

# TESTIS IN COELO FIDELIS

# The True Witness

## CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

VOL. XXIX.—NO. 41.

MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, MAY 28, 1879.

TERMS: \$1.50 per annum in advance.

### Poetry That Sounds Like a Sigh.

[By FATHER RYAN.]

Go where the sea waves are kissing the shore,  
And ask them why do they sigh?  
The poets have asked them a thousand times  
Over,  
But they're kissing the shore as they've kissed  
it before,  
And they're sighing to-day, and they'll sigh  
it tomorrow,  
Ask them what ails them—they will not reply,  
"Why does your poetry sound like a sigh?"  
The waves will not tell you—neither shall I.

Go, stand on the beach of the broad boundless  
deep,  
When the night stars are gleaming on high,  
And hear how the billows are moaning in sleep,  
On the low-lying strand by the surge-beating  
steep;  
They're moaning forever, wherever they sweep,  
Ask them what ails them—they never reply:  
They moan and so sadly, but will not tell why,  
"Why does your poetry sound like a sigh?"  
The billows won't answer you—neither shall I.

Go, list to the breeze, at the waning of day,  
When it passes and murmurs "Good bye,"  
The dear little breeze! how it wishes to stay  
Where the flowers are in bloom, where the sing-  
ing birds play:  
How it sighs as it lilies on its wearisome way,  
Ask it what ails it—it will not reply:  
The voice is a sad one—it will not tell why,  
"Why does your poetry sound like a sigh?"  
The breeze will not answer you—neither shall I.

Go, watch the wild blasts as they spring from  
their lair,  
When the shout of the storm rends the sky;  
They rush o'er the earth and ride through the  
air,  
And they blight with their breath all that's  
lovely and fair,  
Ask them what ails them—they never reply:  
Their voices are mournful, they will not tell  
why,  
"Why does your poetry sound like a sigh?"  
The blasts will not answer you—neither shall I.

Go, stand on the rivulet's ill-fringed side,  
And list where the waters rush by,  
The streamlets, which forest trees shadow and  
hijie,  
And the rivers that roll in their oceanward tide  
Are mourning forever wherever they glide,  
Ask them what ails them—they will not reply,  
On, and voiced, they flow, but they never tell  
why,  
"Why does your poetry sound like a sigh?"  
Earth's streams will not answer—neither  
shall I.

When the shadows of twilight are grey on the  
hill,  
And dim where the low valleys lie,  
Go, list to the woe of the wild whip-poor-will,  
That sings with the songs of the sisters still  
And wails through the darkness so sadly and  
shrill,  
Ask them what ails it—it will not reply,  
It wails sad as ever—but never tell why,  
"Why does your poetry sound like a sigh?"  
The bird will not answer thee—neither shall I.

Go, list to the voices of earth, air and sea,  
And the voices that sound in the sky:  
Their songs may be joyful to some, but to me  
They're a sigh in each chord, and it sigh in each  
key,  
And thousands of sighs swell the great melody,  
Ask them what ails them—they will not reply,  
They sigh—sigh for ever—but never tell why,  
"Why does your poetry sound like a sigh?"  
The voices won't answer thee—neither shall I.

### CATHOLIC NEWS.

A conference of the clergy of the Deanery of Anghrim was held, Very Rev. Dr. Derry presiding.

The Most Rev. Dr. Moran, Lord Bishop of Ossory, arrived at the Irish College, Rome, on Thursday, the 1st inst.

IMITATION ON CROSS-EXAMINATIONS BY A ROWDY ADVOCATE.—Witness are like steaks—the more you beat them the easier they are to digest.

A special telegram from Rome says: Rev. G. Logue, Professor, Maynooth, has been appointed by the Propaganda to the See of Raphoe.

The death is announced, at Drogheda, of the Very Rev. P. V. Moatthe, O. P. The deceased priest was born in Drogheda in 1820. He went to Lisbon in 1839 and was ordained in 1843.

The parochial clergy of Kilkenny acknowledge the receipt of £100, free of legacy duty, bequeathed by the late Miss Ellen Lalor, for the improvement of St. Patrick's Church, Ballyragget.

In North Worcestershire, England, snow fell on May 1, and the Clent Hills were covered with the fall. Vegetation is very backward, owing to the continuance of cold weather, and the season is several weeks behind the average.

The Passionist Fathers commenced missions at Cork, Cappoquin and Newry. The following Fathers are engaged in the work: Rev. Frs. Austin, Athanasius, Anthony, Aloysius, Bernardine, Daniel, Eustache, Isidore, Norbert, Pius, and Sylvester.

The late Mr. Patrick Brady, grocer, of Chancery-place, Dublin, has by his will bequeathed £100 to Canon McMahon, P. P. of St. Michael's parish, equally for the poor of the parish and the Female Penitential Asylum in Lower Gloucester street. Also £50 for the poor of Drumgoon, County Cavan.

Most of the wine used in England for the Holy Communion in Roman Catholic Churches, comes from the vineyards of the English colleges of Lisbon and Valladolid, and is white; but elsewhere red wine is usual. The Roman Catholic and Episcopal Churches have no rule as to the color, but demand pure juice of the grape.

A German inventor proposes to make boots that will never wear out. He mixes with a waterproof glue a suitable quantity of clean quartz sand, which is spread on the thin leather soles employed as a foundation. These quartz soles are said to be flexible and almost indestructible, while they enable the wearer to walk safely over slippery roads.

The new Convent of Mercy at New Inn was solemnly inaugurated, when the Archbishop of Cashel attended and preached. The Most Rev. Dr. Fitzgerald, Bishop of Ross, was also present. The building was commenced two years ago. It includes a schoolroom for 300 children, and accommodation for 18 nuns and four lay sisters. The cost has been about £2,500.

The Franciscan Fathers, who gave a most

successful mission at Ballynahill, arranged for a grand open-air procession of the Blessed Sacrament. The procession wended its way from the church after last Mass to a temporary altar a quarter of a mile away, where Benediction was celebrated in presence of thousands of kneeling people. Then the procession returned to the church, all who lined the way kneeling as the canopy came past.

RETREAT AT THE DOMINICAN CHURCH, NEWRY.—A week's retreat of the Arch-confraternity of the Holy Rosary was brought to a close in this church on the 27th ult. The services were conducted by the Rev. Father Smyth, O. P., and were attended by vast crowds, principally young girls, for whom especially the confraternity was established. A general Communion took place in the morning, and about 1,500 members, each wearing the medal and ribbon of the Order, approached the altar.

When, a short time ago, the secret police commissioned a well known writer to produce a series of anti-Nihilist articles, the loyal litterateur is said to have asked for the latest revolutionary pamphlets before setting to work. Imagine his dismay when the parcel that was to contain the subterranean literature, though sealed with the seal of the political police, brought him a letter from the Revolutionary Committee threatening death if he presumed to carry out the Government order.

Dr. Newman has been twice received in audience by the Pope, who expressed his satisfaction to his eminent visitor at the condition of the Catholic Church in England. His Holiness has requested Dr. Newman to draw up a memorandum containing the views which he expressed in these conversations, in order that they may receive proper consideration. Cardinal Nina has also received Dr. Newman very cordially. For the last few days Dr. Newman has been suffering from a cold, which confines him to the English College.

ORINATION OF PRIESTS AT GLASGOW.—At the request of His Grace Archbishop Eyre, who is, we regret to say, somewhat indisposed, the Right Rev. Dr. McLachlan, Bishop of Galloway, ordained as priests in St. Andrew's Pro-cathedral, Glasgow, the Revs. Jas. McCarthy, Thomas Cunningham, and Joseph Van Hoek, who have just completed their theological studies in St. Peter's Seminary, Patrick hill. The Right Rev. Bishop was assisted in the solemn ceremony, which was witnessed by a very large congregation, by the clergy of the Cathedral and of the Seminary, and the Very Rev. Dr. Munro preached a eloquent sermon appropriate to the occasion.

THE ANGELUS BELL.—The Lord Bishop of Ossory has published an interesting pastoral letter, urging devotion to the Blessed Virgin. The following extract will be found interesting as explaining the origin of a pious custom prevailing at the present day.—Each succeeding century presented some special tribute of its reverence and piety to the holy Mother of God. When the Saracens threatened destruction to all the Christian nations, the Angelus began to be tolled at morning, noon and evening, thus all the faithful might unite in offering to her their homage, and invoking her blessing upon the Crusaders. The danger which then threatened Europe has long since been averted; but the Angelus bell is still tolled throughout the Catholic world, inviting each fervent soul to salute the holy Mother of God, and to invoke her blessing on the spiritual crusade in which we are each of us engaged against Satan and this sinful world.

The Future Queen of Spain.  
(From the Pall Mall Gazette, May 2)

The Archduchess Marie Christine Desiree Henriette Felicitie Revere, of Austria, whom rumor mentions as likely to be the second Queen of Alfonso XII. of Spain, is the only daughter of the Archduke Charles Ferdinand of Austria (who died the 20th of November, 1874) by his marriage with the Archduchess Elizabeth, the widow of Archduke Ferdinand Charles Victor of Modena. She was born on the 21st of July, 1858, and is consequently in her twenty-first year. The alliance does not seem to have been seriously entertained at Madrid until the condition of the Infanta Marie Christine had been pronounced hopeless, but from more than one point of view it must be considered a far more suitable match for the King than one with his deceased wife's sister. The Austrian Princess is a few months younger than the King, whereas the Duc de Montpensier's second daughter was more than five years his senior, having been born on the 20th of October, 1852. Her death has now left the Montpensier family without a marriageable daughter, and all the shuffling and scheming of Louis Philippe to bring about his son's union with the Infanta Louisa has ended in disappointment.

Old Letters.

New York, May 20.—In the Tribune of today are printed for the first time the old letters, one written by Horace Greeley, on the plot to assassinate Jefferson Davis, in 1864, by three Union soldiers, and one by General Sherman, the same year, on the origin and the object of war. Greeley's letter is as follows:—Office of Tribune, New York, March 4, 1864.—"Sir, Trust God in all things, and work by his means; I submit that assassination is not among these. You generally mistake in supposing Davis of any special consequence. The monster that is devouring us is slavery, the passion for using the ignorant and simple, not for their own good, but for ours alone. Were this out of our own blood we should very soon see the rebellion crumble, and, as it is, the war will last no longer than we need its trying, and ultimately purifying, influence. Yours, HORACE GREELEY.

Sherman's letter was written from Georgia to an old lady friend in Baltimore. The following is an extract: "My own heart beats as warmly as ever towards these kind and generous families that greeted me with such warm hospitality in days long past," etc. etc.

### Partisan Journalism.

The Montreal Herald has recently been discussing the question of "Independent Journalism," and of course arrives at the conclusion that it is next to an impossibility that such a thing as an independent journal can be, and proves entirely to its own satisfaction, at least, that party journalism is a much superior article. For ourselves, we are of opinion that a newspaper which does not blindly attach itself to either of the contending political parties can exist, and that the public usefulness of such a journal becomes more and more apparent; and such a paper we assert the Spectator has proved itself to be.

An amusing feature in the argument against independent journalism seems to be, that any expression of opinion in such a journal is only to be regarded as the individual opinion of the writer of the article. In the name of

### Official Boredom.

Kingston is making great preparations for the forthcoming visit of the Marquis of Lorne. But it looks like as if there was going to be a plethora of addresses. This is always the unsatisfactory part of a reception. It was the same in Lord Dufferin's case. He could not move a hundred yards without having an address read at him, and some of them were full of the most fulsome sort of flattery. If it be the intention to make the Marquis of Lorne's tour through the country miserable by the presentation of innumerable addresses, this is of all ways the best to accomplish that object. The moment he steps upon the station platform let him be bombarded with addresses from all sorts of societies, and a running fire of addresses can be kept up all the way from the station to the reception hall, where a

### IRISH NEWS.

The strike in the Belfast iron trade has ended so far as the boiler makers are concerned, who resumed work.

An order of the Lord Lieutenant's in the Dublin Gazette revokes the proclamation of the 15th February, 1867, by which the county of Kerry was subjected to the provisions of the Peace Preservation Act.

Mr. H. A. Robinson, Assistant Under-Secretary for Ireland, succeeds Sir A. Power, who has resigned the Vice-Presidency of the Local Government Board, and Dr. Kaye, Q. C., one of the Divisional Police Magistrates, succeeds Mr. Robinson in the Assistant Under-Secretaryship.

Three cases of suicide have just taken place in County Wexford, two in new Ross district, and one at Ballyhilla, within four miles of the town of Enniscorthy. The last case was that of a man named William Hawkins, who lived with his brother, a comfortable farmer, tenant of James Mollat, Esq., J. P.

Seven persons have been arrested on the charge of being concerned in the wrecking of the Christian Brothers' school at Mallow. Warrants have been issued for the arrest of twenty-two others. Notice has been given by the Catholic Bishop of his intention to claim at the next presentation sessions £200 compensation for the damage done.

An Art Exhibition was opened in Waterford recently. The Mayor subsequently entertained 150 distinguished guests to dinner in the court house. The Marquis of Waterford, responding to the toast of "the House of Lords," said Ireland was the only country worth living for. Mr. Delahunty said Irish manufacturers should support twelve millions of inhabitants.

An inquest was held at Drogheda on Monday, by Mr. Costello, borough coroner, on the remains of Mrs. Ellen McCorry, of Stockwell-lane, lodging-house keeper. The deceased, who was rather advanced in years, had made a good deal of money. After full inquiry, and examination of Dr. J. J. Kelly, who made an examination of the body, the jury gave in a verdict of death from natural causes.

Constable Egan and Acting-Constable Bassett, of Ballinacree, arrested two tramps who attempted to force their way into Garbally Demense, the seat of the Earl of Canterbury, contrary to an order of the gatekeeper, who sent for the police, and while being taken to the station violently assaulted the constables. Informations were sworn before Edward W. Fowler, J. P., who committed the tramps to the petty sessions.

A party affray broke out in Corran, just outside the town of Portadown. Which party actually began the hostilities it is impossible to say. The upshot of the affair was that the Roman Catholic party succeeded in breaking through the line of their opponents, but they had their drum broken and several of them were wounded. The police were unable to make any arrests; but a large number of summonses were issued against both parties.

According to the returns obtained by the Royal Irish Constabulary and the Metropolitan Police, who acted as enumerators at the several Irish seaports, the number of emigrants who left the ports of Ireland during the quarter ended 31st March last, amounted to 6,780 males and 2,782 females—being 1,016 less than the number who emigrated during the corresponding quarter of 1878, and 3,400 under the average number in the first quarter of the ten years 1869-78.

The house of Mr. Sinclair, a magistrate and deputy lieutenant, near Stranbane, was subjected to a regular fusillade. Twenty-five bullets were fired at the house, some of the bullets entering Mr. Sinclair's bedroom, and others injuring the furniture in other parts of the house. A watch-dog was killed by one of the shots. Mr. Sinclair happened to be absent on the Continent. Mrs. Sinclair was so terrified that she left the country. One man has been arrested on suspicion.

### Miscellaneous.

—Mr. Henry, inventor of the Martini-Henry rifle barrel and ammunition, is seeking in vain for adequate remuneration from the British War Office for the use of his patents by that Government.

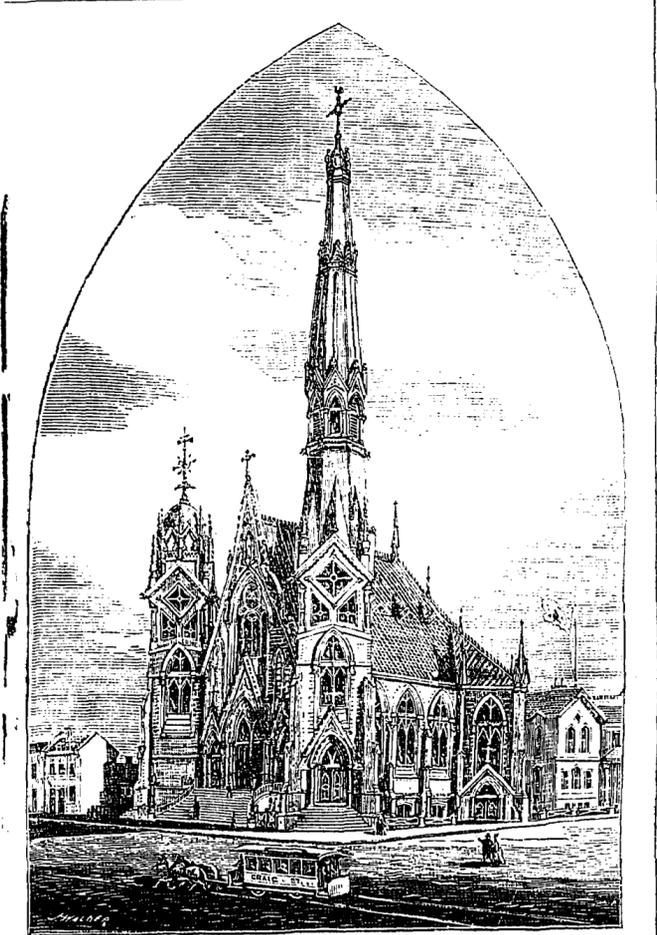
—The production of the salmon canneries of the Pacific coast last year was 584,000 cans, or 29,032,000 pounds. Specimens weighing sixty to seventy-five pounds were caught by the Oregon fishermen. A peculiarity of the Oregon salmon is their contempt for all the anglers' lures. There is no salmon angling on the Oregon rivers. They are sometimes caught by trolling at the mouth of the rivers, but they never take the angler's fly.

—A walking match by two San Francisco men without legs, except wooden ones, proceeded uneventfully for three miles. Then one of the contestants, remarked, in reply to a spectator's question, that his legs had been cut off by a cannon ball. "Guess you mean a mowing machine," said the other pedestrian. "Then the race ended; for the veteran attacked his rival, and a fierce combat closed the contest.

—The London World relates that a complaint was recently made by the Archbishop of Paris that a priest was living at an hotel in the Rue de Rivoli in a way that suggested an imperfect conception of his vow of celibacy. It turned out that the supposed backslider was a very ritualistic vicar of a living in Norfolk, England. As the discipline of the Western church did not allow him an altar in Paris, and as he was too high for the Anglican clergy there, he performed mass on his dressing table, his wife assisting and substituting pastilles for incense.—New York Sun.

—Saratoga is to have a new and elegant opera house this season, at the northeast corner of the Grand Union block, and a large skating rink on the Hathorn Spring grounds. A recent bad flavor in Congress water has been found to proceed from the running or surface water into the spring, and the cause of the trouble has been removed. James M. Marvin is to be this year's landlord of the United States; Henry Clair is proprietor of the Grand Union, instead of manager, as heretofore; B. H. Southgate and Charles Clement, the latter from the St. Louis Lindell House, will keep Congress Hall; and Charles Leland continues at the Clarendon. The music at the leading hotels will probably be better than last year. There will be fully as much boat racing and horse racing as ever.

—Of the diseases incident to humanity none is more appalling than glanders. A dreadful case occurred in London last month. A physician reported that he saw the young girl in hospital. A portion of her head was eaten away and the bone exposed in two places. The magistrate who examined the case said that he knew an engineer who died from glanders in three days, in consequence of the horse attached to a cab in which he was employed throwing off some matter which fell upon him. Twenty years ago a lady of high rank in Paris was caressing her beautiful carriage horse. She had a tiny wound in her hand and a little glandered matter from the horse's nostril got upon it. She died in dreadful convulsions. It is much better to put a piece of plaster over broken skin, however small.



THE NEW ST. BRIDGET'S CHURCH,  
CORNER OF PASET AND CRAIG STREETS, MONTREAL.

common sense, what is the foremost editorial article in any paper attached to a political party, even the great Globe itself, but the mere individual opinion of the writer? and, if it has not truth and sound reasoning in it as a vital principle, it will hardly pass current, except through the influence of party tradition.

It seems there are many serious objections which might be cited as militating against the usefulness of a party journal.

One of the gravest errors in regard to party is that we crystallize our party traditions, and bind ourselves together by party connections, party leagues, party watchwords and party names, and so endeavor to give permanency to that which is really impermanent. A party, in the very nature of things, can never possess at any time more than a part of truth; to unite ourselves for ever to remain true and consistent to that party in its creeds, doctrines, associations and acts, is voluntarily to resign our right to reason upon public affairs as they arise, and so destroy the very ground which party life accomplishes, namely, the thorough sifting of opinion by earnest and serious discussion.—Spectator.

### Party.

The electors could not do better than take the advice of the Montreal Spectator, and in the forthcoming elections shake off the tyranny of party and vote for the best man. As our contemporary says: "Liberal and Conservative are only names; let the electors seek the most capable and the least expensive Government." The electors are jurymen to whom it is their duty to try it according to the evidence that has been set before them. But many of them will pay no attention to the evidence whatever, and will go in with the party independently of all other considerations, although the ballot has been given them the better to enable them to vote with freedom whichever way they conscientiously believed to be best. What would be thought of a jurymen who declared that he intended to stick by one of the parties to a suit right or wrong, and give a verdict in his favor, even although the evidence pointed all the other way?—Toronto Telegram.

### NEW STORY.—Next week will be com-

menced "MICHAEL STRGOFF, or the Courier of the Car," by the celebrated writer, Jules Verne.

clothes-basketful could be emptied over his head by pulling a string at the proper moment. The presentation of these numerous addresses is made in all kindness, no doubt; but when a man has to listen to addresses at breakfast, dinner and tea, and is waked out of a sound sleep to be addressed anew, the thing really becomes monotonous. It is as bad as the case of the man who had mutton for dinner the whole year round.—Toronto Telegram.

### Interesting Case.

Dr. Dufaur, a French physician, reports this interesting case: A common brown owl built its nest beneath the projecting roof of a farmhouse, where it had a brood of young. One day the farmer, moved by curiosity, drove away the old bird, took out the young owls, and, after looking at them, replaced them uninjured. In the evening, as he was entering his house with his servant, the latter suddenly heard the beating of wings, and felt the claws of the owl on his chin, and before he could defend himself received a blow from its beak directly under the eye. On the following day an unsuccessful hunt for the bird was instituted, but in the dusk it appeared again and attacked the farmer himself, striking him directly in the eye with its beak. Dr. Dufaur found a wound of the cornea and an abundant hemorrhage. The sight of the eye was completely lost, and the other eye was subsequently threatened with sympathetic inflammation.

### The Irish Volunteers.

In 1879 the Irish Volunteer movement received the recognition of the Imperial Legislature, and was fairly set on foot as a legitimate national question. Exactly a hundred years before—in 1779—the arming at Belfast took place which was the real birth of the Irish Volunteers. Here is a historical coincidence which completes an era and starts a new departure. Again, this recognition of a national right, which only the other day would not be listened to at all, indicates the progress of a kindlier sentiment and the march of a more enlightened acquaintance with the true conditions of this country and the real character of her people. Altogether, the proceedings in Parliament have a substantial value and interest for the people of these Kingdoms and for the British Empire.—Irish Times.

### AMERICAN PROVISIONS ABROAD.

An English editor, referring to quotations of "prime Cheddar at 60s to 80s per cwt," and disclaiming a desire to be either impertinent or intrusive, would still like to ask on which side of the Atlantic the cheese which realized that price was made. He has travelled with these Americans and knows them to be "as cute as a cat can be," willing to respect John Bull's prejudice, and sell him at round prices any style of English goods. He avers that twenty years ago American bacon had a character as distinctive as that of Dutch cheese, but now it is not easily distinguished from English bacon, and "may be passed off for it with little or no trouble." The fact is noted that the "Wildfire," "Irish," and other styles of cutting bacon are regularly taught in Chicago trade reports, and that the annals of Yankee agriculture and industry are "interesting as cunningly written fiction." Our advances in the preparation of provisions are gracefully acknowledged: "There is as great a difference between the American system of producing provisions for the English market now and twenty years ago as there is between travelling by an old stage wagon and a Great Western Railway train."—New York Tribune.

### An Odd Case.

John J. Andrews, a Philadelphia merchant, lost the sight of his left eye twenty years ago, and physicians told him that there was no cure. The useless member gave him no trouble until 1877, but thereafter it was occasionally so painful that he writhed on the floor until the attack was over. Many of the best oculists made careful examinations, and were unable to ascertain the nature of the disease. Lately he put himself into the hands of a Philadelphia physician, or whose investigation he says: "He blistered me around the eye to draw out the inflammation, and at last he said: 'I know what it is not; it is not inflammation, and that is one point gained.' He drew out a diseased tooth and cut out a piece of the jaw bone and did some probing; finally he said: 'It does not come from a tooth nerve, and that is another point gained.' He dosed me with quinine until he was satisfied, and then he said: 'It is not miasma, and that is another point gained.' Last Thursday he put me into a darkened room, and throwing an indescribably bright light into my eye, looked into my eye for two mortal hours. At last he exclaimed: 'I have the secret.' Looking through the pupil of the eye he could see a live cysticercus, or embryo tapeworm." This was the first case of the kind in America, and was exhibited to most of the physicians of Philadelphia. An operation with a knife removed the creature.

### A Two Minutes' Sermon to Young Ladies.

Ladies—engaged birds of beautiful plumage, but sickly looks—pale pets of the parlor, who vegetate in unhealthy atmosphere, like the potato germinating in a dark cellar, why do you not go into the open air and warm sunshine and add lustre to your eyes, bloom to your cheeks, elasticity to your steps and vigor to your frames? Take exercise: run up the hill on a wagon, and down again for fun; roam the fields, climb the fences, jump the ditches, wade the brooks and, after a day of exhilarating exercise and unrestrained liberty, go home with an appetite acquired by healthy enjoyment. The beautiful and blooming young lady—rosy-cheeked and bright-eyed—who can darn a stocking, mend her own frock, command a regiment of pots and kettles, and be a lady when required—is a girl that young men are in quest of for a wife. But your pinning, crowded-up, wasp-waisted, doll-dressed, consumption-mortgaged, music-murdering, novel-devouring daughters of fashion and idleness, you are no more fit for matrimony than a pullet is to look after a brood of fourteen chickens. The truth is, my dear girls, you want less fashionable restraint and more liberty of action; more kitchen and less parlor; more leg exercise and less sofa; more frankness and less modesty. Loosen your waist strings and breathe the pure atmosphere, and become something as good and beautiful as nature designed.—Exchange.