

ANOTHER EMANCIPATION NEEDED

WRITTEN FOR THE TRUE WITNESS

Outside the Thomond Gate of Limerick, stands the historic stone of the "Broken Treaty"; around its sacred enclosure hover the spirits of Ireland's heroes. One day, in the last months of memorable '48, a vast crowd surged in tumult around the historic spot. Before that mass of people stood the patriot Thomas Francis Meagher; and the echoes of the ancient town were awakened by his magnetic eloquence on that day. In the fervor of his impassioned appeal, he cried out: "What have we been doing? Battalions into faction, drilled into disunion, we are striking each other above the graves that yawn beneath us, instead of joining hands and snatching victory from death." The faction and disunion which provoked such an outburst from the heroic orator of fifty years ago, are alive to-day, and twining their baneful roots around each other, they grow like the poisoned tree of Java, which spreads its branches to the sky, but withers and blasts the soil that gave it birth.

It was but the other day that we heard the opinion expressed, by an Irishman that O'Connell, did not secure emancipation for the race in 1829, because the Irish people still suffer from the same causes which awakened the energies of that immortal patriot. We agree in one sense, with the gentleman in question. It was Catholic emancipation that the great Liberator achieved; it was the breaking of religious fetters that had been forged in the days of the Pale; it was the securing for those millions of Catholics the freedom of worship which is not denied by civilized lands, to the most barbaric of subjects or dependents. But there is another emancipation needed, and the day may yet come when the Almighty will raise up a leader capable of securing that boon for our people.

We want emancipation from prejudices; from the jealousies that prejudice creates; from disunion that blights and from faction that paralyzes the national cause. We want emancipation from petty critics and their malign influence upon the destinies of our race; from back-biting, chronic discontent, perpetual fault-finding, and unbridled censures. We want emancipation from the rule of suicidal stubbornness, under the shadow of which some of the brightest hopes of the Irish people have been effaced for all time. We want emancipation from all that tends to deprive us of being successful at home and prosperous abroad. We want emancipation from intestine strife and self-destroying enmities. Let some new Moses arise to free us from this Egyptian bondage of our own creation, to lead us through the desert of disunion, and while he prays upon the mountain tops of the future, the people will triumphantly enter the land of promised freedom.

If there be one evil more terrific in its effects than another, it is that of our extremeness. There is no appreci-

ation of the old maxim of Horace that places strength in the mid-course. We are extreme in every sense. We allow ourselves to be carried away by every impulse of the moment, and we jump at conclusions—not based upon argument or reason, but gushing out of our over-charged sympathies, and super-excited sentiments. With us a man is either a hero or a villain; a policy is either heavenly or infernal. To-day we fall down in hero-worship at the shrine of some new patriot, to-morrow we curse him as a traitor to the cause that he advocates. We can see no medium, no half way between the sublimity of patriotism and the degradation of national betrayal. Led by our own momentary impulse we praise or we censure without compromise, gain-say, or excuse. We are deaf to every word that does not harmonize exactly with our preconceived—and often erroneous—judgments; we hearken to no warning, howsoever sage, honest and timely, the moment it serves to open our eyes to a situation that by our enthusiasm, our prejudice, our fancy, or our antipathies, we seek to hide from ourselves. We can brook no awakening from the fevered dreams in which we delight to deceive our own reason, and wherewith we love to create a fictitious happiness that must eventually vanish as the opiate of self-deceit evaporates.

From this extreme spirit we want to be emancipated.

These lines may not be palatable to many who read them; but such are the people whom the cap fits. Every sincere patriot, every true Irishman, every reasonable, studious, earnest, lover of Ireland, every honest advocate of her cause, will agree with us that were we emancipated years ago from these few shackles of our own fabrication, in all probability, Ireland would today enjoy that full measure of autonomy for which so many lives have been sacrificed, so many noble hearts have beaten in vain, so many gifted orators have thundered, so many inspired bards have sung, so many saints have prayed.

We like not to look at ourselves in the mirror of truth; we do not want any one to hold up for us the glass in which we may see reflected our shortcomings. But, in order to correct our errors, to efface our blemishes, to strengthen our cause, and to render our efforts invincible, we must tear away the veil that the hand of self-deception has woven to our prejudice, and see exactly where in we require improvement, amendment, or change. It is a treacherous deed to deceive a people; it is a patriotic, but hazardous act, to undecieve a race. The former will bring its punishment someday, no matter how cleverly detection may be avoided; and, just as surely, will the latter, some time or other, have its reward, even though motives may be for a time misjudged and actions misunderstood.

EDUCATION FOR BREAD-WINNERS.

Under this heading Collis P. Huntington, has a contribution in the New York Herald, and while the writer lays down many sane and reasonable propositions, yet he is tinged with a degree of error that renders his article more dangerous than beneficial. The subject is one that especially belongs to the domain of social economy; but it may likewise be classed amongst those pertaining to religious principles. We would like to analyze this significant essay, for portion of it is very timely, and equally as timely would be a criticism of other portions of it. He says:

"Too many young men are educated to do the things that they are not fitted to do. Boys should rather be taught to use the tools that they will be most likely to need in their life-work in order to support themselves and those who will be dependent upon them for their living, and largely for their happiness. This is an age of specialisms, and those who confine themselves to one kind of work and become as nearly perfect in their particular line as it is possible for a man to become, are the ones who will succeed best."

With the truisms contained in this paragraph we have no quarrel. As far as it goes the statements made are perfectly true and very appropriate in this day of extraordinary earnings and worldly competition. But we cannot readily acquiesce in the last paragraph—which seems to be

an amplification or an explanation of the first one. He says:

"Real happiness is based upon success in something, and as a man rises in intelligence and knowledge, he feels more acutely the misery of failure. How important then, is it, in the scheme of life, which is intensely practical in these days of competition, that in getting knowledge (and by 'knowledge' I do not mean the education of the schools alone), a boy should gather it, not simply for the enlarged view it gives him, but for its adaptation to the needs of his future life and work."

From the mere utilitarian standpoint all this is admirable; but if logically carried out it means the practical exclusion of religion from the system of education. We dispute the proposition that "real happiness" is based upon success. "By this I evidently intended success in trade, in society, in politics, in 'something' or anything, except in the attaining the only true and last good and only real source of happiness—eternal life. He was more than a poet—he was a philosopher—that Irish bard who sang:

"There remains in this down-trod temple of dust,
But faith in God alone."

The moment an education limits its work and its results to the purely temporal, no matter how astounding, the success that may be a consequence thereof, it is after all but vanity of vanities. In other words

ought that tends, even indirectly to exclude the formation of the heart while it expands its wealth of resources in forming the physical faculties, is calculated to sow the seed of an evil that is already too general in the world. Therefore making all due allowance for the special object that the writer has in view, we can take the following paragraph—in as much as it applies to ordinary life—as a sound statement concerning work and the sense of time. He says:

"But it is not alone the work a man does in the world which gives him his status; it is the way he does it, and what he does with his wages and time after his day's work is done. Those after hours are the ones that determine very largely a man's joys or sorrows, whatever may be the grade of his daily work, whether high or low, according to the proper classification of it. There may be much personal satisfaction in knowing more about the so-called heavenly bodies than others do, and one may seek gratification in his en-

deavor to learn something of the great beyond which is not known by anyone upon the earth. For the teaching of these things one needs a higher education than the man who saws wood or digs fish bait for a living, but the latter may be the better man; for it is not the character of the labor that determines honor and personal satisfaction, but the way a man uses his money and his time outside of his day's labor, and how he threatens others—the poor and the rich—which makes him great and small, in the true sense of the term."

Here we have a great truth, which in life and practice, is not often recognized. No labor is degrading; every kind of honest work is elevating. It is the laborer who incurs by his lack of principles or morals, whatever disgrace may attach to his life. Therefore, we conclude that the moral and religious training is even more indispensable than the technical training of the man.

IRELAND AND SCOTLAND.

In Glasgow the Donegal men—for in that city there are thousands of Irish residents, principally from Donegal—held an annual festival, which has become a yearly event of considerable importance. This year the festival was held in the city hall, and the edifice was thronged. On this occasion Cardinal Logue delivered a beautiful address upon "unity," and Bishop Maguire, of Glasgow, pronounced a magnificent oration. As the history of the Donegal festival is told in those discourses, and as they contain many salutary lessons for the Irishmen and Scotchmen—apart from Donegal and Glasgow—we do not feel that we are over-loading our columns in reproducing them both.

CARDINAL LOGUE'S ADDRESS.

"His Eminence who was received with a great ovation on rising, said: My first duty this evening is to thank the members of the committee who, on their own and your behalf, have presented to me this very eloquent and flattering address. It is a beautiful tribute offered by the people of Donegal, through the committee of the Donegal reunion, to the Bishop, whom they reverence through his sacred office. This is a proof that the grand old faith of Ireland still lives fresh and strong amongst the hearts of the people of Donegal, that they are prepared to honor a blief of the old church, no matter how humble he may be. The only regret I have is that the very many good things for which I have got credit are due rather to the kindness of their hearts than to anything done by the person receiving the address (No, no). There is one thing I can say from my heart. I have always been proud of old Donegal, and I can assure you that I have never been prouder of being amongst Donegal people than I am this evening in the face of this magnificent assembly, the sons and daughters of old Tyrconnel, a credit to the county which gave them birth.

Some have been born here, but they are more attached to the old country than those born in it. I have had the happiness of being conducted by His Grace your Archbishop through the college at Downhill, and in the school attached I met a little boy whom the nuns accused of being a Scotsman. He was the most indignant little man I ever saw. That was a proof to me that the descendants of Donegal men have the spirit of patriotism most fully developed in them. No Irishman here in Scotland, in the midst of prosperity, is prepared to deny his country, when even the children born here become indignant at the idea of being reckoned Scotsmen.

Continuing, His Eminence said he didn't like to preach on an occasion of that kind, but he had a few remarks which he thought would be useful. He thought that that reunion typified a spirit, he would be delighted to see amongst Irishmen in every part of the world—that spirit that would move all the sons of St. Patrick to make any cause they had taken up worthy of them: They were there in Scotland, and he must say they were not amongst strangers. He felt they were amongst a kindred people, because the great body of Scots and Irish were bound together in the olden times by the bond not only of faith, but of relationship. They were not only amongst a kindred people, but a kindly people. Every visit to Scotland left this more distinctly on his mind. He never experienced more kindness nor hospitality than he found from all denominations in Scotland, so that if the people of Donegal didn't get on well there they could not attribute it to any want of sympathy amongst the Scottish people.

They had a splendid opportunity before them in order to take their places amongst the Scotch people

upon for them they must have good conduct and diligence, which would render them well worthy of trust on the part of those amongst whom they had dealings. There was one point especially to which it was useful to direct their attention. Many of them getting old could not be made much better, but they had the rising generation, before whom there were innumerable possibilities. If they wished to raise the people of Ireland generally, and the people of Donegal above all, they must attend to the young people. Give them a good, solid education—prepare them for the battle of life. There was no place where education was more facilitated than in Scotland. The Bishops there endeavored to make provision in the old days for the education of their people, and when times became more prosperous they redoubled their efforts. There was no better provision made for education in the Catholic Church than amongst the Bishops and priests of Scotland. They must take advantage of these facilities placed within their reach. This was his fourth visit to Scotland. He did not believe that in the Church of God there was a more zealous priesthood than in the Church in Scotland. On their part they must be careful and attentive to the duties Almighty God imposed on them; they must show the strong fellow-feeling manifested by that magnificent gathering to-night. One of the greatest evils of their people was the want of co-operation in everything that was good for the Church and country. They might not feel it there, but they found it in Ireland. The only thing he could compare the condition in Ireland to was when the machinery went wrong—the parts flew about in all directions, especially if anything was the matter with the fly-wheel. There was nothing but fault-finding and dissension and want of charity and fellow-feeling. He depended on the Irish people outside Ireland to restore the old feeling they should have, and which was necessary, if they would make progress either in the political or religious world. This spirit of dissension was fatal. One of the chief bars to success was due to the fact that the politicians were of different opinions. If anything would contribute more than anything else to the unity required it would be assemblies such as they had this evening. If the people of Ireland took example from the people of Donegal the spirit of friendship would spring up, and they would have very little disputes amongst them. He trusted that the spirit manifested that night would create the world over a unity in promoting everything for the welfare of the race, and they would be a power that no kingdom on earth could resist. They had people in Scotland, England, South Africa, America—all the world over—all having the old love for their country, and he thought if they united for the two great causes—faith and fatherland—the union would be a distinct success. The best means of promoting the welfare of the Church and country was by banding themselves together as people of Ireland.

In conclusion His Eminence said that he had the right to claim jurisdiction over the people of Ireland, being the successor of St. Patrick, who made the Irish people what they were. He retained his claim to his rights, and therefore he claimed a sort of loose jurisdiction over them, though he could not baptize or hear confessions in Scotland, but he had a general care over the people of Ireland as St. Patrick had a general care over the whole of them: Therefore nothing gave him greater pleasure than seeing the Irish people doing what they ought to do. They had lost many poor souls in the cities of England; and perhaps also in

Scotland, because they had not kindly priests to receive them and look after them. There they had zealous priesthood to look after them, so that if anything went wrong with St. Patrick's children it was due to their own carelessness; and not to want of zeal amongst the clergy. He hoped that Irishmen generally, and above all, the people of Donegal, would obey the directions of their clergy implicitly. He trusted they would have God's blessing on them, and that they would be a source of delight to the Bishops and Priests who had charge of them; and a source of pride to the people of Ireland—and Donegal.

BISHOP MAGUIRE'S ADDRESS.

His Lordship on rising met with a most enthusiastic reception. He said: I must be excused from rising without being invited by the chairman to do so, but the manager of the concert, Mr. J. A. Macready, came and whispered that this was the interval, and that as the singers must rest their voices, and as there was nothing better to be done he (the Bishop) might say a few words. On entering the hall one might have made a mistake—the green was hardly above the red that night. He looked around at the gaudily-ornamented committee and fancied that he had dropped into a meeting of the Primrose League—especially as the first words he heard were about union. But when the Cardinal went on speaking he found that after all he was at a meeting of what was called "the natives of Donegal." His Eminence claimed jurisdiction over all Irishmen. He did not understand him to say that he claimed jurisdiction over those of Irish descent. None of them denied being of Irish descent, and no doubt, that night, at any rate, none would deny they were natives of Donegal. He was willing to be, as they said in the theatres, a native of Donegal "for one night only"—though he reserved for himself his right to return to his allegiance to Antrim or Fermanagh, he didn't know which. He claimed even to keep his allegiance to the county he loved best, the County of Louth. They were proud of their Irish descent, but it was not unnatural that the soil which was dearest to them was the soil which gave them birth—which gave St. Patrick birth—and they trusted that the sons and daughters of St. Patrick would do for Scotland what St. Patrick did for Ireland—convert the country. Those with Irish blood in their veins yet born in Irish soil, had a wider patriotism than that possessed by any Irishman or Scotsman—they felt that they were citizens of a great empire. No people worked harder for the welfare of Ireland than the Irish of Great Britain. It was unsafe for them to touch on politics—they were perfectly content to let men like Cardinal Logue sail their ship in their own way. The Irish people had their good wishes and their prayers, and he trusted that union would come again. There they were united. It was owing to that union that they were able to do so much. The Archbishop had been praised for what he had done, and he had done much, but he thought the thing he had done most was that he had helped them to unite, not only by what he said, but by what he left unsaid. His grace had never thought it necessary to force his opinions or make his authority evident. He never asked people to go further than they were willing to go. They felt that outside their faith the Archbishop did not watch them too closely. Above all in matters concerning politics, as long as movements were legitimately conducted and above board, His Grace had never felt himself called upon to break up unity by insisting upon points on which people agreed to differ. They could not expect any number of men, any two men, to agree upon everything, sometimes no man can agree with himself. How can they expect people to think if they are not allowed to think for themselves. In Glasgow they had been content to feel (to use an American slang phrase) "that a man was sound on the goose," that was that he adopted the platform in the general way. That was a lesson they might offer to their fellow-countrymen wherever they belonged. They felt indebted to His Eminence in coming that night—even if he had not spoken a word his presence would have been an encouragement to the natives of Donegal. They were the first to get up those reunions, and he was satisfied that through them much good had been done. He confessed that he had looked upon them at first with suspicion, but that had entirely died away. He trusted that the prosperity of these reunions would go on increasing from year to year."

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THE TWO SCHOOLS.

Some days ago one of the leading New York "dailies" published a number of letters from prominent men and women, in which the writers contended that the public school was superior in every way to the parochial school. The "Catholic Universe" of Cleveland, contains a very amusing little article which may serve as a reply "in bloc" to these interested correspondents. As an evidence of the so-called superiority that newspaper gives the following:

"About a week ago one of the graduates of West High School presented a written application to one of the large wholesale houses of the city, for a position. Without the formality of addressing the firm by name and without even the conventional 'Dear Sirs,' the honored representative of an honored system wrote the following:

"Writer has spoken for employment in this company, hoping to obtain such.

"I take pleasure in this business, although being in it but a short time, that is, in a retail store.

"Behavior can be obtained from Principle Johnston, of West High school, from which I graduated last June."

Commenting on the above the "Universe" humorously remarks:

"There it is. It brings out the superiority in no unmistakable manner. Catholic schools cannot compete with it. The fact is, the children in the primary grades of the parochial schools use such productions as examples of faulty composition and set to work to correct them. It is to be regretted that if 'Principle' Johnston found it necessary to keep the boy's behavior until called for, that he did not let him have at least his brains for present use, together with some knowledge of English grammar, epistolary etiquette and a few other things that are supposed to go with a graduate of a high school—even if it is a public high school.

"The young man was not employed."

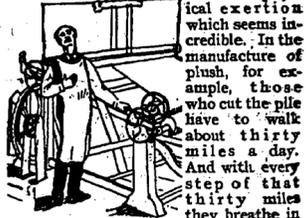
In order to show that what stands good, in this regard, in the United States may find equal application inside the limits of our Dominion, we will reproduce a letter which was addressed sometime ago, to this paper, by a gentleman who was a graduate of an Ontario High School, and who was also a "B. A.":

"I would like to get a sample copy of the 'True Witness' newspaper as an idea of its contents being fond of knowing the two sides and willing to subscribe if it suits my views. I am not on the side of the fence that you are, but I don't see why I can't look through the fence to see what you do for my own information and a better understanding between us and all others in the same position in this country to-day. I am a student of all kinds of tactics, and I take pleasure in seeing my own views exposed when it is right as all fair-minded and educated men must be. When your paper comes to hand I will examine its contents and let you know by return of mail whether it don't suit me at present and subscribe for one year if it do."

"P.S.—I am a graduate of an Ontario High School, and inclined for journalism."

The gentleman who wrote the above is now, or at least had been when last we heard of him, a teacher in a public school. We trust at least, that he was not appointed professor of English composition.

There is no more trying work than the weaver's. Added to the confinement, the heat and the impure air, there is often an amount of physical exertion which seems incredible. In the manufacture of push, for example, those who cut the pile have to walk about thirty miles a day. And with every step of that thirty miles they breathe in



vitiated air filled with particles of dust, poisonous coloring matter and other substances, irritating to the throat and lungs. It is no wonder that so many mill hands have an obstinate cough or that so many of them die of "lung trouble."

It is to operatives whose work makes them peculiarly liable to lung disease that Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery comes as a priceless boon. It positively cures deep seated and obstinate coughs, bronchial affections, bleeding of the lungs, and other diseases which if neglected lead to consumption.

"When I commenced taking your medicines, eighteen months ago, my health was completely broken down," writes Mrs. Cora L. Sunderland, of Chaneyville, Calvert Co., Md. "At times I could not even walk across the room, without pain in my chest. The doctor who attended me said I had lung trouble, and that I would never be well again. At last I concluded to try Dr. Pierce's medicines. I bought a bottle of 'Golden Medical Discovery,' took it, and soon commenced to feel a little better, then you directed me to take both the 'Golden Medical Discovery' and the 'Favorite Prescription,' which I did. Altogether I have taken eighteen bottles of 'Golden Medical Discovery,' twelve of the 'Favorite Prescription' and five vials of 'Belle's.' I am now almost entirely well, and do all my work without any pain whatever, and can run with more ease than I could formerly do."

"You can consult Dr. Pierce, by letter absolutely without charge. He will carefully consider your condition, and write you fully, giving you familiar, fatherly advice as well as medical direction. Your letter will be held as strictly private and sacredly confidential. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y."