

## Ballad Poetry of Ireland.

BY "CRUX."

precise neatness of all arrangements, and used only at mo when I light-ly to go to another thing. When she re-ceived a faint pleasant smile in the room, she noticed this scent of the things which had been addressed to her—of love letters sixty years old."

undid the packet with a stifled cry, as if right to regret the or of life either. We then over separately, different letter out of and describing its other before destroy- knew what sad work old letters was be- coming, though I could not. The letters were letters could be—at- ly ones were. There a vivid and, intense present time, which and full, as if it was away, and as if the arts that so express- could never die, and to the sunny earth. I less melancholy, I letters had been more tears stealing down furrows of Miss Mat- her spectacles often I trusted at last light the other can- n eyes were rather more light to see ink; but no, even she saw and re- little economical

they were all read, and them, I think," said to one will care for me gone." "And one of them into the fire, watching each at, and rise away, in- mosty semblance, up she gave another

by I have copied out extracts, unless it truck by the strange reading "Crawford" ht that I had made go over all my col- lectors. I have read hundred of them and the nine-tenths of mes, possibly for the that given by Miss that "no one will when I am gone." But I found about twenty bring myself to de- they were written by emories shall ever d whose pens; had, another, traced serve to be perpetu- that score of ad come upon a bunch- e, the writers being who have played is in history of the from these I purpose that I will give to he "True Witness." n of the sentiment to go over again I will take one out and allow it to serve on. It is as follows:

of Commons,  
17th March, 1894.

Ireland's patronal sprig of real sham-rom a Wicklow vale, my breast to-day. at I always consid- and got the hat, or lace for a shamrock Day? It seems to heart, and not up- lid the emblem ap- may fail in its judg- ment to err—but can never fails in love You told about Francis Meagher's Keep it, say boy! its contents, no or trivial it may a sacred relic. The mysterious death of of the Irish rebel- dangers of the sets the seal of as well as that of once upon that small Success to you in lect. . . . M- that be your inspir- wish of yours

DAVIN, M.P."

that I have fol- regarding the let- that I have kept one penned by the to ill-fated Irish- I have given.

INCE I have commenced the reproduction of the admirable introduction to Hayes' Ballads of Ireland, I will now continue on till I come to that which I have in view concerning Irish literature and the part it has played both in the general education of Europe, and later on in the uplifting of that which is called English literature—meaning thereby a literature written in the English language. The essay thus continues.

No nation can afford to despise its ballads. They are an important portion of its history—the first efforts of its civilization. And in the record of a nation's ballads we find the history of its progress and its triumphs—or its decay and death. The shepherd grazing his flock in the peaceful valley, the warrior leading his men to battle, the disasters of defeat, or the rapture of triumph, the throbbing of broken hearts, or the happiness of successful love—all these will be the inspiration of a nation's infant poetry. Fancy or imagination will have little to do with it; all will be as simple and natural as the unsophisticated heart of the people. Nature offers her inspirations in gloomy woods and lofty mountains reposing in her lap of beauty, while the feelings of primitive life animate them with breath- ing of emotion. As society ad- vances, the language of passion will be better defined and more cultivated. Thought will grow more vigor- ous, and will require a correspond- ing degree of elevation and nervous- ness of expression. The pathetic ballad will follow quickly upon the decay of the legendary and pastoral literature of a nation's infant- hood. The adversities of life soon de- velop their strain of sorrow. But when the inspirations of nature are re- jected for flights of fancy and imag- ination, poetry loses its strongest impulse, and its most attractive in- fluence. Nature is thrown aside for- get—the flush of health for the art- ist's coloring—and the breathing beauty of life for the graces of Dae- dalus. The warmth of emotion is supplanted by the cold glitter of fan- cy, and that poetry which once awayed the hearts and kindled the enthusiasm of the multitude, now becomes a fashionable toy for people of quality. The soul of poetry de- parts with its simplicity and feeling.

The ballad is a species of narrative poetry, short, and pithy, simple in its structure and language, accurate in its incidents, consistent in its dates, costume, and coloring, grace- ful in its case and beauty, and per- fect in all its parts. It was the first record of the events and the laws of all nations. Its measured music assisted the memory, and popularized whatever knowledge it clothed. Though at first rude in structure and unpolished in expres- sion, it soon rose with advancing civilization, and became an import- ant element of power. It scorned its lowly origin, assumed all the im- portance of history, all the fascina- tion of romance, and all the grace and dignity of poetry. It was the first vehicle of instruction, the ear- liest perpetuation of thought, the first parent of literature. The rhaps- odies of the wandering minstrels of Iona were ballads borrowed from the epic of Homer. The epic, which was a development of the ballad, was a- gain broken up into its original ele- ments for the accompaniment of the harp. And to the same necessity are we indebted for the ballad litera- ture of modern times. The Norman romances were broken up into frag- ments by the jongleurs of the twelfth century for the same pur- pose, and to that age may be traced the form of our modern ballads.

Lyrical poetry requires the highest degree of inspiration and intellectual development. What narrative is to the ballad, sentiment is to lyrical poetry. It is frequently an epitome of the ballad, and in such cases, it is not easy to draw the line.

We need not follow the lengthy dissertation upon difference, among the ancients, between ballad and lyric poetry—moreover it would be no way advance our purpose. History pictures the world as it is—poetry as it ought to be. The poet is the oracle of dumb nature's divinity, and poetry the harmonious embodiment of his in- stinctive revelations. The greatest poet is he who expresses this divinity the truest and the sweetest. . . . Any one who sees more in nature than the ordinary run of mortals,

has the germ of poetry within him. If he express in harmonious language this mystery which he perceives, he is uttering poetry. He tells some what they think, but cannot say; and he tells others what they should think if they had thought at all. Homer and Shakespeare stand un- rivalled in this respect; and, hence they are the world's poets.

If poetry creates a paradise of its own, and tends to make mankind happier, Ireland has indeed need of song. Scarcely had her history emerged from the "twilight of fable" when her annals became blackened with disaster. The days of her mourning are not yet ended. The dirge of a thousand years still swells over the land of numberless sorrows. The voice of her song is still plaintive over the razed homesteads of her valleys—over the sweltering plaguehouse and shattered bark of the Western Main. For long years she had nothing but her faith and her poetry to call her own, and by the sincerity with which she has clung to these she has preserved her dis- tinct nationality through storms of conquest, tears and blood. Ireland needs poetry; and it is deep in her people's heart.

One may now refer historically to the wrongs of Ireland without incur- ring the risk of being pounced upon as an agitator. In writing of Irish Minstrelsy, we cannot avoid refer- ring to Irish history with which the subject is so intimately interwoven. Our object is not to excite angry re- collections, but to vindicate the poetic fame of Ireland, and to claim as high a rank for her ballad litera- ture as that of any other nation. We have shown the difficulties, which fet- tered her in the path of literature, and their distinctive influence on that of other lands. Nationality im- parts a peculiar charm to song. Scotland may also thank her na- tionality for the beautiful ballad literature which she possesses. Her clan-fiefs, her wars against Eng- land, her Jacobite struggles, her chivalrous loyalty to the Stuarts, her wild mountains and picturesque lakes—all these tended to develop that ancient national minstrelsy which has been the inspiration of the immortal peasant poets of that land of song. . . . Nationality in all its phases is mirrored in Scot- tish song. English character and the durability of the British Empire owe more to Shakespeare than to the British Constitution; and "ye Mar- iners of England" has done more for the British Navy than Copenhagen and Trafalgar. The peculiar beauty of Irish music, is its eloquent inter- pretation of the national character, in all its moods of joy and sorrow; and though our present minstrelsy is written in the English tongue, it is still as true to our nationality as our music.

When an eminent Scotch professor delivered, at one time, a series of lectures on poetry to the fashion and beauty of London, his intense na- tionality called forth the strictures of the press. An able reviewer re- marked that the lecturer scarcely ever referred, even by name, to "Paradise Lost," introduced Chaucer with an apology, Pope with condemnation, Ben Jonson with pity, and Moore with a rebuke for his Eastern stor- ies; that Scott was placed upon a pedestal just lower than that of Shakespeare, but higher far than those of Chaucer, Milton and Spenser. Campbell is faultless, and they who wrote the ancient ballads im- mortal. Such is the epitome given of these lectures. "He is more Scot- tish than British," adds the review- er, "more national in his tastes than universal in his sympathies. In politics and poetry the Professor is national to a fault; but the fault is amiable, and criticism involuntarily applauds while it deliberately condemns." This nationality is amiable in a Scotchman is frequent- ly wicked in an Irishman. National- ity is amiable everywhere but in Ire- land. . . . We hereby put forth our claim for the "amiability" of Irish nationality, more particularly in its association with song. We trust the world will look with favor upon this Irish minstrelsy which adds new graces to the English tongue, as Irish blood grows new laurels to the brow of England and swells the tide British glory.

Thus closes this reference to the ballad and lyrical poetry of Ireland. In the next issue we will touch upon another and equally interesting phase of the subject.

## THE CATHOLIC SAILORS' CLUB.

The concert given in the Catholic Sailors' Club on Wednesday evening last, under the auspices of the Imperial Army and Navy Veterans was an unqualified success in every particu- lar. Notwithstanding the inclem- ency of the weather, the hall was filled.

Commander John J. Bolster, who occupied the chair in the absence of President Jones, owing to the death of his brother on Monday last, made a good speech, which was frequently applauded. In the course of his remarks he said: We feel that an hon- or has been conferred upon us by being invited to take charge of a concert here this evening. Your at-



CAPT. WILLIAM J. JONES.

tendance in such great numbers this evening, in such disagreeable weather, speaks volumes for the popu- larity of these weekly concerts, of which we have read so much. I hope that the large number of sailors present will avail themselves of the priv- ileges placed at their disposal by the management of the Catholic Club, and that they will acquaint their seafaring comrades with the benefits to be derived from frequent- ing the premises of the Club. The management deserve great credit for the good work they are doing for the sailors coming to the port of Montreal. Mr. Bolster referred in sympathetic terms to the struggle of Ireland for Home Rule, and expressed a hope that that country would soon be enjoying the same measure of freedom as Canada does. (Ap- plause.)

The clergymen present were the Rev. Father Kavanagh, S.J., and the Rev. Father Doyle, S.J.

The programme, which was heart- ily enjoyed, was presented by the following: "Nancy Lee" and "Sol- diers of the Queen;" the band; song, Mr. McMahon; recitation, Miss Brennan; song (comic), Bandsman Jack Hall; dance, Miss Whyte; song, Miss Delahanty; song, Mr. Finn; piano solo, Master Eckstein; song, Mr. Burgess; song, Mr. Mattice; "Ennisconry;" the band; song, Miss rington; song, Miss Wrenn; song, rington; song, Miss Wrenn; sang, Comrade Brown; recitation, Com- rade Edwards; song, Miss McCarthy; song, Mr. Blackford; "The Girl I Left Behind Me" and "Auld Lang Syne;" the band; song, Mr. A. Jones; song, Master Charles; song, Joseph Donnelly.

The seamen who contributed to the evening's entertainment were: Messrs. Tully and Murdoch, Preto- rian; Henry Farraday, Ottoman; S. Fahy, Birmingham; and Fred. Wil- kins, Miss Orton and Miss Price acted as accompanists.

Emerald Court, Catholic Order of Foresters, will have charge of the concert on next Wednesday evening.

The last concert of the season will be given on Monday evening, Novem- ber 24, by the employees of the James McCready Co., Limited.

## TO STAGE "THE FRATRICIDE."

On Monday night, the 24th of November, St. Ann's Young Men's Society will, by an elaborate enter- tainment, celebrate the anniversary of their Manchester Martyrs.

This is a day set down in their constitution, since the birth of the Society, for a dramatic or musical recital, and this the seventeenth year of their existence will find them staunch and true to the long-written by-law.

The dramatic section of St. Ann's Young Men's Society are not stran- gers to the concert-going people of Montreal, and it is for this reason hardly necessary to make mention of their oft-times displayed ability; but it will be welcome news, we know, to their many friends that

they have been singularly fortunate in obtaining a play such as "they have now under rehearsal.

"The Fratricide" is a three-act drama with a heavy plot, and full of action and dramatic incident. It is said to be a translation from the French of a well known author, and retains, as rumor has it, in its Eng- lish version, all the beauty and dramatic force of the original.

Nothing will be left undone to make of this a concert that shall be memorable in the annals of the So- ciety.

New scenery will be procured and will be seen, perhaps to best advan- tage in the first act, where occurs on a bridge spanning two peaks of the Sierra mountains, the tragedy which gives the play its name.

The cast will be an exceptionally strong one, and will include the best talent of the organization.

In addition to this Prof. Shea is arranging a musical programme of modest dimension, but as is his wont, a programme thoroughly ge- nuine.

We consider it then very safe to promise to those who will pay a vis- it to St. Ann's Young Men's hall on the night of the 24th, an even- ing of thorough enjoyment.

## The D'Youville Reading Circle.

Ottawa, 8th Nov., 1902.

The D'Youville Reading Circle held its fortnightly meeting in the Rideau street convent on Tuesday last. The subject proper was the Renaissance, but different topics of conversation were introduced. It was decided to devote one section of the library to Canadian literature. The works of Charles D. Roberts were referred to in pleasing terms, some of them have been recently received. Arch- bishop Spalding's "Essays on Ag- nosticism, Religion and Education" were named for serious reading. Re- cent books of fiction were mentioned, among them "Barbara Ladd," a tale of the Revolution; "Oliver Horn," a story of the ever-charming old south, and "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch." It was remarked with pleasure that there are always being new editions of Charles Lamb, Dickens, Thackeray, Scott, Jane Austen and such standard writers. In connection with the study of "Current Events" reference was made to the Educational Bill in England, which is of such great political signifi- cance. The Anglicans and Catholics are for the Bill which is strongly op- posed by the nonconformists. Now, let us see how it will end! The No- vember numbers of the "Catholic World" and the New York "Messen- ger," which contain articles bearing upon the educational question, were recommended.

One of the chief subjects of study for the Reading Circle is the Renais- sance as it affected England. It was remarked that the Renaissance be- gan to be felt at Oxford and Cam- bridge, the intellectual centres of life in England, during the reign of Henry VII., when there was a move- ment towards art and letters and larger relationship between Church and State had become a source of friction, and the men of the new learning began to tamper with doc- trine. The Council of Trent was shown to be the real reformation. Colet and Geocyn were mentioned as forerunners of Luther. Erasmus will occupy attention at the next meet- ing. It was shown that the Renais- sance was at its best in England during the Elizabethan period, the time of so many men of genius, and that Sir Thomas More was a strik- ing figure in the history of the 16th century. His great work "Utopia" will be one of the interesting studies of the year. Attention was called to the timeliness of some of the Uto- pian principles to our own times, especially to the vexed labor question. The Utopians always considered the beautiful before the useful. Perhaps they were too easily satisfied for or- dinary human nature, and that is probably the reason why such a land as Utopia has never existed except in dreams. The healthy social- ism advocated by this great aristocrat of the 16th century is very in- teresting to us in these days of dem- ocracy, and the Reading Circle look forward to the lecture which is to be given in connection with this subject during the month. The meet- ing was brought to a close with the reading of a short meditation from Father Tyrell's "Nova et vetera."

This book has been selected for the spiritual reading of the Circle. The chapter read on Tuesday evening was entitled "Art and Holiness." In it the author says that the prophets see beauty in holiness, while the poets see holiness in beauty.

## TOPICS OF THE DAY.

LIFE AND DEATH. — Great, yes, wonderful has been the progress of medical science, and the secrets of nature that have been discovered during the past century constitute an evidence that human knowledge has increased to a marvellous de- gree. Still there are depths of mys- tery in life and in death that no human science has ever been able to sound and will never fathom. In the report, published this week, of the death of a girl in New York, it is conceded that the most expert men of science have failed to discover the cause of her death. It is not sur- prising to us that such should be the case. What we consider the most astonishing is the fact that man, even though learned beyond de- scription, should presume to investi- gate the ways of God. When there is no physical, or material sign to tell the cause of a life ending, the man of science gives up the research; but he rarely dreams of turning to the true and only explanation of the incontestable fact—that is to the de- signs of God. The report in ques- tion says:—

"Unless a microscopical examina- tion reveal something, and this the doctors do not expect, the cause of the death of Nellie Corcoran quite recently bids fair to remain unde- termined. The girl died after a three weeks' trance in St. Vincent's Hos- pital in West Eleventh street, and the autopsy was made there. Dr. Theodore Janeway, the visiting path- ologist of the hospital, directed it."

Then, after several attempted ex- planations, the report thus contin- ues:—

"From other sources it was learn- ed that the post-mortem showed that the girl's physical condition at the time of her death was remark- ably good. No gross lesions, no con- gestions and nothing abnormal of any nature were found. An autopsy presumably would show nothing to confirm or upset the hysteria and hypnotism theories which the hospi- tal staff had declared to be unten- able. The starvation theory dispo- sed of by the fact that the girl had frequent nourishment throughout her long trance. Unless the microscopi- cal examination, which should be completed within a week, unexpected- ly shows abnormal conditions in the girl's nervous system, the nature of her fatal illness will remain unsolv- ed."

It is very likely that the problem will remain unsolved. But why should we be surprised? Have not men of science done their utmost to refute the theory of miracles at Lourdes by attempting to find natu- ral causes for the cures that they beheld? And have they not been con- founded and been obliged to admit that they did not understand? Had they faith they could have under- stood; but faith is a gift that they have never enjoyed and for which they probably never asked. If there are miracles of life-restoration, or health-restoration that defy scienti- fic investigation, may there not be miracles whereby life is ended that surpass all human understanding? Happy the man of faith; incalculable his advantages over the man of mere human science.

BIGOTRY RAMPANT.—A friend has sent us a copy of an American publication, entitled the "American Protestant." It is published in Bos- ton, by McCready & Co., and has been established since 1870. This is the issue of the first of November. It is an illustrated paper, containing a goodly number of what seem to be paying advertisements. But it is about the worst sample of anti- Catholic bigotry and intolerance that we have ever met. In fact, it is so barefaced that we wonder at its success. We imagine that its cir- culation cannot be very great, for surely the number of people who en- tertain feelings as bitter at those contained in that sheet, must be very small. We have too good an opinion of our fellow-men, in gen- eral, to believe that any important number of them could be so blind and so violent. Moreover, when the writers, or the publishers, make pre- tence of entertaining Christian sen- timents we cannot understand the striking contrast between their av- owed principles and their actual practice. For not only is this or- gan anti-Catholic, but it is fearfully un-Christian, ungenerous, untruthful, and un-American. It appears that a certain "Hon. W. W. Towle" has been a candidate in one of the re- cent election contests. This "Hon- orable" gentleman—"for Brutus is an honorable man"—must have paid a neat sum to the "American Pro- testant" for the insertion of the fol- lowing notice, or appeal to the elect- ors:—

## PLACE NONE BUT AMERICANS ON GUARD.

The Republican candidate for Con- gress in the 10th District is a native American, and was born in Maine. He is in favor of all that is for the best interests of Americans.

It is for us to vote solidly in this election for the Republican candi- date.

The foreign element already domi- nant in city affairs is fast reaching out in State and Nation and unless we are united on this matter the United States Congress will be honeycombed with Mac's & O's.

Public moneys will be used for sec- tarian purposes and Catholicism so- lidly entrenched in Washington.

Mr. Towle is supported by all the patriotic American orders.

Every Orangeman in the district should vote for him.

No Irish Catholic need apply for a position if Brother Towle is elect- ed.

No green flags shall wave upon America's public buildings.

Look at City Hall to-day.

Irish Catholic Mayor.

Irish Catholic aldermen.

Irish Catholic city clerk.

Irish Catholics in nearly every of- fice.

Let all Americans, let all Orange- men, let all patriots, vote for Brother Towle, for Congress and he will be elected. Put none but Protest- ants on guard to-day.

A delightful piece of election litera- ture is this production. We were go- ing to say that if a Catholic candi- date, or his friends, were to have perpetrated anything half so abom- inable, the howl that would go up, from the snows of Maine to the yellow Sands of California, would a- waken the slumbering patriots of the past century and a quarter. But no Catholic would be capable of any such appeal, consequently we need not speculate upon the results were he to have done so. But American Protestantism must be very far gone when its adherents cannot secure election without having resort to such tactics. We pity the people who take stock in such literature.

## FEAST OF THE DAY.

To-day, the 15th November, the Church celebrates the feast of St. Theresa. Needless to say that this great saint occupies a most exalted rank in the Church of God—that is to say, in the Church Triumphant in Heaven. Her soul was so pure, so ardent and so closely united to Her Lord that the veil which hangs be- tween time and eternity seemed to have been raised for her. During two years Our Lord was almost con- stantly with her, to instruct her, to guide her, to console her, and to en- courage her in her every fresh sacri- fice. Yet this by no means prevent- ed her from duly performing all the duties that her position of Superi- or-General imposed upon her. It would seem as if Our Blessed Lord delig-hted in taking her unawares and in favoring her with unexpected visions. One day, as she was walking along in silent meditation, she found her- self suddenly face to face with a small, graceful, radiant child.

"What is your name, child?" she asked with deep interest.

"Tell me your name, and I will tell you mine," said the smiling child.

"I am called Theresa of Jesus," she said.

"And I am Theresa's Jesus," re- plied the Child; and before the saint could fully understand the import- ance of the vision, the Child had vanished.

## Catholic High School Notes.

A pleasing incident took place at the Catholic High School last even- ing, when the pupils of the school assembled to present their pastor, Rev. Martin Callaghan, with an address and a gold pyx and stock, the occasion being the feast day of the Rev. Pastor. Father Callaghan, who was evidently deeply moved by this tribute of love and esteem from the younger members of his flock, made an eloquent appeal to the boys to drink eagerly at the fountain of knowledge and truth and to engrave indelibly on their minds and hearts the maxims and principles which were now being daily inculcated into them by their devoted teachers. They would thus provide themselves with shining beacons to guide them in the future along the dark and deary path of life. Rev. Father Casey, of Lindsay, Ontario, who was present, also spoke, expressing his surprise and pleasure at finding such a beau- tiful and well-equipped school in the parish of St. Patrick, devoted solely to the benefits and interests of the Irish Catholics of Montreal. He earn- estly exhorted the pupils to take full advantage of the opportunities thus placed in their way. The proceed- ings ended by the Rev. Pastor grant- ing the boys a holiday.