

VINDICLÆ CELTICÆ.

WHO ARE THE CELTS?

"The lazy, idle, barbarous, blood-thirsty Celts. White Savages."
 "We have given them our language and civilisation, and this is our reward."
 "The Celts are incapable of enjoying liberty; they cannot endure Institutions."—*London Papers, passim.*
 Who are these much abused Celts? Are they a race peculiar to Ireland, and is this a true character of them?
 The Celts or Celtæ are the original inhabitants of Europe. The words Celtica and Europe are used by Ortelius synonymously. The name itself is variously derived, but the history of every European country begins with the Celts. "It is demonstrably certain," says the learned Noah Webster, "that the primitive settlers in Greece and Italy were Celts." The Spaniards and French are of Celtic origin, and in Arragon, the Basque Provinces, Brittany, and Picardy, they are Celts to this hour. The people of Wales, Cornwall, the Scotch Highlands and Ireland, are chiefly Celts. It is of this race, so historic and universal, that these Cockney scribblers speak so contemptuously, and so ignorantly. They foster sedulously the idea of Celtic incapacity and inferiority, and talk of a Teutonic or Caucasian, or Anglo-Saxon race, that is themselves, as the born drivers and riders of these good-for-nothing Celts. "This conceit," says the eminent traveller, Malcolm Laing, "has been revived of late, in Germany and in America; and people talk of the superiority of the Gothic, Germanic, or Anglo-Saxon race, as if no such people had ever existed as the Romans, the Spaniards, the French—no such men as Cæsar, Bonaparte, Cicero, Montesquieu, Cervantes, Ariosto, Raphael, and Michael Angelo." These great men are, what the Nation once called, "Celts with the O at the wrong end of their name." The Celtic spirit pervades their nations to this day.

As for Language and Institutions, it will appear that the Germans and Saxons borrowed much of theirs from these very Celts their ignorant writers now try to asperse. "It was not the Latins, it was the Gauls," says Julius Liechten, "who were our first instructors." Celtic Spain produced Seneca, Lucan, Columella, Martial, and Quintilian. Christianity, which the Saxons slowly received as "an Institution," was taught by Aiden, Rumold, Gall, Frodolin, Furseus, Killian, &c.; all Celts, every Saint of them. As to the English language, let us hear how it is analyzed by its greatest master, Webster. He says:—

- The English language is composed of
- 1st. Saxon and Danish words of Teutonic and Gothic origin.
 - 2nd. British or Welsh, Cornish and Armorican, which may be considered as of Celtic origin.
 - 3rd. Norman, and mixture of French and Gothic.
 - 4th. Latin, a language formed on the Celtic and Teutonic.
 - 5th. French, chiefly Latin corrupted, with a mixture of Celtic.
 - 6th. Greek, formed on the Celtic, Teutonic, with some Coptic.
 - 7th. A few words directly from the Italian, Spanish and German.
 - 8th. A few foreign words introduced by commercial intercourse.

Thus five out of the eight parts of this very language these Celts have contributed to give those English!

Nay, some authors think that the Saxons themselves were only Celts, cooled and hardened by colonization near the Baltic. Logan has grouped some of these authorities:—

"Watcher shows that the Celtic-Scythians, being the most ancient Germans, and the progenitors of the Goths, Saxons, and other nations, 'their tongue, although from the mutations of ages now very much altered,' must have originally been the Celtic language." The Anglo-Saxon itself, derived from the Ingevoines, "is the maritime daughter of Celtica, and the first born, from her nativity neither entirely similar, nor altogether unlike." Schilter † and Gebelin ‡ also prove this family connexion. These vastly learned authors demonstrate, without intending it, that the Celtic and Teutonic languages had a common origin. The similarity of the Greek and Teutonic has often been observed. This fact first struck Camden, Stephens, and Scaliger; but Salmasius, Francis Junius, and Meric Casaubon, first inferred that the Greek and Gothic languages, which were so similar in many respects, must have come from a common parent. ¶ and this evidence of speaking the same tongue, may be acknowledged as one of the surest proofs of original descent. **

Of the wisdom of the Celts, we need say no more than to refer to the ancient Proverbs of Spain and Ireland. In Ray's superb "Collection of National Proverbs," those of Spain, for truth, humor, and originality, find the first place. Mr. Hardiman has made a collection of Irish Proverbs, which cannot be read without emotions of reverence. Let us give a few relating to Education and Conduct:—

"Tig ionchar re foghlain—From Education, comes Conduct.

* Glossarium Germanicum. Prefatio, c. xxviii.
 † Ibid. Lingua Anglo Saxonica, cum sit ab Ingevo-nibus oria, filia est Celtica maritima et primogenita, natalibus suis nec omnia similis, nec omnia dissimilis, c. xli.
 ‡ Thesaurus Ant. Teutonicum.
 § Caledonia, l. p. 12.
 ¶ Monde primitif, ix. 41, 51.
 † Ibid.

** Clarke, on Coins, p. 77. The similarity of weights and measures offers to this intelligent writer an additional evidence of identic origin. A Mr. Knithan recently published a work, to show that not only were the Greek and German languages alike, but that the people were originally the same.—Cluverius thinks the German is the purest relic of the Celtic.

"Righ Mioshoghlamtha is asal coronto—An ignorant King is a Crowned Ass.

"Foghlain Mian gach Eagnaithie—Learning is the desire of the Wise.

"Fada Ciimhne, Sein-leimbhe—The memory of an old child is long.

"Sarnighcann Eagra gach saidhbheas—Wisdom exceeds Riches.

"Fearclu'n'a comach—Character is better than Wealth.

"Saidhbheas stor subhailce—Virtue is Eternal Wealth.

"Ni uis'eachi gan subhailce—No nobility without Virtue.

"Dionhaoineas mian Amadain—Idleness is the desire of a Fool.

"Eadrom or ag Amadain—Gold is light with a Fool.

"Dearbhualtain leadanachta Olachan—Drunk-ness is the Twin-brother to Robbery.

"From a n-din, usge Amarach—Wine to-day, Water to-morrow."

Such are a few of the Proverbs of these savage, unreflecting Celts! Would we had such brains among us now as conceived these truths two thousand years ago in Ireland.

We have not space now to enter into the examination of what laws these Saxons borrowed or plagiarized from our older or more progressive race, but we may some day show how very little they improved on the laws of the Latins, Gauls, Britons, and Irish, through all their thousand years of codification. Enough is said to serve our present purpose, which is to show—that these London newspapers know not what they are about, when they use the terms Celts and Saxons as synonymous with inferior and superior.—M.—*Nation.*

MONASTIC INSTITUTIONS.

(From Blackwood's Magazine.)

Lovers of the Fine Arts—and they ought to be the whole civilized world—owe an especial regard and reverence to the monastic orders, without whom there would have been, and would be now, no art at all. Taking the fine arts at their lowest value, as a mere source of pleasure, from the love of imitation or representation of agreeable objects—the remembrance of scenes of interest, the elegant accomplishment by which homes are embellished and made more beautifully homely—surely some little gratitude is due, where it has been the fashion to be sparing of any praise, to those good and pious men who in their convents prepared, improved, and invented colors as well as implements of art; were themselves the early painters, and by their extensive patronage may be called the fathers of the arts. Had the world derived from the monastic orders no other good, that one should have insured them perpetual respect.

History has unfortunately too often been the work of infidel hands and hearts. Whatever is of religion has been viewed with prejudice; the vices of mankind at large have been tenderly treated; while such as could with truth or untruth be charged upon religious orders, have met with little mercy, and have been exempted from the common apology of the age. In this, little candor has been shown. It would be fairer, speaking of any class of men, to inquire whether they were worse or better than others—a benefit or a plague spot on society; and it would be fairer to see what efforts they made for their own and for the general improvement, and rather to estimate their success, where few but themselves struggled for amelioration, than to single out every fault, every corruption, and of every age, and to bring the accumulation to bear upon the head, as it were, of one generation. The monastic orders have been the theme of general abuse by many a slippant writer, as if they lived but at one particular period, and were but examples of ignorance and vice—the encouragers of superstition for their own selfish ends. The "dark ages" have been indeed dark to those who have shut their eyes to the light which, small and glimmering though it appeared from our broad and open way of life, might, if followed with a gentle curiosity, have led into undreamt-of recesses, found to contain great treasures; and as the bodily, so the mental eye would have accommodated its vision to the degree of light given, and would have seen distinctly both form and beauty, which would have burst with a kind of glory upon them through the gloom, and met them as goodness would meet willing seekers.

"Virtue makes herself light, through darkness for to wade."

"I knew nothing," says one writer, "of those ages that knew nothing." As it has been justly retorted—how did he, knowing nothing of them, know that they knew nothing? It might be more easy to show that, if he knew anything about anything, he was mainly indebted to those very ages which kept within them the light of knowledge, preserved and cherished from utterly going out with the sanctity of a vestal fire. Turn where we will, we see the monuments of the labor of the monastic orders—wonderful monuments. And surely if any age may be said with truth to be dark, dark were those of the two last centuries which, with the wondrous edifices before their eyes, saw not their beauty mutilated, and with most unwarrantable conceit thought they had improved upon them. Whose was the ignorance? Look at our architecture. Great advancement has been made, and is making daily; and what is the consequence of this revived taste? A proper appreciation of the architecture of the "dark ages." Our best hope is, to imitate successfully. Who were they who designed these miracles of art? Devout men—the monastic orders! Who furnished every species of decoration—the sculpture, the painted glass, the pictures, that were a language? Men who themselves lived humbly and sparingly, that they might devote themselves, their talents, and their possession to make an exalted and visible religion upon earth, as the one thing need-

ful for future generations of men. Such, undoubtedly, was the one mind of the great religious orders—we speak of their purpose and of their doings. It was their mission over every land: we say not that corruption did not find them out, that there was no canker in their fruit. The enemy knew where to sow his tares; but perverse people tore, uprooted, and cast from them the wheat, and loved to lay waste; and, as is ever the case, hating whom they injure, they vilified *per jus et nefas*; and, upon the plea of others' corruption, became themselves robbers, plunderers, and, too often, assassins.

CALIFORNIA.

(From the Montreal Herald.)

CANADIANS KILLED BY INDIANS.

We translate the following interesting letter from La Minerve. It is from a son of Dr. Charlebois of Cote des Neiges, and is dated February 11, 1851:—

Since I wrote you last, I have been much afflicted by a misfortune to four of our friends, E. Rochon, of St. Thérèse; A. Lavolette, (brother of G. Lavolette) of St. Edouard; C. Pérus, of Lotbinière; and A. A. Fortier, of St. Martine, who were killed on the 24th January by the Indians.

Nine of us set out to discover some mines; but after having walked three days, we were forced to return to our camp for want of provisions. Three days after, seven others again took the road. After one day's march, they came near an Indian encampment, where the dogs began to bark. Our friends fearing to be attacked during the night, turned back for about a half a mile, and they were so imprudent as to make a great fire, and erect a tent. After supper six went to sleep, and poor Pérus took the post of sentinel. Towards 11 o'clock at night an arrow struck him in the breast, and he cried "to arms!" At this cry, the arrows began to rain from all sides on the tent, and the death cry was raised by two or three hundred savages. Rochon, Brière, Desjardins and Chouinard left the tent to defend themselves. Rochon alone had a gun; the rest seized upon shovels, hoes, &c. After some moments of combat, Brière, Chouinard, Pérus and Desjardins, being more or less wounded, were forced to take shelter in the woods, and unhappily were thus forced to leave behind them Lavolette, Fortier, and Rochon. Lavolette and Fortier had been overwhelmed by the tent, which had fallen upon them. To endeavor to disentangle them would have been to expose the rest to certain death. During their flight they heard the Indians massacring Lavolette, Fortier, and Rochon, who cried for help. But what could be done without arms? The four who had thus saved themselves were in a sad state. Pérus was dangerously wounded, having received seven or eight arrows in his body, and lost much blood, which his friends staunchly by putting paper on his wounds. Brière had also received seven arrows and a ball fired at the Indians by Rochon. Desjardins and Chouinard had also been wounded. Pérus with difficulty dragged himself along, and after being helped for about four miles, he begged to be left under a tree, which was done, his friends having first lighted a fire. After having gone eight or ten miles farther, Brière finding himself incapable of going farther, desired Desjardins and Chouinard to leave him at the foot of a tree; but not to forget to send some one to him. Next day Desjardins and Chouinard arrived at Passo Delphino, and found Dr. Colas, and Mr. Lacroix, brother of Mr. Languedoc, of St. Edouard, who immediately started to succour poor Brière. The same night we went to Columbia to demand a reinforcement, that we might succour our friends. In the morning we set out, sixty-five in number, Americans and Canadians, well armed, and provisions for four days. Some American hunters having found Brière, took him to their camp, and lavished their cares on him. Seven others who set out to aid Brière, found him dead.... As for us, we pursued our route against the Indians, and reached their camp, after a day and night of continual marching. You may guess if we were not fatigued. At our head was a captain who had fought the Indians in Mexico. The barking of their dogs announced the presence of the savages. Then the captain chose twenty-five among us to march upon the camp. You should have heard the death cries they raised, when they heard us running, and saw us at their sides. Their arrows fell like hail, but when they saw several of their men fall, they took to flight, and concealed themselves under a precipice. We left twenty-five Indians on the ground, many of whom had received three balls. We found Rochon's trousers, and Lavolette's waxed cap, and burnt their camp and provisions before setting out again. None of our party were killed, and only a young Irishman wounded in the arm.

As to mining—in company with young Mr. Noad (brother of F. Noad of Montreal) and a Mexican, I dug a hole, 6 feet by 11, and 17 feet deep. When we began, our friends laughed at us; but we have already got our \$700, and hope to get more. It is curious that out of fifty or sixty holes near us, this is the only one that has yielded anything. We have got \$100 in a day, in pieces of \$10, \$20, up to \$24.

A. CHARLEBOIS.

A LETTER FROM ROME.

(From the Catholic Telegraph, Cincinnati.)

Rome, January 17, 1851.

Rev. Mr. Parcell—Having heard that the Bishop is probably on his way to Europe, I direct to you the letter which it is now full time for me to write home. I did intend to write to you on the day of the Epiphany, but what with the various rites in the morning, followed by the pontifical mass of the Most Rev. Archbishop Hughes of New York, with the sermon of the same after the gospel, and in the evening the solemn vespers, kept me nearly all day in the church; and since then my time has all been taken up in things if not so pleasant as writing home, at least more neces-

sary. The scene the little church presented on that morning is still present to my mind. You should see it before you can judge of its beauty and its effect. There are in it five altars—one high altar, and two small altars on either side of the high one. The floor of the church is unencumbered with aught save kneeling worshippers or standing spectators—for in Rome they have not the custom of filling a church with benches or cribs. At each one of these altars there was mass of a peculiar rite. At the high altar you would see an Armenian pontifical, with a splendor of vestments and of numerous acolytes and thurifers, and attendants—not equalled even by the Latin pontifical mass in a Catholic country. At the first side altar to the right, was a Latin low mass by a Polish bishop; at the second, a Maronite mass, in which either the assistant of the priest is continually singing—and in which the vestments are the same as in the Latin. At the left, on the first altar, you saw a Chaldean with his long vestments and flowing beard, carrying you back to the time when the Apostles themselves first said mass in Syro-Chaldaic. In this mass also there is a continual chant either of the celebrants or of the assistants. And, finally, at the second altar on the left, you might have observed an aged priest saying mass in the Slavonic rite, dressed in the long white robe similar to that used by the Latin celebrants at vespers. I have seen nothing more beautiful and impressive in my whole life; no symbol so striking of the Church's vastness and unity—vastness that comprehends all lands and all time—unity not strained, external, material, a union of forms and ceremonies while hearts and intellects remain far asunder: but unity internal, spiritual, real, in the seeking of the same great end by means of the same faith, the same baptism, by the same holy sacrifice, through which faith is possible, and baptism efficacious. The Protestants who were present in great numbers, as you could see by their eye-glasses and vacant looks, might have seen silently refuted that demagogic objection they make about concealing the Gospel and Liturgical prayers from the people. All the rites, except the Latin, are either in the tongue once the language of the nation, but which has been left in its purity to the Liturgy in the downward "progress" of ages.

Yours &c.,

S. H. R.

PROTESTANT TOLERATION.

(From the Weekly Despatch.)

It is impossible to look at the dramas acted on the parish platform, the solemn farces of Exeter Hall, or the grave melodramas published in the leading articles of the fourth estate, or performed at the two national theatres of St. Stephen's, without being convinced that the civil acts of the Catholics are challenged through the sectarian aversion entertained to their religious opinions; and that, had the Pope been Jabez Bunter, or Cardinal Wiseman the Archbishop of Canterbury, those proceedings which have been characterised as insolent and insidious, would have been applauded as guarantees of sacerdotal industry, and the sure evidences of pastoral zeal and faithfulness. The whole country, hounded on by demagogic rescripts from the chief minister of the crown, have cast upon the Catholics every epithet of insult; in the pay of a well-dressed mob, have burned the chief of their religion and his Vicar in effigy, amidst brutal jests—have encouraged their bullock of the fourth estate to ridicule their most sacred convictions, and lacerate their most sensitive feelings by weekly caricatures—have poisoned the equal justice of the judicial bench, from the Lord Chancellor down even to Alderman Challis, by partial counsel and unfair prejudgments—and have deluged parliament itself with petitions to banish from the realm all who shall exercise even the office of Bishop, without the permission of the Sovereign. Such is our Christianity; and it is not to be doubted that a considerable portion of the constituency and the government are restrained only by the fears of the formidable power of eight millions of Catholics from carrying into active force the worst crimes that the malice of bigotry can suggest.

A CONFESSION.—The Rev. Mr. Killen, an Episcopal clergyman of Baltimore, recently delivered an address in Alexandria in which he made the following remarkable confession:—"Our Church is diseased, (the fact must not be denied or covered up, because some may not like to hear it,) she is sick, nigh unto death, and there are many among us who would, without an effort, hand her over to the fond embraces of Rome."

THE NEW-VERSION BAPTISTS are pushing forward their work with great assiduity. Rev. Isaac Moore, Agent of the "American Bible Union," has been preaching in the chapel of the Mercer University, on the importance of a revision of the English Scriptures, and some of his hearers resolved to become contributors to the Society.—*Christian Inquirer.*

The Vladika or Prince-Bishop of Montenegro, lately visited Popu Pius IX., accompanied by three of his countrymen. As they were armed to the teeth with sabres, pistols, and yatagans, it was observed to them, that in order to be received by his Holiness, they must deposit their arms first: when one of them answered, "A Montenegrin quits his arms only with his life." The Pope being informed of this, and being desirous of seeing them in their ordinary costume, allowed them to be introduced to his presence with their arms about them.

It has been ascertained by Ehrenberg that the dust or yellow sand which falls like rain on the Atlantic, near the Cape de Verde Islands, and is sometimes transported to Italy and even the middle of Europe, consists of a multitude of silicious shelled microscopic animals, "Perhaps," says Humboldt, "many of them float for years in the upper strata of the atmosphere, until they are brought down by vertical currents or in accompaniment with the superior current of the trade-winds, still susceptible of revivification, and multiplying their species by spontaneous division, in conformity with the particular laws of their organization." Further research may show too that the sand in the Chinese Plain contains animalculæ.—*Ed. Chinese Rep.*

TWO SCOURGES.—Horace Vernet has just published at Paris an engraving of his picture called the Two Scourges of the Nineteenth Century. These two scourges are the Cholera and Socialism. The picture represents a public square, with a scaffold and a guillotine. The scaffold is covered with corpses, and the French tri-color is cast like a shroud around the body of a soldier. The two scourges sit in the foreground before the scaffold; the cholera is playing a triumphal air on a flute made from a human bone, while Socialism, represented as a skeleton, is reading a number of Proudhon's journal, *Le Peuple*.