

H Y D E.

[FROM A CORRESPONDENT.]

It is my pleasing duty to record the arrival of a teacher for our Catholic school here, in the person of Mr. Desmond, who brings with him a certificate of the First Class from the Irish National Board of Education.

Yesterday, the children assembled in the School-room to welcome their new teacher, and to bid adieu to the Rev. J. Royer, who has, at considerable inconvenience and trouble to himself, been acting as teacher for the past three months. After the children were assembled, one of their number read the following address to the Rev. Father, which took him by surprise.

"DEAR REV. FATHER.—As you are leaving us, we wish to thank you for all the trouble you have taken with us for the last three months, and also for having got for us a school of our own.

"We know, dear Rev. Father, we have been very fortunate in having had a priest as a teacher, even for a short time, and if we have not been as attentive as we should be, we hope you will forgive us.

"We hope, dear Rev. Father, you will pray for us, so that by God's grace we may be good children.

"We hope God will keep you with us until we grow up to be big, and that you will often come to see us.

"We now, dear Rev. Father, wish you good-bye as our teacher, and pray God will bless us all."

Signed, on behalf of the children, by M. PRENDERGAST, M. FRASER, N. PRENDERGAST, G. COLLINS, E. NOLAN.

The address which emanated solely from the children, seemed to afford much pleasure to the Rev. Father, who replied in a most feeling manner, and gave much good advice, which it is to be hoped the children will endeavour to follow. In the evening, a meeting of the parents was held in the School-room, when the following address was presented to the Rev. Pastor.

"DEAR REV. FATHER.—We, the parents of the children attending the Roman Catholic School, Hyde, beg to express to you our sincere and heartfelt gratitude for the trouble, care, and anxiety, that you have voluntarily taken on yourself in teaching our children for the past three months.

"Your motto, Rev. Father, in this parish may well be, 'The Lord indeed has sent me to the poor.'

"We know, dear Rev. Father, that the parish is scattered, and that those to whom you minister are not blessed with much of the world's wealth.

"We can only pray the great Giver of all good that you may be long spared to minister to our spiritual wants, and that the Divine Master whom you serve may spare you to see growing up to man's estate, and walking in the paths of virtue and of faith, those little ones for whom you have done so much, and for whose spiritual welfare you have worked so hard.

"In conclusion, dear Rev. Father, we ask you to remember us and those little ones in your prayers, for it is said, 'The prayers of the just availeth much.'

Here follow the signatures.

The Rev. Father Royer, as in the morning, replied in very feeling terms, and was visibly affected. This is another grand instance of the love which has existed from the earliest period between the priest and his people, and it is refreshing to find that even a residence in New Zealand, has not succeeded in destroying that love or veneration which the Catholic has always felt for his priest. Mr. Desmond, I understand, at once assumes the duties of teacher.

Hyde, July 29, 1875.

MORE SLANDERS.

It must be confessed the Catholic press have a hard struggle to refute the slanders and calumnies which crop up so frequently in the public journals. Last week we exposed the malicious misstatements of a mendacious bigot, who by a side-wind strove to propagate his falsehoods, and we find that our valued contemporary the 'Melbourne Advocate' has been employed in a somewhat similar task. Past experience in New Zealand has afforded ample proof to Catholics of the absolute necessity for a journal in which to expose the wanton and untruthful attacks which are made upon their religion and all they hold dear, but the following from the 'Advocate' will more fully convince those who may be at all doubtful on the point:—

In the 'Argus' of Saturday last there is a scandalous review of a scandalous work purporting to contain a story of the Holy Father's life. The author, Mr. Alfred Owen Legge, has succeeded in producing a work of fiction that will be devoured with a keen appetite by many Protestants; and but for the feeling of veneration Catholics entertain for Pius IX., they might possibly derive some amusement from the perusal of it. If they could for the time being divest themselves of that feeling, and calmly study Mr. Legge's book as a work of art, the task would not be altogether unprofitable. Whatever ideas it had entertained as to the powers and fertility of invention exercised by writers inimical to the Papacy, their notions on that subject would be considerably enlarged by an acquaintance with what Mr. Legge has accomplished in the field of literature in which, following the bent of his genius, he gives free rein to his fancy. In poetry and romance there are splendid examples of the creative power of genius, but it has never before been so brilliantly exercised in biographical history as it is in 'The Story of Pius the Ninth's Life,' by Mr. Legge. We had

ourselves proposed to illustrate how wild and bold are the flights of his imagination, but as Father O'Malley did so very effectively on Sunday last, in a sermon the reverend gentleman preached at St. Francis' Church, we shall avail ourselves of his work. It will be seen that he does no justice whatever to Mr. Legge; that he fully credits him with all he has accomplished in the domains of fiction, that the boldest flights of his imagination are acknowledged, and that, lest there should be any doubt as to the good faith of the author, he (Father O'Malley) proved conclusively that his story was by a fine fancy woven, and in no degree founded on fact.

Father O'Malley took for his text the words: "*Honora patrem tuum*," Honour thy Father (Exod. xxi., 12). He observed that curious coincidences do sometimes occur. It had been known, for weeks previously, that there was to be a collection throughout the Catholic churches on that day for the venerable head of the Catholic Church, and by one of these purely accidental, but still remarkable coincidences, there had appeared on the preceding day, in one of the secular papers, a review on a life of the Pope. The "life" teemed with falsehoods, and the review was penned in language which could not be supposed by the writer to be other than most insulting to Catholics. The man whom they revered above all others on earth was slandered by the biographer, and treated with studied disrespect by the reviewer. It was stated that Pius IX. had turned his thoughts first to wedded life, but having met with a repulse, had become a soldier and a gambler; and, finding no consolation in this dissipated life, had ended by entering the priesthood. All this was told with evident relish by the reviewer, and with a coarseness of language which might be suited to the columns of a secular journal, but which did not bear repetition within a sacred edifice. It was further stated that the Pope was an "imbecile ruler;" and his minister, Antonelli, was described as "brigand born," and as "sending round the hat for Peter's pence;" a remark which certainly heightened the coincidence.

He (Father O'Malley) had often impressed upon the people the necessity of having a daily Catholic paper to defend the Catholic body from the daily assaults of bigotry and falsehood. He was aware that, unfortunately, the time had not yet come, but he hoped it would one day come. In the meantime, allowance must be made for the slowness with which people think; the necessity must be kept constantly before them, in order that it might not be forgotten, but have time to sink into their minds. The slanders to which he had referred, and which he was about to refute, should surely make them understand, if they did already feel the want of a daily defence against daily assaults. Were it not for the accidental circumstance of his having to preach that day, the slanders would have had a week to live, whereas, if there were a daily paper, they might have been answered the next morning. How many who had read that vile article were beyond the reach of his voice! How many (to their shame) did not read the weekly Catholic journal—the only one in the colony! None but the blind could fail to see the enormous power of the Press for good or evil, and none but the foolish could behold that power, and neglect to range it on their side. It was the conscientious duty of a Catholic to have in his house a Catholic paper, and procure it as wide a circulation as possible among both Catholics and Protestants. How were simple Catholics to know but that some of the many falsehoods were true; and how were Protestants to suspect that we were maligned, if there were no one to tell them?

Pope Pius IX. was born in 1792. In 1803, at the age of 11, he began to frequent the schools of the *Scalopii*. This word was a corruption of *Fratelli delle scuole pie*—brethren of the pious or Christian schools: in fact (horrible to relate), *Christian Brothers*! It was true that the rules of the Order in Italy were not in all points the same as in Victoria, but the principles and practices were quite as bad; and that was saying a good deal, seeing that the Christian Brothers in Victoria were surpassed in wickedness by only one other Order, the name of which he (Father O'Malley) did not venture to pronounce, lest he should make his auditors shudder. After attending these wicked schools for five years, Pius (whose name in private life was John Mastai Ferratti), at the age of 16 (in 1808), entered an ecclesiastical seminary to study for the priesthood. In 1809 he received tonsure (one of the minor Orders), and went to Rome to continue his philosophical and theological studies, and not to offer himself to Pius VII., as had been frequently stated, as a soldier. There was some foundation for the rumour of his having been a member of the noble guard, for in 1810 Pope Pius VII. was carried off from Rome by the French generals Radet and Miollis; and in the confusion which followed, several seminaries were closed, and the students had to return to their native towns, and Mastai was among the number. Although he had received the ecclesiastical tonsure, he could not become a priest, for he suffered from violent fits of epilepsy. In 1812 (the Pope Pius VII. being a prisoner in France, and the Roman army being incorporated with the French, and officered by Frenchmen), Mastai, being of noble birth, was summoned by the French to enter the guard of nobles at Milan; but the same fits which excluded him from the priesthood procured his exemption from military service. In 1814, the aged Pontiff returned to Rome, the seminaries re-opened their doors, and Mastai began to frequent the schools, though at first in lay dress (on account of his malady). God was pleased to deliver him. In 1818 he assisted in giving a "mission." Not being as yet ordained, he, of course, could not hear confessions; but he preached, and he (Father O'Malley) ventured to say no one preached like him. Such a splendid voice! such a noble presence! such dignity of manner! such earnestness! The next year he was ordained a priest.

That men should lie was not surprising, but that they should lie so openly and so daringly was. In reality, the risk of detection was more apparent than real. It was a well-known fact that the most daring robberies were often perpetrated in the open streets, with consummate skill and coolness; the onlookers being too much