

M. ROCHEFORT ON ENGLAND.

THE French newspapers continue to show much animosity to England on the Egyptian question, and many persons seem to think that the allies of to-day may be the enemies of to-morrow. Rochefort speaks out in the *Intransigent*, especially in an unusually bitter article, headed in large type "L'Angleterre; voilà l'ennemi!" He urges that England should in no case be supported by France. "She believes," he says, "she has reason for bombarding Alexandria. We can scarcely set ourselves up against this rage for bombarding, though we might ask what is really the meaning of it. Probably we shall have the reply that the Egyptians have massacred three hundred and fifty Europeans, amongst whom were a few English. But we answer this in stating that it is precisely by menaces of intervention that the massacres have been provoked, and that England employs such peculiar means of protecting her subjects as to have made such perilous protection heretofore only tend to have them butchered." He adds—"British civilisation, which we have seen working in the colonies, and of which the bills recently passed against Ireland give us a specimen, does not seem to us in any way superior to Egyptian civilisation, and we should feel but a very slight degree of pain if we saw England receiving from Arabi a lesson which might cool her ardour in going to all parts of the world to hoist her venal and gluttonous flag. Besides, a defeat of the English army and fleet would be by no means contrary to probabilities. The kingdom calling itself 'United,' although the murders and riots which reddened the soil of the finest of the three islands show into what a state of disunion it has fallen, has still some ships because she has money to build them; but she has no longer her old sailors, and the quality of her soldiers is manifestly failing." He then goes on to mention our defeats by the Afghans and Boers, and concludes—"For us, the enemy is England; it ought to be our most ardent wish that she should be beaten to sticks, for we can always make our own terms with whoever crushes her." These kind intentions towards England, thus avowed by one extreme in France, are, I fear, equally shared by the other extreme party, and by several of the intermediaries.—Correspondent of *Dublin Freeman*.

CARDINAL NEWMAN.

THE June number of *The Century* contains an article on "John Henry, Cardinal Newman," the writer being Mr. C. Kegan Paul. In it is described the Cardinal's "peaceful home at Edgbaston." "Above the dingy streets of Birmingham, and within short distance of the open, still, and beautiful country," says Mr. Kegan Paul, "spread the broad roads of Edgbaston, with their wide gardens and villas, their shrubberies which sift the smoke, and in spring at least, are bright with lilac and laburnum. The Oratory, fronting one of these roads, within sight of thickets and sound of singing birds is an imposing brick building, with spacious corridors and well-proportioned rooms within. Each father has his own comfortable room, library and bedroom in one, the bed within a screen, the crucifix above, and the prized personal little fittings on the walls. The library is full of valuable books, many of them once the private property of Dr. Newman, now forming the nucleus of a stately collection for the use of the community. The quiet men who share this home come and go about their several businesses—the care of the school, whose buildings join but are separate from the Oratory proper, the work in the church, in hearing confessions, saying masses and preaching. In the house, the long *soutane* and *biretta* are worn; to go abroad they wear the usual dress of the clergy in England. Perhaps it is the dinner hour, and the silent figures pass along the galleries to the refectory, a lofty room with many small tables, and a pulpit at one end opposite the tables. At one end of these sits the superior alone, clad like the rest save the red lines of the *biretta*, which marks his cardinal's rank. But among his children, and in his home, he is still more the superior and the father than a prince of the Church. At a table near him may perhaps be a guest, and at others the members of the community, two and two. The meal is served by two of the fathers who take the office in turn, and it is only of late that Dr. Newman has himself ceased to take his part in this brotherly service, owing to his advanced years. During the meal a novice reads from the pulpit a chapter of the Bible, then a short passage from the life of St. Philip Neri, and then from some book, religious or secular, of general interest. The silence is otherwise unbroken save for few the words needful in serving the meal. Towards the end, one of the fathers proposes two questions for discussion, or rather for utterance of opinion. On one day there was a point of Biblical criticism proposed, one of ecclesiastical etiquette (if the word may be allowed), whether, if a priest called in haste to administer Extreme Unction did so inadvertently with the sacred oil set apart for another purpose instead of that for Unction, the act were gravely irregular. Each gave his opinion on one or other of these questions, the Cardinal on the first, gravely, and in well chosen words. Yet it seemed to the observer that while he, no doubt, recognised that such a point must be decided and might have its importance, there was a certain impatience in the manner in which he passed by the ritual question and fastened on that proposed from Scripture. After this short religious exercise the company passed into another room for a frugal desert and glass of wine, since the day chanced to be a feast, and there was much to remind an Oxford man of an Oxford common room, the excellent talk sometimes to be heard there, and the dignified unbending for a while from serious thought. Dr. Newman once took great delight in the violin, which he played with considerable skill. Even now the fathers hear occasionally the tones awakened by the old man's hand ring down the long gallery near his room, and know that he has not lost the art he loved, while he calms a mind excited from without, or rests from strenuous labour in the creation of sweet sound. He is still a very early riser, punctual as the sun, still preaches often with what may be best described in words he has applied to St.

Philip, 'the deep simplicity.' The Cardinal has of late been engaged on a careful revision, in the light of modern researches, of his translations of St. Athanasius, with notes of some treatises of St. Athanasius against the Arians. He regards this as the end of his life's work—a life which is now appreciated and honoured, not only by his spiritual sons, but by all fair-minded men of English speech.

O'FARRELL'S CLAIM.

(From the *Advocate*.)

As the enmity of the unfortunate man O'Farrell to the Archbishop was so intense and ungovernable as to impel him to attempt the life of his Grace, it may be well to mention the only cause there is for it, and at the same time, explain the preposterous nature of this reckless man's claims. Situated as he is now, we have no wish to say of him anything unnecessarily harsh, but we have to mention that he fled from Victoria in 1863 to escape the wrath of his creditors. While making preparations for his departure, or waiting for a favourable opportunity of effecting it safely, it was necessary that he should conceal himself from the officers of law, and in these straits he applied to the Most Rev. Dr. Gould for permission to hide in St. Francis' Presbytery. In making this application O'Farrell acknowledged that he was indebted to his Lordship, regretted that he could not settle accounts with him, and thanked him for much kindness and help he had received at his hands. But Dr. Gould could not comply with such a request, and did not; and the refusal turned O'Farrell into a bitter enemy, though he had but a day or two previously acknowledged, with every appearance of gratitude, his pecuniary indebtedness and other obligations to the Bishop. With regard to the money claim, the following facts will both clearly and fully explain how it has been founded. In his will, Mr. O'Farrell, father of P. S. O. O'Farrell, left the following bequests in trust to the Right Rev. Dr. Gould:—

Convent of Nuns in city of Melbourne	...	£300
St. Patrick's Cathedral	...	100
Friendly Brothers	...	50
St. Francis' Church	...	100
Bishop's sole and exclusive use and benefit	...	300
Masses	...	100
Catholic Association	...	50
St. Francis' Seminary	...	100

These several bequests amounted to £1100, and in 1854 the son, the unhappy man now in prison, who was one of the executors of his father's will, gave the Bishop a cheque for that amount. Between the date of that payment and 1863—nine years—he made no demand upon the Bishop, nor in any way even so much as hinted at any irregularity in the circumstances under which the provision in the will relating to bequests had been carried out. As we have already stated, he acknowledged, on the eve of his flight, that he was in his Lordship's debt, as really was the case. Not for some time after did he make any claim upon the Bishop, and then he wrote from California, where he had settled. His demand was that the total amount of the legacies should be refunded with interest, as the estate had been found insolvent. When the cheque covering them was received, the amount was distributed as directed, and if the estate was then insolvent that fact was unknown to the Bishop. O'Farrell continued to persistently and most offensively demand repayment, and his Lordship, being informed that he was in poor circumstances, forwarded to him altogether £300, which was the amount of the bequest in his favour. It was in the Bishop's power to do that, but it was not in his power to recover the sums paid away. Subsequently O'Farrell ventured to return to Melbourne, and, in a manner most offensive and troublesome to the Archbishop, persisted in demanding the whole amount of the legacies, with interest superadded, and, as his Grace had already acted towards him with unmerited generosity, he would have nothing more to say to him. His failure to bully and frighten his Grace into compliance with an impudent and preposterous claim appears to have rendered him desperate, and his rash act of Monday was the consequence of his madness. We have omitted to notice acts of a most discreditable character of which O'Farrell has been guilty, and of which no one of his education and position who was in his right senses could commit, as we wished to confine ourselves to particulars essential to the explanation we have deemed it advisable to give.

Boycotting does not seem to be confined to Ireland. A more palpable case of boycotting has never occurred than that to which a business man in Brighton has been subjected. Because a Mr. Wills gave information of the existence of cattle disease in Brighton, just before the holding of the Royal counties Agricultural Show, he has brought upon himself the severe displeasure of the town council, the local newspapers refused to receive his business advertisements, and even his life has been threatened. It is evident enough that when we have a cause we are quite as ready to boycott on this side of the Channel as our fellow-subjects in Ireland.—*Univers*.

A little boy named James M'Ewen, aged 10 years, was sailing on the Firth of Clyde, between nine and ten o'clock on Tuesday night, in a small boat with his father, and when off the Innellan shore they observed a whale. The little fellow became so frightened that he fell into a fit, and died before his father could steer the boat to the shore.

It is curious now to read in the Irish records of March, 1783: "Two hundred families from the County Meath, weary of dragging on an existence in cold, hunger, and wretchedness, are determined to emigrate, fully convinced that if they do not better themselves, they cannot be worse. The Lord Lieutenant, justly sensible of this alarming event, has, we hear, represented this matter to his Majesty's Minister, and recommended an immediate session of the Irish Parliament, that something may be devised to check in its infancy this impending calamity."