

Irish National Art.

BY "CRUX."

HERE is still an essay, from that small, but wonderful collection, that must find its place in this series. All the while we are dealing with, and aiming at the revival of Irish nationality. This we have touched upon in regard to letters, to language, to monuments, to music, to antiquities, to industries, to trade and commerce; but, as yet we have not approached the subject of National Art. Once more I desire to accentuate the fact, that it is not only on account of what they contain, in regard to the immediate phase of the subject, that I so insist on reproducing so many passages from those essays and articles of Davis, but also on account of the vast fund of historical and literary information that they contain, as well as the manner in which they illustrate the varied genius of their author. Consequently I make no apology for the following magnificent page on "National Art."

No one doubts that if he sees a place or an action he knows more of it than if it had been described to him by a witness. The duller man, who "put on his best attire" to welcome Caesar, had a better notion of life in Rome than our ablest artist or antiquary.

Were painting, then, but a colored chronicle, telling us facts by the eye instead of the ear, it would demand the Statesman's care and the People's love. It would preserve for us faces we worshipped, and forms of men who led, and instructed us. It would remind us, and teach our children, not only how these men looked, but, to some extent, what they were, for nature is consistent, and she has indexed her labors. It would carry down a pictorial history of our houses, arts, costume, and manners, to other times; and show the dwellers in a remote isle the appearance of countries and races of his contemporaries. As a register of facts—as a portrayal of men, singly or assembled—and as a depiction of actual scenery, art is biography, history, and topography thought through the eye.

So far as it can express facts, it is superior to writing; and nothing but the scarcity of faithful artists, or the stupidity of the public, prevents us from having our pictorial libraries of men and places. There are some classes of scenes—as where continuous action is to be expressed—in which sculpture quite fails, and painting is but a shadowy narrator. But this, after all, though the most obvious and easy use of painting and sculpture, is far indeed from being its highest end.

Art is a regenerator as well as a copyist. As the historian, who composes a history out of various materials, differs from a newspaper reporter, who sets down what he sees—as Plutarch differs from Mr. Grant, and the Abbe Barthelmy from the last traveller in India—so do the Historical Painter, the Landscape Composer (such as Claude or Poussin) differ from the most faithful Portrait, Landscape, or Scene Drawer.

The Painter, who is master of composition, makes his pencil contemporary with all times and ubiquitous. Keeping strictly to nature and fact, Rembrandt sits for him and St. Paul preaches. He makes Attila charge and Mohammed exhort, and Ephesus blaze, when he likes. He tries not rashly, but by years of study of men's character, and dress, and deeds, to make them and their acts come as in a vision before him. Having thus got a design he attempts to realize the vision on his canvass. He pays the most minute attention to truth in his drawing, shading, and coloring, and by imitating the force of nature in his composition, all the clouds that ever floated by him, "the lights of other days," and the forms of the dead, or the stranger, hover o'er him.

But art in its highest stage is more than this. It is a creator, great as Herodotus and Thierry are, Homer and Beranger are greater. The ideal has resources beyond the actual. It is in infinite, and Art is indefinitely powerful. The Apollo is more than noble, and the Hercules more than man. The Moses of Michael Angelo is no likeness of the inspired law-giver, nor of any other that ever lived, and Raphael's Madonnas are not the faces of women. As Reynolds

says, "the effect of the capital works of Michael Angelo is, that the observer feels his whole frame enlarged." It is creation, it is representing beings and things different from our nature, but true to their own. In this self-consistency is the only nature requisite in works purely imaginative. Lear is true to his nature, and so are Mephistopheles, and Prometheus, and Achilles; but they are not true to human nature; they are beings created by the poet's minds, and true to their own laws of being. There is no commiseration blunder in men, who are themselves mere critics, never creators, than to require consistency to the nature of us and our world in the works of the poet or painter.

To create a mass of great pictures, statues, and buildings, is of the same sort of ennoblement to a people as to create great poems of histories, or make great codes, or win great battles. The next best, though far inferior, blessing and power are to inherit such works and achievements. The lowest stage of all is neither to possess nor to create them.

Ireland has had some great painters—Barry and Forde for example, but many of inferior but great excellence; and now she boasts high names—MacClise, Hogan, and Mulready. But their works were seldom done in Ireland, and are rarely known in it. Our portrait and landscape painters paint foreign men and scenes; and, at all events, the Irish people do not see, possess, nor receive knowledge of their works. Irish history has supplied no subjects for our greatest Artists; and though, as we repeat, Ireland possessed Forde and Barry, creative Painters of the highest order, the pictures of the latter are mostly abroad; those of the former unseen and unknown. Alas! that they are so few.

To collect into, and make known, and publish in Ireland, the best works of our living and dead Artists, is one of the steps towards procuring for Ireland a recognized National Art. And this is essential to our civilization and renown. The other is by giving education to students and rewards to Artists, to make many of this generation true representatives, some of them great illustrators and composers, and, perchance, to facilitate the creation of some great spirit.

Something has been done—more remains. (We may here pass over all that follows, of a local character, and referring to circumstances sixty years ago, and take up the thread of argument with a striking example.)

The Cork School of Art owes its excellence to many causes. The intense, genial, and Irish character of the people, the southern warmth and variety of climate, with its effects on animal and vegetable beings, are the natural causes.

The accident of Barry's birth there, and his great fame, excited the ambition of the young artists. An Irishman, a Corkman had gone out from them, and amazed men by the grandeur and originality of his works of art. He had thrown the whole of the English painters into significance for who would compare the lucid common place of the Stuart painters, or the melo-dramatic reality of Hogarth, or the imitative beauty of Reynolds, or the clumsy strength of West, with the overbearing grandeur of Barry's works.

But the present glories of Cork, MacClise and Hogan, the greater, but buried, might of Forde, and the rich promise which we know is springing there now, are mainly owing to another cause; and that is, that Cork possesses a gallery of the finest casts in the world.

Here we will pause for this week. In the next issue we will reach that to which this splendid appreciation of art is but a preface—we mean the importance to a nation of a National Art Gallery. We have before us, in the above passages, such a wealth of material for meditation and investigation that we need not now over load the lesson with superfluous comment.

It is better to be sometimes deceived than to be always suspecting.

We make fanciful distinction between eternity and time; there is no real distinction. We are in eternity at this moment. That has begun to be with us, which never began with God.

The trouble with most of us is, that our joys seem to sink out of sight, in some inner quagmire, and our pains seem to take root on the thinnest soil and flourish like the proverbial green bay tree. What is the matter with us, that a little irritation to-day can wipe out, in a moment, all the recollection of yesterday's glory?

A POEM ON POPE LEO.

The five and twenty years St. Peter reigned
In Caesar's city, thou hast lived to see,
Gracing, O Leomagne, the Papal throne—
Peter, returned to life, we hail in thee.

Thou shalt reign longer. May the Lord our God,
Who sets man's era and life's latest bound,
Prolong the days, that men may see again
The decades ten and more some fathers found.

When Rome beheld the Papal diadem
Alight upon thy brows, amid the cheer
Of coronation day, there could be heard
One sad lament arise, one voiced fear.

It wept aloud: "Alas! those snow-white locks
Betoken life high spent; and seventieth link
Of years, now forging for him, prophesies—
Our Pope is like a sun about to sink."

But lo! this sun has constant brightly burned
For five grand lusters, and the dreaded sound
Of evil forecast has long ceased to rise—
The dooming tongue is mute as 'neath the ground.

This wrought the Mighty One, who once of old
At Joshua's pleading, stayed the sun in flight,
And reining in that fiery chariot's steeds,
Gave battling hosts a double length of light.

The King of Ages so renewed thy youth,
That robust senses and a mind unique
That knew no tiring, gave thee ample strength
To scale Mt. Pindar's loftiest, rugged peak.

His saving arm kept from thee the horde
Of inward ills to which "all flesh is prey,"
And fevers lurking in the Roman air
Heard this command: "From him Avaunt, Away!"

He spared thee not those many bitter woes
That bring a heavenly prize in hearing them;
But even these the hand on high took heed,
Should never stunt, or break the Papal stem.

These cares of office he did lighten oft
With what was both thy greatest joy and pride—
The sight of hosts of new believers come
Proclaiming thee "Truth's Chief and Supreme Guide."

O Christ, our trusted leader to the skies!
Uphold with thy right arm the Captain, pray—
On whom the burden thou hast laid to steer
Thy Bark through tossing seas to heaven's bay.

O Mighty Arbiter, becalm the winds;
Press down the waves; the angry clouds dispel;
And let the blue sky smile upon thy Ship—
And Leo live to hymn o'er baffled hell.*

REV. JOHN PRICE.

Pittsburg, Pa.

*From the Latin of F. X. Reuss in "Vox Urbis," a paper published in Rome, Italy.

WITH THE SCIENTISTS

SMOKE-WASHING.—We have had an opportunity of witnessing a trial of a smoke-washing apparatus which has been placed on the roof of Romano's restaurant in the Strand, London. A similar apparatus is being fixed in the basement of the Imperial Restaurant in Regent street, but owing to building operations its application has been temporarily suspended at that place. This is to be regretted, as it is stated that the apparatus does its best work when attached to the lower portion of a chimney, as the fan contained in the

apparatus so regulates the draught that chimneys are not required. The inventor is Prof. Giovanni Mugna of Forli, Italy, who claims for his patent that it deprives the smoke of all those qualities which are objectionable, whether from the point of view of health or of cleanliness. It consists of a metal cylinder at the top of which are openings for the ingress and egress of smoke. A vertical shaft runs through the centre of this cylinder, carrying on its upper portion a centrifugal fan and near its lower end a "whirlifier" or paddle. Smoke is drawn from the chimney into the cylinder by means of the fan and the whirlifier mixes it with water contained in the bottom of the cylinder. After being washed the smoke, now almost colorless, escapes from the upper part of the apparatus. This vaporous residue we have not had an opportunity of examining chemically, but the inventor states that it contains only a faint trace of carbonic acid.

The following little experiment was made before us: Pieces of wet blotting paper were held for a few seconds over a chimney leading from a fire where bones and other refuse were being burnt. As might be expected, the paper was quickly covered with soot. The smoke-washing apparatus was then connected with the chimney and clean wet blotting paper was applied over the washing smoke outlet. On removing the paper only three or four smuts were to be seen. The experiment was repeated several times with similar results: it is fair to state that even the few smuts may have been blown from chimneys in the immediate vicinity. Without any great inconvenience it was quite possible to hold the head over the smoke outlet when only a faint odor resembling burning wood could be perceived. On the residue at the bottom of the cylinder being drawn off it was seen to be a thick fluid of ink-like blackness, giving off a strong odor of smoke. The apparatus is worked by a small electric motor of about one horsepower.

In a building where some sort of motive power is already in use no special motor is required and an electric motor can always be used where a continuous current is supplied. The machine itself only requires to be emptied once or twice a day. We understand that the apparatus is already in use in Italy. The London address of the patentee is No. 8 Denmark street, Charing Cross Road, London, W. C. We have said enough to show that the apparatus is one that deserves careful trial. If it should prove that it is capable of doing a fair proportion of what is claimed for it by its inventor it ought to effect an appreciable difference in the atmosphere of any towns where it may be used. — The Lancet.

The Stage Irishman.

The stage Irishman is having a rough time these days, says the New York "Freeman's Journal." Under the name of "McFadden's Flats" he was hissed off the boards of the Fourteenth street Theatre, New York and later in the Star Theatre at Harlem, and a few nights after he was treated in like manner in Philadelphia.

This is highly gratifying. The stage Irishman has been a standing insult to the Irish race for a generation and more. And it is to the discredit of the race that he has been permitted to go so long in his brutal caricature.

But to-day, thanks to the Gaelic League and to the United Irish League and the Ancient Order of Hibernians, a spirit of self-respect has been infused into the young men of Irish blood which asserts itself in action and which, if only persisted in, is bound to sweep into the cesspool of contempt those filthy wretches who are doing England's work in the caricature guise in which our common enemy would have all Irishmen appear to the world as their true selves.

The men who are engaged in this work of driving the stage Irishman off the boards are not rowdies. They are gentlemen. They are good citizens. They are impelled to enter upon this work in the spirit of crusaders. They feel that the outrage has gone on long enough, and they are resolved to put an end to it. God speed them!

Lines dedicated to the men who put an end to the vile production known as "McFadden's Flats." (With apologies to "The Wearing of the Green.")

McFadden dear an' did you hear the latest song afloat,
Of how your "Flats" was ancient-
egged an' how your ass was smote?

No more upon the playboards will your picture dear be seen
For there is a mighty voice agin' you shaming of the green.

You thought you would great laurels win when at the "Star" you'd shine,
But when the hen-fruit came your way a fear crept up your spine,
"I'm done," you cried; "no, never more my donkey will be seen.
Nor will my lady ride him out a-wearin' of the green."

"I met with Ike Dinkenspiel, an' he took me by the hand,
I'm done for now and ruined by the men from Ireland,
I thought I was a Johnny Bull, that made me very sore.
But I'm away to the timbers tall, a-running ever more."

"I could hear them down the orchestra a-whisperin' about
And thinking only of applause until that awful shout
Burst on my ears. All terrified I ran, the truth to state;
When I got soaked upon the 'nut' I could no longer wait."

And now take heed, base recreant! when good St. Patrick true,
Drove out the snakes from Ireland, 'twas reptiles such as you,
But ever more, where'er your head, or tail, should it be seen,
Look out for ancient hen-fruit and the men who wear the green.

—Philo-Celtic.

D'Youville Reading Circle.

(From An Occasional Correspondent)

Ottawa, April 1, 1908.

The D'Youville Reading Circle held its regular fortnightly meeting on Monday evening, March 16, instead of on Tuesday, 17, in order that it might not clash with any entertainment in honor of St. Patrick. The Irish Land Bill was one of the interesting subjects of the evening. The cause of all the land trouble in Ireland was spoken about, as well as the measures which are to be taken to restore things to their former condition. Reference was made to an article in the March number of the "Catholic World" by Father O'Keefe, to one entitled "Soul Blindness," by Father McSorley, and to a study on the English Educational Bill, by Father Symonds.

Reverend Doctor Wm. Barry's book on the Political Poles occupied some attention. The subject proper of the evening was the Renaissance, which has been studied far enough by the "Circle" to see how it led to the "Reformation." The difference between the "Reformations" in England and Germany was mentioned. It was said that Catholic doctrine being Divine we do not admit the need of reformation, and that the Council of Trent the true reformation did not change the doctrine but formulated it.

At this week's meeting of the Reading Circle, which was held on Tuesday, March 31, the coal commission occupied considerable attention. In speaking of the report published by the commissioners mention was made of the fair and honest settlement of the problem, and withal of the substantial victory of the miners. The late decree of the Czar of Russia emancipating his people with regard to religion was alluded to, as well as the new Bill concerning Ritualism which was recently introduced into the House in England.

The placing of Tennyson's Idyll of "The Holy Grail" was the literary topic of the evening. It was a source of comment that this mystic poem should have been written in an age so materialistic as that of the nineteenth century. The beautiful symbolism of the "Holy Grail" and the different traditions concerning it were spoken of. A passage was read describing the vision of Sir Percival's sister, the "pale nun," whose eyes were "beautiful with the light of holiness."

"Christianity and Progress" from Coventry Patmore's book "Religio Poetae," and "Under the Cedars and the Stars," by Rev. Father Sheehan, were mentioned for reading. Mr. John Francis Waters gave a delightful lecture on Charles Dickens on March 25, which closes his series of lectures for the D'Youville Reading Circle for this year. In responding to the vote of thanks, passed by Rev. Father O'Boyle, Mr. Waters congratulated the Reading Circle on their regular attendance and progress, and on their good fortune in having one so splendidly adapted to her work as is the present head of the Circle whose name I must not mention.

MARGARET.

The Doctrine Of Hell.

(By An Occasional Contributor.)

It is becoming more and more fashionable to ignore, to forget, or to discard entirely the positive doctrine of a Hell. We can all recall the mess that the unfortunate Mirart, towards the close of his life, made of this subject. Yet the world is ever eager to grasp at anything that tends to efface the idea of an eternal punishment in the next world. Such is in accord with human nature. People love to rock themselves into an oblivion of a great reality that they seek to shun. They have often grave reasons for this self-deception in regard to the teachings of Christ and of His Church on the subject of Hell. Every imaginable explanation, but the proper one, is invented to keep up the fatal deception. Some will have it that Hell is a mere figure of speech; others that it is merely a spiritual state of misery; again others that the fire is not real but purely imaginary. The consequence of all this is that people who are strangers to our faith are surprised beyond measure when they chance to hear a sermon, preached by a Catholic priest on the realities of Hell. To us there is nothing extraordinary in it; we know the doctrine, and we seek not to avoid the contemplation of it.

There are natures that cannot be acted upon by love but must be swayed by fear. The majority of men are of this category. They may not avoid sin for the pure love of God, and because sin is an offence against the majesty of God; but they will refrain from sin through dread of the punishments that have been promised as soon as life is over. If it were possible for such people to wipe out Hell, or come to a certain conclusion that it was either a myth or a figurative punishment, there would be no incentive sufficiently strong to make them adhere to virtue, and no motive powerful enough to keep them from sin.

In the Ottawa "Citizen" of the 3rd instant, we find an editorial, in which the writer says:—

"A Jesuit Father is holding a mission in Hamilton and preaching a real fire hell in such graphic language and groan and leave the church in the middle of a discourse to seek the cool air without. People of all denominations are attending. It is said that the word pictures are luridly realistic."

Then come two extracts from the sermon. We would judge from the foregoing that the extracts would be of a nature to make the blood run cold. Here they are:—
"Let us walk boldly up to the gates of Hell." And then—"The flaming arms of fire wave to and fro across the horizon, crying out to humanity, 'Back to God; don't come too close; we were kindled for the bad angels.'"

Now we see nothing wonderful in these two figures of speech. The first is an invitation to the congregation to study seriously and contemplate the reality of Hell; the second is a rhetorical and effective way of telling them that the terrors of Hell warn them to turn to God, while yet there is time. Why make such a furor over these two simple—if eloquently expressed—admonitions? The report says that "unlike the Protestant churches to-day, Father Stanton believes in a place of real fire." Well; what of it, if he does? So does every other Catholic priest, and every other Catholic from the Pope down to the most insignificant member of the Church.

ST. BRIDGET'S NIGHT REFUGE.

Report for week ending Sunday, 5th April, 1908:—Males 154, females 10. Irish 110, French 31, English 19, Scotch and other nationalities 4. Total 164.

When a disagreeable condition is permanent and unavoidable, it is a duty to take the brighter rather than the more sombre view of the situation and find as much peace and happiness as the circumstances contain.

Don't live for yourself, and do not be afraid of diminishing your own happiness by promoting that of others. He who labors wholly for the benefit of others and, as it were, forgets himself, is far happier than the man who makes himself the sole object of all his affections and exertions.

Old Letters

By a Regular Contributor

This is only half a letter even that, it is only an extra paragraph. But it is a rare poem and an authentic signature. The which this sheet—written sides—formed a part was from New York in mid-July a few days before the sad General Thomas F. Meagher was carried to the city. away Baton Rouge, that I been drowned, in a very manner, on the evening of July, on the Missouri. of the last sad journey tails of two hemispheres were of the close of the disbandment in 1865, and the disbandment of the Irish Brigade, he appointed Governor of Missouri. June of that year, when the Governor heard of an Irish rising in the West. He had all day long, under a broom, to catch the boat, at Baton Rouge that would take him to the disturbance. It was even after a brief rest and supper from his cabin and to come on the deck. The Captain (ran) who happened to pass moment exchanged a few words Meagher, and noticed that setting with his feet on the of the deck, his chair tilted and "The Collegians" in his It was already quite dark. moments later a splash was and this was followed by the "man overboard." It was "The old railing had given under the pressure of his feet, it is supposed that in trying to his balance he had fallen overboard. Whether he was struck by a wheel, or whether the current swift at that point, swept der, none can tell. All that he done to save him, and that cover his body, failed. And had faced death in the dock. mel, who had faced it on a battle-field during the American war, and had been in the waters of the great Missouri.

When the memorial service in New York it was one of solemn and sad that the Em had ever witnessed. And then when the men whom he had with thousands of others Cooper Hall, an oration was pronounced by one of his comrades the '48 days, the eloquent and gifted lawyer, Richard man.

In writing an account of this to a friend in Canada, O'Go closed a few extracts from speech on that occasion, and poem quoted, or recited by the course of that address poem applied to any or all Irish-American soldiers who en upon the battle field South. But, in a particular was it appropriate when the ory of Meagher, and of his career, was the subject of the.

No name is mentioned as the author of this poem. It is own impression that it is O'Gorman's own pen; but I thing to tell me that he is who wrote the verses. I simply because it is in a style like his own, and the sentiment—patriotic and religious permeate it, decidedly harmonized with those of Richard O'Boyle. Besides, I do not think that would have quoted the poem out giving the name of the unless it were he had written be that as it may, here is a find on this sheet of letter-p.

"Before turning from this subject—the more painful for me, in as much as we have personally known him in the time of his promise—I will try some lines that may carry to the feelings of your heart to—quite possible that you may see them, or that you may day see them, in the press, I were printed with my humble to the memory of my dear friend; still, in case they should escape you, I know that you glad to have them from me."

(Before giving "the lines," calls them, I will repeat that is nothing in the foregoing to state that they were written either person. In fact, the passage would lead me to believe that the author of the and of the letter was the same person.)

"Come, let the solemn, s

Man be said,

For the soldier-souls of the dead.