

ASTONISHED TORIES.

Gen. Walker's Tribute to the Irish Brigade at the Dublin Celebration.

A Dublin letter from P. O'Neill Larkin, printed in the Boston Record, tells of the sensation created by President Walker, of the Boston Institute of Technology, at the recent centennial of Trinity College. One of the speeches of the day was made by Gen. Walker, who represented our National Academy of Sciences. Says Mr. Larkin: "With the most impetuous coolness he violated all the ancient traditions of the Tory university, by referring to the green flag of Ireland carried by his own comrades in arms, Meagher and Cass, and their men, in the terrible days on Virginia soil, when the fate of the Union was the stake at issue. Talk of green flags carried by expatriated Irishmen to the professors and board of Trinity College! and worse still, paying highest tribute to the Irish rebel, Gen. Meagher, who was sentenced to death by a British Judge for high treason against Queen Victoria, and who escaped to the United States in an American ship in a manner very similar to the late John Boyle O'Reilly! I watched the General as he stepped to the forefront of the dais in that quiet, dignified manner which he possesses. It seemed as if he were only about to address the proper legislative committee in the State House in Boston in favor of establishing a temporary commission on the matter of public parks throughout Massachusetts, just as he did when I last heard him about four months ago. But as he proceeded in his speech before that brilliant assemblage, and the spirit and stirring events of the past flowed into the current of his thought, a warmth of expression, an undertone of deep feeling, and a glow of fervor, as he referred to his dear Irish-American comrades, awakened enthusiastic cheering among the students of old Trinity, whereas an address of such character was never heard before.

The General began by saying that he came from a country which had more Irish blood in it than Ireland possesses, and that he had sailed from New York, which was the largest Irish city in the world. It had been said at the presentation of the addresses that Ireland knew no bounds, but after all blood was thicker than water, and he came before the graduates of an Irish university with some added confidence in a kind recognition because he was an American. He had crossed the Atlantic, which so many hundreds of thousands of Irishmen had crossed, to what were at first days of weary and heart-breaking exile. For two and a half years of desperate work it had been his proud privilege to act as the Adjutant-General of that corps of the United States Army which included the two brigades exclusively Irish, and during that time he bore on his breast the official badge of his corps—the shamrock. What prodigies of valor were performed by the Irish regiments! Probably never before in history was Irish valor so conspicuously shown. He would never forget the ringing cheer with which the brigade of Meagher—every man with a sprig of green in his cap, and with the green flag of Ireland waving with the Stars and Stripes in front—swept over the low crest which had sheltered it during its formation on the plain of Fredericksburg, and how it charged over the field swept from end to end with direct and exploding fires—up against the sunken road and the stone fence held by four ranks of veteran riflemen, the flower of the superb Southern Chivalry.

From that "fatal field," to use the words of its own commander, the Irish brigade turned away to the hospital and the grave. They were doubtless familiar with the history of Irish valor which had been illustrated in Flanders, India, and the Crimea, but he feared they knew little of what their countrymen did in maintaining the unity of the new Nation of the West and in rescuing the cause of human liberty from one of the deadliest foes it had encountered. But what Irishmen had done for America in arms was, after all, far less than what they had done for America in up-building great, free States, magnificent in their possibilities of glory and full of illustrious possibilities of glory and interest and pleasure with which the delegates from America had come there to take part in the ter-centenary celebrations. He congratulated them on the beginning of their fourth century existence. He wished prosperity to the country, its capital, and to the University.

To say that the big-wigs of the University were amazed at Gen. Walker's eulogy on Irish valor in connection with Gen. Meagher, and his reference to green flags, is to fall far short of the truth. Some of them looked actually dazed, while others showed quite plainly that they did not relish the General's reminiscences. But the young students, many of whom are sons of Tory houses, cheered enthusiastically again and again.

**Diarrhea and Vomiting.**  
GENTLEMEN.—About five weeks ago I was taken with a very severe attack of diarrhea and vomiting. The pain was almost unbearable and I thought I could not live till morning, but after I had taken the third dose of Fowler's Wild Strawberry the vomiting ceased, and after the sixth dose the diarrhea stopped, and I have not had the least symptom of it since.

**Mrs. ALICE HOPKINS, Hamilton, Ont.**  
Wife of a Lumberman's Friend.

A LESSON FROM NATURE.

For the CATHOLIC RECORD.

All nature is a grand illustrated book, wherein may be read the most serious facts which relate to our higher life. In the calm and silence of a July night, when wearied mortals have settled down to recuperate the wear and exhaustion sustained during the busy day, let us for a moment look out, above, and around us. Away up in the zenith of her course the crystal moon moves in sublime splendor. No envious cloud dares to veil her smiling beauty. She is queen of the firmament. The myriad twinkling stars pay homage to her away. Beneath earth sleeps the healthful sleep which begets an awakening to renovated activity. But all is not silence. There is a sweet mystic harmony around. The landscape is filled with the breathing of life. An occasional tinkling heard. Yes, these are the acknowledgments of grateful creatures to the ruler of the night. They bask in her graceful smiles. They drink in the copious draughts which flow gratuitously from gushing fountains. The wayward traveller, too, is thankful. Some hard misadventure, or frown of Fate, urges him to pursue his journey, without disturbing the order existing, or yielding to severe consequences, a helping hand is stretched to aid him. The small birds nestle on the leafy branch. The cattle graze in luxurious pasture. The little blades of grass spring up in silence to beautify the morning lawn. The glowing morn speaks a night of repose. How different when the smoke of elemental battle obscures the fair face of the midnight firmament! All sensitive life feels the shock sustained. Supposing that some mighty power, in the world of spirits, were let forth to destroy this fair orb of the night, what a void would be there! A beauteous creature of the region of space would be mourned for; though wounded life might not be injured beyond hope. But Oh! the loss! And after all the loss would be but material. One planet less in the firmament. It is at best a mere creature of time. Its days are numbered; for the time shall come when "the moon will not give her light and the stars will fall from heaven." The fall of one immortal soul from grace is infinitely more disastrous. What a mighty fall was that of Lucifer! What hand will paint for us an archangeal basing in the splendor of God's glory? The sun may be captured, the stars too can be outwitted, but the spirit-world is beyond the reach of human genius. No artist's brush can convey on canvas a dim idea of the most lovely spirit in the heavenly court. The picture has been often attempted, but it is always human. What a beauteous creature in the realm of light must an archangel be! Intelligence, radiance, power are among his attributes. We marvel not, therefore, that when Lucifer fell so many other spirits followed. The moon was darkened; the creatures which basked beneath its beams were lost in wandering. What are those many groups of intelligent beings, scattered over the firmament of earth, but a like order of creation? As the heavenly bodies, they glow in greater or lesser radiance. We have the family, the community, the society. All have their lights, casting beams of light around them. I speak not of the light of reasons alone; I mean the whole being shining in the effulgence of virtue. As the moon is but reflecting the light of the sun, so the virtuous human being is a reflection of his God Creator. God is the noon-day sun whose brightness penetrates every spot of earth. From Him all life and activity arise and are sustained. But the creature too are a reflector of his influence upon others; else why the divine law of charity?

Every person has over others an influence for good or for evil. He may be a twinkling star, he may be a greater luminary. The noble God-fearing father, the virtuous mother, the exemplary head of a community, have a wonderful effect in determining the destinies of others. There is weakness in our fallen state which calls upon the aid of our brother. The harmony of nature teaches us the most sublime lesson. Thus it is, when the moon shall not give her light; the hour of destruction is at hand; so also when the virtuous fall from grace, when a soul loses the lustre of angelic beauty, the shock is felt. The angels weep, other creatures groan beneath the disaster. It was the Master Himself who said "So let your light shine amongst men that they may glorify my Father who is in heaven."—The Hermitage.

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WHAT CATHOLICITY HAS DONE.

JOHN W. MACKAY.

A Multi-Millionaire Irish-American—Born in Dublin, and a Catholic.

Our country is doubly dear to us. She is our mother, we are her children. Beyond this our hearts beat high with love for the land where the old faith has fair play. Our temples where nine millions of worshippers keep holy the Sabbath day, are not from the revenues of unstable governments, but are the free offerings of the faithful. Our schools and colleges flourish second to none, they teach all that is taught in others, and teach more—they teach the geography of the realm beyond the skies—that there is a God in heaven to whom all are accountable. Our charities are ever open, our priests and religious never shrink from contagion, but are ready to die at the post of duty.

Our citizens in peace are faithful in their trust, and in war have bathed with their blood every battle-field of the Republic. Our country repays our devotion by jealously guarding the rights of all her citizens. And where is the American Catholic who is not, to the core of his heart, proud of the identity of his faith with the land of his love?

The earliest history of America is the history of its Catholicity. Catholicity is indelibly stamped on the Western Hemisphere. The saintly names in the four corners of the two continents tell that Catholics were its founders. Civilization within the confines of our Republic was planted at St. Augustine, and Santa Fe before the Puritan saw the Rock of Plymouth. Catholic missionaries, Franciscans and Jesuits, for the converting of the savage and the glory of God, did not loiter on the shores of the Atlantic, but traversed the land lying along the northern lakes, followed the streams and rivers, explored the great valley, and discovering the Mississippi, tracked its course from the Falls of St. Anthony, and were first to see the Father of Waters empty into the Southern Gulf. Not a cape was discovered, nor a river entered, but the Jesuits led the way. They penetrated into the primeval forest and carried the cross to the shores of the Pacific. The exploits of Cartier, Balboa, Melence, DeSoto, Ponce de Leon, Marquette, DeSalle, Champlain, and others can never be obliterated. They are moulded in enduring bronze on the massive gates of our capital. Aye, more, proclaim it to the four winds of heaven, sound it to the remotest corners of earth, shape it in the holy banner in its song, engrave it on monument, and boast of it everywhere—a monk first inspired Columbus with hope; Catholic sovereigns sent the first ship across the trackless main; the Catholic Columbus, with his Catholic crew, discovered the continent—a Catholic gave it the name of America—the new found land was dedicated to the patronage of the Blessed Mother—the first strains of song ever heard along the western wave was the hymn of the Holy Virgin; the earliest worship of the true God was the holy sacrifice of the Mass; the first standard planted was the standard of the cross; the first, the only martyr, that ever, upon the soil of New York, rose from the fires of sacrifice to heaven, was a Catholic; the first institution of learning and the first institution of charity were Catholic. Catholic Maryland alone established religious liberty. Catholic France aided with an army our revolutionary struggle, and Catholics were the first to acknowledge the independence of the United States! These are the sentiments, the proofs, the pledges of the loyalty of the Catholic citizen, who still holds to the faith in its purity and integrity.—A. D. Decker in the Socialist.

**Echoes of the "Magnificat."**  
Her song of songs, the grand canticle of the "Magnificat," had been caught up and repeated by the Church in every age. It peal through the dim religious cloisters, and solemn cathedral aisles when the swinging censers, burning lights, and gorgeous wated perfume of flowers tell of Jesus, the Son of Mary, ever dwelling on our altars; at times it sinks into slow, sweet, sad cadences; then bursting forth again and swelling out in grand triumphal tones with voice and organ blending in sublime and thrilling harmony, it proclaims that Jesus is God, and that the pure, chaste, Immaculate Virgin Mary is His Blessed Mother. The grand song goes on and shall go on in its matchless force and beauty, surging over the forests and filling them with melody, echoing in the mountains and flooding the valleys with music, until all things, animate and inanimate, are pulsating with the praises of God and His Blessed Mother.

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