

"POOR IRELAND."

There is a monthly published in London, Eng., entitled "Regions Beyond." It is the official organ of the "Balolo Mission to the Upper Congo." The editor is Mr. H. Grattan Guinness, a very patriotic Irish name combined with a very world-renowned, if not quite as patriotic, an Irish cognomen.

In the September and October number of this "Regions Beyond" magazine, Mr. H. Grattan Guinness publishes an article entitled "Poor Ireland," in which that great writer displays as much historical ignorance as want of common sense, and as much untruthfulness as lack of literary delicacy. The spirit of Grattan must surely have come in conflict with the spirit of Guinness' "Stout," in the composition of the Balolo editor when he undertook to pen that wonderful effusion. He and his magazine are certainly from "Regions Beyond" the confines of civilization; they savor very much of the Upper Congo; they illustrate Dickens' Mrs. Jellyby and her eccentric mission work to a nicety. Now why Mr. H. Grattan Guinness should undertake to write about "Poor Ireland" for the benefit of the Balolo, Upper Congo people, is more than we can tell. Decidedly it is not to display his knowledge of Irish history—for he evidently knows less about it than do the savages of Victoria, Nianza, or the natives of Masailand; it is not to cast any new light upon the problems that have awakened the research of modern historians regarding the early story of Ireland—for he certainly has about as much idea of the subject as have the half-naked tribes that look up in awe at the terrors of Kilmanjaro.

It appears that this Mr. Guinness is not the brewer of Dublin stout porter; but that he is a stout porter of another class in the East London section of civilization. Out of those depths, and with one eye fixed on Balolo, Upper Congo, and the other winking at the credulous readers of the "Regions Beyond," Mr. Guinness cries aloud "Poor Ireland." As a rule, a man who pretends to write something new about that ancient and historic country, does not deem it necessary to impress upon his readers that he actually knows where Ireland is. But Mr. Guinness takes great pains to locate the Island. Probably he has as misty an idea of Ireland as he has of Balolo, and certainly he knows as much, from actual observation and travel, of the one as he does of the other—and that is not saying much.

He begins by stating that Ireland is "on the edge of the Atlantic, a remote island separated by two seas from Europe." Now if the island is on the European "edge of the Atlantic" it certainly cannot be very "remote." But as Mr. H. Grattan (God save the mark!) Guinness, has probably never gone outside the East end of London, both Ireland and the Upper Congo are equally remote as far as he is concerned. After this bit of geographical information the erudite writer proceeds to lament that "Poor Ireland" "never had the advantage of being conquered by the great civilizing Roman Empire." He forgets, or perhaps is not aware that the Irish had schools of learning and were highly civilized, while the conquering Romans were skivering the painted savages that lived in the woods of Britain. He claims that the "terrible Danes did some good when they settled, against the will of the wild natives, on certain spots around the coast and built Dublin, Wexford, Waterford and Limerick." It is a wonder that the shade of Brian the Brave did not arise to haunt the dreams of Mr. Guinness, when he invented these

fine fables—but probably the hero of Clontarf felt that in driving the Raven of the North from Ireland's shore he had done his share, and that little danger was to be expected from this historical culture of the East End.

Mr. Guinness complains that "ignorance, immorality and barbarism" destroyed the effects of St. Patrick's work. Thank heaven, he, at least, admits that St. Patrick was the bearer of Christianity to Ireland; nor does he claim any Protestantism for the Patron of Erin. He talks of "ignorance" in a land that was, according to Dr. Johnston, "the quiet home of sanctity and learning;" he speaks of "immorality" in a land whose history inspired Moore with that melody "Rich and Rare;" he mentions "barbarism" in connection with a people whom Macaulay admits "were for ages the civilizers of Europe." Poor Grattan Guinness!

There is, however, one great truth in that very unfounded article; he says: "The so called conquest of Ireland by England which followed, was no conquest at all, but a settlement of certain Anglo-Norman families in the country at the time of Henry Second." Decidedly it was no conquest; nor was Ireland ever conquered by Roman, Dane, Saxon, Anglo-Norman or any other race. And it is this fact that makes Mr. Guinness so vexed with the Irish, and that calls forth his Balolo Upper-Congo missionary sympathies for "Poor Ireland." God help him, for he certainly will never do much in this enlightened age, as an historian, to help himself.

We have not space nor patience to go over the long rigmarole of nonsense about the Pope and Henry II., the priests and their ignorance, the Roman Church and its usurpations. There is a glowing picture of the cruelty of the Irish natives, "the St. Bartholomew massacre," as he calls it, "of all the Protestants, the mild and yet potent interference of that good man Cromwell, the fatal union of Ireland to the Popish James II., and finally the people kept in ignorance, the prey of the priests, the abode of superstition," the country now "an untidy, weed-grown, back garden of more prosperous England."

Why does Mr. H. Grattan Guinness undertake to thus dive into "Regions Beyond" his depth and attempt to speak of "Poor Ireland?" Upon what does he base his knowledge? Listen: "Why do we speak these things? Because some of our number have lately re visited poor Ireland, and have seen afresh with their own eyes its actual condition." Now that is more than Mr. Guinness can boast, for what he pretends to have seen, he saw not with his own, but with other peoples' eyes.

It would be amusing, if not so serious a subject, to read the frothings of this Balolo Upper Congo, East End, Regions Beyond the jump-off end of Creation, preacher, teacher, or whatever he is, attempting to show that he knows something about Ireland. If we mistake not this is the gentleman who, about 1862 or 1863, landed at the mouth of the Shannon, got off at Limerick, and while publicly abusing the Blessed Virgin, in the middle of Newtown-Perry, was made to get out by the Thomond gate, far quicker than did the "peaceful" soldiers of England fly before the sword of Sarsfield before those same walls. That Mr. Guinness shook the dust of Ireland from his shoes and never stopped his flight until safely landed amongst the slums of Spitalfields. If he is not the same man, then the resemblance is so striking that we are sure they must be twins.

Well! we have said enough to properly advertise the "Regions Beyond," and to

bring the Balolo Upper Congo, East End, "Poor Ireland" mission work of Mr. H. Grattan Guinness before our readers. We trust that the immortal Grattan will not find his eternal repose disturbed by the use being made of his great name, and we are confident that Dublin stout will not be improved by the historical brewing of this other Guinness.

Welcome to T. D. Sullivan.

The following are the verses read by Dr. O'Hagan at the Sullivan lecture delivered in Toronto:

Welcome to our hearts and homes! welcome,
T. D. Sullivan!
From the land our fathers trod, strong in faith
And loved by God;
Where the shamrock dreams of morn,
Where each patriot son was born,
And the hope of freedom's day
Lights with torch the darkest way—
Strong in heart and strong in hand, welcome
to our happy land!
Welcome, T. D. Sullivan!

We have watched your loved career,
Sealed it with an exile's tear;
Pledge'd our faith to Erin's Cause,
To her love and life and laws;
To each cabin in the vale,
Stung by crowbar, rent with wall,
Brave in heart and warm in hand, welcome
to our joyous land!
Welcome, T. D. Sullivan!

Here where freedom's rays ne'er set,
"Deep in Canadian woods we've met;"
And with a hearty three times three
We'll toast old Ireland's liberty;
Till high above each hill and dell
Your patriot words will ring and swell,
Strong in heart and strong in hand, welcome
to our glorious land!
Welcome, T. D. Sullivan!

For though the centuries stretch behind
Maiden'd by chains that chafe and bind,
We have brought to our bright shore
A "caed mille failthe" at the door—
A love that lives through every year,
Survives the grave's immortal tear,
Brave in heart and warm in hand, welcome
to our happy land!
Welcome, T. D. Sullivan!

O, the joy to meet you here,
Hear your words of hope and cheer;
Learn the gains along the line,
Fire our souls with patriot wine,
List to one who loves the Gael
And weaves his life in song and tale,
Strong in heart and strong in hand, welcome
to our joyous land!
Welcome, T. D. Sullivan!

You bring to us a strength of years
Spent in love and hope and fears,
Where O'Connell toiled and planned
To break the chains that bound his land;
Where strong soul'd and stern Parnell
Led his band of patriots well,
Brave in heart and warm in hand, welcome
to our glorious land!
Welcome, T. D. Sullivan!

"God Save Ireland," was your song;
It swept from shore to shore along;
It echo'd o'er the exiled dead
Pillow'd in the deep sea's bed;
It link'd our lives with those above
Who died for Erin's cause and love,
Strong in heart and strong in hand, welcome
to our happy land!
Welcome, T. D. Sullivan!

Here where grows the Maple Tree—
Type of life and liberty—
We'll spread a banquet rich and wide
And toast the brave and good who died,
Sing your songs of joy and cheer
That link our hopes from year to year,
Brave in heart and warm in hand, welcome
to our joyous land!
Welcome, T. D. Sullivan!

Welcome to our hearts and homes! welcome,
T. D. Sullivan!
Bright the message that you bring,
Sweet the joyous songs you sing;
Every word we'll greet with cheers
Born of love through ripening years,
Poet, patriot, statesman strong,
Welcome with your gift of song!
Welcome, T. D. Sullivan!

C. M. B. A.

The following are the officers of St. John's Branch No. 89 C.M.B.A., of Perth, Ont., for the term 1895:—Spiritual adviser, Father Duffus; chancellor, Bro. Jno. O'Loughlin; president, Bro. Jas. Hartney; first vice-president, Bro. Wm. Farrell; second vice-president, Bro. Thos. Noonan; recording secretary, Bro. J. H. Kehoe; assistant secretary, Bro. T. E. Burns; financial secretary, Bro. E. E. Young; treasurer, Bro. Jno. McCann; marshal, Bro. Geo. Farrell; guard, Bro. P. J. Furlong; trustees, Bros. Jas. Lally, D. Hudson, Jno. McCann, Jno. Doyle and Thos. Noonan.

President Cleveland has issued an order extending the Civil Service rules to all storekeepers, gaugers and clerks in the Internal Revenue service. The order affects 2,471 employees.

The Secretary of State of Texas says that a number of Kentucky corporations have forfeited their rights to do business in that State by failing to pay the tax on franchises imposed by the State law.

NOTRE DAME HOSPITAL.

THE ANNUAL DINNER GIVEN TO THE PATIENTS.

The annual dinner to the sick at Notre Dame Hospital came off at one o'clock Thursday afternoon last, and as usual was a success. It partook of more than ordinary interest through the presence of the Governor General and Lady Aberdeen and His Grace Archbishop Fabre. The elite of French Canadian ladies who are lady patronesses of the institution were present in large numbers and were attired in the becoming costume of the hospital. The halls and wards were suitably decorated with emblems of various kinds, while tables heavily laden with most recherche viands and other delicacies were to be seen on every hand. It was a gala day for the unfortunate inmate, who appeared cheerful.

The lady patronesses left nothing undone to make the event a memorable one. Archbishop Fabre, when he arrived, was accompanied by Rev. Canon Bruchesi, Rev. Abbes Marre and Laurier. Lady Aberdeen arrived some time later accompanied by an A.D.C. and was received by Madame Thibaudan, the President of the Lady Patronesses and was given a cordial reception. Her Excellency donned the costume of the Hospital and renewed acquaintance with the ladies. His Excellency arrived later and was given an enthusiastic reception, the ladies singing "God save the Queen," as he entered. Her Excellency, in her becoming costume, took part in the reception. The distinguished visitors inspected the hospital and expressed themselves delighted. Mgr. Fabre pronounced the benediction and did the carving, while the ladies, with Lady Aberdeen at their head, served the meal. Among the medical staff present were Doctors Lachapelle, Rotot, Broseau, Ethier, Brennan and Mercier. Among other gentlemen were Senator Thibaudan, Dr. Geo. Villeneuve, and among the ladies were Mesdames Allard, Taschereau, Dugas, Laberge, Tabb, Mongeau, Cartier, Parent, Villeneuve, Hubert, Fitzpatrick, J. D. Rolland, David Laclaire, R. Masson, Pelletier, H. Provost, Baigro, Drouin, Mercier, Mlle. Ratto, J. G. Milloy, B. J. Cogblin, Miss Irwin, Miss Tavernier and Miss Mercier.

THE WORLD AROUND.

The Chinese generals who surrendered Port Arthur have been called to Pekin. Their heads are in danger.

A week ago the Japanese were within 85 miles of Pekin. They are meeting with little opposition in their march.

The Treasury stock of gold was reduced \$4,875,000 by withdrawals Friday. Engagements for shipment to Europe aggregate \$3,800,000.

Joseph Zemp, now vice President, has been elected President of the Federal Council for 1895. M. Zemp is one of the leaders of the Catholic party in Switzerland.

Pension Agent Van Leuven pleaded guilty at Dubuque, Ia., of pension frauds, and was sentenced to two years' imprisonment and to pay a fine of \$4,000.

The two men tried at Memphis for the lynching of six negroes at Millington have been acquitted, and the prosecution against the other eleven has been dropped.

The Italian Chamber of Deputies has been prorogued by the King. Further arrests in connection with the bank scandals are expected, and troops have been summoned to re-enforce the garrison in Rome.

The Journal of St. Petersburg publishes a communication from the Porte absolutely denying that any unarmed persons were killed in Armenia. On the contrary, it is said, the utmost kindness was shown to the revolutionists. It is believed in St. Petersburg that the Armenian complaints probably have been much exaggerated.

Emperor William has added 100,000 marks to Chancellor Prince Hohenlohe's salary to cover the financial loss which he suffered by giving up the Governorship of Alsace-Lorraine. As the Chancellor is a rich man, who is not even remotely dependent upon his salary, the Emperor's action is criticized. It will be discussed in the Reichstag, and the increase will not be paid unless voted by the Deputies.