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A GREAT MAN.

That man is great, and he alone,
Who serves a greatness not his own,
For neither praise nor self:
Content to know and be unknown,
Whole in himself.

Strong is that man, he only strong,
To whose well-ordered will belong,
For service and delight,
All powers that in face of wrong
Establish right.

And free is he, and only he,
Who, from his tyrant passions free,
By fortune undismayed,
Has power upon himself to be
By himself obeyed.

If such a man there be, where'er
Beneath the sun and moon he fare,
He cannot fare amiss;
Great Providence hath him in care,
God's cause is his.

—Adapted from Owen Meredith.

LOVE'S GOOD-BYE.

Look into my eyes, my love, and say good-bye—
Love is not love save it hath made us strong

To meet stern duties, that remorseless throng
For doing. Men may fail, but you and I
Should be invincible to live, or die;

To wage firm battle against sin and wrong;
To wait—that's hardest, dear—however long,
For joys with-that, and God to answer why;
To banish yearning hope if it be vain;

To say good-bye if we must parted be.
Had we but half loved, then we might complain
Parting were murdered possibility;
But loving, O my love, so perfectly,
We are beyond the touch of any pain.

—Katrine Trask.

IRISH WRITERS

THEIR PURITY OF STYLE AND ITS INFLUENCE ON ENGLISH LITERATURE.

CHARM OF ANECDOTE.

(From the Connecticut Catholic.)

The Irish novelists, by the charm of their style and the raciness of their work, show a distinct individuality from their English brethren, and it is a peculiar fact that the vast majority of Irish writers who have become famous in the world of letters, had no particular training for literature, but had been educated for other professions.

Perhaps the most widely known Irish novelist is Charles Lever. He was educated for the medical profession, and practiced medicine for many years. It was his collection of anecdotes from peninsular veterans whom he met while attached to the British embassy at Brussels which first inspired him to try a literary venture. This piecing together of scraps of information and anecdotes accounts for the incoherency of the plot in some of his work. His method was always one of observation and reproduction more than of actual creation. Many of the adventures of college life shown in "Charles O'Malley" are said to have actually occurred. The wild rolicking student whom he calls "Frank Webster" was an intimate friend of his; and the character "Major Monson," was easily recognized as a general attached to the Belgian embassy. In 1830 he visited America and for several months he adopted the dress and mode of life of the Indians. Living with them and taking part in their hunting expeditions, the adventures he met with are shown in "Arthur O'Leary" and "Con Cregan."

In 1858 he was appointed consul at Spezzia by Lord Derby, and here he had ample opportunity to observe the peculiar traits and snobberies of the traveling Briton, which he depicts so vividly in "The Dodd Family Abroad."

His pictures of the Irish peasantry are at times somewhat overdrawn, and his illustrations of the Irish priests have a slight tendency to irreverence, but they are couched in such humorous language, that it is clearly evident that no irreverence is meant. An Irishman has always a keen sense of the ridiculous, and will enjoy a good joke no matter if it were at his own expense.

Perhaps the best portrait Lever has drawn of the genuine Irish soggarth is shown in the character of Father Tom Loftus in "Jack Hinton."

SAMUEL LOVER.

We find a genius of a rarer kind; one in whom the artist, novelist, poet, and musician are all combined, in the person of Samuel Lover. He began life as an artist, and was elected a member of the Royal Hibernian Society of Arts, of which body he after-

wards became secretary. His first literary venture was as a contributor to the Dublin University Magazine, where he published his "Legends and Stories of Ireland." His songs chiefly illustrated Irish legends and folk-lore as is seen in "The Fairy Boy," "The Four-Leaved Shamrock," "The Angel's Whisper," etc.

His style of musical composition is purely Irish, and the beautiful simplicity of his compositions have a wild sweetness of their own. He was a writer who appealed entirely to the imagination, and his work and poems show some daring poetic flights of fancy. In his musical works he kept rigidly within the lines of the Irish style of composition. In his poem, "Oh Native Music" he expresses his appreciation of the power of Irish melody:

"The proud, the lowly, the pilgrim holy,
The lover kneeling at beauty's shrine,
The bard who dreams by the haunted streams,
All are touched by thy power sublime.

The soldier fearless, the captive cheerless,
The mother taught by nature's hand,
Her child when weeping, doth lull to sleeping
By some sweet song of her native land."

The publication of "Rory O'Moore" made Lover's reputation as a novelist, but his best known work is "Handy Andy." In this work he gives a vivid picture of the manner in which Irish elections were conducted before the "ballot act" became law, and the ingenious way in which he contrives to place his own poems in the mouths of his characters gives the book a piquancy and charm of its own. The pretty little poetic conceits of Lover are his especial attraction; the simple way he will turn the most trifling incident to advantage; no object in nature is too trifling a theme with him. What a simple fancy it was that suggested his pleasing little poem "The Wind and the Weathercock." Si vous ne changez pas je suis constant.

In Dublin he gave a charming series of public entertainments which he called "Irish evenings." At these meetings he fully illustrated his own works, and powers, as a musician and composer.

WILLIAM CARLETON.

The earlier works of William Carleton teem with felicitous pictures of Irish national life. The Cromwellian "squireen" is fully shown to advantage in "Valentine McClutchy." Here the system of absentee Irish landlords is fully illustrated. The character of Phil McClutchy, the squireen's son, is not one bit overdrawn; the type could be easily recognized in Ireland down to ten years ago, and that sanctimonious hypocrite, "Solomon McSlime," still exists in many parts of Ireland. The later works of Carleton are not at all up to the standard; they are full of rather ill-tempered diatribes against some unknown person or persons; the plots are intangible; indeed it seems that after Carleton's repudiation of Catholicity he never appeared to be himself. He rather presented the sad spectacle of a baffled intelligence cast adrift among the wrecks and shadows of what had once been its greatest pride and glory.

GERALD GRIFFIN.

A writer of a very different type is found in Gerald Griffin. After a long and weary struggle in the literary world, he, like Byron "awoke one morning and found himself famous." But the appreciation of his genius came too late; his proud and sensitive spirit was broken, and he retired into a monastery, where he died at a comparatively early age. His charming novel, "The Collegians," is a masterpiece of its style. Irish domestic life is beautifully pictured in the "Daly" family. The proud, impetuous, reckless spirit of "Hardress Cregan" shows plainly how an otherwise noble and generous nature can be misled by a false family pride; and the noble devotion and rustic chivalry of "Myles-na-Coppaleen" is a perfect specimen of the Irish peasant, and then the simple tender ballads that he introduces give a clear idea of the gentle nature of the writer. His novel the "Duke of Monmouth" has a peculiar weird strain of melancholy all through from its sad beginning to its tragic ending, and is a contrast with his "Tales of the Jury Room" which though full of fun and genial Irish humor conveys an object lesson on the Irish jury system of the day. It is supposed that after entering religious life Griffin destroyed the manuscripts of several unpublished works.

JOHN BANIM.

Although the historical novelist has never been very popular amongst the readers of English literature, Michael and John Banim by their singular

dramatic skill, succeeded in gaining the attention of the literary world. In their "Tales of the O'Hara Family," and "The Boyne Water" they have endeavored to show how the demon of class hatred and religious bigotry has been fostered in Ireland; and their works while infinitely amusing, are also highly instructive. They show evidences of deep historical research and geographical accuracy.

SIDNEY LADY MORGAN.

No paper on Irish novelists would be complete without mention of that wild Irish girl, that brilliant little social butterfly, Sidney Lady Morgan. The flash of her wit and bright intelligence delayed, if it could not altogether prevent, the exodus of talent from the Irish capital after the passage of the "Act of Union." She could forgive the perpetrators of this act which tried to degrade her native land from a nation into a mere British province. In "Florence McCarthy" or "Ireland After the Union," she shows the effect of that infamous act on the commerce and industries of Ireland. She lampoons the caste officials, and the parvenu aristocracy of the Cromwellian confiscations, in a most merciless manner. She delighted to encourage literary talent and her brilliant receptions at her home in Dublin were always crowded with the intellectual lights of her time who immensely enjoyed her keen criticism of the follies and foibles of the age.

Some writer (I forget whom) has said that Irish character always reminded him of a waltz, where you alternately see two faces, the one grave, sad and sweet, and the other bubbling over with mischief. Lady Morgan seems to have caught this idea in her descriptions of Irish characters, in their emotional and impetuous natures, the ever blending tear and smile.

JUSTIN MCCARTHY.

Of living Irish authors, Justin McCarthy may certainly claim first rank. His chief charm lies in his magnificent descriptive powers. He loves a varied theme, and from his extensive travels, he is perfectly at home in the craggy passes of the Tyrol, the prairies of Western America, the valleys of Japan, of the pampas of the Argentine Republic. Indeed he seems to have followed Sir Walter Scott's idea of always visiting the scenes of his writings. Before he published his "Maid of Athens" (the scene of which is laid in Greece) he resided for several weeks in the Greek capital, visiting the Acropolis, the plain of Marathon, etc., and became personally acquainted with all the chief features of the "City of the Violet Crown" which he so graphically describes. Perhaps the clearness of his descriptive power is nowhere seen to better advantage than in his description of the City of San Francisco, in his novel "Lady Judith." Like Lever, Justin McCarthy is a very close observer, and many of his characters (notably in "A Fair Saxon" and "The Dictator") are taken from real life. It is a pity that Mr. McCarthy has not devoted more of his splendid ability to Irish subjects, but he has certainly done a great deal to elevate the tone of the English society novel.

The various phases of the political history of Ireland have, of course, supplied a wide field for several bright story writers, such as "The Untenanted Graves" and "The Home by Sleiv-na-mon," two pathetic tales of the Irish famine by Charles J. Kickham, one of which was written by him while in prison. William O'Brien, M. P., has also produced an interesting book (written in prison), a stirring tale of the Fenian rising in 1867 entitled "When We Were Boys."

It is to the credit of Irish writers that their works are always pure and healthy reading. They are quite free from those indelicacies which make the heads of families look askance at the average novel. We have no instance on record where an Irish writer has descended to the ribaldry of Fielding or the unmanly indecencies of a Wycherley or Congreve. It seems at the present time that the English novel has a tendency to lower its moral tone, or, that some of the more modern English authors imported their style from France, and that this imported style had suffered considerably from the sea voyage. That the Irish novelists have so far escaped this taint may be, to a certain extent, due to the circumstances under which they have to publish. Irish works as a rule are never very popular in the sister island and must therefore be published at home and the guardians of the faith and morals of the Irish people watch their charge so very jealously, that if any Irish writer dared for a moment to transgress the bounds of decency his reputation would be ruined and like Iago in "Othello" "his occupation would be gone."

WHERE IRELAND BEATS ENGLAND.

What She Makes Is Genuine—Irish Products Under English Names.

(From Answers.)

Most Englishmen are under the impression that the only thing in which Ireland beats them is in bogs and the number of its emigrants. And even among Irishmen themselves the belief prevails that in industry and commerce they take a very back seat.

As a matter of fact, considering the dearth of capital and the political unrest under which the Emerald Isle labors, she has good reasons to be proud of herself. Handicapped as Ireland is, she can boast of the largest ship building and the largest brewery concerns in the world, of supplying half the people of these islands with their linen collars, tablecloths, handkerchiefs and shirts, of placing on their breakfast table the choicest bacon and butter—although these generally masquerade as products of Wiltshire and Dorset—and of beating the Scotch high-land with their famous "John Jameson."

There is nothing of which England and Scotland are more proud than their skill in building ships. But neither the Tyne, the Clyde, nor the Mersey can show anything equal to the shipbuilding yard of Harland & Wolf, of Belfast. For four successive years this firm held the highest place in the world as regards the amount of tonnage launched. Only forty years ago the factory was so small that its total of employes amounted to less than 100 men. At present it employs 9,000, which probably means that it is the life and support of some 20,000 men, women and children—the population of a good-sized town. The works cover eighty acres, and include such a host of carpenters' and joiners' shops, painters' shops, cabinetmakers' shops, upholsterers' shops, boat-building sheds, drying kilns, engine works, etc., that the visitor thinks he is in a large manufacturing town rather than in a single factory. All the ships of the White Star line were built here, including the famous Teutonic and Majestic. The largest vessel for commercial purposes afloat was completed at Belfast last year. She is now engaged in the cattle trade, and carries the enormous burden of 10,000 tons. Several gunboats and torpedo boats have also been built by Messrs. Harland & Wolf for the navy; and cruisers and battleships have been ordered by them. And we do not hear of that accident so common in the English fleet, the breakdown of machinery, ever occurring to those ships which have got their machinery in Belfast.

Nothing in the nature of "shoddy" ever comes from Ireland, in fact that is why the Canadian, in his Irish frieze coat and Donegal stockings, defies the winter; why "Balbriggan" hose—a dozen pairs of which would wear as long as the Queen's reign—are imitated by not only English but German manufacturers; why Irish tweeds find their way all over the continent, and why Irish stout has a foreign export greater than the total export from England, Scotland and Wales.

Guinness' brewery hardly needs description. It is probably the best existing proof that all Ireland needs to make her a great industrial nation is a few dozen men of capital and energy. No commercial company in the world can show such a record as that of Guinness' during the past ten years. The enormous trade of this firm may be understood from the fact that their products pay half a million pounds excise every year. Although only one out of the 13,000 British breweries, they produce one barrel in twenty of the total British brew. It takes 67,000 acres to grow the 2,500,000 bushels of barley (one-third of the whole produce of Ireland) which they use annually. They have storage for 1,000,000 bushels of malt and 20,000 "pockets" of hop; they have nine miles of water mains and 150 horses; employ forty hands to make barrels alone, 2,500 hands altogether and have a printing press that turns out 100,000,000 labels annually. And they "lick creation" in making stout.

Another industry in which Ireland excels is linen making. A London outfitter told the writer that every high-class linen shirt, collar and handkerchief in the London shops comes from the North of Ireland. France has a reputation for turning out a finer quality than Belfast, but the best "French" goods are really Irish, and that amusing story is true of the Belfast manufacturers' wife, who brought home some beautiful handkerchiefs from Paris, and asked her husband why he could not make goods

like them. On examination he found they were part of a lot he had recently exported. The annual produce of linen must be worth little short of £15,000,000, and the size of the factories may be known from the fact that two of the chief Belfast concerns employ 9,000 hands between them.

Paraphrasing the saying that "whatever is Irish is good," its Limerick and Waterford bacon has one rival—Wiltshire; and the quantities of the Irish article consumed in England are the best proof of how it is appreciated. Unfortunately, some Irish provision merchants are, intentionally or otherwise, leagued together to defame Irish produce; and they sell the best Irish bacon under the name of Wiltshire. Just as they sell thousands of tons of the choicest Irish butter as Dorset and Danish, while to inferior grades, and no doubt to American products, they give the name "Irish." Why do not the Irish dairies combine with the bacon factories and establish shops all over London? If the movement were universal we should soon have half of England breakfasting on Waterford bacon and Tipperary butter, lunching off Matterson's sausages—of which two ounces are equal to a pound of London bread and fat—and dining off Limerick hams.

There is one Irish product which Englishmen certainly appreciate, even under its own patronymic. England drinks 3,000,000 gallons of Irish whiskey annually. Even Scotland—and Scotchmen are epicures in alcohol—takes 500,000 gallons from across the water. And this is one of the things in which all Irishmen agree with their English neighbors, for they practically drink nothing but their own distilling, getting only 60,000 gallons altogether from England and Scotland. Probably Jameson's whiskey is the best distilled on the whole globe. It is the highest-priced in the market, anyhow, and commands as much as 10s a gallon in bond. The produce of this article in Ireland, however, does not quite equal that of Scotland, chiefly because the Irishman only drinks about two-thirds as much whiskey as the Scotchman. There are twenty-seven distilleries in Ireland, which manufacture nearly 8,000,000 gallons annually. Four millions they drink at home; they send 3,000,000 gallons to England, over half a million to Scotland, and about a quarter of a million direct to the colonies and foreign countries. In eight years Ireland has contributed no less than £31,000,000 to the exchequer.

One last product let me mention. You may go to Carrara for marble; but if you want the most beautiful green serpentine in the world you will find it in Galway; if you want black marble that cannot be equalled you can get it from the shores of Lough Corrib; and nowhere will you find anything to beat the beautiful red marble of Donegal, the blue and yellow marble of Armagh, the purple and white of Cork and the variegated marble found in Kerry, near Tralee. It is admitted that the most beautiful stones in the "Albert Memorial" in Hyde Park, are the four specimens of Irish granite; while the Thames embankment is a perpetual illustration of the excellence of Dalkey granite.

A NECESSARY CORRECTION.

N. Y. Freeman's Journal: A newspaper writer is frequently at the mercy of the printer's imp and his particles, criminals, the careless proofreader. Between them they made us say last week as follows:

"The Catholic believes, with a most profound conviction than the Protestant, that the Bible is the Word of God, but he believes it for the same reason that the great St. Augustine did, mainly, because the true Church of Christ teaches him that it is the Word of God."

Here it will be seen that the substitution of the word "mainly" for the word "namely" takes the whole pith and point out of our statement. It requires 16-to-1 patience sometimes to preserve the sweetness of the milk of human kindness.

St. Augustine did not believe the Bible mainly because the Church told him to. He believed it solely and for no other reason than that the Church told him to; and that is the only logical and sufficient reason why we can today believe the Bible to be the Word of God.

Biliousness, Fever and Ague.

So pleasantly do Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills search out and drive away the seeds of disease that all persons living in a country where fever and ague and all other bilious diseases are prevalent, will find they should never be without them. From two to four pills each night upon going to bed, will in a short time, drive away the sickly yellow look of bilious persons, and bring to their cheeks a beautiful glow of perfect health. Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills are sold by all dealers in medicine.