"THOMAS MOORE AND HIS POETRY."

SPLENDID LECTURE BY NICHOLAS FLOOD DAVIN.

On Thursday, the 7th, the Town Hall of Lindsay was crowded by an influential audience to hear Nicholas Flood Davin lecture on "Moore and his Poetry." John Knowlson, Esq., in the chair. The lecture was delivered at the suggestion of the Rev. Father Stafford for the poor of Lindsay. Mr. Davin is a Protestant, but the blood that flows in his veins is formed by tributaries from the two classes into which Irishmen have been so long and so fatally divided; and as regards his countrymen, he knows neither Protestant nor Catholic, but only Irishmen.

Mr. Davin commenced by saying that the history of the gayest-hearted people in the world was the most sorrowful in the annals of time. We should never forget what England had done for mankind; but to Ireland she had been traitorous, stepmotherly, tyrannical and corrupting; and the saddest page in that book of "lamentation and mourning and woe" was the one which recorded how one genius after another had been quietly appropriated by England, and not only appropriated, but often corrupted. England was not content if Ireland had anything besides rags and chains and beggary. We must speak of Moore as he was—the time having come when an historical verdict might be given. Exquisitely gifted, Moore was not a great man, and was unequal to the demands of his time and his country. His fate was a comic tragedy, full of laughter and wine and levity, with rottenness beneath the flowers and a death's head amid the drinking glasses. But he was a man of genius, and genius is ever interesting, and its career can always point a moral.— It was perhaps some consolation, for the keener woe a sensitive spirit feels that generous hearts are ever ready to condone faults and weakness for the beautiful sake of stirring thought and entrancing picture, and of wit that has shot its fire through the night of dull controversies, and humor which spans our sombre sky with rainbow light, and throws flickering laughter on the scythe of death himself even in the act to strike. We might pardon genius much; we owed it much, and too seldom reflected that the same high-strung nature which makes him an Æolian harp, from which every gust of circumstances can awaken enrapturing airs, leaves him more than commonly open to the seductions of the world. There was profound meaning in Byron's words regarding poor Sheridan—a man of greater ability, in Pitt's opinion, than Charles James Fox—a man, who, had he had but character, would have been among the few greatest ones of all who stand upon "Fame's crowning slope"—

"Ah! little do they know
That what to them seemed vice might be but woe."

Yet they need not despair of meeting with heroism, for they would not merely have to sing wine songs, and make trifling love, and to flit among the butterfly vanities of fashion, but to visit in her lonely vigils—while her husband was away in some drawing room singing songs or chirping compliments—a noble woman, always sickly, yet bearing up a mighty burden; they would stand under the scaffold of a true hero, whose name centuries hence would make Irish hearts burn; they would not merely hear their gay little "bird"—the wife, Bessy, always called him her "bird"—warbling in the leafy sunshine of Bowood and Holland House, but should stand near him when winter had come, and there was no leaf and no sunshine, and the blue had faded from the sky, and desolation was as broad as the horizon, and there was nothing for the sweet songster but to stretch out his legs and die.

In dealing with Moore we owed a duty not merely to him, but to his country. The Irish are a people singularly rich in poetic gifts. Was Moore an adequate expression of the Irish heart? He was born and lived in critical times, and took an active part as a political writer. What verdict must be passed on his conduct? He sprang in early manhood from an humble position into the highest society in the most aristocratic capital in the world, snatched the wreath of poetic fame while yet "in law an infant," divided the attention of his time with Byron and Scott, was a satirist whose shafts are diamond-tipt with wit of the finest and truest quality, and as a lyrist was at once the Burns and Beranger of Ireland. Born in 1779 he came on the scene when the atmosphere was electric and the world of men was volcanic. The American war was raging, and the train was already laid for that conflagration which afterwards terrified Europe, and the smouldering embers of which at times still flame up and redden the European sky, making the Seine flow blushing to the sea. He was born in Aungier street, in the city of Dublin, on the 28th of May, 1779, four years after Bunker's Hill was fought. His parents were Roman Catholics in an humble position, his father carrying on a small grocer's shop. A short time before his birth, as a direct consequence of the breaking out of the American war, some trifling concessions were granted to the Catholics, whose condition was still miserable beyond description. Not merely were they excluded from Parliament and the professions, and all civic trust—they were not allowed to educate their children according to their views of right; they could not hold real estate; they could not even have a good horse. Catholic priests and Catholic schoolmasters were liable to prosecution as such. Oppressive restrictions on trade and manufacture reduced the country to a state of fearful distress. English statesmen of that time were only influenced by fear; and what the satire of Swift and the eloquence of Flood and Grattan could not accomplish, American independence and its acknowledgment by France achieved. Catholics were permitted—magnificent generosity!—to take and dispose of leases, and the priest was not hounded down, nor the schoolmaster subjected to imprisonment. But Moore literally came into the world "with the slave's yoke round his neck;" yet it was a noble time too, to have been born in. While his first infant cries were uttered the noble Grattan—the pure Demosthenes of the hour—was asking in the Parliament of Dublin for boons alike for Protestants and Catholics—he was asking for free trade for Ireland—and the agitation round Moore's cradle rose and fell to one clear luminous vote. "I wish for nothing," says Grattan, "but to breathe in our land the air of liberty. I have no ambition, unless it be the ambition to break your chain and to contemplate your glory. I never will be satisfied so long as the meanest cottager in Ireland has a link of the British connexion clinging to his rags; he may be naked, but he shall not be in irons; and I do see that the time is at hand, the spirit is gone forth, the declaration is planted, and though great men should apostatize, yet the cause will live, and though the public speaker should die, yet the immortal fire shall outlast the organ which conveyed it; and the breath of liberty, like the word of the holy man, will not die with the prophet, but survive him." (Rapturous applause.) The Protestant Volunteers raised in 1779 were now a body of National importance, and numbered 50,000. On the 15th February, 1782, the patriotic Protestants met, and among several resolutions, expressed their pleasure as Irishmen—as Irishmen, as Christians, and as Protestants—at the relaxation of the penal laws; they supported Grattan in his nationalist policy; on the 22nd February, Grattan brought forward his motion for Irish Independence, and it was carried on the 16th of April. (Cheers.) When the bill had passed giving Ireland legislative independence, declaring that only the King, Lords and Commons of Ireland had power to make laws for that kingdom, Grattan rose and cried exultingly: "Ireland is now a nation! In that character I salute her, and, bowing to her august presence, I say, *esto perpetua!*" (Cheers.)

No wonder he was exultant. What a vision must at that moment have passed before him! He saw a country called into being by the fiat of his eloquence—a country whose genius has more kindred with that of Greece than any modern nation—the country of Goldsmith, of Burke, and Curran and Swift, of Flood and of Molyneux—unfolding itself into ever greater prosperity—breaking, like the sun amid clouds, of dazzling beauty, from the night of centuries. Alas! Parliament was unreformed, and subject to corrupt influence. Nothing had been done for the Catholics; the landlaws were untouched; an alien church oppressed the people for tithes; and Grattan saw, after a few years, that it was only as if morning, after going on towards noon, should suddenly be extinguished in a sombre night. (Cheers.) Yet, so powerfully does the feeling of nationality work in generous hearts that the result of legislative independence was immediately felt in greatly increased prosperity; and from 1782 until 1800, the date of the Union, the population increased from 3,000,000 to 5,000,000. (A voice: "More power to them.") Yes! more power to their children now (cheers); for, as to most or all of them,

"Their bones are scattered far and wide
By mount, and stream, and sea."

Dublin is at this hour a beautiful city, though its splendour is widowed and its beauty is beauty in distress—Well, all the noble buildings are due to the period of independence; nor is there any exaggeration in Lord Clare's words, that no nation on the habitable globe had advanced in cultivation, commerce and manufactures with the same rapidity as Ireland from 1782 to 1800. (Cheers)

Do you not see the influences under which Moore was brought up? A bill abolishing commercial restraints goes to London and is sent back, having been made worthless. Bitter cries of disappointment and despair arise. Rack-renters and tithe-proctors dealing out more than an Egyptian oppression; a bloated pension list. What wonder if men began to think of violent resistance? Furious mobs surge through Dublin. Disloyal ballads are sung. Moore's parents wished to educate him for the bar, and his mother took care to have him so educated that they could take advantage of any relaxation in the penal laws. But there was no sign; the bar was barred; and the University—the so-called national University—was "a well shut up, a fountain sealed." Can you not fancy the wild hope that the first "dazzling outbreak" of the French revolution would inspire in a people so wronged?— But there were domestic influences at work which proved only too potent. Moore had a talent for acting and recitation, and his mother cultivated his gifts. Dublin was a gay place at this time, and the Dublin tradesmen were bent on enjoying themselves, even while talking treason. At tea parties—where other fluids besides tea be sure were drunk (laughter)—Moore, very small, was brought forward to recite or sing. When he grew a little bigger his mother procured for him an introduction into several families occupying a much higher position in society than her own. She thought he would thus learn superior manners. His wit and natural politeness seconded her efforts, and Moore was soon moving in society where he could never meet any of his parents. This was, in some respects, beneficial. It must have polished his manners; it must have increased his self-possession; it must have deepened in him a love for refined society. But it had one drawback which more than counterbalanced all this. It applied hot house pressure to the development of his natural vanity. It was tainted with snobbery; and his life during those early years types his whole history. He was a "show child" all his life. The stage and audience were only changed; the actor who delighted Dublin tradesmen and their wives was the same who, surrounded by peers and great ministers and famous beauties, warbled in Bowood and Holland House. (Cheers.)

The lecturer having strongly condemned the tuft-hunting weakness of Moore's mother, and passed rapidly over the other pleasant associations of the poet's early years; and having praised his mother for her devotion to his education, took his hero to the University, which, in 1793, was thrown open to the Catholics in consequence of the meetings out of which the United Irish movement sprang. (Cheers.) He contributes to a Dublin magazine, and experiences the delight of all men of literary temperament on first seeing his name in print. He tried his hand at political satire, and tells a pleasant story how he used to read the *Nationalist* for his family from a little corner near the fire. Do you not see that family group and the young genius with his paper in hand in the chimney corner? Do you not feel how, having sent a letter to this paper, he opens it the next evening with a trembling hand? Oh fame! Oh youthful pride! Oh glowing hours that bridge the years of youth and manhood! What moment afterwards could equal that in which the young man sees his letter in all the glory of leaded type, and reads it, and hears it praised? (Cheers.) But his mother says it is "too bold," and he is afraid to avow the authorship. She, however, discovers the secret, and, though proud of the ability displayed, takes Tom aside and extracts a promise from him that he will never become a member of any secret society—a promise which, it may be, saved him from an early and tragical fate—for at this time he was a generous youth, uncorrupted by the world.

At the University he makes the acquaintance of the Protestant patriot, Robert Emmet (enthusiastic applause) of whom he afterwards wrote, "O breathe not his name"—verses suggested by poor Emmet's last words: "Let no man write my epitaph. Let my tomb remain uninscribed till other times and other men shall learn to do justice to my memory." "O breathe not his name!" But what child of the country for which that noble life was poured out on the scaffold can obey the sad injunction? We *will* breathe his name until it is canonized amongst martyred patriots with universal consent (loud cheers); for, though the page of our country holds out to us many names of the valiant, the fearless, the true, there is no one of whom we have so much reason to be proud as of him who, with his blood sealed his principles, his bright endeavor, his sacred cause (renewed cheers)—who gave up for his country, *life, love and youth and genius!* (*Cheers.*) He had won the love of Curran's daughter, and it is of her Moore sings in the melody. "She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps"—where her young hero slept in a traitor's grave! Good God!

Emmet was the leader of the popular party in the debating society connected with the College, and seems to have possessed an eloquence which speaking to stones, would have made them capable. A visitation of the College was held, and Moore, to his astonishment, found that some of his most intimate friends were associated with measures which placed their lives in jeopardy. Why to his astonishment? I can respect the rebel—and Moore says he was brought up one—who means his rebellion even to the death. But I hate cheap treason. We need never be sorry for men who die for the right and in behalf of the oppressed. Remember that the keystone of christianity is the principle of sacrifice. The fate of such men is a noble one; and how bright and how beautiful they show against a background of the general mob of the self-indulgent, the dollar-getting, the mean and the self-seeking! Nor is their life less useful than noble. It is not merely that they give heroic example; they do not fail. They may hang upon a scaffold as did Emmet; they may be buried in a lime-pit within the prison walls; the hireling scribes of oppression may brand them as traitors; it may be made by law a sin and a shame to utter the name save in derision and contempt—nevertheless their spirit will live; and though generations pass, and others share as dark a doom, that spirit will assert itself, and smite, like beams of light piercing the dark ether through passion and prejudice to the home of generosity in the human heart; and then other men will be crowned for doing that for which heroes were crucified. It is the old story; one generation slays the prophet, and another builds them tombs; the world is steeped in the night of sorrow and oppression, before it rolls into the morning and gladness of freedom; the powers of hell were strong yesterday, but to-day Christ burst the bands of death and His followers dry their eyes and lift up their heads, and contemplate with joyful countenances His glory and His triumph. So, causes which to-day or yesterday were or are shrouded in defeat and darkness, have their destined hour of resurrection, and the fit moment of their triumph is written in the unchanging tablets of divine purpose. (Cheers.) But for '98 they would be struggling in Ireland for Catholic Emancipation now; and the Gladstone that should give the Irish tenant justice would be in his small clothes—if in deed he would be born. (renewed cheers.)

And all this time Moore is only translating Anacreon, and thinking of making love verses! Oh! I cannot forgive that.

Mr. Davin pointed out that there were passages in Lalla Rookh which showed that the impression of this time were not wholly lost on Moore, though this want of strong passion and the higher form of imagination left him incapable of rising to the full height of the situation; and he recited the well-known passage, "Oh for a tongue to curse the slave," and then gave Moore's excuse—one of the most beautiful of the melodies—"O blame not the bard." The sentiment of this beautiful ballad was ignoble, and it was on that sentiment Moore acted—often chanting the sorrows of his country in the drawing room of the Marquis of Lansdowne, who had the day before voted for a coercion bill!

'98 passed with its gloomy vista of fruitless bloodshed and scaffolds, and the only really stirring song regarding reference to it, does not to "the Innocente of Ireland?" but to a scholar of Trinity College, Dublin. "Who fears to speak of '98?" has more that is heart-stirring in it than all Moore ever wrote, and will live with a freshness which his songs will not preserve. (Cheers.)

Having taken his degree, Moore went to London to publish his odes of Anacreon, obtained permission from the Prince of Wales to dedicate it to him; and we soon learn from Moore's letters that his songs are such a "rage," that Johnson of Covent Gardens sings them, and that he is obliged to sing every one of them twice. Anacreon was a success. The young poet receives, unhappily for himself, the most flattering attentions from people of fashion. The Prince of Wales compliments him. He has six invitations for an evening; dines with the Bishop of Meath, sups somewhere in company with Mrs. Fitzherbert; is made free of the library at Dannington Park. His name is printed among distinguished persons at great parties, and he is evidently intoxicated. Henceforth he sacrificed everything to being the lion of fashionable drawing-rooms.

In 1801 he published "The Political Works of the late Thomas Little," the warmth of which a few years later, called forth even Byron's youthful censure. He gave up all thoughts of the law, and looked openly for a government place. Lord Moira procured for him the laureateship, which he threw up after writing one birth-day ode and then the Registrarship of the Admiralty Court in Bermuda; and Moore, rejoicing over "the claim it afforded him on government" set out in September, 1803—about the time when Emmet was being led to the scaffold—and Moore familiar with the great, and no effort made to save his former friend!—for Bermuda where he spent four months, and then traveled through America and Canada, the result of his travels being "epistles, odes and other poems," and in which he is Anacreontic and writes about the fierce young Republic in the spirit of a Whig lordling.

In 1806 "all the talents" came into office, and Moore feels himself on the brink of fortune. He writes to Miss Godfrey—sister of Lady Donegal—February 4th, 1806: "I am quite in a bewilderment of hope and fear and anxiety. The very crisis of my fate has arrived. Lord Moira has everything in his power. Tierney goes Chancellor to Ireland, so there a hope opens for my father's advancement. * * * Light breaks in on all sides and fortune smiles." He is to have a commissionership in Ireland, and now he only waits for the *Edinburgh Review* to see what is said of his poems, and then "a long farewell to all his greatness—London would never see him act the farce of gentlemanship more." The *Edinburgh Review* came down upon him with the justest censure, condemning him in the strongest language for his license and warmth of expression in which he had indulged—in fact accusing him as a corrupter of the public morals and denouncing the book as a "public nuisance." Moore challenged Jeffrey, the editor. They met at Moorfields; but, just as they were going to fire, they were surprised by the police, driven to London and taken before the magistrate. They were bailed off. On examining the pistols it was found that a blunder has been committed in loading them. Moore's pistol had a bullet in it—that of Jeffrey none. This was soon changed into Moore's pistol being loaded with only a paper pellet—Jeffrey's being without one, naturally, as he had fired his pellet off in the *Edinburgh*. (Laughter.) The duel is chiefly remarkable as leading a few years later to a friendship between Byron and Moore which was life-long. The allusion, in "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," to Little's leadless pistols rendered an explanation necessary; and the explanation issued, as I have said, in a friendship which is almost as great distinction as Moore won in other ways.

There was another disappointment most serious. In the ministry of "all the talents" Lord Moira was only Master of the Ordnance—an office to which very little patronage attached—and Fox's death made useless a promise of the great orator's. If Moore was dissatisfied with "all the talents," he was furious with their successors. "Fine times," he says, "for hanging a ministry, and changing to the fools from fools too." Amongst the "fools" were Palmerston and Canning and Wellington. He now wrote satire, married Miss Elizabeth Dyke, the daughter of an actor, whom he met and played with in private theatricals at Kilkenny, who proved a most heroic woman, and as we have seen, used to call him her bird, and he—poor thing!—found him a bird very fond of hopping away. (Laughter.)

He had already commenced his melodies and began to pour forth playful, pungent satire, which is destined to live as long as his melodies, and outlive all his other work. In his "Two-penny Post Bag" he parodies the Prince Regent's letter, February 13, 1812, in which he alluded to his father's insanity:—

"A strait waist-coat on him and restrictions on me,
A more limited monarchy could not well be."

(Laughter.) You all know how the Prince treated Mrs. Fitzherbert, and the character of Hertford. Now mark this:—

"When asking songs, the Regent named
Had I a heart for falsehood framed;
While gentle Hertford begged and prayed
For young I am and sore afraid."

Take this again—an epitaph on a tuft-hunter:—

"Heaven grant him now some noble nook!
For rest his soul! he'd rather be,
Genteely damned beside a Duke,
Than saved in vulgar company." (Laughter.)

When Lord Moira went to India as Governor-General Moore expected something. But how could he? Lord Moira owed the appointment to the Prince Regent, and Moore had unmercifully lampooned the Prince Regent. "I see an end," writes he "to the long hope of my life." But he says he had this consolation, that he was "free to call a rascal a rascal wherever I meet him." He felt himself quite shipwrecked and found refuge in Holland House, and entered the Whig service as a light skirmisher.

Mr. Davin gave a graphic picture of Moore's gay life, of his literary industry, of his imprudence, of *his giddy gaiety of character*, and ranked the Melodies above all his works. He showed what a noble creature, Bessy was, and gave Moore full credit for his filial virtues. As to Moore's genius he said— When Moore tells us that his poetry sprang from his love of music, we have a good guide to a proper comprehension of his genius. Exquisite melody, tender feeling, rapid transition, and sweet fancies are the characteristics of all he has written. He was a charming and even great poet, spoiled for want of earnestness. He lacks force, and herein he is an inadequate representation of Irish genius. He is the only poet who is Irish by reason of profession. Swift and Goldsmith—both, I need not say, greater men—simply contend for a place among English writers. But Moore stands forth as the "Minstrel of Erin." Well, I am sorry the Minstrel of Erin was not a greater man—where is the passion and consuming indignation that the countryman of Swift and O'Connell, and Grattan and Flood should have? He gives no evidence of having been ever pre-occupied with those questions of life and death which racked the brain of Byron. There is not, throughout all he has written, a trace of sublimity and the wild Irish harp undoubtedly lost power in his hands. His Muse has too much of the drawing room young lady about her, and, instead of the free-flowing tunic, she wears costly dresses, and is tightly laced. Nothing could be more finished than the work he gives us; but the directness and simplicity of the greatest poets are wanting. His thoughts never rise from the musing soul proudly impressed by the greatness, the sorrow, the beauty, the ineffable joy and rapturous melancholy of life and its mysterious incidents; no words of his sweep in beautiful cadence round the heart, like vague sacred memories of some lost and happier sphere; his sarcasm does not scorch and blight like the lightning of true passion; his appeal to nationalist feeling would never fill any man's breast with heroic pining to die for his country; there is more dangerous power in a single verse of, "Who Fears to Speak of '98," than in all the "Glories of Brian the Brave," with Malachi's "Collar of Gold," thrown in; that strain would create legions ready to

"Venture life, and love, and youth,
For the great prize of death in battle,"

where Moore would only bring a tear into a maiden's een; the scent of the boudoir is around him—a suspicion of band boxes; his was not real fiery consecration; he does not come to us rough, and grand, and powerful, from the vast wilderness and solitudes of a mighty spirit, but is set down at our door from a miniture brougham; his landscapes are never steeped in the fiery haze of imagination; and Fancy is the wizard on whom he relics to charm his reader.

For all this he was a true poet, and as a lyrist must always keep a place, and a first place in our literature. He was not a great man, but, on the contrary, a very small one—vain, slight, yet a finely strung nature, from which certain gusts of feeling and passion evoked exquisite strains. Compare him with Byron and we see his shortcomings. He is a summer zephyr to a storm. Byron wheels like a wounded eagle amid cloud and tempest. Moore is a bee humming from flower to flower, extracting their nectar and distilling it into the sweetest rhymes Moore has much beauty, which often degenerates into prettiness; Byron is most himself when he is most sublime. They would both illustrate the theory of those who hold that the body is the expression of the mind and that when there is a fault in the one there will be found a corresponding defect in the other. Thus the mind of Moore, like his body, was not massive, but compact and graceful; while about Byron's there was a lame grandeur. (Cheers.)

All poets, and Moore amongst them have sung Burns' strain that "man is made to mourn;" and he was destined to prove it in his experience. Sorrow, disappointment and infirmity cast their shadows across the evening of his days. He followed his three children to the grave; but not before his eldest son belied his hopes and broke a fond mother's heart. Disease too was doing its work on his *splendid intellect. The fate of Swift and Scott and* Southey overtook him The brain softened. By degrees he sank into a state of childish infirmity. Hearing a melody of his own he asks whose is it, for he thinks he has heard it before. "Trust in God, Mary; trust in God," he would say to his wife as she waited on him with unfailing love. In 1835 a pension of £300 a year was conferred on him, and in 1850 £100 on his wife, "in consideration of the literary merits of her husband and his infirm state of health. He lingered on for two years after this, lost to the world and unconscious of his fame.— Look at the little old man as he lies there after the toil and pleasure of 70 years. Alas! what is fame or pleasure to him now? Can either light up the dull eye or kindle once more the soul that has burned itself out on its altar? Strew the bed with flowers; put a garland on that chill brow; tell him those flowers may wither, and that garland decay, and he himself return to the dust, but that his memory will be kept green by his generous countrymen. He heeds you not. The ruling passion is strong in death. The helpless hands play with the counterplane as on a piano. Hark! how he warbles! The swan is gliding down the cold stream, and as he dies he sings!

Mr. Davin resumed his seat amid loud cheers, and was awarded an enthusiastic vote of thanks.—*Irish Canadian.*

PROTESTANTISM AND CIVIL ALLEGIANCE.

Civil allegiance is the duty which binds the subject to obey the laws of the State. The State, in its objective form, is the Government. The end of all human government is the protection of life and property. Its end is therefore temporal. It must never conflict with the eternal laws of God, which relate to man's supernatural destiny. If it does conflict, its laws are not laws, but violations of law, and cannot be obeyed by any one who would serve God rather than man. The State in its objective form is, in some countries, an absolute monarchy, as in Russia; a constitutional monarchy, blended with aristocracy and partial democracy, as in England; or a constitutional democracy, as in the United States. Supposing the legitimacy of each, its just laws must be obeyed in conscience by the subject. There is no power but from God, and those who wield it are His ministers. But God cannot give power against power. Neither can man make law against a higher law. And as all men, as such, are fallible, and those in power ambitious, there must be some authority to judge and decide what laws are just. Private conscience will not do. The private conscience of the ruler should count for as much as the private conscience of the subject. In cases of doubt, authority must be obeyed.

While Christendom stood by the one Faith of Jesus Christ, the word of the Supreme Ruler of the Church decided between rulers and their subjects. By the voice of the Church the consciences of Catholics are still strengthened, directed and decided in judging the morality or the immorality of a doubtful law. But never has the Church counselled bloodshed or armed rebellion. Never have Catholics faltered in their duty when the State called to arms. Not so with the Protestants. Their religion had its birth in disobedience and rebellion, and they have since been the leaders and fomentors of rebellion against authority. Recall the thirty years' war waged in the name of religion against the State in Germany. Remember the rebellion of the Netherlands against Spain. Read of the plotting and treason of the Leaguers in France. Turn to England, and see the blood of Charles flowing at Whitehall. See James flying before his traiterous subjects, and his dynasty excluded from the throne. Listen to the Orangemen of Ireland, threatening to rebel if Home Rule be granted to the land of their birth. And if Victoria should become a Catholic to-morrow would not the Protestant people of England hurl her from the throne? All these wars against the State were begun and carried on in the name of Protestantism; and yet with the effrontery of the Devil, the civil allegiance of Catholics is impeached by Protestants. How a European despot could offer the insult, we can understand, and that daily and weekly journals should whisper it here is intolerable. Suffice it is to say that Americans should be the last to speak of civil allegiance, or accuse Catholics of a want of it.

Coming home to ourselves, how do we find our fellow-citizens obeying the State? With us the State is represented by the Constitution. The man who violates it, no matter what his office is, is a traitor, and as such should be impeached. "*Congress shall make no law respecting the establishment of religion or the free excercise thereof.*" What Congress cannot do, the President dare not attempt. Yet our President has established a religion in Oregon, and in doing so has robbed the Catholic Church.—The Bill of Rights says for Ohio: "All persons have a natural and indefeasible right to worship Almighty God according to the dictates of their own conscience. 'No person shall be compelled to attend, erect or support any form of worship against his consent, and no preference shall be given by law to any religious society; nor shall any interference with the rights of conscience be permitted." Whoever violates, in one particular, this charter of liberty, has forfeited his allegiance, is a traitor to the fundamental law of Ohio, and as such should be punished. Not only should he be punished, but all who aid abet, and encourage him should be made amenable to the law.

Now look to the State institutions of Ohio. In how many of them are the rights of conscience respected? When the State pays or the Superintendent invites a Protestant chaplain, and *compels* Catholic inmates to receive his ministrations, does some one not trample on the laws of the State? "No man shall be compelled to attend any form of worship against his will," says the law I shall compel him says the Superintendent, and if he does not obey I shall suspend him by the thumbs or throw him into solitary confinement. "Nor shall any interference with the rights of conscience be permitted," says the law. I shall interfere, says the Board, and shall place a Protestant chaplain over that institution, and he shall direct the consciences of all. I shall interfere, says the Superintendent, and, although the priest be admitted, shall prevent those under my charge to confess their sins, no matter what their conscience says on the matter.

Is it not time that officials who are paid from the taxes of the people should learn to respect the Constitution of the United States and the Constitution of the State of which they claim to be citizens? Were the Catholics of any country guilty of even a shadow of the flagrant violation of the law of which *they* are guilty, how the sectarian and daily press would howl! But now there is not a word but that of approbation; and yet Catholics are accused of being untrustworthy citizens. Out upon you, base hypocrites! Catholics obey the civil law and respect the Constitution for conscience sake; but *you* obey only when it suits your own selfish ends. The only disloyalty Catholics are guilty of is their quetly permitting you to trample on our laws. How long will they remain passive?—*Cleveland Catholic Universe.*

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

The Work of St. Paul.—We directed attention, a week ago, to the presence amongst us of the Rev. Father John Kleiser, a German ecclesiastic, whose present mission is to interest the people of this country in a work to which he and other learned and zealous Catholic priests are devoting their lives —which may be generally described as the elevation of the Catholic Press all over the world to the dignity of an Apostolate, and the immediate aim of which is, by the establishment of a sound and cheap Catholic Press in those countries where the Church suffers persecution, to supply a means of teaching and guiding the faithful whose priests have been condemned either to banishment or imprisonment, whose churches are closed, altars desolate, and pulpits silent. We quote from a circular in which the nature and importance of this work are set forth:— "The Work of St. Paul has these characteristics of an Apostolate:—(1st) It has received the approbation and the blessing of our Holy Father, and of a great number of bishops. (2nd.) It has solicited and obtained the prayers of convents, and of the 'Apostleship of Prayer.' (3rd.) With regard to the members of this Association of St. Paul, there are, as in every body, members with different offices Class I.—Members who make it their *only vocation* to labor for the Apostolate of the Press. [*a*.] Priests of St. Paul. [*b*.] Working people—men or women —in the printing offices, who set in type the persecuted Truths, expecting their reward in the other life. [*c*.] Writers of St. Paul especially trained for journalism. Class II.—Members who devote a part of their life, time, and work, for the Apostolic Press according to their situation and calling in the world. [*a*.] Who pray especially for the success of the Work, and for the readers and writers of Catholic Truth [religious orders and the clergy]. [*b*.] Who undertake to be regular correspondents [priests and laymen]. [*c*.] Who make contributions towards *establishing the printing offices [people of wealth]*. [*d*]. Who undertake to circulate the Catholic papers among the people. [*e*.] Who subscribe to the journals and periodicals. The members of this great work co-operate solely *for love of Truth*. [4th.] By this spirit of sacrifice and charity, which is the life of the work of St Paul, the Apostolic Press is rendered cheap; and thus the Gospel can be preached to the poor by means of the Press; and the way of the Gospel is opened to the working classes, where an immense field of action presents itself for the work of St. Paul, namely, *to evangelize the working classes, an enterprise in which the solution of the social question is alone to be found.* By such an organisation the Press becomes, as it were, baptized and elevated to the dignity of an Apostolate for evangelizing the world. The work of St. Paul is a natural outcome of the great Vatican Council. It will be, as it were, *the continual* "Echo," *of the infallible truth of the Apostolic See*, as the Holy Father himself desires. The work is not a private undertaking for one country, but is calculated to extend itself to the whole Church." Father Kleiser pleads with special power for this noble work of charity, for he is himself at the present moment under sentence of imprisonment for a breach of those iniquitous laws which have robbed whole peoples of the saving light and strength of religious ministrations, and his claim to help should be doubly strong with us, and the more readily acknowledged since the specific "offence" for which he has been condemned to durance is that he preached against the persecution in Germany, and held up the glorious example of the Irish people in the days when they suffered in like manner for their faith, as one to be imitated by his countrymen. We are glad to learn that the Rev. Father's reception in Cork has been such as he might have anticipated from an enlightened and truly Catholic community, and he has requested us to say how deeply grateful he feels to the citizens for the kindness, sympathy, and practical co-operation which he has found them ready to accord to him, and to those with whom he is associated. Father Kleiser's stay here is limited to three or four days more, during which time he will be glad to communicate with anyone who may desire to assist him in his mission. —*Cork Examiner.*