

the English Dante of the 19th century. His mind was ethereal; angels besieged it. "Every heath," said he once, "and every ray of light and heart, every beautiful prospect was, as it were, the skirts of their garments, and the waving of the robes of those who see God." His lyre has many notes, and they are sweet and pure and lofty. Add to this that intensity, that purity of a "virgin heart in work and will." Lastly, read if you can, without a thrill of emotion, a moving of every fibre of the heart, a page of his *Gerontius*. For, as the critic says, few since Dante and Milton, have aspired to kindred themes and fewer still have not singed their wings in soaring up to them. But, were I to cull from the whole bunch a flower to cast upon his grave, none, I think, were more appropriate than that most popular hymn in the language, lead, kindly light.

It seems as if that man were born to sway over the human heart. While we sympathize with the truth-seeker, while we admire that the gallant crusader of light, we dote over, we dream over the productions and a name, a face fixes itself indelibly in our soul. Nor were the English people long in experiencing it. Newman wrote many sharp polemics against the communion he left, and launched sharp sallies against it; but the hardest things that, in the heat of controversy, he uttered never estranged the heart of an Englishman from him. Though no one ever dealt them such a blow, nothing was found egotistical or dwarfed in him; no tinge of malignity marked his opposition. They found him the type of his nation, a true patriot; he was ever truly in their eyes "the noblest Roman of them all." And in their open-hearted generosity they exclaimed: "whether Rome canonized him or not, he will be canonized in the thoughts of pious people of many creeds in England." This is true. But why did not this devoted champion sooner receive the public acknowledgments of his services? Alas! Human justice is slow and often failing. Many "whys" have been given. But listen to the words of one of Newman's old friends: their veracity admits no doubt. One day an Englishman, a man of letters, in conversation with a Roman dignitary in the Vatican, speaking of the illustrious Oratorian, now closing his long career, expressed his surprise that the purple had not rewarded his labors. The prelate, reaching to a book, opened it at a certain page, and showing to his friend: "There," said he, "is what prevents John Newman from entering the Sacred college." It was an article against the papal infallibility, taken from a magazine, and due, as was supposed, to his pen. The Englishman read with a troubled look, and turning to the other: "You say that Newman wrote this?" "Yes." "Then you have been grossly deceived; 'twas I who penned those lines which I have long since retracted." "Then," answered the dignitary, a great and long injustice has been weighing on our friend's old years; but justice shall be done." It came at last. The Cardinal's cap fell on him, an old worn-out man. 'Twas not for long; so short, it seemed but a dream; his tired eyelids drooped—he slumbers.

See him dressed in his robes, his brow furrowed with care and trouble, covered with the snows of ninety years: 'tis the royal warrior asleep on his bed of laurels. Now his past life rises up and each year rolls before him again; its struggles, pains and rare joys. He fights again; he suffers. At his feet he sees tributes of love and veneration: the tribute of Erin from her university; the tributes of England, of Catholic gratitude and Protestant admiration; tributes from Rome of ecclesiastical approbation and Papal blessing; tributes, lastly, from the world of letters of universal veneration and indebtedness. Suddenly, a spirit with golden wings and shining face draws aside, as a veil, the vast scene, and as its folds give away, another looms up. What does he see? England, the England of Elizabeth and Cromwell, like a meteor rising from a swampy slime, beautiful and resplendent. A bridge is flung across the space. Millions crowd on it; millions push forward where from the sky a kindly finger points, and where in blazing letters is written one word, the magic word of his life, the aim of his desires and labors—Rome. His work is accomplished; his wish fulfilled.

British India has 10,417 licensed opium shops.

IRISH ART.

UNRIVALLED BEAUTY OF IRISH ARTISTIC WORK.

Learned Lecture of the Eloquent Irish Jesuit, the Rev. Nicholas Murphy, on the Subject.

[Chicago Citizen.]

There was a large attendance at the Leinster Lecture Hall on the evening of May 31, when the Rev. Nicholas Murphy, S.J., lectured on "Irish Art as Shown in Ancient Irish Crosses." The lecturer illustrated his commentaries by the aid of excellent photographs, which he exhibited to the audience by means of an oxyhydrogen lantern. Dr. Sigeron presided, and briefly introduced the lecturer.

Father Murphy, who was received with applause, said there were two questions which he felt bound to answer, and which would naturally occur to many there, whom he might not uncharitably regard as non-experts on this subject. The first was, Is there such a thing as Irish art—art exclusively Irish? and the second was, What are the characteristics of it?

To the first question he answered that there was. There was a kind of Irish art as definite and distinct as the Egyptian art and the Grecian art. It used to be called Anglo-Saxon, but now they had asserted themselves in more ways than one, and Irish art was universally known and styled "Opus Hibernicum," and whether it was met with at home, abroad in a manuscript in the Ambrosian Library, or in a shrine at Copenhagen, it could be recognized at a glance and traced back to Irish artists. He came now to the second question. What was Irish art? It was in brief interlaced work, wicker work, reticuled work, diversified by scroll work.

There were some very special characteristics about such work, first of all an entire absence of foliage if, perhaps, they excepted the trefoil or shamrock, whereas animals and serpents of various kinds are twisted and adapted to ornamentation as in no other kind of art. Secondly, the spaces of the work were often broken into panels, and the patterns, which were infinitely varied, were nowhere repeated, and thirdly, perfection of the minutest details was observed. It should be borne in mind that nearly all the specimens of manuscript work were done at a time when the fine arts might be said to be extinct in Italy and on the continent. It was during the period between the fifth and eighth centuries that the art of ornamenting manuscript had attained in Ireland a perfection almost marvellous. Before proceeding to deal directly with this subject Father Murphy exhibited photographs of what he described as four of the finest specimens of Irish art. The first was the title page of the most beautiful work in the world—the Book of Kells—which could be seen in Trinity College Library, and of which Giraldus Cambrensis wrote that it seemed the work of "angelic rather than human skill." The second was the Tara Brooch, which had been sold to the Royal Irish Academy by Mr. Waterhouse, the jeweller, for £300 on condition that it would not be allowed to leave Ireland. The diameter of the brooch was 2½ inches and it contained seventy-six different panels. The third was the Ardagh Cup, or chalice, now in the National Museum, and the fourth the shrine of St. Patrick's Bell, which had been wrought 1100 A.D.—seventy years before the Anglo-Saxons came over to this country to teach Christian truths to an uncivilized people. (Laughter.) These specimens exhibited a style of art that was exclusively Irish. It was not only not Anglo-Saxon, but the term Celtic was a misnomer.

The Celts of Wales or Bretagne had no such art, and Anderson admitted that if such art were to be found in Scotland it was because the Irish had brought it there. The rev. gentleman then proceeded to exhibit specimens of Irish crosses, and to point out the distinctive features, and trace the development of art as exhibited therein. Some of those crosses were memorial crosses, some were terminal crosses, and some of them were marked crosses, like that of Tuam. Most of them were over a thousand years old. He first showed two very ancient and crude specimens existing at Glendalough and G.ety, near Carlow, and pointed out that in the latter the circle which was

distinctive of the Irish cross was observable. The arms of the cross at Fingias, which had been hidden when Cromwell began his march on Drogheda, were on a different plane from the circle. There was a round moulding on the cross at Kilgobben, and five bosses were observable on the terminal cross at Lisakee. The cross of Tuam had been made about 1150 A.D., and might have been erected as a memorial of the completion of the cathedral which had been finished in that year.

The Crucifixion was wrought upon the cross at Donaghmore. The faces of the cross at Kilfenora formed an obtuse angle, and the moulding at the apex of the elevation formed a support for the feet of a figure of the Blessed Saviour. There was moulding in the circle of the cross at Moon, where a monastery was founded by St. Columbkille in 550 A.D. The Twelve Apostles were represented at the base in rows of four on each side. The ornamentation was of the lozenge pattern. There were a great variety of figures on the cross of Darrow. The work in the circle of the Cross of Kells was as beautiful and refined as lacework. The cross of Cong was a processional cross. It was of oak, covered with copper and brass. The filagree work became more perfect as it approached the centre. There was an inscription on the cross to the effect that it contained a portion of the true cross. Thirteen of the eighteen jewels which were in the cross remained. The concluding exhibit was the photograph of a beautifully designed cross, executed by Mr. William P. O'Neill, of Brunswick street.

Mr. George Coffey proposed a vote of thanks to the lecturer. He said until they were prepared to create imaginative work without fear of criticism from English sources they would not attain the success they desired in the effort to develop Irish art.

The Chairman said he would ask General Piatt, the American Consul in Ireland, who had delayed his departure for America, which they all regretted, in order to be present at the meeting, to second the motion (applause.)

General Piatt said the subject was one in which he had taken an interest, and during his residence of nearly twelve years in Ireland he had visited the sites of many of these remains of an ancient Irish art. So far as he knew, there was in the world no country more interesting as regards its monuments and memorials than Ireland. The old Ireland of these beautiful and venerable works of art had sometimes appeared to him like a sunken land, like the places in the poetic traditions and legends of Ireland beneath the waters of haunted loughs and meres, through whose still surface the golden shimmer of its past glory revealed itself dimly, and beneath which the bells of its lost churches and abbeys were heard faintly and pitifully ringing. Some such impression or vision had come to him again there that night as he listened to the lecture of Father Murphy and saw these silent witnesses of ancient Ireland's glory pass like shadows so departed (applause.)

Professor Mir Aulid Ali supported the motion, and said that he did not agree that Ireland would lose by her connection with England, as Mr. Coffey had said. Ireland, which was the oldest country in the United Kingdom, would improve England by her art (applause.)

The Chairman, in putting the resolution, said a nation lived by the work which revealed its intellect. Surely then if they were to pronounce *non omnis moriar* they should do something more for the cultivation of the intellect than had hitherto been done, by doing what they could to popularise lectures of that kind (applause.)

Father Murphy having briefly replied, the proceedings concluded.

BREVITIES.

An heir to the British throne, the third in line, was born on the 23rd ult.

The wife of Hon. Ignatius Donnelly died at St. Paul, Minn., on the 26th.

The faculty of Yale has approved the report of a committee recommending abolition of the annual commencement exercises.

Threatened with starvation, the Coxeyites have determined to break camp at Washington. After marching to New York to give Wall street an object lesson the army will return to Massillon.

The anti-Lords conference was held at Leeds, England, on June 20th. The fol-

lowing resolution was adopted: "The power now exercised by the House of Lords to mutilate and reject measures passed by the representatives of the people in the House of Commons, has been systematically used to defeat reforms, is inconsistent with the right of free popular self-government and should cease to exist."

A Brooklyn judge has decided that a girl has a right to entertain her beau on the front door steps. Justice may be blind, but when she speaks through one who has been there she is not unsympathetic.

THE LIFE OF DE MAISONNEUVE.

(CONTINUED.)

At the birth of the infant colony of Ville Marie, the Iroquois were waging a bitter war against New France and its allies the Hurons. Montreal, situated in the extreme confines of civilization, found itself in a state of constant alarm; particularly when the Huron tribes had been almost entirely exterminated, and the ferocious victors rushed down like a torrent on the young colony, hemming it in so narrowly that for ten years no one could venture outside the fort, or dare to cross the threshold of his house, without exposing himself to be either scalped or massacred by the barbarians hidden in the neighboring forest, or, what was still more horrible, to be taken captive to the Iroquois village and there, after suffering unheard of tortures, to be burned at the stake with slow fire.

Maisonneuve was perfectly fitted to cope with the difficulties of his position. The governors of New France, convinced that Montreal was doomed to destruction, instead of sending them help, tried to draw the colonists to Quebec, and the troops that had been promised from France never came. Thus four hero stood alone with his first companions, who, later on, were joined by one hundred men, that he had himself recruited in France.

As prudent as he was courageous, he felt that the loss of even one of his soldiers could not be compensated for by the death of a hundred Indians; he therefore established rules, destined to prevent the slightest indiscretion. The soldiers carried away by their excessive ardor, began to murmur at what they considered cowardice, and even went so far as to doubt the valor of their chief.

Maisonneuve, constrained to preserve at any price the moral authority without which he could not save the colony, resolved to give them a severe lesson. On the 30th March, 1644, the soldiers ran to tell him that the Indians were in the neighboring wood, and begged him to lead them out against the enemy; "Yes," replied our hero, "but we must be as brave as we promise; I go at your head."

Taking with him thirty men, he bent his steps towards the forest where two hundred Iroquois, divided into several bands, were in ambush;—despite their courage, the colonists were soon decimated by the Iroquois balls, and their ammunition giving out, they were forced to beat a retreat. Maisonneuve placed himself at the rear, and while his men, listening no longer to his wise commands, fled in disorder to the fort, he withdrew slowly, pistols in hand, wheeling about each time he found himself too hard-pressed; the savages having recognized him wished to carry him off to their part of the country to parade him through their villages, and they left to their chief the honor of taking him a prisoner. At length, our hero, turning around, took aim at the barbarian, who, by a sudden bend, escaped the ball; then, bounding like a tiger, he seized his adversary by the throat. Without losing his self-possession Maisonneuve raised his second pistol and with a well directed blow broke the Indian's skull. The Iroquois hastened to carry off the body, howling with grief, and the governor re-entered the fort. Ashamed of their weakness, and filled with admiration for so much valor and prudence, his soldiers, from that time forward, evinced the greatest confidence in his guidance, and even wished to prevent him from ever again exposing his life, which they now deemed so precious to the colony.

The correspondence of the Pope is carried on in Latin.

The church in the monastery of St. Bernard is the highest place of worship in Europe.