

papers that occasionally spit venom at the Church and its institutions, and who raise bolt and bar against the journal that wipes from the fair face of the loved Mother of us all the mud and slime that are flung upon it by the thoughtless and the malicious. From motives of charity we have frequently repeated, in private correspondence, for the benefit of inquiring non-subscribers, the substance of articles that have already appeared in our columns. This, however, has entailed upon us an enormous amount of labor—hampering to some extent at times our ordinary and proper work. There is one obvious and common-sense remedy open to those non-subscribers who wish to keep in touch with Catholic thought and incident and to be armed against the slanders upon our faith that creep—like bubonic rats—into New Zealand over the cable, or come in the holds of ocean tramps and are let loose in the country by the members of the Scissors and Paste Brigade. A weekly copy of the 'N.Z. Tablet' in the home will overtaken the evil.

Misther McCarthy, Esquire.

We have been led to the outpouring of our soul printed above by having just received from a non-subscriber in the Marston district a request for our opinion on a wretched agglomerate of sheets of printed No Popery in which one Michael McCarthy slanders the priests and people of Ireland. This is about the eleventh-leventh time that we have been asked to deal with that envied thing which has been called by courtesy a book. We might once for all remind inquirers that on two occasions we exposed the outrageous nature of the publication—a pretty exhaustive editorial article in our issue of December 25, 1902, running into more than a page of the 'N.Z. Tablet.' We might furthermore plead that we like not the operation of pouring a fresh bucket of water on a drowned rat. At this hour of the day it ought not to be necessary to point out that with the same class of people 'Misther McCarthy, Esquire' is wholly discredited. He has been abandoned by the glib critics of even the country papers to sundry clergymen and other old women of both sexes, and by the old women to the Orange lodges, which have been feting him, making him presentations, treating him as a man and brother, and—as a reward for his rough and slipshod slanders on the Catholic Church and body—placing him almost on a level with the fanatical No-Popery firebrand who is known to fame (or rather to infamy) as the Reverend Johnnie McCnæ. Even in New Zealand no celebration of the 'Glorious Twelfth' is complete without a flaming panegyric and a brand-new aureole for Misther McCarthy. And that is, perhaps, the cruellest thing that could well be said against him. You are entitled to judge a book, as you would judge a man, by the company it keeps. And Michael McCarthy's rubs covers with 'Maria Monk' and the productions of the Slattery impostors and such other 'gems of purest ray serene' of Orange 'literature.' And that's surely degradation enough to meet the ambition of any man whose tastes run in that direction.

For people that like that sort of thing it is just the sort of thing they like. There are, no doubt, in New Zealand many who, through lack of knowledge of recent or current literary history, might be disposed to take McCarthy at his own estimate and that of his 'yellow' friends. For such we may make the following brief summary statement bearing upon the man and his 'book,' referring inquirers to our fuller articles thereon:—

In order to give currency and an air of authority to his slanders, McCarthy calls himself a Catholic. This is a misdescription. The man was brought up a Catholic in the city where

'The Bells of Shandon

Sound so grand on

The pleasant waters of the River Lee.'

But, as somebody has remarked, his early piety—if he had any—was not fitted with watertight compartments. It soon leaked away after his father—who, by the way, 'rattled' from the Nationalist cause and became a violent anti-Irish Irishman—sent him to be educated at the Protestant Grammar School of Middleton. From that seat of ultra-Protestantism he proceeded to Queen's College, Cork, which was to all intents and purposes a Protestant establishment. His faith—if he had any left—clung only in rags and patches to him there. He next entered Trinity College Dublin—an institution of which every professor and superior must be a Protestant, and which was established for the express purpose of weaning Irish 'Papists' from their 'Popery.'

For many and many a year Misther McCarthy has had no practical communion with the Catholic Church. The very book referred to here proves conclusively that he has thrown over not alone the practice of the faith, but the faith itself. He, for instance, denounces the Mass, the Papacy, the doctrine of Transubstantiation, Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament, religious processions, confession, and almost every distinctive doctrine and practice of the Catholic Church. They are 'unintelligible gibberish,' 'unnecessary and thread-bare trash,' 'nummeries,' and so on. His 'books' are simply wild, incoherent, and untruthful attacks on the Catholic Church, its doctrines, its practices, its ministers, its devotions. McCarthy's almost equally unmeasured praise of the Reformers and of the Reformed creeds would prove that, despite his fatuous claim to be a Catholic, he is in reality a Protestant—that is, supposing him to be a Christian at all. At any rate, in posing as a Catholic—and a 'Roman Catholic' at that—McCarthy is perpetrating a clumsy and unscrupulous fraud on Protestant readers. It may sell the book, but it will also 'sell' those who buy it. As to its literary quality, the London 'Times' refers to it in the following terms of splendid contempt:—

'Mr. McCarthy's new book is, like its predecessor, an untidy and clumsily composed volume; its style is poor and pretentious; and on a rough calculation the book has about as many split infinitives as there are priests in Ireland. The dominating idea, which is again the evil character of ecclesiastical authority in Ireland, gives "Priests and People in Ireland" a sort of intellectual unity, but materially it is slipshod and incoherent.'

The great literary magazines tore Michael McCarthy's book to tatters and flung them to the winds of heaven on a storm of ridicule. And one of his critics aptly remarked that 'as an illustration of what anti-Catholic education can do, his book should rank as a classic.' But 'the most unkindest cut of all' came from the Brethren of the Saffron Sash when they placed it on their lodge shelves side by side with the assaetida of Maria Monk and the putrid rotteness of Margaret Shepherd. It is their verdict on the book. We content ourselves with making a record of this most damning fact of all. Further comment is hardly needed.

Messrs. T. Earnshaw and Co., George street, Dunedin, direct attention to their large and superior stock of art pictures, steel engravings, mirrors, and picture framings, which are quoted at very moderate rates...

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