

# THE REVIEW

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## THE REVIEW.

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We clip the following stanzas from a copy of the St. John Morning News of April 2, 1862. The author is the present editor of the Telegraph. He was but 17 years old when the poem was written.

**Our Native Land**  
While others sing of Sunny Spain,  
Or praise Italian skies,  
And isles that stud the Indian main,  
Where palms luxuriant rise:  
Shall fair New Brunswick be unsung,  
And we in silence stand?  
No, let us join with heart and tongue,  
To praise our native land.

Brazil may show her diamonds bright,  
And France the fruitful vine,  
New Brunswick has as good a right,  
To boast her noble pine:  
It towers above the forest trees,  
Which rise on either hand;  
Its tassels wave in every breeze,  
Which fans our native land.

What tho' the winter's chilly winds,  
Mav wreath our trees in snow;  
It is the garment nature finds,  
To hid their leafless woe.  
But soon the genial breath of spring,  
Will bid their buds expand,  
And songsters sweet begin to sing,  
Throughout our native land.

What tho' the waves in angry hosts,  
May lash our rugged shore;  
Far finer scenes than stormy coasts,  
Our feet may wander o'er:  
For greeney fields and sweeter vales,  
The eye has never scanned,  
Than are the intervals and dales,  
Of this, our native land.

New Brunswick's sons are widely known,  
For enterprise and skill;  
Be it on Neptune's briny throne,  
Or on the fields they till:  
Her daughters, beautiful as e'er  
The breath of heaven fanned,  
Arise like flowers of radiance rare,  
To deck our native land.

Majestic rivers onward glide,  
Thro' green and fertile fields;  
And bear upon their stately tide,  
The spoil the forest yields.  
The crew that guides the raft along,  
With honest labor tanned!  
Their hearts are brave, their arms are strong,  
To guard our native land.

Tho' deadly war has never dared  
To taint our native breeze;  
The ringing axe is often heard,  
Among the forest trees:  
And hands that use the axe so well,  
Could wield the bloody brand,  
To smite a foe, or repel  
Invaders from our land.

New Brunswick need not envy those,  
Whose annals teem with crime;  
Whose records bear a tale of woes,  
Still unceasing by time.  
She ever seeks the path of peace  
With full and prospering hand;  
Her loyal children never cease,  
To love their native land.

JAMES HANNAY.

St. John, March 21st, 1862.

## TWO MARITIME PROVINCES.

### THEIR CATHOLIC CENTRES.

JAMES ANGUS MCKINNON, IN DONAHOE'S

MAGAZINE.

Closely allied to Nova Scotia, not only in its geographical location, but also by those stronger ties of early associations and community of interests, is the Province of New Brunswick, a fair country richly endowed in natural resources and picturesque beauty of scenery. The dramatic incidents in the history of the early colonization of this province have furnished much material to the novelist's pen, notably the tragic scenes at the mouth of the St. John, where a woman with a warrior's soul defied the tyrant and coward D'Aulnay. The records of any country do not present a more vivid picture of man's brutality than that presented by the brutal victor ordering the brave "Lady of the Fort" to be dragged by a rope round her neck to witness the execution of her followers and friends. Rare qualities of mind and heart governing the noblest im-

pulses of humanity, magnificent loyalty to her husband's cause, and intrepid courage undaunted by disaster till with the death of her people hope died in her valiant heart, illumine even the darkest passages of her checkered destiny.

The "Old Fort" is a memory. Times of peace have changed the scene of warfare, and a city pulsing with the forces of civilization stands on the rocky promontory at the mouth of the St. John, the beautiful river, so-called from having been discovered by De Mont's and Champlain on Saint John's day. St. John is larger than Halifax, more cosmopolitan in character, and possesses a greater share of natural advantages, facts that account perhaps for the friendly enmity (if such a term be allowable) existing between the sister cities. It has ever been the custom to regard the eldest born as the rightful possessor of the choicest portions, but St. John is a shrewd young sister, and insists upon having her rights, particularly in the matter of the winter port, long a bone of contention. With the happy adjustment of this difficulty the cities will be apt to emulate the example of many of their sons and daughters and enter into a lasting alliance. If capacity for suffering is a test of strength then St. John is strong indeed. Few trials have been spared her. Fire has ravaged her streets, destroyed her shipping in the harbor, and in the great conflagration of 1877 consumed fully a third of the city. This accounts for the modern aspect of the business centre. It has been entirely rebuilt of brick and stone. When the volume of flame rushed through the triple arch of the "old bell tower" the bell in the turret tolled for the woes of a homeless people, its last message ere it sank in the ruins of the historic landmark. The "Barrack Green," originally occupied by troops when St. John was a garrison town, became the camping ground of destitute citizens reduced to the shelter of shanties and the acceptance of rations provided by the executive committees.

Nearly twenty years have elapsed since then, and little outer vestige remains of the ruin wrought; the real injury is made manifest in the altered fortunes of formerly prosperous citizens, and in the decrease of industrial activities.

There is another memorable date, an earlier one, in the history of St. John, "the year of the cholera" an epoch of death, desolation and orphanage. Old residents tell of the appalling seizure of victims, their swift agony ending in death, the constant passing of hearse through the city streets, and the open trenches in which the dead were hurriedly interred. From the depths of a great sorrow rose a blessing to the city. The cries of the homeless orphans brought to St. John the Sisters of Charity, the daughters of Saint Vincent De Paul. To the desolate waifs their sombre garb was as the raiment of angels, and the humble shelter they opened for them a palace of delights. To provide better accommodation for the orphans Bishop Connolly and his clergy gave up to them their own residence on the Cathedral grounds and removed to a house on the corner of Coburg and Cliff streets.

At that time the city was young in its diocesan honors, not much more than a decade of years having passed since the Rt. Rev. James Dollard was consecrated Bishop of St. John. Every Catholic child born in the diocese has learned to speak the name of "Bishop Dollard" in accents of loving reverence. A half century has not effaced the memory of him who held the sesame to all hearts. Those of his flock who still remain tell of the deeds of charity, the words of cheery encouragement, and the ready sympathy of the holy prelate. A mural tablet in Saint Dunstan's, Fredericton, records the birth, death and mission of this man of God, the manifestations of whose great heart and zealous spirit long survive him. His grand-nephew, the Rev. William Dollard, rector of Our Lady of the Rosary, St. Stephen, is widely known as a close student of Irish literature, an eloquent lecturer, and a true exponent of the beauties of Irish music. To the facile pen of his brother, James Benjamin Dollard, the readers of Donahoe's owe many delightful hours.

On the death of Bishop Dollard, in 1851, the Right Reverend Thomas L. Connolly, D. D., O. S. F., was consecrated bishop, and assumed the administration of the diocese. The events of his time, and that of his successor the Right Reverend John Sweeney, are graphically presented in the following synopsis prepared by the present sexton of the Cathedral, Mr. Patrick Gleeson, than whom no man is better qualified to relate the history of the Church in St. John during a period of forty years.

The bishop soon after his arrival in St. John, seeing that the old church of St. Malachi was too small to accommodate the congregation worshipping in it, bought

from R. F. Hazen Esq., the present site of the beautiful cathedral, and on the morning of April 18, 1853, laid the corner stone with imposing ceremonies. The work progressed from that date and "First Mass" in the cathedral was celebrated on Christmas Day, 1855. In 1859 the bishop was appointed Archbishop of Halifax, N. S., and early in 1860, the word came that the Very Rev. John Sweeney, V. G., was appointed bishop, which gave very great satisfaction to the Catholics of this province, especially to those of the city of St. John. On Sunday, April 15, 1860, he was consecrated bishop, and has happily presided over his diocese since; it is the hope of his people that he may long be spared to do so. On August 15, 1860, the Right Rev. James Rogers was consecrated Bishop of Chatham, the province of New Brunswick being then divided into two dioceses. Of the many prelates and priests present at the consecration of Dr. Sweeney, he and a few others remain. His Lordship completed the cathedral and added to it St. Joseph's and the Virgin's Chapels. On July 16, 1865, the cathedral was consecrated by the Archbishop of Halifax, assisted by many bishops and priests and a great attendance of the laity. The night of the sixteenth was celebrated by a torchlight procession of the Catholic societies, temperance, religious and literary. The city had not seen anything like it, since the night of August 3rd, 1860, on the occasion of the visit of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales to the city and province.

The churches and buildings erected since the great fire of June 20, 1877, are: St. Malachi's Hall. St. Joseph's Hall.

The Home of Mater Misericordie, Sydney Street, for old people; also a new addition to the St. Patrick's industrial building at Silver Falls, and a fine new brick building added to the convent on Cliff Street for the schools. In 1883, the new St. Peter's. In 1884, St. John the Baptist, Lower Cove.

In 1892, Holy Trinity Church, (Valley). The clergy at present in St. John and vicinity are Rt. Rev. John Sweeney, D. D., Rev. T. Casey, Rev. F. J. McMurray, Rev. A. J. O'Neill, Rev. A. Robichaud, Cathedral.

Very Rev. Thos. Connolly, V. G., Rev. W. C. Gaynor, Curate, St. John the Baptist.

The Rev. Redemptorist Fathers Weigel, Donahue, Krein, Connolly, Trimple, St. Peter's, North End.

The Rev. John J. Walsh, P. P., Holy Trinity.

The Rev. J. J. O'Donovan, P. P., Carleton, West End.

The Rev. C. Collins, St. Rose, Fairville. The Rev. Father Gallagher, Silver Falls, Simonds.

This strong presentment of facts is the most convincing proof of the growth of Catholicism in St. John.

In this maritime city there is a thoroughfare bearing the historic name of Waterloo, and midway down its length the Catholic Church in Southern New Brunswick has reared its citadel and thrown up its fortifications. Just on the crest of the hill stands the noble cathedral of the Immaculate Conception, its golden high towering cross marking the city's furthest point from earth, and very appropriately the nearest to heaven. Over the arch of the portal to the right of the great central door the story of the Last Supper is told in stone, and thousands of little children daily pause on their homeward way to feel in their young souls the throbbing desire to share in the sacred feast. From the tower below the golden cross the chime of bells appeals to older devotees, and well do they respond, a fact to which an unwilling early riser of different faith bore grudging testimony in the remark, "You can't rest with those Catholics, they're always tramping to Mass."

But after the Masses are said the tramp of feet is still heard, thousands of feet, and with the noise is agreeably blended the clatter of tongues and bursts of laughter as the children troop away to the different schools waiting to receive them. One trail worn in the asphalt pavement leads into Cliff street, and ends significantly at St. Vincent's Convent, the training school of Catholic girlhood, and the mother, house of the order of the sisters of St. Vincent de Paul, the famous teaching order primarily brought to St. John for the guardianship of orphans.

From this house are supplied teachers for St. Vincent's and St. Joseph's schools, St. John proper; St. Peter's, Portland; St. Patrick's, Carleton; St. Dunstan's, Fredericton; the Boys' Industrial school, Silver Falls; and the convents of Memramcook and Buctouche.

To direct this great educational force, and administer the affairs of so large a community requires rare executive ability and judgment, all three possessed in

an eminent degree by the Reverend Mother Augustine, the ruling spirit of the mother-house and beloved head of the order. The financial stability of the numerous convents and institutions under her direction are sufficient proof of Mother Augustine's right to the encomium paid her as "The brightest business woman in New Brunswick." The thousands of pupils who have gone out from St. Vincent's remember less clearly those qualities of mind than the dominant influence of the loving heart and zealous spirit moulding their young lives on the highest ideals of Catholic womanhood. "I feel old age creeping on" wrote this friend of girlhood to a former pupil, "But thank God, I can still attend to duty."

Yes, even in the glow of the sunset with the radiance deepening towards the land of promise, this dearly-loved mother, teacher and friend, points to the beacon of duty as the guiding light of those who would enter into "the reward of the hundred-fold."

The Ladies of the Sacred Heart are also doing noble service in the interests of education. The great pile of buildings on Mount Pleasant, overlooking the valley, and formerly known as "Reed's Castle," is now pointed to with pride by St. John Catholics as the "Academy of the Sacred Heart."

In the city, St. Malachi's (so-called from having been erected on the site of the old St. Malachi's church), makes provision for the education of eight hundred Catholic boys, instructed by lay teachers under the efficient principalship of Mr. James Barry.

When the cry "Free Schools" was raised in the Province, bigots were not lacking to force compulsory measures on Catholics, measures opposed to justice and truth, but the wisdom, the infinite patience and indomitable perseverance of one man defeated their aims, and threw wide the doors of free schools, recognizing the existence of a God. To the honored head of the Church in St. John, the Right Reverend John Sweeney, Catholics owe their exceptional educational advantages. He it was who opposed the King act in its entirety, and secured such legislation as made it possible for Catholics to accept free education without forswearing faith. That was a memorable day in March 1877, when the system was inaugurated, and children trooped from all parts of the city to enter upon their career as free school pupils.

The same far-seeing policy that governed his Lordship in the free school agitation actuated the erection of the college at Memramcook, and the foundation of the colony of Johnville, where a thriving town replaces a wilderness, and a prosperous people thank God and their bishop for their bettered fortunes. Possessed of a deep conviction that removal to farms is the true means of relieving distress in congested cities, Bishop Sweeney has successfully demonstrated the truth of his theory and in the Industrial School at Silver Falls, is affording orphaned and destitute boys every opportunity to become followers of husbandry.

On the occasion of his Lordship's silver jubilee, a leading daily in summing up his career, commented on the loss society had sustained because the honored prelate so seldom came among his fellow citizens in the character of a guest. While ever ready and eminently fitted to fill his place as a dignitary of the church, his manifold duties as the Father of his people lay nearer to his heart and ever claimed his unwearied attention.

In his long and eminently successful administration Bishop Sweeney has been specially favored by having the zealous co-operation of the Very Reverend Thos. Connolly, the Vicar General of the diocese. Strong in character, lofty in principle, gifted with a keen wit, and at times (with respect be it said) a caustic tongue, Monsignor Connolly is not found easy of approach by those of sordid purpose or insincere motive. But those who seek him for the consoling ministrations of his sacerdotal office, or in times of temporal need, know him as the wisest or counselors, and trust of friends.

The existing condition of the Church in the North End is an eloquent tribute to the work of the Redemptorist Fathers, who assumed charge of St. Peter's in 1883, and by their energy and zeal built up a prosperous parish. The Rev. Michael Oates, C. S. R., now connected with the Mission Church, Roxbury, was the first rector of the new St. Peter's. During his mission among them he won the hearts of the Portland people, Catholics and Protestants alike holding him in high esteem, and alike deploring his departure when his labor accomplished, the summons came to begin again in another field.

**Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.**

What wonder that under such guidance and with their natural endowments St. John Catholics have advanced so rapidly. They are prominent in commercial activities, in the discharge of executive and legislative functions, in brief, in every line of public effort requiring integrity of character and intellectual attainment.

In their social environment the Catholic people are very happy. There is no restless pursuit of enjoyment. Intellectual pleasures are numerous, music has its devotees, and the joys of home-life are nowhere more keenly appreciated. Social reunions are of frequent occurrence, and twice in the year there is a grand gathering of Cathedral parishioners; on Saint Patrick's night to do honor to local talent presented in varied form, and on that day of days when the weather being favorable the "bells ring at eight" and old and young respond to its call, descend the heights enclosing the valley, and cross the glistening tracks where wait the special trains for "The Bishop's picnic."

The fact that the proceeds of both these joyous occasions swell the orphans' fund adds not a little to the enjoyment of the pleasure seekers.

At the time of Bishop Sweeney's accession the vast extent of territory under his control subjected his clergy to such extremes of suffering that a division of the Diocese was decreed by the Holy Father, and in August of the same year the Right Reverend James Rogers was consecrated Bishop of Northern New Brunswick, with his see at Chatham. Thoroughly alive to the interests of his people, endowed with a winning personality, and imbued with a religious zeal that his missionary labors in Nova Scotia had served to intensify, Bishop Rogers entered on his episcopal office, and like his brother in the South made marvellous progress in building up a Catholic country. Churches rose in the most remote parts of his diocese, and convents spread their refining influence among the people. No line of Catholic effort was unheeded, but perhaps the most heroic mission of all is that of the Hospital Nuns of Saint Joseph, who in the Government hospital at Tracadie care for the most isolated and unhappy of God's afflicted, the lepers.

This special feature of the work of the Catholic Church, its loving care of its distressed children is also beautifully illustrated in the Indian Reservations. Deprived of their rights, reduced to dire poverty, and driven forth to starve, the Indian tribes would have been lost indeed if the Church had not opened her arms to them, gathered them into communities, taught them the arts of peace, and led them upward to a knowledge of God. They reward her devotion by clinging tenaciously to the faith, and rebuke Catholics of higher race pretensions by braving storm and distance to attend Mass. On "Chapel Sunday" in the settlements and towns these silent people drop down the river in their canoes, or on foot traverse the woods, glide into the Church, attend decorously till the last prayer is said, and then disappear from among the congregation with the swiftness and secrecy characteristic of their race. In a suburban cemetery under the whispering pines a grey stone slab bears the touchingly beautiful inscription "Child of the forest, rest in peace."

Bigotry is waning among the people of the Provinces. Now and again it asserts itself in malignant form such as the recent effort to drive the Sisters out of the schools in Bishop Rogers' diocese, but despite such differences social life flows smoothly, education and the knowledge of the better traits of individual character that comes from close association have bred tolerance and mutual regard, and peace prevails.

By toil of hand and brain, by inexhaustible energy and perseverance, the Catholic element has become a power demanding recognition, and receiving it, grudgingly it may be at times, and often delayed but ultimately conceded, another instance of "the victory of spirit over matter, of right over wrong, of enlightenment over ignorance."

## IN FAVOR WITH THE DOCTORS.

### Dr. Godbout, M. P., Beauce, Que. Speaks in Highest Terms of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder

When a member of the medical profession, hedged in as he is by a large measure of conservatism, expresses an opinion of a proprietary medicine it means a good deal. Dr. Godbout, the popular member in the House of Commons, of Beauce, Quebec, speaks in highest terms of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder, not alone as a professional man, knowing the nature of this remedy, but from personal experience. He has used the medicine for catarrh, and freely lets the public know of the remarkable, speedy and effective nature of the medicine in all cases of the kind. One puff of the Powder gives relief in 10 minutes. Sold by W. W. Short, Richibucto.

## Dominion Parliament.

OTTAWA, Sept. 23.—The proceedings were limited to continuing the debate on Mr. Foster's resolution deprecating the government's action in not announcing their tariff policy. Mr. Charlton was the only member speaking on the government's side.

Mr. John Ross Robertson, of Toronto, spoke in support of the government, although he was elected as an independent Conservative.

Messrs. Kloefer and Henry, two Ontario Conservatives, made their maiden speeches to-day. There were speeches also by Mr. Henderson, of Halton, and Mr. Bell, of Picton, the latter of whom referred to the paralyzing effect on the industries of Nova Scotia which the uncertain policy of the government would have.

The House divided on Mr. Foster's amendment, which was defeated by 113 to 76. All patrons and independents voted with the government. The result was received with loud Liberal cheers and the singing of God Save the Queen.

In supply Mr. Foster objected to any vote for the interior department until the government announced its reasons for not filling the portfolio.

Hon. Mr. Laurier replied there were exceptional reasons for delaying the announcement for a few days or perhaps a few weeks longer. There were several precedents set by Conservatives for this. The portfolio of railways and canals was vacant for ten months in 1885.

When Mr. Foster was speaking Tuesday evening on his trade resolution there was some cross firing. Mr. Foster was referring to the N. P. resolution of 1876, and Mr. Wood, of Hamilton, asked: "What was the date of the conversion of the Conservative party in 1876?"

Mr. Foster fenced with this question, and instead of answering rallied Mr. Wood on being a protectionist once.

Mr. Wood—Answer the question.

Mr. Foster—think I can answer a question by asking another.

Mr. Wood—I can tell you.

Mr. Foster—Very well.

Mr. Wood rose and recalled the fact connected with that famous protection resolution of 1876, how Sir Charles Tupper had come prepared to denounce Sir Richard Cartwright's budget for increasing the taxes, and when he found that it did not ask that it be called 6 o'clock when it was only 5.15, and after recess at 8 o'clock came down with a speech denouncing the government for not protecting home industries—the very reverse of the speech he had prepared first. That was the sudden conversion of the Conservative party.

Sir Charles Tupper rose amid loud ministerial cries of "order, order," and attempted to speak, but each time his voice was drowned in the uproar. At length the Speaker intervened and Sir Charles when quiet was restored, said: "The hon gentleman's statement is utterly untrue and unfounded."

This contradiction was greeted by tremendous groans from the ministerial benches.

Mr. Wood—I can prove it.

Mr. Foster resuming made use of the expression "We have some points settled" whereupon Dr. Landerkin shouted "You're settled anyway," and the Liberals fairly howled with delight at Mr. Foster's apparent discomfiture. Mr. Foster appealed to the speaker to keep order and then lectured Dr. Landerkin on good behavior.

Dr. Landerkin got up to retort, but so loud did the Conservatives shout at him that he sank back laughing.

Mr. Foster, before proceeding, said: Now, if the hon gentleman will be quiet—

Dr. Landerkin—If you will be civil.

Mr. Foster proceeded to describe Mr. Wood as a protectionist, and cited a motion by Mr. Wood in Parliament in 1876.

Mr. Wood denied that he was ever a protectionist and explained that his resolution simply called for an investigation into the condition of our industries. Sir Charles Tupper at that time objected to the motion as the thin edge of protection.

Sir Charles Tupper (rising amid the laughter of both sides of the House and cries of order)—I give that statement the most emphatic contradiction.

## K. D. C. the Great Spring remedy

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One pill a dose, one box 25 cents. One pill relieves constipation. One box cures an ordinary case. One pill taken weekly neutralizes formation of uric acid in the blood and prevents Bright's Kidney disease and Diabetes. True only of Dr. Chase's Kidney Liver Pills.