



EDITORIAL NOTES.

THIS week we have no end of questions to answer. We will do our best to satisfy all our friends; but we admit that some of them send us "ticklers"—they would be good examiners on a matriculation board. We begin with "Levis Irish Lad." The story, by J. J. Morin, entitled "An Irish Stew," extracts of which appear in the Aberdeen Catholic Herald, is a very miserable attempt at caricature of the Irish peasants. Rather is it an attempt to imitate Carleton's "Sketches and Traits of the Irish Peasantry." However, it lacks both the originality and literary finish of Carleton's work, while it is far more vulgar than his very worst pencillings. If we are to judge the story by the extracts given we must at once condemn it as a very false, unrefined and unrefining piece of composition.

Now for our Montreal "Subscriber." There are four questions to be answered. First: The pugilist to whom you refer is, or ought to be, an Irish Catholic. He is certainly Irish; as to his Catholicity, we cannot speak. His parents were Catholic, but whether he is a practical or a nominal Catholic, or whether he professes any faith, is more than we are able to tell. His career does not indicate a very great degree of spiritual life; his ambition seems to be in the line of hammering and disfiguring human bodies, rather than saving or elevating human souls.

SECOND QUESTION: The Irish have certainly contributed very much to the English stage, as authors, actors and managers. We have not a list of them at hand, but during the last hundred and fifty years there have been, from time to time, most successful managers, popular actors, and great composers, whose Irish birth or origin did not check them in their upward careers. Almost in our own day the name of Barry Sullivan, John McCullough, Maud Brennan, Rose Coghlan, Miss Murray, Tyrone Power, Managers McDonnell and Duffy leap forth and claim attention. But it was in Cork, Dublin, Edinburgh, Manchester and London that the theatres of the past tell the stories of Irish genius and success. Like stars upon the sky of the past—and genuine "stars" were they—glitter the names of Sheridan, Farquhar, Mossop, Fitzhenry, Quin, Barry, Maolin, Clive, Lewis, Cooke, Congrave and Jordan. It was of them that Charles Phillips wrote in his poem, "The Emerald Isle,"

"See, see the vision passing by,
See how it glows upon the sky,
A grand, eternal galaxy."

THIRD QUESTION: We cannot tell the exact circumstances under which "The Boys of Wexford" was written. Wexford itself is famed for the most brutal massacre in the annals of Irish suffering, and the memory of the scenes around the market cross of Wexford has imparted a

fervent spirit of patriotism to the Wexford boys. We read and hear of the Limerick women, the men of Galway, and the man for Galway, the Tipperary lads, the Wexford boys; probably the poet drew his inspiration and at the same time the title of his song from the reading of and pondering over the history of that city, or county.

FOURTH QUESTION: "Who was Sheridan?" "Subscriber" evidently refers to Richard Brinsley Sheridan, the wit, the sage, author, actor, orator, and gifted but eccentric child of circumstances. It cannot be General Phil. Sheridan of whom our friend inquires. The famous Sheridan, of other days, was an Irishman, an able delineator of character; a theatrical manager whose successes were varied; an author whose dramas have sufficed to immortalize him; an actor who won the applause of all London and was for years the idol of the metropolis; a wit, whose brilliancy cast all his contemporaries into comparative shade; and an orator whose triumphs in the House of Commons can be ranked with those of Shiel, Burke and O'Connell. It was of him that Phillips sings:

"And does not he—Oh! write the name,
In characters of living flame—
Does not Sheridan refuse
The gift of every stranger-muse,
Bringing, with filial love, to thee,
The glories of his poverty?
Still showing others wisdom's way,
Still led himself, by wit, astray;
Of contradictions, so combin'd,
With views so brilliant, yet so blind,
That, in him, error looks like truth,
Folly is reason, age is youth."

"LEVIS IRISH LAD" asks for a verdict upon the origin of the coat of arms of Glasgow. The account to which he refers is correct, as far as anything mythical can be so designated. The story of the "Ring in the Salmon," is not unlike many other heraldic traditions that have passed into popular belief, simply because all record of the true history perished with the events supposed to be commemorated. As in many other instances, especially since the sixteenth century revolt, interested propagators of new creeds sought to cast ridicule upon the Church and impute evil to her Saints by the means of inventing stories to fit the accidental designs upon well-known coats-of-arms. In Dr. Dollinger's "Fables respecting the Popes," there are several examples given; and we see that the stories were gradually built up, piece by piece, on the basis of the legends or heraldic signs, until they became fixed in the minds of the people. The letters on an odd stone found in Rome gave color to the story of Pope Joan; a wild romance is given in explanation of the column on the Arms of the Italian house of Colonna; on the great porch of St. Stephen's Cathedral, Vienna, is the figure of a boy holding his wounded leg, the story told is that the architect, who was jealous of an apprentice's talents, killed the boy by casting him from the scaffolding. It is not likely that the same architect would immortalize his murder-

ous deed by such a piece of art. Little faith can be placed in these "stories" or "legends." That of the "Ring and the Salmon" was evidently invented long after the coat-of-arms was adopted by Glasgow.

"AMICUS" wants information about "the example of Perry." We suppose he refers to that sad event which took place at the Hartford Hospital on the eighteenth of this month. Wilbert Perry was considered the brightest scholar that, in twenty-five years, Yale University had sent out. In 1883 he was elected representative of Hartford to the General Assembly. There he contracted a habit from which he was unable to free himself. Since his election he gradually sank down to a common drunkard. On a bitter night, during the recent cold snap, he wandered about the streets drunk and fell exhausted in a vacant lot. Both his hands and feet were frozen, when he was found. He was carried to the hospital where he died.

THE general opinion regarding Edgar Allan Poe—the most original of American poets—is that he drank himself to death and that the end came suddenly in the height of a protracted period of dissipation. Such, however, is not the case. Poe was very much reformed and had been leading a very exemplary life for some time prior to his early death. He was preparing to get married when he happened to be captured by a gang of election fiends. With two or three others he was drugged and taken from one polling booth to another and made to vote in some other person's name. The dose they gave him was more than necessary for their purpose, and when they found that they were carrying "a living corpse" around, they took fright and abandoned him in a back street. He was found, taken to the hospital, where he died during the night. Poe was, perhaps, one of the most extraordinary men that our century produced; certainly he was a poet of the greatest originality, and his "Bells," his "Raven," and his stories will live as long as American literature lasts.

Now for a very practical question: "When is your Souvenir Number to appear?" Our St. Patrick's Day Souvenir Number will be ready on the eleventh of March, one week before the "day we celebrate." Thus all our friends who wish to have copies to present or send off for St. Patrick's Day will have a whole week to make their purchases. We desire to repeat that this number is a new departure; it in no way will interfere with our regular weekly issues, nor with the accounts of the celebration in Montreal on the national festival. It is to be an artistic and literary gem. The cover alone will be worth double the price of the number; it is a finished work of art and one that tells a history in its lines and colors. We have limited the edition, and any person anxious to secure one or more

copies would do well to send in orders without delay. The copies will be posted in specially prepared tubes, so that there will be no risk of injuring the illustrations. Samples of the cover may be seen in all the newsdealers' windows or at our office.

A FRIEND expressed some surprise that in our last issue we should have spoken so frankly regarding our charitable institutions and their unfortunate lack of accommodations. We feel that it is our duty to point out such drawbacks, for unless provision be made against them, we will yet have a very hard battle to fight. Scarcely was our last issue published when a most astounding case occurred. On the 18th instant two persons called at the Hotel Dieu to have a friend taken in. In order to accommodate them and their sick friend, an old woman, of over ninety, Eugenie Brouillette, who had been an inmate of the asylum, was removed. She was carted around town for a whole day in quest of some refuge. At the Providence there was no room for her; at the Fulham street Asile there was no room for her; taken back to the Hotel Dieu she would not be received—it mattered not what became of her:

"Rattle her bones over the stones,
She's only a pauper whom nobody owns."

Down to the City Hall she is carried; nothing can be done for her there; before the magistrate she is brought, and all he can do is to send her to prison. Had she no friends? Had she outlived all who had any interest in her? Had she secured what she expected to be a refuge in her last days, only to find it ruthlessly taken from her? Had she means? Had she ever any means? Questions we cannot answer, but truly did she illustrate the words of Tom Hood:

"Oh! it was pitiful,
Near a whole city full,
Home she had none."

We repeat our question of last week: where is the Christian charity and vaunted benevolence of our city? God protect you, friend, from ever being dependent upon either.

THE Liverpool Catholic Times remarks that few are aware that there is a vessel built especially to carry pilgrims from Marseilles to the Holy Land and to bring them back. It is named Notre Dame de Salut, and it belongs to the Fathers of the Assumption, who have been so conspicuously instrumental in sending pilgrims to Palestine. The vessel has not been inaptly described as a "floating cathedral," for it is so constructed as to provide in the largest sense for the offices of religion as well as for the bodily comfort of the pilgrims.

WE are always delighted to welcome a new contemporary. This week it is The Nation, of San Francisco, that we hail. We wish The Nation all manner of prosperity and we trust that it will do as much good in California as its great namesake accomplished in Ireland.