

usumque praecepua), it is quickly seen what comes of private or public morals.

We say nothing of those more heavenly virtues which can neither be exercised, nor persevered in, without the special work and gift of God. Assuredly no trace of such matters can be found among those who despise, as unknown,—the redemption of the human race,—Heavenly Grace,—the Sacraments,—Happiness to be won in Heaven.

We speak of duties drawn from natural probity. For God, the Creator and provident Governor of the world;—the Law Eternal, commanding the natural order to be kept;—forbidding it to be tampered with;—(man's final end constituted, far higher than human affairs;—beyond these earthly tabernacles;—) these are the principles, these the fountains, of all justice and probity. Take these away, what Naturalists, and what Masons make use of, will have no ground on which to stand, to know right from wrong, or to stand in their own defence.

(Conclusion in our next.)

WHAT THEY SAW IN THE BOSTON CATHEDRAL.

A PROTESTANT lady (says *The Pilot*), writes in *Every Other Saturday*, Boston's newest and admirable periodical, a sketch of a visit to the Cathedral of the Holy Cross. After a description of the interior of the great church, and the ceremonies they happened to see, in which, by the way, occur a few natural and pardonable errors, she says:—

"But, if we were heretics in a Roman Catholic church, we had enjoyed it intensely. It is pleasant to one's heart to sit for an entire morning in so beautiful an edifice. To hear the 'upward streaming prayers' which one might not always understand. To listen to words of mercy, we supposed were uttered, and to recall to our imagination the time when most all Christendom was Romish. Days of monasteries, monks, nuns, and knights flooded our thoughts. For an instant we were back again hundreds of years this bright nineteenth century morning, and then as suddenly occurred to our memory the well-known lines of Barry Cornwall:—

"Fast are the steps of the knightly feet
And the clang of the steel is o'er,
And the priestly masses chanted sweet
Are heard through the aisles no more."

"But we had not seen all. The old Bishop still sat quietly, with the two youths on each side. We looked, and as we turned, a third youth, in purple, appeared, with a snuff-colored baldacchino, or canopy, of oblong shape, adorned with gold fringe. It had a long, crooked handle. This baldacchino was held over His Grace's bare and venerable head, and, rising, he also passed before us, bearing in his hands the Holy Eucharist, solemnly pacing through the little chancel-rail opening, and then we knew it was all over; this was the last ceremony for that morning.

"Finally we entered into the charming little chapel on the south side dedicated to the Blessed Virgin. Fresh flowers adorned her altar, and her well-known features beamed on us from above, as we stood near. At the foot of this altar knelt a poor poverty-stricken woman prostrated with apparent grief and penitence. I saw the tears flowing down her sunken cheeks. I was moved to cast a pitying glance on the kneeling form. She appeared to have some wound in her head, for an old bandanna handkerchief was tied around her tangled hair. I had left the others, and was alone with this woman who seemed unconscious of my presence. A priest sat in one corner reading aloud from a little book. I listened and the words which I heard were these: 'Behold, be not dismayed when fiery trials surround you; these woes, tribulations, and sufferings are intended to lead us nearer to God.' I looked at the poor penitent. I heard her sobs. Did a ray of consolation spring up in her heart? Could she comprehend the balm intended?

"I glided away, and as we passed out into the streets of the city, into the noise, the bustle, the crowds, and saw the numerous equipages—the world in their fine clothes, the bright sunshine, the gay streets—the contrast of the solitude of that little chapel, and the tear-stained penitent, was so striking—riches and plenty on one side—woe, suffering, and poverty on the other. The scene haunted me for days, and haunts me yet. I was thanked by my friend, the travelled Bostonian, as we joined the throng, for showing her a scene in, and a part of, her native city, to which she had hitherto been a stranger.

"MADALINE DURANT."

At Tuesday's meeting of the Statistical Society a paper was read by the Registrar-General on the subject of Waste Lands in Ireland. The Registrar-General stated that since 1841 there was a gradual reclamation of waste land, an improvement, however, which has not been maintained during the last ten years, in which period the land is again falling out of cultivation. The Registrar-General objected to the statements made that there were five million acres of reclaimable land in Ireland. He placed the number of acres at less than three millions, an extent which everybody will yet say can be but ill spared. A great deal of that, he thought, never could be made good land. While far from discouraging this reclamation, he thought an equal amount of attention paid to good farming would be productive of better results. An interesting discussion followed the paper.—*Dublin Freeman*.

The Rome correspondent of the *Dublin Freeman* says that the article which recently appeared in the *Moniteur De Rome* on the subject of diplomatic relations between England and the Vatican has been strongly disapproved of by the Pope and Cardinal Jacobini. The article is attributed to Mr. Errington, and I believe there is little doubt that, if not the writer, he was at least the inspirer of it. It is also stated that Mr. Maziere Brady's article in the last number of the *Fortnightly Review* upon the same subject has caused much displeasure at the Holy See, and that the writer, who held an official position in the Pope's household, has been granted leave of absence for an indefinite period.—*Pilot*.

BRUTES AND RUFFIANS.

(New York Freeman, May 24.)

THERE is, it seems, an advanced "Irish Nationalist's" society in New York city. On May 14, the members of this society held a meeting in the hall of the Cooper Union, to do honour to the memory of Kelly, Brady, Curley and Fagan, the "Phoenix Park martyrs." The leading spirit in this assembly, according to the reporters, was a certain Dr. Hamilton Williams. The voice of the meeting, which was a large one, was for dynamite. Among those present were, we are informed, many Irishmen who claim to be Catholics. Here is one of the alleged sentiments, uttered by Dr. Hamilton Williams, which drew out "long-continued" applause:—

"It has lately been said," continued Dr. Williams, "by a fat-beef loving, sleek-looking English priest, Mgr. Capel (bisses), that the Irish women have before them a missionary work, and that they should content themselves with attending to it. This sentiment has been re-echoed by Cardinal McCabe, of Dublin, and if I were in command of Dublin, now, as Ben Butler was in command of New Orleans, I would make the Cardinal take back those words, or he would be soon hanging from the nearest lamppost. (Wild applause.) I would strip him of his robes, for he is a disgrace to Ireland."

There is no evidence that this Dr. Williams is an Irishman. It is certain that he is not a Catholic; but what can be said of Irishmen, the sons of Catholic mothers, who could applaud a speech like this? It is bad enough that they should attend a dynamite meeting, which is usually a gathering for the letting off of silly threats; but when they applaud an insulting allusion to a Christian prelate, one of that noble band who have always been the best of Irishmen at home or abroad, they stamp themselves with a hideous mark. They range themselves with the Parisian Revolutionists of '93, who murdered priests as if they were sheep; they put themselves shoulder to shoulder with the Communistic mob that massacred Archbishop Darboy and the hostages in Paris not so long ago.

Demagogues, who have no interest in Ireland or the Irish, except that interest which the devil has in both, would make petroleum-throwers of the Irish women. They would have them drop their rosaries and seize missiles of vengeance, forsake the Mother of God and dance in the train of the goddess of reason.

It is said over and over again that O'Donovan Rossa is crazy. Perhaps he is; he has certainly suffered enough from the British Government to craze any man. His mania of late has taken a very dangerous form, if his words are more than wind. Crazy people, whose mania involves annoyance or injury to others, are usually locked up.

The spirit shown by these talkers, who threaten murder at a safe distance, is indicative as to what patriotism may be reduced to in the hands of "professional orators." Dr. Johnson well said that "patriotism was the last refuge of scoundrels."

THE ANGLICANS AND FATHER CURCI.

THE important British Reviews are much exercised over Padre Curci's wretched book, "Il Vaticano Regio." Padre Curci is that unfortunate ex-Jesuit who, not daring to follow Campello or Savarese, assumes the role of a reformer and martyr, and preaches risky doctrine and commonplace platitudes in a theatre. It is difficult to be a martyr when there is no persecutor. The only explanation of Padre Curci's attacks on the Church, on the Italian priests, and on the devotion of the Sacred Heart, is found in the proverb: "Whom the gods wish to destroy, they first make mad."

What Padre Curci says is not at all important to Catholics; but to Anglican Protestants it seems almost oracular. Both the *British Quarterly* and the *London Quarterly* treat Padre Curci with awful seriousness. They both weep over the "abuses of the Church of Rome," and then tell their readers that no power on earth can save her, and that they ought to rejoice. The *London Quarterly* with less self-satisfaction than the other, takes occasion to lecture the younger Anglican clergy on their ignorance; it hopes that in the twentieth century, the Church of England may not become "the Church in England," instead of the English Church. The *British Quarterly* plainly infers that a great number of the Italian clergy are waiting for a chance to range themselves beside Campello, Savarese, and Loyson—in a word, to marry and join the Anglicans!

Padre Curci's method of writing is very like that used by M. Loyson, when referring to Bishops and priests. Bishop Hendriken recently exposed it in a trenchant letter. He quotes mysterious sayings of mysterious priests, prevented from talking out by "Roman terrorism." He seems to forget that confidential communications have little weight when quoted by the party of the second part, since they cannot be substantiated. His sincerity, and the tone he takes may be judged by this one sentence:

"For myself, if, in the rage for saints and madonnas (*a furia di Santi e Madonne*), I were ever obliged to forget Christ, I would fling them all to the winds to attach myself to Him, without whom neither saints, nor madonnas, nor I, as a Christian, could exist!"

This fustian could only be intended for the Anglican ear. To Catholics, it is simply bathos. Padre Curci might as well have said: "If Satan founded the Church, instead of Christ, it would be an entirely different thing!"

It is amusing to see the ponderous "Reviews" shaking their heads over Padre Curci's blasphemy and drivell.—*New York Freeman*.

"Make jam," says Mr. Gladstone, in effect, to the English farmers; "raise berries and make jam: there's millions in it." The English farmers had better investigate before they invest. The fact is the jam of universal commerce is now being made in the United States—jam of all kinds, raspberry, apple, plum, currant, strawberry—and we save the whole expense of the berries. All our jams are made from Swedish turnips, mostly raised in Canada.—*Pilot*.