

Here and There

While the present Pope was still Father Achille Ratti he won distinction as a fearless Alpine climber. It was his custom to contribute accounts of his adventures amongst the highest peaks of the Alps to the journal of the Italian Alpine Club, of which he was a member. These articles have now been collected and they will be published in England in one volume. The book will include accounts of his first Italian traverse of Dufour Peak from Maingnaga to Zermatt, an ascent of Monte Rosa from Maingnaga, and the first traverse of Colle Guntstein. Further, the Pope writes on his ascent of the Matterhorn direct from Zermatt and of Mont Blanc *via* the Rocher, with descent by the Dome Glacier, and an article on an accident to Prince Emanuele Gonzaga of Milan and his guide, Giuseppe of Gommazine.

Fifty years of unbroken service as an altar server is the record of Mr. Edward Regan, a London Irishman, who has served the altar through the pontificates of five Popes, and seen three Cardinal Archbishops occupy the Metropolitan Throne of Westminster. The record of this venerable jubilarian was brought to the attention of the reigning Pontiff, and the Holy Father has bestowed on him the Papal medal *Bene merenti* as an Apostolic recognition of his fifty years of faithful service. At a public ceremonial held in London Mr. Regan was presented with the Papal medal and the diploma that goes with it by his compatriot and co-religionist Dr. O'Sullivan. Cardinal Bourne added his tribute with an autograph letter of congratulation; while the fellow altar servers of the jubilarian, not to be outdone, subscribed for an engraved gold watch.

The high offices of State to which Mr. T. M. Healy and Lord Glenavy have simultaneously attained will recall to the minds of many the occasions when the brilliant gifts of each were pitted against the other in the Four Courts. For more than a decade the forensic rivalry of the two continued to lend a special piquancy to the otherwise dull and dry proceedings of Nisi Prius and the King's Bench, and gave jurors some compensation for their service. Then there were the famous trials now and then in which the two great advocates were briefed by the contending parties, and when the public galleries were packed as at a first night's performance. One recalls at random the famous Dublin divorce case of several years ago in which Mr. James H. Campbell, K.C. (as Lord Glenavy then was) declared in his opening address that when he read the painful details of the case on his brief, tears came to his eyes. Mr. Healy came within an ace of having the court cleared by his biting retort that no such miracle as that had happened since Moses struck the rock.

In a contemporary article by Sir Henry Lucy and Frank Burnand, the late editor of *Punch*, who was a Catholic, a letter by the latter is quoted correcting a statement made by John Oliver Hobbes in one of her books that Benjamin Disraeli, the Jew, who became Prime Minister of England, was received, on his death-bed, into the Catholic Church. Burnand says in his letter that he had it on good authority that Disraeli occasionally went to the Catholic Church in Farm Street, and that at the last he sent for a certain priest who was one of the Fathers in residence. The priest was out; the servant at Farm Street did not know from whom the messenger came, nor that it was a case of an urgent "sick call," and did not mention the matter to the priest until it was too late. Readers of Disraeli's novels will remember how he always defended his own race against Christian attack by arguing that the Jews were the founders of Christianity; nor can they fail to notice in them a distinct leaning towards the Catholic Church. He developed these ideas especially in *Coningsby*, perhaps the best known of his books, and afterwards in *Tancred*.

During the past week or two death has taken heavy toll amongst us (writes the London *Universe* for December 15). The irreparable loss of Mrs. Meynell has been quickly followed by the death of Sir Norman Moore, Mr. Raikes Bromage, and Mr. Taprell Holland. The last-named stands out as one of those model Catholic laymen to whom the

possession of large means is a sacred trust; the noble church at Waterford is not his only memorial; his memory is enshrined in countless hearts among God's poor. Mr. Raikes Bromage was not less zealous in personal service, as his fellow convert clergymen, to whose cause he devoted such unremitting toil, can well testify. Of Sir Norman Moore—truly a "beloved physician," as well as a great scholar, a compelling personality and the trusted leader of a noble profession—there should be no need to speak. A curious lapse in the principal paper of the day did injustice to his services to the world of scholarship, but the unanimous testimony of that world has corrected the error. As the *British Medical Journal* testifies, "it is doubtful if we shall see again a man endowed so bountifully with varied learning as Sir Norman Moore." And his learning meant not mere faculty but work. For his 459 medical and other lives in the Dictionary of National Biography, he read everything each of the subjects had published—truly a loyalty to the counsels of perfection. May these whom we have lost so lately rest in peace!

The Chalice of Ardagh, one of the three great glories of Celtic art in metal work—a beautiful replica of which has been presented to Dr. Cox—was dug up by accident from the edge of the old rath of Reerasta, close to the village of Ardagh, Co. Limerick. Other sacred treasures, including smaller cups of gold, were discovered on the same occasion by a young farmer, who was levelling out the sides of the fort for the purpose of tillage. Antiquaries are at one in classing the Chalice of Ardagh with the Tara Brooch (found in 1850 on the strand beyond Balbriggan), and the Cross of Cong as the highest effort, each in its own way, of the mediæval Celtic metal-worker's art. It is a two-handled chalice, seven inches high and nine one-half inches across the mouth; the bowl is four inches deep, and was capable of holding about three pints. The cup is composed of gold, silver, bronze, copper, and lead. The upper rim is of brass, much decayed and slightly damaged, but the bowl itself is of silver, with a beautiful band running round it, containing the names of the Twelve Apostles. An idea of the marvellous artistic skill of the now unknown metal-worker who made it may be derived from the fact that the sacred vessel is comprised of no less than 354 different pieces, put together with the nicest ingenuity, and exhibiting every variety of Celtic ornamentation.

The 90th anniversary occurred the other week of the death of the most interesting signatory, to Irishmen, of the American Declaration of Independence, Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, Maryland, the only Catholic whose name is to that historic document, and, of course, of Irish descent, as his name indicates. But this was not his only distinction in that connection. Although he was born years before quite a number of his 55 co-signatories, he survived the last of them by six years. It is not generally known in Ireland that when Adams and Jefferson died in 1826, the Government of New York city sent a committee to him for the purpose of getting his signature anew to a copy of the Declaration, to deposit in the City Hall. The veteran complied with the request, and added the following supplemental declaration:—"Grateful to Almighty God for the blessings which, through Jesus Christ Our Lord, he has conferred on my beloved country in her emancipation, and on myself in permitting me, under circumstances of mercy, to live to the age of 89 years, and to survive the 50th year of American Independence, and certify by my present signature my approbation of the Declaration of Independence adopted by Congress on July 4, 1776, which I originally subscribed on August 2 of the same year, and of which I am now the sole surviving signer; I do hereby recommend to the present and future generations the principles of that important document as the best earthly inheritance their ancestors could bequeath to them, and pray that the civil and religious liberties they have secured to my country may be perpetuated to remotest posterity and extended to the whole family of man."

If you appreciate GOOD TEA, you can now obtain the celebrated "GOLDEN BREW" by Mail Order. See offer, page 22 this issue.—James Cooney, Oamaru.

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