

A CRUEL WORD.

A cruel word, though uttered but in jest,
By far exceeds a poison-pointed dart.
In wounding the kind and gentle heart,
And overthrowing peacefulness and rest.

The mind once filled with happiness, and blest
With joyful thoughts which friendship did impart,
Is fraught with sorrow from that painful smart,
And weeps at sight of an unwelcome guest.

O ye, who, by your harsh and cruel speech,
Have turned to gall the treasures of a friend,
Think twice before you will be beyond your reach
To turn away the arrow from its end,
And practicing the love that Christ did teach,
His Blessings on you ever will descend.

RUGH F. BLUNT.

THE FAITH OF THE IRISH.

Religion Revealed in Literature.

Language and literature reflect the character of the race to which they belong. There is something in the blood of the Celtic race that is opposed to mere materialism, and that leads to the higher, supernatural world. Even under pagan influence the Irish Celts had marked religious instincts, and nothing shows more clearly the purified and spiritual character of even Celtic paganism than the total absence from it of all indications of cruelty. Kindness, even towards animals, was always a Celtic virtue. Providence had so arranged that towards the fourth century the pagan worship of the Irish people had lost its definiteness, and the Gaelic people longed for something that would satisfy their desire for a true God and a faith that would appeal to their naturally devout hearts. St. Patrick's mission was, therefore, an immediate and a general success. We can gather from the Saint's own "Confession" that he was himself filled with astonishment at the rapidity with which the new faith had seized hold of the whole people. "The sons of the princes and the daughters of the rulers are now become consecrated to God."

From that day to the present moment the Irish people have never lost the faith. It has become part of their character as a race, it is entwined with their patriotism, it is knit up with their language, literature and traditions. The Irish faith has a vivid tenderness peculiar to itself. Hence the success of the Irish missionaries.

Almost from the day St. Patrick set foot in Ireland, churches, hermitages and monasteries began to spring up on every side. They are seen to the present day, preserved intact by the reverence of the people. On the fertile inland places, by the beautiful lakes of Erin, in the glens and on the mountain tops, on the most remote islands and rocks, these holy places of Ireland are seen; small in size, but perfect in shape, and lasting as the faith of their builders. Beside many of them stands the round tower, whose perfect lines and great height long proved the stumbling block of foreign writers, although any Irish speaker could have told them that it was simply a "bell house" in name. The Irish Cross bearing in the hard stone the story of revelation, decorated with Gaelic ingenuity, still speaks eloquently after a thousand years. Treasurer of art like the Book of Kells, and the Book of Durrow, bear witness to the labor and patience lavished on the Sacred Books.

Sedulius, the first native Irish saint, was also a poet. Born in Ireland, he was destined to live in Roman territory and to become one of the great masters of the Latin tongue. The words in which the Catholic Church throughout the world salutes the Mother of God came first from the heart, and were first written by the hand of this Irish exile. It is more than a coincidence. Irish devotion to the Blessed Virgin does not require to be proved from theory; but has any other nation in the world a separate name for the Blessed Virgin Mary distinct from other Marys? Any ordinary Mary is "Maxie" (pronounced "maur-ya") but "Muir" (pronounced "m-wirra") is reserved for her. Often she is called "Muir mhr" (m. wore), the Mary; or "Muir mhathair" (m. wauher), Mary-Mother. Looking for a term of praise for our own St. Bridgid, the Gaelic writers could do her no greater honor when they gave her the name of "the Mary of the Gael." Irishmen were glad to assume Mary as their patroness, and the Christian name now lives translated Miles, but really "Muir mhuire" (mweel'ra)

means the "client of Mary." Its Latin form is Marianus, and more than one Irishman bore that title. So Malone means client of St. John; Mulvihill, client of St. Michael; Mulreedy, client of St. Brigid. Another title was "servant of Mary," "gilla Mhuire" (gilla wirra,) and the families then placed under her patronage are now named Gilvarry, Gilmor and some are Gilmurry. In Highland Scotland there are many non-Catholics of that Gaelic name and the name alone will prove forever that they have fallen away from the faith of their fathers. In pain or grief, the Irish poor soon learned to call for succor on the name of Mary, and the familiar "wirra, wirra" is but the vocative use, "a Mhuire," O Mary, Mary! So also "wirra strue" is "a Mhuire, is truagh," O Mary, how sad!

Foreigners have been struck by the beauty and poetry of our every-day salutations. Instead of the cold "good day," or "how do you do," or "Hello" of modern civilization, the Irish-speaking man, woman and child all say to friend or stranger, "God bless you." Sometimes St. Patrick and St. Columkille are brought in. To welcome a friend, we say "God be thy life." When parting one says: "A blessing with you;" the other, "God prosper you." When you see a man working: "God bless the work!" Answer, "The same to yourself;" or, "And you, too." In time of trouble—"God save us." "The Cross of Christ upon us," "God is strong," with the rejoinder, "And Mary." In thanks—"Glory to God," "Exultation to God," "A thousand thanks and glories to God." When they meet a priest who, in the wild districts, where Irish is now spoken, is usually on a sick call, bearing the Blessed Sacrament, they say: "A thousand thanks and exultations to the Son of God!" Of the dead, "The blessing of God on their souls!"

Even animals, in the Gaelic mind, are under spiritual influences. The red breast is called "Mary's little one," and a graceful legend explains the name. The crow of the common rooster, instead of being a pagan cock-a-doodle, is a song of triumph, "mac na h Oighe Slan" ("mok na ho ya slaun"), the Son of the Virgin is free. The Rosary is called "paidirin," the little prayer.

The whole of the Gaelic literature is religious in tone. The part of it that is purely devotional is very large and very beautiful. Litanies, hymns, poems in which the whole Celtic soul is poured in prayer, spiritual works, lives of saints with all that legendary wealth and definiteness of detail in which the Irish mind revels. For twelve centuries the Irish-speaking peasantry have handed down, generation to generation, beautiful religious hymns, which are repeated to-day by the hearths as they were in the times of the saints. There is a hymn for almost every possible circumstance. Thus the hymn said when raking the fire open:

I spare this fire as Christ spares all;
May Mary and Bridgid guard each wall!
And I pray to the host of angels bright
To watch ourselves and our home to-night.

And all this wealth of religious thought, coming from the most religious race of the world, is uncollected, untranslated, unknown.

The great bulk of the Irish literature comes to us from the Irish religious houses, and a great proportion is the work of Irish religious. From St. Patrick, St. Columkille and St. Bridgid, down to Geoffrey Keating and MacHale, the Irish religious has also been a thinker and a writer. The name of Donough Mor O'Day, abbot of Boyle, is practically unknown to the world. His hymns and sacred poems are not rivaled in the religious poetry of Christendom.

Around the good feast of Christmas clusters a great wealth of Irish literature and legend. Christmas is, of course, Christ's Mass, and still we call the Christmas Mass "Aifionna na Giene," the Mass of the Babe. "Little Xmas," or "Old Xmas," has its own legends and practices, and these, too, want some hands which will gather them up.

If you wish to appreciate the Celtic thought as found in the Irish literature, you must look at it from the religious standpoint. If you want to find an antidote for the cold, morbid, materialistic thought of the present day, go back to the pure-spirited literature of the Gael. Help make it known, and you will benefit the world at large and bring honor to the Celtic race.—E. O'Growney, in San Francisco Monitor.

IRISH IN AMERICAN ART.

The strongly imaginative qualities which are a characteristic of the Irish race, have left an impress upon American art that is widely felt. In painting and sculpture the Irish have taken a foremost place since the first beginnings of an art life in the United States, and at the present time Irish names are commonly to be met with in all the finest galleries.

An Irishman is found among the first fifteen founders of the Academy of Design. Mr. Charles C. Ingham received his early training in the art schools of Dublin. An accomplished gentleman of the old school, Ingham was the foremost portrait painter of the days of Knickerbocker supremacy.

From the foundation of the academy in 1825, there is a dearth of Irish names until 1856, when W. J. Hennessy became an associate. Hennessy came to New York from Kilkenny at the age of ten years. A successful illustrator, he is equally clever in oils and water color. Few American painters are better known than Thomas Hovenden. He is one of the very best artists in the United States. His art study began in the Cork School of Design, to mature at the Beaux Arts under Cabanel.

William Magrath's Irish landscapes are familiar to visitors of the Corcoran Gallery and the Metropolitan Museum. In the academy are also D. W. Tyrone, former professor of art at Smith College and the Hartford School of Art; Edward Gay, elected N.A. 1870; W. R. O'Donovan, P.P. Ryder, national associate since 1868, and founder of the Brooklyn Academy of Design; Charles Curran, Benoni Irwin, not to forget J. Francois Murphy and that dynasty of painters, the Morans.

America has few landscape painters of Murphy's merit. Self-taught, his interpretations of nature is poetic, yet distinctive. Since 1876 Mr. Murphy has been a resident of New York, and was born in New Jersey. "Tints of a Vanished Past" and "Under Gray Skies" are probably his best known pictures.

How much of the development of American art may be attributed to the Morans it would be difficult to define. The founder of this remarkably versatile family was Mr. Patrick Moran. From Leicester, England, he brought over his four sons in the early forties. These sons have married and multiplied until to-day no less than sixteen Morans hold distinctive places in American art. Edward, the marine painter, was the leader and teacher of the family. His sons, Percy and Leon, are among the foremost of the younger school. Peter, the second of the original quartet, is an animal painter, while Thomas is a landscape artist of national repute. Thomas's only son, Paul, is a promising genre painter. John, the fourth brother, is the first and for many years was the only artistic landscape photographer in this country.

In Dublin an Irish mother gave birth forty seven years ago to America's greatest sculptor, Augustus St. Gaudens, a name inseparable to-day from the best expression of high ideals in plastic art. St. Gaudens was the first person in America to learn the art of jewel-cutting. In this manner he defrayed the expenses of his subsequent art education in Paris.

Queen's county, Ireland, sent to New York at the age of fourteen years one of our best portrait sculptors, the late Launt Thompson. Since 1859 he had been an associate of the National Academy. In 1874 he was its vice-president.

His work holds posts of honor in various cities throughout the Union. Yale College has Thomson's statue of Abraham Lincoln. His Napoleon I. is at Milford, Pa.; his General John Sedgwick at West Point; his Winfield Scott at the Soldier's Home, Washington, and his bust of William Cullen Bryant at the Metropolitan Museum. His statues of James Gordon Bennett, Sr., Edwin Booth as Hamlet, Samuel F. B. Morse in Central Park, bespeak the productiveness of this gifted sculptor, upon whom Yale College conferred in 1874, the honorable degree of M. A. Other capable sculptors whose work adorns the metropolis are W. R. Donovan and W. Sheehan. Among the Irish sculptors of a younger generation who have already done telling work and give promise of enduring achievement, is

James E. Kelly, a native of New York. Mr. Kelly studied at the Arts Students' League and began his career as an engraver. He made all the engravings for Scribner's Magazine during 1876-79. He is the originator of the line process so generally used in magazine illustrations. From engraving he took up the brush, finding at length his happiest medium in clay.

The late Patrick Sarfield Gilmore was wont to reiterate with pardonable pride that Erin was the only country in the world whose coat of arms bears a musical instrument. In his youth Gilmore was the finest E flat cornet player in America, and subsequently became the leader of our greatest band. Since his death his baton has fallen into the hand of a grandson of Samuel Lover, Victor Herbert. He was born in Ireland, while his musical education was received in Germany.

Mr. Edward Harrigan has given America its most original dramas, and Mr. Augustin Daly its most distinctive school of acting. Self-taught, Augustin Daly began life a journalist. From dramatic critic and adapter of plays he finds today the ambition of his life realized in the theatre that bears his name. To him French, German and Spanish comedy writers are largely indebted for the introduction of their plays on the American stage. Inseparable from his later triumphs is the genius of Ada Rehan, an Irish woman.

To speak of the American drama of the last half century is to recall the names of these Irishmen, or the sons of Irishmen: Broucaillet, Lawrence Barrett, John McCullough, William Florence Scanlan, Edward Harrigan, Mrs. Yeaman's, Oliver Doud Byron, James O'Neill, Tom Karl, William Ludwig, Fritz William, and W. T. Powers.—Catholic Citizen.

O'CONNELL'S DUEL WITH D'ESTERRE.

It has been believed by many contemporaries of the great Liberator of Ireland that the duel with D'Esterre, in 1815, into which he was drawn much against his will, was forced upon him as much by a deliberate wish of high personages in the government to have his career of agitation ended as it was by any sense of personal grievance felt by D'Esterre, who was not at all in O'Connell's mind at the moment he made use of the famous expression which was used as the pretext for provoking the duel. O'Connell was at the time about 40 years of age, in the prime of his vigorous manhood, and as a leader of the agitation for Catholic emancipation he was bitterly hated by the castle peace-seekers, as well as by the British Government. He was never very choice in the selection of his compliments when aiming the shafts of his eloquence against his enemies, and when he made his sarcastic reference to the corporation of Dublin no one thought of a deadly duel resulting from his remarks. But so it proved. At a meeting held in January, 1815, O'Connell spoke of the "beggary" corporation of Dublin, and D'Esterre, who was one of the guild of merchants, challenged him for the insult. O'Connell was of all men hated by D'Esterre's party. The challenge became a matter of public notoriety, and as D'Esterre was a man of determination and courage, it was thought the duel would result in the death of one of them. They met on the afternoon of the 31st of January, in Lord Ponsonby's demesne, thirteen miles from Dublin, a considerable number of spectators being present. Both combatants were perfectly cool and determined. D'Esterre fired first. O'Connell's shot took effect, and the crowd actually shouted with satisfaction. Some 700 gentlemen left their cards with him next day. D'Esterre died three days afterwards, and though no proceedings were taken against O'Connell, the affair left a painful and lasting impression on his mind. He contributed to the support of D'Esterre's family, who were but slenderly provided for. Archbishop Murray's exclamation on learning the result of the duel—"God be praised; Ireland is safe"—may be taken as an index of the estimation in which O'Connell was held.

An important decision regarding patents was given by the United States Supreme Court, Monday. By its ruling if a foreign patent on any device expires before the American patent, the latter patent is declared to be null and void with the expiration of the foreign one. The decision is far-reaching in its results.