mob of five millions, but we have disposed of some problems the solution of which our neighbours

are only now entering upon. We may not hope to rival them in the pursuit of wealth, but the pursuit of wealth is of the lower, the predatory, order of instincts; we have not, of course, had recourse to the practical conveniences of divorce, have not legalized the interchange of wives, nor set apart a whole state for the practice of polygamy, we have not a government that shrinks every four years before the potential figure of demagogism, but we have preserved the homelier old notions of morality, religion and progress have made great strides in our history; our educational system provides, in great part, for religious instruction, our government proceeds on a wise and nicely adjusted system of checks and balances, and, an important point, in the public life of the nation our highest thought has a chance to rule.

It is reasonable to suppose that in advocating the annexation of the Dominion to the United States the *Freeman's Journal* was not aware that it in so doing ranged itself alongside of the Church's worst enemies in the Dominion. Professor Goldwin Smith and the *Mail* make no attempt to conceal their belief that annexation with the States would prove an effectual plan whereby to arrest the progress and destroy the power of the Church in this country. These men would abolish our school system, repudiate the rights guaranteed to the Church under treaty, appropriate her revenues, and confiscate her estates. They would enter *con amore* on a grand plan of confiscation. They belong to the same element as that which is responsible for the present school trouble in Boston. They are only a turbulent minority, it is true, but the dissemination of their inflammatory views is a curse to the country. When the New York *Freeman's Journal* has studied Canadian affairs long enough in order to adequately understand this, it will be content not to press for the realization of a time yet of the American dream of continental empire.

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#### COLLEGE READING ROOMS.

A recent number of the New York *Review* contained a very sensible and opportunely timed article urging upon the directors of Catholic colleges the establishment of suitable reading rooms, for, at least, the more advanced students. By reading rooms it explained that it did not mean the shams which are called reading rooms in most of our colleges, but rather "a reading room according to the best and latest principles, whose effects will flow into the minds of the boys during college life and long afterwards, and about whose power for good there will be no such doubt as hangs around the affair called a reading room at the present moment."

When a young man of eighteen or twenty has graduated, says this journal, there two things he should have in his possession over and above his languages and good breeding, "a taste for literature and a fair knowledge of the country to which he belongs," for without these his education must look like a farce. "Now it is a notorious fact," say the *Review*, "that an immense number of college graduates contrive to escape from college with as much taste for reading as a bootblack might have, and about as discriminating. How large the number is we cannot tell, but we know it to be for various reasons, too large, in fact, for college faculties not to be ashamed of; but it sinks into insignificance compared with the number which escape into active life with an innocence concerning the country of their activity quite childlike. What is the cause of



deficiency and innocence? We said some time ago that most of our Catholic American college boys in 1888 are trained on the same system applied to a French boy in 1786. This is a fact, and the fact is the answer to the question, and as long as it continues to be the answer so long will our graduates continue to devote themselves to sporting literature and alarm us when they open their mouths on things American."

The workings of this worn out and impossible system it describes as follows:

"No newspapers are allowed in colleges. Whether good or bad, useful or helpful, they are kept out formally. They are read, of course, with even more avidity than if no law excluded them. The argument is, that they take the minds of boys from their studies. This is an argument from 1788. The boys read newspapers in spite of prohibition, which fact downes the argument, and they get little good from their reading. Properly speaking, there is no reading-room where the modern journal is excluded. The college library supplies such reading as is done publicly, and this institution is often a mere hole in the wall which gives Hobson's choice to the hundred students who examine its starved shelves. A taste for reading is to be acquired from a good healthy library and a wise librarian, a knowledge of one's country as it is from library and newspaper. And, therefore, the reading room of a college should be the ideal department of the institution; through whose influence all that is done in other departments will receive polish and fixity and expression."

And more than this the college reading-room should be a respectable apartment, well kept, well lighted, and almost luxurious. "The Catholic weeklies and monthlies of good quality, wherever published in the English-speaking world, should be found in its files. The library would be small enough with one thousand volumes of the best that fiction, poetry, history, biography, etc., have to offer. The managers of the reading-room might be the professors of the higher grades, whose business it would be to form and guide the taste of their pupils with the library's aid, and to instruct them in the living present of their country by the help of past history and present journalism."

This is the education it rightly claims, which bears fruit before graduation and long afterwards. It sends forth the young man "quite as green as he ought to be," but not the dolt who might be labelled "ask him questions in Latin and Greek. He knows nothing else." The *Review* does not exaggerate. "Take," it continues, "the graduates of our colleges last year. Their ages were from eighteen to twenty-two; that is, they were men. They had studied philosophy. How many could point out in plain English the connection between the Lutheran rejection of all ecclesiastical authority in the sixteenth century and the Socialist rejection of all civil authority in the Nineteenth? How many of them could see in their cursory reading of newspapers the single characteristic which marks either of the two great parties in this country? Yet who might more easily know than they, and who among all classes are more bound to know? Take the graduates of ten years back. What a tremendous percentage of them know nothing whatever of Tennyson, Longfellow, Shakespeare, Scott, or any other writers whom not to know is a shame for an educated man; while out of their lives has fled all influence of college classics, if that influence ever touched their minds. Is this education? It is not even the system of 1788, for

that fitted its time and suited the needs of the hour. It is a cruel, an almost shameless indifference to the collegian. He spends five years, the very best of his life, hacking at Latin, Greek, the simplest geometry, algebra and grammar, and then he is thrust out of doors with just enough ability to teach a country school, the victim of a foolish system through which his opportunities are lost."

For these all too truthful reasons we agree that it is the duty of the directors of colleges to bring their reading rooms up to the highest line within their power. As the *Review* says "it will be better than the present ditch in which the majority are slumbering."

#### IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

Then up rose bold Amos Cummings,  
Coming from the Isle Manhattan,  
Wild and woolly in his frenzy,  
Rose he up and thus orated;  
England is a dread Oc-to-pus  
(Accent on the middle penult),  
And she slimes with slimy slimeness  
Everything from "h— to breakfast;"  
Alexandria (not our Alex.)  
Bab-el-Mandelb and Socotra,  
St. Helena and Bermudas,  
Cape of Good Hope, Orinoco.  
Land Canadian and Vancouver,  
Eastern, Western, Northern, Southern  
Tentacles are stretching outward,  
Taking in the earth and also  
Every rod of fence around it.  
England, devil-fish of nations,  
Wants it all, but shall she have it?  
No siree, sir! No, by thunder!  
See our mighty screaming eagle  
(Grover Cleveland, that his name is)  
Swoop right down upon the serpent,  
And with wiry, gory talons  
Pluck it up and shake the stuffing  
Out of it in gobs and slathers.  
Cut the hamstrings of the lion,  
Send him sneaking through the desert,  
Bust his hopes of future conquest,  
Mop the floor with all his greatness,  
Smash him, crush him, rip him open.  
Tear his ugly "innards" outwards,  
Turn his bloated outwards inwards—  
Then will all the nations hoop-la,  
And our mighty bird of Freedom  
Flap his wings and crow until the  
Sun and moon and stars and planets  
Join the universal chorus!  
Thus spoke he, bold Amos Cummings,  
And the erstwhile great Oc-to-pus  
(Accent on the middle penult)  
Climbed a tree and called for quarter.

*Washington Critic.*

#### MIGHT HAVE ANSWERED WORSE.

A Catholic bishop in the north of England visited the numerous mission stations in his diocese a short time ago. At one place where he visited, the priest was very anxious that his lordship should examine a class of little girls upon religious subjects. The bishop consented, and forthwith commenced to question the little girls upon the seven sacraments. Everything went on very well, and the bishop was very much edified by the ready and intelligent answers given by the little girls, whose ages ranged from 6 to 9 years. The good parish priest being close by, was, of course, very proud of his little flock till it came to the sacrament of matrimony. A bright-eyed little girl of 8 years of age, in answer to a question put to her by the bishop, said that matrimony was a state of torment in this life. The priest in an instant said, "Go to the bottom of the class, you naughty girl." His lordship replied, "No, no, my dear Father, let the little girl alone; for aught you or I know, she may be right."

## SOME INTERESTING BAPTISMAL CERTIFICATES.

In one of the volumes of "*Documents Inédits*," lately published by the Quebec Government, there is a copy of the baptismal register of the three Indians whom Jacques Cartier carried back with him to France in 1536, which being translated reads as follows:—

"This day of our Lady, the twenty-fifth of March, of the year one thousand five hundred and thirty-eight, were baptised three savages, men from parts of Canada, brought from said country by honest man Jacques Cartier, Captain for our sire the King, and for the discovery of those aforesaid lands.

"The first was named Charles, by the venerable and discreet Master Deschamps Girault, Dean and Honorary Canon, principal godfather; the second godfather was Monsieur the Lieutenant, Siegneur de la Verderye, and the godmother Catherine Desgranches.

"The second savage was named Francois (the name of our sire the King) by honest man Jacques Cartier, the principal godfather; the second was Master Pierre LeGobein, and the godmother Madame la Lieutenant de la Verderye.

"The third was named \_\_\_\_\_ by Master Servan Mapor of the said place; second godfather Etienne Nouël, \_\_\_\_\_ and his godmother Maingart."

The French wording of the above is very quaint. The mention of *Madame la Lieutenant de Verderye* might be cited by our friends over the border in extenuation of their custom of conferring a like brevet rank upon the wives of dignitaries.

In the next document, of which the original bears the signature of the great navigator, Jacques Cartier, like many a modern servant of the Crown of England, has been transformed from an honest man to a nobleman:

"Thursday, the fifth day of February, of the year 1550, was baptised a son, in the cathedral church of St. Malo, to Jacques Nouël and Servanne le Doyen his wife, by Dom Olivier Le Maryn, acting in place of the venerable and discreet Master Launcelot Rufyer, Chanoine and vicaire curé of the said Church, and named by the noble man Jacques Cartier—Jacques. Second godfather Jehin Gueridien, godmother Perrine Gauthier. In the presence of Etienne Nouël, Méry Rouxel, and of Boulez, worthy notary, the aforesaid day and year."

Following next in the matter of antiquity is one which is doubtless familiar to many a reader of the REVIEW, that of the first white child born in Canada:—

"Quebec, this 24th October, 1621:—

"Was baptised Eustache, son of the Sieur Martin (Abraham of the Plains) and Margaret Langlois his wife."

To the kindness of Monsieur Estourneau de Tersannes of the French flagship "*La Minerve*," I owe the following copy of the baptismal certificate of the Marquis de Montcalm, which has never before been printed in Canada. It was taken by Monsieur de Tersannes from the archives of the town of Vauvert.

"In the year one thousand seven hundred and twelve, on the sixteenth day of March, Joseph Louis de Montcalm, son of Monsier Louis Daniel de Montcalm, lord of Veran and other *Seigneuries*, and of Dame Marie Thérèse de Castellane, was baptised in the Church of Vauvert by me, Vincent, curé, he having been born on the twenty-eighth of the month previous. His godfather was Monsieur Joseph Matthi:s de Castellane, Marquis d'Ampus, his godmother Madame Marie de Guillaumont, Lady of Vaux.

"Were present—Louis Laporta and Monsieur Joseph Francois de Castellane, who signed with the father, the godfather and the godmother.

VINCENT, CURÉ ST. CHATTES.

SAIN VÉRAN, CASTELLANE.

D'AMPUS, M. DE GUILLAUMONT.

CASTELLANE D'AMPUS, LAPORTA, SIGNÉS."

As we are on the subject of baptismal certificates, I

give the following. It will be a surprise to many persons to learn that the unfortunate being whom it concerns was honoured by having as his sponsors representatives of some of the noblest names of our country. Little did the venerable Seigneuresse of St. Jean Port Joli think, as she placed her signature upon the page of the register of St. Louis de Kamouraska, that the innocent babe, over whose brow the waters of regeneration had just rolled, would one day deny the church that had welcomed him as her son, and taking the sacred Scriptures as the guide of his life's actions, and private judgment as the key to unlock its mysteries, straightway choose for his models Lucifer, whose pride cast him from heaven, and Judas, whose betrayal of his Lord led to his final impenitence.

On the banks of the Kamouraska river, sheltered under a barren cape, stand the blackened ruins of a house that once knew better days. Here on the 30th July, 1809, the Apostate Chiniquy was born and, according to the parish register, baptized as follows:

"On the thirtieth of July, in the year 1809, I the undersigned archpriest and curé of the Parish of St. Louis de Kamouraska, baptized Charles Paschal Tésfor, born of the lawful marriage of Mr. Charles Tésfor Chiniquy, law student of this parish, and dame Marie Reine Perreault. The god father was Paschal Taché, former Seigneur of this parish, and the godmother Madame Catherine de La Naudière, wife of Ignace Aubert de Gaspé, Esq. Seigneur of the parish of Saint Jean Port Joli, in the county of Devon, who have signed with us, as required.

"(Signed) LANAUDIÈRE DE GASPÉ

PASCHAL TACHÉ

CHARLES CHINIQUY

LANAUDIÈRE BABY

AGATHE DE LANAUDIÈRE

G. MARITAU

AMARANTHE LEMOINE

ADELAIDE BABY

LOUISE TACHÉ NÉE DE CHESNAY

THOS. CASTOR

A. E. PINET, ARCHPRIEST AND CURÉ."

It is not generally known that Chiniquy, somewhere about forty-five years ago, entered the novitiate of the Oblate Order. A very learned and pious old clergyman of Quebec at the time entered the fact in his diary and traced underneath the prophetic words "*Ca no tiendra pas.*"

The family of the apostate, overwhelmed with shame, left Canada long since for the United States. One of his brothers recently died at Kamakeec, Illinois, at the age of seventy-eight years, and had the consolation of receiving the last sacraments of the Church from the hands of his son, a priest, the Rev. Louis Chiniquy, of Cincinnati.

Rather a good story of Chiniquy, and one not generally known, concerns his visit to Montreal some twenty years ago, when he held forth in a most scandalous manner against the truths of the Holy Church, and was especially violent in his attacks upon the Blessed Virgin. Shortly after this course of sermons the apostate was attacked by a disease of the mouth and throat, ulcers broke out over his tongue and lips, and he was unable to pursue his "mission."

He was residing at the St. Lawrence Hall, and to him some anxious friend brought one of the leading medical men of the city. It chanced, however, that the doctor did not know the name of his patient, which probably was intentionally concealed from him, nor did Chiniquy recognize the doctor, who was eminent no less for his Catholicity than for his skill.

After examining the tongue, prescribing, etc., the doctor recommended the sufferer to winter in Florida, saying that the severity of a Canadian winter might prove prejudicial to his recovery. He then took his leave. Probably the friend in attendance thought the joke too good to keep, for the next day it was known all over Montreal that Doctor H— had sent Chiniquy to a hot climate!

LORRAINE.

THE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE.

Under the head of "A Contradiction," the following letter appears in the *Morning Post* :—

"SIR,—I wish to contradict the report which I believe is current, that I am about to join the Roman Church. Several papers have made this statement, and I think that the *Morning Post* is the best medium through which to deny a rumour as false as it is malicious. "NEWCASTLE.

"Cliveden Chambers, 104B, Mount Street, July 23."

We had observed in the London letters of some of our provincial contemporaries, some days ago, the statement which exhausts the Duke of Newcastle's adjectives and epithets. To say that a man is a Christian has hardly become a calumny yet in England. Someone thanked God on a memorable occasion that a certain person (whose descendants are Catholics by-the-bye) was "not a man but a lord." Perhaps the Duke of Newcastle thinks that he, at any rate, ought to be quite above the suspicion of taking a step which men like the Mannings and Newmans have not disdained. We all remember how angry the Duke of Argyll was a few months ago because he thought someone had said that a Duke of Argyll was among the converts to the Catholic Church. His Scotch Grace had as many epithets at his command as his English brother, and quite of the same kind. Nor did the Duke of Argyll, when he repudiated the possibility of a Duke of his race joining the Church of Rome, think it worth while to add that a Duchess of Argyll had done the very deed so repugnant to the male line.

And now the Duke of Newcastle curiously enough makes the same omission. He does not think it candid to mention

that his mother, the Duchess of Newcastle, has for some years been a convert to the Church of which it is malicious to imagine him a member. Had he done so, nothing more "malicious" than a very easy confusion would have been suggested as the cause of the inaccurate report. Another point which we should have been glad to see made quite clear by his Grace is, that the malicious falsehood, if such it must be called, did not appear in a Catholic newspaper, or have any Catholic origin. The very terms of his Grace's denial suggest a contrary impression, and that suggestion is false—we will not say malicious. Though we are unreasonable enough to think the Catholic Church good enough for the Duke of Newcastle (as other eminent men have been thoughtless enough to find it), we do not expect his whole order to know the value of words. When the Duke sat down to write to the *Morning Post*, he probably thought that "malicious" and "false" meant merely inaccurate. His Grace would benefit future philologists, if he would join the Duke of Portland in compiling a new polite letter writer or a dictionary giving the esoteric ducal meaning of plain English words.—*Weekly Register, London, (Eng).*

On one occasion Father Lacordaire, who was at the time director of a college which he had founded, was asked, on the eve of a great feast, for an important reason to stay over in Paris. "I cannot," he replied; "it might perhaps make some of my children, who are preparing for to-morrow's feast, miss their confession. It is incalculable," he added, in a most serious tone, "the effect of one Communion less in the life of a soul." And he went two hundred leagues in order not to deprive his spiritual children of his fatherly care.

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