

She is, moreover, a woman of sound understanding, and her judgment on any public question whatever must of necessity be most clear and true. She must have long since perceived the value of the kingdom of Italy, and have been sufficiently acquainted with the minds of her own people to foresee that, although for the moment some comments might be made and a spurious indignation manifested, it would eventually be agreed that quite sufficient homage had been paid by England to the memory of King Victor Emmanuel by commissioning a peer of the realm to attend his funeral.

WHO ARE THE CONVERTS. (From the Boston Pilot.)

A FEW weeks ago the Episcopal organ, the *Churchman*, said:—"It can be shown from statistics that the larger proportion of converts to Rome are from the non-Episcopal bodies." As the *Churchman* has failed to produce the statistics since called for, it is not inappropriate for us to give a few distinguished names serving to indicate their quality, and showing that though the Catholic Church may thank all denominations for their contribution, she is under special obligation to the Episcopalian.

Without leaving the United States, we might cite illustrious personages as the late Most Rev. James Roosevelt Bayley, D.D., Archbishop of Baltimore; Most Rev. James Frederick Woon, D.D., Archbishop of Philadelphia; Right Rev. Josue Young, D.D., late Bishop of Erie; Right Rev. Bishop Taylor, of Hartford—all of whom were converts to the Catholic faith—L. Stillman Ives, D.D., Protestant Bishop of North Carolina, who, having seen the light of truth in the Catholic Church, renounced every earthly consideration—dignities, honours, wealth, friends—and braved contumely and insult to become a simple layman in her fold; Very Rev. George H. Deane, Vicar-Apostolic of the Diocese of Newark, and son of the Protestant bishop of that name; Rev. James Kent Stone, late President of Hobart and Kenyon College, now a Paulist father; Revs. I. T. Hecker, Francis A. Baker, A. F. Hewitt, Edward Dwight Lyman, Episcopal clergymen of distinction and now Catholic priests; Rev. James Clark, S.J., formerly a Professor of Mathematics at West Point, later commissioned a brigadier-general in the United States army, and now President of Gonzago College, Washington; Orestes A. Brownson, L.L.D., the distinguished reviewer, whom Lord Brougham is said to have styled "the master mind of America;" J. A. McMaster, editor of the *New York Freeman's Journal*; General D. W. C. Clarke, of Vermont, Rev. Dr. Rogers, Dr. Joshua Huntington, the well-known author of "Rosemary," "Gropings after Truth," &c.; Honourable Thomas Ewing, Senator from Ohio, and for some time Secretary of the United States Treasury; Hon. Henry May, a distinguished orator, and one of the leaders of his party in the House of Representatives; Homer Wheaton, Esq., late of Poughkeepsie, N.Y., at first a lawyer of distinction, but actuated by zeal for the service of God, such as he then supposed to be, he devoted his wealth and talents, of a superior order, to the Protestant ministry, until, the study of theology having opened his eyes to the falsity of his position, he was eventually led into the Catholic Church. Then there are Hon. Thomas B. Florence, of Philadelphia, for sixteen years a member of the United States House of Representatives; Hon. Judge T. Scott, of Baltimore, and a host of other leading men of the country, a mention of whose names alone would occupy more space than our limited column will allow, without speaking of the hundreds of highly-educated women converted to the Church within the last fifty years, and who grace all classes of society.

In order to give the Episcopalian a chance for vindication, it is fair to give the following from a Protestant daily:—"But let us offset the blame for losing Doctors Bayley, Newman, Hecker and others. Mr J. McMaster, editor of that uncompromising Catholic paper, the *Freeman's Journal*, is a son of a Presbyterian minister. The Rev. J. W. Bakewell was a successor to the Presbyterian commentator, Matthew Henry; his son, R. N. Bakewell, became editor of the *Shepherd of the Valley*, a Catholic paper. Father Huntington says, in his 'Reasons for Renouncing Protestantism,' that his theological training was at Princetown. Dr. O. A. Brownson was a Congregational minister. Father Hewitt is the son of an 'Old School' Presbyterian pastor. Father Walworth is the son of Chancellor Walworth, an elder in a Presbyterian church. Judge Bunat, of Louisiana, was a Baptist. Judge Lord was a Presbyterian before he made a similar change. Professors Ortel, Muller, Phillips, Adams, and the philosophical Schlegel never went to Rome from the Episcopal Church. Dr. De Joux was a Calvinist pastor in Geneva. Counts Ingenheim, Stolberg, Werner, the Princess of Mecklenburg and the Baron of Estein, with De Haller, Esslinger, Henter, and Overbeck were all non-Episcopalian Protestants. The recent gain of the Catholic Church of the Queen Dowager of Bavaria was not a loss to the Episcopal Church. And Bishop Cummins' allusion to the 'Marquis of Ripon with all his wealth,' leaving the Church of England for the Church of Rome is offset by the Marquis of Bute, with his greater wealth, who went to Rome from Presbyterianism. But a few months ago we read of the Rev. Dr. Daykin, a Methodist minister in Brooklyn, N.Y., going to the Catholic Church."

HISTORICAL! Vide "Jurors Reports and Awards, New Zealand Exhibition." Jurors: J. E. Ewen, J. Butterworth, T. G. Skinner. "So far as the Colony is concerned, the dyeing of materials is almost entirely confined to the re-dyeing of Articles of Dress and Upholstery, a most useful art, for there are many kinds of material that lose their colour before the texture is half worn. G. HIRSCH, of Dunedin (DUNEDIN DYE WORKS, George-street, opposite Royal George Hotel) exhibits a case of specimens of Dyed Wools, Silks, and Feathers, and dyed Sheepskins. The colors on the whole are very fair, and reflect considerable credit on the Exhibitor, to whom the Jurors recommended an Honorary Certificate should be awarded. Honorary Certificate, 29: Gustav Hirsch, Dunedin, for specimens, of Dyeing in Silk, Feathers, &c.

AN ENEMY OF THE IRISH PEOPLE.

THE *N.Y. Nation*, edited by an Irishman, Mr. E. L. Godkin, seeks after opportunity to dispraise and revile the Irish people. We cannot say that the editor is the author or originator of these articles; but as he must be aware of their malicious nature he is responsible for the attacks. In a recent review of A. M. Sullivan's "New Ireland," the *Nation* takes occasion to say:—

"There is probably no country in the world to which the average Irish peasant was less fitted to come as regards moral and mental outfit than the United States. He never gets here more than an imperfect comprehension of the laws and manners, and their effect on him is to destroy or greatly enfeeble some of his most valuable prejudices and traditions, without supplying any better to take their place as motives or guides. In fact, the Irish people would not have been fit for emigration to this country as things have gone and are going before the year 1925; and if it were not for their children's sake one would regret that it began any sooner."

It is astonishing that an intelligent paper should allow into its columns a charge so vindictive and so easily disproved. There is not an intelligent reader of the *Nation* who has not stamped the assertion as unfounded, and wondered at its appearance. We, who have observed the peculiar subtle hatred of the Irish running through the columns of *The Nation*, are not surprised, except at its coarseness.

It is not necessary to bring evidence to show that the Irish element is the strongest and most beneficial in the population of the Republic. The stores and workshops of every town in the Union prove it. Every great national and private enterprise proves it. The war for the Union proved it. The rolls of the professions prove it. The only men that venture to deny it are those lackeys of a foreign government who, either from inherited dislike or for pay, continue to misrepresent and belittle the Irish race. As to their mental outfit, we appeal to their record in America, that bristles with distinguished names; and as to their moral outfit, we proudly turn to the statistics of their native country, prepared by enemies, that prove them the most law-abiding people in Europe.

The Irish, of all emigrants, are the first to assimilate to the people of this country. The outfit which they bring to America is health, strength, and courage, and honest hearts that resist oppression and hate intolerance. Though they have been followed to this Republic by the enmity of the Government that ought to protect them, and by the slander and vituperation of its powerful press; and though the poor inoffensive immigrants, who only come here to do hard, honest work, have been met on these shores by constant disparagement and obloquy from that part of the American Press that lackeys after every thing English—in spite of all this, by the inherent stamina of the race, which is now probably the hardest, healthiest, and purest white race in existence, they are increasing more rapidly than any other people in numbers and influence throughout the English-speaking world.

The spurious liberalism of such critics as *The Nation* they despise. Pretenders to liberalism, like this critic, can never impose upon the Irish. They are a shrewd people. They are accustomed to injustice, and it does not worry them. They have had to contend against oppression so long that it makes no impression on them. Revilement of the Irish is thrown away. They grow because of the immense inner strength of the race; and the spiteful opposition of vindictive enemies is an insect barrier to their progress.—*Pilot*.

FATHER MATHEW.

DURING the time the cholera raged in Cork, and struck down thousands in a day, no one laboured more actively in the cholera hospital, to administer the consolation of religion to the dying penitents, than Father Mathew. He saved the life of a patient in a very singular manner. He had been reading some prayers by the bedside of a young man, who, he thought, might possibly recover, from the dreadful malady, when he was suddenly called to another ward of the hospital to prepare a dying man for death. Having administered Extreme Unction to the dying penitent, he returned to the penitent he had lately left, but only to find the bed tenantless.

"Nurse," he enquired, where is the young man who occupied this bed?"

"Dead, sir."

"Dead! impossible. Where is he?"

"Taken, with the other corpses, to the dead house."

"I cannot believe he is dead," persisted Father Mathew; "I thought him better when I left him. I must see to this."

Away went Father Mathew, who must have possessed strong nerves to encounter all he saw in the charnel house. I cannot describe the sickening details; suffice it to say he recognised the body of the young man, which two men, specially paid for the purpose, were about wrapping in tarred sheets, preparatory to interment.

"Stop, stop; surely that man cannot be dead," cried Father Mathew.

"Truth, he is, God be merciful to his soul," piously prayed one of the men of the dead house.

"I cannot believe he is. I was speaking to him a short time ago. Let me feel his pulse," he said.

"An' welcome, your honour."

Father Mathew knelt beside the prostrate body, and studied the rigid face as he felt the pulse. It was a scene for a painter—the apparently lifeless, the quiet and grim men ready to cover the remains with the ceremonies of the tomb, the anxious priest feeling for some indication that life was not extinct. After a brief pause the countenance of Father Mathew wore an inspiring aspect.

"The man is alive," he shouted, triumphantly, "I feel his pulse! Thank God! Thank God!"

It was true, the vital spark was not quenched; restoration had due effect; and the supposed corpse was brought from the dead-house to be treated in the hospital. Before many days passed the man was able to thank his generous preserver for his life.—*Exchange*.