

necessity existed for a change. 'The absenteeism of royalty, of the nobility, and of a large portion of the gentry,' the circular stated, 'determines a constant waste of the resources of the country. It enfeebles also the public opinion of Ireland, and thus causes the disregard which is admittedly shown to that opinion by the British Legislature and the British public.' The document then goes on to say that the only adequate remedy for the defects of the present arrangement would be 'a measure which would give to an Irish Parliament the management of Irish affairs.' This, it was further pointed out, 'could be accomplished without any interference with the integrity or unity of Empire by adopting a federal arrangement under which the management of all purely Irish affairs might be conceded to an Irish Parliament, leaving it still to an Imperial Parliament to control and protect those Imperial interests in which the three parts of the United Kingdom are equally concerned.' To this document there are four hundred signatures, and amongst the first dozen was that of E. H. Carson, C.E., Harcourt street, father of Sir Edward Carson. At that time the present Sir Edward Carson was sixteen years of age, and presumably had come to 'the use of reason.' He evidently imbibed some of the ideas of his liberal-minded father, for he joined the National Liberal Club in London after the introduction of the Home Rule Bill of 1886. Sir Edward, as a Unionist, has tried to explain that awkward incident, but has failed to do so; he hasn't even convinced his friends in regard to that very peculiar business.

A TRIBUTE TO THE IRISH PRIESTS.

The following tribute to the Irish priests from Sir Mark Sykes, a Conservative M.P., appeared in a recent issue of the London *Daily Telegraph*:—'A Catholic citizen of the British Empire cannot remain silent in the face of the statement that the Catholic clergy in Ireland exercise a monstrous despotism over the people, that the priesthood is tyrant over the body and soul of a whole nation, and that loathing and dread of the Catholic Church is justifiable in Irish Protestants. Surely, the history of Ireland for the last 200 years is a refutation of such cruel libels on the fair fame of a noble and devoted body of men. Irish priests may be drawn from a humble class, may be wanting in that polish which wealth and ease alone can buy, may be by nature warm and loyal partisans, but these are faults so near akin to virtues that no man need be ashamed of them. Let anyone read through the pages of Lecky, and he will see how through persecution, terrorism, injustice, pestilence, famine, and war one glorious band of brothers has stood by Ireland's poorest and most wretched people in the darkest hours of her troubled history. The native Irish found in the Catholic priesthood a friend who alone remained to console the dying, to bury the dead, to help the living to live, and this in spite of proscription, penal laws, and a whole library of inhuman statutes and enactments. To-day the singular morality of the Irish peasants, their increasing thrift and temperance, are to be attributed to the work which Irish priests are doing for the Irish people. In the dark days of civil strife in Belfast it is the priest who pours oil on the troubled waters—who by cajolery and entreaties draws the infuriated people either from the orange and green fight or from the conflict between the civil power and the strikers. In the foulest slums the Irish priest goes fearless of sickness and contagion. In the wildest Atlantic weather it is he who leads the lifeboat's crew. In the heat of England's battles it is an Irish priest who gives courage to England's Catholic soldiers. Ireland is torn asunder by the machinations of Nationalist secret societies on the one hand and virulent bigotry on the other. I have believed, and still believe, Home Rule to be an impossible dream; but I submit that the cause of the Union is not served either by attacks on Christianity in any form or appeals to passions which should now only survive among half-civilised people.'

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People We Hear About

A wonderful record in African travel has been set up by Lady Lever, wife of the soap magnate, who has been elected a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society. She accompanied her husband on his recent journey to the Belgian Congo, a district in which she has probably made a more comprehensive tour than any other European woman. Lady Lever travelled 7000 miles in Central Africa, crossed the Equator four times, and visited many villages of former cannibal tribes, as well as those in which cannibalism is not yet extinct.

King Alfonso's thirst for information led him recently to inspect the new plant of *El Imparcial*, one of the principal newspapers of Madrid. In company with Count Romanones, his Prime Minister, the ruler of Spain went through in succession the editorial rooms, the business offices, and the composing rooms. In the latter the printers set up in linotype the words: 'Long live the King!' which his Majesty insisted on carrying away as a souvenir. As he stood watching one of the new rotary presses at work the King turned to his Prime Minister and said: 'Ah! those are the machines for "roasting" politicians.'

The Right Rev. Dr. Keating, Bishop of Northampton, in an address delivered at the interment of Lord Stafford, said they were committing to the earth the last representative of a race that had merited well of the Catholic Church in England. Not for one generation or two generations, and not for one century or two centuries, but for many centuries in that very spot that race had held up undauntedly the banner of the Catholic Church. For as many centuries that race had been as unswervingly loyal to the Church as it had been to king and country. In the days when to be a Catholic was no longer a title of honor, but of dishonor, a title to hatred, imprisonment, persecution, and death—even then this race was more than ever faithful, and there they cherished the light of the sanctuary in spite of fines and imprisonment, and what was perhaps harder even than those penalties, the being exiled from the social life to which their rank and merits entitled them. One of them sealed the glorious confession of his faith with his blood. Those, then, were titles to especial gratitude, and it was naturally right that on such an occasion as that the Church from his mouth should give frank recognition to that title.

The Rome correspondent of the *Universe* states that the Most Rev. Dr. Fennelly, Archbishop of Cashel, has resigned his See, and has been appointed Titular Archbishop of Metymnos. His Grace, who is a native of County Tipperary, where he was born 67 years ago, is a member of a family which has supplied some honored names to the Irish priesthood and episcopate at home and abroad. His great uncle on his mother's side, Bishop John Ryan, ruled the diocese of Limerick from 1825 to 1864; and two of his uncles on the paternal side were successive Bishops of Madras. He made his classical studies at Thurles Seminary and St. Vincent's, Castleknock, and after a distinguished ecclesiastical course of six years at Maynooth, he was ordained in 1870. His first curacy was with an uncle, Father John Bourke, whom he succeeded as parish priest of Moycarkey in 1891. He subsequently administered a cathedral parish, and was consecrated as Coadjutor to Archbishop Croke in 1901, succeeding him as Archbishop of Cashel and Adm. of the diocese of Emly (which is united to Cashel, having now no separate organisation of its own) in the following year. His Grace resides at Thurles.

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