

THE HISTORY OF DERRY.

The following interesting sketch of the City of Derry, from the pen of the Rev. William McMahon, is taken from the last issue of the Catholic Universe, of Cleveland, O.:

The "Shamrock" steamed into the beautiful Lough Foyle early on Saturday morning. We passed Moville, the prettily situated watering place, where the ocean steamers take passengers for New York.

As we steamed up the lough and into the River Foyle, I got my first glance of Ireland. The rolling land, clothed in its own peculiar green, stretching away into hill and dale, made a very favorable impression upon me.

Soon Derry, famous historic Derry, came into view. It is situated on an eminence, and is half surrounded by the River Foyle, which is a fine, wide tidal river. The city is flourishing and one of the few in Ireland that is increasing in population, which is now about thirty-five thousand.

The patriotic Irish call the city by its old name, "Derry," while on the maps and by the "loyalists" it is designated "Londonderry."

In confiscating the estates of "certain Roman Catholics of distinction" who had "rebelled" James I. in 1608 confiscated the whole of the six northern counties of Armagh, Tyrone, Coleraine, Donegal, Fermanagh and Cavan, and proceeded to "plant" them with Protestant British and Scottish subjects. Derry was virtually transferred to the London company, and hence named Londonderry.

The gates of Derry were shut against the army of James II. December 7, 1688, by the "Prentice Boys." The account of the siege, which lasted one hundred and five days is very interesting. The anniversaries of the closing of the gates and the raising of the siege are still observed. The celebration does not always pass without a fight.

When I got off at the landing at 6 p. m. it was raining. On commenting on it a man said: "Oh, it won't amount to much, but last month we had a fine shower that lasted ten days."

I made my way to the City Hotel which I had been told was "just around the corner." There was no admission when I arrived as nobody was about. After I rang the bell about half a dozen times, a man came to help me rouse "the clerk." He rang and pounded and kept at it, until the door was opened by one who had evidently been disturbed from sweet slumber.

When asked for breakfast he said that it would be ready after a bit. When it was finally ready, I found it very palatable and well prepared. After breakfast I went to seek my friend, Father O'Doherty. I had written him a card from Glasgow. When I got to the Cathedral I found that "Father Phillip" had gone to seek me. I hastened back and we met at the hotel. I could hardly recognize my friend of Palestine and Italy. When we parted he had a long and heavy black beard. The priest before me was clean shaven. After a warm greeting, he said: "Ah! I could not bring that beard into Ireland; it would be out of order here."

After chatting pleasantly for some time he proposed to take me around the walls and through the city of Derry, and to show me the points of interest in the town. Before starting out I asked the manager, who was a clean cut young man, the distance to Letterkenny. He told me eighteen miles, and asked if I had any acquaintance there. I mentioned the name of Mr. John Gallagher, of Youngstown, O., "why, I know him well," he said, "he was here yesterday." I asked him if he had mentioned anything of getting a card from me. When he replied in the negative, I knew that it had not been received.

Father O'Doherty brought me to the church of St. Columba. I found a fine Calvary group erected outside of the church and a number of people kneeling devoutly around it. There was also a fine statue of St. Columba. We went into the church. I was edified to find about two hundred people in prayerful devotion before the Blessed Sacrament. It was then about 10 a. m., and the Mass had been finished some two hours previously. As the Blessed Sacrament was not exposed and no devotion was being held the example of faith and piety was very impressive.

Father O'Doherty rapped on a confessional and a priest came out. He had been engaged all the morning. The week before eight thousand people had received Holy Communion in that church. He also told me that some of the priests had heard confessions all night on the eve of the feast of St. Columba June 9. It was in Derry that St. Columba or Columbkille had erected his monastery in the year 548. In the tenth century the place was called "Derry-Columbkille."

I had noticed from an inscription on the Calvary group that Leo XIII. had enriched it with plenary indulgences on May 3, June 6 and September 14.

St. Columbkille from childhood had a yearning for Heaven. From his youth he gave himself to God in prayer and penance. He lay on the bare floor, used a stone for his pillow and fasted all the year round. Yet his

countenance was sweet and angelic. Though he loved his native land and his people, he departed for Scotland in 585. There he founded one hundred religious houses and converted the Picts who in gratitude gave him the island of Iona.

For years before his death St. Columba had visions of angels. He mourned when they told him that in answer to the prayers of his children his death had been deferred for years. He cried out: "Woe is me that my sojourning is prolonged."

The cell of heaven finally came in his seventy-seventh year, June 9, 597. Surrounded by his disciples he said to Diarmid: "This day is called the Sabbath, that is the day of rest, and such it will truly be to me for it will put an end to my labors." Then kneeling before the altar he received the Viaticum and slept sweetly in the Lord. His relics were carried to Downpatrick and laid in the same grave with the bodies of St. Patrick and St. Brigid.

"In Down three saints one grave doth fill,
Bridget, Patrick and Columbkille,"

Among the songs composed by St. Columba there exists one in praise of Derry.

"Were all the tribute of Scotia mine,
From its midland to its borders,
I would give all for one little cell
In my beautiful Derry."

Ireland was often called Scotia to the Twelfth century.

On leaving the church Father O'Doherty and I went to the cemetery near by and visited the graves of his father and mother and other near relatives. They lie buried in a hillside in a well-kept lot marked by a fine and tasty monument.

There are two Cathedrals in Derry, strange to say St. Columba's Cathedral is the Protestant one. It is a fine stone building. The details are good and harmonious, but the structure is not very large, being about 150 by 65 feet.

In a niche in front of the pulpit is a seated figure of St. Columba holding the "Fighting Psalter" in his hand.

By some climbing of steps and steep ladders, Father O'Doherty and I ascended the tower. From the outside of it we got a magnificent view of the city, the Foyle and the green, hilly country about, and also the Walker monument. Rev. Walker was the commander of the forces in Derry at the time of the siege. It is said that the sword fell from the hand of the statue the night upon which the Catholic Emancipation Bill was passed.

The Catholic Cathedral of St. Eugene is a fine stone building beautifully situated on an eminence. The episcopal palace and the new parochial school, also of stone, are worthy of admiration. The Bishop is a namesake of Father O'Doherty, and I believe is also a distant relative.

We took dinner with Father McManamin and Father Boyle. After dinner I got my first ride on an "Irish jaunting car." At first I was prepared to jump, as I feared that I would slip off. However, I soon got used to it and enjoyed the car very well.

We visited the Catholic Institute and Temperance Hall. It is a large stone building, well furnished and well arranged. It contains an auditorium and a well appointed stage, billiard and reading rooms and class rooms and bowling alley. I should judge that the property is worth over \$100,000. It is certainly a great credit to the Catholics of Derry. There are few places with five times the population that can boast of as fine a building for the purpose.

We visited the Convent of Mercy. In about ten days more the nuns were to celebrate their golden jubilee, and Father O'Doherty was to be the orator of the occasion.

We visited the seminary which is an endowed institution, and well situated in spacious grounds. A library and museum hall had just been completed. Father O'Doherty had many specimens from Australia and elsewhere for the museum.

We visited the old people's home and the orphan asylum combined. All the inmates appeared to be well provided for. The children entertained us with songs well rendered.

When we got back to the hotel I was greeted by Mr. John Gallagher. He had got my card on his arrival, and came back to meet me. I was delighted to see him. His genial presence brought home and the friends there whom I had left so many months before nearer to me.

After a pleasant chat I determined to go that evening with Mr. Gallagher to be his guest at Letterkenny.

Before starting we took a drive "over the hills and far away." I was charmed with the scenery in the neighborhood of Derry. The homes of the farmers appeared, in most cases, comfortable.

We went north and did not stop until we had gotten in sight of Lough Swilly. That beautiful body of water inspired Father O'Doherty to recite some martial poetry connected with the scene.

About five miles north of Derry are remarkable ruins known as the Giant's Causeway. They are on the summit

of a mountain which is supposed to be the remains of the Palace of the Northern Irish Kings. The masonry is precisely similar to that of the ruins found at Mycenae, in Greece.

Ruins so remarkable could not fail to call the lively imagination of the people into play. Among the legends related is the following:

"In the council chamber where royalty once assembled in state, a thousand armed warriors sat resting upon their swords in magical sleep, awaiting the call to take their part in the struggle for the restoration of Ireland's freedom. At intervals the warriors awoke, and looking up from their trance, ask the question in tones which resound through every one of the many chambers of the Giant's Causeway: 'Has the time come?' Then a loud voice, the voice of the spiritual being who keeps watch over their sleep, replies: 'The time is not yet.' Then the one thousand armed warriors resume their former posture, and sink into their magical sleep again."

The history of the past and the aspirations of the present show the children of Erin hope that ere long the spirit sentinel will answer: "The time has come!"

About a mile out of Derry we pass Magee's college. Mrs. McGee, of Dublin, donated \$100,000 to erect that college for the education of Presbyterian ministers for Ireland.

THE CHURCH AND DIVORCE.

From time to time reports are circulated in the secular press that divorces have been granted with the sanction of the Church, in cases where both parties were Catholics. We take the following report from the London Tablet of a case in point, which will explain the cause of such reports, as well as give those Catholics who may not be clear on the subject an outline of the attitude of the Church in relation to the subject of divorce.

"The recent divorce case of Laubenque vs. Laubenque, in which both parties are Catholics, has attracted some measure of notice and has occasioned not a little misleading comment on the part of certain organs of the non-Catholic press. Yet the proceedings will have been found sufficiently clear by all who are at all acquainted with Catholic teaching concerning the indissolubility of Christian marriage and the constant practice of the Roman Chancery. The Church in dealing with the bond of matrimony has consistently considered that bond in two stages: first, the bond as inaugurated by the ceremony or celebration in which the parties lawfully express their mutual consent; and secondly, the same bond as completed by the consummation of the marriage and the parties living together as man and wife. In the language of the Church, the first is marriage ratified, and the second is marriage consummated. The point which non-Catholic writers appear so often to miss or ignore is that in Catholic teaching and practice founded on Divine law, from which the Church herself has no power to dispense--attaches not to marriage merely ratified but to marriage consummated, in which the parties have lived together as man and wife. If a marriage has been lawfully celebrated before the altar, it is, indeed, indissoluble by any private or secular authority. But so far, and while the parties have not yet consummated, and while the bond remains incomplete by consummation, it is not so indissoluble that the Church may not, for good and sufficient reasons affect-



Feeding the Fire.

The most powerful engine must stop if the fires are not fed. Man is the most wonderful piece of machinery in the world, yet no matter how strong and well-made his bodily frame may be, if the fire of life within him is not constantly fed his limbs and muscles become powerless and useless. The reason man becomes helpless and diseased is because the food they eat, which is the fuel of life, is not properly digested and appropriated by the stomach and nutritive organs. It is not completely transformed into the strength and working power which is to man what steam is to the engine.

That wonderful power-making "Golden Medical Discovery," invented by Dr. R. V. Pierce, chief consulting physician of the Invalids Hotel and Surgical Institute of Buffalo, N. Y., imbues the human digestive juices and blood-making glands with capacity to extract abundant nourishment from the food. It builds up organic tissue, nerve-fiber, hard muscular flesh and working force. It gives a man steam.

What it did for Mr. F. S. Hughes of Junction, Henderson Co. N. Y. is given in his own words. He writes: "I received your kind letter, and in reply would say that mine was a bad case of kidney and liver trouble, and that six bottles of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and four bottles of little 'Pelleas' effected a complete cure. It is well known that almost every engineer is troubled more or less with kidney trouble, especially on our busy trips. I have not completely cured myself, but I have had no return of the trouble since taking the remedies, nearly three years ago."

MISSSES LEDA AND ANNIE SMITH.

Two Sisters Were Sick, Weak and Disheartened—Now They Are Happy, Strong and Well—Each Writes a Letter to Other Women.

In nearly every family there are weak, pale, sickly daughters. Usually the mother has female trouble, too. Such a family cannot be happy. Sickness of women casts a spell of gloom over the entire household. It seems so strange that this suffering should go on. Why in the world is it that women refuse to cure themselves when they can do it beyond the shadow of a doubt? Who can tell why there is so much leucorrhoea, falling of the womb, nervousness, sleeplessness, headache, despondency, loss of flesh and appetite? Why are there so many pallid faces and wasted bodies? It is easy to get the health back. Here are two sisters, Misses Leda and Annie Smith, living at 38 Elmhurst street, Providence, R. I. They used to be sick. Read how each has got well again.



Miss Leda (aged 23) writes: "I work in a mill in this city, and suffered for a long time with headache. I was pale, weak and tired all the time. My attention was called to the wonderful cures being effected by Dr. Coderre's Red Pills, and I bought some at a drug store. They have made me well again, and I can now go through each day's work without pain or suffering. I recommend the pills to all women."

Miss Annie (aged 25) writes: "I suffered ever so much with headache, indigestion and dyspepsia. My trouble all seemed to be in the stomach. My appetite was so poor that I never enjoyed eating. A friend recommended Dr. Coderre's Red Pills, and they have driven out all diseases and made me a well woman."

They are good for the girl just blossoming into womanhood. They fit women to become wives, and wives to become mothers, without dangers or distress. At the turn of life they help the sufferer through that critical period, and insure happy, healthy old age.

If you are in doubt about your sickness, write our specialists about your case, and they will give professional advice by mail without charging a cent. If you prefer personal consultation, call at our Dispensary, 274 St. Denis St., Montreal.

Send your name and address on a postal card for a free book, "Pale and Weak Women." The best doctor book for women ever published.

Dr. Coderre's Red Pills are widely imitated. Beware of all worthless red pills sold by the dozen, the hundred, or at 25 cents a box. The genuine cost 50 cents for a box containing fifty Red Pills, or six boxes for \$2.50. They last longer and are easier to take than liquid medicines costing \$1. Best of all, Dr. Coderre's Red Pills cure without a bit of doubt.

If you cannot get the genuine at your drug store, better send the price in stamps, or by registered letter, money order or express order to us. We mail them all over the world. No duty for you to pay.

Remember that all correspondence is sacredly confidential. We make no use of any one's name without full written permission. Address all letters to the Franco-American Chemical Co., Medical Department, Montreal, Canada.

ing the happiness or spiritual welfare of the parties, exercise their authority and dissolve the bond of matrimony and leave the parties free to contract another marriage. Cases of dissolution of such ceremonial marriage, or, as it is technically called, marriage ratified but not consummated, have been readily recognized by the Church, and dispensations to that effect are of not infrequent occurrence in the well known practice of the Holy See.

"On the other hand, the absolute indissolubility of the bond of marriage between parties who have once lived together as man and wife--(and this, after all, is the practical case for society)--is unalterably and unflinchingly maintained by the Catholic Church with the whole weight of her immutable authority. The Church, moreover, teaches that the indissolubility of the marriage bond thus completed is a matter of divine law, and that neither she nor any power on earth has any power to dispense from it. The Church dispenses from her own law, but not from the laws of her Master. And in the historic case of Henry VIII, she has given proof of her sincerity and indefeasible integrity in being made ready even to sacrifice the allegiance of a whole kingdom rather than betray his sacred and saving principle.

The case of Laubenque vs. Laubenque is the simple and ordinary one--(there are dozens such on the lists of the Sacred Congregation of the Council)--of a dissolution of matrimonium ratum sed non consummatum--marriage ratified but not consummated, or, in other words, marriage celebrated but in which the parties have never lived together as man and wife. The facts are quite romantic enough to make excellent copy. A Catholic school girl of sixteen, and of good position, makes the acquaintance of a distinguished foreigner who has a coronet on the corner of his pocket handkerchief and can produce grapes grown at his ancestral chateau in France. After the usual difficulties, the consent of the young lady's father is secured, and the parties are married in the Catholic Cathedral at Edinburgh. At the conclusion of the ceremony, the father very properly insists that the bridegroom before claiming his bride shall go to Paris and obtain the authorization of his marriage. The bridegroom goes, but never returns. Moreover, he turns out to be an adventurer, in the sense of having grossly deceived the lady and her parents as to his position and prospects. And further, according to the evidence, he enters into a liaison with another person, and declines to return to the bride left at the altar.

"Under these circumstances the proceedings which the Catholic family have taken are precisely what we should have expected. The case went before the court of the Archbishop of Edinburgh, and passed thence, in the ordinary course, to the Holy See. The evidence furnished proved that she and the respondent had never lived together, and that the marriage had never been consummated. Those who are best acquainted with the ordinary procedure of such cases know well the scrupulous care, the searching inquiry, and the elaborate provisions which, according to the constitutions of Benedict XIV. the Holy See brings to their investigation and solution. Finally, on the strength of the proofs that the marriage remained unconsummated, the Pope, on the advice of the congregation, granted the usual dispensation, dissolving the marriage as ratum sed non consummatum. As the authority of the Church herself had thus set the lady free from the marriage

ceremonially contracted it only remained for her to legalize the effect of this decision as far as the civil law is concerned, and this was done by taking proceedings in the ordinary divorce court. Such a recourse for mere legalization of a decision already pronounced by the highest Church authorities does not of course, mean any recognition of the secular divorce court, or of the principle of divorce. It is nothing more than a convenient method of removing the obstacles which the civil law might place in the way of giving full effect to the Papal decision.

A writer in the Daily Chronicle, in commenting on the case, permits himself, albeit the Pope's dispensation, the marvellous observation that 'Henry VIII. would have given half a kingdom for that.' That is a fair illustration of what we have described as the lack in certain quarters of knowledge of the ordinary Catholic teaching, and what is less excusable, a readiness to draw conclusions quite as lightheartedly as if that knowledge were not wanting. Every canonist and theologian knows that had Henry VIII. been able to prove that his marriage with Catharine of Aragon had never been consummated (he had lived with her twenty years and had several children) there would really have been no difficulty whatever in granting his petition, presuming of course, that he had had just and sufficient reasons to support it, and there would have been no need to give either a half or any portion of his kingdom for the purpose. Had the writer in the Daily Chronicle studied even cursorily the divorce documents, and the arguments pleaded at the time, he would not have failed to find for himself the utter irrelevancy of the comparison. On the other hand, a glance at the records of the Roman Chancery would have shown him that the dissolution of marriages ratified but not consummated--matrimonium rata sed non consummatum--were an ordinary item of procedure of the Roman Court more than a century before Henry VIII., and dating as far back as the days of Martin V. or earlier Pontiffs. It is needless to say that such wise and provident dispensations of the Vicar of Christ can never, by their nature and import, impair for a moment the sacred character of marriage which the Church and the Holy See has so deeply at heart to defend and maintain, and that they only serve, if anything, to set in clearer relief the sacred seal of irrevocable indissolubility founded on divine and immutable law, which the Church declares to attach to the bond of ratified and consummated matrimony.

THE THORNY PATH OF THE IRISH CATHOLIC.

Unhappy is the lot of the young man of Irish birth or parentage who essaysto succeed in politics in any of the "good old Puritan" cities and towns of Massachusetts. He may be clever, honest, and industrious; in short, he may have all the mental and physical qualifications for success, but his Celtic name will be regarded as an evil that outweighs all his evident virtues. Time and again we have noted instances of such conditions in municipal elections in this state.

A case in point to which our attention has been directed is found in the election in Newburyport on Dec. 13. The leading candidates for mayor were Mr. Jere Healey, chairman of the present board of aldermen, and Mr. Thomas Huse. The latter was victorious. The Newburyport Daily News, a Republican organ which gave no support to Alderman Healey during the campaign, thus comments on Mr. Huse's victory: "It would be difficult to determine just what proportion of the very large vote he (Mr. Huse) received, one that he well may feel proud of, was due to his personality and what proportion was due to the race question that was brought into play, and which was so prominent a feature of the day's voting. This was one of the deplorable issues of the campaign, it seems to us. There is no use mincing words about this phase of the question; the people simply would not vote for a man who did not bear the stamp of American parentage, however able he was. Alderman Healey, who essayed to become mayor, an ambition in every way honorable, and a position for which he was well fitted by reason of his long experience in city affairs, was defeated for the sole reason of his religion. This is nothing to his discredit. He can regard his service in the city council with feelings of gratification, and his record is one that many a man can well afford to emulate. But with all this record the people would not elevate him higher. That was their disposition in the matter evidenced in every way, and they turned to Mr. Huse for the sole purpose, it would seem, of defeating Alderman Healey." Again the News says: "It seems open to frank statement that the people were moved to the choice yesterday largely from the fact that it was a case of anything to beat one of the most promising candidates of the opposition, and party lines cut no figure in the campaign. There seems to be a good deal of the old Puritan spirit left in Newburyport, and it was a case of all rushing in one direction without much regard for anything except the one object in view."

According to this Republican Journal, therefore, the voters rejected the better candidate for one less worthy whose name, however, did not bear the odious taint of the Celt. The Puritan spirit of Newburyport will support and encourage sly scoundrels of the Rev. Jernegan type, but an Irishman--never.--Boston Republic.

COMMENCEMENT DAY.

Jewelled hand of Hope is beckoning,
Weary college days are past,
As we cross the sacred threshold
What a pang it brings at last.

Farewell, precious Alma Mater,
Evening shadows veil thy face;
Thou hast been a faithful mother,
Faithful thou hast served the race.

Somewhere down the slopes immerse
In the endless sweep of years,
Sunshine from thy face will lighten
Pathways never dimmed by tears.

HENRY M. LACEY, '99.
St. Laurent College.

Australia possesses one-fifth of the world's stock of sheep.

Lost flesh lately?
Does your brain tire?
Losing control over your nerves?
Are your muscles becoming exhausted?
You certainly know the remedy. It is nothing new; just the same remedy that has been curing these cases of thinness and paleness for twenty-five years. Scott's Emulsion. The cod-liver oil in it is the food that makes the flesh, and the hypophosphites give tone to the nerves.

See and buy all druggists.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto.