

This is not surprising, when we consider that such men as Dr. Newman and the late Dr. Faber have taken so prominent a part in this work,—who, so long as they remained in communion with the English Church, had such a numerous and influential body of admiring followers among the most devout, learned, and talented members of the aristocracy of England, both male and female. The Reformation, as it is called, led to the estrangement of the upper from the lower classes of England to a degree which had never existed since the conversion of the Anglo-Saxon race to Christianity. It created a great gulf between the two classes. It broke or removed the connecting link which Protestants themselves now sorrowfully admit is missing. The revival of the Catholic religion in England will restore that “missing link.” The Catholic clergy, and more especially the religious orders of Catholic men and women, will be the means of bringing the upper and the humbler ranks of Englishmen together again. They have ever been the poor men’s best friends, the best defenders of the weak against the strong—both in public and private life. This no doubt was the reason why, in the times of Henry the Eighth and his celebrated daughter Elizabeth, the humbler ranks of Englishmen made such repeated and strong, though unsuccessful, efforts in defence of the Catholic cause. Violence, fraud, and selfishness on the part of the English crown and nobility bore the humbler ranks of English Catholics down in those evil days; forced them out of the Catholic Church and kept them out of it against their will, till a new generation arose who never knew what it was to be Catholics, but whose minds from their infancy were filled with malice, hatred, and revenge against the Catholic Church, by the venal newspaper and other writers, preachers, and political orators, who so long have led the English masses and abused their confidence. The “Reformation” of religion in England so called—or rather mis-called—has brought a stain on the honor of the upper ranks of Englishmen, which no length of time can ever entirely efface. The world knows that at the instigation of guilty ambition, or of the most sordid of all worldly motives—pecuniary interest—the bulk of the aristocracy and wealthy classes in England in Henry, Mary, and Elizabeth’s day, wheeled about without shame or apparent compunction from the Catholic to the Protestant side back again, twice. Amid such scenes of baseness, the baseness of the English clergy was the most deplorable sight of all. How different was the conduct of the English in the humbler ranks of life on that memorable occasion and especially the agricultural portion now represented by Mr Arch, whom Archbishop Manning takes by the hand as a loyal, God-fearing man. They, the bold peasantry of England—then, as now, their country’s pride—retained their ancient Saxon love of liberty, and burned with indignation against the venal crew who were combined to destroy it and the Catholic Church together. They rose repeatedly in defence of both; but their efforts were vain. They were crushed, and for three long centuries both they and the Church have remained under the heel of the Protestant oppressor. A bright day is now beginning to dawn upon them, however. They and the Church are now beginning to lift their heads and assert their rights with better prospects of complete success. It is a somewhat remarkable and significant fact, that we should see Archbishop Manning, the hero of the Catholic Church in England, standing publicly in the presence of the English people, hand in hand with Mr Arch, the representative of the bold, but long down-trodden Saxon peasantry of England. While the Protestant hierarchy and other Protestant men of mark hold aloof from Mr Arch in public, Archbishop Manning comes manfully forward, takes his place on the platform by the side of this sturdy champion of the English peasantry, and boldly avows his sympathy with him in the work which he has taken in hand, because he believes him to be a just, loyal and God-fearing man, and the advocate of a righteous cause. Catholics of all nationalities might well unite in fervent prayer, especially at this holy season, that the Spirit of Truth would guide such men as Mr Arch and John Bright into the Catholic Church ere they die. They are Nature’s true nobility; and as poor Robert Burns said of some honest men in his time, “they hold the patent of their nobility immediately from Almighty God.” The Catholic Church claims all such men as her own. They are united with her in spirit already, though not externally or visibly in her communion.

A word to Catholic Ireland. She was never subjected to the humiliation of seeing her clergy seduced from their loyalty to the Church, as England was, and clearly have the Irish paid for their fidelity. But they are now taking a noble revenge on England for all the wrongs they have suffered at her hands. By Irish priests mainly, is England now being conducted back to the Catholic Church. This work has been well begun, but it is not finished. Let the prayers of Catholic Ireland still continue to pierce the clouds and come up before God on behalf English Protestants—for they are a noble race, and, in union with the Irish, will continue to rule the world.

L.A.C.

“THE MEETING OF THE WATERS.”—No, never—neither in France, England, the Netherlands, nor even in Germany—did I meet with anything comparable to the wild and picturesque defiles of this Wicklow county. It even surpasses those islands of the Stockholm Bay, which I formerly preferred to everything else, but which are now eclipsed in my eyes. I won’t attempt to give you the slightest idea of them; I could not do them justice in words, still less in writing. Only figure to yourself the grandest and the most lovely landscape; torrents abounding in numberless cascades, struggling to make their way through perpendicular rocks; forests of almost fabulous depths, meadows and swards full worthy of the Emerald Isle; and then old abbeys, modern residences and lodges, and built in the purest Gothic and airy style. Place, moreover, in such a lovely landscape the most pious, most cheerful, most poetical population in the world. There, again, say to yourself that Grattan passed his childhood here; that he meditated his speeches along these torrents; that one of these residences was bestowed on him by his fatherland, and that therein he lived in his old age; and all those beautiful lands were sanctified and immortalised by the rebellion of 1798.—Montalembert’s Letters.

## THE RIGHT REV. DR CROKE.

FROM the ‘Cork Examiner’ we take the following account of the reception of the Lord Bishop of Auckland at Charleville:—

When it was announced a few days since that the Most Rev. Dr Croke, Bishop of Auckland, had arrived in Queenstown there were few, if any, amongst his many friendly acquaintances in the county, that received the intelligence with more satisfaction than the people of Charleville. They have ever regarded his lordship as their own, for it was there he spent many of the earliest years of his life; here he received the elementary part of his education; here he formed the first of those numerous friendships which it has been his happiness to make, and the friends of his youth he has never forgotten. Nor could they ever forget him. He has been ever loved and respected by all creeds and classes in the town and neighborhood, for his generous genial disposition made him beloved by all who had the honor and pleasure of his acquaintance, whilst his talents and abilities commanded their respect. Some three years since, when the Supreme Pontiff had selected him as a worthy administrator of the See of Auckland, the people of Charleville heard the news with pleasurable regret. They rejoiced to see him promoted to such a distinguished position in the Church, but they regretted that the field of his future labors was to be as far distant from them as possible. They cherished the hope, however, of seeing him again in their midst and of giving him a warm welcome in the old town so dear to his heart. His lordship arrived in Charleville by the midday train. Young and old congregated in the street to give him a fitting reception. All the houses were ornamented with festoons of flowers and evergreens, and from many of the windows banners waved bearing the motto “Cead Mille Failthe.” Three arches of admirable design were erected in the Main-street on which were inscribed appropriate words of welcome. When the Bishop entered the town the people surrounded the carriage, and, being unprepared for such a demonstration, he could not restrain his tears. A deputation of the principal townsmen met his lordship at the Catholic Church, and Mr John Daly of the Munster Bank read the address of welcome.

His Lordship replied to the address in his usual happy manner.

After sunset the town was brilliantly illuminated.

On Friday, about 11 o’clock, it became known that Bishop Croke was coming to Donemile and would actually arrive about 12 o’clock. Immediately all was in motion for the wished-for visit, and in one hour there were four triumphal arches erected, with mottoes in green and gold—“Cead Mille Failthe,” with a cross and harp, second, “Welcome to Erin,” cross and harp, third, “Welcome to the Land of Saints,” all got up like magic. The entire town was one mass of foliage. The carriers had their horses decked with boughs and flowers, and even the beggars decked themselves for the occasion. In the evening great bonfires were lighted through the town, together with plenty of tar-barrels, and the fiery cross of rejoicing was taken up from the celebrated Castlepooke to the Galtee Mountains.

## ADDRESS OF VISCOUNT DE DAMAS TO HIS HOLINESS PIUS IX.

MOST HOLY FATHER.—The people want peace. In their thirst for repose they cry out, Peace, peace, and war always answers their agonizing cries. War is everywhere, because disorders of the heart, or rather of the spirit, reigns everywhere. Nations no longer know the path which leads to peace. The most powerful of our kings knew how to point out this path of peaceful conquests to the people in the most memorable pilgrimage. Interrupting the operations of a bloody siege, he comes to Rome, the City of the Popes, and fears not to humble the purple by ascending on his knees the steps which led to the Basilica of the Prince of the Apostles. He laid at the feet of the Holy Father the treasures of his realm; and Charles and Adrian embraced. With this solemn embrace of the powers of truth, of the French nation and the Papacy, the empire of peace was established in the world, and the mission of our country confirmed. From that time France has “the most Christian king,” and the humble pilgrim of Rome becomes the greatest and most illustrious Emperor, Charlemagne!

What are the Chiefs of the nations doing to-day? Where are the Charlemagnes of our desolate times? Alas, decrees of exile, prisons filled with innocent victims, convents desecrated, the Vatican itself converted into a prison, answer us. Modern governments no longer know the path of peace. We know it, Most Holy Father, we Catholics know it, and hence we come to Rome. It is now a year since we were here to celebrate the feast of our venerated Father, who, although unwell, and notwithstanding his labors, condescended to receive us. We lay at his feet, before his infallible teaching, the homage of our spirit, the sacrifice of our souls before his holy wishes, the ardent desire of our souls for the safety so necessary in these days of confusion and disturbance. We have come to-day to congratulate our great and dearly beloved Pontiff on the youth which God condescends to renew in him, like the youth of an eagle. We come to ask him for new strength to undertake another campaign, and to give him a poor account of our labors. Armed by your Holiness with that invincible Christian symbol, the cross, sustained by his blessings and the favors of the Church, we undertook last year our peaceful pilgrimages. Millions of men followed us, pouring through France in every direction, reading in their rapid marches the chants of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, and Mary Immaculate during their processions and in public highways. In one month alone, three thousand pilgrimages were organized, and a few of these counted no less than forty thousand pilgrims, all united by the same faith, all animated with the same sentiments, and all ready to spill their blood for the triumph of the Church, the liberation of the Holy Father, Pius IX., and the salvation of France. An event so extraordinary, should surprise the world. It was thought at first that we would be deterred by sarcasm, but seeing us reappear, their anger was raised, and not wishing to believe that we were peaceful men, they accused us of disturbing order and wishing for war.