

A MANCHESTER MARTYR.

A sketch of the Life of Rev. Father Barlow.

The great pilgrimage which is being organised by the missions of the congregation of St. Gregory the Great, under the immediate direction of the Very Rev. Rev. Prior Vaughan, to Barlow Hall, the birthplace of the Venerable Father Barlow, who was martyred for the Catholic Faith in the 17th century, and the ceremonies which are to take place at St. Peter's Priory, Barlow Moor-road, Charlton-cum-Hardy, in connection therewith, on September 10, renders this a fitting opportunity of presenting our readers with a brief sketch of the martyr's life.

HIS BIRTH.

In the year 1585, at Barlow Hall, in the picturesque outskirts of the Manchester of to-day, Edward Barlow first saw the light of day. His noble parents were pious, staunch Catholics, and his father, Sir Alexander Barlow, who himself died in prison a confessor of the faith, made it his case to give his son a Catholic and liberal education. His tender mind, which already had a happy sweetness of temper and an inclination to piety and learning, soon developed and established itself firmly in the true faith and love of God. When he reached his twelfth year he was made page to one of his relations, a person of high position, and thus was open to him the prospect of a gay and unchequered career.

HE CHOOSES GOD, NOT THE WORLD.

Wisdom increasing with age, he soon discovered the emptiness and vanity of the things of this life, and the greatness of things eternal, and, feeling attracted by God to the priesthood, he went to the university of Douai, a centre of light and learning, and already the Alma Mater of many illustrious martyrs. Having completed his elementary studies for the ecclesiastical state, he was sent by the Rev. Dr. Worthington, on August 23, 1610, to the English College at Valladolid, where he studied his course of philosophy and part of his divinity. Subsequently he followed in the footsteps of his brother, the Right Rev. Rudesind Barlow, President General of the English Benedictines, and returned to Douai, where he took the habit of St. Benedict, and, having completed his noviceship at St. Malo, in Little Brittany, he made his profession at St. Gregory's, Douai, in 1615. Two years later he was promoted to the priesthood, and was sent by his superiors on the English mission to keep alive the faith and to labor for the conversion of those who had forsaken the ancient religion.

HIS WORK IN LANCASHIRE.

Charlton-cum-Hardy, Didsbury, Wittington, and the hamlets on this side of Manchester, formed, perhaps, for the most part the field of his labours. He manifested a singular zeal for the salvation of souls, preaching as much by example as by words. Night and day he was ever making use of opportunities of reclaiming his fellow-countrymen from error, and whatever time he could spare from his devotions he employed in seeking after the lost sheep, and in exhorting, instructing, and correcting sinners, seizing every opportunity of preaching the Word of God. With great reverence and devotion he celebrated the Holy Mass and recited the Divine Office, and so much pleasure did he feel in meditation, that when the time for this inward conversation with God came, he experienced as much sensible joy as worldly people feel in going to a feast.

THE MARTYR'S SPIRIT.

He had a strong contempt of the world and its vanities, and refused to live in the houses of the great in order that the poor, to whom he chiefly devoted his labours, might have at all times free access to him. He was much sought after as a peacemaker in reconciling persons at variance, and was consulted as an oracle by Lancashire Catholics in their troubles, doubts, and difficulties. When God's honour and the salvation of souls called him forth, his spirit was dauntless and he feared no danger. On one occasion, hearing that some persons, whom he loved, were resolved to do something very wicked, which was likely to ruin many souls, he was so effected by it that it flung him into a grievous sickness which almost endangered his life, and the fact that there was no priest at hand to administer to him the last Sacraments added to his afflictions. In this anguish of soul, lifting his eyes to heaven, he ex-

claimed: "Lord, Thy will be done! a due conformity of our will to Thine is to be preferred to the use of the Sacraments, and even to martyrdom itself. I reverence and earnestly desire Thy Sacraments, and I have often wished to lay down my life for Thee in the profession of my faith, but if it is pleasing to Thy infinite wisdom to take me out of the prison of this body, half dead already, Thy will be done."

HIS LOVE FOR GOD'S POOR.

But his time had not yet come. God had other designs, and prolonged the life His servant. On the eve of the principal feast of the year Catholics from distant places resorted to Father Barlow, passing the night together after the manner of the Primitive Church, in watching, prayer, and spiritual colloquies, whilst he himself employed the time in hearing confessions. Next day he invited the poorer part of his flock to a dinner, asking the more honorable members to join him in waiting upon them, nor did he dismiss them without first having placed in the hands of each of them an alms. His charity and zeal made him the most popular and revered person in the district, and when many reprehended him for going about so publicly, he replied that he was not afraid to lay down his life for God's cause.

HIS MARTYRDOM.

The Easter-morning of 1641 saw the final apprehension of the venerable martyr. Standing in his pulpit in the old Church of Eccles, and gesticulating more than ordinary fury the time-serving Vicar of that ancient parish called upon his audience—some 400 in number—to perform a work more acceptable to God than singing psalms and muttering prayers, and to unite with him in surrounding Barlow, whom they were certain to find there violating the British law by saying Mass in the midst of his followers. Thither, therefore, like infuriated ruffians, some 400 men, armed with staves and bludgeons, rushed with the venomous Vicar at their head. They surrounded the house to prevent any escape, whilst a selected few of the more daring broke open the main door of the hall, rushed upstairs, and found the glorious martyr clad in his priestly vestments, concluding a sermon on Christian patience. On hearing the tramp of feet and clamour of voices the faithful Catholics implored and exhorted them all to constancy, and reminded them that these light and momentary tribulations would work in them an eternal weight of glory. The constant prayer of his life was now heard. He was seized, bound, and hurried off to Lancaster Castle, where he consoled Father Arrow-smith and prepared him for his martyrdom, now imminent. On the 7th September he underwent a mock trial before Sir Robert Heath. Being asked what he thought of the justice of those laws by which priests were put to death, the martyr said that all laws made against Catholics on account of their religion, were unjust and impious; for what law can be more unjust than this, that priests are condemned to suffer as traitors merely because they are Roman, that is true priests? If there are no other true priests but the Roman, and if these be destroyed what must become of the Divine law where none remain to preach God's word or administer His Sacrament? The Judge condemned him to be hanged, drawn, and quartered, and on hearing the sentence he received it with a cheerful and serene countenance, and said, "Thanks be to God," and prayed God to pardon all who had been accessory to his death. In this the Judge applauded his charity. He was dragged to the place of execution on a hurdle on Friday the 10th September. He carried in his hand a little rustic cross, and having arrived at the place of execution, he was taken off the hurdle, and then walking three times around the gallows bearing aloft his little cross he recited the *Miserere* psalm as a poor penitent. In that solemn hour some of the new fangled ministers attempted to dispute with him, but he replied that he wished to prepare for death, and had no time to listen to their fooleries. With great constancy and meekness he suffered and passed from the labours and pains of this short life to eternal rest and joy in the 55th year of his age, the 25th of his religious profession, and the 24th of his sacred priesthood.—*London Tablet*.

The eagle is a very noble bird, but the hen contributes more to the comfort of the human race.

IN DREAMLAND.

Thanks to our esteemed friend, Mr. Thomas O'Hagan, M.A., we are in receipt of his recently issued volume of poems. The neatly bound and well printed little book is entitled "In Dreamland and Other Poems." We would call this latest addition to our Canadian literature a real gem were it not more appropriate to style it a casket of gems. It is lovingly dedicated to the author's mother, and according to the preface we learn that the poet has been encouraged to issue this volume in consequence of the "generous reception accorded to the first edition of 'A Gate of Flowers.'" It is unnecessary that we should inform our readers of Mr. O'Hagan's brilliant talents and his splendid gifts as poet, essayist, lecturer and elocutionist. To paraphrase the words of Bossuet, when speaking of the virtues of Conde, "the Canadian who proclaims them teaches nothing new to the stranger. What part of Canada has not heard of Mr. O'Hagan's contributions to our rising literature?"

This little volume is one more evidence of the author's claim to a foremost place amongst the first of our *literati*. Throughout those forty odd poems there are two feelings or sentiments that predominate: one of sterling patriotism, consisting of a love for this land and an affection for the home of the poet's ancestors; the other one of deep pathos, not untinged with a species of melancholy. The writer loves to recall old scenes, former joys, tender memories; to sing the praises of the good and the great who have passed from amongst men; to paint in delicate touches pictures that are familiar to every individual life, and which, like those of the Poet Priest, "still hang in memory's hall." Not one of our readers should be without a copy of Mr. O'Hagan's "In Dreamland," and we understand that nearly all our Catholic Booksellers are supplied with the work—in particular Messrs. D. & J. Sadlier & Co., of Notre Dame street. The price is only one dollar,—an insignificant sum for a chaplet of literary pearls.

ST. PETER'S ORGAN OPENED.

Grand Recital Given by Mons. Alex. Guilmant.

The Star's musical critic writes thus of the first evening's recital: St. Peter's Cathedral presented a rare spectacle last evening. The spacious nave and transepts were filled with a mighty throng assembled to pay homage to the art divine. The occasion of the recital was the inauguration of the new St. Peter's organ, which is undoubtedly a superb instrument. To the performer the mechanical improvements, the easy action and facilities for drawing and shutting off stops, are a wonder and delight, while to the auditor the tones of the mighty instrument seem replete with all the majesty and sweetness that are associated with the king of instruments. St. Peter's organ is, undoubtedly, a noble structure. Heard from almost any part of the nave the full organ is grand and satisfies the ears with the extent of its volume. Under the dome, however, this effect is lessened somewhat, as might be expected, considering the vast proportions of the cathedral. The first number was appropriately selected from the works of the greatest of writers for the organ, John Sebastian Bach. The Toccata in F was taken at a moderate tempo, played with great dignity, and was a thoroughly delightful and satisfactory number. In the Pontifical Sonata of Lemmens, the favorite numbers were, of course, the march and the Fanfare fugue. The crisp, clean touch and phrasing of the march were greatly admired, while the Fanfare fugue roused the vast audience to great enthusiasm and applause, to which the gifted organist, from the dizzy heights of the organ gallery, responded by repeated bows. A different style of Toccata, being brilliant and rapid, almost to presto, was that of Dubois, which showed that in mere digital and pedal dexterity the organist of La Trinite had nothing to acquire.

The thoroughly artistic style of Mons. Guilmant was displayed throughout the whole recital. Of cheap attempts, at effect there were none and in every number the easy mastery of the player was very evident. The special gifts of Mons. Guilmant as a musician were, however, best displayed in his treatment of a theme given for extemporisation. The theme was from a simple chanson:

"Un Canadien errant
Bani des foyers,"

This was played simply and clearly and then followed variations, modulation into various keys, harmonization in major and minor modes, the whole enriched and embellished with complete and ever-varying tone color, and terminating with an astonishing development of the theme in fugue style. This was undoubtedly the wonder of the evening's performance and was deservedly received with tremendous applause. A march from the English writer Best concluded the recital, which must be pronounced a success. Messrs. Casavant Bros., who also built the great organ of Notre Dame, are to be congratulated upon having achieved a second triumph.

Catholic Sailors' Concert.

The Catholic sailors held their usual weekly concert Thursday night and it was pronounced by the large number of ladies and gentlemen present to be a grand success. Those who contributed to the evening's enjoyment were: Miss M. Stafford, Miss K. Harris, Miss O. Harvey, Miss May Rowell, Miss C. How, Miss T. Macdonald, James McClean, H. Lawlor, John Hurley, Dan Doyle, F. W. Gray, A. Ramsay, A. E. Carpenter, George A. Parks and R. James, whilst Mr. Ed. Brennan presided at the piano.

IRISH NEWS.

John Redmond, a pig buyer of Wexford, was killed by accidentally falling from a window of one of the rooms of the Mechanics' Institute, Wexford.

Elizabeth Flanagan, a charwoman, aged fifty years, of Church Place, Rathmines, died suddenly on Aug. 29.

Mrs. Margaret Meredith, of Grosvenor Road, Rathgar, died recently at the advanced age of ninety-six years. She had been engaged for over sixty years in the pawbroking business.

A sad case of sudden death occurred in Louford on Aug. 31. A man named Finn, of Bog land, was digging a grave in the Ballymacormack burial-ground, when he suddenly fell dead into the cavity.

The death is announced of Mr. Nicholas McKenna, of Mullagh, County Cavan. He was a member of the Kells Board of Guardians for forty years, and was well known in the public life of his native county for more than half a century as an unflinching upholder of every popular movement.

Four evictions took place on the Hartnelt property, Abbeyfeale, on Aug. 23, for arrears of one year's rent. In one case Mr. Hobson, sub-sheriff, paid on Father Casey's note £18, the amount of the decree. In the Port district there were two other evictions, but one of the tenants was reinstated as caretaker. About a dozen police accompanied the sheriff. There was no disturbance of any kind.

The sheriff's representatives from Cork, who were protected by a large force of police from Middleton, Cloyne, and other surrounding stations, on Aug. 27, evicted a farmer named Richard Scanlon, of Barofona, from his holding there, which he held from Smith-Barry, M.P., as yearly tenant. The area of the holding is 120 acres. The yearly rent was £50, and three years' rent was claimed by the landlord.

A boat with seven persons on board, belonging to Tory Island, was returning home from Ballymass on the mainland, on Aug. 22, and when within a few yards of the island a sudden squall overtook it. The craft was dashed against the rocks and demolished. Patrick Heraghen and Mary, his sister, Patrick Doohan and Denis Doohan, brothers, were drowned, and Margaret Doohan died from shock on hearing the news.

A cruel eviction took place at the village of Derryinver, some ten miles from Clifden, on the 26th ult. The victim was Thomas Egan, who owed three years' rent, something like £15. He has seven or eight in family of tender ages. The evictor was Mrs. Caroline Blake, of Renoyla, Letterfrack, a lady who was examined at considerable length at the late Parnell Commission as to the state of the country, and whose evidence attracted a good share of attention at the time. The greatest sympathy is manifested for poor Egan, and two gentlemen of the neighborhood kindly undertook to collect a sufficient sum to tide the sufferers over their present difficulties, and they met with a very charitable response from the public. On the same day four men were evicted in Turk Island, eight miles west of Clifden—a middle man, named Dominick Connolly, and three sub-tenants, named Ward, McDonough and Tools. The three sub-tenants were reinstated as direct tenants. There were nearly thirty police protecting the bailiffs. The number of families on the island is only about fifteen. Mr. Barridge is the landlord.



Mrs. Mary E. O'Fallon

of Piqua, O., says the Physicians are Astonished, and look at her like one

Raised from the Dead

Long and Terrible Illness from Blood Poisoning

Completely Cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Mrs. Mary E. O'Fallon, a very intelligent lady of Piqua, Ohio, was poisoned while assisting physicians at an autopsy 5 years ago, and soon terrible ulcers broke out on her head, arms, tongue and throat. Her hair all came out. She weighed but 78 lbs., and saw no prospect of help. At last she began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla and at once improved; could soon get out of bed and walk. She says: "I became perfectly cured by

Hood's Sarsaparilla

and am now a well woman. I weigh 128 lbs., eat well and do the work for a large family. My case seems a wonderful recovery and physicians look at me in astonishment, as almost like one raised from the dead."

HOOD'S PILLS should be in every family medicine chest. Once used, always preferred.