

Ireland's People.

BY "CRUX."

WE have now reached a period in the history of Ireland, and the evolution of government affecting that people, when it is well to pause, and to ask ourselves what have been the people of Ireland in the past; and naturally therefrom will flow the equally pertinent question of what are the Irish people of to-day. I have been requested by more than one person, not to leave aside those extracts from the Essays of Davis, until they are all exhausted. As there are only two remaining, that I have not touched, and as the matter contained in them fit in perfectly to the general subject in hand, I have no object to take a few more paragraphs from their pages and to revive them for the benefit of thousands who may never have seen the originals, or who may never have an opportunity of reading them. But it must be remembered that all this was written sixty years ago, and is specially applicable to the people of that time. They then never dreamed of such a combination of landlords and tenants as we behold to-day. Leaving aside all introductory matter, and all general reflections upon peoples of the world, we will come at once to the great essayist's views of the Irish people. He says:—

"There is much in Ireland that makes her superior to slavery, and much that renders her inferior to freedom. Her inhabitants are composed of Irish nobles, Irish gentry, and the Irish people. Each has an interest in the independence of their country, each a share in her disgrace. Upon each, too, there devolves a separate duty in this crisis of her fate. They all have responsibilities: but the infamy of failing in them is not alike in all.

"The nobles are the highest class. They have most to guard. In every other country they are the champions of patriotism. They feel there is no honor for them separate from their fatherland. Its freedom, its dignity, its integrity are as their own. They strive for it, legislate for it, guard it, fight for it. Their names, their titles, their very pride are of it.

"In Ireland they are its disgrace. They were first to sell and would be the last to redeem it. Treachery to it is daubed on many an escutcheon in its heraldry. It is the only nation where slaves have been ennobled for contributing to its degradation.

"We do not include in this the whole Irish peasage. God forbid. There are several of them not thus ignoble. Many of them worked, struggled, sacrificed for Ireland. Many of them were true to her in the darkest times. They were her Chiefs, her ornaments, her sentinels, her safeguards. Alas, that they, too, should have shrunk from their position, and left their duties to humbler, but bolder and better men.

"Book at their station in the State. They enjoy the half mendicant privilege of voting for a representative of their order, in the House of Lords, some twice or three times in their lives. One Irish peer represents about a dozen others of his class, and thus, in his multiplex capacity, he is admitted into fellowship with the English nobility. The borrowed plumes, and delegated authority of so many of his equals raise him to a half-admitted equality with an English nobleman. And, although thus deprived of their inheritance of dignity, they are not allowed even the privilege of a commoner. An Irish lord cannot sit in the House of Commons for an Irish county or city, nor can he vote for an Irish member.

"But an Irish lord can represent an English constituency. The distinction is a strange one—unintelligible to us in any sense, but one of national humiliation. We understand it thus: An Irish lord is too mean in his own person, and by virtue of his Irish title, to rank with the British peerage. He can only qualify for that honor by uniting in his suffrages and titles of ten or twelve others. But—flattering distinction!—he is above the rank of an Irish commoner, nor is he permitted to sully his name with the privileges of that order.

"There are many, however, not in that category. They struggled at fearful odds, and every risk, against the fate of their country. They strove when hope had left them.

Wherefore do they stand apart now, when she is again erect, and righteous, and daring?

"The writers of the 'Nation' have never concealed the defects nor flattered the good qualities of their countrymen. They have told them in good faith that they wanted many an attribute of a free people, and that the true way to command happiness and liberty was by learning the arts and practicing the culture that fitted men for their enjoyment. Nor was it until we saw them thus learning and thus practicing, that our faith became perfect, and that we felt entitled to say to all men, here is a strife in which it will be stainless glory to be defeated. It is one in which the Irish nobility have the first interest and the first stake in their individual capacities.

"As they would be the most honored and benefitted by national success, they are the guiltiest in opposing, or being indifferent to national patriotism.

"Of the Irish gentry there is not much to be said. They are divisible into two classes—the one consists of the old Norman race commingled with the Catholic gentlemen, who either have been able to maintain their patrimonies, or who have risen into affluence by their own industry; the other the descendants of Cromwell's or William's successful soldiery.

"This last is the most anti-Irish of all. They feel no personal debasement in the dishonor of their country. Old prejudices, a barbarous law, a sense of insecurity in the possessions they know were obtained by plunder, combine to sink them into the mischievous and unholy belief that it is their interest as well as their duty to degrade, and wrong, and beggar the Irish people.

"There are among them men fired by enthusiasm men fed by fanaticism, men influenced by sordidness; but, as a whole, they are earnest thinkers and stern actors. There is a virtue in their unscrupulousness. They speak, and act, and dare as men. There is a principle in their unprincipledness. Their belief is a harsh and turbulent one, but they profess it in a manly fashion. We like them better than the other section of the same class. These last are but echoes of the others' views. They are coward patriots and criminal dandies. But they ought to be different from what they are. We want their aid now—for the country, for themselves, for all. Why conceal it—they are obstacles in our way, shadows on our path. These are called the representatives of the property of the country. They are against the national cause, and therefore, it is said that all the wealth of Ireland is opposed to the Repeal of the Union.

"It is an ignorant and a false boast.

"The people of the country are its wealth—they till its soil, raise its produce, ply its trade, they serve, sustain, support, save it. They supply its armies—they are its farmers, merchants, tradesmen, artists, all that enrich and adorn it. Of them will speak in our next article."

THE HUMBLE MAN.

Who is the "forgotten man" that has called forth an eloquent plea from the New York Independent? Catholic pastors will recognize him at once. He is the individual whose small contribution—small because he is poor—for religious and charitable purposes is never mentioned in public or in private. The press places an emphasis upon resounding philanthropic benefactions, while the consideration is overlooked that the millions of cheerful givers of humble means are the real bone and sinew of countless admirably sustained charities. The Forgotten Man is he who pinches to help somebody else, and whose steady and consistent, though relatively infinitesimal, contribution is the main reliance of boards of managers. Splendid is the example of him who founds a college or endows a library. Heroic is he who, unknown and unheralded, draws from his slender purse the gift of his fellowman which depletes still further his own scanty income. And the name of the Forgotten Man is Legion!—Pittsburgh Observer.

"We must be as careful to keep friends as to make them. The attentions should not be mere 'tokens of a night.' Friendship gives no privilege to make ourselves disagreeable."—Sir John Lubbock.

Our duty is to follow the Vicar of Christ whither he goeth, and never to desert him, however we may be tried; but to defend him at all hazards, knowing his cause to be the cause of God.—Father Newman.

Old Letters.

(By a Regular Contributor.)

This week I have to leave off my reproduction of letters, for a very good reason. I have completed the bundle which I opened about ten months ago, and I am not able, for a very good reason, to place hands on the second bundle, the contents of which are equally as interesting and several of which I purpose giving to the readers. I may as well state frankly how it comes that I am unable, this week, to place my hand upon the bundle in question. It is what is generally called "spring-cleaning" at our house, and I leave it to the imagination of all those who have that annual ordeal to undergo to form an idea of the difficulty it sometimes is, under such circumstances, to find everything that is usually at hand. However, if I am not in a position to reproduce any of my "Old Letters" I can give a pretty general idea of the range of material covered by those that remain.

According to the list that I had made some time ago, of the contents of this second bundle, I find that they are documents (for autograph letters may well be designed thus) that touch upon very important points, if not in the literature at least in the history of the literature of America, including Canada, England, Scotland, France and Ireland. Some of them are more or less remotely connected with these important subjects, but they all have a bearing of some kind upon them. More especially are they belonging to modern American literature. By this I mean the literature that marked the half century that commences about 1840 and closes before the last decade of the nineteenth century. None of them are more recent than 1889, and none earlier than 1840. Some of them are very brief, others are comparatively lengthy; and, strange to say, the shorter the more important they seem to me. For example, ten lines from Longfellow, written twenty-three years ago, appear to me of far greater preciousness than a long essay that Bancroft penned, which is almost a copy of one of his chapters upon the "History of the Pacific Coast." Yet this latter is fit companion of an almost similar treatise (in the form of a letter) that the late Dr. Kingsford wrote, in the Parliament library at Ottawa in 1887. The very list would be like the muster-roll of an entire phalanx of long vanished men whose names once were familiar to almost every reader on this continent. Without promising too much I can say that there will surely be interest taken in several of these letters.

An Incident in the Life of a Priest.

Rev. Lambert Young, formerly pastor of Good Shepherd Church, Frankfort, Ky., and dean of the Lexington Deanery, died in Wybosch, Schynel, Holland, recently. His death recalls an exciting incident which is related in "The Centenary of Catholicism in Kentucky," by Hon. B. J. Webb.

"In 1868 a revolting crime, followed by an attempt at murder, was perpetrated by a negro fiend upon a poor Irish girl of Frankfort. The wretch was arrested and taken to jail. But the story of the outrage provoked a dangerous spirit in numbers of the populace, most of whom were supposed to be Irishmen and Catholics. A mob was raised, the jail surrounded and entrance to it effected. The law officers were powerless in the face of the demonstration, no one being allowed by the rioters to approach the jail. The commonwealth's attorney bethought him of sending for Father Young, whose influence, he imagined, would be sufficient to prevent the contemplated violence. No sooner was he informed of the illegal demonstration and the wishes of the law officials than the priest was on the ground. With no little peril he did get access to the jail and to the presence of the passion governed men who had it in their possession. That he used the limit of his influence to prevent the crime that followed there were none bold enough to doubt. But vainly did he pray them to desist. The guilty wretch was taken

out and put to death by the mob. Shortly afterwards Father Young was cited before the United States District Court in Louisville, Judge Bland Ballard presiding, to give evidence as to the identity of the parties seen by him in the jail. In answer to this citation he presented his reasons for declining to testify. These reasons, reduced by him to writing and presented to the court, are here reproduced. After detailing the circumstances of the case, as related above, the respondent goes on to say:

"I am now asked to inform the grand jury of the names of the persons I saw in that maddened and infuriated assemblage, to whom I went solely because of my priestly character, and but for which I would have been permitted neither to see nor remonstrate with them. It was because of my office that I was requested to seek admission to the jail, and it was in my character of priest that I was allowed to enter its precincts. Under the circumstances, as it seems to me, to testify at all on the subject would be to prostitute my office and to bring disgrace upon my priestly character. In doing so I would stand in the attitude of one who has taken advantage of his office as a priest, and at the instance of the civil authorities, to act the part of a public informer. The submission of my testimony in the case would certainly be a breach of implied faith and confidence, and I am convinced that all the good to be drawn therefrom would be more than counterbalanced by the evil that would result from my betrayal of those who trusted in me as priest and not otherwise.

"I do not claim that this case, strictly and technically, has features analogous to those presented in sacramental confession, but the principle is the same. The trust, if it was a trust, the forbearance, if it was forbearance, were rendered to my sacred office and not to my comparatively unknown self. Can I afford to testify? If compelled to do so, would another of my office dare to trust himself in such a position? Would he be permitted under like circumstances to raise his voice? Is it right, it is fair for the civil authorities thus to use and abuse my office? With all respect for the laws of my adopted country, I am bound in my conscience as a man and as an office bearer in—as I believe and hope—the Church of Christ—to answer all these questions in the negative. My refusal to answer is in no spirit of contempt, as God is my Judge. It is my desire to respect and obey the temporal laws of the country I have voluntarily chosen for my home on earth. I act not hastily, but after profound and prayerful deliberation. I believe in all truth that I ought to be released from testifying as to facts so obtained. I do not know that my testimony would convict any man, accused or not accused. I did not see the execution of the colored man. I did not see him at the jail, not at any time in the possession of the mob; nor do I know, except from hearsay, that he was executed. But it is not the importance or the effect of my testimony that concerns me. It is the principle of deposing as evidence facts which I came to know in my office of priest and which I would not otherwise, as I verily believe, have been requested or permitted to see or hear. It is not to screen any real or supposed offender against the law, nor from any sympathy with mob violence in this case or any other that I decline to testify, but to protect, as far as in me lies, clean and spotless my sacerdotal robes. For these reasons, and these only, I humbly and earnestly pray the court to hold the facts known to me as privileged from exposure on the witness stand.

"Lambert Young."

"The player of the petitioner was denied by the court, and Father Young was ordered to jail. But never was there a man incarcerated for alleged contempt of court who was made the recipient of more earnest demonstrations of popular respect. His contracted quarters in the jail of Jefferson County were thronged with visitors during the three days his confinement lasted, and many of these were ladies and gentlemen of the highest social standing in Louisville, very many of whom were non-Catholics. After three days he was attacked with illness, and thus being presented to the court, permission was granted for his removal to the Infirmary of St. Joseph, where he remained for three weeks, still in the character of a prisoner. At the end of this time he was allowed to give bail in the sum of two thousand dollars to appear when called upon to answer the charge of contempt. No citation was ever made for his appearance, however, and presumably the case against him was permitted to lapse from the court docket."

Lessons And Examples To Catholics.

It is consoling to read such an item as the following, which we take from an American Catholic exchange. In our own city we are aware of the existence of scores of Catholics who could further the temporal well-being of their co-religionists, if they were not so narrow in their views or so "close-fisted," without affecting the interests of those dependent upon them.

The article is as follows:—

Capt. John J. Lambert, the well known proprietor of the Pueblo, Col., "Chieftain," on Sunday last presented to the city of Pueblo a large, magnificent orphanage, which is to be under the management of the Sisters of St. Francis, but which will be open to orphans of all religious denominations. Capt. Lambert spent nearly all of his life, until the breaking out of the Civil war, in Dubuque. He was a printer and was employed on "The Express and Herald," which later changed its name to the Dubuque "Herald." Shortly after the beginning of the war, he enlisted in the Ninth Iowa cavalry and became a captain through gallant and meritorious service and, when the war closed, he entered the regular army in which he remained several years. He then resigned and purchased the Colorado "Chieftain," of which he has been editor and owner for over thirty years, and which through his able management has become one of the great papers of the west. Capt. Lambert was ever a man of exalted character, high-minded and honorable in all things, and for whom the highest regard has been entertained by the people of Dubuque.

After the war he married Miss Susan Lorimer of Dubuque, a lady of rare accomplishments and charming disposition; and it was in memory of her that his magnificent gift was dedicated by Bishop Matz of Denver on Sunday last. The sum of \$90,000 was expended in the purchase of the ground and erection of the building.

FATHER MORRIN'S WAY. — Father Morrin was born in Waterloo, N.Y., about fifty-six years ago. He was ordained for the Rochester diocese. His love of humanity and sweet self-sacrifice was told to the present writer three years ago by one who took part in the events:

"Shortly after the panic which nearly annihilated Georgetown and Silver Plume, Father Morrin was sent to take charge of the parish which included those places. He cheerfully accepted the hardships, incident to the charge, and, indeed, bore evidences in his raiment of that poverty. So scant and shabby did his clothing become that a friend remonstrated with him and urged him to buy an outfit that would become his station and protect his body sufficiently from the winter's cold.

"The Christmas collection will be taken in a few weeks," said the good priest, "and then I will buy a suit and an overcoat."

"At the early Christmas services in Georgetown of that year the collection amounted to \$75, and the friend reminded him of his needs and the promise he had made to purchase the clothing. As they started for Silver Plume word was brought to Father Morrin of the extreme suffering of three families in the town, two of whom were not of his congregation. He visited them and found a pitiable condition of affairs. When he left the last house the last dollar of the collection had gone.

"Never mind," he replied to his friend, "I will get enough at Silver Plume to meet my wants."

"At the conclusion of the services in that town, as was his custom, he gathered the children around him for their weekly instruction in the Catechism. The little ones had their story of deprivation also. There would be no Christmas tree that year, they told him. The money was needed more pressingly elsewhere.

Again the collection was diverted. The priest's new clothes were unbought, but the children of the entire town enjoyed their Christmas tree.

"To his friend's impatient remonstrances Father Morrin made explanation that Father Lambert, of his old home, had sent him \$100, and with that he would buy the outfit.

"Where is the money?" asked the friend.

"Why, I deposited it in a bank in Denver," the father answered, simply; "but the bank failed. I'll get the money in time, though, and then we'll buy the clothes."

There were similar incidents which God alone knows. Father Morrin didn't talk about them; in fact, never thought there was any special credit due him. They were with him a matter of course. But that self-sacrificing spirit made him friends everywhere. The large attendance at the funeral showed the esteem in which he was held. The Sisters at St. Joseph's Hospital stated that no patient in the hospital except Myron Reed ever had so many inquiries made as to his condition.

There is one thing that Father Morrin would have asked of all his friends, and that was their prayers. This, at least we can give him. May he rest in peace.—Denver Catholic.

CATHOLIC NOTES

A BISHOP'S JUBILEE.—The twenty-fifth anniversary of Bishop McDonnell's ordination as a priest will be celebrated by jubilee services and a reception on May 19, at which all the churches of the diocese of Brooklyn and in Queens, Nassau, and Suffolk counties will be represented. A prominent feature of the celebration will be the presentation to the Bishop of a purse of more than \$100,000, to be used by him for the establishment and development of a seminary at West Deer Park, L.I.

Bishop McDonnell recently bought 1,100 acres of land in the park, on which the seminary will be established. The tract will be developed, and built upon as soon as the proper plans can be made and approved.

The celebration will start on the morning of May 19, when the clergy of the diocese will assemble at the Pro-Cathedral, in Jay street, to attend the Pontifical Mass. Later in the day the clergy will give the Bishop a dinner in the Art Assembly Rooms, in Montague street. Bishop McDonnell will then be presented with an address on behalf of the clergy, and given the purse collected for the building of the seminary.

In the evening Bishop McDonnell will be escorted to the Academy of Music, where the laity will give him a reception. More than a thousand delegates from the different churches of the diocese will be present to greet the Bishop.

A LAYMAN'S PRIVILEGE. — Hon. Bourke Cockran, of New York, was received last week in private audience by the Pope.

IN MEMORIAM. — In all of the Catholic churches in New York memorial Masses were said Wednesday for the late Archbishop Corrigan, whose death occurred one year ago.

BUFFALO'S NEW BISHOP. — A dispatch from Rome on last Friday says that Rev. Charles H. Colton, pastor of St. Stephen's Church, New York, has been chosen to succeed Bishop Quigley, of Buffalo, who was recently made Archbishop of Chicago.

Father Colton was born in old St. Patrick's parish, Oct. 15, 1848. His brother, the late Rev. John S. Colton, was also a priest of that diocese, and their aunt was the late Mother Theresa, for twenty-four years Superior of the Sisters of St. Joseph at the convent in Flushing, L.I. His brother, Thomas J. Colton, is a member of the wholesale millinery firm of James G. Johnston & Co., of this city.

He began his studies at St. Francis Xavier's College, New York, where he was a member of the class of 1873, with Bishops McDonnell, of Brooklyn, and McPaul, of Trenton. His theological course he took at St. Joseph's Seminary, Troy, where he was ordained a priest on June 10, 1876. He was then sent as assistant to the late Dr. McGlynn, at St. Stephen's, in East Twenty-eighth street, and remained there until 1886, when he was made pastor of the Church of Our Lady of Mercy, at Port Chester, N.Y.

In the year following the crisis in the Father McGlynn troubles came about and St. Stephen's parish was in a turmoil over the removal of its old pastor. After Father Donnelly had failed to quiet matters Father Colton was brought from Port Chester in the hope that his long association with the people would help to restore harmony. The parish was also divided, the eastern part being given to the charge of the Carmelites. Father Colton built a new school-house, and in a comparatively short time not only straightened out the financial tangles, but cleared the church entirely from debt and had it consecrated.

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HIS is a sub person under it is one that ate no end of where? Not of real, but in almost every size in Canada are the anent the sprinkling. Now, it is no intention enter into the matter principal standpoint; I would best, a poor critic in I will not worry a fact, I am under the the people of Montreal men and the special of the Corporation without my advice, quite humble on my if it were not my opinion would be theirs. I of excessive drought I for a few observations ter of street sprinkling I am not dealing with I have been on the other side of the matter with the matter tion of the work. N to find any fault; I record a few persons and to offer a few br

DUST CLOUDS.—W the past couple of w been for a continuous out any rain, and ev dry as a chip, and it cumulated to a depth more on the roadway to watch people, from as they go battle with although the feeling turns to one of a less acter when it becomes to rally forth. Now stroll along on any first thing that affect that your freshly pot taken on an antiqua and are suggestive, I gone three blocks, of some limestone maca Then the bottom of if not turned up, ar of a whisking before ed your office. And "escaping fairly well have no other troub So far we have supp day. But let there b as often comes from ous place beyond which grows giddy a it sweeps around cor down unfamiliar stre exciting to watch one about a couple of hu way, gathering up rying it along in ec lifting it—like Afr story—high into the scatter it over the v on everything within you see one of those dely spring up, wit ented provocation, an line for your own sp ively close your eyes bow down to meet comes, regardless of your personal con clothes; and if you watchful, it will pr your hat and clear football player who "the goal with the and gives it a few in against the wall c side. It is then th your head-gear and of being knocked d vehicles, or street c some of the many dusty day on the sprinkled city. The imagine a score of tions.

SPRINKLED STI scene such as I hav to describe, you ar mand, in every key be watered and th be brought to tim perform that dut watering carts and rectifying things. Y way homeward, an lighted to find th been out. Yonder coming up a side s you reach the cross been there before y come to cross you of mud, created, as