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# The Catholic Weekly Review.

A JOURNAL DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN CANADA

*Reddite quæ sunt Cæsaris, Cæsari; et quæ sunt Dei, Deo.*—Matt. 22: 21.

Vol. I.

Toronto, Saturday, Jan. 14, 1887

No. 48.

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## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Sir Thomas Grattan Esmonde arrived in Quebec on Monday, and was met at the station by the president and officers of the Irish National League, Mayor Langelier and a large crowd of Irish sympathizers. Before going to his hotel Sir Thomas called on Cardinal Taschereau, to whom he was introduced by Mayor Langelier. He lectured in the evening to a very large audience, and left in the morning for Halifax.

In his speech at the banquet given in his honour on Tuesday at the St. Lawrence Hall, Montreal, Sir Thomas Esmonde, Bart., M.P., referred to the incongruity of his being present at a banquet in Canada at a time when so many of his friends in Ireland were threatened with imprisonment. "When I get back to Ireland," said Sir Thomas, "I can promise Mr. Balfour that I will give him plenty of opportunities to put me in prison."

The Pope on Tuesday received the British pilgrims, who were presented by the Duke of Norfolk. The Pope, replying to an address, said he felt grateful for the interest Queen Victoria took in her Catholic subjects, and prayed for her prosperity, with that of her nation, whom he loved and admired. He hoped for the restoration of peace between the different parts of the Kingdom, and that the irritating questions which now divide it would be settled, and reason and equity take their places. The health of the Pope, in spite of the great fatigue he has undergone, is excellent.

A grand entertainment was given in Montreal on Wednesday night, under the auspices of the Laval University, in honour of the fiftieth anniversary of Pope Leo's consecration to the priesthood. The gathering was attended

by Archbishop Fabre, several bishops and a large number of clergy, besides Secretary of State Chapleau and many prominent gentlemen. An interesting programme was carried out, the principal event of the evening being an address by Mr. Chapleau on Pope Leo XIII. as a Statesman. Mr. Chapleau sketched the career of the present incumbent of St. Peter's chair, and paid a high tribute to his wisdom and policy.

A story was lately cabled across to this country to the effect that the Rt. Rev. Dr. Dwyer, Bishop of Limerick, and the Rt. Rev. Dr. Healy, Coadjutor Bishop of Clonfert, were in sympathy with the Tory attempt to influence Mgr. Persico. Dr. Dwyer has written in contradiction a letter to the *Dublin Freeman*, strongly and clearly defining his position as a Nationalist and a friend of the tenants. In it he says: "Since the day I stood upon the hustings with Isaac Butt, I have never wavered in my conviction and my assertion of the right of the country to self government." Bishop Healy subscribes to Bishop Dwyer's letter, which he declares to be the full expression of his own convictions.

The *Nineteenth Century* for January will contain an important article by the Right Rev. Herbert Vaughan, the Bishop of Salford, on Leo XIII. and the civil power, urging the necessity of securing the civil independence of the Pope in order to prevent his becoming a mere agent of any nation or faction and in order to enable him to exercise his proper influence both on foreign relations and internal politics. The Bishop will contribute a second article on the same subject in the February number. The question is believed to be engaging close attention in high quarters of the State; but more than this cannot at present be stated. It is also believed there is a much greater disposition between the Vatican and the Quirinal to come to a friendly understanding as to the position and rights of the Pope than is generally supposed.

The imprisonment of Mr. Wilfrid Blunt invites a widespread demand that English Liberals of Cabinet rank should go over and challenge the Government also to arrest them by speaking at Woodford. It has already been suggested that Lord Ripon and Mr. John Morley should go to this proclaimed place and test the courage of the Government. There is much sympathy for Mr. Blunt, and there is certain to be a disturbance concerning him and other prisoners when the House meets. Mr. Blunt is in bad health, but he writes in a cheerful strain to his London friends. He says, "It has all turned out just as I wished. A few more cases like mine will bring down Salisbury and Balfour." When his time is up Mr. Blunt is to be brought to London in a triumphal procession, arrangements for which will be made on a great scale. The Ministers are having their innings at present, but on the re-assembling of Parliament their lives will be made miserable to them, and they will be sentenced each day to a fresh term of hard labour.

## SACRED LEGENDS.

## FOURTEENTH PAPER.

## THE EVANGELISTS.—(Continued.)

St. John, the beloved disciple, the great apostle, the mysterious prophet, is the last named, but the greatest of the Evangelists; his figure is the *eagle*, typifying by its heavenward flights the sublime imagery of his gospel—the gospel that wings its way at once to the contemplation of the godhead. He is the author of the Apocalypse—the prophetic revelations which God gave unto him to make known to his servants “the things which must shortly come to pass.” He appeared to have been constantly with our Lord. He was one of the favoured three at the Transfiguration he leaned on the bosom of his Master at the Last Supper, he remained in the Garden of Sorrows, he stood under the Cross, he laid the dead Saviour in the tomb. It was to him that our Lord gave His Blessed Mother in charge as a son, and gave her as a mother to him; he is expressly the “disciple whom Jesus loved,” the glorious and highly-favoured apostle, the sublime evangelical writer, the transcendent prophet exalted to the contemplation of a new heaven and a new earth.

St. John was the brother of St. James, both sons of Zebedee, a fisherman in Galilee. He is said to have been the youngest of all the apostles and to have been one of the first to follow our Lord. He had been a follower of St. John the Baptist when that great herald was preaching the Advent of the Messiah, and he and his brother left “their nets and father and followed Him.” The four fishermen apostles—two brothers in each family—were closely connected in intimacy. St. Peter and St. John were cherished companions, though they were separated in their missionary labours. St. John, true to his trust, remained chiefly in Judea during the life-time of the Blessed Virgin; afterwards he founded and took charge of the Seven Churches in Asia and resided at Ephesus. He wrote his gospel in Greek about sixty years after the ascension; the apocalypse was not written till towards the close of his life. He was summoned to Rome by order of Domitian and thrown into a caldron of boiling oil, but he escaped uninjured. He was afterwards banished to Patmos, the scene of his prophetic revelations. After the lapse of two years, when Domitian died, St. John returned to Ephesus, where he died at a very advanced age, having survived all the other apostles. The Greek legends assign him a peaceful death. There is a tradition—not accepted, however—that he did not die at all, that his body was miraculously preserved with Enoch and Elijah to preach against anti-Christ in the last days.\* The cup and serpent often seen in paintings of the Saint refer to the attempt made at Rome to poison him. A hired assassin put poison with the wine in the chalice, but by a miracle the poison issued therefrom in the form of a serpent. The saint drank and administered the contents to the communicants without injury, while the assassin fell dead. The story is told in many ways—some say that the order came from Domitian and that subsequently the saint was banished as one practising magic. A magistrate in Patmos, seeing the miracles of John, and desiring to get rid of him, offered to become one of his disciples if he would drink a powerful poison. The holy man agreed and drank the contents of the poisoned cup unharmed. There is a legend that when he began his gospel, proclaiming the Word, a clap of thunder resounded through the serene sky—an allusion to the name our Lord bestowed on him—“the Son of Thunder.” There is more narrated of this Evangelist than of any other apostle in the New Testament, and as may, therefore, be expected, there are not very many legends. Nothing is more beautiful than the affection between him and his Divine Master at the Last Supper,—the sacred trust of His mother under the cross—the anxiety displayed at the news of the Resurrection. St. Chrysostom says that when all the other apostles fled when our Lord was apprehended, St. John alone remained. In many ways he shewed himself the beloved disciple.

Such are a few of the legends relating to the evangelists, the apostles and our Lord and his Blessed Mother. We began with the mother, in what seemed the order of nature, but, as

\* See John 21: 21, 22, giving rise to this legend.

was said, these legends all refer and can only refer to our Divine Lord. In writing them no very ambitious plan was carried out, nor indeed thought of; the work has been a labour of love, and the writer lays down his pen with regret. The papers could have been continued for many numbers yet to come but other work must be attended to—work that seems more necessary though it is not so congenial. The writer is in hopes that by putting these papers in better shape and having them duly submitted to authority they may, with the addition of some legends as they appeared from other pens, form a pleasant little volume for the writer's and other children, and for such grown people as are not altogether insensible to the poetic side of religion.

The doubtful portions of sacred history have something in them good enough for friendly recognition, and the reader will remember that the very word “legend,” meaning something, though not of authority, that might be read in the churches, carries no small commendation with it. In our days of unbelief it may be considered as unmanly, as childish, to believe whatever science does not undertake to explain; but there is no teaching of science resting on so good a foundation as the lesson taught by our Lord to His contending disciples at Capernaum, where a little child was shown them as a model for those entering on the road to His Father's Kingdom. The child believes; the man doubts—at least the man that is the product of mere human learning.

The writer trusts that his little and big readers will be content to believe many things that they cannot understand, that the angels in heaven do not understand; and believe also that all the books in the world could not contain the wonderful, beautiful and sublime things that are ranged around the life of our Lord. To those who doubt and scoff at the legends that the Church does not prohibit, there is no question but they would doubt and scoff, but in a more guarded way, at the miracles recorded in the Gospel. To these it would be well for them to remember what Cardinal Newman has said about the evidence of miracles generally. We began with a quotation from this great writer; the reader will not do amiss to read it again, and with that we close:

“Of the two I would rather have to maintain that we ought to begin with believing everything that is offered to our acceptance, than that it is our duty to doubt of everything.”

FIRESIDE.

(Concluded.)

## LOOKING FORWARD.

National politics are entirely different from the issues of party. The former appertain to every citizen, while the latter are the undisputed property of that poorest of political creations, the mere party man. This distinction is drawn at the start, out of respect for the non-political character of this journal.

The reader will not suppose that the idea of preparing a paper advocating the study of politics, and publishing it in a journal addressed specially to Catholics, originated in a disparaging estimate of their understanding. I could not truly insinuate that Catholics are more derelict than Protestants in the study of Canadian political affairs. Indeed, I feel convinced of the contrary. Anyhow, there is a vast doubt in the matter, the benefits of which may be willingly conceded to our co-religionists. So much by way of preface.

At the late Canadian elections, owing to the previous extension of the elective franchise, thousands for the first time performed the sacred duty of recording a vote. I will not say many went to the polling booth on that occasion, and dropped their fateful billets into the ballot-box, blissfully ignorant of even the proximate consequences of the act. Such an assertion made on suspicion or assumption would be rash; although it appears like one of those cases where the Scotch verdict of “not proven” would fully square with justice. For although the school-master is much abroad in the land, many neither know nor value the privileges which they own, and who, misunderstanding their position in society, are under delusions of every kind with respect to their civic rights and duties.

Yet, politics forms a useful and agreeable study for every one who is or who wishes to become intelligent. It is the open volume of current history to which the events of the

hour add new sentences. It is the biography of the state composed by the national spirit, or rather the autobiography of the people supervised by public opinion. To properly judge the merits of a momentous issue, every citizen must be conversant with the current history of his country as well as with the annals of her past.

Our youth of to-day will be the men and women of to-morrow and the staid citizens of the day after. It will be their lot to debate and settle many great political questions, whatever may be the work of the present generation; so that a close study of the science and art of government is incumbent upon them from the outset. Thus they may prepare for the privilege they are to enjoy once they have passed the memorable thresholds of manhood and womanhood. I say womanhood with deliberation; because, while the generality of women will probably forever refrain from exercising what some termagants call the "rights of the sex," female influence is by no means confined to the home. On the contrary, it is felt in society; felt where they are never seen; felt by man in his busiest and most stormy hours. Therefore, the women of Canada can in their own way do as much as its men towards making this country a great, glorious and free nation.

History shows that the States of the American Union advanced through several well-defined stages or epochs which were almost identical in each case. Colonization, Indian warfare, federation and even civil war contributed directly to the evolution of the great Republic. Canadian confederation corresponded in every essential with the federation of the American colonies, but here all proper analogy must cease; for while the United States strode onward to independence, Canada stopped half way. There is something perplexing in this inglorious position—this sitting listlessly on the highway to liberty, peering eagerly into the future "with forward looking thoughts and stirrings of inquietude," yet without making an effort to advance.

Tacitus remarks of the Romans under the emperors, that they could bear neither entire slavery nor full liberty, and this is precisely our case, with this difference, that we are paradoxical in our aspirations. We are not a nation in the true sense of the word, yet we are seeking to develop the patriotic sentiment of which nationality is an essential condition. We are asked to be true to "a banner with a strange device," which is generally a large rat with a swolled tail in the heroic posture of eating a hole in an old log, and all quilted into a corner of the British flag. The head of our government is a foreigner; the high dignitaries of our various churches are foreigners; the head of our militia is a foreigner; the chiefs of our bureaucracy are often foreigners; the principals and professors of our colleges and universities are foreigners—yet Canadian youths are told they have ample scope for their talents and abilities at home! This cannot go on for ever. There is too much to remind us of our inferior status in connection with politics, and in every sphere of public or commercial activity, to be much longer patiently borne by genuine Canadians. True loyalty means devotion to motherland. The Canadian who is fired by this pure spirit cannot be enamoured of Canadian colonialism. It pains him to see the strength, talent and genius of his country daily fleeing over the borders to the Western States, or to Boston and New York for want of a proper sphere and sufficient encouragement in Canada.

The population of Canada is as great as was that of New England when the gun of American Independence boomed at Lexington. A majority of our younger generation are convinced we have arrived at the parting of the ways, where our people must solemnly choose whether they are to govern or be governed. The hour has come when Canadians must ask themselves and each other, why has not the splendid promise of Confederation been fulfilled? What real advantage do we reap from British connection? Why do we not negotiate our own treaties? Why is not Canada for Canadians? Who are they by whom Canadian progress is retarded? and a thousand such inquiries. At this moment the advocates of a complete change of our political kaleidoscope outnumber the portentously stupid advocates of Colonialism. And this majority is made up of Canadians born, while their opponents are a foreign faction whose interested vocation it is to murder national fame,—to serve as leeches,

or as vampire bats upon national glory and the dignity of human nature.

The born sons of the soil will not drop one iota of their honest convictions on account of the bland sophistries of those alien *parvenus*, nor will they cease to identify themselves with the national movement solely because it is detested by those very disinterested gentry. Blind opposition will only give a fresh impulse to Canadian effort. A task undertaken becomes a duty unfulfilled. When, therefore, imported selfishness impudently proposes to let Canada waddle along in the old, boggy colonial rut, the Nationalists must determine to extricate their country, to rescue her from danger, and to elevate her to a commanding position.

We are constantly informed by a thousand different authorities on the platform, in the press, around the social hearth, and even from certain pulpits, that this country possesses every essential for a great nation. Thanks, friends, yours is no Tiroasian assertion; we are fully aware that she does. We have a clear prevision of the future commercial and industrial greatness of these Provinces. This is the leading reason why Canadians should toil and learn and think for their native land; for if she was nothing better than "a few arpents of snow," as King Louis once called her, all their efforts would be a lost labour. The nationalists know that her soil is fertile; that her forests are vast; that her mineral wealth passes computation; that her harvest and vintage are alike abundant. They know this, and they are certain that Canada was destined to be a mighty factor in the world's progress, but they are also positive that much of her greatness would be realized even at this early date were her progress not hindered by the leaden weight of colonialism.

Heaven has done its part graciously and well; it now remains for the Canadian people to unite and do theirs. It is important that every Nationalist should form a sensible idea of the position and prospects of his country. He of all men should keep his lamp well trimmed to light the way for Emancipation. A prudent man ought to be guided by a demonstrated probability, not less than by a demonstrated certainty. Now, the ultimate independence of Canada is an obvious certainty, her immediate assumption to the state a strong probability. In politics, as in anything else, to act intelligently, one must know. Political questions cannot be weighed in the scale by a living, sentient Blind Justice; and no man can judge what is good evidence on any particular subject, unless he knows the subject well. History, political biography, political economy, are the best means by which political knowledge may be obtained, and the more copiously we drink from those Pierian springs the better it will be for ourselves and our country.

M. W. CASEY.

## The Church in Canada.

Under this heading will be collected and preserved all obtainable data bearing upon the history and growth of the Church in Canada. Contributions are invited from those having in their possession any material that might properly come for publication in this department.

### THE PARISH OF ORILLIA.

All who have had the privilege of paying a visit to the town of Orillia could not but be enchanted with its charming position, the rich and gorgeous scenery of its surroundings, and the manifestations of progress and industry which are on all sides visible. Nature provided a site of a rare and inviting character, and its citizens, during a period of time extending over fifty years, developed a town of which they are justly proud. It is situated on what might be termed holy ground, for long before the French flag gave way to the Union Jack on the citadel of Quebec, its present site was the centre of a civilization which, however imperfect, was yet full of romantic pathos and thrilling incidents. With the one side of the town bordering on the edge of the crystal waters of Lake Couchiching and the other on Lake Simcoe, Orillia has advantages unequalled in any other town in Canada. It was on account of its unrivaled position that the Indians

selected the narrow strip of land which divides the two beautiful sheets of water, as the basis of their operations in that district for hundreds of years. It is stated on the authority of the early voyageurs and missionaries, that as far back as three hundred years ago, in the district which stretches in a north-westerly direction from Lake Simcoe to the Georgian Bay, there were no less than 50,000 Indians domiciled in eighteen villages.

What tragical scenes must have been enacted there while the Indians were permitted to revel in the luxury of nature free from the destructive influences of civilization. It was there that Champlain planned and marshalled the expedition against the Iroquois, which proved for over a hundred years such a source of peril and death to early settlers in Canada. In that district the patient and self-sacrificing missionaries, De Brebeuf, Lallamant and Garnier, planted the standard of the Cross of Christ, and there they suffered the most revolting hardships until their labours were finally crowned by martyrdom. The hostile Iroquois frequently crossed the "Narrows" on their mission of death to the villages all along the district of which we are speaking, and reduced many of them to ashes, amid the horrible wail of men, women and children relentlessly slaughtered. The history of Orillia is not confined altogether to the last fifty years, but extends to hundreds of years. At a later date, and within the memory of some of its present inhabitants, it was the seat of a kingdom containing 20,000 subjects, being the largest in one district in Canada during that time. As far back as the year 1841, Chief Yellowhead had his palace there, which, on the removal of the Indians to Rama, was for many years afterwards utilized as the English Church parsonage.

Those who were concerned in the naming of the town were happy in their selection. It was meet that a locality which had so much to do with Indian history should preserve in its civilized state some memento of its past. It is said by those who gave considerable attention to the subject that a plant was found in the neighbouring woods with beautiful red berries, and known to the Indian by the name of *Orelia*. Some even go so far as to say that the name of the town was originally spelled as above, and that the change to Orillia was made at an early date in the history of the village. This modification was brought about to carry out the applicableness of the name Orillia—in Spanish a place on the shore—to the locality, the town being really a place on the shore. Some scholars differ from this opinion and give another version entirely. These hold strongly to the view that it is derived from Orihula, a city in the south of Spain, and pronounced Oreweela by the Spaniards. There seems, however, to be no authority for the latter view, and the former derivation is, no doubt, the correct one.

The history of the early settlement of Orillia, its development first into a village, and finally to the large and prosperous town which it now is, differs very little from that of the many other municipalities in Ontario. Settlers found their way there in quest of homes. They saw that the place was fair to look upon and took possession accordingly. There was a difficulty in their way which was not met with by the pioneers of sister settlements in the province. According to the provisions of the treaty made by the Government with the Indians, the latter were placed on reserves in 1827 and 1828. The "Narrows," as Orillia was then called, was constituted an Indian post, the aborigines being under the control of a Government Agent, teachers and missionaries. Up to the year 1884 these were the only white people in the place. The Indians stoutly resisted the attempts made by some early pioneers to take possession of the place, and went even so far as to prevent by physical force the building of log houses by those anxious to settle in the locality. In the absence of the Indians on a hunting expedition, Mr. Ritchie, the Government Agent, built a handsome log house in the year 1884, but on their return, they were so infuriated at what they considered an invasion of their rights that they demolished it.

The little settlement remained almost stationary, until the Indians were removed to Rama, when free scope was allowed those who were determined to make the place their future home. In 1841 the foundation of Orillia was laid by its being surveyed into a town, and from that year, though its growth for many years was slow, yet it was steady and

sure, until in 1861 the population reached 820. It arrived at the end of the first stage of its development in 1867, having been separated from the township and incorporated as a village, with full and adequate municipal powers.

Up to the year 1855, Orillia was visited occasionally by missionary priests. In that year Rev. John Symott was appointed resident rector, and remained in charge for some years. Owing to the inability of the Catholics of Orillia, on account of their paucity in number and limited means, to erect a suitable presbytery, his successor, Rev. Jas. Michel, removed to Mara, where Catholics were more numerous, and thence he came every third Sunday to celebrate mass in a small log church three-quarters of a mile from the centre of the then village of Orillia. Rev. K. A. Campbell, the present pastor, succeeded Father Michel in 1866. In 1870 the church property was purchased. The hill was crowned by the primeval forest when work was commenced on the Church of the Angels' Guardian. The congregation, small yet in numbers and not largely blessed by this world's goods, made superhuman efforts and had the supreme happiness of seeing their beautiful church dedicated to the worship of God on the 28th of July, 1872. The erection of the church, costing \$10,000, was undertaken on the strength of a subscription list of \$2,000. Orillia and Mara were made separate parishes in 1874, and Father Campbell came to reside in Orillia. A solidly built two-story brick schoolhouse stands in a beautiful grove to the north of the presbytery. The rooms in this building are spacious and designed with a view to the health and comfort of the pupils. Two teachers are employed in training the youth of the town. That the teachers do their work efficiently is apparent from the testimony of visitors and inspector's reports. The school holds a foremost place amongst the schools in Ontario.—*The Mail*.

#### A TOWN OF TWO CENTURIES AGO.

Just as the tourist down the river St. Lawrence is about to enter, or, as it is termed, "shoot the rapids," at Lachine, some nine miles from Montreal, a quaint village, made up solely of one-story unpainted frame houses, meets his view as he turns to the right. It is the Indian village of Caughnawaga. It is said that the Indians who had been converted by the Jesuit missionary fathers were called "Caughnagas," or "praying Indians," hence its name. Be this as it may, however, if you want to be transported back two hundred years, go across the St. Lawrence to Caughnawaga. There you will find yourself among the Mohawks of the Adirondack valley and the Iroquois of Sault St. Louis. Passing through the village is not enough. You must enter the houses and speak to the men, women and children. A little girl of six sang to me the other day in Indian, English, French and Latin, a hymn. She also preached like the pastor, Father Burtin. Thirty years ago the men still wore blankets; now their rig is mostly modern. But the women hold on to the blanket over their plaited hair and the beaded moccasin to their feet, and it is to be hoped that these will never be discarded. No Spanish maid, with her mantilla, nor Ionian beauty, with her jewelled sandal, can show to better advantage. The Church, sanctuary and presbytery of Caughnawaga are hallowed spots. The Church is old, quaint and peculiar. Among its treasures is a painting of the patron, St. Louis of France, donated by King Charles X. The sanctuary contains the bones of the saint and virgin, Catharine Tegakwita, kept religiously in a casket lined with blue silk. In the presbytery is the study of the learned pastor, Father Burtin, member of the Oblate order. He has just finished the first volume of the history of this ancient mission from the beginning to the time of the conquest. A second volume will bring the work down to our day. He keeps and shows to visitors the registers of the Church from 1735, also a dictionary and grammar of the Iroquois language, admirably written in red and black ink by his predecessor, the Abbe Marcoux. There are several precious oil paintings in this remarkable presbytery, among others that of the celebrated Father Lafitau. The gem of the whole, however, is the room of Father Charlevoix, who was stationed at Caughnawaga for several years, and where he wrote some of his works. His portrait is there on the wall. The room is as he left it, his arm chair, his writing table, his book shelves, with several old tomes therein, and an ancient Roman Breviary dating back to the days of the Recollets. A

keen nostril detects the smell of tan or smoke throughout this Indian village, in school-house, church and private residence, but in this priestly home and study, amid these relics of two hundred years, there is an order of benediction which even the worldliest of us must needs notice and be thankful for having breathed.—*Laclede in Montreal Gazette.*

### THE ENGLISH CATHOLICS AND IRELAND.

The following is the full text of the address of the English and Scotch Catholic adherents to the cause of Irish Home Rule, to Mgr. Persico. The object of it is to give the Papal Delegate documentary evidence that the noisy group of English Unionist Catholics do not represent the opinion of the entire Catholic body of England:

"To the Most Rev. Monsignor Persico, O.S.F.C., Archbishop of Damietta, Commissary Apostolic.

"Most Rev. Lord,—We, the undersigned, desire respectfully to approach Your Grace upon your return from Ireland, and to offer to you the assurance of our loyalty and devotion to the Holy See, together with our congratulations upon the accomplishment of your important mission.

"As Catholics, we feel specially bound to express our gratitude to the Sovereign Pontiff for the tender solicitude displayed by him, as our common Father, for our suffering brethren in Ireland; remembering as we do that it is to them, under Divine Providence, that we owe the liberties we enjoy at present in our country after centuries of persecution.

"As Englishmen, bitterly conscious of the oppressive conduct of England towards Ireland in the past, we hailed with pleasure the advent of Your Grace, believing that it would materially assist and morally encourage our efforts to make amends for the past and to obtain justice in the future. We cannot doubt that the result of your prolonged stay in Ireland will have been to reassure you completely as to the legitimate and reasonable nature of the national aspirations, the denial of which we hold to be the main cause of all the misery and distress which cannot have failed to strike Your Grace painfully as the chief material characteristic of the country. You will at the same time have been consoled by observing the apostolic wisdom which characterizes the episcopate, the zeal which animates the clergy, and the piety which distinguishes the whole people.

"Your Grace will have noticed and appreciated the remarkable fact that, in the present struggle for constitutional changes, constitutional methods of agitation are recommended by the leaders and accepted by the people with a practical unanimity which some rare exceptions here and there only serve to illustrate. Under the influence of this happy sympathy between hierarchy, clergy and people, not only have secret political associations almost, if not entirely, disappeared; but the bitter and not unnatural enmity and suspicion which have for centuries existed in Ireland against our countrymen are rapidly giving way to affection and confidence.

"Englishmen who visit Ireland to express sympathy with the people, or even to instruct themselves impartially as to the state of the country, are met there with an enthusiastic welcome which a few years ago would have been out of the question.

"But amid these general signs of improvement in the relations between the two countries, we have to deplore the action of certain lay members of the Catholic Church in England—men of high position and honourable character—who, for reasons assuredly worthy of them, but incomprehensible to us, have adopted a course of bitter and uncompromising hostility towards Ireland. Disparaging and disrespectful observations concerning the conduct of priests, and even of the bishops of Ireland, have been made, and the latter, especially, have been publicly censured in speeches made in England, and even, as we have reason to believe, in private representations made less unbecomingly, but no less unjustly, to the Holy See itself.

"We desire most emphatically to repudiate the action of those to whom we allude, and we protest against it as insulting to that ancient hierarchy and venerable priesthood which have been the main safeguards of the Faith in Ireland in the past, and which are still among the chief glories of Christendom.

"Finally, most reverend lord, while we abstain from making needless appeals, or offering, uninvited, counsels to the Holy

See, we desire to express our warm conviction that no misapprehensions, however conscientiously made, or from however distinguished a quarter they may proceed, will ever be successful in inducing the Holy Father to withhold his countenance and confidence from his faithful people of Ireland, who, constant to the noble tradition of their past, and adhering as firmly as ever to the faith of their fathers, desire only to secure for themselves and their children the power to conduct their own internal affairs, under the shelter of the British Crown, in accordance with the wants, the feelings, and the history of their race."

The address was signed at the outset by the representative men whose names are appended: The Marquis of Ripon, K. G., the Earl of Ashburnham, the Earl of Orford, the Hon. Henry W. Petre, Sir Henry Bedingfield, Bart., Sir John Barrow Bart., Sir Paul Molesworth, Bart., Sir James Marshall, C.M.G., Lieutenant-Colonel J. W. Bernard, Major Gape, Capt. H. L. Wickham, Messrs. John Austin, M.P., W. H. Ashford, George Blount, Alfred F. Blount, Wilford Scawen Blunt, James Brand, J.P., Glasgow, James Britten, Caithness Brodie, M. Bowen, John H. Chapman, M.A., F.S.A., John Theodore Carewe, Archibald C. Dunlop, B.A., Oxon, W. Martin Edmunds, M.A., Cantab, Julian Gaisford, Russell Howell, M.A., John G. Kenyon, B.A., Oxon, K.S.G., Edward Lucas, Wilfrid Meynell, F. H. Newton, J. Hungerford Pollen, M.A., J. H. Saint, Recorder of Leicester, Simon T. Scrope, Orby Shipley, M.A., S. Nasmyth Stokes, H.M. Inspector of Schools, R. Sutton Swaby, Eyre Thompson, M.A., Edwin Trevelyan, M.A., C. W. Wyatt, Charles Weld-Blundell, Edmund Coffin.

### SEPARATE SCHOOL BOARD.

The newly-elected Separate School Board met on Tuesday evening, when the Secretary, Rev. Father McCann, took the chair.

There were present Rev. Vicar-Generals Rooney and Laurent; Rev. Fathers McCann, O'Reilly, Maurice; Dr. Cassidy, Dr. McMahon; Messrs. W. Burns, John Mallon, J. Korman, M. Costello, W. Petley, J. S. Monahan, J. Thornton, J. A. Mulligan, P. Curran, E. Riley, D. Kelly, D. P. Cahill, James Ryan, R. Fraser and M. O'Connor.

Rev. Vicar-General Rooney was re-elected chairman.

Rev. Father McCann was re-elected secretary-treasurer.

His Grace the Archbishop was appointed local superintendent.

Considerable discussion as to the appointment of assistant secretary, took place with the result that the election was postponed until next meeting.

Rev. Brother Tobias was appointed inspector of the schools.

Mr. D. P. Cahill was elected auditor.

Mr. J. J. Murphy was appointed representative of the Board on the Free Library Board.

J. J. Foy was continued as solicitor on motion of Rev. Father McCann, seconded by D. Kelly.

The Board adjourned for an hour, and on reassembling reported the following committees:

**FINANCE.**—Dr. Cassidy, W. Petley, D. Kelly, J. Curran, J. Ryan.

**SCHOOL MANAGEMENT.**—Rev. Father Maurice, Dr. Cassidy, Dr. McMahon, Messrs. Korman and Mulligan.

**SITES AND BUILDINGS.**—Rev. Father O'Reilly, Messrs. O'Byrne, Petley, Mallon, Ryan, Fraser and O'Connor.

**PRINTING AND SUPPLIES.**—Vicar-General Laurent, Messrs. Burns, Thornton, Mcnohan, Costello, Nolan and Callaghan.

The first-mentioned member of each committee was appointed chairman.

Mr. Kelly gave notice of a motion to petition the Ontario Government to make the Separate School Board elections by ballot, and the Board adjourned.

Following is the new Board:

St. Andrew's, Rev. Father Rooney, H. Nolan; St. David's, J. Thornton, Rev. Father Maurice; St. George's, D. P. Cahill, B. O'Byrne; St. John's, P. Curran, Joseph Ryan; St. James', Dr. Cassidy, J. A. Mulligan; St. Lawrence, M. O'Connor, D. Kelly; St. Matthew's, J. S. Monahan, Rev. Father O'Reilly; St. Mark's, J. Mallon, Rev. Father McCann; St. Paul's, M. Costello, J. Korman; St. Patrick's, Rev. Father Laurent, Wm. Burns; St. Stephen's, Dr. McMahon, William Fraser; St. Thomas', E. J. Reilly, W. Petley.

## The Catholic Weekly Review.

A JOURNAL DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN CANADA.

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H. F. McIntosh and A. C. Macdonell, . . . . . Associates.

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Remittances by P.O. Order or draft should be made payable to the Editor.

### LETTER FROM HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF TORONTO.

ST. MICHAEL'S PALACE, Toronto, 29th Dec., 1888.

GENTLEMEN,—

I have singular pleasure indeed in saying God-speed to your intended journal, THE CATHOLIC WEEKLY REVIEW. The Church, contradicted on all sides as her Divine Founder was, hails with peculiar pleasure the assistance of her lay children in dispelling ignorance and prejudice. They can do this nobly by public journalism, and as the press now appears to be an universal instructor for either evil or good, and since it is frequently used for evil in disseminating false doctrines and attributing them to the Catholic Church, your journal will do a very great service to Truth and Religion by its publication. Wishing you all success and many blessings on your enterprise.

I am, faithfully yours,

JOHN JOSEPH LYNCH,  
Archbishop of Toronto.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JAN. 7, 1888.

### PUBLISHER'S NOTICE.

From this forward the business affairs of this journal will be in charge of Mr. J. C. Sullivan. Mr. Sullivan will visit in due time the principal cities and towns in Canada in the interests of THE REVIEW, and we bespeak for him a cordial reception at the hands of the clergy, our friends, and the Catholic public generally.

The Right Rev. Bishop Ryan, of Buffalo, who reached Ireland in company with the Archbishop of Philadelphia, a few weeks ago, en route to Rome, wrote to the administrator of his diocese thus, from Cork:—"Our first visit was to the poor Bishop of Hamilton, Canada, who lies hopelessly ill in the Dominion monastery. Three physicians were in consultation, and there was scarcely room for his recovery. He is conscious of his condition and resigned; he was delighted to see us, and profuse in his thanks for our visit." A day or two afterwards Bishop Carbery had passed away.

Mr. John Boyle O'Reilly has pronounced judgment on Mrs. James Brown Potter, the new amateur-professional-society actress. It is not becoming, he thinks, that such selfish amateurs as Mrs. Potter and Mrs. Langtry should continue to force themselves on a patient and more or less ignorant public; because they are not artists, and their writhings, mouthings, wringing of hands, and bare shoulders and advertised beauty are not worth \$1.50 a seat. Mrs. Potter he considers a fair amateur actress, or rather declaimer, who, "when action is called for, is pleasantly graceful, but for emotion has no other means of expression than a slow elevation of the elbows over her head, and lifting the bangs from her forehead with the backs of her apparently woe-paralyzed hands." But Mr. O'Reilly mentions, doubtless as a redeeming feature, that her leading man, Mr. Bellew, is a handsome Irishman, and from the County Meath.

The successful candidates in the late Separate School elections are certainly enterprising fellows. They prosecuted a vigorous canvass and did not hesitate to introduce

into it the modes and manners of other electoral contests. This is not the most commendable course in the world, but it happened this time to be strikingly effective. Especially so was the use made of an incident, which, in itself, was inconsiderable, but which the fly reporter and the sly supporter managed to distort gorgeously. As near as we can get to it, a private memorandum, prepared for the information of a certain committee, was accidentally published. Happy chance! Your opponent's mistake, whether culpable or not, is always your advantage. And they used their advantage mercilessly, even recklessly. Where *forgery* came in no one seems to know and the term stands to this hour a charge on the reporter's conscience. We have but to add that if the successful candidates do but carry their clever, hard-working ways into the Board-room, and show as much zeal for the right working of the schools as they displayed in securing their own election, they will prove most valuable trustees.

The construction of the present Board, it must be said, is a marked improvement upon the old one, and the presence on it of the few "Stalwarts" need cause no unquietness, notwithstanding their affiliations. The earlier sittings will perhaps be enlivened by some few ebullitions of patriotism, and the sending up of any number of rhetorical fire-rockets, but, doubtless, the reverend chairman will exercise some little forbearance, and then the young gentlemen, we dare say, will settle down to school-business.

We are able to print in full in another column in this number that very important document—the address of the English Catholic Home Rulers to Mgr. Persico. The opportune and the importance of this pronouncement it would be difficult to overestimate; but it must forever dispel the idea, unfortunately too long common, that the English Catholics, as a body, refuse, whatever their politics, "to right the balance, and to restore to Catholics, as Catholics, across the Channel, what Protestants, as Protestants, took away." It puts a stop to the assertion that the Catholics of England as a whole, or in any considerable portion, are opposed to the amelioration of the grievous political condition of the Catholic people of Ireland. An assurance of the warm good will of the Catholics of England, it is a practical embodiment of their belief in the principle enunciated by Lord Denbigh, some few years ago in Parliament—a principle which he himself has unhappily failed to follow—"a Catholic first, and an Englishman afterwards." Not the least consoling part of the address is that which refers to the happy results of the political coalition of the people of the two countries, the giving way of the suspicion and enmity which so long have existed in Ireland against Englishmen to feelings of affection and confidence. Commenting on the address, Bishop Nulty of Meath said:—

"The wrongs, the injustices, and the animosities of centuries have been buried in the depths of the sea by the magical influence of the noble and generous utterances and acknowledgements of that remarkable paper. It proves, too, that the fact of professing the same faith, and of being members of the same Catholic religion, furnishes no just or sufficient cause for the exceptionally bitter dissensions that have so often divided Englishmen and Irishmen from each other."

And again:—

"The fusion of the two democracies, alienated and estranged from each other for centuries, into one magnificent, harmonious and cohesive whole, which is the pride as

well as the strength of the Empire, appears to me to be the most admirable of all the great achievements of Mr. Gladstone's life, and give him an unquestionable title to the most imperishable of all his glories."

The *Mail's* Montreal correspondent complains that a late number of *La Verite* contained a wild attack upon Mr. Parkman, of Boston, called forth by the favourable criticism of his works in Canada, in the *Revue Littéraire*, of Paris, in which the reviewer expressed the hope that they would soon be translated into French. *La Verite* merely said that, "not believing in the divinity of the Church, he often outrages the spouse of Christ, and in one place has the audacity to compare it to a prostitute." From a Catholic standpoint, that is a sufficient objection. From an historical standpoint, there are hard-headed men who entertain another objection. The Rev. Lewis Drummond, S.J., of Winnipeg, in the paper read by him last winter before the Historical and Scientific Society, of Manitoba, and which attracted much favourable notice, followed Mr. Parkman through some portions of his "Conspiracy of Pontiac," and proved from carefully collated information that in page after page of his writings the truth decreased in proportion as the picturesqueness increased. This is what he had to say in concluding his trenchant criticism of the historian:

"Mr. Parkman belongs to a school of historians with whom truth is quite a secondary consideration. Gibbon, with his pompous show of scholarly knowledge, was their leader; Macaulay's neatly balanced sentences, and startling antithetical effects made them popular; Froude's rich word-painting continued to share this popularity until he had the misfortune to drop down into the arena of living present facts in his *Ocena*, when a New Zealander held him up to scorn as a describer of things that are not; and now Mr. Parkman's historical romances still are paramount among the *profanum vulgus* in America, though his second-rate poetical prose seems to have damaged him in England. Such histories are made to sell, and they do so remarkably well, even as regards those that buy them. The writers give plenty of facts, only they group them in their own way. Facts, no doubt, are the basis of history; but the truth of history depends on the way you see them. But the historical school I am speaking of does not hesitate to sacrifice facts themselves to the balance of a sentence, or to the ideal consistency of a view they have evolved from their inner consciousness. They know that the vast majority of their readers, being only half educated, will take it for granted that such fascinating descriptions must be correct."

It is fashionable, of course, to exalt Mr. Parkman. His industry has been very great, and his historical documents are famous; but yet there are certain facts of which either Mr. Parkman was not aware, or he has fallen into those picturesque methods of putting things which, in historians, of all men, are *nil admirari*.

In the last number of the *Westminster Review* there is a timely and forcible article on the subject of Mr. Chamberlain's recent tour in Ulster. That tour has been heralded as so successful an exploit, and as one of such far-reaching and emphatic consequence, that the article deserves to be read if one would form a correct estimate of the exact importance and objects of Mr. Chamberlain's mission. Mr. Chamberlain went to Ulster with two objects. The first was to prove that there are "two races" in Ireland—a "loyal minority" fit to govern, and a disloyal majority only fit to be governed; the second to demonstrate the superior importance of the "loyal minority." "The one," said Mr. Chamberlain, "has shown all the qualities of a dominant people, and has proved in the history of the

world that it can justify the ascendancy which it has secured; the other, whatever its merits may be, has always failed in the qualities which compel success." But has, asks the writer in the *Westminster*, this "superior" race justified its ascendancy in Ireland? It was supplied with arms and gold to convert the natives to its faith, and to establish its own Church; and he answers the natives are still Catholics, and thousands of those who would have proselytized them. Its Church, too, was a failure. It got possession of land, and the land, he replies, is about to be taken from it. It occupied Dublin Castle, and *Dublin Castle is doomed*. But Mr. Chamberlain makes a great historical mistake in supposing that the inferior race which has "always failed" is entirely composed of Catholic Celts, and in building on that supposition his theory of the "disloyalty" and discontent of the southern provinces. So far from this being the case, to quote from the article, "the superior race in Ireland, the race that day by day is gaining in strength and wealth and intelligence, the race that has been shaping the destinies of the country for the last fifty years, impregnating it with ideas, and giving it its individuality, is not Mr. Chamberlain's Scotchmen or Englishmen, and is not the Celtic race. It is the race which in every corner of the country from north to south, has grown up out of a blending of Celt, and Saxon, and Norman, and Dane, and Scotchman; the race which, in the first instance, and for good or ill, has thrown in its lot with Ireland, rather than with England or any other country. It is neither Norman, Scotch, Danish, Celtic nor Saxon. It is *Irish*. This is the superior race in Ireland. . . . Mr. Chamberlain talks as if the original Irish had been Maories or Indians, whom the "dominant" race would eventually pen up in some wild part of the west, as the United States government has penned up the last of the red men. This is a very great mistake. The Celt has proved more than a match for the Saxon in Ireland. He has not driven him out of the country, but he has made him an Irishman." It is the old story of the invader becoming *ipsis Hibernis Hiberniores*. And further, this race includes more than Home Rulers and Nationalists. There are thousands of Unionists who feel that they are first of all *Irishmen*, and for whom there is no fear in the long run. They are Conservative, they fear change, they do not understand the philosophy of revolutions, and they do not see clearly the end of the present political movement. They may feebly repeat a few I. L. P. U. phrases, but the main fact is that they are *Irishmen*; their grandfathers were rebels in '98; they are not certain they are right in opposing Mr. Gladstone, and the passing of Home Rule is all that is required to range them on the side of their Nationalist countrymen.

That is the Irish race roughly sketched. The balance of the population is made up of the members of the Orange Lodges, and a portion of the Scotch Presbyterian community of Ulster. The latter are good citizens in most respects, with strong prejudices against everything Irish and Catholic, but, like the proverbial Connaught landlord, a man of no country. With none of the natural pride of the native-born Scotchman, he has lived in Ireland for two centuries, but takes no more interest in the country than he would were he in Iceland. The Orangemen are a different class, and are known and appreciated. They form the real "loyal minority," a minority small and mischievous. There may be an odd man among them with a warm Irish heart, but, undeniably in most cases "it is walled round with a brass wall of bigotry." "This



bigotry," says the writer, "in the majority of Orangemen is altogether unaccountable; it is an overmastering passion, turning sometimes to fits of frenzy and so prejudicing the mind of its possessor that he cannot endure the thought that his Catholic fellow countrymen should raise their heads or have anything to say in the government of their own country." These are the opponents of Home Rule, the men who say they will fight—aye, "line every ditch from Belfast to the Boyne with their rifles" if such a Bill as that of Mr. Gladstone's is passed by Parliament—to the laws of which they affect to be loyal. "It is worth remembering," adds the writer, "that the Orangemen of Ireland have never been able to conceive anything larger than a street row, and that they have always made it a point to go over to the winning side after a battle."

These gentlemen and their friends in the north-east corner of Ulster form, Mr. Chamberlain tells us, the educated and intelligent portion of the people of Ireland. The population of Belfast is 52,000 less than that of Dublin, but it shows 700 more "illiterates," strangely. The population of Derry is more than a third less than Limerick. It has nearly twice as many "illiterates." The "loyal minority," we are told, are a people *par excellence*, a people of "quiet and orderly lives." The ratio of illegitimate births in 1885 in Ulster was 4.3 per cent., in Leinster it was only 2.3 per cent., in Munster 2.2 per cent. and in Connaught 0.9 per cent. A further analysis reveals that the blackest county in Ireland is that in which Mr. Chamberlain made his tour, Antrim, 5.8 per cent., then comes Armagh, 5.0 per cent., Londonderry, 4.8 per cent., Down, 4.5 per cent., Tyrone, 4.0 per cent.—the five counties in which the Orange members find their seats. These figures do not prove that the Orangemen are morally a "superior" people. "The proportion of illegitimate children," wrote Sir John Forbes, "coincides almost exactly with the relative proportion of the two religions in each province of Ireland, being large where the Protestant element is large, and small where it is small." So that of the "inferior" race, whatever their faults, it may be said, to day as it was years ago, that

Though they love women and gold in store,  
Sir Knight, they love honour and virtue more."

We are unable this week, for want of space, to follow the writer in the *Westminster* in his examination of Mr. Chamberlain's statements as to the prosperity of the Province of Ulster. We shall be able to do so in our next issue. It is enough to say for the present that he proves Mr. Chamberlain to have been very much in error, and that in point of prosperity, if the emigration and census returns and the operations under the Arrears Act be admitted as evidence, that Province is in a worse condition even than Connaught, "where," said Mr. Bright in 1854, "no man can travel without feeling that some enormous crime has been committed by the Government under which the people live." On this, as on other points with regard to the "loyal minority" in Ireland, the facts are of a kind to correct the wrong impression which may have been made on any mind by Mr. Chamberlain, who appears to have been sadly misinformed and misguided in respect to the facts in the question.

A father, in reproving his son, said sternly to him: "Did you ever see me do such a thing as that when I was a boy?"

## IRISH MINSTRELSY.

Lady Wilde contributes to a London journal the following review of "Irish Minstrelsy," a work of which forms one of the Canterbury Series now in course of publication:

There are two memorable epochs in Irish history—one the era of Grattan and the Volunteers, when the doctrine of true political freedom was first developed and victory achieved over the servile bondage to England, by the strong will of earnest, resolute men; and the second was the era of 1848, when the intellect of the nation received its most splendid impulse, and with the noblest results. Emancipation had been gained and the Catholics of Ireland, after two centuries of insult and degradation, were just then beginning to feel and know that they had human rights, and strength to gain them if they so willed. But the utterance of a people, though always vehement, is often incoherent, and then it is that the men of education and culture are needed to interpret and formulate the vague longings and ambitions of the passionate hearts around. Thus it was that the literature of 1848, under the guidance of eminent and gifted men, became the glowing incarnation of the desire of a whole people to raise their country to her fitting place among the nations; the spirit-power was the mighty force they used to overthrow narrow intolerance, bigotry, and prejudice, and to give the fierce popular instincts for right and justice a higher direction than mere reckless revenge over the oppressor. The leaders soon gathered around them by elective affinity all the glowing genius of the country, an impassioned race of poets and orators, famous afterwards in the history of the period as the "Young Ireland" party, whose words of power, to use Chancer's phrase, were "like a trumpet thundering" in the ears of the people. The poets, above all, touched the heart of the nation, when with a madness of inspiration they chanted the wrongs and hopes of the people in cadenced words. Most of the songs in Mr. Sparling's collection date from this period, when the whole life of the nation moved to music. Even the peasants and artisans of the time became poets, and some of their strong, fiery verses, the product of powerful emotion, are included in the "Irish Minstrelsy," and show how even the rudest elements were kindled and transfigured by the glory of the new light.

Thomas Davis, chief of this young band of thinkers and workers, was an incarnation of passionate genius—the most powerful of the poets, the most brilliant of the essayists. His words, like a fiery cross, flamed through the length and breadth of the land, awakening mind, heart and brain from the dull apathy of centuries of oppression. With the tempest in his soul and the lightning on his lips, he poured out for the people the divided wine of intellect that lifts humanity from the animal to the god. But his brief life of work for Ireland soon ended; it was scarcely more than a three years' fever, and then, in the very prime of youth and genius, and the full triumph of his successful leadership, as with a rainbow gleam he sprang to the sunlight and so died. He is well represented in the selections by several of his most striking poems—"Fontenoy" and "The Geraldines," "The Volunteers of '82," and others as celebrated and as popular. Charles Gavan Duffy, however, as editor of the *Nation*, had the chief direction of the new movement. A man of the highest culture, of exquisite literary taste, and a clear and powerful writer both in prose and verse, he was eminently fitted for guide and counsellor to all the young, fiery intellects that composed his staff, while his winning manners and earnest sympathy with all that was noble and beautiful in literature and art gained their admiration and love. As a poet he stands in the first rank of the national bards. One of his best poems, "The Muster of the North," is included in the selections, and the strong, fierce music of the rhythm shows the true Celtic fire and force of his nature.

The leaders of young Ireland were often likened to the men of the great French Revolution. Gavan Duffy was the Vergniaud, the organizer and inspirer. Meagher, in his beautiful youth, and with the passionate fervour of his eloquence, was the St. Just without his cruelty. John Mitchel, strong in word, and powerful in purpose, was Danton, with his fearless gospel of audacity, while Isaac Butt, with his tossed masses of black hair, his flashing eyes, and splendid rush of cadenced oratory, was the Mirabeau of the party. Smith O'Brien was honoured as leader from his lineage and rank. Stately as a king, of rare and stainless honour, he seemed never to forget

that he was the descendent of kings, and might even one day claim the title himself, if the revolution succeeded. John Dillon, father of the young patriot of the present day, was a grand specimen of the Spanish Irish type, and the Southern fire ran warm through his veins. He was one of the most impassioned speakers of the gifted band, and no assembly could resist the volcanic torrent of his burning words. These were the orators of Young Ireland. Like the Girondists, they set up a lofty ideal for humanity; to regenerate the culture, noble aims, noble lives, and the service of solemn devotion to their country. But there was no Marat among them; they had no plans of cruel vengeance and plunder, they counselled no crimes; their lives were as pure as their doctrines, and not a shadow rests upon their fair fame. As a poet described them, so were they:

Souls of fire-like columns pointing  
Flameli-like upwards to the skies,  
Glorious brows which God's anointing  
Consecrating altarwise;  
Stainless hearts, like temples olden,  
None but priest hath ever trod.  
Hands as pure as were the golden  
Staves that bore the Ark of God.

Yet these singers and scholars, these brilliant young orators and writers, who showed to what height Irish genius might rise if trained and guided, with their sublime ideal of nationhood and heroic means of action, were deemed more dangerous by England than even the assassin's knife; for enlightenment meant independence.

But the selections in Mr. Sparling's work are not limited to one party or one theme. Every name of note down to the present day, and all political tendencies, with every chord that has vibrated to Celtic sentiment and feeling, will be found in the collection, making this pretty volume of Irish minstrelsy the most interesting and the most comprehensive compendium of national poetic genius yet given to the public. About twenty names will be found in the list of poets. Among them a Florence McCarthy, the translator of Calderon, and Sir Samuel Ferguson, the bard and brehon, who took the rude legends of early history and transfigured them by his poetic power into the stately majesty of national epics; and John Frances Waller, the sweetest living lyricist of Ireland, who unites all the subtle charm of faultless form and tender grace with perfect melody. And the weird fancies of Clarence Mangan are not forgotten; nor the spiritual delicacy and fine touch of William Allingham, nor the classic verse of Aubrey de Vere, glowing in thought and carefully chiselled, with well-skilled workmanship, contrasting well with the rough-hewn rocks of Banim's powerful verse streaked with rich veins of gold. And we have the playful-humour of Sam Lover that turns to music in the utterance; and the pathetic beauty of Lady Dufferin's songs, like the well-known "I'm sitting on the Stile, Mary," which has been steeped in the tears of two hemispheres; and the fierce defiance of Ingram's great poem, "Who Fears to Speak of '98;" while the strong minstrelsy of the fiery North is illustrated by such ballads as Colonel Blacke's famous "Still Put Your Trust in God, My Boys, But Keep Your Powder Dry."

Nor is Dion Boucicault omitted with his intensely Irish grace, music, fun, and pathos. There are, besides, quite a number of the peasant and street ballads, with all their floating philosophy and picturesque idiom correctly given for the first time in the poetical anthology, such as "The Wearing of the Green," so dear to the popular heart; and the quaint and mystic *Shan-Van-Vocht*, with its mysterious and cryptic meaning. Happily, also, we find in the minstrelsy the last great poem that has attained celebrity—"God Save Ireland," by T. D. Sullivan, M.P., Lord Mayor of Dublin, the most ardent and powerful of living Irish poets. This spirited chant, which has all the strong, musical beat for which Mr. Sullivan's verses are noted, at once took the heart of the people by storm, and the chorus, caught up and echoed by twenty millions of the Irish race, was heard throughout the world.

All these illustrations of the passionate genius of Ireland find a place in Mr. Sparling's *Pantheon of Poets*. And he well deserves the thanks of all true lovers of song for the admirable manner in which he has fulfilled his task and the lucid arrangement of his materials. All the various strings of the Irish harp have been touched and made to give up the stranger fitful, and wayward music that can move at will to tears of

laughter, and which never fails to vibrate in the Irish heart; for music and song are part of the life of the people; they give a glow to the stern twilight of their troubled lives, and strength to hear the tragic tenors of a bitter destiny. Through music and song the Irish race has always uttered the strongest emotion of the vivid Celtic nature, and their poets and orators have ever had a sovereign power to lift them above the relentless tortures of privation and persecution, and to redeem them from the darkness of despair.

The passionate dreams of political enthusiasts may pass away, but the literary value of the songs remains as a richly illuminated page of Irish history. Nothing really good in a nation's life is ever lost. It remains an influence for all time, and the people will never now go back to the servile bondage of soul and spirit that held them enchained before the fetters were rent and the bonds broken by the genius and intellectual force, the lofty, teaching and the cadenced words of the men of '48.

LADY WILDE.

## Current Catholic Thought.

### SWEARING OFF.

Fun—not a little—is sought out of the disposition of men to "swear off" at this season of the year; but there are better reasons why the fact should be one of solemn moment.

A brood of antiquated moral croakers affect to believe that there is no virtue in swearing off. They have no faith in the proceeding. "These pledges, and promises, and self-denials, are of no avail." They, the aforesaid cavilling fogies, never swear off; it is necessary that we be informed of the fact. Neither does Beelzebub, Lucifer and the rest of the delectable company. These are parties who make fun of the "swearing off" habit.

A good resolution is good for its own sake, even if the person in whom the purpose of right-doing is formed fails of the accomplishment. But of all the sad affairs of life, the saddest is the circumstance of him, or, rather let us say it, in whom there is no sap of spiritual ambition left, and whose moral life has lost all its spontaneity. It will take a miracle to stir the sodden depths of such a soul, and the changes of the calendar are never miracles.—*Milwaukee Citizen*.

### THE MISSION OF A CATHOLIC JOURNAL.

It is an old saying that a Catholic newspaper is what its subscribers make it. Within certain limits that is true. The paper on which careless subscribers hang as a dead weight must become inert, hopeless, and at last useless. The paper that has subscribers willing to say a kind word to it for the work done, or better still, a kind word for it, making known what it has done and what it aspires to do; the paper that has subscribers who pay promptly their own subscriptions, and who do a further service by inducing their friends to subscribe for it, that indeed is the fortunate paper, which not merely owes, but is likely to give its best thought, its keenest enterprise, its unflagging labour for the advantage of its readers. They it is who are the strength and capital of a Catholic enterprise. There is no need in disguising the fact that even a Catholic paper that commands the highest guerdon of Catholic favour has a very hard road to travel. Its expenses are always as great as those of papers that are not restrained by considerations of the character of the sources of their emoluments. Certain it is also, that the service of Catholic truth is not as popular or as remunerative as the service of even innocent and just worldly interests. Even successful Catholic journals may acknowledge without shame that their rewards are not as great as they would be, if a proportionate success came in other spheres of journalism. It is for this reason, among others, that Pope Leo XIII. commands Catholic bishops to organize and sustain the Catholic press; that he urges Catholic capitalists to judiciously supply the Catholic press with adequate capital, and that he exhorts the

Catholic people to aid, by their individual subscriptions and influence, Catholic journalists. This last part of the Pope's advice has been very generally repeated by the bishops throughout the world, so that we, too, may follow with our echo of it. The mission of the Catholic journal is to be a patient, persistent and efficient assistant to the clergy in their work. It shares part of the duty of the priest, which is to teach the nations. It is a noble work, indeed, and to increase its usefulness should be alike a pride and a pleasure for every Catholic. We, therefore, invite for the coming year the co-operation, in some form, of all who are interested in the dissemination of the principles and doctrines of Catholicity. Let those who have not subscribed now subscribe. Let those who have what is calculated to interest and edify, not wait to be called on for it, but send it in. In this way may the Catholic newspaper acquit itself of its great mission.—*Catholic Review*, Brooklyn.

### CANADIA \ CHURCH NEWS.

The *Milwaukee Citizen* says that the Basilian Fathers, of Toronto, have been tendered 160 acres of land adjoining Columbus, Neb., by the Rev. Father Ryan, pastor at that place, and will at once begin the erection of a substantial college there.

Rev. Abbé Martineau, of the Seminary of St. Sulpice, Montreal, who died recently in that city, aged 57, was a great advocate of temperance.

After High Mass at the Basilica on Sunday last, the proclamation was read of the opening of the Synod of the Archdiocese of Ottawa. The Synod, which will embrace all the Roman Catholic priests of the Archdiocese, will assemble in the college of Ottawa in the beginning of August, and there frame rules and regulations for the ecclesiastical government of the Archdiocese. The Archbishop will preside at the Synod.

The chapel in connection with the Rideau street convent, Ottawa, when finished will be a model of artistic beauty. The ceiling will be finished in a style hitherto unattempted on this continent. A number of iron columns will support the roof, and from a point some twelve feet from the top of each of these will run a series of panelling, arching outward and connecting with the ceiling, which will also be of wood. Both the panelling and ceiling will be painted, gilded and ornamented in the highest art of the decorator. Gothic ornaments will adorn the head and base of each piece of panelling, and the work as a whole, viewed from below, will be something worth seeing. The chapel is 106 feet long by 48 feet wide, and is estimated to accommodate about 600 persons.

Cardinal Howard is dangerously ill in Rome. He recently had a stroke of apoplexy, from which he rallies very slowly. Cardinal Howard is a man whose loss would be severely felt in Rome, especially by English-speaking Catholics, whom he has befriended in many ways.

### CATHOLIC AND LITERARY NOTES.

Mr. G. P. A. Healy will send to the Paris Salon a splendid portrait of Cardinal Gibbons, attired in the ecclesiastical robes.

There is little doubt about the appointment of Bishop Fitzgerald to the arch-episcopal See of New Orleans.

Rev. Father Lambert's new grammar and dictionary of Volapuk is completed and will reach the public shortly.

A Catholic Club on a large scale is being projected in Baltimore, with Cardinal Gibbons' approval.

The Right Rev. Dr. Flood, O. P., Coadjutor Bishop of Port Spain, embarked for Trinidad on the first of December.

The old Gaelic tongue is in no danger of dying out. Under the auspices of the Caledonian Catholic Association of Glasgow, Scotland, a Jesuit Father has begun a series of devotions in that ancient and expressive language. They are held every alternate Sunday, in the rooms of the Association. The Rosary is recited, after which Father Campbell, S. J., preaches, and the Litany of the Blessed Virgin follows. The services are well attended, the congregation being mainly composed of Catholic Highlanders.

An Abbot is a Prelate in rank and position similar to a Bishop; his office is perpetual. His insignia are: The mitre, crozier, pectoral cross, ring, etc. In his insignia he differs in nothing from a Bishop. An Abbot holds his jurisdiction from Rome and is independent of any Bishop. The Abbatial jurisdiction over his clergy is even greater than that of a Bishop, and may extend over a larger territory. The title of an Abbot is Right Reverend; he is more than an ordinary Monseigneur. In Europe the Abbots are Lords. There are only seven Abbots in the United States.

Work on the great Catholic University at Washington will begin at once and be pushed rapidly. No debt will be contracted. The buildings will be used as finished. The faculty of the University will consist of ten professors, three of whom have already been secured—Pastor, the great German historian, from the University at Tyrol, who will be lecturer on history, and Verdat, from one of the Universities in Rome, as lecturer on Assyriology and Egyptology. The name of the third professor has not yet been made public, but he is an eminent man of letters. The University will have schools of law and medicine and courses in the sciences and classics, which will be open to all without regard to religious preferences. The members of the faculty will, however, all be from within the Catholic Church, and all who enter the institution will have thrown around them the distinctive influence of the Catholic Church. There is on hand \$700,000. It will cost about \$300,000 more to complete the Theological Department, which will be ready towards the end of 1889. The completed University will cost about 8,000,000.

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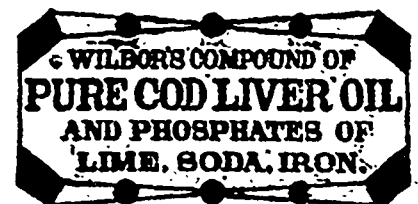
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