

ENDURANCE OF THE IRISH RACE.

A SERIAL ESSAY, by "CRUX."

I.—THE RELIGIOUS PRESS.

Should any reader fail to understand some of the allusions made in this and in following sections of the present short essay, I would advise the careful reading of last week's "True Witness," in which appeared some explanatory remarks regarding the aim and scope of this subject. It will be impossible for me to repeat each week what appeared in previous numbers; but for the benefit of any who may not have perused the last issue, I will simply state that I seek to show how great must be the endurance of the Irish race to-day, under the avalanche of opposition which the press of this continent and of the British Isles constantly hurls against it. I refer to the anti-Catholic and anti-Irish press. The first section of that press with which I have to do is the Religious press.

Be it clearly understood that I mean, by the term Religious Press, the Protestant Church press. More properly should I call it the so-called religious press; but when I shall have shown that, in the name of religion, it outrages the fundamental principles of Christian practice, it will be evident, of itself, that the term religious is merely a mask, and that the press in question has not even a right to wear such a mask.

The Protestant Religious Press, then, is my theme this week. Being Protestant that press is naturally supposed to be Christian. It is all very well for a man to gratuitously inform me that he is "a Christian man;" he may think so at the moment, but the very fact of proclaiming himself such is sufficient ground in my mind for serious doubts as to his Christian principles or his Christian practices. This self-assertion savors too much of the Pharisee to be pleasing. In the same way, when a public organ sees fit, or deems it necessary, to style itself a religious or a Christian paper, I at once inquire into its practice, its methods, its spirit. If there are in accord with the elementary teachings of pure Christianity, I have no more to say; but if they clash with those immortal teachings of the Divine Founder of Christianity, I must conclude that there is either ignorance or hypocrisy confronting us. Ignorance of what Christianity means, which would be excusable, or hypocritical professions that are at variance with practice, which cannot be too severely condemned.

I have been taught that one of the great and all-pervading principles of Christianity is charity—that is to say charity in thought, in word, and in action; and that one of the sins most strongly condemned by Christianity is that of bearing false witness against our neighbor. The man who lacks Christian charity may proclaim himself to be "a Christian man," but such declaration, on his part, does not alter the fact that he is devoid of true Christianity. That which applies to one man, still more strongly applies to a body of men who make use of the press as a means of scattering the seeds which they seek to plant in the parterres of humanity. A man who belies his neighbor, insults him, fabricates scandals regarding him, misrepresents his words or acts, ridicules him, seeks to lower him in the estimation of others, or injures him in his name, his reputation, or by his sentiments and peculiarities, such a man may shout "from the housetops" that he has found salvation and that he is a Christian; but no person will believe him—his everyday acts contradict his professions. Again, what applies to the individual is much more perceptible and reprehensible in an organ that speaks to tens of thousands, that can do injuries a hundred times more serious than any perpetrated by a single tongue.

Now the Protestant religious press in as far as concerns the Irish race, and the Irish Catholic element above all, is perpetually lacking in common Christian charity, and is constantly in a greater or a lesser degree guilty of bearing false witness against both the Church and the race. For the present I need not cite examples; in fact the samples, great and small, are so numerous that one needs only open any issue of any Protestant religious paper, or magazine, to meet with half a score of them. It may not be an editorial pronouncement, it may consist of a simple piece of local news, or of a foreign despatch, or of a police court report, or of an account of

some religious ceremony, or even of a so-called witty paragraph, or item used to fill up a space. In regard to every other church, and to every other people there is something kind, or generous, or laudatory to be found; but invariably Catholicity is treated as an enemy of mankind, a species of evil one, that it is necessary, in order to please God, to perpetually assail; and the Irish man is inevitably the subject of either a harsh criticism, or else a veiled sneer. And yet the Irish Catholic goes on supporting and encouraging that press, oblivious of the fact that he is, within the measure of his power and influence, a willing and active instrument in the hands of those who would annihilate his Faith and crush his race and country. He can see the slightest slip of the pen, the most insignificant typographical error, the rare mistake of any kind, in the columns of his own Catholic paper, and probably he will build up such a grievance upon that foundation that he will end in withdrawing, or refusing his subscription. But he can swallow whole doses of abuse, insult, ridicule and sarcasm from the Protestant religious organ, he can bend cheerfully under the lash of anti-Irish prejudice and lick the hand that smites him. So numerous are the Irishmen who can strike their breasts and say a "mea culpa" in this case, that it is a miracle how the race conserves any influence at all—that it has not long since vanished, or been absorbed by others. Herein do I perceive what I call the "Endurance of the Irish Race."

With that religious press—the religious principles of which are characterized by the most abominable regard for truth and honest conviction, usurping in our houses the place of a Catholic and national press, inculcating in the youth of to-day that which is best calculated to rob them of faith and national spirit, it is a wonder, a very miracle, how the Irish race can survive—its endurance surpasses all comprehensions. Not only is that religious press constantly reiterating every old-time, worn-out, a million times disproved calumny against the Catholic Church and her teachings; not only does it seek to hang the tattered rag of an argument upon every olden peg of falsehood and misrepresentation that the hammer of bigotry drove into the heart of the Irish people; but it is recreant to the first and fundamental principle of Protestantism.

Private interpretation—that is to say liberty of conscience—is the palladium of Protestantism. There is no set however important that dare attempt to deny, to even the most insignificant of the denunciations, a perfect right to draw whatsoever lessons it sees fit from the Scriptures. Yet, the moment the Catholic with his Faith is at issue, there is no such consideration extended. Be he right, or be he wrong, his infallible teacher must be opposed, and he must be denied that liberty of conscience which he desires to possess and to exercise in matters of religion. And whenever that Catholic happens to be an Irishman, the opposition is even more strongly accentuated—just as if that so-called Christian and religious press could never pardon the race for having clung to the Faith despite those centuries of systematic persecution.

Christianity teaches love of our neighbor, the Protestant religious press practices hatred, Christianity ordains meekness; that press develops bitterness; Christianity dictates charity in judging; that press judges with harshness. Christianity exacts truthfulness, that press— in the case of the Irish race—pours forth a perpetual torrent of misrepresentation. And yet, the Irish Catholic is not an extinct species of the "genius man." The race helps in the fabrication of the instruments of torture intended for itself, and yet it endures; it furnishes means to the slandering to carry on his bandit operations against itself, and still it is not crushed. Wonderful, indeed, the "Endurance of the Irish Race."

THE LEAGUE'S INFLUENCE.—A return has been issued by the registry office in Ireland showing the number of evictions from agricultural holdings that have come to the knowledge of the constabulary in the quarter ending Dec. 31 last. The number footed up 52, as against totals of 62 in the first quarter of the year, 88 in the second quarter and

80 in the third quarter. This makes a grand total for the year 1900 of 282, a very small number when compared with other years. To the United Irish League is due the credit for this favorable showing, as there is not the least doubt that but for the influence of the league in preventing the reoccupation of the holdings by grabbers the list would have been much larger.

NOTES OF MEN AND THINGS.

SLOWLY WAKING UP.—The Worcester Irish Historical Society, of Worcester, Mass., organized recently, intends, through its officers and appointed representatives to make a thorough search into the past of Worcester and to unearth all that is of historic import concerning the Irish-Americans who have lived in Worcester.

IN THE PHILIPPINES.—According to the report of the Taty Commission, as reviewed in the "Catholic World Magazine" for April, there are 6,559,998 souls enrolled in the Philippine registers in the Philippines as loyal to the Catholic Church. And according to the Senate Document No. 432, page 30, these six and one half million are devotedly Catholic.

A REMARKABLE CASE.—Despairing of the recovery of their son, 2½ years old, lying critically ill with pneumonia, Mr. and Mrs. Archibald Park of New York, who are Presbyterians, called in a Catholic priest to baptize him, in the hope that it would effect a cure, promising to educate him in the Catholic faith should he survive. Almost immediately after the child was received into the church, under the name of Archibald, it began to get better.

MR. DONAHOE'S WILL.—The will of Patrick Donahoe is on file at the probate office. It is dated April 26, 1896. The testator gives the business to the sons, Joseph V. and Patrick M. Donahoe. The personal effects are given to the widow, Anna E. Donahoe. The rest of the estate is left in trust for the benefit of the widow and the four children, Joseph V., Patrick M., Frank and George, wife of Dr. N. D. Drumney, and an oil painting of Pope Pius IX. is given to the Catholic Union. Thomas J. Gargan is named as executor.

A FANATIC'S WILL.—From an American exchange we learn that by the will of the late David W. Hitchcock, filed for probate in Boston, Wellesley Female Seminary is to receive a fund of \$100,000 upon receipt of remote contingencies. This fund is to be known as the "Anna M. and Alice H. Hitchcock fund," but the testator adds the following bigoted clause: "I exclude Roman Catholics and colored persons, because I feel that the introduction into said seminary of pupils who differ essentially in race and religion from the others may prevent the best interests thereof."

PLAIN TALK.—The Boston "Pilot" always vigorous in its attack in referring to the enemies of the Church, says:—

The Boston Young Men's Christian Association distinguished itself by giving the use of its hall last week for a lecture by the notorious Slatterly, with the usual salacious suggestion about "the Confessionals." We fear that the B. Y. M. C. A. is like some other professedly Christian institutions in this neighborhood, scratching the philanthropist and you'll find the bigot. The Slatterly is the precious pair of whom Editor Brann said: "If they had been sired by Satan, and damned by Sycorax, and born in hell, they would still be a disgrace to their parentage and their native country," but their dollars and dirt were welcome to the Y.M.C.A.

THE OLD STORY.—The same old story of ostracism and prejudice is told in the following paragraph from the Liverpool "Catholic Times":—

"The Irish police force numbers about 11,000 of all ranks; and the percentage of Catholics is seven in every eight. Yet, of the five general officers, enjoying high position and drawing high salary, one only is a Catholic; of the thirty-six county inspectors, three only are Catholics; of the 214 district inspectors, thirty-six only are Catholics. Considering that seven-eighths of the whole police force is of the Catholic religion, is it not astonishing that so few of the superior appointments have fallen to Catholics? It can scarcely have happened by accident! How would Scotland tolerate its police force being governed by Catholics, in the same proportion in which the Irish police force is governed by Protestants? It would not tolerate it."

AN IRISH VOCALIST.—The new star in the musical world is Denis O'Sullivan, of San Francisco. The London "Times" pronounces him to be "one of the illustrious singers of the world," while numerous other critics fairly lavished praises upon him. Nearly everybody in San Francisco, especially members of the Bohemian Club, know Denis O'Sullivan, whose remarkable baritone voice is only equalled by his versatility as an amateur actor, a storyteller and an all-around good fel-

low. Mr. O'Sullivan had done some singing in England and appeared in an opera; but the public and musical critics did not take him seriously. For the past year he has been rather out of the public sight, carefully studying and training his voice in earnest. A few days ago he gave a song recital at fashionable St. James Hall, and that has made Denis O'Sullivan famous. He sang every kind of song from grand opera in German through the French, Italian, Spanish schools to English ballads and rollicking Irish melodies, and then capped the climax by singing a chant of the Zuni Indians in their own language. Columns are being printed about Mr. O'Sullivan in the London newspapers, and his future career is of great interest.

PRIEST AND LAYMAN.—The great service which a zealous and experienced priest may perform in commercial and industrial affairs in which the peace and happiness of countless homes are concerned when his efforts are ably and enthusiastically supported by a layman of sound judgment, may be inferred by a thoughtful reading of the following paragraph:—

There is no danger now of another great strike in the anthracite coal regions of Pennsylvania. For this happy state of things the community is indebted to John Mitchell, president of the United Mine Workers of America, and the thoughtful, earnest, conscientious men who cooperated with him, including the Rev. Edward S. Phillips, rector of St. Gabriel's Church, Hazleton. Father Phillips, accompanied by several other prominent members of the coal region, came to New York last week and called on J. Pierpont Morgan at his office, Wall and Broad streets, and spent some time in conference with him regarding the differences between the coal operators and the miners. President Mitchell's report of the interview, called a meeting of the United Mine Workers' Executive Committee, which decided, after an all-day session, not to call a strike of the miners of the anthracite region.

The decision of the committee was not reached without a fight, in which President Mitchell advocated a conservative course. Several of the delegates were in favor of a strike.

THE NEWS FROM IRELAND.

MR. O'BRIEN RESIGNS.—Often, in the turmoil of politics, do we meet with special incidents which tend to chasten and elevate the minds struggling with hard national problems. There is sentiment in almost everything in life, if we only seek for it, and without sentiment life, at best, is a very poor, hollow, and thankless trial. In Ireland there is never any lack of genuine sentiment, but it is not always allowed to play a part in the great political drama that is being enacted and that has been on the stage ever since the Union. The other day an incident took place in Cork, which goes a long way to prove the honest democratic principles of certain Irish representatives, as well as the spirit of gratitude and appreciation that possesses the people. I refer to the tendered resignation of Mr. William O'Brien, M.P., for Cork, and the result produced upon his constituents by that step. I cannot better illustrate my meaning than by reproducing a letter sent by Mr. O'Brien, from London, to his friends in Cork, in which he places his resignation in their hands. Ill-health—an ill-health due to over exertion in the cause of his country—is the cause of that letter being written. At a meeting of the Cork branch of the United Irish League, presided over by Rev. Father Barrett, the following beautiful letter was read:—

Westminster Palace Hotel, London, March 5, 1901.

My Dear Father Barrett,—Having struggled as long as I could against persistent illness, I must give up the hope of being able to attend to my Parliamentary duty, or to any other public duties for a period estimated by the doctor as three months to come at the least. The warnings I have received to that effect are of such a character that there is no discussing the matter further. The success of the great experiment now being made at Westminster must depend in the main upon the power of Mr. Redmond and his colleagues to maintain an attendance of at least sixty members from day to day, and from hour to hour. I have always held, and never more strongly than now, that such an attendance can only be maintained if the constituencies will keep a stern watch upon their representatives without fear or favor, and if men who are from that cause, disengaged from attendance for any considerable period, will give way to men prepared to give constant and valid service. Now, that it has come to be my own case, I feel it to be a plain duty to put my faithful constituents in a position to deal with the situation, with the most sovereign power, according to their own free judgment. Accordingly, I inclose a formal application for the Chiltern Hundreds, which will enable the League to take action whenever they may think fit.

The pain of being obliged to quit the same just now is for me in a great measure removed by the knowledge how prosperous and even triumphant is the position of the Irish cause at the present moment. The complete and cordial unity of the new Irish Party, their skillful guid-

ance, their energy, their capacity, their uncompromising national spirit, and courageous enthusiasm, are the theme and wonder of friends and foe alike. Few as were my own days among them, it was impossible to attend their party meetings, or to see them in their thick ranks in the House of Commons, without feeling that the exertions of the people have borne noble fruit, and that the country does again genuinely possess the treasure of the United Parliamentary Party which returns the best elements of the preceding parties, and which in its general composition as to the mass of its members is in my judgment more inflexibly Nationalist, more democratic and more devoted to its work than any that went before it, even in the most favored days of which I have any recollection.

It is, indeed, a situation so profound National thankfulness, and so noble a spirit, that even the most Saxon critics can think it even conceivable that a country capable of creating such a party should be capable of assisting them or of leaving their unparalleled opportunities for serving Ireland, needless to say, my dear Father Barrett, that whatever arrangements our friends may think proper to make for having the business of the country attended to will not involve the smallest personal parting as between myself and the kind people of Cork, to whom I am bound as long as life lasts by the dearest ties, old and present, of affection and gratitude. Permit me the pleasure of subscribing myself, my dear Father Barrett, with more admiration and pride than ever, your friend,

WILLIAM O'BRIEN.
Rev. R. Barrett, C. C. Cork.

THE PATRIOTIC REFUSAL.—Equally as interesting is the reply of the Corkmen to Mr. O'Brien. The reverend chairman, after destroying their member's application for the stewardship of the Chiltern Hundreds, read the following draft of an answer to Mr. O'Brien:—

"We admire the splendid work of the Irish Party in the House of Commons, and we believe that the just claims of Ireland cannot be adequately put forward and pressed home, save by the constant presence in the House by night and day of a large body of her representatives. We also hold that if any Nationalist member is unable, from whatever cause, to devote himself thus constantly to his Parliamentary duties, he ought forthwith to place his resignation in the hands of his constituents. When a member has done that, he has done all that honor can require of him. Responsibility will then have passed from him to his constituents, and it will rest with them whether they will retain him in their service or elect another in his place. Now, we, your constituents, the members of the Cork branch of the United Irish League, in public meeting assembled, beg to thank you for your vindication of sound democratic principles in fully placing at our disposal your Parliamentary destiny; but we unhesitatingly, resolutely and unanimously refuse to accept your resignation, and we once commit to the flames your application for the stewardship of the Chiltern Hundreds. We, with all Irish Nationalists at home and abroad, regard you as the father and founder of the modern movement. You created unity in the country, you created unity in the Parliamentary ranks; you are largely responsible for the new Plan of Campaign; and your colleagues, by their uncompromising assertion of Ireland's rights, seem to be animated by your indomitable spirit. In accomplishing this great task you have brought yourself to the door of death. This is not the first time you were willing and ready to die for Ireland. But are we, your constituents, who are proud of you and who love you, to take advantage of the temporary incapacity which devotion to public duty has brought upon you, and so deprive Rebel Cork of the honor of having you as her representative; sadden the hearts of the 6,000 who voted for you and of 60,000 who sympathized with and supported you, and secure your candidature in the late election a triumphal progress, rob your great leader of your unswerving loyalty and sound advice, your colleagues of a most charming and delightful comrade, Ireland of one of her most eloquent representatives, and England of one of her most dreaded foes? To do so would be a blunder and a crime. We trust and pray that your illness, though severe, will soon pass away. We implore you, and as far as we can, command you, to cease from labors for a while, in order that you may return with renewed strength and energy to the great and glorious work which Providence seems to assign you in a special way—the regeneration of your native land. May God bless and restore you in sound and perfect health to the cause which you love so wisely and so well—God Save Ireland."

Sterling addresses were then delivered by the chairman and members of the Cork City Council present; and all the details of this event go to show, in a most emphatic manner, how united the members of the Parliamentary Party really are, and how solid the Irish people rank behind them.

EMIGRATION DENOUNCED.—Recently a meeting of the Abbeyfall branch of the United Irish League was held under the presidency of Rev. Father Casav, P.P. In the course of his remarks, to a most distinguished audience, the chairman said that emigrations would soon deprive them of the best of their population, and that England had a sinister motive in encouraging Irish emigration. He showed how prosperous and resourceful were the industries of Ireland and how England sought to seize upon them for her own benefit. And he added:—

"It was rather a striking inconsistency in Irish affairs that Englishmen and Jews managed to thrive on the land which the natives fled from, but not to better themselves in his opinion. The Irish people could never be happier than on their native soil. Very few returned from America better off than when they emigrated, and for every one who succeeded in improving his condition there, were hundreds who failed miserably, and lost the happiness of the easy, innocent minds they enjoyed at home, together with their country and their God. Irishmen should seriously combine and adopt some practical means of preserving the remnant of the population now left to them. Ireland was one of the best commercial centres in the world, and now was making great strides towards prosperity. Before he (the chairman) died he felt confident a happy and prosperous Ireland would be the result. The darkness and troubles through which she had struggled, many among them could observe how numbers of their fellow-countrymen had industriously striven from small beginnings to men of wealth and influence. Those who so quickly turned their backs to their country should be influenced by such examples and remain in the land, where even if they did not become wealthy they would always find sufficient for their wants, live in the enjoyment of their health, the consolation of their religion, and the purity of the air of their native hills."

It is evident that the Irish at home do not take kindly to emigration; natural enough. No race on earth is more attached, and with better reason, than the Irish to their own soil.

THE IRISH LANGUAGE.—A very instructive comparison was that established in a recent lecture, by Very Rev. Canon Hatch, of Middle-top, between Bohemia and Ireland in regard to their respective native languages. He pointed out how Bohemia, which was exactly circumstantiated as Ireland, its inhabitants being Catholics, and having about an equal population, refused to allow the language after it had been almost lost. In the year 1782 a patriotic priest of that country set about reviving the language, and although it appeared a hopeless task, he succeeded, and now the language is spoken throughout the country. The Austrians at first refused to allow Czech to be spoken in their Parliament, but the members from Bohemia left in a body, went back to their own country, and began holding meetings. The Austrians saw it was becoming serious, and they called back the Bohemians, and permitted them to use their own language side by side with the German.

JUBILEE DEVOTIONS.—No place outside of Rome is the Grand Jubilee of the Holy Year kept with more fervor than in Ireland. Especially is Cork conspicuous for the throngs that frequent the churches and the grand solemn processions that each Sunday wind along the streets. The sight is most edifying, and speaks eloquently of the Faith that St. Patrick planted in the land.

ST. BRIDGET'S NIGHT REFUGE.—Report for week ending Sunday, 7th April, 1901:—Males 408, females 43. Irish 192, French 221, English 29, Scotch and other nationalities 9. Total 451.

CATHOLIC BEQUESTS.

Mrs. Katherine D. Callahan, who died in New York, on March 23 last, bequeathed \$5,000 each to the Roman Catholic Orphan Asylum and St. Francis Hospital; \$3,000 to the Convent of the Holy Family; \$2,000 each to the St. Vincent de Paul Society, the Good Counsel Farm at White Plains; and to St. Joseph's Home for the Aged; and \$1,000 to the Society of Helpers of the Holy Souls. Mrs. Callahan also directed that her jewels (valued at \$12,000) and \$1,000 in gold be converted into an ostensorium, for the Academy of the Sacred Heart. Mrs. Callahan directs that a crucifix, which was brought from Europe by her deceased sister Rose, shall be given to the Church of Our Lady of Mercy, Fordham.

W. GEO. KENNEDY,
Dentist.
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OUR C...

It has been a study for me to Authorities," (I singular number) with many phases) terminated and unbroken enforcement of the law it a rule to constitute. It is most self of civic obligation (symmetrical, at demands upon citizen obligations to the thinks of performing. A tenant, for example, cent. (of his revenue use of the city's wealth that not unfrequently with the germs of Egypt. Woe be to the payment of the Authorities" does bound to supply his water, nor to take that his supply is one side.

The house that I side of the street never shines, and wind heeps up week after week. To keep the sidewalk all winter would be possible, and to away any consideration the snow and ice would create a man-trap get every one of the lies on our side to tain level at which be kept. The city authorities—despite the keep the streets in a tion. It takes na authorities" can rake penses of aldermen to learn how other clean their streets.

Spring time comes has come when spring an appearance; I am my door by a guard peace, who called to if my sidewalk is n of ice and snow by there will be "wigs or more properly caps on the white" no green, and wig our street. Now if ice and shovel of going to make a front of my door, a passers-by with a conveniences for a (gratuitous). About the same afternoon, at my door. One lo I was watching for ready to take a hand pulls out a book and mands the full name etc., of "the man w

TECHNI...

His Eminence Cardinal Murphy to an address Urban Council of A made the following efforts being made by on technical education has been elected a nence said:—

We know from the present day in Europe, countries, and those ing an advance in to where instruction, technical and practical is diffused among the hence, if in our country, advance in temporary must endeavor to technical and technical will fit our people to successful competition of all the other countries. The temporal welfare depends upon it; the commerce depends have already in A have reason to be work for our people

ARCHBISHOP B... VISIT

Quite an impressive annual visit paid the Archbishop, to son, on Good Friday of the plague by of the inmates. This time the proposal and to the great pi Grace, about fifty pi to abstain totally eating drink for a His Grace promised had taken the pledge a certificate which memento of their re a stimulant to the They who are expert work, will duly Archbishop, and pra Intemperance in pro after day to be at evils which lead walls.