

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

the Church demand?—What does the State demand of every man amongst us? My friends, I take it for granted that I am speaking to Catholics. And I also know that I have the honor to address American citizens. On other occasions, and on other topics, I have loved, as I would love to-night, if I were within the range of the subject before me, to address you, and to remind you of the land of your fathers (cheers). I know, by your responses, that I would go nearer to you, by speaking to you of the venerable, green old land, from which the most of us have sprung. But you must remember that, in this land, you have entered into the grand position of American citizens (applause); that this land is yours; that America, in her generosity, and the grandeur of her heart, opens herself up to every exile and stricken man that lands upon her soil, and says, "Whatever you were at home, whatever you were in the traditions of your people's history, are a freeman, destined for freedom; and, if you have only intelligence and virtue, destined to possess wealth, influence, power, and glory in this magnificent land to which you have come" (applause). I ask you, therefore, to permit me to address you entirely as American citizens, promising, for your consolation, and certainly for mine, that it is as American citizens that the motherland of Ireland regards you. It is as American citizens that she looks to you, one day to lift her drooping head, and to place upon that head its ancient crown of national glory (great applause).

Why should those waves ebb from him? Why should the barque be there and the waters be gone? Why should every purpose of that glorious sailing forth from the port of youth be destroyed and wrecked? Oh! why, but that he mistook the ocean upon which he set sail; and, instead of spreading his sails upon the waters of purity, of integrity and of manhood, and bending his prow heavenward through every path of human honor, usefulness and glory, he preferred to move and sail upon the shifting waters of sin, and of pleasure and of pollution, which receded from him and left him shipwrecked in the mid-day of his life.

not speaking from the pulpit to-night. I am speaking from the platform, and not so much as a priest as a man addressing the intellects of his fellow-men. I proclaim here, as far as I am concerned individually, I admit that equality; and I am a republican in every drop of blood that is in my veins (great cheering). America, therefore, not permitting the genius and the power and the virtue of the humblest of her citizens to be hampered or fettered or repressed by any of these class distinctions, every man in the land being born equal, the great question now comes, what is the first thing America demands of her citizens is genius, intelligence and intellect. Whatever chance the booby has in any other land, he has not a chance in America (applause and laughter). Did any of you hear of "Lord Dundreary"?—a born booby, a born fool. All in the world he knows how to do is to curl his hair, and to pull out his whiskers. And yet, my friends, he gets on remarkably well for a fool, because he happens to be a Lord. Now, in America, Lord Dundreary would go to the wall and starve, and some hard-headed, keen, intelligent Irish boy would come to the front, and Lord Dundreary would be no where in the world (applause). The first demand therefore America makes on her citizens is intellect. Bring to whatever state of life is whatever occupation you have chosen for yourselves, ripeness of intellect, keenness of apprehension, sharpness, combined with the strictest honesty, and you have the main elements of success in this mighty nation that recognizes only the aristocracy of genius and of virtue (applause).

bauch that man for ever, and sow the seedling of hell in that pure young mind. On the other hand, if you leave this youth alone, he has within him the elements of corruption. Even though nothing evil approaches him, the whispers of hell will resound in his passionate young heart, and bring with them the suggestions of evil. The first thing that is necessary for that young man, in order to make him a son of the Church, and to meet her requirements, is to surround him with good associations, with good companions, and to feed his young mind with the proper food of high, intellectual, yet holy and Catholic instruction. The next thing that is necessary is to surround him with companions whose example may be as a light to his path; whose words may be an encouragement to him in virtue; whose very association may be an influence preserving the purity that is there, and fortifying it, by inspiring, by their words and their bright lives a horror, loathing and detestation of sin. It is for such an organization as this that I am come here this evening to speak. I think I have suggested to you enough as to its importance and necessity. A few years ago, here in Brooklyn, if a Catholic young man was in any business, as soon as the store or the office was closed where he was to turn—after his day's work, where was he to turn for amusement? Where was he to turn for relaxation for his mind, if he had no Catholic friends? True, he had the theatre open to him, displaying, under the most insidious and fascinating forms, the lurking demons of vice and impurity. He had Protestant associations around; but if he joined one of these, the moment he entered the club-room, or other place: the first thing he heard was a word of insult against his religion, and in the weakness of his young nature perhaps, he is tempted to blush for bearing the name of Catholic, and, in a moment of deplorable weakness, passes himself off as one of themselves. The books that are put into his hands are all philosophical assaults upon his religion, books written by gentlemen like Mr. Froude (laughter); books that make him, uneducated and untrained as he was,—books that actually made the young man's intellect ashamed of professing such a tissue of absurdities as these books represent the high religion of the Catholic Church to be. I confess that, if I had not knowledge enough to know that they are not lying,—if I could let into my mind that the Catholic Church is what these men describe it to be, I would renounce the Catholic religion to-night before you. But it is precisely because I can lay my hands upon the lie, and the source of the lie, that I am strengthened in reading these books (applause). But put before you the case of a young man, a partly uneducated man, merely receiving the elements of education and training, and then sent out to the business of life, and flung upon the mercy of those intellectual tyrants, who would force the life into his mind and into his intelligence, by putting before him the vilest caricatures of the religion of his fathers;—what follows? He gets ashamed of that religion which he is not learned enough to defend; he becomes ashamed of the name of Catholic; and God only knows how many of our youth in America have fallen away from their faith because of the intellectual trials which Protestant association has brought with it.

EDUCATION IN IRELAND.—The taunt that the Irish people are ignorant, has long and often been thrown in our faces by American speakers and writers, who were quiet willing to take the assertion, on English authority, without waiting to question its correctness, or inquire into its cause. The taunt is provocative of the reverse of good feeling, when made by an American, but coming from the mouth of an Englishman, whence it first originated, it brings to the Irish mind bitter memories of by-gone days, and a just indignation against the nation that did it, in its power to tear from our clasp the jewel of education, and then upbraids us for our poverty in that which she basely sought to deprive us. Well may England scoff at the ignorance which she has vainly tried to force upon us, but which, with all her power and wonderful mechanism of cruelty, she has never been able to attach to our nation; well may she seek to cast the infamy upon the head of her victims and declare that the "Irish are naturally a ignorant lot." If the Irish were so naturally inclined to reject education, why was it that England did to attach such heavy penalties to the crime of instructing the children of Irish Catholics? Why did she make of the school-master a felon, and visit upon his head the severest rigors of her satanic vengeance for the sole offence of instructing Irish Catholic children? Why did she forbid education at home and attempt to enforce the law by the most cruel penalties? Why did she command all parents having children at school in distant countries to cause them to return, and inflict a heavy fine upon parents refusing to comply, and in the case of the person refusing to return subjects him to capital punishment, should he ever be found within the realm, if the Irish loved ignorance so well? Why did the hedge school-master become a peculiarly Irish character, and why, in defiance of law, of imprisonment and confiscation, did Irish parents cause their little ones to gather like sheep on the shady side of hedges, and in secluded places, to learn to read and spell, if they were opposed to education? As well might the highwayman call his victim a beggar, as an Englishman apply the term "ignorant" to the Irish people, although if we are not ignorant, it is not due to want of exertion or to squeamishness in the practice of cruelty on the part of England. It is true that the masses in Ireland are not as well educated as are the masses of some other countries which enjoy the blessing of home government. The landlord takes all his poor tenant can spare, and the Government agents take all the rest that they can lay their hands on. One-third of the product of his labor goes to the landlord for the privilege of living in the miserable cabin that is scarcely sufficient to protect him from sun and rain, another third is demanded by the government for its great magnanimity in permitting him to exist beneath its heel, leaving about one-third of his scanty earnings to support himself and the little one which, in his direst poverty and distress, he ever haled as his precious gifts from the Dispenser of all good. How shall he educate them? The Government says:—"Here are my national schools, send them there, expose them to the proselytizing influence of my evangelical carpet-baggers and I will educate them." But the Irishman says:—"No. Ignorance is better than the knowledge of evil." He has not the means to pay for their education, and even if he had, he cannot support them whilst they are acquiring an education. Gantt Poverty stands waiting at the door and it requires the exertion of every arm, great and small, to drive him away. Our remarks are applicable only to the poorer classes. No one will deny that the wealthier class in Ireland, are the equals in intelligence and education, of any people living. It is also an undeniable fact, that Ireland, with all the disadvantages, her poverty and misrule, and with the poor excluded from the recurring ground, has furnished more than her quota of the scholars and statesmen of the age. Nor have her brightest ornaments been furnished by the imported aristocracy sent to govern her, but by the hardy peasantry who had been raised sufficiently above want to be able to give some attention to the intellectual culture of their children. Witness the names that stand brightest on the dark pages of Ireland's long era of woe—witness a name just added, one which shines with a lustre inferior to none other—"Father Tom Burke, the son of poor Galway peasants. Who says the Irish are an ignorant race? The English, whose object it has ever been to belie us, and who have spared no pains to make us as they represent us. It is like a "thumping English lie" to the audacity of which the long struggle and dawning triumph of Christian education bear witness. No other nation has fought and suffered and bled in the cause of education, as the Irish; none prize it more highly, none purchased it at such an immense cost. What has Ireland done for education during the last year? Besides paying for the support of the national schools, from which not one in five of them derive any benefit, she has contributed \$800,000 for the foundation and maintenance of an Irish Catholic University; she has expended \$1,813,759, in the purchase of sites, and the erection of schools thereon; she has spent over \$662,000 in educating the 5,500 pupils contained in these institutions, besides the amount necessary for the support and tuition of about 300 boys at school in England and on the Continent. These are a few hard facts, which should curb the smile of John Bull, when he wrinkles his cheeks, made plump by Irish beef steak, illegally stolen, to laugh at the "Hignornat Hiriish."—Catholic Vindicator.

Another poet of our age,—our own poet,—looks back in the spirit of the age in which he lives,—looks back upon the golden days of youth, when the ship of his life set forth on the journey of years, not upon the sea of purity, or self-restraint, or manliness, which would have borne him along without shipwreck until he entered the golden gates of the de-

Every man in America is born equal. I am

the consequences, of crime, but its taste is sweet to his young lips, and he turns, ravening, thirsting, to drink of the polluted stream that flows before him, and in the drinking, to poison his soul and destroy himself. Oh! how many there are who have already been ruined because they have not been let alone: because evil associations have surrounded them. It is a bad thing for man to be alone, for if he falls he finds no one to raise him up; but if a man is not let alone, and those who approach him are evil, they blind and corrupt him by evil company, evil association, with a tradition of sin that is handed down from generation to generation in this world of ours. As your own experience, my dear friends,—I speak fearlessly to you as a man, knowing how to speak to his fellow-man,—I ask you, when you go back and travel back through the halls of your memory, and contemplate the first grievous sin of your lives, the first thing that makes you ashamed and sorrowful that you have done it. Was it not at the dictation,—was it not introduced to you by evil associations? Was it not the association of young men, of wicked men, that first fanned the fire that, slumbering in your breast, had never yet broken out in the devouring element of sin in your soul; that sin which makes us turn back, and lay maledictions on the follies of our past lives. Save the youth if you can, my dear friends; stand like an angel between him upon whose soul the beauty of purity is yet shining. This young man, yet limpid and pure in heart, who still bears the impression of the Divine Image of the Son of God,—stand between him and his friend who approaches him in the guise of friendship, whose breath is sin, whose voice will taint the purity of his soul, break the Divine Image, corrupt and de-

the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.—Both at the West end Clubs, and in the city the rumour is revived that Earl Spencer has again requested to be released from the Governor-Generalship of Ireland. In the now possible event of the Lord Lieutenantancy becoming vacant, the names of Lord Kimberly and Mr. Chichester Fortescue are mentioned as probable competitors for the Viceroyalty. Should Lord Kimberly's claims be attended with success, then Mr. Fortescue becomes Colonial Secretary, and Mr. W. E. Forster goes on to the Board of Trade.—Irish Times.

ANTI-RITUALISTIC.—Two labourers were prosecuted at Killineen sessions, Cork, for breaking a stained glass window in the Protestant church at Killineen. The prosecution failed for want of evidence and two of the witnesses—one assistant national school teacher named Collins—were committed for refusing to answer questions to them, on the ground that the reply would tend to incriminate them. In the course of cross examination of one of the church wardens, it was elicited that similar windows in two churches in the neighbourhood were broken recently, and that in one case the outrage was believed to have been committed by Protestants who objected to the design as ritualistic.—Dundalk Democrat.