

of their rights in the Home Rule Bill. As for the Orange leaders, what they are clamouring for is not equal rights and even-handed justice, but the wicked, hateful thing called Protestant Ascendancy. And that must go.

We hear so much just now about "Protestant Ulster" that we would be led to think that a Catholic within its bounds would be "a rare bird," very much like a black swan: yet what are the facts? Here they are, and in their presence "Protestant Ulster" becomes a myth, or like the midnight ghost that cannot stand the light of day:

The total population of Ulster is 1,019,814, comprising 744,859 Catholics and 274,955 Protestants: exclusive of Belfast, the Catholics are in a majority of over 80,000, and in six out of the nine Ulster counties the Catholics form the majority of the population. At the general election in 1892, out of a total of 123,205 votes, 69,464, or a majority of 15,663, were recorded in Ulster for Home Rule, and there are only two counties in the province for which Home Rule members are not returned wholly or in part.

Let us hope that ere St. Patrick's day returns in 1894 an Irish Parliament will have opened in College Green in the presence of thousands of glad Irishmen from America and Australia, returned to witness the blessed realization and fulfilment of the hopes and longings and aspirations of the Irish race for many weary centuries. Then will be fulfilled the prediction of the Irish Poet in a fuller sense than he intended:

"They will return, oh God, the joy and glory  
Of that proud day to all the race of Conn;  
They will return, and in their after story  
Find acclaim for the woes they've undergone."

#### Mr. Wallace at Kingston.

The Hon. N. O. Wallace attended an Orange banquet at Kingston on the 10th instant, and deemed it his duty to say some things which should not have been uttered by one who is so closely connected with the Ministry of this country as he is. He is reported as saying that: "He was pleased to see that the men of Ulster were not prepared to submit to Mr. Gladstone. They had the sympathy of the Orangemen in Canada." "They shall have," he said, "they shall have our active aid if necessary. The Orangemen of Canada would not be worthy of their ancestors if they failed to afford just such assistance as their brethren in Ulster required."

We have no political opinions, but if we had, we know where a few speeches like that would put us. We do not discuss the ancestry of Orangism in Canada—it has no pleasant memories—but we remind Mr. Wallace that Orangism struck a faint blow against Queen Victoria ascending to the throne—and Queen Victoria still reigns; it gnashed its teeth when the Irish Church was disestablished, but that Act was carried into effect. History will repeat itself, for nothing on earth can withstand the determined will of a people. Our protest is against the use of such language on the part of a man who holds the position occupied by Mr. Wallace, and who holds it not by the suffrages of Orangemen, but by those of the electors of Canada. He is not connected with the Ministry to represent Orangemen. We are glad to see that the attention of the Government was called to it. A man who speaks as he did needs attending to.

#### Irish Ballad Poetry.

It has often appeared strange to the careless observer that Ireland, notwithstanding the poetic temperament of her children, has produced no great poet who can rank with Homer, Shakespeare, or Dante. Ossian, it is true, and the old bards in the dawn of history, gave even more promise of a literary race than the few scattered poets of Grecian antiquity, yet the glorious auguries thus shadowed seem to have sadly miscarried.

But the reason of this failure is plain if we go a little deeper into the question. It lies in the same causes which brought our country all her woes—the want of unity and real national feeling among her children, and the oppression of her people and language by the foreigner. Two conditions, in fact, are necessary for the production of a great poet or age of poetry—a period of peace and a glorious victory to inspire the poetic muse. And seldom indeed has poor Ireland had either, though we cannot help hoping, as our people have hoped for centuries, that when the white heat of persecution has welded together the Irish into a united people, when the haughty rose shall be humbled, and the humble shamrock exalted, the bright day shall come when some bard of our race shall sing to his triumphant harp the epic of another "Jerusalem Delivered."

But the stream of Irish minstrelsy which, "like the lordly Shannon flowed," could not be totally blocked up, and only divided into a thousand charming rivulets, now dashing in mad fury against the barriers they could not destroy, now subsiding in a plaintive murmur at the failure of their attempts. And it is only by ascending these pleasant brooks and enjoying the beauty of their scenery and the purity of their waters that we can clearly judge what the broad stream might have been.

The poetry of a people, as we have suggested, depends on national temperament and history; and unfavorable though the history has been, the temperament has been peculiarly fitted for the muse of poetry. Irish character, with its varying shades of joy and sadness, of mirth and gloom, smiling through its tears and weeping in its laughter, is nowhere so well exhibited as in the ballads of the people. It is now the sad crowning of the sorrowful Macliag as he raises his lament for the death of Brian and the lost hopes of Kinkora, and again the joyful triumph of the bard as he sings the glories of the O'Neill and the victory of Benburb. In the same melody we may find the bard exulting in the harrying of the Pale, and again pausing to tell the merry toast of the Irish victors to the Sassanagh who had provided them with good cheer. Who could think that the same national sentiment could have produced in one age the sorrowful Mangan, the playful Williams, and the fiery Davis, or that the same hand penned the stirring "Battle of Fontenoy," and the pathetic "Lament for Owen Roe?" Truly we can exclaim with one of these bards.

"What strange frenzy hath this Celtic song."  
It tells, as no history tells, the story of sad Ireland—her glories, her sorrows, her victories, her repulses—repulses, for Irish poetry, like Irish nature,

never receives and never acknowledges complete defeat. Now it strikes up its martial notes in hatred of wrong and rouses the people to action; now it sinks sadly down into a low cadence for the dead or lament for the lost glories of Eire. And yet, even in the joyful chant of victory, intrudes a shadow of regret for the fallen; and through the gloom of the saddest lament shines the day-star of hope for the future. Of such strange contradictions is Irish poetry composed.

And, in a calmer mood, how beautiful it is! Now it flashes with the wit that no sorrow can dim or dull; now glides along, filling the soul with sad sweet contemplation, like twilight falling over a quiet scene; now playful in very love of life and friends and country, at once wrathful and mirthful, sorrowful and joyous; in one thing alone the same—in changeless love for Ireland, in unshaken hope for her future. What oceans of love have they not lavished on Ireland! If she was in reality a person, the *Rosaleen Dhu* which they so proudly call her, she might find in the love they have shown her a recompense for all her woes.

But it was no useless love. From the days when Ossian roused the brave followers of Fingal to battle to the time when Davis and McGee stirred the national pulse to a new life, poetry has occupied a foremost place in Irish national struggles. It was the war-song of O'Daly which roused Wicklow clans to drive the English from their borders, and the songs of the family bard which kept the O'Neills to the long struggle against the intruders; and even in the darkest days of the Penal Times the national spirit, ay, and the religious spirit, was preserved in the minds and hearts of the people by the rehearsal of these old ballads, which a loyal affection kept green in their memories.

All honor to the bards of our country. They have woven a fabric which neither the assaults of time or tyranny can destroy while the race exists, for every thread is the heart-string of a Celt, a part of his very being. And a beautiful fabric, and a heart-inspiring fabric it is too, for although it is reddened with blood and darkened with the gloom of defeat, and dragged through the dust of centuries, yet still we can see in it the original emerald green and burning gold of verdant hope and ardent love of country.

#### The "Come Over."

On Feb. 25th the *Empire* contained the following from a prominent English Church Clergyman, Archdeacon Bedford Jones of Brockville:

Sir—As a set-off to the prominent paragraph in to-day's issue describing the "going over" of a P. E. clergyman in New York to the church of Rome, may I ask you to insert the following item, not, as far as I know, noticed hitherto in any of our newspapers. It cannot fail to interest many readers of the *Empire*, which, in all honesty, should record the "coming over" as well as the "going over" of converts, especially when it is the coming over of a congregation en masse from Romanism to Protestantism. Yours, etc.,

T. BEDFORD-JONES, Archdeacon.  
Brockville, February 24.

An entire congregation of German Roman Catholics in the Diocese of Central New York was received into the Protestant Episcopal church by Bishop Huntington on St. John's day. Nine clergymen were present and a large and highly interested congregation, chiefly German. Says a correspondent of the *Living Church*: "The services were partly in German and partly in English. Clearer or heartier responses are seldom heard. The music was admirably devout and very affecting, being

rendered with the peculiar pathos of the German singing. In every respect the manner of the occasion was orderly and reverential. The bishop gave a short address of hearty welcome, touching rapidly and with deep feeling the great features of the extraordinary transfer. At the holy communion, after the clergy had received, it appeared as if the whole assembly rose and pressed eagerly forward, hungry for the feast of life, and kneeling to receive in succession the bread and the cup. At the close, after the clergy had exchanged congratulations, as the bishop turned to greet the trustees in their places, the congregation rose again and pressed forward along the aisles to seize and kiss his hand by turns—old men and women, young people, boys and children, many of them with tears on their faces and blessings on their lips.

With regard to the above, the *Empire* of the 17th instant contained the facts, with a letter from our friend Dean Cassidy of the Archdiocese of Toronto: To the Editor of the *Empire*.

Sir—About two weeks ago you published an extract from the *Living Church*, containing a highly colored account of the reception of a Roman Catholic congregation in central New York into the Anglican communion. It was remarked by many of your readers that important details were lacking. We were not informed of the causes which led to a change so unusual; the location and name of the congregation referred to were kept secret; even the date was not given. The picture appeared to be intended as a bit of caricature. In justice to your Catholic readers I must request you to insert the enclosed extract from the *Catholic News*, of New York, 15th inst. I need scarcely add that in future we shall regard with very grave suspicion statements taken from the *Living Church*. Yours, etc., EDW. CASSIDY.

St. Helen's Rectory, March 16.

#### A "LIVING CHURCH" LIE.

A correspondent of our esteemed namesake across the ocean. The *Catholic News*, of Preston, Eng., writes to that journal under date of February 16, from Ferris Town Truro, and says that the *Royal Cornwall Gazette*, of that place, recently published a report that the entire congregation of St. Joseph's church, Oneida, N.Y., had been received into the Protestant Episcopal church. It also stated that the Catholic bishop had left them without a pastor for four years, and that at their solicitation the Protestant bishop took over church and people, and provided them with a rector and curate. The report goes on to say that "the congregation were so overjoyed at receiving the Bread of Life from the Protestant bishop, that after the service they flocked round him, to kiss his hands and even his garments." The *Gazette* credits the particulars to the *Living Church*.

The editor of our esteemed namesake sent the letter to us for further information, and we in turn sent to our friend, Rev. J. A. Kelly, of St. Patrick's church, Oneida.

As a complete refutation of this gross libel on the venerable Bishop Ludden, of Syracuse, Father Kelly and the Catholic people of Oneida, it is only necessary to publish Father Kelly's answer to us. He says:

"Your communication and enclosed letters amused me very much. Some newspapers furnish very sentimental fables to their readers.

"The Catholic church in Oneida was dedicated to St. Patrick and never experienced that ecstatic transition from the faith of Ireland's apostle to the gentle and lovable care of the Protestant bishop spoken of. Just for a moment gaze in imagination at a congregation of Irish Catholics kissing the hands and garments of a Protestant bishop. I thank you for affording me a good hearty laugh, the best I have had in some time.

"Ours is the only Catholic parish in Oneida. There never was a St. Joseph's here. I have been pastor for seven years and in all that time Mass has been said every Sunday and holy day. The pleasantest relations have existed between bishop and priest and people. Our church is valued at \$65,000, with a debt of \$20,000. We have 35 acres of a cemetery. We have a beautiful lot for a pastoral residence, which will be erected within a year.

"So please brand the statements of the *Living Church* and *R. C. Gazette* as false. Thanking you for your kind interest in our parish, I am Yours sincerely,

(Rev.) J. A. KELLY."

Comment is unnecessary. What a figure the Archdeacon of Brockville cuts as a waiter dishing up to morbid curiosity canards without any foundation of truth in them. Such a "come over" is only a "get off" from some funny newspaper man, and the venerable simple minded but double hearted Archdeacon Bedford Jones ought not to allow such inventive geniuses to come it over him.