

IRELAND'S HERITAGE.

By "CRUX."

Of far most of the passages from various authors have had reference to the revival of the Celtic language. I had intended reproducing some striking evidence of the utility of Irish even in the great national cause and in its various places throughout the century that has just passed away. But while selecting my material I came upon another of those grand essays from the pen of Thomas Davis, and while it is calculated to bring us back again to a field that we have already traversed, at least in one direction, I cannot allow my opportunity to go past without making use of it. If it be not considered as a necessary stone in the foundation of the humble structure that I seek to raise, at least it will serve as an ornamental capital to one of the pillars therein. I make no further preface, but simply take the subject as it flows from that prolific pen. Quotation marks are unnecessary, as all that follows belongs to Davis.

There was once civilization in Ireland. We were never very eminent to be sure for manufactures of metal, our houses were simple, our very palaces rude, our furniture scanty, our saffron shirts not often changed, and our foreign trade small. Yet Ireland was civilized. Strange thing! says some one whose ideas of civilization are identical with carpets and cut glass, fine masonry, and the steam-engine; yet 'tis true. For there was a time when learning was endowed by the rich and honored by the poor, and taught all over our country. Not only did thousands of natives frequent our schools and colleges, but men of every rank came here from the continent to study under the professors and system of Ireland, and we need not go beyond the testimonies of English antiquaries, from Bede to Camden, that these schools were regarded as the first in Europe. Ireland was equally remarkable for piety. In the Pagan times it was regarded as a sanctuary of the Magian or Druid creed. From the fifth century it became equally illustrious in Christendom. Of two names which Hallam thinks worth rescuing from the darkness of the ages one is the Irish metaphysician, John Erigena. In a recent communication to the "Association," we have Bavarians acknowledging the Irish St. Kilian as the apostle of their country.

Yet what beyond a catalogue of names and a few marked events, do even the educated Irish know of the heroic Pagans or the holy Christians of Ireland? These men have left libraries of biography, religion, philosophy, natural history, topography, history and romance. They cannot be all worthless; yet, except the few volumes given us by the Archaeological Society, which of their works have any of us read?

It is also certain that we possessed written laws with extensive and minute comments and reported decisions. These Brehon laws have been foully misrepresented by Sir John Davies. Their tenures were the Gaelic kind once prevalent over most of the world. Moreover, the Norman and Saxon settlers hastened to adopt these Irish laws, and used them more resolutely, if possible, than the Irish themselves.

Orderliness and hospitality were peculiarly cultivated. Public caravansaries were built for travellers in every district, and we have what would almost be legal evidence of the grant of vast tracts of land for the supply of provisions for these houses of hospitality. The private hospitality of the chiefs was equally marked, nor was it quite rude. Ceremony was united with great freedom of intercourse; age, and learning, and rank, and virtue were respected, and these men whose cookery was probably as coarse as that of Homer's heroes, had around their board harpers and bards who sang poetry as gallant and fiery, though not so grand as the Homeric ballad singers, and flung off a music which Greece never rivalled.

Shall a people, pious, hospitable, and brave, faithful observers of family ties, cultivators of learning, music, and poetry, be called less than civilized, because mechanical arts were rude, and "comfort" despised by them? Scattered through the country in MS., are hundreds of books wherein the laws and achievements, the genealogies and possessions, the creeds and manners of these our predecessors in Ireland are set down. These music lives in the tradition-lives of every valley.

Yet "mechanical civilization," more cruel than time, is trying to exterminate them, and, therefore, it becomes us all who do not wish to lose the heritage of centuries, nor to feel ourselves living among nameless ruins, when we might have an ancestral home—it becomes all who love learning, poetry, or music, or are curious of human progress, to aid in, or originate a series of efforts to save all that remains of the past. It becomes them to lose no opportunity of instilling into the minds of their neighbors, whether they be corporators or peasants, that it is a brutal, mean, and sacrilegious thing, to turn a castle, a church, a tomb, or a mound, into a quarry or a gravel pit, or to break the least morsel of sculpture, or to take any old coin or ornament they may find to a jeweller, so long as there is an Irish Academy in Dublin to pay for it or accept it.

We were a little struck the other day in taking up a new book by Merimee to see after his name the title of "Inspector-General of the Historical Monuments of France." So, then, France, with the feeding, clothing, protecting, and humoring, of over 36 million people to attend to, has leisure to employ a board and inspector, and money to pay them for looking after the historical monuments of France, lest the Bayeux tapestry which chronicles the conquest of England, or the Amphitheatre of Nimes, which marks the sojourn of the Romans, suffer any detriment.

And has Ireland no monuments of her history to guard, has she no tables of stone, no pictures, no temples, no weapons? Are there no Brehon's chairs on her hills to tell more clearly than Vallancey or Davies how justice was administered here? Do not you meet the Druid's altar, and the Guebre's tower in every barony almost, and the Ogham stones in many, a sequestered spot, and shall we spend time and money to see, to guard, or to decipher Indian tapes, and Tuscan graves, and Egyptian hieroglyphics, and shall every nation of Europe shelter and study the remains of what it once was, even as one guards the tomb of a parent, and shall Ireland let all go to ruin?

We have seen pigs housed in the piled friezes of a broken church, cows stabled in the palaces of the Desmond, and corn threshed on the floor of abbeys, and the sheep and the tearing wind tenant the corridors of Ailach.

Daily are more and more of our crosses broken, of our tombs effaced, of our abbeys shattered, of our castles torn down, of our cairns sacrilegiously pierced, or our urns broken up, and of our coins melted down. All classes, creeds, and politics are to blame for this. The peasant lugs down a pillar for his sty, the farmer for his gate, the priest for his chapel, the minister for his glebe. A mill-stream runs through Lord Moore's castle, and the Commissioners of Galway have shaken, and threatened to remove, the Warden's house—the fine stone chronicle of Galway heroism.

How our children will despise us for all this! Why shall we seek for histories, why make museums, why study the manners of the dead, when we neglect and spoil their homes, their castles, their temples, their colleges, their courts, their graves? He who tramples on the past does not create for the future. The same ignorant and vagabond spirit which made him a destructive, prohibits him from creating for posterity. Does not a man, by examining a few castles and arms, know more of the peaceful and warrior life of the dead nobles and gentry of our Ireland, than from a library of books; and yet a man is stamped as unlettered and rude if he does not know and value such knowledge. Ware's Antiquities and Archdall, speak not half so clearly the taste, the habits, the every-day customs of the monks, as Adare Abbey, for the fine preservation of which we owe so much to Lord Dunraven.

The state of civilization among our Scotch or Milesian, or Norman, or Danish sires, is better seen from the museum of the Irish Academy, and from a few raths, and keeps, and old coast towns, than from all the prints and historical novels we have. An old castle in Kilkenny, a house in Galway give us a peep at the arts, the intercourse, the creed, the indoor, and some of the outdoor ways of the gentry of the one,

and of the merchants of the other, clearer than Scott could, were to write, or Cattermole were he to paint for forty years.

We cannot expect Government to do anything so honorable and liberal as to imitate the example of France, and pay men to describe and save these remains of dead ages. But we do ask it of the clergy—Catholic, Protestant and Dissenting—if they would secure the character of men of education and taste—we call upon the gentry, if they would have any pride of blood, and on the people, if they reverence Old Ireland, to spare and guard every remnant of antiquity. We ask them to find other queries than churches, abbeys, castles, and cairns—to bring rusted arms to a collector, and coins to a museum, and not to iron or goldsmiths, and to take care that others do the same. We talk much of Old Ireland, and plunder and ruin all that remains of it—we neglect its language, fiddle with its ruins, and spoil its monuments.

This eloquent plea for the preservation of the antiquities and the language of the Irish race is, in my mind, one of the most powerful essays that appeared in the columns of the "Nation." The fiery indignation of Davis had the desired effect, and long after he had gone to his untimely grave in Mount Jerome, associations were formed for the preservation of Irish monuments and the revival of the Celtic tongue.

Random Notes And Gleanings.

THE RITUALIST AT WORK.—Under the peculiar caption "A Protestant 'High Mass,'" an exchange says:—

"The 'High Church' Episcopalians try to be as Catholic as they can. Here, for instance, is the celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the rectorship of Rev. Robert H. Paine, of Mt. Calvary Church in Baltimore, and this is what the 'Herald' of that city says in part of its long report of it:—
"Communion services were held at 7, 7.45 and 8.30 a.m. Most auspicious was the service at 10.30 a.m., when a solemn High Mass was celebrated by Rev. Mr. Paine. The Mass was preceded by a solemn procession around the Church of the choir, the altar boys, acolytes and clergy, accompanied by Right Rev. George Franklin Seymour, D.D., LL.D., Protestant Episcopal Bishop of the diocese of Springfield, Ill. Those who assisted Father Paine in the celebration were Rev. George B. Stone, deacon; Rev. William Watson, subdeacon; Revs. John T. Matthews and Frederick A. Reeve, deacons of honor. Rev. R. B. R. Anderson, of the General Theological Seminary of New York, was master of ceremonies."
"It is a pity that our Ritualistic friends, being so like Catholics outwardly, do not get the interior spirit it and so become really what they seem."

FOR THE INFIRM.—Among the world's many strange workshops there are few more extraordinary than those which a philanthropic city councillor of Paris has recently induced the General Council of the Department of the Seine to institute for the benefit of the crippled and destitute poor of the French capital. There are two of these shops, one in Paris, and the other at Montreuil-sur-Bois, and numerous trades and occupations are represented in them. But their strangest feature is, that except the draught or manager in each, every worker and inmate is deformed, crippled or enfeebled in some way.

THE OLD ORGAN.—The Boston "Pilot" is now owned as well as edited by James Jeffrey Roche, LL. D. Miss Katherine E. Conway, the most talented Catholic woman, possibly, in the United States, is Mr. Roche's able assistant as she has been for years.—Catholic Columbian.

THIS LOOKS LIKE PEACE.—The United States now owns the largest and most powerful gun in the world—a sixteen-inch cannon, throwing a projectile weighing 2,400 pounds. This great engine, which was built at the Watervliet arsenal, at a cost of \$100,000, cast the projectile 7,000 yards, and demonstrated that when tipped at the highest angle it will carry twenty miles. When the new gun mounted at Sandy Hook, where it probably will be placed, it would be impossible for a foreign vessel to approach within five or six miles,

and the gun will shoot with absolute accuracy as far as a man-of-war can be seen.

The maximum charge of powder used in firing the cannon was 640 pounds. This produced 38,000 pounds' pressure on the walls. The new instrument of warfare was built under the direction of Charles Christiansen, who died shortly after learning that the gun was a success.

GOOD PROTESTANT LAW.—Judge Hazen, in the District Court at Topeka, Kan., has rendered a decision that the Protestant version of the Bible may be read in the public schools of Kansas.

A CELEBRATION IN RUSSIA.—St. Petersburg is about to celebrate the two hundredth anniversary of its foundation. Nearly \$4,000,000 will be spent on new schools, a hospital with 1,000 beds, and a people's palace will be built.

DOUBTING PROFESSORS.—Professor Lorenz's short stay in London has not been very pleasant. A great number of London's surgeons do not approve of his "bloodless operations" for congenital displacement of the hips, notwithstanding the evidence placed before them of successful operations in the United States.

A HOTTENTOT CHARVARI.—The penalty among the Hottentots for widows who marry again is somewhat severe. It is the rule among these people that, before so marrying, a widow must cut off the joint of a finger and present it to her new husband on the wedding day.

ANOTHER CURE.—Experiments made in the last two years by a Chicago physician, are said to show that a cure for tuberculosis, in its mild stages, has been discovered. The treatment consists of the introduction into the veins of the patient of antiseptic solutions in large quantities.

PISTOL POLITICS.—The dispatches from Denver agree in saying that in the course of the angry controversy in the State House of Colorado many revolvers have been displayed on the desks.

BOOKS FOR THE BLIND.—Rev. Gilbert P. Jennings, pastor of St. Agnes Church, has taken the initiative in a movement toward securing a free circulating library for the blind of Cleveland, by placing a number of books for the blind in the Public Library. Father Jennings is a member of the reading board of the Public Library and he placed the matter before the authorities of the institution. The new books are from a Catholic publishing house and are: "The Will of God in Trials and Difficulties," "The Workings of the Divine Will," "What Christ Revealed," "The Sacrifice of the New Law" and "Wayside Tales." These volumes are now being catalogued. Actuated by this donation, the library will spend \$100 for similar books, and a certain part of the library will be set apart for the purpose.

ST. BRIDGET'S NIGHT REFUGE.
Report for week ending Sunday, 25th January, 1903.—Males 291, females 46, Irish 177, French 122, English 18, Scotch and other nationalities 20. Total 337.

THE SECRET OF POPULARITY.
Superfluous.—"To what do you attribute the remarkable majority by which you were elected, Senator?" asked his confidential friend.
"I have just told you," replied Senator Lotsman, with some irritation, "what my election expenses were."

A CREDITOR WHO GET EXPERIENCE.

Once upon a time there was a creditor, to a large amount whose debtor constantly refused payment. The creditor became impatient, and after investigation found that the debtor lived in a better house than he did, dressed better, clothed his wife in silks, satins and laces, and spent dollars where he, the creditor, spent cents. Then he was wroth.
"I will sue the wealthy debtor," he said, "and collect what is owing me."

He brought suit and disclosed a large amount of valuable property, but alas! it was all in the name of the debtor's wife, and he got not a single cent.
Moral.—There is often a great deal in a name.

Old Time Sermons.

(By a Regular Contributor.)

An elderly gentleman, in New York, the other day, declared that he had been almost a lifetime away from that city, and that since his return he has become quite a frequenter of churches. He has heard twelve sermons in as many Sundays, and he has been impressed by a change that has come over the preaching since he was a boy and was compelled to go to Church regularly. Decidedly this admission of almost a lifetime spent without going to Church does not speak very strongly in favor of that gentleman's practical Christianity. But with that we have nothing to do. We will, however, take his estimate of the twelve sermons that he heard, as that is instructive in a sense. Speaking of the bye-gone, he said:—
"Nearly every sermon I heard in those days was more or less—and usually more—doctrinal, and now there is little teaching of Christianity as a doctrine. The reference to a fundamental dogma in a sermon is the exception. The sermons heard now, with remarkably few exceptions, could be consistently preached by the priests of most of the faiths of the world."

This is the paragraph upon which we desire to briefly comment. But before doing so we will reproduce his further statement. He said:—

"I have kept tab on the dozen sermons that I have heard since my return, and only one of them was purely Christian. It was on the resurrection."

"Two of the sermons that I allude to were based on the Golden Rule, and could have been preached by followers of Confucius as well as by the Christian ministers I heard."

"One was on the omnipotence of God, and in its teachings the devotion breathed through it and the earnest words that bore it would have met with the entire approval of an orthodox Mohammedan."

"One was a quite poetic discourse on 'The Heavens Declare the Glory of God,' and in its figures and ethics would have given absolute delight to a devout Parsee."

"Three texts were taken from the Sermon on the Mount, and the discourses, based on them were filled with teachings of mercy, peace and gentleness that sounded like echoes from the preaching of Buddha."

"The best sermon of all that I heard was on the first great cause and our obligations under the laws emanating from the divine essence. It is being preached by the Brahmins of to-day."

"The three other sermons were purely ethical, and related to our various duties in the different relations of life."

Now, we firmly believe all the foregoing. But it must be remembered that the speaker, in the above interview, refers to Protestant churches. He does not include either the Catholic Church or Catholic sermons. Judging from his remarks it may possibly be that he was a Catholic in the olden time when he was obliged to attend Church regularly; and again he may have been, even then, a member of some Protestant sects. As to his individual faith does not much matter, as far as our present purpose goes. The point is that formerly sermons were based on dogmatic principles of religion, while to-day they are merely lectures, with a high moral tone, calculated to please the audience.

As we proceed to comment upon this statement, we desire to accentuate the fact that we do not include in this subject the consideration of Catholic sermons. With one line we can dispose of them. There is no change, and never has been any, and never will, or can, be any, in the teaching of the Catholic Church. The sermons from her pulpits are just as dogmatic to-day as ever they were—not more so, nor yet less. The Church has had, from the beginning, a certain mission to preach the Truth, to teach all nations. She has done so, from the days of the catacombs down to the present hour. No matter how different preachers may differ in style, in form, or in degrees of eloquence, they have never differed as to the principles which they enunciate or the precepts which they preach. We, therefore, see that the gentleman in question had reference to various Protestant churches when he said that it is a rare exception to hear a dogmatic sermon in this age.

That dogma is ignored, and that

the fundamental principles of Christianity are avoided as subjects for sermons, may be looked upon as the natural outcome of Protestantism itself. When the first break was made, and Protestantism separated from Catholicity, we cannot deny that it carried off and preserved, some of the Truths of Christ, that it still clung to a few of the mysteries of religion. But, by degrees, according as the first great section became divided and sub-divided into fragmentary and conflicting sects, the basic teachings of Christ, of the Church, of Catholicity, were by degrees swept aside. In its march of iconoclasm, Protestantism finally commenced to ignore, repudiate, and finally discard the very Bible upon which it has always claimed to base its faith.

The gradual drifting away from the doctrinal moorings brought on a distaste and finally a repugnance for all dogmatic teachings. Hence, the pulpit, or rather the pulpits, began by shunning such subjects, which were becoming more and more out of place in centres where faith was dying out. Then, from avoiding them, the preachers came to ignore them openly, and eventually to question their utility. The "notes" of Christianity passed over in silence soon sank into oblivion for the vast majority of so-called Christians. And so has it gone on, unwell to-day, the sermons preached in Protestant churches might suit the followers of Confucius, Mahomet, or Buddha. They are only Christian in name. All that essential to Christianity has passed out of them. And, to be frank, they are far more logical than when proclaiming Christian dogmas to-day which they confute and stigmatize to-morrow. In a word, this falling away from the adamantine principles that are built upon the Rock of Ages, has brought about a splendid paganism that is called, in general, Protestantism, and which, as a mark necessary to its existence, declares itself Christian.

It is thus from the very mouths of those anti-Catholic Christians that we hear their own condemnation—or rather, the condemnation of their system. Whenever they speak out openly and frankly we learn the awful truth of their unstable status.

Our Reviewer.

In its last issue "La Revue Canadienne" entered upon its 39th year of existence. If one could look back through the volumes of that remarkable publication, he would find a literary history and history of the literature of Canada—French Canada—during the past forty years. Therein are to be found the names of the most eminent writers, in every department, male and female, professional, lay, clerical, and otherwise that have appeared upon the scene of French-Canadian literature during all those years. The majority of them have gone, long since, to their reward, and their names are but memories. Yet they stand out conspicuous against the background of the past, as so many radiant beacons that serve at once as models to imitate and examples to encourage. A few yet survive, and each of these holds a conspicuous place amongst the younger lights that have arisen in more recent years. Of the number of those who have done much for the historical and literary reputation of Canada, one is Senator Poirier, of New Brunswick. In the last number the Senator begins a study of Cabot. However, it may be stated that the essay on John Cabot, which appears in the "Revue Canadienne," is simply a chapter taken from a work that the Senator is preparing for the press, entitled "Cap Breton et Ses Découvreurs." Capte Breton and its discoverers must be of the highest importance as a link in the earlier history of Canada. It will be a book not only of deep interest, but also of untold value, when it is completed. For we must admit that we have too few sketches of special characters and of particular epochs in the first centuries of Canadian history. At this very moment scenes are disappearing that will eventually pass out of all knowledge, as far as future generations are concerned, simply because they are ignored at present, and the writers who have the material at their disposal to-day neglect to make use of it. It is to be hoped that a lively interest may yet be created in the great passing events, in order that they may be fittingly recorded and thus preserved for the benefit of coming generations.

Bright thoughts, clear deeds, constancy, beauty, and generous honesty are the gems of noble minds. Ah, if you know how to pray, and

SATURDAY, JAN. 31, 1903.

During the past few weeks upon letters to Canada; last week I received a letter of progress and effects stage-coach system. I repeated several times, I selected of my letters, as they come. That next in the bundle is a letter, it is a postal card and then explain to know of none of these items that can be compared with this. We story connected with the graph alone would be given the contents of card and then explain to be written and sent course, as ever, I suppress, as that would siting the cat out of the is the wording on the card:—
"Dear Sir:
"The volume for which thank you, is deeply into the accompanying letter full and instructive. Information, which I know act, ten or more years have used it to good purpose
Yours very thankful
W. E. GLADSTONE"

About two years before of Catholic Emancipation 1827 or 1828), Phil. famous author of the Irish and other elementary school which bear his name pamphlet on "Catholic Political Matters." This place nor the time to go count of the contents of book; it is sufficient to clearer statement regarding the of the Catholic wards constituted author ever have been written to sure if O'Connell did good use of Barron's di when arranging his poems in favor of Emancipation all events, it would be d any man, no matter how against Ireland, or Catholic both, to read Mr. Barron's and still cling to that the Catholic Church sibly be a menace to British, or, in fact, to the constituted authority of any or any people.

Through a series of circumstances that need not be recalled pamphlet came into my hands. It will be remembered the early part of 1895 the "Times" and I think so leading organs in the British polis, had harped long and the string of anti-Catholic According to these zeal-insatiable the great danger in Home Rule to Ireland would of the Catholic Church (re-emerging the country and p the Unionist faction of Ul sensible Englishmen this had but little foundation; took with the masses. I for the purpose of misleading those who would, or gladly be conciliatory. By highflying rhetoric of certainties of the press, and thunders of the great might be considered as so less sound in presence of P. ron's statement of the truth day the idea flashed upon possibly the "Grand Old might like to read the pamphlet I had in my possession. For I hesitated to part with it reflected that were its author he would have been the very sanction what I proposed do it. So, finally having decided, I sent it to Hon. Mr. Gladstone. At the same time I took of writing him a private letter which I explained some parts of the little book, which might

After witnessing the success of the Marconi system, telegraphy at South West Mass., E. C. Laurent, an engineer, living at No. 255 street, Jersey City, returned to New York, greatly impressed with the possibility of

How Marconi Sent Words Through

After witnessing the success of the Marconi system, telegraphy at South West Mass., E. C. Laurent, an engineer, living at No. 255 street, Jersey City, returned to New York, greatly impressed with the possibility of