

The Catholic Register.

"Truth is Catholic; proclaim it ever, and God will effect the rest."—BALMEZ.

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ADDRESS PRESENTED

By the Irish National Federation of America to Mgr. Cleary.

THE ARCHBISHOP'S STIRRING REPLY.

On Monday afternoon a committee representing the Irish National Federation of America waited upon Archbishop Cleary at New York and presented His Grace with the following address after Dr. Thomas Addis Emmett had spoken a few words of welcome.

Most Rev. Archbishop—We called as representatives of the Irish National Federation of America to thank you for the magnificent services you have rendered the Irish cause in Canada. We thank you not alone for the financial support rendered, but even more for that stalwart patriotism that refuses to believe that the best way to help the national cause is to desert it in the hour of sorest trial, that the best way to support the right is to abandon it the moment error presents itself, or that the best way to encourage the Irish people to suppress discord is to desert them on the eve of possible victory. Not unmindful of the weakness of human agencies in all things, you have pointed out to us that the difficulties that beset Ireland in her struggle for self government are not uncommon, but are those which afflict all people in their struggle for national freedom. In your archdiocese you have set the standard of financial support at a generous figure in proportion to the wealth of your people, and the wisdom of your counsel and the lines of present duty which you have announced, and in which you have so gallantly led your priests and people, have appealed to the heart of every Irish Nationalist. Again most Rev. Archbishop, permit me in the name of the Irish National Federation of America to thank you for the opportunity afforded us to make this acknowledgment personally and officially. (Signed) Thomas Addis Emmett, President.

Archbishop Cleary replied to the following effect:— "Gentlemen—I have had no opportunity to prepare a formal reply to your address, but I will say that it is very agreeable to me to receive such worthy gentlemen, representing the Irish National Federation of America. I do not deserve all the kind things you say in regard to my services to the Irish home rule cause. The people of Irish birth or descent in my archdiocese are comparatively poor; but they cherish the patriotic spirit of their race, and are always ready from their scanty means to contribute to the aid of the Irish national cause. They give generously for that purpose. Our French fellow-citizens also contribute freely, for, observing how Canada has prospered under home government, they are desirous that Ireland should enjoy a like opportunity for her advancement. Although some reforms have been granted her, much remains to be done. Despite Mr. Gladstone's efforts to redress Ireland's grievances, the country is still suffering under burdens which home rule would remove. As regards practical aid to the home rule movement, I would observe that Toronto

gave \$4,500 at the first meeting, when Mr. Blake and myself visited that city. Every priest in my diocese has subscribed to the home rule fund, although we have among us clergymen of various nationalities. We are united in supporting the Irish people in the attainment of their rights. We hope that all obstacles in the way of union will disappear. Success depends on it. Any man who does not see and acknowledge that fact should not be elected to Parliament. (Applause.)

It is charged that the Irish people are naturally prone to dissension. But when a movement is threatened with ruin from internal strife, that is the time for good men to rally to its support and overcome all such obstacles to its triumphant success. In the face of powerful interests hostile to home rule, it is the bounden duty of all men of the Irish race at home and abroad to combine for its support and present a solid front to their antagonists. (Applause.) When the principle is adopted that the majority must rule in order to maintain unity of action, then every member of the Irish Parliamentary party should act accordingly or resign. (Applause.) It is charged that the Irish people, through instability of character, are unfitted for self government. Tell me of any people that were oppressed as they have been that were not plagued with internal strife. Wherever a people are denied self government you will find them a prey to dissension, because such quarrels are fostered by the conditions under which the people are ruled. Other countries cannot justly accuse the Irish people with unfitness for self government because of internal dissensions. In France there have been scenes of bitter strife. England herself has had her civil wars. She cannot honestly look Ireland in the face and accuse her of inability to manage her own affairs because of differences among her people. All the great reforms won in England during the present century have been attended by party warfare of the bitterest kind. In conclusion, I thank you for the compliment you have paid me and my people. We could not do otherwise than we have done, for we cherish the motives of our childhood. The name of Ireland is interwoven with our joys and our sorrows. In this critical hour we hold that the entire Irish race should rally unitedly to secure for Ireland the inestimable blessing of home government. (Applause.)

A Recruit.

The Irish Parliamentary Party have a prominent member coming from Canada, another coming from Australia, and are soon to have one from New York. Mr. Bourke Cockran, the famous Tammany orator, has gone thither and is desirous of becoming a member of the House of Commons.

The disruption of Tammany fell heavily upon its leaders. Cockran became involved in quarrels with the sachems, the result of which was a set-back politically. He was the greatest orator in that singular political camp and by his speeches gave to its operations whatever semblance of righteousness it enjoyed. He has been an able member of the House of Representatives and would no doubt be a valuable acquisition to the Home Rulers.

TOM MOORE.

Three Entertaining Views of his Personality.

A COURTIER, A PATRIOT, AND A DEVOTED HUSBAND.

A wealth of love and understanding is often put into the abbreviation of a name. It is only in print that one ever descends to the commonplace of dignified "Thomas Moore." To all who really know and love him this bard of love, of joy and of youth is always familiar, gay "Tom Moore."

There are two word pictures of the poet which are not easily forgotten. One is given by Wals Moore's appearance at a dinner at Lady Blessington's. "Mr. Moore," cried the footman, at the bottom of the staircase. "Mr. Moore," cried the footman at the top, and with his glass at his eye, stumbling over an ottoman between his near-sightedness and the darkness of the room, enters the poet. Half a glance tells you he is at home on the carpet. Sliding his little feet up to Lady Blessington he made his compliments with a gaiety and ease combined with a kind of worshipping deference that was of a prime minister at the court of love.

Nothing but a short hand report could retain the delicacy and elegance of Moore's language, and memory itself cannot embody again the kind of frost-work of imagery which was formed and melted on his lips. He makes no attempt at music. It is a kind of admirable recitative, in which every shade of thought is syllabled and dwelt upon, and the sentiment of the song gets through your blood, warming you to the very eyelids, and starting your tears if you have a soul or sense in you. I have heard of a woman's fainting at a song of Moore's, and if the burden of it answered by chance to a secret in the bosom of the listener the heart would break with it. We all sat around the piano, and after two or three songs of Lady Blessington's choice, he rambled over the keys awhile, and sang "When first I met thee," with a pathos that beggars description. When the last word had faltered out, he rose and took Lady Blessington's hand, said good night and was gone before a word was uttered. For a full minute after he had closed the door, no one spoke. I could have wished for myself to drop silently asleep where I sat, with the tears in my eyes, and the softness upon my heart.

"Here's a health to thee, Tom Moore!"

This is Moore, the pet of London society, here and lion of the hour. The other picture is a simpler one but equally characteristic and given in a few words, naively enough, by himself. While living in the country his wife Bessy and he had been one day invited to a dinner at a neighboring great house (and how Bessy hated those dinners of great folk!). They started from their modest little cottage but on getting near the place found they were half an hour too early. "So," says Moore, "we set to practicing country dances in the middle of a retired green lane." The gay

little poet balancing and whirling and Bessy with skirts plucked up and cheeks aglow must have been a sight for the birds indeed. Doubtless the laziest and most impotent of them must have sat on the edge of their nests to watch, possibly to point a moral for their young offspring in this charming conjugal scene. Certes Bessy got more enjoyment out of the dance than out of the stately dinner that followed.

These two scenes give the two sides to the character of Tom Moore. His enemies, though he had but few, sometimes sneeringly said of him, "Tommy dearly loved a lord." The sneer was undeserved, but he was certainly at home in the highest society; yet he always left it gaily to return with renewed ardor to Bessy and to home. The poet of Love, he was always (O shade of Ovid!) the devoted lover of his wife!

Trinity College was, at the time of Moore's entry, the scene of many a plot and conspiracy hatched by youthful patriotism. Robert Emmet, chivalrous and fated, was the leader of the Historical Society and already in high repute not only for his learning and eloquence, but also for the blamelessness of his life and the grave suavity of his manners. Fealty to the crown was certainly not the dominant tone of that band of brilliant young Irishmen of whom Emmet was the head, and Moore tells that on one occasion as he was playing some old Irish airs, Emmet, who had seated himself beside him, suddenly started up as if from a reverie at that spirited tune "Let Erin remember the days of old," exclaiming "Oh, that I were at the head of 20,000 men, marching to that air!"

Father Phelan's Comment.

Mgr. Satolli says he can't do it; and he refers the preachers to Archbishop Keen. The insulted Christian Endeavor courting girls will now be told to ask the St. Louis prelate for our head on a dish. Failing to get it here the Asbury Park Herodians say they will demand our beautiful blonde topknot from the Holy Father himself. Do the girls want thus to silence the monitor? All this comes of the sweet deers not knowing us. — Western Watchman.

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