

MAY 26, 1882.

## Moy Neil.

BY J. K. DUFFY.

O sweet, shy Moy Neil with your quick, dainty tripping,  
That scarce turns the wet grass beneath your light tread;  
As o'er the damp turf every morning you're skipping,  
To meet the bright sun ere he's up from his bed.  
Do you know there's one watching you, charming young rover,  
Who mourns he's a man, with a heart that can feel;  
For if nature had made him a patch of bright clover,  
He might know the sweet joy to be trod by your heel.

O soft-eyed Moy Neil 'tis the pure azure splendor,  
That's robbed from the loveliest tints of the sky,  
By some wandering cherub who loaned you his plunder,  
That forms the deep blue of your swift-killing eye.  
Do you know there is one you have wounded past healing,  
Who longs to be turned to a drop of the sea;  
That down your fair cheek he might sometime be stealing,  
But if you ne'er wept, oh, what use would he be?

Ah, cruel Moy Neil if you e'er look about you,  
To see all the ruin your beauty has made,  
You will find there is one who can't live without you,  
Whose warm, loving heart for your feet has been laid.  
It has lain there so long in its humble devotion,  
Oh, lift it, and learn what I wanted to tell;  
Just make an exchange, for the fun of the notion,  
And you, I am sure, will do me very well.

## NOTES ON INGERSOLL.

BY REV. L. A. LAMBERT, OF WATERLOO, N. Y.  
The North American Review for August, 1881, published an article on the Christian Religion, by Robert G. Ingersoll, together with a reply to it by Jeremiah S. Black of Washington city. In the November number of the same Review, Mr. Ingersoll replied to Black's defence, and there the controversy came to an abrupt end.

This sudden termination of the debate caused no little surprise. Mr. Ingersoll's admirers rejoiced at what they considered Black's defeat and retreat, and these Christians who took an interest in this passage-at-arms between these two lawyers were disappointed at Mr. Black's silence. They began to think that he had entered into a field of action for which he was not well equipped by education and mental structure. They were not, however, ever left long in doubt as to the reasons he gives in a letter addressed to the American Review, a weekly religious paper published in Cincinnati.

"From the beginning," says Mr. Black, it was distinctly understood that my defence was to be published with the accusation. At the time of the publication I agreed that if Mr. Ingersoll had any fault to find with the review, he might as well write him another chance on the same terms. I was not afraid of any new assault he might make, if he was not afraid of my defence.

"Three months afterwards fifty pages of the foulest and falsest libel that ever was written against God or man, was sent to me. I was not prepared to treat it as I had treated the other; that is, give it the answer I thought it deserved, and let both go together. But it came when I was disabled by an injury for some weeks, and I so notified the editor. To my surprise I was informed that no correction, correction or postponement of mine or anybody else, would be allowed to accompany this new edition of filth. It was to be printed immediately, and would occupy so much space that none could be spared for the other side. I proposed that if its bulk could not be reduced so as to admit of an answer in the same number, it should be postponed until a reply could be made ready for publication in the next succeeding number. This and divers other offers were rejected, for the express reason that 'Mr. Ingersoll would not consent.' Finding the Review controlled by him to suit himself, I do not think I was bound to go further.

This explanation of the affair in a light which reflects little credit on Mr. Ingersoll and the North American Review. If Mr. Ingersoll had perfect confidence in the strength of his position there is no conceivable reason why he should consent to take this snap judgment on the counsel for the defence. If his purpose had been to prolong the controversy, on having himself in an intellectual combat with a strong man, he could not have devised a better method. Mr. Black was certainly not bound to go further and trust himself or his case to a Review that had outraged his rights, or to a man who had taken advantage of an accident which had temporarily disabled his antagonist.

Mr. Ingersoll in his reply indignantly accused Judge Black of personal detraction, and says very justly, that "The theme (the Christian Religion) is great enough to engage the highest faculties of the human mind and in the investigation of such a subject vituperation is singularly and vulgarly out of place."

Nothing can be truer than this, but is it not a new departure for Mr. Ingersoll? Vituperation of an individual or of a class, of the living or of the dead, is unrelieved vulgarity and singularly out of place when treating of a subject that demands the exercise of the highest faculties of the intellect and which involves the destiny of man. Man's life is a tragedy, his first utterance is a cry of pain, his last the groan of death. It is indeed no subject to make merry over. Be man's future what it may, it is an awful subject from whatever point of view we may consider it. It has occupied the attention of the greatest intellects that ever lived on this earth, and it arouses anxiety in every heart from the palace of the king to the cottage of the peasant.

But does not Mr. Ingersoll's protest against Mr. Black sound strangely, coming as it does from one who for years past has been denouncing the Christian Religion, its doctrines, institutions and sacred personages the butt of his vituperation and ridicule? Judaism and Christianity have been burlesqued by him on the stage of the lecture hall. The ministers of the Old and the New Covenant have been exhibited as cunning and unprincipled tricksters, vicious knaves and tyrants. Everything held sacred by every Christian heart has been made the subject of his gibes, and of laughter for his audiences. And all this time while he has been combining the professions of the philosopher,

the humorist and the ghoul, he has talked sweetly of delicacy, refinement, sentiment, feeling, honor, bright, etc. All this time he has delighted in tearing and wounding and lacerating the hearts and faith and feelings of those by whose tolerance he is permitted to outrage the common sense and sentiment of Christendom. Truly a protest against vulgarity and vituperation coming from such a source is a surprise, a sign of conversion—a case of *lucra non lucendo*.

What is the cause of this sudden conversion? The orator of "laughter and applause" is suddenly confronted by a lawyer, like himself, who deals with him unmercifully, but who yet treats him with more consideration and decency than he treats the great Hebrew lawgiver Moses, and what is the result? He stops his clatter and pauses in his ribaldry to give his opponent a lecture on delicacy, propriety and politeness! If Black has had the bad taste to make use of Ingersoll's methods, Ingersoll should be the last person to complain.

You may outrage Christian sentiment, you may laugh at and burlesque Moses and Christ, but you must be genteel and polite and "nice" when you speak of Mr. Ingersoll. Judge Black forgot this, and hence the indignant protest.

"The theme," says Mr. Ingersoll, "is great enough to engage the highest faculties of the human mind."

It may be well asked, What faculties of his mind has he thus far employed on this great theme? Has it been the faculty of reason, or the faculty of ridicule? Our great American wits have been content to allow their peculiar faculties to play on those subjects proper for the exercise of them, and in doing this they afford amusement and lighten the burdens of life. The best of them have carefully observed the proprieties, and never passed the boundary line that separates the sacred from the profane. Mr. Ingersoll found the legitimate field of wit and drollery occupied by Artemus Ward, Mark Twain, and others with whom he could not compete. He sought for new pastures and with a reckless audacity selected that of the civilized world has always held sacred—Religion. In this new line, (new at least for an American humorist) he is not content with trying to be a wit, he pretends to be a philosopher, a moralist, a theologian learned in the scriptures, a hermeneutist, and a historian. If he claims to all these qualifications, he must make good; he is certainly well equipped for business. But he lacks the intense earnestness and masculine vigor of Tom Paine, the learning and wit of Voltaire, the philosophical penetration of Hobbes and Bolingbroke, the analytical faculty of Herbert Spencer, the industry of Tindal and Huxley, and the broad comprehension and incisive logic of John Stewart Mill. All these are masters in their way, whom Mr. Ingersoll has not succeeded in imitating or understanding. Wanting in originality he draws liberally from the writings of Paine and Voltaire for his points and arguments. He has not a word of his own in advancing new against Christianity. Perhaps it is doing him injustice to expect it of him. Infidels from the time of Celsus, Porphyry and Julian have exhausted in vain the resources of human invention to discover implements to undermine the sublime fabric of Christianity.

He does not expect anything, but they teach us to expect nothing from a modern infidel or atheist. All we can reasonably look for is a revamping of the old and often refuted sophistries of the past. By means of a ready tongue and a grotesque imagination, Mr. Ingersoll succeeds in galvanizing these sapless corpses into a momentary appearance of life, but they will sink, as they sank before, into oblivion, as the Christian world moves on.

If Mr. Black has been guilty of personal detraction, as Mr. Ingersoll insinuates, he has done wrong; but in attacking a live man like Mr. Ingersoll, he has shown more courage and manliness, than the latter has exhibited in his detractions of Moses, dead. The living can retort; the dead can only listen and be silent. He who attacks the dead need not look for an answer in the next Review. If Black had outraged the character and misrepresented the words of Moses, he would have disgraced the cause he defended, and no condemnation could be severe enough for the unchristian offence. Black attacked a living foe, with shield and spear in rest; that was at least brave. Ingersoll strikes at the great and honored dead, the leader and lawgiver of the most remarkable nation that ever rose and flourished and fell. The jackal gnaw in safety the tongue of the dead lion, and the field mouse plays its antics in his footsteps on the plain.

The character and moral codes of Moses are as impervious to his attacks as the pyramids of Egypt to the javelin of the wandering Arab who strikes their base as he passes, and disappears, while they remain the objects of wonder to future generations. The proper way to meet Mr. Ingersoll, is not to defend Christianity against his scattering, inconsequent, illogical and unphilosophical attacks, but to make his article the subject to be considered, to analyze with careful scrutiny every statement he makes, every argument he adduces, every inference he draws, to grant nothing for granted. The Christian is not bound at the call of Mr. Ingersoll or any one else to reprint the proofs of Christianity that are to be found in the writings of the great Christian philosophers and theologians. These proofs are on record and Mr. Ingersoll's ancestors in atheism and unbelief from Anaximander, Epicurus and Lucretius down to Holbach, Laland, Cabins, Hobbes and Paine, have never answered them.

It will be time to think of new defences when the old have been captured. Mr. Ingersoll's ignorance of these arguments is not sufficient reason why they should be repeated. I do not propose to repeat them as it is not Christianity that is on trial, but Mr. Ingersoll's article. It is to be examined with analytical care and then left to the reader to determine what it is worth.

It has been well said by some keen observer that whatever a man writes he always writes himself. This is conspicuously true of Mr. Ingersoll. His writings are a mere evolution of himself on paper. The glitter, the sophistry, the bad faith, verbal *legerdemain*, the pervading egotism, the assumed infallibility and the brazen audacity of statement so conspic-

uous in his writings are the full bloom and blossom of his character and true inwardness.

In these notes I shall follow him through his tortuous windings as closely as possible. And that I may not misrepresent him, or fall, even unintentionally, into unfairness, I intend that Mr. Ingersoll shall always speak for himself in his own very words. From this out then it will be a dialogue between him and his commentator.

Ingersoll. "The universe, according to my idea, is always, and forever will be, \* \* \* It is the one eternal being—the only thing that ever did, does, or can exist."

Comment. When you say "according to my idea" you leave the inference that this theory of an eternal universe never occurred to the mind of man until your brain attained its full development. Of course you did not intend to mislead or deceive, you simply meant that your "idea" of the universe is like most of our modern plays. Adapted from the French or elsewhere. Your philosophy, like those adapted plays, wants the freshness and favor of originality; and suffers from bad translation. The old originals from whom you copy thought it incumbent on them to give a reason, or at least show of reason, for their "idea." In this enlightened age you do not need this necessary. It is sufficient for you to formulate your "idea."

To attempt to prove it would be beneath you. Is this the reason why you do not advance one single reason or argument to prove the eternity of matter? When you say: the universe is the one eternal being, you of course mean this visible, material, ever-changing universe of matter. Inasmuch as you have given your "idea" without any reason or argument to support it, it would be a work of supererogation to attempt to refute it. It is sufficient to oppose my idea to yours. But I will go further and see if your idea of eternal matter does not involve a contradiction. Of course you know that a statement or proposition that involves a contradiction cannot be true. You affirm the eternity of matter. On this, I reason thus:

That which is eternal is infinite. It must be infinite because, if eternal, it can have nothing to limit it. But that which is infinite must be infinite in every way. If limited in any way it would not be infinite.

Now, matter is limited. It is composed of parts, and composition is limitation. It is subject to change, and change involves terms of limitation. Change supposes succession and there can be no succession without a beginning and therefore limitation. Thus far we are borne out by reason, experience and common sense.

Matter is limited and therefore finite, and if finite in anything, it is finite in everything; and if finite in everything, therefore finite in time, and therefore not eternal.

The idea of an eternal, self-existent being is incompatible in every point of view with our idea of matter. The former is essentially simple, immutable, unchangeable, impassible and one. The latter is composite, mutable, changeable, passible and multiple. To assert that matter is eternal is to assert that all these antagonistic attributes are identical—a privilege granted by sane men to lunatics only. (To be continued next week.)

## THE DUBLIN MURDER.

Dr. Talmage's Sunday Sermon.

The famous Presbyterian preacher in Brooklyn, N. Y., Rev. Dr. Talmage, on Sunday morning began his discourse by describing from personal recollections the magnificent ancestral seat, Chatsworth, the home of the Duke of Devonshire, the father of Lord Cavendish. He described its history, its picture galleries, its architecture, its ten miles of garden and its stables. "It does not seem possible," said he, "for any sorrow to enter into any one of those four great gates. Yet, I have to tell you that there is a long, black shadow lying across those gates. The golden hue has gone out of the clouds, and their falling drops are in broad daylight. Sorrow veils against every carved pillar, and looks out of every unpolished window and weeps in every arbor. The proprietor of that estate has lost his son—lost him under appalling circumstances. The lifeless body was brought into the magnificent palace last Wednesday, and on Thursday under the wealth of the Queen, and in the presence of lords and senators and cabinet officers and the pomp of England, carried out, as he was, as dust. No wonder the whole world is shocked that Lord Frederick Cavendish, sent out on an errand of peace from England to Ireland, full of the spirit of conciliation, should be slain in broad daylight. The constabulary are scouring Ireland and England for the two assassins, watching trains and mysterious persons. I hope their vigilance will be successful, but I cannot tell you the two assassins were Irishmen have no complicity in this crime. England knows it, Europe knows it, America knows it, and God knows it. Irishmen are as grateful as any people on earth for kindness, and when, on the 2d of May, William E. Gladstone conquered himself and his cabinet and practically said: 'I have no personal pride in this matter to gratify, and as coercion has failed, now let us try magnanimity,' when the English government took that step, all the good Irishmen in the world appreciated it. When in the streets of Dublin on that famous Saturday there went up a shout of greeting as Lord Cavendish rode by, it was only the echo of the great heart of gratitude that pulsed all through Ireland. IRELAND IS NO MORE RESPONSIBLE FOR THE MURDER."

Of Lord Cavendish then was the United States for the murder of President Garfield or that of Abraham Lincoln. This assassination will not hinder the redemption of Ireland a year or an hour, unless William E. Gladstone, in view of this calamity, should be thrown off his equipoise.

But if, as some suppose, the bill of last Thursday for the repression of crime in Ireland and the bill to be proposed tomorrow do not mean what they pretend to, the repression of crime; if they mean the reversion of the policy of conciliation; if they mean the clenched fist instead of the open palm, then the terrible mistake of assassination has been successful.

I can tell you who were the two assassins. They were Political Desperation and Nihilism. If more coercive measures are adopted then the police of devils will go on. When two devils meet to fight in mischief that means a feast for the jackals. It is not of so much importance what were the names of the two principals. The real importance attaches to the powers back of them that urged them to the bloody deed.

NIHILISM IS NO MORE IRISH THAN IT IS AMERICAN. Nihilism is cosmopolitan. Nihilism would cut the throat of every faithful, honest, industrious man and woman on the planet. Refusing to work itself, it wants no man else to work. Nihilism tried to poison James Buchanan the night before his inauguration; it put dynamite under the Chair's chair; it sent the anonymous letters to Jay Gould, and tried to play Gay Fawkes with the British Parliament. The only heaven that Nihilism wants is hell on earth. It wrecks the train to steal the baggage. It is ready to swear away the lives of innocent men and get the \$200,000 reward which is a temptation to perjury.

Civilization must see to it that murderers like those in Phoenix Park, when caught should be punished. No more buttonhole bouquets for condemned assassins. No more manhandling sympathy with a murderer because he has a wife and child, when the man who was murdered had just as good a wife and just as lovely children. Let it be understood on both sides of the sea that a man who takes the life of another with pistol or dagger shall not escape. Then the business of killing people will not pay. Friday of last week was the brightest day Ireland has seen in two centuries. The very next day the pendulum swung clear to the opposite extreme; and yet the world's chief benefactors have been assassinated, and the graves of the martyred dead were the highwater mark of civilization.

## RICHARD O'GORMAN'S VIEWS.

His Great Speech at the Mass Meeting in the Cooper Union.

Mayor Grace introduced as the first speaker the Hon. Richard O'Gorman, who spoke substantially as follows: "Mr. Mayor, I am glad to see that, in spite of the inclemency of the weather, this meeting is so largely attended, in answer to the call signed by the chief executives of your city."

I believe, too, that the sympathy of the English people, the working people of England, is with their fellow-toilers in Ireland. Between them there can be no legitimate quarrel. The great cause of labor is one and the same all over the earth. The English people have become a reading people, fond of getting facts, and they have got at the fact that the British Government in Ireland has been always incompetent, unjust, and mischievous, and they are ashamed to think of the wrongs that have been inflicted on the people of Ireland in the name of the English nation. I can fancy one of those sturdy Englishmen of to-day, after reading the narrative of Irish misery, as told by English authors, even by James Anthony Froude himself, who seems to have no excessive love for Ireland, turning to his Irish fellow-workman, and with eyes wet with tears of shame, sorrow, and pity, stretch out his hands and say to him, 'Brother, we have been both in the wrong. We have misunderstood one another. Let us turn over a new leaf, and see if we cannot be friends for the future.'

Supported by this sympathy, the true cause of Ireland will not fail. All depends upon Ireland herself. The crisis is upon her. If she obeys rash and headlong counsel, she will simply be playing the game of her worst enemy, and may befall long before the path of civilization for half a century. I trust she will escape that danger. The situation is difficult, gloomy, and dark, but there is no cause for despair; day follows night, light follows darkness, and it is ever the darker hour before the dawn. (Applause.)

Mr. O'Gorman received generally the profoundest attention, but there were a few interruptions. When he said that the assassinations were unnatural, one man shouted, "Humbly," and another, "I don't believe it." Mr. O'Gorman drew a number of applause by replying, "It is unnatural, because it did take place in Ireland."

## PASSION WEEK IN MEXICO.

City of Mexico, April 19.  
Early in March the Federal Government issued circulars prohibiting public religious processions and pageants during Holy Week. No attempts to evade the law were made in the federal capital or large cities, but with remarkable unanimity the gentle, good women throughout the republic who dwell in villages resolved to disobey, and committees were formed to collect funds to pay the fines.

Of course this feminine rebellion must have been discussed at some of the Cabinet meetings. *Quien sabe* what transpired there? However as the Mexicans are very gallant, the fair sex had their way, but honorably and cheerfully paid the fines imposed.

One of the best organized fetes in the city of Mexico was that in the town of Texcoco. The ceremonies commenced on Holy Thursday with "the washing of the feet of the Apostles," twelve old men of the town, by a priest. Then there was "the search for Christ in the Gardens of Gethsemane." Judas Iscariot, the servants of the high priests, the scribes and elders were personated by the villagers. On Good Friday "the procession to Calvary," usually called "*Ladras caídas*" ("the three falls") made up entirely of Indians, traversed the town. First appeared a centurion with a corps—not quite a hundred—of Roman soldiers, appropriately costumed and armed in richly caparisoned horses. Next (without particular reference to historical facts) rode the High Priest Caiaphas, Pontius Pilate and their attendants, Roman nobles and Jewish officials. Then came an ephry of our Saviour, crowned with thorns, clothed in purple and bending wearily under a heavy cross. This was placed on men, on which stood an individual who personated Simon, the Cyrenean, whose duty it was to aid the Saviour to rise whenever he sank beneath the weight of the cross. Other conspicuous characters

near the Victim were Barabba, Dimas and his fellow robber. The Jewish rabble followed. Next appeared the Divine Mother, "Nuestra Señora de los Dolores," accompanied by Mary Magdalen and John, the beloved disciple. A far off were seen Peter and other timid believers. The rear of the column was formed by Israelites and spectators "from all the countries around Jerusalem." Dimas and the other thief, I ought to say, were not crucified.

When the procession entered the church the effigy of the Saviour was laid upon the cross. Although the effigy was filled with suffocation it was for a few seconds as silent as a tomb, but when the dull thud of the hammer was heard driving the nails into the hands of Jesus, the sobs, shrieks and wailings of the congregation were indeed heart-rending. Slowly and with tragic effect the cross bearing the blood-stained, agonizing body was raised, when a thrill of horror seemed to run through every heart.

The grief of the women was absolutely terrible. When even cold, matter-of-fact Americans trembled with emotion, and covering their faces passed in silent review the great tragedy which really took place on Calvary ages ago, you may readily imagine the effect of this scene on these untutored men and women of such ardent and impassioned temperaments.

After the cross had been placed in a cavity prepared for it, the people who personated the Jewish rabble, the spectators, some of the Roman soldiery and so on, retired, and only the mother of Christ and her friends remained there "sorrowing."

Then the soldiers, who had been left in charge, cast lots for the vesture of Jesus. While some were playing and others indolently stretched on the ground a blind Jew appeared, led by a child, and said: "Take me to the cross that I may buffet and spit upon the impostor who styled himself the son of God."

The boy conducted him beneath the right hand of Jesus, where in impotent rage the blind Jew tries vainly to strike the dying Saviour; suddenly he clasps his hands over his face and cries out: "Is this a miracle; drops of his blood fell upon my eyes and I see I see!" Then looking up to the Redeemer he fell upon his knees reverently bowed his head and exclaimed: "Verily, thou art the Son of God!"

By this time night approached, the spear was thrust into the Saviour's side and he expired.

The passion-play being concluded, the excited congregation eagerly pressed forward to kiss the feet of the crucified Redeemer. Mothers raised their children up to kiss his wounds and even rough mountaineers wept. Night had come, the congregation dispersed and the church was closed.

The following morning, El Salado de Gloria, a *dadas* (sacristan) was burned in effigy, amid racket, laughter and general rejoicings.

In the afternoon "the burial of Jesus by Joseph of Arimathea" took place.

The corpse was a ghastly, full-length figure, laid in a glass case which represented a tomb. In front rode a Roman guard with Pontius Pilate. Then followed Joseph of Arimathea and several of the disciples and friends of Jesus. Next came an effigy of the Mater Dolorosa in a black velvet robe. Before this image walked two beautiful little Indian girls dressed in the antique Texcoco costume and carrying baskets of flowers, which they strewed in the pathway. The parish priest and his assistants followed, carrying crosses and banners and accompanied by Indian boys, who were crowned with flowers and bore censers with burning incense.

The rest of the cortege were formed of a band of musicians and all the Catholics who desired to participate in the ceremony. The women wore veils, mantillas or rebozos, on their heads and the men walked bareheaded. All carrying burning tapers.

En route to the church the procession halted in front of the prison, where a good old priest begged "in the name of Christ and his Divine Mother" for the release of four prisoners. There had been a previous agreement between the padre and the alcalde that four of the villagers who had only been incarcerated for drunkenness should be pardoned. Of this, however, the prisoners had no knowledge. In "the good old times" it had been customary to release certain captives on that anniversary, and one of the men were so impressed with the idea that such would now be the case that they had begged a table from one of the jailors and with napkins, and tapers and flowers which their wives and daughters had handed them through the gratings of the prison courtyard had actually arranged an altar. Imagine, then, their anxiety when the "father" knocked at the gate!

The alcalde selected the four least culpable prisoners, and when he had read him admonition them to lead better lives in future they were let out. The culprits hastened to kneel before the tomb of Christ, all present also prayed, then, then two walked behind it and the two portages of Our Lady of Sorrows kissed the hem of the robe and placed themselves near by.

When the procession reached the church the prisoners knelt in silent prayer before the great altar, then the priest, crowning them with flowers, said: "My children, forget not the command of your Saviour and his Blessed Mother! go, go in peace and sin no more!"

To prosaic, matter-of-fact Americans all these passion plays may seem extremely puerile. As my hasty sketch shows, little heed is paid to historical propriety and accuracy. St. Peter wore the rich robes of an archbishop of the present day. In the tableaux and accessories there were blendings of the antique and modern which would have saddened an artist or an antiquary. Yet the religious fervor of the women of every class of society, and the reverence of many men, and especially the excellent conduct of the Indians, the wood-cutters and the charcoal burners who had come down from the mountains to attend the fete inspired respect. These people are sincere, and if a passion play and images inspired the ignorant with a deeper sense of Christ's sufferings for humanity than hundreds of sermons would, why should such pageantrics be prohibited?—New York World.

Has the "tide of events" anything to do with the "current of public opinion?"