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DUBLIN CITY.

TOM MOORE'S BIRTH-PLACE.

Irish Labor—Goldwin Smith and Prof. Froude Criticised—Scenes in the Metropolis.

The air was bracing; the breakfast excellent at Morrissey's. As seven the jaunting car was at the hotel door. "Don't forget to come back for lunch," said the lovely, golden-haired porter. "Assuredly not," said I. Mickey whistled, and away went Betsy. Those who write about the magnificent streets of Dublin, are unacquainted with the ballad-singer's description of them as "dear dirty." He applies an epithet of love to them, but as a critic he must condemn their dirt. Sackville street is very fine were it not for that vile piece of art called Nelson's monument. This monument, raised by the blackguards and their hangers-on, is a desecration of one of the finest streets in Europe. Here trams start; a curious kind of lumbering coach much like our street cars—with this distinction, the top is as much utilized as the inside of the coach. Women often mount to these aerial heights with baskets of smelling fish and men with black cutties in their mouths puff out volume after volume of smoke. Cutty is a kind of clay pipe with a short stem. The getting ready of one of these tobacco evaporators is interesting. The tram starts. A man mounts the box, pushes back his cap off his forehead, dives his black hand deep into his trouser pocket, and dangling from his crab-like claw, outcomes a woebegone bag with string hinges that open the sack, or close it at the master's will. From the folds of the sack he brings forth a piece of hard plug tobacco, this he cuts in small pieces with his knife. When a "smoke" is cut he places it in the palm of his left hand breaking it into small pieces with the knuckles of his right. The tobacco, made fine, is pressed into the bowl of the cutty. He may ask, "can any one oblige me with a match?" Some one does so and then, blow high, blow low, he will light his cutty, and

SMILE SO CONTENTED.

From the top of one of these omnibuses one can have a fine view. It is said that it was a favorite place of the gifted, but overrated, Victor Hugo to study character. I know no better place for such a study. The men to be met with are mostly citizens of some kind or another. They do not compare well with the same class in England and Scotland. Their clothes are poor, and there is about their faces that sneaking sign of letting want.

When one casts a glance at the figures given by Professor Levi all reason why the Irish laborer should look as strong as his Scotch or English brother vanishes. In England the average earnings per head, of the population are $255, in Scotland $205, in Ireland $115, or less than half the reward that labor earns across the channel. And the explanation is simple. The number of unskilled agricultural laborers in Ireland is, proportionately, nearly four times that of England, 19.17 per cent against 5.31 per cent while the number engaged in skilled industrial pursuits, in which wages are good and steady, is, according to the Professor's calculation, only half the proportion of the population in Ireland that it is in England of the £705,000,000 a year earned by the working classes of the Three Kingdoms. Ireland earns but £42,000,000; while Scotland, with little more than half her population, earns £62,000,000. And the £42,000,000, be it remembered, is not the sum divided among Irish laborers and artizans, but the whole sum earned by lawyers, doctors, crown officials, farmers, shopkeepers and all. £15,000,000 more to import English coats, hats, shoes and shirts. I wish that Goldwin Smith should consider these figures before publishing his annual screech on the

"BLESSING OF THE ENGLISH CONNECTION."

Such men as Smith and Froude, with their marvellous powers of word-painting, may delude the superficial readers on the burning question of Irish autonomy, but English criticism for the last thirty years has mercilessly shown that word-painting is not history, and that such writers will be read for style, when facts are gleaned elsewhere.

The houses of the Dublin mechanics are poor, and furniture conspicuous by absence. A carpenter said to me: "I am thinking of going over to see you people. I can't find a turn to do."

"But you are old, and I fear that you would have a hard time of it beginning life in a strange land."

"Devil a bit of it," he replied. "I'm as souple as a swing and could put some of your fellows to sleep."

"How much do you get a week?" I asked.

"Better ask me when do I get work?"

"Times are hard," said I.

"Hard," he muttered, "there are no times at all. Ireland is as dead as a dish-cloth."

"Why don't you go to some other city, say Cork?"

Resting his basket of tools on an empty barrel he looked at me with evident pity.

"Go to Cork! I'll be after doing it; don't you think that there's enough like me there? No, I'm just going over there and I've plenty of relations there."

I fervently hoped that some of them had a "pull" to help the old lad to some easy place; as to being a carpenter in Ireland and America they are two different things. "When you get there," said I, "of course you will be a Democrat or Republican."

"No, sir, I'll be nothing only what I am, and that I mean to die. There is no dirty drop in my blood."

"What is that?" The big tears started in his eyes, and, with evident emotion, he simply said:

"An Irishman." I shook warmly the old man's hand, while the irrepressible Mickey shouted,

"MAY YOUR SHADOW NEVER GROW SMALLER."

Yes; times have changed since Ireland lost her parliament, and Dublin sank to the level of a provincial city. Since Castlereagh's plot carried, wealth, and those who pass said it, crossed the Irish channel. In our morning drive we had passed a bar room, in a dingy looking lane. I was astonished when told that in that modest house, in the year 1780, the early-idolized darling of society, Thomas Moore, "of humble but respectable parents," was born. Mickey, who had known the house for forty years, and who loved, as he said, "to water at the trough," told me that at this time it was tenanted by cottagers. Moore's father kept a small wine store, the present proprietor was a grocer, various assistants. Moore's father long have the store, so does the present proprietor—and, all in all, the place seemed changed since the boyhood of the bard.

"Where song of wine, and song of flowers,
Or woman's smile, be, and woman's tender
Lays, sung to her, that sun our greater hours,
For oh, how bright and dear!"

Dublin honored her illustrious son with a statue that looks as much like the drawing-room old as Humpty-Dumpty. It might find a place in Madame Tussaud's collection of monstrosities, but as an image of Moore, and that in the city of his birth, it makes one blush for the artistic taste of the capital city of the nation. Moore's smiling face was an easy subject for the sculptor. He may have been angry with his patrons and revenged himself by giving them a piece of caricature. In order to make things worse, behind the statue is an old rusty iron shed. Poor Moore! Could you only see yourself, would you not hurry back to your green sward in Devizes? During my

SOJOURN IN DUBLIN

a military man and a noted wag circulated a set of doggrel verses, "respectfully dedicated to the corporation of Dublin without their permission." The aim of the verses was to bring ridicule on the iron grate and induce the corporation to negotiate with a purveyor of old iron. Satire in the hands of Swift is long since dead; its arrows, no matter how gifted the marksman, would avail little in the rhinoceros-side of the Dublin Corporation. I cannot vouch for much merit in the Colonel's lines, but I can aver that his descriptions if indelicate, are extremely characteristic. From the leaflet flying before me I quote the first stanza and the third and fourth lines of the last stanza.

"There is not in the city a more famous place than
The street are erected near West moreland
street;
Oh, the last ray of delight we saw and felt
When behind Tommy Moore they erected this
stand

On Parliament street, in the city of Dublin,
Across the river Liffey, and close to the Bank
shop."

The patriots still slumber and the "disgrace" still confronts the stranger's passing eye. That Moore gave more to his country than she gave to him is all who know his history will readily admit. It was a saying of Barry the painter that "Ireland gave him birth but not bread." Every eminent Irishman of the century has suffered by experience this lesson. Moore was a broad earned and he could sit down and compose sentimental songs in honor of the green flag while his children starved. I am glad that he did not live long enough to see his country despitefully treated by parasites of all this Irish literature, to better name is Irish trash. Now Ireland wants more substantial food than the ravings of poetasters and their fatuous appeals to

RACE AND RELIGIOUS PASSIONS.

If Pater, in his wisdom, banished the Grecian singers from his dream of a Republic, what would he do with the whole tribe of Irish days, so styled the sweet "singers of Erin," and legitimate writers of the mantles of Moore and Davis. Such songsters, if ever will apply that sacred name to them, have been the bane of Irish literature. They have given to it, which for want of a better name, I might call a bad name, and while strangers shrug their shoulders. A well-known French writer, Ernest de Chatelain, author of "Beauties de la Poesie Anglaise, Rayons et Reflets" once said to a Dublin gentleman that the only poems in distinctively Irish literature worth translating were by Moore and McCarthy. He held the common opinion of foreigners. Take up a late work on this subject, supposed to have been in part edited by the late Boyle O'Reilly, and what a hodge-podge. I do not blame the brilliant editor of the Pilot, as the editing and supervision passed from his hands, but it is sad to see his name on the cover of such a book; sadder still that such a book, costing three times the price of works of merit, will, by the audacity of book agents find its way into a thousand households, while the books of talent and genius will lie on the shelf preparing themselves for the waste vat, and their authors revel in the ways of Grub street. I happened, on my return to New York, to glean a little of the "ways that are dark and the tricks that are vain," in concocting an Irish anthology. The editor was totally unfit for his work, lacking honesty and discrimination. Every long-haired friend that came along with a copy of doggrel found a place, and was graciously labelled poet. His creed seems to be that of Lowell's editor:

"In short I firmly do believe
In Humbug generally,
For it's a thing that I perceive
To hev a solid vally."

What must the foreign reader think, after reading a fine poem of Shaughnessy's, Ferguson's, or Reilley's, to run up against a "Lullaby to a Dead Dog" by Shane Magillicuddy, the star poet of the "Evening Boomerang?"

The purchaser of this unique volume will not be wanting in variety.

"The company gather'd embraces great and
small bards,
Both strong bards, and weak bards, funny
and grave,
Fat bards and lean bards, little and tall
bards,
Bards who wear whiskers, and others who
shave."

And yet before bidding this useless volume a farewell forever, and trusting that Irish criticism will not need in the future a stranger to point out and classify such parasites, I will quote a couplet for the long-haired sons of the Muse, whose face-caricatures in the appendix, are in full sympathy with their poems:

"Swans sing before they die; 'twere no bad
thing
Did certain poets die before they sing."

—WALTER LECKY.

BOOKS AND MAGAZINES.

THE CATHOLIC WORLD.

The September number of this admirable and now standard Catholic publication contains a rich and grand reading matter. Amongst other articles we may cite: "Home Rule, or Ecclesiastical," by Mr. Geo. McDermott; "Catholic School System in England," by Rev. Thos. McMillan; "The Maid of Orleans," by Rev. Thos. Gorman; Reminiscences of Bishop Wadhams, of Ogdensburg; Financial relations of the French clergy to the State; the Old World and the New, and a host of other fine and instructive contributions. While on the question of the Catholic World, we may as well say, now we are at it, and give a synopsis of the coming number of that publication. The Catholic World for October will be a special quarter centennial number. The learned and eloquent John Lancaster Spalding, D.D., Bishop of Peoria, will contribute an important article on Columbus. The number will also contain the first complete English translation of the narrative of the journey of Las Casas, from the pen of Father Parisot, whose special study of that epoch has made him an authority in its history and literature. Christian Reid, the novelist so of such wide fame, will contribute the opening chapters of a serial illustrated Mexican tale. The Jesuit Father Sandoval will be the subject of an interesting article by Rev. Thomas Hughes, S.J. Other contributions of value and interest will be furnished by Rev. Thomas O'Gorman, D.D., Rev. C. A. Walworth, Mrs. Mary E. Blake, Mr. Aubrey de Vere, General E. P. Scammon, etc.

THE AVE MARIA.

It is almost unnecessary to mention the "Ave Maria" to our Catholic readers. Surely they must nearly all read that first of purely Catholic publications in America. With the September number it opens its 35th volume, and is as fresh and powerful for good today as it ever was in the past. In the second number for September, there is an admirable article, by Wm. D. Kelly, on "Pre-Columbian Catholic Colony;" also the conclusion of the "Society of Marie Reparatrice;" Maurice F. Egan continues his "Chats with good listeners;" and the literary supplement is varied and good. We have no words of praise for the "Ave Maria" because, for those who do not read it our just criticism might be considered fulsome; and for those who do read it, no words of ours could add to their own high opinion of its literary and religious worth. Consequently we are silent and merely say to it, from ourselves, "Ave Maria! semper Ave!"

THE ARENA.

The August number of The Arena is an exceptionally good one. The frontispiece is a portrait of Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, who writes the leading article entitled "Twenty-five Years on the Lecture platform." Edwin Reed appears in his "Tribunal of Literary Criticism," and Mr. B. O. Fowler has a splendid article on "An Idealistic Dreamer." There is a rare letter from Louise Chandler Moulton. The pending Presidential campaign is treated by different authors from different points of view. "The Women's Club" contains a number of interesting feminine contributions. Books of the day are reviewed by the editor and Rabbi Schindler. The whole number is overflowing and replete with good solid matter.

THE MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART.

The August number of the Messenger of the Sacred Heart, is as fresh as the September number but as beautiful, instructive and charmingly special as its predecessor. The engraving of the Madonna della Seggiola, from Raffaelle, is an artistic piece of work. There are also beautiful engravings of "The Warrior Maid of Orleans," "Nine Martyrs of the Shrine of Gorkum," "Martyrs of the Shrine of the Lady of Martyrs," "Martyrdom of the Blessed St. John the Apostle." These are only a few of the good number of splendid contributions, stories, sketches, conversations, poetry, rhymes, etc., to make up a most attractive publication.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

The September number of Donahoe's new series Magazine is up to the old and well-known mark established. There are several very excellent articles such as "The Blessings of Poverty," "Christopher Columbus," "Musings on the Irish Situation," a glance at Irish Poets and Poetry, "The Grand Old Man on Home Rule," and full pages of valuable information, religious, social, national, literary and otherwise. We may add that the department of most attractiveness to readers of Donahoe's is an Catholic standard and shut the door of Irish Catholic homes.

THE ROSARY OF OUR LADY OF MALVERN.

Once more we have to thank a kind friend of this charming religious publication. The October number contains a poem on "The Garden of Lourdes at Night," and an essay on the origin of the Most Holy Rosary, "a story of the Crusade in Crete." Also there are articles on "The Pilgrims of Avignon," "St. Joan Berchman's Sanctuary Society," "October for the Angels," and other interesting and helpful articles. Philadelphia does not send out a more timely little messenger to the Catholic reading world.

ST. MARY'S CHIMES.

We have to acknowledge the reception of the first number of this new publication, issuing from the pupils of St. Mary's Academy, Notre Dame, Indiana. We see at first glance, that in style neat and tuneful these "Chimes" are destined to ring merrily in Catholic ears and to make life doubly enjoyable with their sweet and lovely sounds. Success to St. Mary's Chimes, may they never cease to chant the praises of Mary, and to tell the world the great good work that is being done in St. Mary's Academy.

UNIVERSITY EXTENSION.

The September number of this publication comes with its choice articles on the important educational questions of the day. This number contains contributions from Oxford and other educational centres, on such subjects as:—"Among the English Centres;" "Literature in America;" "Another step forward;" "University extension at Chautauqua;" and "The University Convention."

THE MONTH.

British Columbia sends us its September Month. It is very interesting and contains two splendid portraits and sketches to correspond. One is of Rt. Rev. Paul Durieu, O.M.I., D.D., Bishop of New Westminster, B.C., the other is of the Crucifixion scene in the Passion Play by the Sechelt Indians.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS.

From Boston comes a most unique and timely publication, that bears this motto: "We speak for those that cannot speak for themselves." It is full of information about the domestic animals and of stories, poems and hints for old and young. It is a charming little publication.

THE COLLEGIUM.

St. Dunstan's College, Charlottetown, P.E.I., sends forth the second number of its publication "The Collegium." It is just what its name indicates, a real college journal of good make up and filled with much matter of interest to students and all connected institutions.

ST. VIATEUR'S COLLEGE JOURNAL.

The August number of the St. Viateur's College Journal is, as usual, interesting, and there is much, very much instruction to be gleaned from its few but well selected pages.

Mrs. A. J. Williams

For the Good of Others

Rev. Mr. [illegible] Recently Endorses Hood's Sarsaparilla.

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Articles of Merit

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CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents, five for $1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

FATHER KOENIGS NERVE TONIC

Editorial.

Not long ago we had an opportunity to hear the opinion of Father Koenig's Nerve Tonic, a medicine here to fore unknown in this city. The results recorded in that several cases were known to hire where people that suffered from sickness, weakness, nervousness [illegible] entirely. Among others he mentions a case out of his congregation that of Mr. J. Geckeler who was a victim of this terrible disease for eight years, and who, upon his advice, took Father Koenig's Nerve Tonic, and recommends it now to all very highly. Germania Central Illinois Wochenblatt, Ottawa, Ill., April 12th 1892.

Rev. Father B. Gocken, of Maple Valley, Mich., knows of a case of St. Vitus dance which was cured by two bottles of Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic.

FREE—A Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases sent free to any address, and poor patients can also obtain this medicine free of charge.

This remedy has been prepared by the Rev. Father Koenig, of Fort Wayne, Ind., since 1876, and is now prepared under his direction by the

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Regular Size, $1 per Bottle, six bottles for $5.

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OBITUARY.

MR. D. A. O'SULLIVAN.

By the death of Mr. D. A. O'Sullivan, which took place at Penetanguishene last week, Toronto has lost one of its brightest lawyers and the Catholics of the Dominion have been robbed of one of their most powerful exponents. Mr. O'Sullivan's recent writings on the pronouncement of the Privy Council in the matter of the Manitoba Separate Schools was of such a high character all the newspapers of the Dominion published them in full and gave lengthy editorial remarks concerning their richness and honesty. Deceased took an active part in education and was associated with all the Catholic institutions in Toronto.—*Canadian Freeman.*

RT. REV. BISHOP O'MAHONEY.

Right Rev. Timothy O'Mahoney, auxiliary Bishop of the Archdiocese of Toronto, and acting parish priest of St. Paul's, in the east end of that city, died at 7.45 o'clock on Thursday morning, 8th inst., at his residence, 81 Power street. He had been ailing for some weeks past, and for several days it was known that the end was approaching. Rev. Father Murray was in attendance at the death-bed and administered the last ordinance of the Church. Dropsy and heart weakness were the cause of death. The late Bishop O'Mahoney was born at Kilmurry, County Cork, Ireland, November 11, 1822, and was consequently in his sixty-seventh year. He entered the priesthood in 1844 and was created first Bishop of Armidale, South Australia, by Pope Pius IX., where he laboured for many years until broken health compelled him to return to Europe. In 1879 he came out to Canada at the personal solicitation of the late Archbishop Lynch, receiving before his departure from Europe the title of Bishop of Eudocia. He at once took charge of St. Paul's parish in this city, where he has remained ever since. During his twelve years' ministrations the present magnificent stone edifice at the corner of Queen and Power streets has been erected, the extensive schools to the east of the church built and the parish thoroughly organized, until today the spiritual and temporal condition of the parish places it among the foremost in the archdiocese. He was beloved and revered in every part of his city, and esteemed for his faithful labours and devotion throughout the city and Province.—*Catholic Record.*

MR. MICHAEL KELLY.

At St. Alphonse de Liguori, on the 14th inst., at the ripe age of 81 years, was buried, in the Roman Catholic cemetery of that place, the late Mr. Michael Kelly, husband of the late Elizabeth Masson. The deceased was one of the worthy and enterprising citizens of the locality and one of the wealthiest farmers in the surrounding country. The obsequies were imposing and the great concourse of relatives and friends present gave testimony of the deep affection and high esteem in which Mr. Kelly was held. He leaves behind him, to mourn his loss, a family of six children, of whom one is a boy and five are girls—one of these latter is a member of the religious community of the Sisters of Ste. Anne, at Lachine. Their father was a true and fervent Catholic, and one whose life served as a model to the great number of his friends and neighbors. In their bereavement we tender the family our sincere sympathy and, in the language of the Church, we say of the departed, "may his soul rest in peace!"

MRS. WM. SELBY.

With deep regret we are called to chronicle the untimely and sad death of a worthy and widely respected citizen in the person of Mrs. Wm. Selby. The deceased lady was a model of every Christian virtue, and one of the few of whom we might confidently say, that she was ever prepared, by her good and exemplary life, to meet the most sudden summons from the Heavenly Father. We tender her bereaved relatives our heartfelt sympathy in the hour of such painful affliction. The following account of the sad accident that culminated in the death of Mrs. Selby appeared in a morning paper:—"On Saturday night Mrs. Selby, wife of Mr. Wm. Selby, residing at No. 29 Aylmer street, was so horribly burnt that she died at twenty minutes to three on Sunday morning. It appears the unfortunate lady was subject to epileptic fits, and that one of these seized her just as she was coming out of her bedroom with a lighted candle in her hand. In her fall the candle set fire to her underclothing and she slowly roasted, unable either to move or scream, until at last the odor of burning flesh attracted the other members of the household. The ambulance was summoned as soon as possible, and the horribly burned victim removed to the Montreal Hospital. It was probable that her injuries would be fatal, and her death, which occurred about six hours later, was in actual and fearful suffering."—*H. T. P.*

THE POETS OF IRELAND.

[illegible]

Such a biography as the Rev. Father Dowling compiled would be a boon to the Province of Quebec. The work, particular and painstaking as it is, would be a work of deep research and [illegible] Such a work would be a large volume. Here would be rescued from the Irish [illegible] all the well-known and well-loved [illegible] which have charmed [illegible] Irish [illegible] Protestant [illegible] Catholic [illegible] Protestant [illegible] Catholic [illegible] Protestant [illegible] Catholic