

months later, her career of sin and shame and misery was closed by death. The filthy publication to which her name is attached was not actually written by her; but by another moral degenerate, one of her paramours, a reprobate New York preacher named Hoyte. The history of the woman and her associates is to be found in *The True Story of Maria Monk* (Catholic Truth Society, London, one penny), in Maguire's *Irish in America*, and in nearly every good encyclopaedia. What was the character of 'Pastor' Chiniquy? That he was egotistical, vain-glorious, dishonest, a forger, and an embezzler, has long been known to all who had even a cursory acquaintance with the long-published facts of his career. That there was a still darker background to this unpleasant picture has also been long known to those who have gone at all deeply into the wretched man's history. The details of the seamy side of Chiniquy's life-story have long been before the English-speaking public; they have been brought out with greater and more documented fulness than ever before in a pamphlet by the Rev. Sydney Smith, S.J., recently published by the London Catholic Truth Society. It appears that even when a mere youth at the Little Seminary of St. Nicolet he was detected in an offence against morality, and his high-minded uncle at once disowned him and refused to be responsible for his further maintenance. In 1846, according to a document recently published, he was caught in the very act of a sin against morals, and was thereupon obliged to leave the diocese of Quebec. In 1851, for further criminal actions, he was deprived of all the faculties which had been given to him in the diocese, and formally interdicted by Bishop Bourget. After professing penitence, he was given a further chance, but in 1856 he was suspended by Bishop O'Regan for fresh misconduct, and in 1858 was finally excommunicated by Bishop Duggan publicly and in the presence of a great concourse of people. The general view of his character by those who knew him best may be clearly gathered from the following extract from a letter written by M. Mailloux, Vicar-General of Quebec, to Bishop Smith, then Administrator of Chicago. The letter was written before Chiniquy's final excommunication and several months prior to his 'conversion' to Protestantism—the original is now in the possession of the Rev. Sydney Smith: 'I have lived here [at Bourbonnais, the last scene of Chiniquy's labors as a Catholic] since one year. In Canada I knew Mr. Chiniquy very well. I know what his conduct was morally, but the moment is not favorable to mention it. Before interdicting Mr. Chiniquy, Bishop O'Regan had received grave testimonials regarding the moral conduct of Mr. Chiniquy. I am fully acquainted with the facts and persons concerned. . . . Mr. Chiniquy had in Canada, and still has here, the reputation of being a man of most notorious immorality. The many women he has seduced, or tried to seduce, are ready to testify thereunto. Those who in this country [Bourbonnais] have lived in Mr. Chiniquy's intimacy loudly proclaim that he has lost his faith long ago, and that he is an infamous hypocrite.'

Such being the moral character of the two 'authors,' it is easy to deduce the probable quality of their writings. If the source is impure the streams will be impure also. We have ourselves again and again in these columns exposed the filthy nature of the publications under discussion. In further proof that the banned books are in fact in the last degree immoral and obscene we quote non-Catholic testimony of the most disinterested and unimpeachable kind. Mr. C. H. Middleton, 'a staunch Protestant,' writes in the columns of the *Melbourne Argus*, 'publicly agreeing with the Very Rev. Dean Phelan, V.G., that the book referred to by Mr. Snowball is abominable,' and he has 'no hesitation in denouncing this as a disgusting book.' A number of other Protestant correspondents write heartily endorsing Mr. Middleton's view. A Presbyterian correspondent of the *Sydney Bulletin*, after quoting the passage already cited by us from *Chambers' Encyclopaedia*—'a Presbyterian work, edited by a Presbyterian, and published by a Presbyterian firm, in a Presbyterian country'—adds his own personal testimony as follows: 'For unadulterated filth the books are both hard to beat. . . . I have found the awful things in the hands of innocent country girls, their misguided mothers, misguided by such remarks as those just made by Snowball, thinking it was right that they should read them. . . . Yes, it was high time the books were put on our national *index expurgatorius*. They should have been there years ago.'

The *Sydney Bulletin* itself—certainly the least squeamish of papers—joins in the chorus of condemnation of the filthy books championed by Grand Master Snowball. They are, it says, 'pornographic works which make a certain appeal to the callow young citizen with a prurient mind. . . . These inartistically unsavory volumes can mostly be found hidden away with other works whose only claim to the shilling or eighteenpence of the passer-by is the aroma of impropriety which surrounds them.' And as a piece of practical, and, so to speak, expert evidence of the most damning and conclusive kind we may state that, in Melbourne, a sergeant of police and a detective both assured the editor of this paper that the Chiniquy production was found as a sort of text-book in Melbourne houses of ill-fame.

Limitations of space prevent our dealing with other phases of this subject. We could fill many pages of this paper with denunciations, by decent Protestants, of the sort of printed filth that Grand Master Snowball would admit without restriction to infect the homes of Australia. But let this one parting judgment suffice. It is an extract from the views expressed regarding Chiniquy's productions by a representative Protestant, Mr. F. H. Baker, and published in his paper, the *Halifax Mayflower*, in 1876:

'The man's mind seems to be one mass of corruption and grovelling lust. He would impute sinister and impure motives to the very mother of his Saviour—nothing is too holy or sacred for his slime to cover, or his impious hand to clutch. His personal appearance, as we saw him at the Halifax Hotel, was not particularly prepossessing, and now that we have read his book we can quite understand the very deformity of soul that is stamped upon those repulsive features. We ask any man who has any soul, who has the slightest deference or respect for women, who loves his wife and little ones, who almost worship the name of mother, to read Chiniquy's book, and then ask himself if it can be possible if such a viper as this can be received with open arms into the bosom of any church—not only received but actually ordained as a minister of Christ, and allowed to preach salvation to anything that is made in the image of God. We defy any man, we care not how devilish his ingenuity, or low cunning, to devise to write or hint at anything half so disgusting, so sickening, so horrible in all its details, as this clergyman's work on the lust of that church of which he was for twenty years, according to his own account, a devoted follower. We would not have it on our soul—it would stain it like blood—to publish even in this worldly paper an extract of this vile work in English; we could not look into the eyes of our wife and children and do it; but educated and matured men may ponder over a few titbits from this reverend clergyman's table of delicacies, if they can muster up courage enough to wade through the book; we would not read it again for its weight in gold. There is something simply indescribably horrible about it. We are no saint, nor are we Roman Catholic; we have read the works of Geo. Sand, Eugene Sue, and Paul de Kock; we are not at all thin-skinned, and know what life in large cities is; but we have to thank Père Chiniquy for one particularly poisonous, sickening sensation that stifles us like a blast from the lowest depths of hell; and all we have to say in conclusion of these painful lines is that God knows we pity from the bottom of our heart any man or woman in possession of their rational faculties who can take this human monster by the hand, who can sit under his teachings, and listen to his impious voice ascend in very mocking to the throne of God, and call it *Prayer*.'

DIOCESE OF DUNEDIN

The Rev. James Lynch, of Palmerston, who had been on a trip to Europe, arrived in Dunedin on Saturday by the Ulmaroa from Sydney.

Prior to his departure from Milton to Oamaru the Rev. Father Farthing was entertained at a farewell social gathering by the parishioners.

Rev. Father Howard, who took charge of the Milton parish last week, was formally welcomed by a great body of the parishioners at a social gathering on Tuesday evening.

The Mission for the members of the Confraternity of Perpetual Succor, conducted during the past week at St. Joseph's Cathedral by the Rev. Father Gilmartin, C.S.S.R., was brought to a close on Sunday afternoon.

All the arrangements for the annual entertainment in connection with St. Patrick's Day are now in a forward state. Owing to the theatres and halls being engaged on the proper date the concert will be held on the evening of March 18, in the Garrison Hall.

A meeting of the Christian Brothers' Old Boys' Association Football Club was held in the schoolroom on Monday evening. The object of the meeting was to see what likelihood there was of forming a new grade for the coming season. Owing to the excellent attendance of players at the meeting, it was resolved to enter a team for the second grade cup. All Old Boys anxious to join the club should hand in their names to the secretary, T. P. Laffey, Christian Brothers' School, during the coming fortnight. Besides the school teams we hope to see three grades among the old pupils—second, third, and fourth.

A musical and dramatic entertainment in aid of the school furnishing fund was given in the Santa Sabina School, North-east Valley, on Tuesday evening. The first part of the programme consisted of the dramatic operetta, 'Sang Azure,' in which the cast of characters was as follows:—Captain Algernon Fere, Mr. J. Hill; Evelyn Fere, Miss N. Galloway; Charles Colverley, Mr. R. A. Power; Mary Ann, Miss N. Anderson. The second part opened with a song, 'The old plaid shawl,' Mr. S. O. Lawson; recitation, 'The owl critic,' Miss Lily King; song, 'There is a land,' Mrs. R. A. Power; song, 'The beautiful girl of Kildare,' Mr. G. Thorley; recitation, 'Solitude,' Miss F. Pacey. The concluding item was the operetta,

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