

GENERAL, DOCTOR, PRIEST

A Famous American General Becomes a Priest.

Father William Olmsted, now a priest of the Order of the Holy Cross, with headquarters at Notre Dame, Indiana, is now in New York, the guest of the pastor of St. Andrew's church, of that city.

Father Olmsted is a native of Albany, having been born at the old family residence on Division street, between Green and Pearl streets, over sixty-six years ago.

It is expected that during the visit of Father Olmsted, East, he will visit the city of his birth for the purpose of celebrating the divine mysteries of the mass which will likely be offered at the Cathedral, which edifice the venerable priest often visited in his boyhood before his conversion to the church.

The New York Sun commenting on Father Olmsted's visit to the metropolis has the following to say:

The Rev. William Olmsted, a man of somewhat remarkable history; will celebrate mass on Sunday next in St. Andrew's Roman Catholic church at Duane street and City Hall place. Father Olmsted was known until a few months ago as Dr. Olmsted, and before that as Gen. Olmsted. He fought through the Civil war and was promoted Brigadier-General. He has traveled around the world twice. He was a division superintendent of the New York Central Railroad at one time, again a physician, at another time a surgeon on a Western railroad. He has fought the Indians and has done missionary work among them; finally he became a Catholic priest. He has made a success of everything he has undertaken.

Father Olmsted is almost six feet in height and he has clear-cut features and white hair. His ancestors settled in the United States in 1632. He is an orator, but he has made up his mind to remain in quietude. He came to New York to spend the holidays as the guest of the pastor of St. Andrew's.

Father Olmsted was born in New York State sixty-six years ago, and as a youth he studied civil engineering in Troy. In 1861 he went to the war as a Captain in the Second Infantry Regiment of New York Volunteers. In different capacities he fought in many battles and he was in all of the battles in which the Army of the Potomac took part from Petersburg to the surrender of Lee. After his regiment was mustered out he became a student of medicine and later was connected as a physician with the Union Pacific, the Denver and Rio Grande, and the Fort Worth and Texas railroads. In 1881 he dropped business and studied for the priesthood. He was ordained on Feb. 8 of this year at Notre Dame, Ind. He is a member of the G.A.R., the Royal Legion, the Empire State Society of the Sons of the American Revolution, and of the Society of Colonial Wars.

Father Olmsted said that life was too short for a man to do any talking about himself.

SECRET OF GERMAN CATHOLIC PROGRESS.

In his lecture at the Australian Catholic Congress, Very Rev. Father Treney, V.G., thus explained the secret of success which has enabled the Catholics to secure such a strong position in Germany. A few years ago, when travelling through America on a long train journey from Salt Lake City to Chicago, he fell in with a very interesting companion, a German Catholic, a highly informed and most intelligent man. And, speaking of the triumph of religion in the German Empire, especially of recent years, the German said with great earnestness and emphasis:

"If the Catholic Church in any country can best of its increase in perfect organization, in numerical strength and Christian education under God is mainly due to the circulation and influence of the Catholic press and books. Along the valley of the Rhine, where was situated my ancestral home, and as I am aware,

forward to with an anxiety an ex- in every parish in Germany, the arrival of the weekly Catholic paper in every Catholic household was looked upon as a long-absent member of the family were returning home." Father Treney's exclamation: "Would that the same could be said of every Catholic home!" will, we are sure, be echoed by those in Europe who read the statement of his German travelling companion.

THE FRENCH CLERGY

It is very comforting to read in The Catholic Champion (Protestant Episcopalian) of December, which our readers, perhaps, do not know is now a Roman Catholic Champion, such a sympathetic account of the French clergy and, incidentally, such a vindication of the Catholicity of the people. The article is by W. Tuzo Alston, and was written for The Church Review.

The French Government, he tells us, rules the temporalities of the Church with an iron hand. The same iron hand, by the way, is continually closing on as much of those coveted temporalities as it conveniently can, without giving too much of a shock to the world's feelings. If the world can be credited with any such weakness about the Church.

It pays salaries to the Bishops of between \$750 and \$2,000 from which princely income they are handsomely supposed to defray their household and travelling expenses. As this money comes from expropriated church property, and does not belong to the state at all, and never did, the generosity is quite distressing. The parish priests receive between \$200 and \$250 a year. But a much greater number receive nothing whatever. They are supported by the people, and that fact ought to close the lips of those who are continually boasting of the "voluntary system" as if it were peculiar to countries like our own. Evidently the people there are not backward in fulfilling their duty.

We are glad to hear from The Champion that "the French priests as a body deserve the admiration of the Christian world. Their wonderful self-devotion, their virtuous and blameless lives in the face of terrible odds and opposition and poverty proclaim them to be the most apostolic clergy in the world." It is strange to learn from such a source that this condition of things "is suspected in great measure to the compulsory retreats of ten days which are the rule in all dioceses." He is right. That certainly is the explanation of it, and the extension of the retreats to ten days may be an inspiration to some as well as a revelation.

It is not surprising, therefore, to hear that "in spite of the anti-religious press, irreligious education, and hostility of the State, religious vocations are plentiful. Although seminarians are obliged to enter the army the effect, has been, much to the dismay of the government, to increase the influence of the Church among the soldiers rather than to destroy ecclesiastical life, though, as was to be expected, there have been some defections to deplorable.

This unprejudiced observer gives us good news also of the condition of Catholicity among the people. "Go to any cathedral," he says, "in a religious part of the country, between five and nine in the morning and see the crowded altars and frequent communicants, and listen to the feet of those who come in for a few moments to say a prayer before they begin their day's work, and you will be convinced of the vigor of their Catholic life."

"The Church in France is quite awake to her mission, and does not propose to continue indefinitely the starved and strangled condition bequeathed to her by the Revolution. That of which the Revolution has robbed her, which the State refuses to recognize, she is endeavoring gradually, to restore to herself on her own account, and on her own responsibility." Most of us forget the awful disaster that fell upon the Church there only a hundred years ago, and we are too impatient about their slowness in organizing.—Messenger of the Sacred Heart.

Very Rev. William H. Kotelnik of the See of Oshkosh, who resides at Antlers, in the Indian Territory, but is visiting Washington on official business, will probably be appointed in January as head of the Catholic Bureau of the United States. He will succeed the venerable Mgr. Thomas Stephan, who has resigned because of advanced age and feeble health.

Good Digestion should wait on Appetite.—To have the stomach well is to have the nervous system well. Very delicate are the digestive organs. In some so sensitive are they that atmospheric changes affect them. When they become disarranged no better regulator is procurable than Panacea's Vegetable Pills. They will assist the digestion so that the hearty eater will suffer no inconvenience and will derive all the benefits of his food.

GLORIOUS SPOT OF IRISH GENIUS

Notes of the Far Famed Giant's Causeway and the Lakes of Killarney.

True to my promise, in this present article I am going to attempt to give the readers of the Catholic Register some faint idea of the unrivalled natural beauty of the world-famed Giant's Causeway, a monumental product of nature which has challenged the attention and admiration of travellers from all land from time immemorial. Things that art and skill have fashioned into objects of unique beauty and design attract and win our praise, but when we stand in the presence of wondrous formations bearing the impress of man's handiwork, and yet we know that mortal hands had no act or part in their formation, we experience a feeling of awe which we cannot account for nor adequately express in words.

If we are returning to our native land, from Canada of the United States, and pursuing our way towards the main object of our visit, namely, the Giant's Causeway, let us skip the intervening spaces that lie between, and imagine ourselves in the very presence of the wondrous formation to whose base we are climbing by a rudely fashioned pathway which is fearless and without protection, so much so that people of nervous temperament almost shudder on looking into the chasms below. Despite the inconvenience we hear no complaints for we realize that we are nearing the object that we have read so much about, and the sight of which has thrilled visitors from all countries. As you gaze at the three miles of basaltic columns, which are respectively designated the middle, the little, and the grand Causeway; you are directly face to face with the famous structure in bulk, and as you look in wonderment on the historic object you are irresistibly drawn closer to it and by some mysterious impulse you are constrained to examine in detail its huge columns and pillars, said to comprise some 40,000 in all, standing perpendicularly, and having for the greater part six or seven sides, each, while only a few have four and eight sides, and a single one, in the whole group, of three sides. The mystified onlooker is puzzled to conceive how the enormous basaltic columns, which seem to rise abruptly from the sea, could have been so securely placed upon their base in such regularity and symmetrical form, and so exactly proportioned as to suggest well matured scientific plans and specifications wrought out by some of the foremost architects of the age.

As you examine closer you see that, at certain intervals, the columns are dejected, the curved portion of one section fitting admirably into the concave part of the next, again suggestive of uniformity of design and method. How deep the base of the column penetrates into the earth, and how far they extend landward, and seaward, seems so far to be unknown. The surface, however, is not uniform, as some of the columns are higher, some lower, while some stretch landward as far as the base of the semi-circular hillsides and thus are swallowed up and lost to human sight. In the sea. The puzzle seems to increase the longer you study the wonderful combinations and the apparent skillful artistic conceptions and plans, and as you rack your brain for some plausible explanation or theory of your own to account for a work that looks exactly like the effort of human ingenuity, you fall completely to evade anything feasible or satisfactory, and as a pleasing substitute you readily surrender your opinions to the legends and ancient tales which connect the celebrated Irish Giant, Fin McCool, with the construction of the Causeway. Every school boy knows the history of this renowned hero, who was the mightiest and bravest man of his country and race. His championship had remained long undisturbed till a Scottish rival dared to oppose him and set himself up as his match in any sort of contest where valor and strength showed to advantage. On hearing this, Fin's Irish blood warmed over to the boiling point, and he forth with challenged the Scotch pretender to mortal combat; it was to be a veritable "fight to a finish," and as the Scotch giant had a dislike for wet feet in crossing the channel, Fin at once removed the difficulty by building the Causeway as a safe and dry mode of transit for his opponent. The historical record is not explicit as to the outcome, nor is it even verified that the hostile meeting ever occurred, but if sheer imagination can carry us the length of believing that victory remained with Fin McCool, for his prowess was acknowledged throughout the Kingdom, and on many famous fields he vindicated his character as being one of the greatest champions Ireland had produced. If this pleasing theory of the Imagi-

erent for the construction of the Giant's Causeway, it must be also conceded that he was a first-class architect and engineer as well as a redoubtable duelist on the field of honor.

Examined and explained under any of its aspects, and according to any theory you please, the Giant's Causeway is a marvel, and it has been so regarded from time immemorial, and probably will be so considered till time shall be no more.

No explanation, or feasible theory to satisfactorily account for its existence has yet been advanced by the learned scientists, who have written so much about it. The inevitable conclusion is that puny scientists, despite their pretensions, cannot successfully grapple with, nor explain the origin and existence of things created by the hand of Nature and Providence.

Turning from one product of bountiful nature to another of an entirely opposite kind, we transfer our thoughts to the world famous Lakes of Killarney, where, in striking contrast to the wondrous formations of rocks on the bold headlands of the northern coast, we see the calm, the sweet and lovely operations of Nature amidst scenes of unrivalled beauty, in placid lakes, islands, fairy like nooks and dells, huge trees, delicately tinted flowers, rich foliage, and spots of verdure endowed by Nature's special bounty, sometimes in perfect harmony of delicate coloring and grouping, again in bold contrast, yet captivating to the eye and senses. When this scene of Sylvan beauty, soft, restful, and entrancing, is viewed in peaceful and reflective mood it does good to the body and spirit, for it injects new life and cheerfulness into the mind and heart, and in the breast of the true Celtic Irishman it begets feelings of pride and pleasure and better hopes, for in the presence of such natural grandeur the true Celt begins to realize that his own country, as far as Nature and Providence have endowed it, is the peer of any nation in the world.

Killarney has for centuries drawn together strangers and tourists from all parts of Europe and America, and from all nations of the earth, experienced strangers and seasoned travellers have investigated its claims as to its ranking amongst the most favored spots on the globe, and, tried by the severest test, its claims have been upheld.

The transference of the Kenmare estate to other owners, for a while disturbed the public mind lest the sordid greed of gain might induce avaricious men to turn this valuable asset of Nature's making into an agency for making money, at the public expense by charging a fee to look upon what ought to be as free as the air we breathe. Happily, however, the property has fallen into the hands of one of the Dublin, Guinness, a gentleman whose nobility of soul will prevent such a misfortune. Not so, with the Giant's Causeway, for the owners of that soil have already invoked the law to enable them to levy upon the tourists, so as to make a profit out of a sight of the wondrous works of Nature. Avarice could hardly go further.

WILLIAM ELLISON.

CAPTAIN SUTTON.

On account of the death on board the S.S. Roslyn Castle of Capt. Sutton, who was married to a daughter of Judge Rouleau, of Quebec, there was but a very quiet reception to the Quakers, who returned from South Africa.

Capt. Sutton was an Englishman by birth, a native of South Cerney, in Gloucestershire. His father was an Anglican clergyman, his mother a daughter of Lady Rathven. He passed through the Cavalry School in Quebec and the Kingston Military College, subsequently becoming attached to the Royal Canadian Dragoons, with whom he served in both Toronto and Winnipeg. He joined the Catholic Church prior to his marriage with Miss Rouleau, in 1893, and received the last rites of the Church from Father Shonott, the chaplain on board the Roslyn Castle.

The utmost sympathy is felt for the family. Flags were at half-mast, and a grand reception to have been held by the daughters of Chief Justice Sir N. Casault, were cancelled. The remains of the deceased left Halifax on Friday in charge of a guard of honor, commanded by Col. Lessard, of the Royal Canadian Dragoons. The interment on Saturday, after a grand Requiem Mass in the Basilica. The funeral, in charge of the military authorities, was a very imposing affair.

ALWAYS ON HAND.—Mr. Thomas H. Porter, Lower Ireland, P.Q., writes: "My son, 18 months old, had cough so bad that, nothing gave him relief until a neighbor brought me some of Dr. Thomas' Eucalyptic Oil, which I gave him, and in six hours he was cured. It is the best medicine I ever used, and I would not be without a bottle of it in my house."

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The Pope has created Mme. Antonio de Mer. y Collis, the widow of the late Minister of Mexico to France, a Duchess in recognition of her magnificent gifts to the Church, one of them being a splendid residence in Paris for the Papal Nuncio. Mme. Mer has recently given her husband's valuable collection of books to the National Library of Mexico. Mme. Mer left her great residence and grounds in Mexulya, a suburb of this city, for a hospital.

BOUCANDS LIKE HER.—Tena McLeod, Severn Bridge, writes: "I owe a debt of gratitude to Dr. THOMAS' EUCALYPTIC OIL for curing me of a severe cold that troubled me nearly all last winter. In order to give a outlet to a hacking cough, take a dose of Dr. THOMAS' EUCALYPTIC OIL three a day, or oftener if the cough spells render it necessary."

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