

ROME AND GOVERNMENTS.

Not long since we had occasion to criticise the methods and prevailing ideas of the New York Sun's Roman correspondent "Innominate." There is no doubt that this writer is a keen observer of events. It is true that we cannot always accept his conclusions, but we never fail to respect his opinions. At all events, his recent letter—dated Rome, September 1st,—on "Rome and Governments," is a remarkable piece of correspondence and deserves very serious consideration. That his facts are correct we have no reason to doubt; and if they are exact, his deductions are true. He treats of a commission of Cardinals appointed by Leo XIII., to study democracy. We would have been pleased had he suggested the purpose of this commission; but we conclude that it must be the intention of Rome to adopt the most acceptable principles of democracy as a guidance in dealing with the many old and new democratic countries. "Innominate" claims that in forming this commission the Vatican yields nothing to its opponents: he says that the well-planned march of the Papacy goes on without interruption, despite the many apparent—but always insignificant—clashings with the principles of modern democracy. We have rarely read anything more exact from the pen of a Roman correspondent—especially in a non-Catholic organ—than the contents of the two following paragraphs from that letter. It would be well for critics of Rome and of the Papal

Policy to firmly grasp the meaning of these remarks: "The democratic policy of the Holy See is not merely a collection of doctrines of which the encyclical *Reverentium Novorum* is the authentic exponent; it marks a doctrinal and practical direction which nothing will modify, neither the interests of some nor the faults of others, nor the passions of all. Supposing even that in some country, some democrat or some group oversteps due measure and gives grounds for criticism, such backsliding or imprudence will have no effect on the march of Roman ideas and instructions. "They will be meaningless incidents in the usual cases where the moderating power may pay any attention to them. To criticise a given author, to place a book in the *Index Expurgatorius*, to disapprove the exaggerated statement of a democrat; all this is of no importance. What is essential, fundamental and immutable is the orientation, the general line of policy, and this orientation, this line of policy is distinctly progressive and democratic." In order to comprehend the spirit of Roman action it is absolutely necessary to understand this great distinction. In studying the trend, or policy of such a gigantic institution as the Catholic Church, it is of first importance to contemplate the grand lines of that policy. All minor facts, all individual cases, all petty considerations fall into insignificance in presence of a movement that is marked by centuries in its progress, and that is universal in its application.

LESSONS IN IRISH LITERATURE.

Of all the poems which the national political spirit of the "forties" has produced in Ireland, possibly not one is more significant than Denis Florence McCarthy's "Foray of O'Donnell." It is at once a beautiful legend, an historical illustration, a powerful lesson, and a magnificent poem. Yet so little is it known, that we did not find even a mention of it, not to say a quotation from it, in any one of sixteen collections of Irish poems and ballads that we have examined. It is one of these strange facts that defy explanation, but which often occur in the literary history of various countries. Insignificant, and comparatively useless productions survive, while most important and meritorious effusions are consigned to oblivion. The scene is in Donegal; two great chieftains are at war with each other; but finally peace is restored, and for years they have lived on apparent terms of mutual regard. One chieftain is of the house of O'Donnell, the other is Mac John, of an equally proud and powerful clan. The poet thus opens:

"Brightly the summer sunbeams fall Upon the hills of Donegal; Softly the summer moonbeams play Upon the shores of Inver Bay; Grand and fair Lough Ferske expands To Rossapenna's silvery sands, And quiet reigns o'er all thy fields, Clandallagh of the Golden Shields."

A hard, a harper, a kind of wandering minstrel comes to the castle of the chief of O'Donnell. A banquet is given, and the musician awakens the wild enthusiasm of the clan by praising the steed—the matchless steed—of the chief; then he sings the praises of his bound; finally he reaches the climax when he chants the praises of the beautiful and peerless wife of the renowned leader. All this is told in a style that not even Scott's "Lost Minstrel" could surpass. The banquet continues; the goblet is passed and repassed; wild enjoyment is at its height, when the bard commences another song. In this one he tells how MacJohn has a swifter steed, a trustier hound, and a more lovely wife than those that formed the theme of his first recitation. As the unconscious bard proceeds, the anger of the guests and of the leader grows stronger and fiercer; until, as the old minstrel ceases, one general shout of defiance arises, and the chieftain swears to go at once to the castle of MacJohn and sack it, slay its master, and carry off all his belongings. No sooner suggested than acted upon. Gray morning finds

the foray commenced. Down upon the domain and castle of the unsuspecting chieftain sweep the spearsmen of O'Donnell. The castle is taken, the herds are driven away, the steed, the hound and wife are carried off, and the disconsolate MacJohn is left to weep over the ruins of his happiness and his power.

It is here that the skill of the poet comes in. All are flushed with the questionable victory as they return homeward in triumph—all except the chieftain. His brow is sad and his thoughts are serious. He thinks of his own home, his children, his wife, and all his precious treasures, and he asks himself how would he feel were he to have been the victim of such a foray. Nobler and more generous sentiments arise; he orders his men to turn back. In an hour he is marching again towards the castle of MacJohn, but this time for the purpose of making honorable restitution.

Meanwhile MacJohn has collected his scattered clan and is coming down in hot pursuit. They meet on the confines of their respective domains. For a moment the fierce chieftains eye each other, and then MacJohn detects the change in the expression of O'Donnell. The latter advances alone. In words of the loftiest eloquence he pleads his excuse, and asked MacJohn to take back all he had snatched from him. He claims that the deserved praise of his steed, hound, and wife, had awakened jealousy, and that any man should be proud to own a steed, a hound and a wife so valuable, so true, so beautiful, and that his unwarranted jealousy was the highest tribute that could be paid to their worth. For the sake of Ireland's future, and as a lesson to leaders of coming ages, he wished to show the suicidal folly of such jealousy and the necessity of reconciliation. In doing so O'Donnell pronounced an appeal that should go down the centuries, from generation to generation of Irishmen. It was thus he spoke:

"MacJohn, I stretch to yours and you, This hand beneath God's blessed sun; And for the wrong that I MIGHT do, Forgive the wrong that I HAVE done."

And the poet adds his lesson, to be drawn from the beautiful story thus told in splendid verse:

"And thus should every chief and son, Of Erin old, acknowledge right; Deeds of forgiveness nobly done, Must help to make them all unite."

BISHOP HORSMAN SPEAKS TO CATHOLIC KNIGHTS.

Extracts from an address delivered by His Lordship at the recent Convention held in Delaware: "I wish to address you, gentlemen, in the name of good, departed Bishop Watterson, who I feel, were he here, would give a cordial welcome to the diocese of Columbus. I hope that your meeting here will be one of harmony, benefit, peace, and for the future good of the organization. Whatever is done should be done very slowly and you should profit from the experience of other organizations and from your own; let candid consideration of all your actions precede

the action that comes up before you. One great object in your joining together is independent of your own self-interest. It is that Catholic men should become acquainted with each other and be united in Catholic interests. I look over the world and see that the Catholic men in Europe, England, Germany and Canada, are seeing the necessity of being united. There are the Catholics of England; see what they have done. Their Catholic Tract Society is enough for any society to be proud of. We little realize what influence the press has but those outside of the Church do.

They realize this fully. But what is the Catholic press of to-day? You can hardly, I was going to say get a pennyworth circulation for the very best Catholic paper published. Is not that something for you to take up? I hate resolutions. Be practical. For instance you should take this up and see that every member of your order is a subscriber to a Catholic newspaper; that would be doing something. At one time there were only eight Catholic papers in Germany; to-day there are two hundred and eighty; and as a result of that is the constant upholding of Catholic interests and uniting the Catholics in general.

"Oh, what a crown of glory there must be in heaven for that quartet in Germany—Windthorst, Mallin-

trott, and the two Reichenspergers. Why those four men brought Bismarck with all his blood and iron down to their feet. They stirred up all Germany; and you know to-day that King William had to hold out his hand to the Catholic Centre or otherwise he cannot hold his power. They thought the last election would settle it, but the Catholics sent back not only their own power but increased it by ten. They have now a surplus of one hundred and thirteen and nothing can be done without their consent. That is what united Catholic Germany can do. If Catholics in France would drop their envy and all unite together they would have full control of everything in spite of Masonry and Liberalism. Here we are simply because a man is a Catholic he has no chance in public office. Now where is your union?"

TWO PEN PICTURES OF THE IRISH AT HOME.

I. Extracts from the correspondence of Rev. J. F. McGee to the *Church News*, Wash.

"I said in the beginning of my letter that to know Ireland and the Irish people is to love them. The Irish people are as lovable as the Irish scenery is beautiful. To see the Irish people at their best you must meet them in their own country, on their farms, in their villages, towns, and cities; you must visit them in their homes, and you must visit them and talk with them around their firesides. And if you meet with them under these circumstances you will certainly love them, for they possess all those qualities that call for love, viz., intelligence, cleverness, wit, kindness, affability, and gratitude. No one doubts of their intelligence or their native ability to acquire knowledge, but some may call in question their willingness to avail themselves of the opportunities presented to them. But those who do make a great mistake. The Irish appreciate the value of knowledge as fully as the people of any other nation, and they are quick to avail themselves of the opportunity of acquiring it. And if education is not as widespread, as universal, as in the United States and in England, the blame is not to be laid at the door of the Irish, but at the door of those who for centuries have impoverished them, and have kept them in ignorance.

II. Extracts from correspondence to a Protestant newspaper, and reproduced by a Catholic American Exchange.

"Every catchpenny device is employed by the natives on the high roads and in the mountain passes. Boys turn handsprings and girls dance as the coaches trundle by. Old men stand by the wayside with creaking violins to provide snatches of Irish melody, and wherever an echo can be produced in a rocky defile there is a higher to sound his merry note and there is a small artilleryman to fire off a gun. Children run after coaches a long way with flowers or pins in their hands and soft flatteries on their tongues. A penny for sweets, they will cry, and sure a handsome Italian like you honor will feel happier for giving it."

"The halt and the maimed alternately crack a joke and whine for charity. White-haired crones, with wrinkled faces, in return for a penny, bespeak for every one on the road, all the benedictions of the saints in high heaven and the blessings of God on the souls of your dead! Among the mountains there is a small boy stationed wherever there is a short cut to be pointed out to weary pedestrians, and in front of every cabin is heard the shrill cry, 'Remember Maggie!'"

"So Irish is the trade in poverty's land, being the main line of tourist travel that one would be tempted to suspect that the business was overdone, if there were not corroborative proofs in the wretched hovels and wretched land."

"If a close and characteristic view of Irish peasantry is wanted, it can be had on the market day in the village of Kenmare, after the Caha mountains have been passed, and when the purple peaks of Killarney are in sight. The open spaces at the crossroads are filled with a noisy rabble of tenant farmers, with their wives and children and droves of horses, cattle sheep and hogs. It is a Donnybrook Fair where every bargain is settled with a drink of whiskey at a public house, and where high arguments over the points of a horse or the weight of a hog often leads to a "polthogue in the pass," followed by a rough and tumble fight. It is a lively and animated spectacle, with every bargainer gesticulating with frantic energy and shouting until he is red in the face, and with steers constantly breaking loose and running amuck among the sheep and pigs. It is also an unrelenting relation of Irish poverty and hardship. The farmers are a ragged brigade, with faces heavily creased with care, and blackened and toughened with toil. Every woman looks prematurely old and haggard under her worn-out shawl, and every battered child is barefoot. It is poverty Fair held in a beautiful valley, where the Kenmare river has taught herdsman as a fine art and where there is a magnificent panorama of mountain and fiord, and neither refinement of art nor charm of scenic environment can cast a glamour of sentiment or romance over the real Ireland shadowed by hopeless struggle and awful pathos."

HARD KNOCKS FOR PAROCHIALISM.

Very timely and instructive have been many of the papers read at the recent Y. M. S. Convention, held in Liverpool. There was one by Rev. John Barry, which contains very much that may be applied in every large city—Montreal included. At first we were about to pass over this admirable paper, because it opens thus:

"The matter of this paper is local. It deals with a condition of things existing here in Liverpool. It has no reference to any condition of things, similar or dissimilar, existing elsewhere. And its aim is to point out what I believe to be the most crying evil which the Catholic Church has to face, and to try to overcome, here at this day. I do not, of course, mean that she has no others to face. She has many. But I regard this as the master evil, the iron door against her beneficent influence, which she has not yet attempted to open, to force open, after fifty years of otherwise excellent efforts for good."

After amply showing all the good and great things done by the Church in that city, during fifty years, the Rev. Father Barry, turns to the evil of over-crowded tenements, of congested districts, of poverty-haunted slums, and he points out that much of the Church labor has been nullified by this unfortunate state of things. It is then that he speaks plainly of the necessity of acknowledging every weak spot and recognizing the existence of each evil, in order that improvements may be obtained. He says: "The fruit of the churches and of the schools has withered in the stifling atmosphere of overcrowded dwellings, which fill up every free inch of building space in court and alley. The beauty of God's worship is forgotten amid the squalor of the slum. The civilizing influence of the school is undone by the brutalizing influence of the crowded house in the crowded court. When a whole family lives in one room the mysteries of

OUR CURBSTONE OBSERVER On Employment of Women.

It is not always that I agree with that clever writer Flanour, who furnishes the *Mail and Enquire* with a weekly column of correspondence. But when he deals with the question of women and their employment, I find that our ideas run in the same groove. In explanation of some of his very pertinent comments he says: "Now I do not wish to be misunderstood. For years I have taken a decided stand against encouraging the undue employment of women. To a smaller proportion of the weaker sex the hard lot must necessarily fall of having to earn their daily bread. But for some years this proportion has been increased—first in the United States, then in England, and later in Canada—by encouraging young girls to enter every kind of employment, and taking positions for which they were often totally unfit at their nominal wages. The result was inevitable: wages were reduced all round, men were driven out of employment and financially unable to marry, while many of the young girls so persistently occupied were rendered utterly unfit for any kind of domesticity. For expressing these views I have been misunderstood, often wilfully misrepresented, and occasionally much abused. My ideas were denounced as not up-to-date; I was declared jealous of the progress and opposed to the welfare of women, etc."

man should be his helpmate, the mother of his children, the guardian of his home, and the companion of his life. It has been ever the duty of woman to "divide the cares of existence, and to double its hopes and joys." In the social order the foundation of all happiness and prosperity is the domestic hearth, and the woman is the one appointed to preside over that sacred centre known as "the home." The great trouble, in our day, is that the idea of "home" is gradually—should say rapidly—vanishing. There are no homes now; or, if there are any, they are the exceptions. Men at the club, women on the platform; men striving to account himself to domestic duties, woman striving to emulate men in public life; man unoccupied woman employed; the result is that children have no parents, no homes, no ties, no holy and blessed associations. The world has gone mad, and of the two women are the most mad.

HE IS NOT ALONE.—In this "Flanour" is not the only one who has to endure sharp and unfair criticism for having the courage of his opinions and for opposing popular fads, and "fin-de-siècle" innovations. Decidedly he shows a more manly and practical regard for the interests of women, by pointing out the mistakes into which society falls in their regard, than were he to chime in with every new idea that tends to render woman less womanly. Men as a rule, are less inclined to complain when they are "put in their place," than are women. Yet it seems to me that any member of the "weaker sex," should be grateful to the writer whose pen enlightens her upon the advantages or disadvantages of her surroundings and of her occupation. But women seem to think that they are always deprived of liberties and rights, to which they are entitled, merely because they are not allowed to usurp the places of men, and to perform the duties that belong to the members of the other sex.

EXCEPTIONAL CASES.—I am not so unfair as to say that there are not cases in which women do well to seek male employment; but these are ever the exceptions. Dealing with the American Equal Wage League, the above quoted writer, puts the present question very clearly thus:

"The avowed object of the associations to which I refer is to do away with female labor as much as possible. In all departments of commerce and industries generally women have, to a certain extent, taken the place of men and the evil is steadily increasing. The programme of the organization says:—In some occupations the trouble is that they are not paid the same wages as men, and that they keep men who are the heads of families out of good positions. We do not object to women working, but we are opposed to their taking the places of men for half and often a third, of the wages that would be paid to a man for the same work. We will work to have all seasons paid equal wages for equal work. Such is the declaration, but the intention is, of course, to restrict at once and gradually less, the occupation of women as wage-earners. And the sooner this can be effected the better it will be for this or any other country, and for the men and women in it."

THE NATURAL ORDER.—There is how "Flanour" settles the question as to the natural order of things. He says:

"The truth is that I saw, what is apparently being now more generally seen, that it was impossible to overturn the natural order of things without some serious results. Now in my opinion, the natural order of things—that is, if we are to have any order and any civilization—is for the men to be the wage-earners, and women the housekeepers; such must be the condition in any state of society that is not chaotic and brutal."

NEEDS NO COMMENT.—I scarcely think this needs any comment. It places the issue very plainly before us. If matters were to go on as they have been for some time past, we would soon have an army of female workers, but no mothers, no children, no homes. To-day men with the very highest educations are absolutely poverty-stricken, because they cannot secure adequate salaries. Any girl, with a knowledge of the typewriter and a little shorthand can obtain a position, while a man, with a family to support, must go idle. Why so? Because the girl can afford to do for five or six dollars per week what a man could not afford to do under fifteen or twenty dollars. Employers prefer the low-waged female clerk, or secretary; and the result is that young men cannot marry, and married men cannot live. It is not the man alone that suffers, but it is the family, the social circle, and ultimately the women themselves.

A LOGICAL STAND.—Nothing could be more logical than the foregoing statement. From the very beginning has it been ordained that man should "earn his bread by the sweat of his brow," and that wo-

CIVIC AFFAIRS IN BOSTON.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

BOSTON, Sept. 19.—Bigotry never verbally dies hard; and in no other city perhaps of equal size or of equal pretensions to enlightenment and culture, is its death struggle so prolonged as it is in Boston.

With a very large, respectable and industrious Catholic population, it is difficult to overcome the narrow and bitter spirit of the descendants of those who, having fled from religious persecution in England, established in Massachusetts a still more odious system of religious persecution themselves.

It is about a decade since Boston had a Catholic Chief Magistrate, Mayor O'Brien was exceedingly popular amongst all classes. He was eminently fit for his position, which he filled with dignity to himself and credit to the city. Since his election no Catholic has been able to secure the office owing to a renascence of the old bigotry, backed up by the efforts of the so-called "new woman" of the city, whose hatred of everything Irish and Catholic would be lightly amusing if it did not constitute so strong and so serious a factor in civic life.

It will shortly be seen whether this spirit of bigotry is increasing or otherwise. General Patrick A. Collins, who was appointed Consul-General of London, by President Cleveland, has been offered the Democratic candidacy for the Mayoralty, and has accepted. He is one of the foremost citizens of Boston; and nothing but bigotry can prevent him from being elected.

Notes of Catholic News.

It is expected that the Holy Father will hold a consistory next month or November, when the names of the Cardinals already created but reserved "in petto" will be proclaimed. Several deaths have occurred among the members of the Sacred College since the consistory was held; and it is for the purpose of filling these vacancies that another consistory will, it is stated, be held.

are, it is stated two Canadians. On the eve of his departure his Holiness received him in farewell audience.

Monsignor Falconio, Delegate Apostolic to Canada, has left the Eternal City; and he is expected to occupy his new post in this country soon. As he spent many years in the United States, and was in fact, ordained there, he is no stranger to this continent. Amongst his secretaries there

The first centenary of the death of Pope Pius VI., the illustrious victim of the French Revolution, has just been celebrated in Rome. He was, it will be remembered, exiled from the Vatican by the French Directorate, and died in exile, a prisoner in the town of Valence, France, in 1799. His body is buried in the crypt of the great church he loved so well and enriched so much during his lifetime—namely, the Basilica of St. Peter. The splendid chalice presented to the great pontiff by King Charles III., of Spain, was used at the Requiem Mass on the occasion. Cardinal Rampolla gave the absolutions.