

alarming muddle, more worthy of Mexico than of England, its outcome being 'known to no man,' and the question itself being 'bluff that may soon be bloodshed.' For a hundred years the Orangemen savagely persecuted the Catholics, behaving worse than the Turks, while not a single instance of religious persecution mars the history of Irish Catholics.' The moral drawn from this by the Tories is, Mr. McCullagh argues, that 'the Catholics are persecutors, and, therefore, "No Home Rule."' The whole Ulster campaign has been characterised by a perversion of reasoning on the Tory side, in Mr. McCullagh's opinion; and he goes on to remark that 'although a Home Ruler, I was born in Ulster and am descended from one of those Scotsmen planted in Tyrone by James the First.' In Ulster, he says, 'there are real Orange fanatics, armed with half a dozen different kinds of rifles, for which they paid exorbitant prices and got the wrong ammunition. There are 82,000 Covenanters in all. Exactly 57,000 of these will make a wild bolt for it as soon as the first British shell bursts anywhere near them. The fanatics may stand their ground, but they will be rounded up and forced to surrender before they can even see the redcoats. I have been in many wars and am a professional war correspondent; this is my opinion of what will happen if it comes to fighting.'

Mr. McCullagh believes the Liberals 'will sweep away every stupid Tory officer in the Army—and an extremely good riddance it will be.' 'The officer,' he asserts, 'is the one weak spot in the British Army.'

UNIONIST TACTICS IN ULSTER

In most of the British Unionist journals Ulster is pictured as a province seething with fierce hostility to Home Rule. As about half the population are Catholics and the majority of the people Home Rulers, the misrepresentation is obvious enough. But, according to a letter from Mr. James Mayne, of Cookstown, Co. Tyrone, it is only by a deliberate system of coercion and anti-Catholic slander the anti-Home Rule movement is kept up. Under threats of being ruined in their business farmers are forced to participate in the Volunteer evolutions, and the same methods of compulsion are applied to shopkeepers. To stimulate bigotry false accusations are preferred against Catholics Sunday after Sunday from Protestant pulpits, and blood-curdling stories are told about them in private conversation. As an instance, Mr. Mayne relates that in appealing to an Ulster Presbyterian recently to sign the Covenant, a young lady assured him that she had been in Waterford and had there heard Mr. John Redmond make a speech in which he said the first duty of the Nationalists under Home Rule would be to burn the Presbyterian churches of the country. If fairy tales ensured success the anti-Home Rule campaign would not have failed. Unionist funds have been liberally drawn upon to circulate them not only in Ulster, but throughout every part of Great Britain.

There is on exhibition in the works of Messrs. McNab and Mason, Symonds street, Auckland, a Celtic cross memorial, which is to be erected over the grave of the late Rev. Father Williams. It is carved in Italian marble, and is richly decorated with a chalice and sprays of shamrock. The memorial is a fine specimen of the firm's workmanship. The inscription, which is done in imperishable lead lettering, is placed underneath an inset photo. of the deceased Rev. Father, and is:—'In loving memory of Rev. Father J. J. Williams, of Wicklow, Ireland, who died on 16th November, 1913; aged 31 years.—Merciful Jesus give eternal rest to his soul. Bennact De le n-a anam.' (The translation of the latter is—'God's blessing be with his soul.')...

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People We Hear About

Cardinal Farley was the recipient of hundreds of congratulations from the Catholic clergy and laity of the New York archdiocese on the occasion of his seventy-second birthday celebration, which occurred on April 20.

In the lobby of the House the other day (writes a London correspondent) I learnt that the Irish Party are so confident that the Home Rule Bill will pass in due course that they have already made arrangements for closing down the Irish National League in England and Scotland. Somewhat doubting the information, I asked Mr. T. P. O'Connor if it was true. 'Quite right,' he said, 'although we shall retain a small central office in London.' I ventured to ask the genial journalist if he would desert St. Stephen's and his Liverpool constituency and take a seat in the Irish Parliament. 'You never can tell,' he said, smilingly, as he left me to greet a friend.

Under the auspices of the Belgian Government, a monument is about to be erected to the memory of Vesalius, the great Flemish Catholic anatomist. His interest in the subject began in childhood. Butchers' shops interested him more than toy shops; and his great delight as a small boy was to get hold of the heart, or kidneys, or other internal organs of a sheep or bullock, and dissect his purchase—a task in which he was encouraged by his father, who was the apothecary of the Emperor Charles V. His Universities were Louvain and Montpellier, and, at the age of eighteen, he was actually a Professor of Anatomy at Paris. Accused of having begun to dissect the body of a Spanish nobleman before life was extinct, he was condemned to expiate his offence by a pilgrimage to the Holy Land; but, on his way back to Padua, where he was to have been Professor of Medicine, in 1564, he was shipwrecked, and died of exposure at Zante, where the monument is to be set up.

Among the successful Irish exiles of Queensland few there are who by dint of industry, conduct, and character have raised themselves to a higher position in the social firmament than Patrick Real, Judge of the Supreme Court of Queensland (says the *Irish Catholic*). Judge Real was born in Limerick, in March, 1847, and arrived in Queensland when he was four years of age. His father died just before the termination of the long and slow voyage of those days. His mother went to Ipswich, and there her son, Patrick Real—the present Judge—went to school until he was twelve years of age. He served his apprenticeship at the carpenter's bench, and when he learned his trade he obtained a position as carpenter in the Ipswich Railway Workshops. He was employed there until he reached the age of 21 years, when he wisely determined to study for the Bar. He left his employment and entered whole-heartedly into his studies. Patrick Real's tutor in Latin and Greek was the Rev. Father J. B. Breen, the veteran pastor, who has charge of the parish of Kangaroo Point. To Father Breen, then, Patrick Real was indebted for tuition in languages; but he had to depend upon his own unaided efforts to obtain a knowledge of law and procedure. This he gained by study of the various text-books and legal works. So successful were his efforts that in 1874—at the age of 27—the future judge was admitted to the Bar. He rapidly rose to a leading position, and his services as an advocate, were eagerly sought for. He was appointed to the Supreme Court Bench in 1890, and in 1903 the title and status of Senior Puisne Judge were conferred upon him.

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