

CARDINAL HOWARD IN THE GUARDS.

THE elevation of this distinguished and comparatively young ecclesiastic to the purple, for which dignity he is in every respect so suited, is but one of the many proofs of the wisdom and discernment of the illustrious Pontiff whose episcopal jubilee is now so near at hand. Leaving to more competent hands to give a more complete sketch of Mgr. Howard's antecedents, we beg to advert to a few incidents in his remarkable career which may not be without interest to our readers, and probably to some of our dissenting fellow-countrymen. Mgr. Howard received his education at Oscott College when under the presidency of Cardinal Wiseman. After an academic career marked by no ordinary intellectual ability, he made his *début* in military life by accepting a Cornetcy in the Guards, then stationed at Brompton. Passing intact through the ordeal of barrack life, so trying, and not unfrequently so detrimental to the morals of young men, the future Monsignor was most popular in the regiment, having been known under a familiar *sobriquet*, which indicated the appreciation in which his steady and regular habits were held by his brother officers. Gifted by nature both physically and mentally, in Mgr. Howard are united the advantages of a tall and symmetrical figure with an intellectual expression of features.

Soon after his arrival at Brompton barrack, where the Life Guards lay, he made it his business to ascertain the number of Catholics in the ranks, and it was his invariable practice on Sundays to assemble them in the barrack square and conduct them to King William street, Strand, where the Church of the Oratorians was then situated. On these occasions it may be remarked that no coercion was used, but as the hour of Mass coincided with that of the regimental mess, from which the men, in consequence, were invariably absent, it was Cornet Howard's custom to give the soldiers their dinner at his own expense. In connection with this laudable practice of the young Cornet, the writer may mention an interesting incident communicated to him by an Irish parish priest:—Passing through London at this period, and forming one of the congregation at the Oratory on a Sunday, the clerk serving Mass happening to be taken suddenly ill, was obliged to retire from the altar. The reverend stranger said he was much surprised, no less than edified, at seeing a young officer in brilliant uniform instantly rise from his seat, and, proceeding to the sanctuary, take his place by the side of the celebrant, thereby supplying the place of the invalid assistant. It is scarcely necessary to add that the author of this edifying act was Cornet Howard. It has been mentioned that Mgr. Howard rode at the head of the Duke of Wellington's funeral on November 2, 1852, but no mention has been made of the fact that on that memorable day "Jupiter Pluvius" was in the ascendant, and that no wetter day was ever recorded in the meteorological annals of the metropolis. From the time the *cortège* left Apsley House till its arrival at St. Paul's (four hours) there was a continued down-pour. The exceptional character of the grand funeral pageant causing thousands of people of all classes, both old and young, to be out of doors on that memorable day, much illness and many deaths resulted. Thanks, however, to a young and sound, though not very robust constitution, the young Cornet experienced no bad effect from his long exposure beyond a thorough drenching. On his subsequent retirement from the Army—the writer has it from an authoritative source—her Majesty, to whom he was well known, expressed regret at the loss of his services, though appreciating the motives which led him to sacrifice the prospect of a brilliant military career for the purpose of becoming a laborer in the vineyard of Christ.—*Exchange.*

CATHOLIC CHURCH IN THE UNITED STATES.

By JOHN O'KANE MURRAY, B.S.

[From the *Dublin Review*.]

In the early days of the American Union, which Catholics had a large share in founding, the cruel bigotry of the English was repudiated as equally stupid and ungrateful, by the first rulers of the Republic, and notably by Washington. Mr. Murray pertinently remarks that "General Washington's Life Guard, a most choice body of men, was composed largely of Catholics." They were selected "with special reference to their physical, moral, and intellectual character," and "it was considered a mark of peculiar distinction to belong to the Commander-in-Chief's Guard." (Page 167.) It was not till a later date that firebrands from England and Scotland kindled the flames of a gross and unpatriotic fanaticism, and strove to suppress the liberty which they had ostentatiously quitted their own land of penal enactments to secure and perpetuate. It was not till party spirit, violent and unscrupulous, had made all weapons acceptable as a tool of political warfare that the same fanaticism was craftily appealed to in our own day by men who do not share it, being indifferent to all religion; and there is reason to believe that the candid and generous temper of the people of the United States has already detected and condemned the sordid imposture. Meanwhile, the progress of the Catholic faith in the New World, by its own inherent life, is one of the most consoling facts of our age. Macaulay shrewdly remarked that as the ablest and most acute minds had, in all times, lovingly professed that faith, it was hard to see what it had to fear from the progress of so-called knowledge and enlightenment. The world is not likely to be adorned with more sublime genius in the future than in the past, and the noblest specimens of our race, morally and intellectually, have been, as Macaulay observed, devout and exulting Catholics. The peculiar and composite structure of American society, and its local traditions and usages, have been no impediment to the peaceful victories of their holy faith. Sixty years ago the number of Catholics in the two States of New York

and New Jersey was only 13,000; at this moment it is 1,500,000. In the year 1800 there was in the whole American Union only one Catholic diocese, one bishop, and fifty priests. There are now eighty-six dioceses, including apostolic vicariates, about seventy archbishops and bishops, and more than five thousand priests. Mr. Murray adds: "It is the opinion of many well-informed and thoughtful men that there are between eight and ten millions of baptized Catholics in the United States" (p. 316). However impressive these facts may be, there is one which is still more hopeful and encouraging, and which suggests a deeper motive of gratitude to God for the favours which He has conferred on this youthful but mighty nation. Not only are American Catholics conspicuous for solid virtue, generous enthusiasm, and filial devotion to the Holy See, but these qualities are displayed in an eminent degree by converts from every rank and class, and notably those who were fed in their younger days on the sour nutriment of that effete Puritanism which once strove to suppress, by barbarous cruelty, the Catholic religion, but only to succumb, especially in the cradle land of New England, in that unequal combat which the human wages with the divine. A "liberal" Catholic is as rare in the American Republic as a black swan. They are all, by the teaching of the Holy Spirit, what the slang of the day calls "Ultramontanes"—i.e., inseparably united with the Vicar of Christ, and in harmony with the mind of the Church. It is this, together with their practical devotion and piety, which is the secret of their triumphs in the past and the guarantee of their success in the future. We can cordially recommend Mr. Murray's volume to all who wish to see the proof of the one and to estimate the prospects of the other.

THE WEST COAST OF AFRICA.

A CORRESPONDENT on board Her Majesty's ship *Avon*, writing from the river Congo on the 10th of January, says:—

"Since I last wrote we have been taken off the block and ordered to the southern division of the station. We are expecting daily to hear of Captain Sullivan's arrival, and thus meet an old friend in him, as he inspected us prior to our departure from Portsmouth. We have not had very stirring times since leaving the coast of Dahomey. At first we went to the river Bonny, which is an English settlement of old hulks, some of which are at anchor, and some grounded on the mud. There are sixteen or seventeen of them in all. Three white men, traders, live in each hulk, and carry on a trade with the natives, selling cloth (which is bad calico), beads, gin, rum, &c., for palm oil, ground nuts, ivory, and so forth—a curious life, and at present one at which it takes a long time to make a fortune. Some very singular characters are to be met with among these traders, including broken-down officers of the Army and Navy, and gentlemen of all sorts and conditions in life, who come out with the intention of making a desperate attempt to retrieve their fortunes or die unknown. I am sorry to say the latter is most frequently the case. You can imagine from this that many of them are hard drinkers. Now that you know the character of one English settlement, you know that of all on the coast, with the exception, of course, that some are on land and differently circumstanced from others. From the river Bonny we went to Fernando Po, and then on to the Gaboon River, a French settlement on the coast, just on the Line. Here it was that M. du Chaillu came across the gorilla. I like this place better than any other I have visited on the coast. It is clean, and the French, as they always do, have taken the trouble to plant trees, build hospitals, &c., and will not allow spirits of any sort to be sold to the natives. We then went on to the Congo River, in about 6 deg. south latitude. Where we are lying, it is about five or six miles across; the water is of a brown reddish hue, said to be caused by iron, which must be in a state of suspension. Sharks' Point is a miserable collection of huts, where about 50 negroes exist, on the south bank of the river. It is the man-of-war anchor age. Here we lie from day to day, the water rushing past down the river and out to sea at the rate of four to six knots, carrying masses of vegetable matter, at times of such size as to be called floating islands, which they very much resemble. There must be an immense quantity of water coming down, considering that the depth of the river is from 20 to 30 fathoms; and the rate at which it runs to the sea such as I have mentioned. To the south of the Congo the coast is bold, cliffs of from 60ft to 80ft. in height extending to the water. I visited the place which Commander Cameron first reached on this coast after his two years' walk. It is called Cutumbella, and is a trading place belonging to the Portuguese. Nearly all the country south of the Congo belongs to the Portuguese, until it ends in an inhabited district at about 20 deg. south latitude, which stretches to the Orange River in 29 deg. south latitude. St. Paul de Loanda is the capital of the Portuguese possessions, which are known under the general name of Angola. It is a town of 12,000 inhabitants, including 4,000 whites and half-castes. There is an English Consul here. Most of the trade is in the hands of the Portuguese.

For the first time since universities existed in Austria a society of students has been formed, bearing the name of Austrian, namely, the "German-Austrian Society." Formerly the word "Austrian" was unfortunately looked upon as a sign of reproach; but now the patriotic feeling is so far advanced that even a number of students no longer call themselves Germans, Magyars, Poles, &c., but Austrians. The members of the society belong to all the nationalities of the empire; the inauguration banquet took place on the third Friday in February, and, as a matter of course, when any particular manifestation is in question, Baron Schnerling was invited. He unfolded with youthful fire the black and yellow banner, and made an animated speech, which met with unbounded applause.