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DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

Vol. XV. BOSTON, FEBRUARY, 1886. No. 2

"THE future of the Irish race in this country, will depend largely upon their capability of assuming an independent attitude in American politics."—RIGHT REV. DOCTOR IRELAND, *St. Paul, Minn.*

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Transcriber's Note: The Table of Contents for this issue is in the Vol I., so all the main divisions have been added to this etext for ease of navigation.

The Columbian Abbey of Derry.

One bright sunny day last summer I found myself in the city of Derry, with some hours to spare. I passed them in rambling aimlessly about whither fancy or accident led me,—now on the walls, endeavoring to recall the particulars of that siege so graphically described by Macaulay, now in the Protestant Cathedral musing on the proximity of luxuriously-cushioned pew and cold sepulchral monument along which the sun, streaming through the stained windows, threw a mellow glow that softened but did not remove the hideousness of the death's emblems on them—now wandering down the busy street and admiring the beauties of the Casino College, which, like the alien cathedral a little distance up, rejoices in the patronage of St. Columb and is built on the site of his old monastery. Here I lingered long, trying to picture to myself the olden glories of the spot on which I stood, for

"I do love these ancient ruins;
We never tread upon them
But we set our foot upon some reverend history;"

although here not an ivy-clasped gable, or even a mossy stone remains to claim the "passing tribute" of a sigh, or a vain regret for the golden days of our Irish Church. Yet its very barrenness of ruins made it dearer to my heart, for one never clings more fondly to the memory of a dear friend than when all mementoes of him are lost. As warned by the stroke of the town-clock, I hurried down to the station to be whirled away to Dublin, I thought that perhaps my fellow-readers of the *MAGAZINE* would bear with me while I gossiped for half an hour on the story of this grand old monastery, the mother-house of Iona.

You know where Derry is, or if you don't your atlas will tell you, that it is away up in the north of Ireland, where, situated on the shores of the Lough Foyle, coiling its streets round the slopes of a hill till on the very summit they culminate in the cross-crowned tower of St. Columb's Cathedral, it lies in the midst of a beautiful country just like a cameo fallen into a basket of flowers. The houses cluster round the base of the hill on the land side, spread themselves in irregular masses over the adjoining level, or clamber up the opposite rise on the brow of which stands St. Eugene's Cathedral, yet unfinished, and the pile of turrets which constitute Magee College. A noble bridge spans the Foyle, and through a forest of shipmasts one may see on the other side the city rising up from the water, and stretching along the bending shore till it becomes lost in the villa-studded woods of Prehen.

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The massive walls, half hidden by encroaching commerce, the grim-looking gates, and the old rusty cannon whose mouth thundered the "No" of the "Maiden City" to the rough advances of James, in 1689, give the city a mediæval air that well accords with its monastic origin. For, let her citizens gild the bitter pill as they may, the cradle of Derry—the Rochelle of Irish Protestantism—was rocked by monks—aye, by monks in as close communion with Rome as are the dread Jesuits to-day.

Fourteen hundred years ago the Foyle flowed on to mingle its waters with ocean as calmly as it does to-day, but its peaceful bosom reflected a far different scene. Then the fair, fresh face of nature was unsullied by the hand of man. "The tides flowed round the hill which was of an oval form, and rose 119 feet above the level of the sea, thus forming an island of about 200 acres."^[1] A Daire or oak grove spread its leafy shade over the whole, and gave shelter to the red deer and an unceasing choir of little songsters. It was called in the language of the time "Daire-Calgachi." The first part of the name in the modern form of Derry, still remains—though now the stately rows of oak have given way to the streets of a busy city, and the smoke of numerous factories clouds the atmosphere.

One day, in the early part of 546, there visited the grove, in company with the local chieftain, a youth named Columba, a scion of the royal race of the O'Donnells. He was captivated by its beauty. It seemed the very spot for the monastery he was anxious to establish. He was only a deacon; but the fame of his sanctity had already filled the land, and the princes of his family were ever urging him to found a monastery whose monks, they hoped, would reflect his virtues and increase the faith and piety of their clan. This seemed the very spot for such an establishment. The neighborhood of the royal fortress of Aileach, that

"Sits evermore like a queen on her throne
And smiles on the valleys of green Innishowen,"

promised security; the river an unfailing supply of fish; the woods material to build with; and, better than all, the lord of the district was his cousin Ainmire, from whom Columba had only to

ask to receive. He did ask the island for God, and his request was joyfully complied with.

It was just three years after the deacon-abbot of Monte Casino had passed to his reward, that the young Irish deacon began his monastery. To erect monastic buildings in those days was a work of very little labor. A wooden church, destined in the course of time to give place to a more durable edifice—the seat of a bishopric—was first erected. Then the cells of the monks were put up. They were of circular form and of the simplest construction. A stout post was firmly planted in what was to be the centre, and a number of slighter poles were then placed at equal distances round it. The interstices—space however having been left for a door—were filled up with willow or hazel saplings in the form of basketwork. From the outer poles rafters sprang to the centre-posts, and across them were laid rows of laths over which a fibry web of sod was thrown, and the whole thatched with straw or rushes. The inside of the wall was lined with moss—the outside plastered with soft clay. A rough wooden bed—and in the case of Columba himself and many of his monks—a stone pillow, a polaire or leathern satchel for holding books, a writing-desk and seat, formed the furniture of this rude cell, which was the ordinary dwelling of monk and student during the golden age of the Irish Church.

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Only a few weeks elapsed from the time that the first tree was felled till the new community, or rather order, took up their abode in it, and the swelling strain of their vespers was borne down the Lough by the rippling breeze and echoed by the religious, whose convents, presided over by SS. Frigidian and Cardens sentinelled the mouth of the Lough at Moville and Coleraine. The habit of these monks—similar to that of Iona and Lindisfarne, consisted of "[2]the cowl—of coarse texture, made of wool, retaining its natural color and the tunic, or under habit, which was also white. If the weather was particularly severe an amphibalus, or double mantle, was permitted. When engaged at work on the farm the brethern wore sandals which were not used within the monastery."

Though their time was mainly devoted to prayer, meditation and the various other religious exercises, yet their rule made them apply every spare moment to copying and illuminating MSS. or some other kind of manual or intellectual labor, according as their strength and talents permitted. By this, people were attracted to the spot. Houses sprang up in the neighborhood of the monastery, that continually increasing in number, at length grew into a city, just as from a similar monastic germ have sprung nearly all the great German cities.

Columba in the busy years that elapsed between 546 and his final departure from Ireland in 563, looked upon Derry as his home. It was his first and dearest monastery. It was in his own Tyrconnell, but a few miles from that home by Lough Gartan, where he first saw the light, and from his foster home amid the mountains of Kilmacrenan, that, rising with their green belts of trees and purple mantles of heather over the valleys, seemed like huge festoons hung from the blue-patched horizon. Then the very air was redolent of sanctity. If he turned to the south, the warm breezes that swayed his cowl reminded him that away behind those wooded hills in Ardstraw, prayed Eugene, destined to share with him the patronage of the diocese, and that farther up, St. Creggan, whose name the Presbyterian farmers unconsciously preserve in the designation of their townland, Magheracreggan, presided over Scarrabern, the daughter-house of Ardstraw. Then turning slowly northwards he would meet with the persons, or relics, of St. O'Heney in Banagher, St. Sura in Maghera, St. Martin in Desertmartin, St. Canice in Limavady, St. Goar in Aghadoey, St. Cardens in Coleraine, St. Frigidian in Moville, St. Comgell in Culdaff, St. McCartin in Donagh, St. Egneach in the wildly beautiful pass of Mamore, St. Mura in Fahan, and his own old teacher, St. Cruithnechan in Kilmacrenan. All these, and many others, whose names tradition but feebly echoes, were contemporary, or nearly so, with him; and with many of them, he was united in the warmest bonds of friendship,—a friendship that served to rivet him the more to Derry. Even the budding glories of Durrow and Kells could not draw him away from his "loved oak-grove;" and at length, when the time had come for him to go forth and plant the faith in a foreign land, it was the monks of Derry who received his last embrace ere he seated himself with his twelve companions, also monks of Derry, in his little osier coracle, and with tearful eyes watched his grove till the topmost leaf had sunk beneath the curving wave.

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When twenty-seven years after he visited his native land, as the deputy of an infant nation and the saviour of the bards, on whom, but for his kindly intercession, the hand of infuriated justice had heavily fallen, his first visit was to Derry. It was probably during this visit that he founded that church on the other side of the Foyle, whose ivy-clad walls and gravelled area the reader of "Thackeray's Sketch Book" may remember; but few know that it was wantonly demolished by Dr. Weston (1467-1484), the only Englishman who ever held the See of Derry; and "who," adds Colgan, "began out of the ruins to build a palace for himself, which the avenging hand of God did not allow him to complete."

Columba's heart ever yearned to Derry. In one of his poems he tells us "how my boat would fly if its prow were turned to my Irish oak grove." And one day when "that grey eye, which ever turned to Erin," was gazing wistfully at the horizon, where Ireland ought to appear, his love for Derry found expression in a little poem, the English version of which I transcribed from Cardinal Moran's "Irish Saints."

"Were the tribute of all Alba mine,
From its centre to its border,
I would prefer the sight of one cell
In the middle of fair Derry.

"The reason I love Derry is
For its quietness, for its purity;
Crowded full of heaven's angels,
Is every leaf of the oaks of Derry.

"My Derry, my little oak grove,
My abode and my little cell,
O eternal God in heaven above,
Woe be to him who violates it."

With the same love that he himself had for his "little oak grove," he seems to have inspired the annalists of his race, for on turning over the pages of the Four Masters, the eye is arrested by such entries as,—

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"1146, a violent tempest blew down sixty oaks in Derry-Columbkille."

"1178, a storm prostrated one hundred and twenty oaks in Derry-Columbkille."

These little tokens of reverence for the trees, which had been sanctified by his presence and love, show us how deep a root his memory had in the affections of the Donegal Franciscans, when they paused in their serious and compendious work to record every little accident that happened to his monastery. But, alas, all the protection that O'Donnell's clan might afford, all the fear that Columba's "Woe" might inspire, could not save his grove. Like many a similar one in Ireland, storms, and the destructive hand of man, have combined to blot it off the face of the landscape, and nothing now remains but the name.

The monastery, too, shared the same fate. Burned by the Danes in 812, 989, 997 and 1095, phoenix-like it rose again from its ashes, each time in greater beauty. The church, after one of these burnings, was rebuilt of stone; and from its charred and blackened appearance after the next burning, received the name of Dubh-Regles or Black Church of the Abbey—a name by which in the Annals the monastery itself is often called.

But Derry had other enemies than the Danes. In 1124 we find "Ardgar, Prince of Aileach, killed by the ecclesiastics of Doire-Columbkille in the defence of their church. His followers in revenge burned the town and churches." The then abbot was St. Gelasius, who, after presiding sixteen years over the monastery, which he had entered a novice in early youth, was, in 1137, raised to the Primatial See of Armagh; and dying in 1174, nearly closes the long calendar of Irish Saints. The first year of his abbacy (1121) had been marked by the death in the monastery of "Domwald Magloughlin Ardrigh of Erin, a generous prince, charitable to the poor and liberal to the rich, who, feeling his end approaching, had withdrawn thither,"—a fact which shows the great veneration in which this monastery was held.

The name of the next abbot, Flathbert O'Brolcan, or Bradley, is one of the brightest in the Annals of Derry. He was greatly distinguished for his sanctity and learning, but still more for his administrative abilities. As abbot of Derry he was present at the Synod of Kells in 1152. Six years after, at the Synod of Brightaig (near Trim, county Meath), a continuation or prorogation of that of Kells, Derry was created an Episcopal See and Flathbert appointed its first bishop. A much more honorable distinction was given him, when by the same synod, he was appointed "prefect general of all the abbeys of Ireland," an appointment which must probably be limited to the Columbian Abbeys, which were at the time very numerous. Some idea of the wealth and power of the Columbian order may be gathered from the records that the Masters have given us of Flathbert's visitations. "In 1150 he visited Tireoghain (Tyrone), and obtained a horse from every chieftain; a cow from every two biatags; a cow from every three freeholders; a cow from every four villeins; and twenty cows from the king himself; a gold ring of five ounces, his horse and battle-dregs from the son of O'Lochlain, king of Ireland." "In 1153 he visited Down and Antrim and got a horse from every chieftain; a sheep from every hearth; a horse and five cows from O'Dunlevy, and an ounce of gold from his wife." And in 1161 he visited Ossory, and "in lieu of the tribute of seven score oxen due to him, accepted four hundred and twenty ounces of pure silver."

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But though thus honored by the hierarchy and people, enemies were not wanting to him. In 1144 the monastery had been burned and hostile clouds were again gathering round it, when in 1163 Flathbert erected a cashel or series of earthen fortifications, which baffled for a time the enmity of the plunderer. A passing calm was thus assured him, of which he took advantage, in 1164, to commence the building of his Cathedral, called in Irish "Teampull-mor," a name which one of the city parishes still retains. But the times were troublous, and hardly was the Cathedral finished than we find in 1166 "O'More burning Derry as far as the church Dubh-Regles."

In 1175, on the death of their abbot the monks of Iona elected Flathbert; but he felt that the shadows of death were gathering round him, and he would not leave his own monastery of Derry. He died the same year, and "was buried in the monastery, leaving a great reputation for wisdom and liberality;" but before his death he had the pleasure of knowing that "1175, Donough O'Carolan perfected a treaty of friendship with the abbey and town, and gave to the abbey a betagh townland of Donoughmore and certain duties."

Some years before his death Flathbert had resigned the See of Derry in favor of Dr. Muredach O'Coffey,^[3] who, having been consecrated bishop of Ardstraw had, in 1150, transferred that See

to Maghera or Rathlure, thus uniting Ardstraw and Rathlure. His accession to Derry joined the three into one, to which under Dr. O'Carolan in the next century, Innishowen was added, thus forming the modern diocese.

Dr. O'Coffey took up his residence in the abbey where, on the 10th of February, 1173, he breathed his last. Archdall in his *Monasticon* calls him "St. Muredach;" but the old Annalists content themselves with saying that "he was the sun of science, the precious stone and resplendent gem of knowledge, the bright star and rich treasury of learning; and as in charity so, too, was he powerful in pilgrimage and prayer." The Masters add that "a great miracle was performed on the night of his death; the dark night was illumined from midnight to day-break; and the neighboring parts of the world which were visible were in one blaze of light; and all persons arose from their beds imagining it was day."

But I must now hasten to the end, for there is little in the history of the next four centuries over which one loves to linger. The story it tells is the old one of robberies and murders and burnings. It records the first rumblings of that storm so soon to break over that land and make of our island a vast coliseum, drenching it with the blood of martyrs. I have often thought what a pang it must have cost the heart of Brother Michael Oblery to pen such entries as these:

"1195, Rury, son of Dunlere, chief of Ulidia, plunders Derry-Columbkille with an English force."

"1197, Sir John De Courcy plunders the abbey of Derry."

"1198, Sir John De Courcy again plunders Derry abbey."

How his eyes must have filled as he glanced in memory over the long tale of his country's sufferings, on the record of which he was about to enter. 'Twas bad enough to see the Dane lay sacrilegious hands on the sacred vessels; but it was worse still to behold one's fellow-Catholic apply the robber's torch to the church of God where, perhaps, at that very moment our Lord himself lay hid under the sacramental veils. Yet these were the men who, from the Loire to the Jordan had fought the church's battle so gallantly,—whose countrymen would only hold the Calabrian kingdom, that their lances had purchased so dearly, as vassals of the Pope,—the very men who themselves were studding the Pale with those architectural gems, of which the ruins of Dunbrody and its sister abbeys still speak so eloquently. It was a strange fancy that made them tumble the Irish monastery to-day, and lay the foundation of an Anglo-Irish one to-morrow. Yet so it was; for in the charters of many of those monasteries, in which, it was enacted in 1380, that no mere Irishman should be allowed to take vows, the name of John De Courcy is entered as founder or benefactor. One hardly knows whether to condemn him for destroying Columba's favorite abbey, or praise him for the solicitude he expresses in his letter to the Pope for the proper preservation of Columba's relics. The acts of the man and his nation are so contradictory, that the only reasonable conclusion we can draw from them is the practical one, never again to wonder that the faith of such men withered at the first blast of persecution.

Nevertheless, the monastery survived these attacks; for in the early part of the fifteenth century, we find the then abbot of Derry negotiating a peace between the English and O'Donnell. But in its subsequent annals nothing more than the mere date of an inmate's death meets us till we come to the great catastrophe, which ended at once the monastery and order of Columba. Cox thus tells the story: "Colonel Saintlow succeeded Randolph in the command of the garrison and lived as quietly as could be desired, for the rebels were so daunted by the former defeat that they did not dare to make any new attempt; but unluckily on the 24th of April, 1566, the ammunition took fire and blew up the town and fort of Derry, so that the soldiers were obliged to embark for Dublin."^[4] "This disaster was regarded at the time as a divine chastisement for the profanation of St. Columba's church and cell, the latter being used by the heretical soldiery as a repository of ammunition, while the former was defiled by their profane worship."^[5]

J. McH.

An actor once delivered a letter of introduction to a manager, which described him as an actor of great merit, and concluded: "He plays Virginius, Richelieu, Hamlet, Shylock, and billiards. He plays billiards the best."

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The Penitent on the Cross.

Few deeds of guilt are strangers to my eyes,
These hands of mine have wrought full share of sin,
My very heart seemed steeled to pity's cries:
Whence then this thought that melts my soul within?

What is there in that Form that moves me so?
So sweet a victim ne'er mine eyes beheld;
That beauteous face, that majesty of woe,

That hidden something from my sight withheld.

Cease thou at least, nor join the mocking throng,
Thou heartless sharer in our common doom!
Just meed for us, but He hath done no wrong;
All seems so strange—what means the gathering gloom?

That lonely mother, there oppressed with woe,
O'erheard me now I saw her raise her eyes;
To bless me—and with clasping hands as though
She craved a something, through the darkening skies.

Hear how the priests discuss with mocking scorn
The triple scroll above His crownèd head.
"Jesus of Nazareth," the lowly born;
"King of the Jews," in Royal David's stead.

Ah, me; but I have heard that name of old
From waylaid victims in my outlaw den.
They won me from fell purpose as they told
His deeds of love and wonder amongst men.

They told me how the sea in billows dashed
Became as marble smooth beneath His feet;
How He rebuked the winds to fury lashed,
And they were hushed to murmurs low and sweet.

He, then it was that gave the blind their sight,
And made the palsied leap with bounding tread;
And as you'd wake the sleeping in the night
From even their sleep awoke the slumbering dead.

Oh, Master, had I known Thee in those days,
Fain might I too have followed Thee as Friend;
But then I was an outlaw by the ways,
And now 'tis late—my days are at an end.

"No, not too late." Oh, God! whose is that voice
That sounds within me such a heavenly strain,
And makes my being to its depths rejoice
As if it felt creation's touch again?

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What is that light, that glorious light which brings
Such wondrous knowledge of things all unseen,
And yet wherein I see fair, far-off things
To mortal vision hid, however keen.

And centred in that flood of golden light,
One truth that catches all its scattered beams—
Illumed above the rest so fair, so bright:
It is thy God whose blood beside thee streams.

Oh, God of glory! hear the outlaw's prayer,
And in Thy home but kindly think of me;
I dare but ask to be remembered there,
Nor heaven I seek, but to be loved by Thee.

From off the Cross whereon the Saviour hung
Fell on his ears response of wondrous love,
More sweet than though the cherubim had sung
The sweetest songs they sing in heaven above.

Yes, loved but not remembered thou shalt be—
The absent only may remembrance claim—
But in my kingdom thou shalt dwell with me,
Companion of my glory as my shame.

Amen, amen, I say to thee that thou,
Ere yet another day illumè the skies,
With crown unlike to this that binds my brow
Shalt share the glories of my paradise.

The Celt in America.

It is the common delusion of our day that Americans as a people are of Anglo-Saxon lineage. This has been said and reiterated, until it descends into the lowest depths of sycophancy and utter folly. It is false in fact, for above all other claimants, that of the Celt is by far the best. Glancing back to our primeval history, we find the Kelt to be the centre-figure of its legends and traditions. We are told by an old chronicle, that Brendan, an Irishman, discovered this continent about 550 A. D., and named it Irland-Kir-Mikla, or Great Eire; this is corroborated by the Scandinavians. Iceland was settled in the sixth century by Irish, and when the Norsemen settled there, they found the remains of an Irish civilization in churches, ruins, crosses and urns: thus, it is not at all improbable that the Celts of those islands sent out exploring parties who discovered for the first time the American continent. Passing over the myths and legends of that curious and quaint era, let us read the pages of authentic American history.

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On that memorable October day, when the caravels of Columbus came to anchor in the New World, the Celt acted well his part in that great drama. He who first reached land, from the ships of Columbus, was a Patrick Maguiras, an Irishman. Columbus in his second voyage had on board an Irish priest, Father Boyle, and several of his crew were Celts. In the early discoveries and settlements the Kelt was ever in the van of the pioneers of Western civilization; he explored rivers, bays, and forests, while the Anglo-Saxon scarce tread on American soil until the close of the sixteenth century. The first gateway to civilization for the West, was made by priests from France, among whom were many Irish missionaries, who were forced to fly their native land and seek shelter elsewhere. St. Augustine and New Mexico were founded by the Spaniards long before a cabin was built in Jamestown, and the Spanish and French sovereigns ruled numerous flourishing dependencies in the New World ere the English Pilgrims had seen Plymouth. The Anglo-Saxons, then, were not so forward in explorations and discoveries as their neighbors, the Celts and Latins. Review the epoch of the colonial development, and we find that the Celt surpasses the Saxon.

The Huguenots fled from France; the Scotchman left his native heather to escape despotism; the Irishman exiled from his patrimony sought a home in the American wilds. Many a Spaniard made his Nova Iberia in the South, and the log-cabins of the French pioneers dotted the north-western wilderness. The Swedes founded Delaware, and New York was created by the stolid Dutch. The Moravians and the Welsh came hither likewise; the Puritans fled Merry England and Quakers sought religious freedom in America; but the great body of the English people believing in the State and the religion of their sovereign, had no desire to risk fortune here, especially when the laws were made for their benefit even if at the expense of the colonists. Thus, with exceptions of the Quaker and the Puritan, some few Cavaliers and the paupers, the great body of the Anglo-Saxon people remained at home. In American colonization, Anglo-Saxonism was but a drop in the bucket. Among all the famous thirteen colonies there was not one settled by Saxons exclusively; and in all of the colonies the Celt predominated. The Puritans when they founded Massachusetts, rigorously excluded all who differed from them; nevertheless the Celt waxed strong in New England. "It was," says Hawthorne, "no uncommon thing in those days to see an advertisement in the colonial paper, of the arrival of fresh Irish slaves and potatoes." Bunker Hill itself was named after a knoll in county Antrim. Faneuil Hall was the gift of a Celt, and the plan of it was drawn by Berkeley, the Irish philosopher, who said prophetically,

"Westward the course of empire takes its way;
The four first acts already past,
A fifth shall close the drama with the day;
Time's noblest empire is the last."

The Boston Irish Charitable Society was organized near a century and a half ago, and the first paper mill in Massachusetts was built by a Celt named Thomas Smith. The names of Belfast, Londonderry, Ulster, Sullivan and Bangor show the nationality of their settlers. The founders of the Empire State were Teutons; but when it passed to the English realm, James II. sent over as Governor, Colonel Dongan, an Irishman. This Governor during his term of office, brought over large numbers of Irish emigrants. Pennsylvania was the most Keltic of the colonies. The first daily paper in the United States was founded by John Dunlap, an Irishman. So great was Celtic emigration to this State that in one year (1729) there came to Pennsylvania no fewer than 6,208 persons, of whom 242 were Germans, 247 English, and 5,653 Irishmen. So numerous were Celts that Washington once said, "Put me in Rockbridge County, and I'll find men enough to save the Revolution." In Maryland it was the same. The first ship that sailed into Baltimore was Irish, though the figure-head, Cecil Calvert, was English; but the town from which he derived his title, and after which the metropolis of Maryland is named, is in Galway, Ireland. In the Old Dominion, the first settlers were in good part English. The Scotch and Welsh were very powerful, and the Irish were very numerous. The impress of the Celts in Virginia is seen in Carroll and Logan counties, Lynchburg, Burkesville, Brucktown and Wheeling.

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In 1652, Cromwell recommended that Irishwomen be sold to merchants, and shipped to New England and Virginia, there to be sold as wives to the colonists. A manuscript of Dr. Lingard's puts the number sold, at about 60,000; Brondin, a contemporary, places the number at 100,000. The names of these women have become anglicized, for the English law forbade the Irish to have an Irish name, and commanded them to assume English names. North Carolina was settled mainly by the Scotch and Welsh, with English and Irish additions. So was Georgia. In South Carolina the Irish predominated. "Of all the countries," says the historian of South Carolina,

"none has furnished this province with so many inhabitants as Ireland. Scarce a ship leaves any of its ports for Charleston that is not crowded with men, women, and children." So much for the so-called English colonies. Among the foremost of distinguished men in the colonial times were the Celts. The first man elected to an office, not appointed by the Crown, was James Moore, Governor of North Carolina. James Logan, the successor of Penn, and William Thompson, were both Celts. Let us glance at the Revolution; it is in this struggle that the Celt was covered with glory; and either on the field or in the forum he was always in the van. The Celts of Mecklenburg made a declaration of freedom over a year before the Declaration of Independence was made.

Thomas Jefferson, the author of the Declaration of Independence, was of Welsh ancestry, and thus a Celt. John Hancock inherited Celtic blood from his mother, Nora O'Flaherty. Behold the array of Celts who signed the Declaration in 1776: Carroll, Thornton, McKean, Rutledge, Lewis, Hart, Lynch, Jefferson and Reed. A merchant of Philadelphia, John Nixon, first read to the people that immortal paper. Charles Thompson, Thomas McHenry and Patrick Henry, the Demosthenes of the Revolution, were Celts. The poetry of the loyal English writers afford abundant proof of the influence and numbers of the Celts in those days. The first blow for Independence was struck by James Sullivan of New Hampshire, and the first blow on sea was struck by Jeremiah O'Brien, of Machias, Maine. A Celt, Thomas Cargill, of Ballyshannon, saved the records of Concord when the British soldiery went out from Boston to destroy the military stores in Middlesex. Nor was it in the opening scenes alone that the Celts were prominent; but from the death of McClary on Bunker Hill, to the close of the war, they fought with a vigor and bravery unsurpassed. Who charged through the snowdrifts around Quebec but Montgomery, a Celt.

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Who fought so bravely at Brandywine? at Bemis's Heights, who saved the day but Morgan's Irish Rifles. Was it not mad Anthony Wayne, a Celt, who won Stony Point? General Sullivan, a Celt, avenged the Wyoming Massacre. General Hand, a Celt, first routed the Hessians. The hero of Bennington was a Celt, General Stark; so were Generals Conway, Knox, Greene, Lewis, Brigadier Generals Moore, Fitzgerald, Hogan, Colonels Moylan and Butler. In fact, American annals are so replete with trophies of Celtic valor that it would be vain to narrate them all.

"A hundred battlefields attest, a hundred victories show,
How well at liberty's behest they fought our country's foe."

The only society that ever had the honor of enrolling the name of Washington among its members was the Friendly Knights of St. Patrick. It is an incident worthy of remark that at Yorktown it was a Celt, General O'Hara, who gave to America the symbol of England's final defeat. When the war of the Revolution was ended the Celt laid aside the sword to engage in the arts of peace and build up the industries of the country.

Twenty Irish merchants subscribed \$500,000 to pay the soldiers, and they aided in every possible way the young and weak government. Then the Celtic statesmen rose to view Hamilton, Jefferson, Gov. Sullivan of New Hampshire, Gov. Sullivan of Massachusetts, De Witt Clinton of New York, John Armstrong, jr., of Pennsylvania, Calhoun, Louis McLane and George Campbell. Since those days the numbers and influence of the Celts has been constantly increasing, and were it not for the sturdy Scotchman, the Welshman, and Irishman our nation would still be a conjury of the future. On the battlefield Grant, Meade, McClellan, Scott, Sheridan, McDowell, Shields, Butler, McCook, McPherson, Kearney, Stonewall Jackson, McClelland, Rowan, Corcoran, Porter, Claiborne and Logan show the valor of the Celt. Jones, Barry, Decatur, McDonough, Stewart and Blakely are the ideals of the American sailor. Morse, McCormack, Fulton are among our greatest inventors. Jackson, Pierce, Buchanan, Wilson, Cameron, Douglas, Blaine, Arthur and Hill are our Celtic statesmen. Charles O'Connor, McVeagh, Stuart, Black, Campbell, McKinley, McLean, Rutledge are our greatest jurists. Poe, Greeley, Shea, Baker, Savage, England, Hughes, Spalding, O'Rielly, Barrett, Purcell, Keene, McCullough, Boucicault, Bennett, Connery and Jones are Celts, names famous in journalism, religion, literature and drama. The Celt, in the words of Henry Clay, are "bone of our bone" and "flesh of our flesh," thus acknowledging him to be part and parcel of our nation.

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Let us leave the flowery field of rhetoric and strike the hard pan of statistics. The official census of 1870 numbers the Celts at 24,000,000, the Saxons at 5,000,000, and the whole population at 38,500,000. In proportion the Celts were five-eighths and the Saxons one-eighth of the people of the country, two-eighths being of other origin. There are now 50,000,000 inhabitants, of which (20,000,000 are Irish-Americans) five-eighths are Celts who number 32,500,000, and one-eighth Saxon, or 7,000,000, and the residue being filled with other races. Thus we see that in numbers the nation is Celtic or nearly so. Let not national vanity or prejudice of race assert itself too strongly, for here came all to obtain their just and lawful liberty.

Worcester, Mass.

J. SULLIVAN.

Southern Sketches.

IN HAVANA, CUBA.—DESCRIPTION OF THE CITY, ITS PEOPLE, CHURCHES AND CIVIL INSTITUTIONS.

On approaching the Isle of Cuba, the sight of this queen of the Antilles seemed like the realization of some beautiful Eastern dream. As our vessel neared the verdant, palm-clad hills, our party were caressed by warm, odorous breezes. The softest of blue skies looked down upon us, and we gazed on the smoothest and clearest of seas. No wonder that the brave and holy Columbus, with his crew, should feel transported with joy at the sight of the tropical isles on which they first set foot. The poetic effect of the scenes then viewed must have been greatly increased by the appearance of the native Indians, whose costumes and wild graces were so strange to European eyes.

Richly painted boats filled with gay, chattering Cubans moved briskly over the waters as we neared the entrance to the harbor. A beautiful picture now appeared before us. It seemed as if enchanted palaces, gardens, castles and towers had suddenly issued from the depths of the green, transparent waves. Nearly every building had a peculiarly exquisite tint, and all were flooded and enriched with the mellow, tropical sunlight. Fort Morro, to the left, beetled over the waves like some sombre and impregnable defence of the Middle Ages. Its golden-brown and colossal walls sprung like a master-piece of feudal art from the dark, wave-washed, slippery rocks below. The tall, slender light-house connected with it greatly added to its attractions. Soldiers in bright uniforms paced to and fro on the ramparts, while the flag of old Spain, with its mingled hues of blood and gold, floated proudly above the battlements. The harbor was narrow at the entrance and widened further on, appearing in shape like the palm of one's hand. I felt so dazzled with the splendors around me, that I could not grasp at once the beauties of individual objects.

Opposite Fort Morro stood El Castillo de La Punta, an older, but smaller defence erected by Philip II., in 1589. Immediately behind the Morro, Fort La Cahanas spread away for nearly half a mile on the top of a picturesque range of hills. This is one of the largest forts in the world, and cost (as I was informed) thirty million dollars. When the King of Spain heard of its vast price, he took his telescope at once, and told his courtiers that so expensive a building ought to be plainly seen from the top of his Madrid palace. White-stoned cottages lined the waters to the left, and decorated the slopes of the hills, which were full of cacti, century plants and thousands of other floral beauties. Everything around us reflected the poetry of color and motion. The great walls of the prison (el Carcel) appeared at the rear of the Punta, and the hoary, weather-stained walls and towers of the cathedral were conspicuous amid the many highly-colored houses of the city. The sight of this strange and picturesquely colored town made me feel like visiting the queer and lovely old Moorish cities of Spain, so charmingly described by Washington Irving.

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Havana has two quarters, the *intramural* and the *extramural*; the former lies along the bay. It has the narrowest streets and the oldest buildings, dim, dusty, but poetic. The latter quarter spreads along the ocean, and has the newest structures and widest streets, adorned with palm and Indian laurel trees. The contrast from the moving ship appeared very fine, and the glowing panorama was enriched by the presence of stately men-of-war and merchant vessels from the United States, France, Spain, Italy and other nations. Every mast, spar, flag and rope was reflected on the dazzling waters. Through the vast collection of masts, golden vistas were seen up the bay. Lovely isles and emerald shores presented their wealth of waving palms, bananas, and tropical growths. The fact of the thermometer being up to eighty degrees on this February morning added immensely to the sense of enjoyment derived from these luxuriant scenes. The booming of cannon from the Morro, the sound of trumpets calling soldiers to their posts, and the whistling, laughing and shouting of boatmen contributed no little interest to the picture. Numerous boats sped here and there over the bay as our vessel anchored in the basin outside the custom-house. Each one had some lively Cuban boatmen and messengers from hotels, who came to row passengers to shore, and solicit patronage for particular houses. The whole scene presented a most animated picture, and the green, red, blue and yellow boats, with the white-dressed, broad-hatted, dark-eyed occupants looked uncommonly grand. When the health-officer came on board, each person was inspected as to his sanitary condition, and then left to excited crowds, who delivered their solicitations for patronage in excellent Spanish mixed with a little broken English. Cards, bearing pictures of "the Hotel de San Carlos," "El Telegrafo," "Hotel de Inglaterra," "de Europa," and others were tossed rather than handed to us by white-clad characters who thronged the decks. Among the smaller brown-faced, curly-headed boatmen were some lithe and powerful Cubans dressed in simple white shirt and pants, blue neck-ties and Panama hats. Having agreed with one of these to go from the vessel to the city at the rate of fifty cents apiece in gold, our party passed down the companion-ladder and entered a well-built bumboat, painted in green, blue and yellow, adorned with carpets, cushions, one sail and a gorgeous awning. The soft, tropical sun shone down on this poetical scene, and as the powerful arms of the oarsmen propelled the boat, the breezes played over us and the green waters.

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On embarking at the custom-house, an unpretending wooden structure, our luggage was carefully overhauled by a courteous officer, attired in spotless, light-blue linen. Passing through the building I emerged on the street where crowds of negroes, Cuban and foreigners were engaged in smoking, chatting, and watching the newly-arrived travellers. Numerous coaches were drawn up in this neighborhood, and a person could visit any part of the city in one of them for a trifling sum. The Hotel de Europa, where I intended to stay, was only a few minutes' walk from the custom-house, and was delightfully situated on the Plaza de St. Francisco, facing the bay.

The first sight of Havana reveals to the United States visitor, who never saw a Spanish city, a style of architecture, habits and scenes entirely characteristic of Spain. The streets through which I passed were but wide enough for one vehicle; the sidewalks could only accommodate one foot passenger, and the houses, usually of one story, were built of stone as thick, solid and gloomy looking as fortresses. On my way I noticed that the windows had no glass, but were as large as doors, fortified within by iron bars like those of a prison, and additionally defended by heavy, wooden shutters generally painted green. The shops were on a level with the pavement, and their rich and rare collection of goods were all exposed to the view of the public. Awnings now and then extended overhead across the street. Now some darkies and Chinamen moved along bearing big burthens on their heads, and announcing their wares in loud tones in the Spanish language. These were followed by what appeared to me to be mysterious moving stalks of corn. As the latter came nearer, the heads and legs of donkeys were seen amidst the green mass. Then came a Cuban chicken vender from the country, with a great big hat and blue shirt, leading his mule by the reins, while the panniers on each side of the animal's back were filled with live fowl. Immense wagons, laden with hogsheads of sugar and molasses, rattled over the rough pavements as they were drawn by huge oxen, that were steered by stout ropes, which were cruelly passed through their nostrils. I was not a little surprised to see three or four cows walking silently on and stopping at the doors of the houses to be milked before the public. Customers need have no fears that any adulteration could take place on such occasions, as the liquid comes from the pure and natural fountain right before their eyes. Two old sailors, each minus an arm, were singing patriotic songs and the signors, signoras and signoritas who listened to them at the doors and balconies, seemed thrilled with delight, at the musical recital of the grand victories of old Spain. Peddlers moved along with an immense heap of miscellaneous wares fixed in boxes on the backs of their mules. Tall, stately negresses, with long, trailing dresses, of flashy green and yellow, walked along quite independently, as at Key West, smoking cigars which in New York would cost twenty-five cents a piece. One or two Cuban ladies hurried by, wearing satin slippers, silken dresses and mantillas of rich black lace. The Hotel de Europa, which I soon reached, is a large, plain, solid building adorned by a piazza, which runs along the second story, and by numerous little balconies higher up. It is a very well-managed institution, has an agreeable interpreter in its office, an excellent table, and on the hottest day a cool, refreshing breeze from the bay sweeps through the rooms. The office on the second story is reached by a large stone staircase. The house is built around a spacious courtyard, in the centre of which is a beautiful fountain, encircled by choice native flowers. The music of the fountain and the shade of the trees have a pleasing and cooling effect.

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After securing my room I was shown to it by a bright-eyed, garrulous Cuban youth named "Josepho," who was well acquainted with his own, but lamentably ignorant of the English language. He tried to compensate for this drawback by a copious and intelligent use of gesture. Josepho soon led me to my room, which stood at the end of a corridor, that was flanked on one side by the courtyard, and on the other by sleeping apartments. Two great jars, of Pompeian style, stood on a side-board outside the door, and were full of cold water. These were for the use of the guests on the corridor. When I entered my room I found it had a floor of red and yellow tiles, immense, thick rough rafters overhead, painted blue and white, an iron bedstead, a great chest of drawers, no carpet, and shutters as heavy and ponderous as those of some old European prison. Yet everything was pleasant and cool. The view from the window of the bay, forts, shipping and houses was very beautiful, and, surely, I had keener apprehension of it than the lazy mulateers, whom I saw sleeping in their ox-carts below on the square, their red-blue caps and white jackets flooded in sunshine. The visitors to Cuba need not expect the luxury of a feather bed or a mattress. Neither was visible in my room. The couch consisted of a piece of canvas tightly spread over the iron frame, and strongly attached to it. A single sheet constituted the only covering, and the stranger will find that the pillow, filled with the moss of the island is not at all too soft. The nights are so pleasant that Cuban hotel keepers think this amount of bed furniture quite sufficient.

After a little rest, I decided that the famous Jesuit College, "De Belen," would be the first institution worth seeing. I went alone, and soon found it on the corner of Lutz and Compostilla Streets. A stranger cannot miss it, as it is one of the most formidable buildings in Havana. Though its style has something of the barbaric about it, yet it is chiefly so on account of its ruggedness, vastness and stern grandeur. It is built of stone, cemented and brown in color. The main arched entrance is very lofty, and on the steps as I passed by I noticed a gaunt, diseased and ragged negro, with outstretched arms soliciting alms. I rang the bell. A porter admitted me, and after asking for one of the priests in fair Spanish, I was conducted to a grand saloon up stairs and politely requested to await the arrival of Father Pinan who was conversant with English. The saloon was a magnificent apartment, about one hundred feet long by thirty wide. Its walls were adorned with splendid paintings done by ancient masters, and all represented dear, religious scenes. The lofty white pillars and the blue mouldings of the saloon produced a charming effect. Several rows of rocking-chairs, placed in pairs so that those occupying them would face one another and converse freely, were in this saloon, as is the custom in all others in Cuba. As I was admiring the pictures Father Pinan entered, and at once welcomed me very cordially to the college. The news, from the States interested him, and he promised to give me all the information he could regarding the college. "Ah," said he, "it is good to hear that there are so many good Catholics and converts in the United States. I do hope that they will persevere earnestly."

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Father Pinan's frankness, intelligence and hospitality charmed and encouraged me. Passing from the saloon through a lofty arch, we entered the Museum of Natural History, which was very large and contained a splendid collection. Here I saw gorgeous stuffed birds from tropical lands,

ostriches' eggs, skins of boas, the maha (a large, harmless snake), porcupines, sea bulls, flying fish, immense sword fish, jaws of enormous sharks, brilliant big butterflies from South America, and an immense sea cockroach caught by Spanish men-of-war and presented by a general of the navy. Very large sponges, natural crosses of white rock from Spain, splendid pearls, magnificent shells from the Pacific Ocean and Mediterranean Sea, ivory baskets and miniature churches from China, beautiful Oriental slippers, Chinese grapes and apples, royal green birds from Mexico, relics of Columbus from St. Domingo, fragments of the stone on which General Pizarro sat after his victories, cannon balls used by Cortez in his conquest of Mexico, dust from the streets of Naples, lava from Vesuvius, pebbles from Mount Ararat, fragments from the homes of the vestals of Pompeii, and some of the ruins of Ninevah. Here Father Pinan was obliged to take his leave to attend class, and his place was splendidly filled by Father Osoro, a young and engaging Spanish priest, who was passionately attached to the sciences of Natural History and Philosophy. He introduced me at once to the relics with the spirit of an enthusiast. He pointed out to me some of the remains of Babylon, grand illuminated copies of the Holy Bible and of the office of the Blessed Virgin, done on parchment by the monks in 1514, and handsomely embellished with gold. He showed me gifts from kings and princes of marvellous precious stones, opals, rubies, sapphires, diamonds, agates, amethysts, cups of agate, golden snuff-boxes, natural crosses in agate, skulls made into cases and pocket books, brilliant mosaics and rosaries of gold. Father Osoro directed my attention to the paper money of the French Revolution, of the Cuban (so-called) Republic and of St. Domingo. He showed me Roman, Spanish, Lusatian, English, French, Belgian, Australian, German, Swedish, Danish, Chinese and Japanese coins. Here were immense stone earrings of Indians, mineral and geological relics of Guatamala, grand green crystals, teeth of antedeluvian beasts, fossils of various kinds, sulphur and iron ore of Cuba, and specimens of one hundred and eight different kinds of wood that grow on the island. I saw hundreds of other rare and lovely curiosities, but it would take a volume to describe all of them. Father Osoro next introduced me to the hall of Chemistry and Natural Philosophy, a fine room, full of all the modern instruments designed to practically illustrate the workings of these useful and interesting systems.

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From there we went to the refectory, which was capable of seating five hundred pupils. Everything here was remarkable for neatness, solidity and order. The dormitories, containing five hundred beds, were very lofty and airy. I saw handsome crucifixes in conspicuous places here, and holy pictures, also, all to remind the pupils of the spirit of devotion which they owed to God and his saints. We noticed men washing and ironing in the large laundry; no women were employed in the house. Here were several grand marble swimming basins for the boys, with large apparatuses for hot and cold water, splendid gymnasiums, forty or fifty feet long by thirty wide, with pillars painted sky blue, and supporting a magnificent ceiling. Swings, dumb-bells, Indian clubs and instruments for raising weights were strewn all over the sawdust floors. We passed by six court-yards adorned with statues, flowers, fountains and ponds full of gold fish. I noticed in front of the church entrance a large and splendid representation of the grotto of Lourdes made by one of the Jesuit Fathers. Two noble palm-trees which grew near the grotto, added greatly to its beauty. The exterior of the church was plain, but massive in its appearance, and the interior with its handsome marble floor, paintings, frescos and altars, formed a sight of no little interest to the stranger. Soft vermilion, pink, rosy and violet reflections from the stained glass windows filled the sacred edifice, and gave an exquisite coloring to the superb old pictures. On the right, a grand and costly crucifix looked down with life-like agony on the priests who were vesting in the sacristy. Enormous chests lined the walls of several rooms, and in those were stored gorgeous vestments, wonderfully beautiful in color and material, and enriched with gold and precious stones. Costly presents from kings and Spanish grandees were shown to me by the brother sacristan, who took an honest pride in exhibiting those blessed things. Magnificent society banners, used during processions on great festivals, were subjects of intense interest to the good brother. I saw lace albs there, with crotchet work marvellously executed by hand, and adorned with brilliants. Each of these cost \$1,500. The chapel of St. Placidus, attached to the church is a perfect gem with its pillars of white and gold. While in Havana, I had the pleasure of saying Mass in the Jesuit Church. Other priests were celebrating at the same time, and a magnificent congregation of men and women attended. The music was exquisitely rendered, but I could not see how the people could continue standing and kneeling so patiently all the time. In this, as in the rest of the Cuban churches, there are but a few pews. The majority of the people, who bring neither seats nor cushions with them, stand, kneel, or sit on their heels at intervals. I do not think our Catholics in the United States could muster up sufficient courage to endure all this.

After seeing the handsome, dark-eyed boys of the college, its fine library and other interesting apartments, I ascended with Father Osoro to look at the observatory on the top of the building.

This solid and business-like structure possesses the newest and most complete astronomical and meteorological instruments, and the accuracy of the scientific results arrived at by the Fathers, has become justly celebrated. They received a manifestation of merit from the Centennial Exposition of '76, on account of their meteorological observations, and the Parisian Exhibition presented them with a magnificent medal. Father Benito Vines, the president, communicates regularly with Washington and nearly every civilized nation. After viewing the interior of the observatory, we came out on the roof, and here I beheld a novel and wonderfully lovely sight. Stone and brick walks, four or five feet wide, with railings at each side spread away, intersecting each other at different points, and all were above the dark, red-tiled roofs of the institution. Strong little edifices like watch towers, painted in blue and white, stood out prominently near the walks, and no sooner did the eye turn from these immediate objects, than it was dazzled by the superb panorama of city, ocean, bay, sky and woodland that spread before it.

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Father Osoro enjoyed the expressions of admiration that escaped me, as I gazed on the high and low roofs on every side, the black turrets, the walls of houses, red, green, blue, crimson, yellow, and white all mellowed by age. Down below us were the narrow streets, the iron-barred windows, the curious shops, verandas, balconies, flag staffs, flying pigeons, flowers blooming on the roofs, and bananas growing. Away to the north-east stood the grand Morro Castle, the sentinel of the harbor, with its frowning guns, and its grand, revolving light shining like a gem above the sea. Behind it, Fort Cabaña looked long, bold and ancient, backed on the east by evergreen hills, and decorated on the south by palms and other tropical trees. The harbor, which glittered with sunlight, was full of ships, buoys, sail-boats, music and sailors. On this side of the bay appeared the old cathedral, with its dark gray walls and black and brown roof. Yellow pillars, old towers, picturesque wind-mills, brown iron stairs running up to the roofs of mansions, palaces, domes, cupolas, plants of great beauty in vases on roofs, and numerous old spires intervened. On the right, near the bay, could be seen the old church, de San Francisco (now a customs storehouse), the church de San Augustin, the church de Sancto Spiritu, and the palace of the admiral to the south, the church de Mercede, that of St. Paul, the arsenal, military hospital, gas houses, the Castello de Principe, and the suburban gardens of the captain-general. On the north, we beheld the ocean, the Castello de Punta and the Casus de Benefecentia. The Campo de Marte, Parque de Isabella, the parade grounds, trees, statues, fountains and hotels appeared to the west. A refreshing breeze stirred an atmosphere of seventy-eight degrees, and not a particle of dust arose on street or house-top as the rain which fell on the preceding night made all things clean. I would have remained on the top of the college 'till dusk, contemplating that superb prospect, but I had no time, so bidding good-by to the kind Fathers I determined to see more of the city. Before leaving them, however, I could not help reflecting upon the immense amount of good which they were doing in Havana. Before the Liberals got hold of the Spanish government, the constitutional authority of the church in Cuba was not interfered with, but since the accession of Freemasons and Freethinkers to power, ecclesiastical property has suffered violence from the hands of the State, and the nomination and appointment of priests and bishops to place has been arrogantly wrested from those appointed by God to legislate in spirituals, and assumed by a class of irreligious despots. Though the State pays the clergy, still it owns the church property, and entirely cripples the power of the bishop, who cannot remove a bad and refractory priest, if it suits not the pleasure of the civil authorities. Such a state of things naturally caused some demoralization among the clergy, and, as a consequence, much religious indifference among the people. Societies like the Jesuits, who have been but a few years in Havana, are gradually removing pernicious influences like these by the learning, piety and zeal which they exhibit from the pulpit and among the people. Hundreds of men, as well as of women, are drawn to the sacraments by their persuasive eloquence and self-sacrificing, holy lives. The good work will continue and bear glorious fruit, if these noble men be not persecuted in Havana. My earnest hope is that the glorious influence of Catholic Spain will protect them from danger.

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REV. M. W. NEWMAN.

A Valiant Soldier of the Cross.

By the Author of "Leaves from the Annals of the Sisters of Mercy."

In describing scenes over which mine eye has wandered, I have kept so faithfully to the land of the sun, where winter seldom or never leaves his icy footprints, that my discursive papers were not improperly styled "Southern Sketches." Yet other latitudes in America are not wholly unknown to me. Month after month have I gazed on the white monotony of unthawing snow. No one could admire more than I the chaste beauty of the feathery flakes, or the gorgeous sparkle of trees bereft of leaves and covered with crystals that flashed every hue of the rainbow. But even in this bright September day, with the mercury among the eighties, I get chilled through and through, and shake with the "shivers" when I imagine myself once more among the hard frosts of New Hampshire. Unlike the brave soldier of Christ whom I am about to introduce to the readers of the "Irish Monthly," and who found the heat of a short Northern summer simply "intolerable," the tropics and their environs rather allure me. True, soldiers and old residents speak of places between which and the lower regions there is but a sheet of non-combustible tissue paper. Nevertheless, the writer who has lived in both places would rather, as a matter of choice, summer in the Tropics than winter in New Hampshire.

Though this State, in which my hero passed the greater part of his holy life, be the Switzerland of America, a grandly beautiful section, full of picturesque rivers, tall mountains, and dreamy-looking lakes, attracting more tourists than any other place in America save Niagara, yet I will pass over its stern and rugged scenery to write of a man whose titles to our admiration are wholly of the supernatural order.

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To me, the finest landscape is but a painted picture unless a human being enliven it. Just one fisherwoman on a sandy beach, or a lone shepherd on a bleak hill-side, and fancy can weave a drama of hope and love and beauty about either. Faith tells of a beautiful immortal soul imprisoned in forms gaunt and shrunken; a prayer that we may meet again in heaven surges up in my heart. The landscape is made alive for me in the twinkling of an eye, and stretches from this lower world to the better and brighter land above. Father MacDonald was for forty-one years

the light of a manufacturing town. And when I think of its looms and spindles and fire-engines, and forests of tall, red chimneys, and tens of thousands of operatives, Father MacDonald is the figure which illumines for me the weird and grimy spectacle, and casts over it a halo of the supernatural. Little cared he for the sparkling rivers, or bewitching lakes, or romantic mountains of the Granite State; his whole interest was centred in souls.

Some fifty years ago, Irish immigrants began to come timidly, and in small numbers, to the little manufacturing town of Manchester which rises on both sides of the laughing waters of the Merrimac. Here, in the heart of New Hampshire, one of the original thirteen States, and a stronghold of everything non-Catholic, these poor but industrious aliens knocked at the gates of the Puritan^[6] for work. Strong and willing arms were wanted; and Bishop Fitzpatrick, of Boston, learning that some hundreds of Catholics working in the Manchester factories were sighing for the ministrations of a parish, sent Father MacDonald, in July, 1844, to take charge of their spiritual interests.

William MacDonald was born in the county Leitrim, in 1813, being the youngest of a family of six sons and one daughter, whose parents were John MacDonald and Winifred Reynolds. The now aged daughter is the sole survivor of this large family. They were very strictly brought up by their virtuous, pious parents, and through long and chequered lines, were upright, honorable citizens, and thoroughly practical Catholics. Years ago, the writer was told that no descendant of Mr. and Mrs. MacDonald had ever seen the inside of a non-Catholic school. Charles and William became priests, the former emigrating when quite young. William attended the school of his native parish, where he received a solid rudimentary education, after which he pursued his classical studies in Dublin. In 1833, he joined his brother Charles, who was pastor of a church at Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island. Father Charles died in his prime, with a high reputation for sanctity. William always carried about him a little Latin Imitation of Christ, which had also been the *vade mecum* of his beloved brother. The spiritual life of both was formed in that wonderful book, and Father William was wont to prescribe a suitable chapter in the same for every mental trouble, difficulty, or temptation referred to him.

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Father MacDonald's education was finished in the College of Three Rivers, Canada, under the Sulpician Fathers. After his ordination he exercised the ministry in several places till sent by the Bishop of Boston to Manchester. Here he found his co-religionists and countrymen regarded as Helots, and far more despised by Yankee and Puritan than the slaves in the South by their rulers. The Irish were denied the privilege of sidewalks, and obliged, in order to avoid perpetual quarrels, to walk in the middle of the streets. Wherever they appeared, they were hissed and hooted, and "blood-hounds of hell" was the affectionate epithet the ubiquitous small boy bestowed on them. Previous to Father MacDonald's arrival, Father Daly, whose parish included nearly all New Hampshire and Vermont, used to say Mass in Manchester with unflinching regularity every three months. On one of these occasions, the floor of the temporary chapel gave way, and priest, altar, and congregation, were precipitated into the cellar. Providentially, beyond a few bruises and abrasions, no one was injured. The previous day, the bigots having heard that Mass was to be said in the room, had cut the supports from under the floor.

To these people, a priest was an object of hatred and scorn, whom they believed it would be a good work to kill, and Father MacDonald settled among them at the risk of his life. But when duty was in question, he knew not fear. *The servant is not greater than his master*, he would say: *If they have persecuted me they will persecute you also*. It was in vain they used every means their perverse ingenuity suggested to intimidate this dangerous papist. They even began to like him. Slowly but surely, he won his way among them, and within a year of his arrival he was able to hire the Granite Hall as a temporary chapel. In 1849, he built a church on a square purchased with his own patrimony, at the corner of Union and Merrimac Streets.

Besides the theological virtues which the "natives" valued not, Father MacDonald possessed all the natural virtues which they pretend to canonize. He was most frugal. To great objects he would give royally, but it was doubtful if he ever wasted a dollar. He sought to live on as little as possible, but it was that he might have more for the needy. He was industrious; not a moment of his day was lost. For many years, he was one of the only two priests in the State; but when his parochial duties left him a little leisure, he was seen to handle the trowel and use the broom. He paid cash for everything he bought, and whoever worked for him received full pay on the day and hour agreed upon: no cutting down of rates. If they wished to give to the church, very well; but they must take their pay from him to the last farthing. He was neatness personified. The fresh complexion and fine physique common among his countrymen he did not possess. Barely reaching middle height, his spare form, sharp features, sallow complexion, and keen, spectacled eyes, made him look like a son of the soil. As for energy, no Yankee ever had more, or perhaps so much. Non-Catholics knew that his power over his flock was absolute. But they admitted that his wish, his word, and his work, were always on the side of order, sobriety, frugality, and good citizenship.

When Father MacDonald's beautiful church was finished, the Know-Nothings, or Native American Party, by way of celebrating in a fitting manner the independence of the United States, burst upon the defenceless Catholics, July 4, tore down their houses, destroyed their furniture, dragged their sick out of bed into the streets, and finally riddled the beautiful stained glass windows of the church. For these damages no compensation was ever made. An Irishman having some dispute with a native, the latter seized a monkey-wrench that was near, and killed him. Father MacDonald asked for justice, but the officials refused to arrest the murderer. Through his wise counsels, the Catholics, though boiling with indignation, did not retaliate, and, as it takes two

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parties to make a fight, the Know-Nothing excitement having spent itself, soon subsided. But for years, the Irishmen of Manchester and their brave pastor had to take turns at night to guard the church buildings from sacrilegious hands.

So far from being frightened at the lawlessness of the mob, Father MacDonald, at the height of the excitement, announced a daring project. He would bring nuns to Manchester, and he called a meeting of his parishioners to devise ways and means. But, for the first and last time, they strenuously opposed him. "It would be madness. They had frequently heard their employers say they would never allow a nunnery in the city." He soon saw that if he waited for encouragement from any quarter his object would never be accomplished. He built his convent. It was set on fire when completed, but he was not to be baffled. He repaired the damages. Though he declined some compensation offered on this occasion, he was not slow to express his opinion as to the effect such evidences of New England culture might have on his beloved and most generous flock. He invited Sisters of Mercy from Providence, R.I., and had the pleasure of welcoming them, July 16, 1858.

He received them in his own house, which they mistook for their convent. Great was their surprise when they heard that the handsome pillared edifice in the next square was theirs. "I will conduct you thither," said he; "but first we will visit our Lord in the church." The Rev. Mother, M. Frances Warde, and the Sisters, admired the exquisite church, and the extreme neatness and beauty of the altar. "No hand," said he, "but mine has ever touched that altar. No secular has ever been admitted within the sanctuary rails even to sweep. I myself sweep the sanctuary, and attend to the cleanliness of everything that approaches the Blessed Sacrament. But my work as sole priest here is now so arduous, that I will resign this sweet and sacred duty to you."

Schools were immediately opened for boys, girls, adults. Night schools and an academy for the higher studies followed. On account of the superior instruction given in this institution, it has always been well patronized by the best Protestant families in New Hampshire. Indeed, the success of the Sisters of Mercy in this stronghold of Puritanism has been phenomenal. During Father MacDonald's incumbency, Catholics increased from a few despised aliens to more than half the population of Manchester. He was never obliged to ask them for money; they gave him all he needed. He never failed to meet his engagements; and in one way or another every coin he handled went to God's church or God's poor. He laid up nothing for himself. He had the most exalted ideas of the priesthood, and he carried them out to the letter in his daily life. Thousands of young men have been enrolled in his sodalities. As an example to them, he totally abstained from tobacco and from intoxicating drink. St. John's Total Abstinence Society was the pride of his heart. One of his "Sodality Boys," Right Rev. Denis Bradley, became first bishop of Manchester, and many have become zealous priests. From the girls' schools and the sodalities, too, many religious vocations have sprung, and the number of converts under instruction is always very large. This worthy priest brought free Catholic education within the reach of every Catholic in his adopted city. As soon as he finished one good work he began another, and splendid churches, convents, schools, orphanage, hospital, home for old ladies, etc., remain as monuments of his zeal. These institutions are not excelled in the country. They are all administered by the Sisters of Mercy, to whom he was a most generous benefactor.

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During the forty-one years of Father MacDonald's life in Manchester, he never took a vacation but one, which his bishop compelled him to take. He was so methodical in the distribution of his time that it was said he did the work of six priests, and did it well. He knew every member of his flock, and was to all friend and father as well as priest, their refuge in every emergency. Every day he studied some point of theology, visited his schools and other institutions, and went the rounds of his sick and poor. Every home had its allotted duty, and grave, indeed, should be the reasons that could induce him to deviate one iota from his ordinary routine. His charities were unbounded, yet given with discrimination, nor did his left hand know what his right hand gave. With the sick and the aged, he was like a woman, or a mother. He would make their fires, warm drinks for them, see that they had sufficient covering. Though they all doated on "Father Mac," they must not thank him, or even pretend they saw what he was doing for them, so well did they know that he worked solely *for Him who seeth in secret*. Monday, August 24, 1885, this holy man was stricken with paralysis of the brain, and died two days later, while the bishop and the Sisters of Mercy were praying for his soul. It is almost certain that he had some presentiment of his death, as he selected the Gregorian Requiem Mass for his obsequies, and asked the choir to practise it. August 28, his sacred remains were committed to the earth, the funeral sermon being preached by the bishop, who had been as a son to the venerable patriarch. In real, personal holiness, Father MacDonald possessed the only power that makes the knee bend. Over twenty years ago, his sexton said to the writer: "I never opened the church in the morning that I did not find Father MacDonald kneeling before the Blessed Sacrament." What time he entered it, no one knew. How edifying this must have been to the poor factory hands, who were wont to beg God's blessing on their daily labor, in the short, scorching summer, and the bitter cold of the long winter, for at that time the church was not heated. Never did these children of toil miss that bent and venerable form, absorbed in prayer before the hidden Jesus, of whose august presence he had such a vivid realization.

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Before such a life of toil and prayer, no bigotry could stand. By sheer force of virtue alone, this holy man wrought a complete change in the sentiments of his adversaries. Hence the extraordinary respect shown to his memory. The non-Catholic press says that no man ever exercised so much influence in Manchester for forty years as Father MacDonald, and that he was the man whom Manchester could least afford to lose. The mayor and the city government

attended his obsequies in a body, and the governor of New Hampshire wrote to express his regret that absence hindered his paying the last tribute of respect to a priest he so highly revered. Business was suspended and all the factories closed, that the whole city might follow his remains to the tomb. On Sunday, August 30, the non-Catholic pulpits of the thrifty city resounded with the praises of this humble priest, whose chief characteristics were stainless integrity, an entire absence of human respect, burning zeal for God's glory, and life-long efforts to promote it. He feared no man and sought the favor of none, and his noble independence of character won him the admiration of all who had the privilege of knowing him. His death was universally deplored as the greatest calamity that ever befell Manchester. Among the Protestant ministers who eulogized him in their sermons, August 30, was Rev. Dr. Spalding, who thanked God for raising up a man whose life was remarkable "for its large consecration to Church and people, for its high earnestness, its sacrifices and unselfishness, its purity and truthfulness. God grant unto us all," he continued, "a desire to imitate this life in its devotion to others, and its trust in Him."

As a preacher, Father MacDonald was rather solid than brilliant. In manner, he was somewhat blunt. He conversed pleasantly and sensibly; but people given to gossip or foolish talk soon learned to steer clear of him. Hospitality was with him a Christian duty. If he heard that some ecclesiastic was at the hotel—and he heard everything—he would at once go for him, and place his own neat, comfortable house at his disposal. "Many a time," he would say, "has a young priest acquired a taste for card-playing by spending but one night in a hotel." So fearful was he of the least thing that might disedify the weaklings of his flock, that, when the writer knew him, he was accustomed to send to Boston for altar wine. "If I buy it here," he said, "some poor fellows will think I don't practise what I preach. They will want stimulants as well as I. Even the people who sell will never think of altar wine." Father MacDonald had a great love for the South. Its material advancement gave him pleasure, but his chief interest lay in its spiritual progress. Six years ago, the writer met him after an interval of sixteen years. After the usual greetings, he began to question: "Now, tell me, how is religion in New Orleans? Are the priests zealous? Have you a live bishop? Are the public institutions well attended by priests and religious? But, above and before all else, are your Catholic children all in Catholic schools? And have you superior schools, so that children will have no excuse for going to the godless schools? How are the Masses attended? Are the people well instructed? Do many lead lives of piety?" He was then in his sixty-seventh year, rather broken from incessant labors, but as active as ever. His hair had changed from black to white since last we met. When I gave some edifying details, he would say: "God be praised. I am so glad of what you tell me. Thanks be to God." And he called the attention of a young priest at the other end of the room: "Listen! Hear what they are doing in the South for the school-children, and the waifs and street arabs. And all that is done for the sick and the prisoners. Oh, blessed be God! How happy all this makes me."

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I felt as though I were listening to St. Alfonso, so irresistably did this remind me of him. I was no longer among the crisp snows of New Hampshire, that had crackled beneath my feet that morning. Fancy had transported me to the genial clime of Naples. I stood by the bed-ridden Bishop of St. Agatha, in the old Redemptorist's Convent at Pagani, and listened to the touching dialogue between Mauro, the royal architect, and the saint: "And the churches in the city of Naples, are they much frequented?"—"Oh, yes, Monsignor, and you cannot imagine the good that results from this. All classes, especially the working people, crowd them, and we have saints even among the coachmen." At these words the saint rose from his recumbent position, and cried out in tones of joy and triumph: "Saintly coachmen at Naples! Gloria Patri." He could not sleep for joy at this intelligence, but during the night would frequently call for his attendant: "You heard what Don Mauro said? Saints among the coachmen at Naples! What do you think of that?" Associated in our mind with the great St. Alfonso, we keep this holy priest, whom Bishop Bradley so justly styled, "The pioneer of Catholic education in New England." His flock universally regarded him as a saint, and a great saint. And, in all humility, and in perfect submission to the decrees of Holy Church, the writer is able to say, of her own knowledge and observation, that this humble, hard-working, mortified Irish priest, William MacDonald, practised in a high, a very high, degree, every virtue which we venerate in the saints of God. I never met a holier soul. I could not imagine him guilty of the smallest, wilful fault. I feel more inclined to pray to him than for him; it seems incredible that he should have anything to expiate in purgatory. May his successors walk in his footsteps, and his children never forget the lessons he taught them more by example than by word. May our friendship, a great grace to me, be renewed *in requie æterna et in luce perpetua*. Amen.

Dublin Irish Monthly.

The Avaricious Man can not enjoy riches, but is tormented by anxiety or sickness. Others are worn out by the jealousy or envy which consume them. Others, again, wrapped in their pride, are being continually galled by the supposed indignities offered to them, and there is no sharper crown of thorns than that worn by the proud man. There is one sin which seems to be rampant in our day, and that is scepticism, or doubting God and revelation; and this also brings its own punishment in the present. On the other hand, to those who are tempted, suffering, or afflicted, Jesus Christ promised, "Be thou faithful unto death and I will give thee the crown of life."

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Gerald Griffin.

Leal heart, and brave right hand that never drew
One false note from thy harp, although the ache
Of weariness and hope deferred might shake
Harsh discords from a soul less clear and true
Than thine amid the gloom that knew no break—
The London gloom that barred the heaven's blue
From thy deep Celtic eyes, so wide to take
The bliss of earth and sky within their view!
On fleet, white wings thy music made its way
Back o'er the waves to Ireland's holy shore;
Close nestled in her bosom, each wild lay
Mixed with her sighs—'twas from her deep heart's core
She called thee: "'Gille Machree'^[7] come home, I pray—
In my green lap of shamrocks sleep, ashore!"

ROSE KAVANAGH, in *Irish Monthly*.

Mary E. Blake.

Two years ago we concluded a slight notice of the poems of "Thomasine" (known in Ireland as Miss Olivia Knight, and in Australia as Mrs. Hope Connolly), with the following words: "A writer in the *Irish Fireside* said lately that Eva and Speranza had no successors. We could name, if we dared, three or four daughters of Erin whom we believe to be singing now from a truer and deeper inspiration and with a purer utterance." Happily, since these words were printed, two of these unnamed rivals whom we set up against the gifted wife of the new M. P. elect for Meath, and against the more gifted widow of Sir William Wilde, have placed their names on the title pages of collections of their poems. We allude, of course, to Katharine Tynan and Rosa Mulholland. Not only these whose place in literature is already secured, but higher than some to whom the enthusiasm of a political crisis gave prominence, we should be inclined to rank such Irish songstresses as the late Attie O'Brien and the living but too silent "Alice Esmonde." And then of Irishwomen living outside Ireland we have Fanny Parnell, Fanny Forrester, Eleanor C. Donnelly, and the lady whom we claim as our own in the title of this paper—Mrs. Mary E. Blake. Though the wife of a physician at Boston, she was born at Clonmel, and bore the more exclusively Celtic name of Magrath.^[8][Pg 140]

Boston claims, or used to claim, to be the literary metropolis of the United States. A prose volume by Mrs. Blake and a volume of her poems lie before us, and for elegance of typography do credit to their Boston publishers. "On the Wing"—lively sketches of a trip to the Pacific, all about San Francisco and the Yosemite Valley, and Los Angeles, and Colorado, but ending with this affectionate description of Boston aforesaid:

And now, as the evening sun drops lower, what fair city is this that rises in the east, throned like a queen above the silver Charles, many-towered and pinnacled, with clustering roof and taper spire? How proud she looks, yet modest, as one too sure of her innate nobility to need adventitious aid to impress others. Look at the æsthetic simplicity of her pose on the single hill, which is all the mistaken kindness of her children has left of the three mountains which were her birthright. Behold the stately avenues that stretch by bridge and road, radiating her lavish favors in every direction; look at the spreading suburbs that crowd beyond her gates, more beautiful than the parks and pleasure grounds of her less favored sisters. See where she sits, small but precious, her pretty feet in the blue waters that love to dally about them; her pretty head, in its brave gilt cap, as near the clouds as she could manage to get it: her arms full of whatever is rarest and dearest and best. For doesn't she hold the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" and Bunker Hill, Faneuil Hall, and Harvard College? Do not the fiery eloquence of Phillips, the songs of Longfellow, the philosophy of Fisk, the glory of the Great Organ, and the native lair of culture, belong to her? Ah! why should we not "tell truth and shame the devil"—doesn't she bring us to the babies and the family doctor?

But it is not as a writer of prose that Mrs. Blake has secured a niche in our gallery of literary portraits. Indeed, without knowing it, we have already introduced her poetry to our readers: for we are pleased to find in her volume of collected poems an anonymous piece which we had gathered as one of our "Flowers for a Child's Grave," from a number of *The Boston Pilot* as far back as 1870. We should reprint page 171 of this volume if it were not already found in our eighth volume (1880) at page 608. The division of Mrs. Blake's poems to which it belongs contains, we think, her best work. Her muse never sings more sweetly than in giving expression to the joy and grief of a mother's heart. The verses just referred to were the utterances of maternal grief: a mother's joy breaks out into these pleasant and musical stanzas:—

My little man is merry and wise,
Gay as a cricket and blithe as a bird;
Often he laughs and seldom he cries,
Chatters and coos at my lightest word:
Peeping and creeping and opening the door,
Clattering, pattering over the floor,
In and out, round about, fast as he can,—
So goes the daytime with my little man.

My little man is brimful of fun,
Always in mischief and sometimes in grief;
Thimble and scissors he hides one by one,
Till nothing is left but to catch the thief;
Sunny hair, golden fair over his brow—
Eyes so deep, lost in sleep, look at him now;
Baby feet, dimpled sweet, tired as they ran,
So goes the night-time with my little man.

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My little man, with cherry-ripe face,
Pouting red lips and dimpled chin,
Fashioned in babyhood's exquisite grace,
Beauty without and beauty within,—
Full of light, golden bright, life as it seems,
Not a tear, not a fear, known in thy dreams;
Kisses and blisses now make up its span,
Could it be always so, my little man?

My little man the years fly away,
Chances and changes may come to us all,—
I'll look for the babe at my side some day,
And find him above me, six feet tall;
Flowing beard hiding the dimples I love,
Grizzled locks shading the clear brow above,
Youth's promise ripened on Nature's broad plan,
And nothing more left me of my little man.

My little man,—when time shall bow,
With its hoary weight, my head and thine,—
Will you love me then as you love me now,
With sweet eyes looking so fond in mine?
However strangely my lot may be cast,
My hope in life's future, my joy in life's past,
Loyal and true as your loving heart can,
Say, will you always be my little man?

My little man! perchance the bloom
Of the hidden years, as they come and pass,
May leave me alone, with a wee, wee tomb
Hidden away in the tangled grass.
Still as on earth, so in heaven above,
Near to me, dear to me, claiming my love,
Safe in God's sunshine, and filling his plan,
Still be *forever* my own little man.

Perhaps our Irish poetess in exile—Boston does not consider itself a place of exile—would prefer to be represented by one of her more serious poems; and probably she had good reasons for placing first in her volume the following which is called "The Master's Hand."

The scroll was old and gray;
The dust of time had gathered white and chill
Above the touches of the worker's skill,
And hid their charm away.

The many passed it by;
For no sweet curve of dainty face or form,
No gleam of light, or flash of color warm,
Held back the careless eye.

But when the artist came,
With eye that saw beyond the charm of sense,
He seemed to catch a sense of power intense
That filled the dusky frame.

And when with jealous care

His hand had cleansed the canvas, line by line,
Behold! The fire of perfect art divine,
Had burned its impress there!

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Upon the tablet glowed,
Made priceless by the arch of time they spanned,
The touches of the rare Old Master's hand,
The life his skill bestowed.

O God whom we adore!
Give us the watchful sight, to see and trace,
Thy living semblance in each human face
However clouded o'er.

Give us the power to find,
However warped and grimmed by time and sin,
Thine impress stamped upon the soul within,
Thy signet on the mind.

Not ours the reckless speed
To proudly pass our brother's weakness by,
And turning from his side with careless eye,
To take no further heed.

But, studying line by line,
Grant to our hearts deep trust and patient skill,
To trace within his soul and spirit still,
Thy Master Hand divine!

Mrs. Blake in one point does not resemble the two Irish woman-poets—for they are more than poetesses—whom we named together at the beginning of this little paper. Ireland and the Blessed Virgin have not in this Boston book the prominence which Miss Mulholland gives them in the volume which is just issuing from Paternoster Square. The Irish-American lady made her selection with a view to the tastes of the general public; but the general public are sure to be won by earnest and truthful feeling, and an Irish and Catholic heart cannot be truthful and earnest without betraying its devotion to the Madonna and Erin.

Irish Monthly, edited by REV. MATHEW RUSSELL, S.J.

George Washington.

HIS CELEBRATED WHITE MULE, AND THE RACE IT MADE AWAY FROM A DEER RIFLE.

Washington has generally been credited with the introduction in America of mules as a valuable adjunct to plantation appurtenances; but very few people know that one of his favorite riding animals was a white mule, which was kept carefully stabled and groomed along with his blooded horses at Mount Vernon. In the year 1797, there was published at Alexandria for a brief period, a weekly paper called *Hopkin's Gazette*. A few numbers of this sheet are still extant. In one of them there is an account of an exciting adventure, in which Washington, the white mule, and one Jared Dixon figured. It is evident that the editor of this paper did not have an exalted opinion of the great patriot, as he speaks of him as "a man who has the conceit of believing that there would not be any such country as America if there had not been a George Washington to prevent its annihilation." From this account it appears that Jared Dixon was a Welshman, who lived on a hundred-acre tract of land adjoining the Mount Vernon plantation. Washington always claimed that the tract belonged to him, and made several efforts to dispossess Dixon, but without success. According to the *Gazette*, Washington's overseer had, on one occasion, torn down the Dixon fence and let the cattle into the field, and various similar annoyances were resorted to in order to force Dixon to move away. But Dixon would neither surrender nor compromise, and kept on cultivating his little farm in defiance of the man who had been first in war and was now first in peace.

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"It was last Thursday about the hour of noon," says the *Gazette*, "when General Washington rode up to Mr. Dixon's gate. He was mounted on his white mule, which had come down the broad road on his famous fox-trot of eight miles an hour. There was fire in the General's eye and his under lip protruded far, betokening war. His riding-boots shone in the sun, as did his gold spurs. His hair was tied with a gorgeous black ribbon, and his face was pale with resolution. Mr. Dixon and his family were adjusting themselves for dinner, when they heard the call at the gate. There was a most animated conversation between these two neighbors, in which the General informed the humble settler that he must receive a certain sum for his disputed title or submit to be

dispossessed. Whereupon Mr. Dixon, who was also a Revolutionary soldier, and felt that he has some rights in this country, informed the lordly neighbor that the land was his own, that he had paid for it and built houses thereon, the children were born to him on it, and that he would defend it with his life. Continuing, he charged the general with inciting his employés to depredate on the fences and fields. It was natural that this should arouse the mettle of the modern Mars. He flew into a towering rage, and applied many epithets to Mr. Dixon that are not warranted by the Ten Commandments. He even went so far as to raise his riding-whip and to threaten personal violence. Mr. Dixon is a man of few words, but a high temper, and, not caring to have his home and family thus offended, he gave the general one minute to move away while he rushed into his house for his deer rifle. There are none who doubt the valor of the general; but there may be a few who do not credit him with that discretion which is so valuable a part of valor. Suffice it for the ends of this chronicle to say that it required only a few moments for him to turn the gray mule's head towards Mount Vernon, and, in less time than it takes to here relate, the noble animal was distancing the Dixon homestead with gallant speed. It was no fox-trot, nor yet so fast as the Derby record, but most excellent for a mule. At any rate, it was a noble race, which saved a settler's shot and a patriot's bacon, and averted a possible catastrophe that might have cast a gloom on American history."

If this narrative is strictly accurate, Washington might have replied to his refractory neighbor, on being warned away, in the language of the Nevada desperado who was put on a mule by a committee of vigilants and given ten minutes to get out of town; "Gentlemen," said the desperado, "if this mule don't balk, I don't want but five."

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Washington's Mother.

Mrs. Washington found little difficulty in bringing up her children. They were disciplined to obedience, and a simple word was her command. She was not given to any display of petulance or rage, but was steady, well-balanced, and unvarying in her mood. That she was dignified, even to stateliness, is shown us by the statement made by Lawrence Washington, of Chotauk, a relative and playmate of George in boyhood, who was often a guest at her house. He says—"I was often there with George—his playmate, schoolmate, and young man's companion. Of the mother I was ten times more afraid than I ever was of my own parents. She awed me in the midst of her kindness, for she was indeed truly kind. I have often been present with her sons—proper tall fellows, too—and we were all as mute as mice; and even now, when time has whitened my locks, and I am the grandparent of a second generation, I could not behold that remarkable woman without feelings it is impossible to describe. Whoever has seen that awe-inspiring air and manner, so characteristic in the father of his country, will remember the matron as she appeared, when the presiding genius of her well-ordered household, commanding and being obeyed.

A Child of Mary.

An old general was once asked by a friend how it was that, after so many years spent in the camp, he had come to be so frequent a communicant, receiving several times a week. "My friend," answered the old soldier, "the strangest part of it is, that my change of life was brought about before I ever listened to the word of a priest, and before I had set my foot in a church. After my campaigns, God bestowed on me a pious wife, whose faith I respected, though I did not share it. Before I married her she was a member of all the pious confraternities of her parish, and she never failed to add to her signature, *Child of Mary*. She never took it upon herself to lecture me about God, but I could read her thoughts in her countenance. When she prayed, every morning and night, her countenance beamed with faith and charity; when she returned from the church, where she had received, with a calmness, a sweetness and a patience, which had in them something of the serenity of heaven, she seemed an angel. When she dressed my wounds I found her like a Sister of Charity.

"Suddenly, I myself was taken with the desire to love the God whom my wife loved so well, and who inspired her with those virtues which formed the joy of my life. One day I, who hitherto was without faith, who was such a complete stranger to the practices of religion, so far from the Sacraments, said to her: 'Take me to your confessor.'

"Through the ministry of this man of God, and by the divine grace, I have become what I am, and what I rejoice to be."

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Dead Man's Island.

THE STORY OF AN IRISH COUNTRY TOWN.

T. P. O'CONNOR, M. P.

MAT BECOMES A FENIAN.

Shortly before this, the Widow Cunningham had received the news that her poor boy had been killed in a colliery accident in Pennsylvania. This stopped the allowance which he used to send her out of his own scant wages.

The destruction of her daughter now came as the last blow that broke her long-enduring spirit. There had been a time when she would have died rather than have gone into the workhouse, but she had nothing left to live for now, and she became a pauper. The Irish workhouse soon kills what little spirit successive misfortunes have left in its occupants before their entrance, and in a few years there was nothing left of the once proud, high-spirited and splendid woman, whom we knew in the early days of this history.

Meantime, the fate of the girl had been the final influence in deciding the fate of another person. Mat Blake had fluctuated for a long time before he could make up his mind to join the revolutionary party; but on the very evening of the day on which he had seen Betty in the streets of Ballybay he made no further resistance, and that night was sworn in as a member of the Irish Republican Brotherhood.

It is not my purpose in this story to enter at length into his adventures in his new and perilous enterprise. He had not been long in the ranks when he was recognized by Mr. James Stephens as one of the most promising members of the conspiracy, and he was chosen to do important and serious work. The funds of the organization were nearly always at the lowest ebb, and during this period of his life Mat had to pass through privations that could only be endured by a man of passionate purpose and unselfish aims. Many and many a time he had not the money wherewith to buy a railway ticket. His clothes were often ragged, and he frequently had to walk twenty miles in a day in shoes that were almost soleless. The arrangement usually was for the members of one circle to supply him with the money that would take him to the next town; and though he saw many instances of abject cowardice and hideous selfishness at this period—especially when the suspension of the *Habeas Corpus* Act left the liberty, and to some extent, the life of every man at the disposal of the police. He also witnessed many proofs of heroic courage and noble devotion.

At length the time came when everybody expected the blow to be struck at British tyranny, and the star of Irish liberty to arise. Mat, owing to his fiery and impatient temperament, naturally belonged to that section of the Fenian Brotherhood which demanded prompt action, and still in the age of illusions and of blinding rage, he would admit no difficulties, and feared no obstacles. Mat had sworn in hundreds of members. He had passed through the town of Ballybay on the memorable night when an Irish regiment, as it was leaving for other quarters, cheered through the town for the Irish Republic, and some of the men on whom he relied most strongly were in high authority in the police force. He knew nothing of the almost total want of arms, taking it for granted that all the wild boasts of the supplies from America and other sources were founded on facts. He was one of the deputation that finally waited upon the leaders in Dublin to hurry on the struggle.

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He went down to Ballybay on the night of the 17th of March, 18—, which had been fixed for the rising. The head centre of the province had arranged to meet the men there that night with arms. The Ballybay Barracks were to be surrendered to them through one of the sergeants who belonged to the Brotherhood; and it was hoped that by the evening of the next day, the green flag would float over the castle which for three centuries had been garrisoned by the soldiers of the enemy.

Two hundred men met at the trysting place, close to the "Big Meadows." They were kept waiting for some time; impatience began to set in, and demoralization is the child of impatience. At last the head centre appeared; he had five guns for the whole party. Then the men saw that their hopes were betrayed. Most of them quietly dispersed towards their homes. That night Mat was seized in his bed, and within a few minutes afterwards was in goal. He felt that the game was up, that all his bright hopes, like those of many another noble Irish heart before him, had ended in farcical nothingness. Disaster followed upon disaster. When he made his appearance in court he saw upon the witness table one of his most trusted friends, who was about to give the evidence that would ensure his conviction.

A final outrage was in store for him. The Government had resolved, when once it had entered upon the campaign against the conspiracy, to pursue it with vigor, and judges were selected who might be relied upon to show the accused no justice during the trial, and no mercy after the conviction. Crowe, who had been made a judge shortly after his last election for Ballybay, was naturally chosen as the chief and most useful actor in this drama. During all the years that had elapsed since his treason he had distinguished himself, even above all the other judges of the country, in the unscrupulous violence of his hostility to all popular movements. Trial before him came to be regarded as certainty of conviction. The fearlessness of the man made him inaccessible to the threats that were everywhere hurled against him, and his rage became the fiercer and his violence the more relentless on the day after he found a threatening letter under a plate on his own table. He brought to his task all the ferocity of the apostate. Under all his apparent independence, his quick vanity and his hot temper made him sensitive to attack, and the Fenian Press had made him the chief target of its most vehement and most constant

invective.

Mat Blake was known as one of the bitterest writers and speakers of the movement, and some of the writings in which he had attacked Crowe displayed a familiarity with the incidents of Ballybay elections which could only have come from the pen of one who had been intimately associated with those struggles.

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The two men now stood face to face—the one on the bench and the other in the dock. Crowe did not allow himself to betray any sign of previous acquaintance with the prisoner before him. The jury was selected; every man who might be supposed to have the least sympathy with National movements was rigorously excluded from the box, and Mat was tried by twelve men, of whom nine were Orangemen and the other three belonged to that Catholic-Whig *bourgeoisie* against which he had always waged unsparing war. Anthony Cosgrave was the foreman. Mat was convicted, and sentenced to seven years' penal servitude.

The sufferings he underwent during this period I will not attempt to describe. After a very short stay in Ireland he was transferred to Portland, and there the English warders exhausted upon him all the insolence and cruelty of ignorant and triumphant enemies. One suffering, however, was in his case somewhat mitigated. He had not a large appetite, and the prison food, though coarse, was sufficient for his wants. With the generosity which characterized him, he was even ready to divide his food with those whose appetites were more exacting. Among his companions were two men, tall, robust, red-haired, who belonged to a stock of Southern farmers, and who were possessed of the gigantic strength, the huge frame, and the sound digestion of Cork ploughmen. Every day these hapless creatures complained of hunger and of cold, and Mat and Charles Reilly, another member of the *Irish People* staff, sometimes found a sombre pleasure in finding and gathering snails for them. Whenever either of them brought a snail to Meehan or to Sheil the famished men would swallow it eagerly, without even stopping to take off the shell. Meehan is now a prominent member of the Dynamite Party in New York. Sheil became insane shortly after his release, and threw himself into the Liffey.

One day, after four years' imprisonment, the Governor called Mat into his room and told him that he was free. He was transferred to Milbank, then he was supplied with a suit of clothes several times too large for him, and he went out and by the Thames, and gazed on that noble stream with the eyes of a free man.

He wandered aimlessly and listlessly along, unable yet to appreciate the full joy of his restoration to liberty. As he was passing over Westminster Bridge he was suddenly stopped by a man whom he had known in the ranks of the organization, and whom the fortune of war had not swept into gaol with the rest. The stranger looked at Mat for a few moments; gazed on the hollow eyes, the pale cheeks, and the worn frame, and, unable to restrain his emotions, burst into tears. This was the first indication Mat received of the terrible change that imprisonment had wrought in his appearance. The next day he set out for Ballybay.

Meanwhile, vast changes seemed about to come over Ireland. The Fenian conspiracy had been the death-knell of the triumphant cynicism and corruption that had reigned over the country in the years succeeding the treason of Crowe. The name of Mr. Butt, as the leader of a new movement, was beginning to be spoken of. An agitation had been started which demanded a radical settlement of the land question. Demonstrations were taking place in almost every county, and the people were united, enthusiastic, and hopeful. Several of the worst of the landlords had already been brought to their knees, and there had been a considerable fall in the value of landed property. The serfs were passing from the extremity of despair and demoralization into the other extreme of exultant and sometimes cruel triumph.

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Even the town of Ballybay was beginning to be stirred, and the farmers all around joined the new organization in large numbers.

By a curious coincidence a monster demonstration was announced in Ballybay for the very day of Mat's arrival.

As Mat passed along the too well remembered scene between Ballybay and Dublin, he could not help thinking of the time when he had gone over this road on his first visit to Ireland after his departure for England. He had then thought that desolation had reached its ultimate point; but in the intervening period the signs of decay had increased. It appeared as if for every ruin that had stared him in the face on the former occasion ten now appeared. For miles and miles he caught sight of not one house, of no human face; he seemed almost to be travelling through a city of the dead.

As the newspaper containing tidings of the new movement lay before him, he leaned back in reflection, and once more thought of the days in which Crowe figured as the saviour, and then as the betrayer of Ireland. It had been a rigid article of faith with the Fenian organization that no confidence was to be placed in constitutional agitations and agitators. Mat retained in their full fervor the doctrines he had held for years upon this point; and he turned away from the accounts of the new movement as from another chapter in national folly and prospective treason. Looking out on the familiar grey and dull sky, he could see no hope whatever for the future of his country. Irish life appeared to him one vast mistake; and so far as he had any plans for the future they were of a life removed from the chaos and fret and toil and moil and disappointments and humbug of politics. He thought of returning once more to his profession; but he resolved that it would be neither amid the incessant decay of Ireland, nor surrounded by hostile faces and

unsympathetic hearts in England. His thoughts were of the mighty country which had extended its hospitality and generosity to so many of his race, and had bestowed upon them liberty, prosperity, and eminence. In all these visions one figure, one sweet face mingled itself. With Mary Flaherty by his side he felt that no career could be wholly dark, no part of the world wholly foreign, and as he once more indulged in waking dreams he hummed to himself the well-known air,—

"Though the last glimpse of Erin with sorrow I see,
Still wherever thou art shall seem Erin to me."

At last he was at the railway, and there were his poor old father and his mother standing before him, their hair bleached to whiteness, trembling, feeble, with tears rolling down their cheeks. Mat was in his mother's arms in a moment. [Pg 149]

Ballybay, even on this occasion, was true to itself. The arrival of Mat in Dublin had been announced in the newspapers, and the heart of the people throughout the country went forth to him, as it always does to those whose generous rashness has been punished by England's worst tyranny. He had been accompanied to the railway station at the Broadstone by a crowd; thousands cheered him, and shook him by the hand, and wept and laughed. The word had mysteriously gone along the line that the patriot was returning, and at every one of the stations, however small, there was a multitude to greet him warmly.

But at Ballybay, still deep down in the slough of its eternal despond, a few lorn and desolate-looking men stood on the platform. There they were once more, as if it were but yesterday, with their hands deep down in their pockets; the wistful, curious glance in their eyes, and the melancholy slouch in their shoulders. They tried to raise a cheer, but the attempt died in its own sickliness.

And then Mat left the train, walked over the station as one in a dream, and was placed upon the sidecar almost without knowing what he was doing.

There was a terrible dread at his heart; he asked his mother a question; she answered him; and then, and for the first time since he had left prison, his heart burst, his spirit broke, and he entered his father's house pallid, trembling, his eyes suffused with bitter tears.

CHAPTER XX.

THE DEMONSTRATION.

And thus it came to pass that the chief characters of this story found themselves in Ballybay again on its closing day, on exactly the same spot as they were on the day when it opened.

The Land League demonstration was not prepared with any particular care or organization, the Irish people being still, even in the matter of political demonstration, in a state of childish immaturity. It turned out to be better so, for the spontaneous inventiveness of the moment suggested a programme far more dramatic and picturesque than could have occurred to the mind of the most ingenious political stage-manager. The platform had been erected on the spot where the cabin had stood which the son of the Gombeen man had overthrown so many years ago. The field now was laid in grass, which, before the demonstration waved long and green; but as the hours went on and the thousands of feet passed over it, the grass was all crushed and torn. There were half a dozen bands—two of them dressed in the showy uniform which descends from the pictures of Robert Emmet in the dock—and they played continuously and for the most part discordantly. There were also many banners, there was a long procession of men on horseback, and the heads of the horses were covered with green boughs. Green, indeed, was everywhere; there were green banners, green scarves, green neck-ties, and the greater part of the men displayed the green ticket of the Tenant League in their hats. The air of the crowd was in no way serious, the whole affair was rather like a *fête* than a grave political demonstration. The multitudes, too, had the absence of self-control which characterizes popular demonstrations; their feelings seemed to express themselves without thought or premeditation, speech overflowed rather than fell from their lips. The result was that the cheering was continuous; now it was the arrival of a band; then the erect walk of a sturdy contingent from a distant point; sometimes it was simply the exchange of a look, that, though mute, spoke volumes, between the people in the procession and those on the sidepaths, that brought forth a wild cheer, in short the temper of the crowd was bright and electrical—the mood for unusual ideas and passionate scenes. [Pg 150]

The good humor was hearty rather than inventive or articulate, but one man had had the genius to invent a comic device. This was a very wild creature, half beggar, half laborer, the last of a rapidly dying class in Ireland. He had got hold of a wretched nag of whom the knacker had been defrauded for many years and seated on this in fantastic dress he cudgelled it unmercifully, amid screams of laughter, for around its neck was a placard with the words, "Dead Landlordism."

About two o'clock, there was seen making a desperate attempt to penetrate through this teeming, densely-packed, and noisy multitude, a stout figure, with a face ugly, irregular, good-humored. He was dressed in a long and dull-colored and almost shabby ulster. His hat was as rough as if it

had been brushed the wrong way, and he wore a suit of tweed that was now very old, but that even in its earliest days would have been scorned by the poorest shopman of the town with any pretensions to respectability, and the trousers were short and painfully bagged at the knees. But the divine light of genius shone from the brown eyes and the ample forehead. The enthusiasm of the multitude now knew no bounds. There was first a strange stillness, then, when the word seemed to have passed with a strange and lightning-like rapidity from mouth to mouth, there burst forth a great cheer, and it was known that Isaac Butt had come.

But even the Irish leader was destined to play a subordinate part in the proceedings of this strange day. It was a local speaker that stirred the hearts of the people to the uttermost, for he told the story of the eviction of the Widow Cunningham, of the death of her husband, the exile of her son, the shame of her daughter.

While he was speaking some one cried, "She'll have her own agin," and then a few of the young fellows disappeared from the platform. In the course of half-an-hour they returned. They ascended the platform, and after a while, and another pause, a strange and audible thrill passed through the multitude; and then there were passed in almost a hoarse whisper the words, "The Widow Cunningham." And she it was; acting on the hint of the speaker, she had been taken from the workhouse; and she was brought back to her old farm again and to the site of her shattered homestead and broken life. The multitude cheered themselves hoarse; hundreds rushed to the platform to seize her by the hand; a few women threw their arms around her neck, and wept and laughed. Finally, the enthusiasm could not be controlled, and, in spite of the entreaties of the political leaders and of the priests, a knot of young men caught the poor old creature up, and carried her around the field in triumph; the crowd everywhere swaying backwards and forwards, divided between the effort to make a way for the strange procession and the desire to catch sight of the old woman. Probably few of the people there could understand the strange effect which this sight had upon them; but their instincts guided them aright in the enthusiasm with which they hailed this visible token of a bad and terrible and irrevocable past.

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And how was it with the chief actor in the scene? Five years of life in a workhouse had left no trace of the handsome, long-haired, and passionate woman who had cursed the destroyer of her house and her children with wild vehemence, and had resisted the assault of the Crowbar Brigade with murderous energy. She was now simply a feeble old woman, with scanty grey hair; the light had died out of her eyes; and there was nothing left in them now but weariness and pain; her cheeks were sunk and were dreadfully discolored; in short, she was a poor, feeble, old woman, with broken spirits and dulled brain. The revenge for which she had longed and prayed had come at last; but it had come too late.

She went through the whole scene with curious and unconscious gaze, as of one passing through a waking dream, and the only sign she gave of understanding anything that was going on was that she gave a weak and weary little smile when the people cried out to her enthusiastically, "Bravo, Widow Cunningham!"—a smile as spectral as the state of things of which she was the relic. She was very wearied and almost fainting when she was brought back to the platform; and then she said, in a voice that was a little louder than a whisper, and with a strange wistfulness in her eyes, "I'd like a cup of tay."

But there was no tea to be had, and the thoughtless good-nature of the day helped to precipitate the tragedy which the equally thoughtless enthusiasm had begun. A dozen flasks were produced; a tumbler was taken from the table, and a large quantity of whiskey was poured down her throat. She became feeble, and the rays of intelligence almost disappeared from her face.

At last, as the evening fell, the crowd dispersed; the old pauper was left by the men who had brought her to the platform, and there were but a couple of women more watchful than the rest to take care of her. They tried to bring her home, but she showed a strange kind of obstinacy, and refused for a long time to move. When she was got to make a stir she seemed most unwilling to go in the direction of the workhouse, she would give no reason—for indeed she seemed either unable or unwilling to speak at all, but with the silent obstinacy of an animal she tried to go in an opposite direction. At last the two women thought it wisest to humor her, and let her go where she wished. By this time night had completely fallen, and in going down a dark boreen she managed to escape from her companions altogether. They searched everywhere around, and at last frightened, they went home for their husbands. A party of five people—the husbands, the son of one of them, and the two women came along the boreen, guided by the dim light of the farthing dip which is the only light the Irish farmer has yet been able to use. After a long search they came to a spot well known to all of them, and then the truth burst suddenly upon them. One of the women had been at the funeral of the Widow Cunningham's husband when she was a little girl, and remembered the spot where he was buried. They all followed her there in a strange anxiety, and their anticipations proved right. On the grave of her husband they found the Widow Cunningham, and she was a corpse.

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CHAPTER XXI.

DEAD MAN'S ISLAND.

There was one person in Ballybay at least who envied the woman that lay forever free from life's

fitful fever. The day's demonstration in the town had brought no joy to Mat's heart. He had not yet learned to make any distinction between the agitators who had broken his own life and murdered the hopes of his country, and the very different class of men who had brought new life and hope to the Irish nation. The whole business of the meeting to him, therefore, appeared nothing but gabble, treason, and folly. He spent his hours, after a scornful look or two at the preparations for the speeches of the day, in wandering through the fields and streets which he had known in boyhood, and appeared to have left so very, very long ago. Every sight deepened his depression. He thought of the first day he had spent in the town long ago, when he visited Ballybay for the first time after years of absence. Then he thought that he had exhausted the possibilities of grief over the waste of a nation's life; but he now found that there were deeper depths and larger possibilities of suffering in the Irish tragedy. Famine, plague, a whirlwind, or an earthquake could not, as he thought, have worked mischief more deadly, more appalling, more complete. He saw, with a curious sinking of the heart and an overwhelming sadness, that nearly every well-remembered spot of his boyhood was marked by the ruins of a desolated home. Here was the corner where he used to turn from the one to the two mile round—as two of the walks around Ballybay were called—but where was the house with its crowd of noisy children, which he saw every morning with the same confident familiarity as a well-remembered piece of furniture in his own house? Yes: there was the little road where he remembered to have stood one day so many years ago. It was a bright, beautiful day in summer, the sky was blue, and the roses bloomed; but everything was dark to him, for Betty, his first nurse, the strongest affection of his childhood, had retired to her mother's home the day before. And as he recalled how all the world seemed to be over for him on that day, he felt the full brotherhood of sorrow, and in one moment understood all the tragic significance of the separation which emigration had caused in more than a million Irish homes. The road had changed as though the country had been turned from a civilized to a savage land. The grass was growing thick and rank, the roses had gone, thick weeds choked festering pools, and of the little cottage in which Betty had dwelt there was not even a vestige.

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And so, alas, in the town. At its entrance a whole street had disappeared, black and charred the walls stood—silent and deserted. This constant recurrence of the symbols of separation, desertion, silence, death, produced a strange numbness in his mind, and he walked along in a dream that became deeper and deeper. But he saw everything with the obscurity, and still with the strange, piercing look, of the dreamer. Turning from the houses to the people, he saw as it were in a flash the true meaning of that weary look which he had first observed as the prevalent expression of most faces; he loathed and at the same time he understood the prematurely bloated and blotched faces of so many of the young men whom he met everywhere, and read the story of the hopeless struggle against daily deepening gloom which had sought desperate relief in whiskey. He understood the procession of sad, and, as in his exalted mood he thought, spectral, men and women, that flowed in a noiseless stream to the chapel. It was May, "the month of Mary," as it is so touchingly called in Ireland, and in that month there are devotions every night in honor of the Mother of God. It was with difficulty he restrained his tears as there rose from the voices of the congregation the well-known and well-remembered hymn to the Blessed Virgin—the fitting wail of a people who dwell in a land of sorrows.

"Hail, Holy Queen, Mother of Mercy. Our Life, Our Sweetness, and Our Hope, to thee do we cry, poor banished children of Eve, to thee do we send up our sighs, mourning and weeping in this valley of tears." How well he recalled the evening long ago, when the hymn first struck him as the wail from the helpless agony of a dying nation.

Then Mat went home, and, as he entered the house, he noticed with the new-born light in his eyes many things that had escaped his attention when he first entered there in the morning. His father, as he answered the door, seemed to him to have aged ten years since he had looked at him in the morning, and he saw with a pang that seemed to squeeze his heart as in a vice that his clothes were shabby, and that even his boots were patched and broken. Then he went upstairs, and, entering the parlor noiselessly, caught sight of his mother. She turned sharply around, and to his horror and surprise he saw a fierce, violent blush overspread her pale cheek. He could not help looking at the table, and there he saw the same dread sight that had met him at so many painful crises in his life, for his mother was examining bank bills and pawn tickets. Then he rushed back in memory to the days of his own childhood, when he had wondered why it was that his mother occasionally wept as she turned over these mysterious slips of blue paper and small pieces of stiff card. The abject failure of his life never appeared to him so clearly as it did at that moment, and the sense of complete disaster was aggravated by the awful feeling that he had made others suffer even more bitterly than himself. And for a moment it seemed, too, as if his mother were resolved that he should taste the full bitterness of the moral, for she looked at him fixedly as the blush died from her cheeks; but her heart was too touched by his look of pain, and in a moment she had kissed him on the cheek, after the frigid and self-restrained fashion of Ballybay.

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Mat had a battle with himself as to whether he should visit Mary on this day; but after a while he felt that it would be a sort of savage triumph if he could fill the whole day with all the pain that could be packed within its hours. He had no idea as yet what he was going to do with the morrow, but it would certainly bring some new departure; this day he was, for this reason, the more resolutely ready to abandon to the luxury of woe.

Mary was alone when he visited the house; her husband had left town, for he did not dare, with all his courage, to aggravate the popular hatred by being visible on the day of the demonstration.

She came into the room and shook hands with him, to his surprise, without any appearance of embarrassment. He looked at her without a word for a few moments, while she asked a few questions in a perfectly natural tone of voice about the meeting, his imprisonment, etc. As he looked he thought he saw a strange and mournful change in her face. The features seemed to have grown not merely hard, but coarse. He remembered the time when her upper lip had appeared to his eyes short, expressive, elegant; now it seemed to have grown long and vulgar. Her dark eyes were cold and impenetrable.

For a while they talked about indifferent things, but though he had sworn to himself a thousand times that he would never utter a word about her broken troth, his nerves were still too shaken and unsteady, after his sufferings in prison and the wearing experiences through which he had passed, to allow him to maintain complete self-control.

"And so you married Cosgrave," he said, as a beginning.

She looked at him sharply, and then answered, in the same cold and perfectly collected voice, "Yes, I married Cosgrave."

"Are you happy?"

"Yes."

"You never cared for me?" he said with bitterness; and then the venom, which had been choking him from the hour when he heard that his betrothed was gone, overflowed. He went on, in a voice that grew hoarse in its vehemence: "Look! I have been four years in prison; in the company of burglars, pickpockets, murderers; I have been kept in silence and solitude and restraint; and yet in all these four years I never suffered a pang so horrible as when I heard that you had proved untrue."

"No," she answered, with a stillness that sounded strangely after the high-pitched and passionate tones of his voice; "I was not untrue, for I was faithful to my highest duty." Then she paused, and when next she spoke her voice was also passionate; but it was passion that was expressed in low and biting, and not in a loud tone. "You have known the life of a prison: but you have not passed through the hell of Irish poverty."... Then, after a pause, in which she seemed buried in an agonizing retrospect, she said—"I would marry a cripple to help my family."

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She had scarcely said these words when her father entered. The father was as much changed in Mat's eyes as the daughter; he could scarcely walk; his feet seemed just able to bear him; and his hand was palsied. He did not at first recognize Mat; and when at last he knew who it was, said in the old voice, the familiar words which Mat so loathed, "Ah! the crachure! Ah! the crachure!"

Mat now had the key to the hideous tragedy which had separated him from the woman he loved, and who loved him. He looked quickly at her; but the light of momentary excitement had died out of the face, and the expression was now perfectly serene. Several reflections passed rapidly through Mat's mind. He saw clearly that the girl had not a particle of self-reproach; not a doubt of the rectitude or even the nobility of her conduct; she had immolated herself with the same inflexible resolve and unquestioning faith as the sublime murderer of Marat. Then passing rapidly in mental review the history of so many self-murdered hearts, he asked which was the more cruel—the Irish or the Indian suttee. Perhaps in that moment Mat gained more knowledge than is given to other men in years of that strangest of all, even feminine, problems—an Irish girl's heart.

For a moment the two were left alone, for the first and only time in all their lives.

"What?" said Mat, in an audible soliloquy, "is Irish life?" And then he answered the question himself as she remained silent. "A tragedy, a squalid tragedy!" But she looked at him cold, irresponsible, defiant, and he rushed away before the old man came back with the whiskey.

The wreck of this girl's nature; her acceptance in full faith of the sordid and terrible gospel of loveless marriage; the omnipotence of even a little money in a land of abject and hopeless and helpless poverty, brought the realities of Irish life with a clearness to his mind more terrible than even uprooted houses and echoless streets.

He accepted the invitation of a friend to take a row up the river, beautiful with its eternal and changeless beauty amid all this wreck of hopes and blasting of lives.

They passed a small island.

"What is that called," asked Mat of the boatman.

"Dead Man's Island."

"What did you say?"

"Dead Man's Island."

"A—h,——Dead—Man's—Island!"

The Boys in Green.

After reading the Reminiscences of the Ninth Massachusetts, Volunteers, published in late numbers of DONAHOE'S, it occurred to the writer that a few incidents which came under my own personal observation, in which that regiment figured, occurring over twenty-three years ago, may be of interest to the survivors of the gallant Ninth, or their descendants. It may also interest the general public, and your Irish-American readers in particular, for my experience will speak more particularly of the corps with which my fortunes were cast—Gen. Thomas Francis Meagher's Irish Brigade. It was originally composed of three regiments, viz., Sixty-Third New York, Eighty-Eighth New York, and Sixty-Ninth New York, all organized in New York City, but some of its companies hailing from Albany, Boston, etc. The writer of this was connected with the Albany Company K, Sixty-Third Regiment, in the capacity of "high private" when the regiment was organized. This paper is merely intended to give an account of a few incidents in which the brigade participated, not by any means as a history of that organization.

It is well known to those familiar with events at the beginning of the war, that the Washington authorities decided to change McClellan's base of operations in the movement against the rebel capital (Richmond, Va.), to the Peninsula. Accordingly, in the spring of 1862, over one hundred thousand men and material of the Army of the Potomac, at that time, and subsequently, the largest and best disciplined body of troops in the service of the Republic, were sent by water to Fortress Monroe, Ship Point, and adjacent places for disembarkation. Very few people in civil life have any conception of the labor attending an operation of this kind. Not alone was this immense body of men carried by water, but all the material as well: heavy and field artillery; animals for the same; horses for the cavalry; and baggage, ammunition and supply trains. Thanks to the superiority of our navy at the time, the movement was entirely successful. It is true a few sailing crafts, and some armed rebel vessels showed themselves; but they took refuge up the York, Pamunkey, Elizabeth and James Rivers, to be afterwards destroyed as the Union Army advanced.

The writer was at the time on detached service (recruiting) in New York City; but at the period the advanced vessels of the Flotilla reached the Peninsula he received orders to rejoin his regiment. Accordingly I left Albany (depot for recruits) April 11, 1862, in charge of twenty-two men, eleven for Sixty-Third and eleven for Eighty-Eighth Regiments, reaching Fort Monroe April 14, by steamer from Washington. I shall never forget the impression made on my civilian mind as we steamed under the frowning guns of the weather-beaten Fort, in the gray of the morning. It impressed me with awe, as the black muzzles of the "War Dogs" bade defiance in their silent grandeur to rebels in arms and European enemies, who, at the time, entertained anything but friendly feelings towards the Republic.

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The achievement of the famous *Monitor* was, at the time, in everybody's mouth. Your older readers will remember how the "Yankee Cheese-Box," the gallant Worden in command, put in appearance in Hampton Roads, a day or two after the finest wooden war ships in the government service were sent to the bottom, by the guns and ram of the rebel *Merrimac*. When the saucy, insignificant-looking craft boldly steamed for the victorious rebel iron-clad, the officers on board could not believe their senses, never having seen anything like the mysterious stranger before; but when fire and smoke belched forth from the *Monitor's* revolving turret, they were reminded that they had better look to their guns. Not being able to damage the stranger with their British cannon, the rebel tried the effect of its powerful ram; but the "cheese-box" divining its intentions, nimbly got out of harm's way. Its powerful eleven-inch guns in the turret continued to pound the iron sides of the *Merrimac*, until the latter thought "discretion the better part of valor," and sought safety in flight by ascending the Elizabeth River to Norfolk, not before being badly damaged in the encounter. Notwithstanding the rebel had numerous guns of the most approved pattern, their shot glanced harmlessly from the *Monitor's* revolving turret, the only object visible above water. You may think we looked upon the champion with no little pleasure as she peacefully lay in the channel, with steam up, waiting for the appearance of its powerful adversary, which never came. (The *Merrimac* was so badly damaged in the encounter, its commander, Jones, blew her up sooner than see her in the enemy's hands.) The masts of the ill-fated *Cumberland* and her consorts were plainly visible in the distance, where they sank with their brave tars standing nobly by their guns.

I am afraid the editor of the MAGAZINE will get impatient with my description before coming to the Ninth. The writer goes into these particulars because another generation has come on the scene since they happened, and it may interest them.

After landing with my detachment of twenty-two men, we turned our faces landward to find the army then moving towards Richmond. On the way we passed through the village of Hampton, and subsequently were much interested in looking over the battlefield of Big Bethel, where Magruder made his first fight on the Peninsula, not long previous, and where the Union troops were roughly handled. Gen. Joseph B. Carr, of Troy, N. Y., in command of the Second New York Volunteers,

one of the most successful Irish-American soldiers of the late war, took a prominent part in this battle. It is thought he would have retrieved the blunders of some of the Union officers, if he had not been ordered to retire by Gen. B. F. Butler, who was in command. Gen. Carr is now serving out his third successive term as Secretary of State of New York. He recently ran for Lieutenant Governor on the Republican ticket; and although he failed to get elected, he ran nearly nine thousand votes ahead of his ticket. The rebel field works were just as they left them. The neighboring forests told the story of the desperate conflict by the manner in which they were torn from the effects of the artillery.

It was a long and tedious journey before we struck the army of "Little Mac;" and when the shades of night began to envelope us, the little squad was footsore, tired and hungry, having covered twenty-four miles since leaving the steamer. To add to our inconvenience, we had eaten nothing since leaving the vessel, and then a limited supply of "hard tack," washed down with coffee. The location of Meagher's Brigade was among the uncertainties. All our inquiries of troops in the vicinity were fruitless.

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Learning from the men of a battery, encamped on the edge of a clearing, that an Irish Regiment was not far distant, inquired the name (State and number).

"I think, sergeant," said the officer addressed, "that it is an Irish Regiment from Massachusetts, but I do not know the number; they have an Irish flag anyhow." Thanking the captain for the information, we sought the locality of the Irish boys and their green flag.

"Halt! who comes there?" demanded a sentinel, pacing his beat, a few yards from the road, as the squad approached in the twilight.

"Friends!" was the response.

"Advance, friends, and give the countersign!"

We had no "countersign," and could not give it. I did the next best thing, and addressed the sentinel thus:

"We are Union soldiers, trying to find our regiment, having landed this morning at Fortress Monroe. We are tired and without anything to eat, since early this morning. Be good enough to tell us the name of that regiment yonder."

"That is the Ninth Massachusetts, Col. Tom Cass," was his response.

"Call the corporal of the guard; I would like to see the colonel."

"Corporal of the guard, Post Five!" he lustily called out, at the top of his voice.

"Corporal of the guard, Post Five!" was repeated in succession by the respective posts; bringing that officer on the run, in a few minutes to the post designated.

I repeated the request to the "corporal of the guard," a bright little man, about twenty-four years old. He requested us to remain where we were until the "officer of the guard" was consulted, "for ye know we are in the enemy's counthry, and we must be cautious." We assented, of course. Presently a lieutenant made his appearance, and after hearing our story, told us to follow him. We passed the guard and made our way to the colonel's quarters, before which a soldier was leisurely pacing. The lieutenant entered, but returned in a moment and desired me to follow him. I did so, and found myself in a group of officers. I saluted and came to "attention."

"Well, sergeant, what can we do for you?" kindly asked an officer with the eagles of a colonel on his shoulders.

"We are benighted, sir; my men and I landed at the Fort this morning, and are on the way to find our regiments. We have had nothing to eat in twelve hours. We're hungry and tired, and claim your hospitality for the night."

"May I ask what command you belong to, sir?"

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"My regiment is the Sixty-Third New York, colonel, and the detachment is for that regiment and the Eighty-Eighth New York."

"What! Gen. Meagher, the Irish Brigade! Consider yourself at home, sergeant. The best in our camp is at your service. You can have all you can eat and drink, and a place to rest. Orderly," addressing a soldier in front of the tent, "send Sergeant — to me."

"I see by your chevrons you are a non-commissioned officer. May I ask your name?" addressing me.

"Sergeant J— D—, Company K, colonel," was my response.

The sergeant made his appearance, and Col. Cass (for we learned, subsequently, it was he) gave him directions to take Sergeant D— and his men, and give them everything they wanted for the night, and their breakfast before leaving in the morning. As we were about retiring the colonel remarked:—

"The night is chilly, sergeant; fog is heavy, malaria abroad, and you are tired. Wouldn't you like something in the way of liquid refreshments?"

"Thanks, colonel," I replied; "but the Sixty-Third is a temperance regiment.^[9] We took the pledge from Father Dillon, last January, on David's Island, New York Harbor, for the war."

"Is it possible? I am glad to hear it! God bless you. I trust you will keep your pledge, not only for the war, but for all future time." I thanked him, gave him a salute and retired.

We certainly found ourselves in "the hands of our friends." Sergeant ----(unfortunately my diary is silent as to his name) took us to his quarters, and that being inadequate, lodged out some of the strangers. Coffee was made for us at the company's kitchen, and in less than half an hour there was enough of that delicious beverage steaming hot before us, with a mountain of "hard tack," to feed a company, instead of twenty-three men. The wants of the inner man being attended to (and we did the spread full justice) brier wood and tobacco were called into requisition. We found ourselves the centre of an interested crowd, for it got noised abroad that a squad of Gen. Meagher's men was in Sergeant ----'s quarters. "Taps" were sounded at the usual hour, but, by permission of the "officer of the day" the lights in the sergeant's tent, and others adjoining, were not extinguished, out of respect to the New Yorkers. During the evening song and story were in order, and at this late day it will not be giving away a secret to say that the "liquid refreshments," so kindly offered by the colonel were not ignored by many present, for the Ninth had a sutler with it, whose supply of "commissary" was yet abundant to be taken as an antidote against the malaria.

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At day-break the regiment was roused from slumber by the soul-stirring sounds of the "reveille" which reverberated through the dark pine woods of the "sacred soil." The strangers were prevailed on to take a hasty cup of coffee, and as the men were forming for company drill, we bade them "good-by," and sought our own regiments, which we found in camp in a clearing, at Ship Point, nine miles from Yorktown, then held by the enemy.

The writer did not see the Ninth again until the 27th of June following (1862), and the occasion was a sad one. When McClellan's right wing was crushed like an egg shell under Gen. Fitz John Porter, on the north bank of the Chickahominy, two brigades of Sumner's Second Corps (Meagher and French's) were ordered from the centre of our lines at Fair Oaks to check the victorious march of the overwhelming masses of the enemy. After fighting like Spartans for two days, the twenty-seven thousand men under Porter were outflanked by the enemy who were sixty-five thousand strong. Porter's troops were compelled to retire, and by sundown they were in full retreat towards the temporary bridges constructed by our troops, over the Chickahominy. At this juncture the two brigades mentioned were ordered from our centre to check the advance of the now victorious enemy.

The force engaged at Gaines' Mill was: Union, 50 Regiments, 20 batteries, 27,000 men. Confederate: 129 Regiments, 19 batteries, 65,000 men. Losses: Union, killed, 894; wounded, 3,107; missing, 2,836; total, 6,837. Confederate: Somewhat larger, especially in killed and wounded. Perhaps in the whole history of the war there was no battle fought with more desperation on both sides than that of Mechanicville (June 26), and Gaines' Mill (June 27). Fitz John Porter handled his army with such ability that his inferior force repelled repeated attacks of the flower of the rebel army under Lee and Jackson; and if it were not for the blundering of the cavalry, under Gen. Cook, through whose instrumentality Porter's lines were broken, he would have repelled all efforts to drive him to the river. As an evidence of the desperate nature of the conflict, it may be mentioned that one Rebel regiment (Forty-Fourth Georgia) lost three hundred and thirty-five men.

We got there, about eight miles, at eight o'clock, having pushed on by forced marches all the way, but too late to change the fortunes of the day. We did check the advancing and exalting Rebels, who supposed a large part of the Union army had come to the rescue. Forming our lines on top of the hill (Gain's) with an Irish cheer we went down the northern side of the hill pell-mell for the enemy. The pursuers were now the pursued. The Rebels broke and fled before Irish steel. To advance in the darkness would be madness. The regiments were brought to a halt. So as to deceive the Confederates as to the number of reinforcements, the position of each regiment was constantly changed. In one of these movements, the right of the Sixty-Third struck a rebel battalion, halted in the darkness, and for a time there was temporary confusion. The grey coats were brushed aside instantly, getting a volley from the right wing of the Sixty-Third as a reminder that we meant business.

Fitz John Porter pays this tribute to the brigade as to the part it took on this occasion: "French and Meagher's brigades of Sumner's corps, all that the corps commanders deemed they could part with, were sent forward by the commanding general... All soon rallied in rear of the Adams House behind Sykes and the brigades of French and Meagher sent to our aid, and who now with hearty cheers greeted our battalions as they retired and reformed."

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While resting on our arms the dead and wounded were thick all around—friend and foe. Alas! not a few were our brothers of the Ninth Massachusetts. They told us in whispers how they repelled the enemy all day, and not until they were flanked by the Rebels did they give way before their repeated charges. The remnant of the regiment I subsequently saw next morning, in the rear, few in numbers, but with its spirit unbroken.

Having held the enemy in check to permit our broken battalions and the wounded to recross the Chickahominy, the two brigades silently left the field before dawn the next morning, blowing up the bridge behind us, thus stopping the pursuit. The two brigades occupied their old places behind the breastwork, at four the next morning, completely exhausted, but gratified that we

were instrumental in checking the enemy, and saving from capture a large part of the army.

Four days later, July 1st, the bloody conflict of Malvern Hill was fought—the last of the Seven Days' Battles. Meagher's brigade, at that time consisting of the Sixty-Third, Eighty-Eighth, and Sixty-Ninth New York and one regiment from Massachusetts (Twenty-Ninth), had arms stacked in a beautiful valley, in the rear of the struggling hosts. All day long the storm of battle raged, and the men of the brigade were congratulating themselves that for once, at least, we would not be called upon to participate. Each regiment was ordered to kill several sheep and beeves, found the same day on the lands of a rich Virginian. While the companies were being served, a staff officer was seen riding at full speed to Gen. Meagher's head-quarters, his horse wet with foam. The men knew what that meant. We had seen it before. In a few minutes the "long roll" sounded in every regiment, and in less time than it takes to write these lines, the brigade was on the march. We knew from the sound of the guns that we were not going from but nearing the combat. Turning a ridge in the south-east, a fearful sight met our view. Thousands of wounded streamed to the rear, in the direction of Harrison Landing, on the James. Men with shattered arms and legs, some limping, all bloody and powder-stained. Many defiant, but the badly wounded moaning with agony. The head of the column, with Gen. Meagher and staff in front, turned sharply to the right, with difficulty forcing our way through the wounded crowds. We learned, subsequently, that after repelling the enemy with fearful slaughter all day, towards nightfall they pressed our left and attempted to seize the roads on our line of retreat to the James. Not till then were Meagher's men called on, and promptly they responded. While hurrying to the front, the Sixty-Third being the third regiment was halted. At this moment a volley from the left between us and the river, swept through our ranks. Seventeen men of the regiment fell, among them being Col. John Burke, who received a ball in the knee. He fell from his horse, but the mishap was for the moment kept from the men. Lieut.-Col. Fowler assumed command, and before the Rebel regiment had time to reload, four hundred smooth bores sent a withering volley crashing through their ranks. This put a quietus upon them.

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"What regiment is this?" demanded an officer on horseback, surrounded by his staff, who came galloping up as the men reloaded.

"This is the Sixty-Third New York, general," responded Lieut.-Col. Fowler of that regiment.

"I am Gen. Porter, in command of this part of the field. I order you to remain here to support a battery now on its way to this spot. Do you understand, sir?"

"Yes, general; the Sixty-Third always obeys orders," was the lieutenant colonel's prompt response, and Gen. Porter disappeared to the front.

While halted here for the appearance of the battery, a crowd of men coming from the front, in the now gathering darkness, attracted my attention. I should say there were not more than fifty men all told—perhaps not more than thirty. They were grouped around their colors, which I discovered to be a United States flag and a green standard. The men were the most enthusiastic I ever saw. They were cheering, and their voices could be plainly heard over the roar of battle. Some were without caps, many were wounded, and all grimy from powder, and every few moments some one of them called for "three cheers for the stars and stripes."

"Let us give three for the green flag, boys."

"Give the Rebels h— boys!" To one officer in front cheering, who had his cap on the point of his sword, I inquired:

"What regiment is this, captain?"

"Why, don't you know?"

"This is all that is left of the old Ninth Massachusetts—all that is left of us boys!"

"Our dead and wounded are in the woods over there!"

"Oh! we lost our colonel, boys; the gallant Cass, one of the best fighters and bravest man in the army!"

"We saved our colors, though, and we had to fight to do it!"

"Go in, Irish Brigade! Do as well as the Ninth did!"

"Three cheers for the stars and stripes!"

"Give three for the old Bay State!"

"Hurrah!"

And the remnant of the splendid regiment filed to the rear in the darkness; but still their cheers could be heard for quite a distance over the rattle of musketry and the sound of the guns.

"The battery! The battery! Here comes the battery!" was heard from a hundred throats, as it wildly thundered and swept from the rear, regardless of the dead and dying, who fairly littered the field. God help the dying, for the dead cared not! The iron wheels of the carriages, and feet of the horses, discriminate not between friend and foe. It will never be known how many were ground to pulp that July evening as Capt. J. R. Smead's Battery K, Fifth United States Artillery came in response to the command of the gallant Porter, who saw the danger of having his left

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turned. Three batteries were ordered up by Gen. Porter, viz: Capt. J. R. Smead; Capt. Stephen H. Weed, Battery I, Fifth United States Artillery; and Capt. J. Howard Carlisle, Battery E, Second United States Artillery.

"Forward, Sixty-Third! Double quick! march!" shouted Capt. O'Neil, the senior line officer, who was now in command.

"Forward! Double quick!" was repeated by each company commander, and the Sixty-Third followed the lead of the battery into the very jaws of death, many of them to meet their brothers of the Ninth, who just passed over the silent river, on the crimson tide of war!^[10]

Had the repeated and desperate efforts of the enemy succeeded in turning the Union left, as was feared towards nightfall, a dire disaster awaited the splendid army of McClellan. How near we came to it may be judged from the fact that all the reserves were brought into action, including the artillery under Gen. Henry J. Hunt. The instructions to Smead, Carlisle and Mead, when hurried up to defend the narrow gorge, with their artillery, through which the Confederates must force their way on to the plateau, were to fire on friend and foe, if the emergency demanded it. This is confirmed by a letter to the writer from Fitz John Porter. "These batteries were ordered up," he says, "to the narrow part of the hill, to be used in saving the rest of the army, if those in front were broken, driven in and pursued, by firing, if necessary, on friend as well as foe, so that the latter should not pass them. I went forward with you to share your fate if fortune deserted us, but I did not expect disaster, and, thank God, it did not come!"

These are the words of as brave and loyal an American as ever drew his sword for the Republic. Few men, perhaps none, in the army at that time, with our limited experience in war, could have handled his troops as Gen. Porter did at Gaine's Mill and Malvern. He desperately contested every inch of ground on the north bank of the Chickahominy, although his force was only twenty-seven thousand against sixty-five thousand of the enemy. Again at Malvern, the Rebels, maddened with successive defeats, were determined to annihilate the grand army of the Potomac with a last superhuman effort. They probably would have succeeded had a less able soldier been placed in command at that critical point. But, as will be seen from the above extract, the General never for a moment lost hope of being able to successfully repulse the enemy, for no man knew the material he had to do it with better than he.

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What a pity that the services of such an able soldier should have been lost to the army and the country, a few weeks later, through the petty jealousies of small men, who wanted a scape-goat to cover up their own shortcomings. For over twenty years this grand American soldier, the soul of honor, who would at any moment sacrifice his life sooner than be guilty of an act inconsistent with his noble profession, has been permitted to live under the unjust stigma cast upon him. The day will surely come, and it is not far distant, when the American people will blush for the great wrong done Fitz John Porter. They will agree with the late general of our armies, a man whose memory will be forever held in grateful remembrance by his country (U. S. Grant), who, after careful and mature investigation of his conduct at the Second Battle of Bull Run, said deliberately, that Fitz John Porter should not be censured for the mismanagement of that ill-fated battle. In military affairs Gen. Grant was always a safe guide to follow.

After a careful review of Gen. Porter's case, Gen Grant wrote President Arthur, under date of December 22, 1881, as follows:

"At the request of Gen. Fitz John Porter, I have recently reviewed his trial, and the testimony held before the Schofield court of inquiry held in 1879.... The reading of the whole record has thoroughly convinced me that for these nineteen years I have been doing a gallant and efficient soldier a very great injustice in thought and sometimes in speech. I feel it incumbent upon me now to do whatever lies in my power to remove from him and from his family the stain upon his good name.... I am now convinced that he rendered faithful, efficient and intelligent service.... I would ask that the whole matter be laid before the attorney-general for his examination and opinion, hoping that you will be able to do this much for an officer who has suffered for nineteen years a punishment that never should be inflicted upon any but the most guilty."

It was many months before I again saw the Ninth Massachusetts; but what a contrast to its appearance on that glorious April morning, in 1862, when I was the recipient of its warm hospitality among the pines on the threshold of the advance on the rebel capital.

JOHN DWYER.

Leo XIII. has sent to the Emperor of Germany and to Prince Bismarck copies, specially printed and bound, of the Encyclical. His Holiness adds to the present to the Chancellor a copy of the *Novissima Leonis XIII. Pont. Max. Carmina*. A note of very emphatic and reverent praise of the poems has been communicated to the official German press.

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A Christmas Carol.

Ah, weep not, friends, that I am far from ye,
And no warm breathéd words may reach my ears;
One way is shorter, nearer than by sea,
Prayers weigh with God and graces wait on tears;
As rise the mists from summer seas unseen,
To fall in freshening showers on hill and plain,
So prayer sent forth from fervent hearts makes green
The parched bowers of one whose life was vain.

Pray for me day and night these Christmas hours,
This the one gift I value all beyond;
Aid me with supplication 'fore those powers
Who have regard for prayer, th' angelic bond—
All ye who love me knock at Jesus' gate,
As for one standing outside deep in snow,
Tell him a sorrowing soul doth trembling wait,
And none but He can ease its load of woe.

Ah, friends! of whom I once asked other things,
Refuse me not this one thing asked again;
Shield me, a naked soul, with sheltering wings,
From rush of angry storms and bitter rain—
I cannot stand the gaze of mine own eyes;
That I escape myself implore our Lord—
Ah, me! I learn he only's rightly wise
Who seeks in all th' exceeding great reward.

From self that I be freed, O Father will!
Lord Jesus from the world protect me still,
Spirit paraclete, over the flesh give victory,
And o'er the devil a lasting crown to me!

JAMES KEEGAN.

The *Catholic Review*: Irish-America contributes to the new Parliament one of the strongest members of the Nationalist party, Mr. T. P. Gill, for some years past assistant editor of the *Catholic World*, and previously a prominent journalist in Ireland, where, during the imprisonment of Mr. William O'Brien, he took the editorial chair of *United Ireland* until Mr. Buckshot Forster made it too hot for him. In the cooler climate of New York he still did good service to his party, in disabusing numbers of many ill-grounded misapprehensions and misconceptions, and in strengthening the sympathies, by increasing the information, of all well-wishers of Ireland. His work will be felt in England.

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The Late Father Tom Burke.

Kegan Paul, Trench & Co., of London, have published, in two volumes, the "Life of the Very Rev. Thomas N. Burke, O.P.," by William J. Fitzpatrick, F.S.A. We give a few extracts:

"Some one complained to Father Burke one day that his sermons were too 'flowery;' but it was not just criticism if the term was intended to imply that they were florid. His answer was characteristic. 'And what should they be but floury—seeing my father was a baker?' It was also in allusion to his father's calling that he was wont to boast, when questioned as to his family, that they were 'the best-bread-Burkes' of Galway.

"'When I hear him preach,' said Bishop Moriarty, 'I rejoice that the Church has gained a prize; when I hear him tell a story, I am tempted to regret that the stage has lost him.'

"A Protestant lady listening to his lecture on divorce said: 'I am bound to become a Catholic out of self-respect and self-defence.'

"During the visit of the Prince of Wales to Rome His Royal Highness went to the Irish Dominicans and to the Irish College. Father Burke was asked to guide the prince through the crypt of St. Sebastian, his Royal Highness being, it was understood, particularly anxious to see the paintings with which the early Christians decorated the places where rested their dead. Some English ladies, mostly converts, in Rome at the time, were divided in their devotion to the Prince and to the catacomb pictures—the most memorable religious pictures of the world. That evening they begged Father Burke to tell them exactly what His Royal Highness said of the frescoes. The

question was parried for some time; but when the fluttered expectation of the fair questioners had risen to a climax, Father Burke showed hesitating signs of his readiness to repeat the soul-betraying exclamations of the Prince. 'Well, what *did* he say?' they cried, in suspense. 'He said—well, he said—'Aw!''

"In 1865, Father Burke succeeded the present Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster in the pulpit of Sta Maria del Popolo in Rome; and it is a little coincidence that the famous Dominican, a year or two earlier, when Prior of Tallaght, succeeded also the Cardinal's relative in the pulpit of the Catholic University. 'Father Andedon,' says Mr. Fitzpatrick, 'had been for some years a very popular preacher in the church of the Catholic University. On the retirement of Father Andedon to England, to which he was naturally attached by birth and belongings—for Dr. Manning was his uncle—Father Burke took his place in the pulpit.' It was here, by the way, that the 'Prince of Preachers' introduced the class of sermons known as 'Conferences,' and associated with Lacordaire and the pulpit of Notre Dame. Father Burke had never seen Lacordaire; but the Dean of the Catholic University, who had been listening to Lacordaire for years, was greatly struck by Father Burke's resemblance, as a preacher, to his great brother Dominican in France. The likenesses between preachers, as between faces, are sometimes subtle things! Bishop Moriarty, returning from Rome, paused in Paris, where he heard yet another Dominican orator, Père Monsabré, preaching at Notre Dame. When next he saw Father Tom, he said to him—'Do you know Monsabré reminded me very much of you?' 'Now,' said Father Tom—telling the story to his friend, Father Greene—'this was very gratifying to me. Père Monsabré was a great man, and I thought it an honor to be compared to him, and I told the Bishop so, adding, 'Might I ask you, my lord, what was the special feature of resemblance?' Now 'David' (the Bishop's Christian name) had a slow and deliberate and judicious way of speaking that kept me very attentive and expectant. 'Well,' he said, 'I'll tell you what struck me most. When he went up into the pulpit, he looked around him deliberately and raised up his hand and—scratched his head.'"

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"In the maddest sallies of Father Tom there was generally to be found a method. His exuberances when he was Prior of San Clemente, for instance, were attributed to his desire that his tonsure might not be made to bear the weight of a mitre: 'It got whispered among the cardinals' (writes Canon Brownlow), 'that their eminences were at times the objects of his jokes, and that he even presumed to mimic those exalted personages. Some of them spoke seriously about it, and asked the Dominican Cardinal Guidi to admonish him to behave with greater gravity. Cardinal Guidi repaired to San Clemente, and proceeded to deliver his message, and Father Burke received it with becoming submission. But no sooner had the cardinal finished than Father Burke imitated his manner, accent and language, with such ludicrous exactness that the cardinal burst into a fit of laughter, and could not tell him to stop.'

"The venerable Father Mullooly was equally foiled by another phase of the young friar's freakishness, when, on being remonstrated with for what seemed to be an undue indulgence in cigars, Father Tom represented it as rather dictated by a filial duty, for the Pope, he said, had sent him a share of a chest of Havanas, worth a dollar each, which a Mexican son had forwarded to the Vatican.

"But the other side of the man came out in his sermons when he succeeded Dr. Manning—hurriedly called to England to attend the death-bed of Cardinal Wiseman—as occupant of the pulpit of Santa Maria del Popolo, and on many subsequent occasions: 'When I lift up my eyes here (he said in speaking of the 'Groupings of Calvary'), it seems as if I stood bodily in the society of these men. I see in the face of John the expression of the highest manly sympathy that comforted and consoled the dying eyes of the Saviour. It seems to me that I behold the Blessed Virgin, whose maternal heart consented in that hour of agony to be broken for the sins of men. I see the Magdalen as she clings to the cross, and receives upon that hair, with which she wiped His Feet, the drops of His Blood. I behold that heart, humbled in penance and inflamed with love—the heart of the woman who had loved much, and for whom he had prayed. It seems to me that I travel step by step to Calvary, and learn, as they unite in Him, every lesson of suffering, of peace, of hope, of joy, of love.'"

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Our Neighbors.

The Irish in Canada.

Montreal Gazette: The matter of Mr. Curran's speech on the occasion of the opening of St. Ann's Hall is worthy of more than passing notice. He chose for his theme the progress of the Irish race in Canada, and although the groundwork of his address was placed in Montreal, the deductions to be drawn from the statistics presented may, with equal propriety, be applied to any section of Canada in which the Irish colony is located. The Irish people are, for what reason it is unnecessary to inquire, essentially colonists, much more so as respects the mass than those of Scotland and England, and in no country or clime have they found a more hospitable welcome or a more prosperous resting-place than in Canada. In Nova Scotia, in New Brunswick, in Prince Edward Island, in Quebec, in Ontario, Irishmen and the sons of Irishmen are found in the front rank of the professions, of agriculture, of industrial enterprise, while in the affairs of State they exert a large and legitimate influence. Any one acquainted with the commercial life of Halifax, or Montreal, and the agricultural districts of Ontario, will bear witness that no more loyal and law-

abiding, no more intelligent and progressive, no more industrious and thrifty people than the descendants of Irishmen are to be found. As to the progress of the race in Montreal, Mr. Curran was able to present many interesting facts. From a community so small that, in the expressive words of the late Dr. Benjamin Workman, a good-sized parlor carpet would cover all the worshippers in the church, they have grown, by continuous and healthy progression, into a population of thousands, possessed of wealth, of influence, of activity, of loyal citizenship, with its established schools, its district congregations, its charitable institutions, its temperance societies, which have administered the pledge to more than twenty-five thousand people. In the two facts that since 1867 the assessed value of real estate possessed by the Irish people in Montreal has increased from \$3,500,000 to more than \$12,000,000, and that on the books of the City and District Savings Bank there are eleven thousand Irish names, mostly of the working classes, whose deposits exceed \$2,000,000, the highest testimony of the industry and opportunity of the race is found. The prosperity of the Irish is not singular in this free country, but, brought out as Mr. Curran has done, it serves to exemplify the splendid field for honest toil Canada affords.

The French in Canada.

An Ottawa correspondent writes:—The race prejudices between the French and Anglo-Saxon elements of the country seem to be acquiring violent vitality. Such a consummation as a fusion of the two races is out of all calculation. The French Canadians will continue, as they have always been, isolated from their fellow Canadians; nor would this matter very much if good feeling and mutual tolerance prevailed between the two races. An incident has just fanned this race animosity into a flame. A Toronto newspaper recently libelled a French Canadian regiment which was sent on service to the North-West. This regiment, for obvious reasons, was not sent where there was any chance of its being employed against Riel's Half-breeds. The editor was brought from Toronto to Montreal to answer for his writing before the Law Courts, and has just been condemned to pay a fine of two hundred dollars. As the editor left the court, a French Canadian officer attacked him with a whip, and in the street he was surrounded by a furious mob, incited by the inflammatory articles which the French papers of Montreal had been daily publishing during the course of the trial. To crown all, whilst endeavoring to defend himself from this violence, the hapless editor was arrested by the police and dragged before the police magistrate, who very properly discharged him. But the editor is a Toronto man, and now Toronto has indignantly taken up his cause, raising subscriptions to indemnify him for the cost of the trial—the "persecution," as it is called—and organizing an anti-French movement. All this is very regrettable seeing that the future of the Dominion depends so much upon a state of harmony between the rival races. There are indications clear and unmistakable that French Canada is yielding to a tendency towards old France, which can have none other than a sinister effect upon the prospects of this country if permitted to develop.

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Quebec Province.

Toronto Mail: To-day there are in Quebec three universities, namely, Laval, McGill, and Lennoxville, three hundred secondary colleges and academies, three Normal schools, twenty-five special schools, and about six thousand primary schools, each grade of school being conducted on the principle that it is better to teach a pupil little and teach it well, than to turn him loose upon the world crammed with a smattering of everything and a knowledge of nothing. The expenditure on education is a large and constantly increasing item in the Provincial accounts; but the people cheerfully pay it, for they are well aware that intelligence is the first condition of success in modern life. [Intelligence and education are not synonyms.]

Whatever may be the result, in the future, of the experiment of erecting a French nationality in Canada, it is only right to say that the builders are building well, and setting an example of energy, courage and unity which we, in this richer province, might do worse than follow.

Dominion Misrule.

Toronto Tribune: The Rev. Père Andre, superior of the Oblate Fathers in the Northwest Territories, says the "rebellion" is chargeable to the abnormal system of government to which the country had been subjected. He affirms that if there had been a responsible government with authority and power to remedy the grievances of the half-breeds, there would have been no "rebellion." He maintains that the *rôle* played by Riel in the "rebellion" was forced upon him. Listen to Father Andre's own words: "It can, in all truth, be stated, and the affirmations of the government to the contrary will not destroy the fact, that it was the guilty negligence of the government at Ottawa that brought Riel into the country. The half-breeds, exasperated at seeing themselves despised, and at being unable to obtain the slightest justice, thought the only means left to them to secure the rights which they demanded was to send for Riel. He, in their opinion, was the only man capable of bringing the authorities at Ottawa to reason. Riel came, and we know the ruin which he gathered about him, but the government may well say *mea culpa* for their delay in taking measures which would have preserved the peace of the country."

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The year just past will long be known in the missions of the East as the year of martyrs. In presence of its events, it seems almost wrong to call only the early age of Christianity the Age of Martyrs. Brief accounts have already been given in the public prints; but our readers will be glad to have copious extracts from the letters of the survivors among the missionaries, who have seen their flocks, with their brethren, slaughtered by thousands. We give these the more willingly, as there has so far been no full review of Catholic Mission work in the English language. This tale of steadfastness in faith is also a new incentive to love of the Sacred Heart of our Lord.

Mgr. Colombert, vicar-apostolic of Eastern Cochin China, writes under date of August 29, 1885: "This mission, tranquil and flourishing two months ago, is now blotted out. There is no longer any doubt that twenty-four thousand Christians have been horribly massacred.... The mission of Eastern Cochin China is utterly ruined. It has no longer a single one of its numerous establishments! Two hundred and sixty churches, priests' houses, schools, orphan asylums, everything is reduced to ashes. The work done during two hundred and fifty years must be begun anew. There is not a single Christian house left standing.... The Christians have seen the massacre of their brethren and the conflagration of their houses. They have experienced the pangs of hunger, and have felt the heat of the sun on the burning sands. They must now undergo the hardships of exile, far from their native land and the graves of their forefathers."

During this time of terror and destruction, several priests had lost their lives, some under circumstances of horrible barbarity. New telegrams continued to announce to the Christians of the West that their brethren were daily called on to lay down their lives. Thus, on the 17th of October, a dispatch to the venerable superior of the seminary of Foreign Missions at Paris, announced that, besides one more missionary and ten native priests, seven thousand Christians had just been massacred. Letters, which arrived later, contained painful particulars of what had before been known only in its general outline of horror. [Pg 171]

Five of the refugee missionaries wrote on the 15th of August: "We dare not enter into new details on this catastrophe. We will only say that to find in history a disaster to be compared to ours, it would be necessary to go back beyond the Sicilian Vespers, to the acts of vandalism of the savage hordes which swept over, one by one, the vast provinces of the Roman empire. A fact which adds to the horror is that this series of slaughters and butcheries of our Christians has been done in a country without means of communication or defence. In this way conflagration and carnage have spread as widely as our Catholic parishes were numerous. They were scattered here and there over a great extent of territory, from the north to the south. On this account the murderers and incendiaries have been able to accomplish their infamous designs with impunity. We believe that never have there been seen so many massacres and conflagrations, following one on the other for two or three weeks continuously, on so vast a scale and at so many points at the same time, with such ferocity and rage on the part of unnatural fellow-countrymen who were exterminating their unarmed brothers.

"Alas! our souls are sad unto death at the sight of the extent of our misfortunes. New dispatches will soon inform you how many survivors are left of twenty-nine missionaries and seventeen native priests, of more than forty male teachers of religion, of one hundred and twenty students of Latin and theology, of four hundred and fifty native religious sisters, and of forty-one thousand Christians.

"In order that these almost incredible misfortunes may not be thought exaggerated, even by those who are ill-disposed, God has permitted that laymen in great number—officers and soldiers of the French post, officers and sailors of the war-ship moored in the harbor of Qui-nhon, the crew and passengers of the steamer which came to port August 5th—should witness the horrible sight of ten or twelve different centres of conflagration. There were as many fires as there were Christian settlements. These lighted up the horizon all along the shore for several miles. The officers, soldiers, and travellers were for the most part strangers, and in some cases indifferent to everything that concerns the missions. They have seen with their own eyes and with lively emotion the greatness of the disasters which have befallen us.... Missionaries and Christians, we have literally been deprived of everything: clothing, houses, rice, vestments for the celebration of the holy Mass and the administration of the sacraments, books; we are in need of everything. Scarcely one of us was able to save any part of his possessions. But that which has the most saddened us missionaries, is to have been forced to be present, down-hearted and powerless, during the ruin and extermination of our Christians. How many times have we repeated the words of Scripture: *I saw the oppressions that are done under the sun, and the tears of the innocent, and they had no comforter: and they were not able to resist their violence, being destitute of help from any. And I praised the dead rather than the living.* (Eccl. iv. 1-2.) Yes, happy are those among us who died before witnessing all these calamities, in comparison of which a typhoon, an inundation, even a pestilence, would seem only ordinary misfortunes." [Pg 172]

The Messenger of the Sacred Heart.

Parnell's Strength.

Mr. Parnell will have eighty-six followers in the new Parliament. From biographical sketches of them the following facts have been gleaned:—Twenty-three have had some collegiate education; twenty-five have sat in previous Parliaments; nine of them are lawyers, six editors, four

magistrates, four merchants, three physicians, two educational workers, two drapers, three tavern-keepers, four farmers, two grocers, one carpenter, one blacksmith, one florist, one watchmaker, one tailor, one dancing-saloon owner, and one manager of a dancing-school. There are also a brewer, an ex-Lord Mayor of Dublin, a Secretary to the Lord Mayor of Dublin, a Baronet, and a Knight. It appears that the members are mostly men of the middle classes, who labor in some profession or trade for a living. Only two men with titles are on the list. The plebeian calling and humble origin of so many of the new Irish members has thrown the English aristocrats into a frightful state of mind, and the landed gentry who are to be rubbed against by these mudsills in St. Stephen's have lashed themselves into a fury upon the subject. To add to the enormity of the offence, these men do not do business by wholesale, or on a large scale, but are mere humble tradesmen, publicans, and artisans. The grocers, for instance, are common green grocers, who wait on patrons with aprons tied about their waists, and the carpenter, blacksmith, tailor, and others, actually work with their hands! The Tories feel that evil days have fallen upon the land. They deplore the fact that the system of non-payment of members, which has so long kept poor men out of Parliament, has been broken down. They point out that if the Irish are allowed to pay their own members, and even to send to America for money for that purpose, the pernicious system will soon spread to England, and the House of Commons will be utterly debased. Some irritation against America is also expressed. Of course, the Tories say, they could expect nothing better from the Irish in America; but of those Americans who promoted or patronized the fund, they speak in terms of both sorrow and anger. The *St. James's Gazette*, after pointing out the plebeian character of the Parnellite members, says: "Are these capable to reproduce the ancient glories of Parliament? Shall they dominate the inheritors of the great names which have made Parliament illustrious?" The Radicals rather enjoy the situation. Many of them are taking up the cudgels in Ireland's behalf, in the hope that the Irish new-comers will unite with the British workingmen, who have been elected by the Radicals. There are about a dozen of such members elect. They include a mason, a glass-blower, a tailor, a boot-maker, and a laborer. The Radical papers urge the workingmen and self-made men, from both sides of the Irish Channel, to combine and beard the aristocrats in their hereditary den—the House of Commons.

Irish-American.

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A Silly Threat.

The statement that English "Liberal" employers are about to discharge Irish workingmen throughout Great Britain, because they voted with Parnell, is ridiculous on its face, and is worthy only of the malignant genius of the persons who supply cable news to a portion of the American press. The same canard was started on the world's rounds immediately after the London explosions of a year ago. All this kind of nonsense is originated in the press rooms of London for the purpose of diminishing the Irish-American activity in the Irish cause. The originators are silly enough to believe that the Irish in the United States might stop aiding Mr. Parnell if they thought their kindred in England would be made to suffer by the agitation.

Great causes cannot consider the sufferings of individuals, or aggregations of individuals, in working out their objects. Whether a few suffer or whether millions suffer cuts no figure in a fight for principle, or for the greatest good of the greatest number. If mankind were constructed on that chicken-hearted basis, no great movement for the benefit of the human race could ever have succeeded. It was not pleasant for the American Revolutionists, most of whom were husbands and fathers, to be compelled to leave their families unprotected, and, in many cases exposed to the attacks of England's savage allies, for the purpose of joining the patriot ranks under the leadership of Washington.

When the soldiers of the French Republic rushed to arms, and defended France successfully against all Europe, during the last decade of the eighteenth century, they did not think of the privations of the bivouac, of the horrors of the battlefield, of the sorrow of their families, they thought only of France and of liberty.

In the War of the Rebellion millions of Union men sacrificed home, wife, children, all that could make life dear, for what they believed to be a cause superior to all domestic considerations. They died by hundreds of thousands, and, in too many cases, left their families destitute; but they saved the Union and thus preserved freedom, prosperity and happiness to the countless millions of America's future.

So is it with the cause of Ireland. Even should some English employers discharge thousands of their Irish workmen, which is highly improbable, that is no reason why the Irish people should abandon the path of duty. If Ireland should attain her freedom, it will not be long necessary for Irish working people to be dependent on Englishmen, or other foreigners, for a livelihood. They will find enough to do at home, in developing the resources and winning back the lost industries of their country. Americans were not afraid to give up one million men to the sword that the republic might be saved. Irishmen in America or elsewhere cannot be terrified into neutrality by a threat that a few thousands of their kindred in Great Britain may be thrown out of employment because of Parnell's agitation.

The Citizen, Chicago.

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The Pope on Christian Education.

LETTER OF LEO XIII. TO THE PRELATES OF ENGLAND ON THE ABSOLUTE NECESSITY OF RELIGION IN THE SCHOOLS.

TO OUR VENERABLE BRETHREN, HENRY EDWARD, CARDINAL PRIEST OF THE HOLY ROMAN CHURCH, OF THE TITLE OF STS. ANDREW AND GREGORY ON THE CÆLIAN HILL, ARCHBISHOP OF WESTMINSTER, AND THE OTHER BISHOPS OF ENGLAND, POPE LEO XIII.

Venerable Brethren, Health and Apostolic Benediction—Your proved fidelity and singular devotion to this Apostolic See are admirably shown in the letter which we have lately received from you. Our pleasure in receiving it is indeed increased by the further knowledge which it gives us of your great vigilance and anxiety in a matter where no care can be too great; we mean the Christian education of your children, upon which you have lately taken counsel together, and have reported to us the decisions to which you came.

In this work of so great moment, venerable brethren, we rejoice much to see that you do not work alone; for we know how much is due to the whole body of your clergy. With the greatest charity, and with unconquered efforts, they have provided schools for their children; and with wonderful diligence and assiduity, they endeavor by their teaching to form them to a Christian life, and to instruct them in the elements of knowledge. Wherefore, with all the encouragement and praise that our voice can give, we bid your clergy to go on in their meritorious work, and to be assured of our special commendation and good-will, looking forward to a far greater reward from our Lord God, for whose sake they are laboring.

Not less worthy of commendation is the generosity of Catholics in this matter. We know how readily they supply what is needed for the maintenance of schools; not only those who are wealthy, but those, also, who are of slender means and poor; and it is beautiful to see how, often from the earnings of their poverty, they willingly contribute to the education of children.

In these days, and in the present condition of the world, when the tender age of childhood is threatened on every side by so many and such various dangers, hardly anything can be imagined more fitting than the union with literary instruction of sound teaching in faith and morals. For this reason, we have more than once said that we strongly approve of the voluntary schools, which, by the work and liberality of private individuals, have been established in France, in Belgium, in America, and in the Colonies of the British Empire. We desire their increase, as much as possible, and that they may flourish in the number of their scholars. We ourselves also, seeing the condition of things in this city, continue, with the greatest effort and at great cost to provide an abundance of such schools for the children of Rome. For it is in, and by, these schools that the Catholic faith, our greatest and best inheritance, is preserved whole and entire. In these schools the liberty of parents is respected; and, what is most needed, especially in the prevailing license of opinion and of action, it is by these schools that good citizens are brought up for the State; for there is no better citizen than the man who has believed and practiced the Christian faith from his childhood. The beginning, and, as it were, the seed of that human perfection which Jesus Christ gave to mankind, are to be found in the Christian education of the young; for the future condition of the State depends upon the early training of its children. The wisdom of our forefathers, and the very foundations of the State, are ruined by the destructive error of those who would have children brought up without religious education. You see, therefore, venerable brethren, with what earnest forethought parents must beware of intrusting their children to schools in which they cannot receive religious teaching.

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In your country of Great Britain, we know that, besides yourselves, very many of your nation are not a little anxious about religious education. They do not in all things agree with us; nevertheless they see how important, for the sake both of society and of men individually, is the preservation of that Christian wisdom which your forefathers received, through St. Augustine, from our predecessor, Gregory the Great; which wisdom the violent tempests that came afterwards have not entirely scattered. There are, as we know, at this day, many of an excellent disposition of mind who are diligently striving to retain what they can of the ancient faith, and who bring forth many and great fruits of charity. As often as we think of this, so often are we deeply moved; for we love with a paternal charity that island which was not undeservedly called the Mother of Saints; and we see, in the disposition of mind of which we have spoken, the greatest hope, and, as it were, a pledge of the welfare and prosperity of the British people.

Go on, therefore, venerable brethren, in making the young your chief care; press onward in every way your episcopal work, and cultivate with alacrity and hopefulness whatever good seeds you find; for God, who is rich in mercy, will give the increase.

As a pledge of gifts from above, and in witness of our good-will, we lovingly grant in the Lord to you, and to the clergy and people committed to each one of you, the Apostolic Benediction.

Given at Rome, at St. Peter's, on the 27th day of November, in the year 1885, in the eighth year of our Pontificate.

BISHOP SPALDING ON STIMULANTS.—I hate drink, because it destroys the good in life. I find in my own experience that I am more myself, while under total abstinence, than when I was a moderate drinker. Life is sweeter, fonder, freer to me as a total abstainer than as a moderate drinker. So I say, if you want to get the most out of your life, if you want to sympathize with your fellow-man, to feel the true force of your beginning, abstain from alcoholic stimulants.

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Te Deum.

The course of the general election has surpassed the most sanguine expectations of the Irish leader. Our success has been such as might well take our breath away with joy. The Irish race at home and in the stranger's land have risen to the height of the great crisis with a unity and soldier-like discipline absolutely unparalleled in the world's history, and their magnificent enthusiasm has swept all before it. Three grand results may already be chalked up, and they involve triumphs that a few years ago would have been deemed the ideal of crazy dreamers. The Nominal Home Rulers are effaced to a man. The once proud Irish Whig party, who for a quarter of a century held undisputed sway over the Irish representation, is literally annihilated. If Mr. Dickson should be a solitary survivor, he will survive not as a living force in Irish politics, but as the one bleak and woe-begone specimen now extant of a race of politicians who once swarmed over four-fifths of the constituencies of this island. The third great achievement of the election campaign, and the mightiest of all, is that the Irish vote in England has been proved to demonstration to be able to trim and balance English parties to its liking, and consequently to make the Irish vote in Ireland the supreme power in the English legislature. It is impossible to over-estimate the magnitude of these results. The causes of joy are absolutely bewildering in number. A few years ago, the National voice in Ireland was heard only as a faint, distant murmur at Westminster. It could only rumble under ground in Ireland, and every outward symptom of Irish disaffection could be suppressed with the iron hand without causing one quiver of uneasiness at Westminster, much less shaking Ministries and revolutionizing parties. Even at home Nationalism was a shunned creed. It was not respectable. The few exponents it occasionally sent to Parliament were regarded as oddities. The mass of the Irish representation were as thoroughly English party-men as if they were returned from Yorkshire. To-day what an enchanted transformation scene!

A month since Mr. Parnell's party was but a fraction of the Irish representation. The Irish Whigs and Nominal Home Rulers combined outnumbered them, without counting the solid phalanx of Ulster Tories. Where are the three opposing factions to-day? The Nominal Home Rulers have died off without a groan. The Northern Whigs have committed suicide by one of the most infatuated strokes of folly ever recorded in political annals. The Tories have shrunk within the borders of one out of thirty-two counties in Ireland, with precarious outposts in three others; and they are beside themselves with exultation because they have managed to save Derry and Belfast themselves by a neck from the jaws of all-devouring Nationalism. Nor is the seizing possession of seven-eighths of the Irish representation the only or even the greatest fact of the day. The Nationalists have not only won, but over four-fifths of the country they have reduced their opponents to a laughing-stock in the tiny minorities in which the Loyal and Patriotic Union have obligingly exhibited them. The overwhelming character of the Nationalist victory would not have been a tithe so impressive had not our malignant enemies insisted upon coming out in the daylight in review order, and displaying their pigmy insignificance to a wondering world. A string of uncontested elections would have passed off monotonously unimaginatively. It would have been said the country was simply dumb and tame and terrorized. But the Irish Loyal and Patriotic Union have guarded us against any mistake of that sort. They valiantly spent their fifty thousand pounds in challenging the verdict of the country, and the country is answering in thunder-tones that will reverberate to the most distant times. Uncontested elections in Dublin City, for example, would have attracted but little notice. It was known that the Nationalists were in overwhelming strength on the register; but the croakers of the *Scotch Times and Express* might still have exercised their imagination in bragging what wonders the loyalists might have performed, if they thought it worth while. But the Loyal and Patriotic Union heroically determined that national spirit in Dublin should not be allowed merely to smoulder for want of fuel. They determined to brand their faction with impotence in eternal black and white. They delivered their challenge with the insolence and malignity of their progenitors of the Penal Days, and the result was such a tornado of national feeling as never shook the Irish capital before; a tornado before which the pigmies who raised it are shivering in affright. Magnificent as are the results in Ireland, however, our countrymen in England have achieved the real marvels of the campaign. They have brought the towering Liberal majority tumbling like a house of cards. They have in fifty-five constituencies set up or knocked down English candidates like ninepins. With the one unhappy exception of Glasgow, where tenderness for a Scotch radical gave a seat to Mr. Mitchel-Henry, the superb discipline of the Irish electorate has extorted the homage as well as the consternation of English party managers. They have made Mr. Parnell as supreme between rival English parties as the Irish constituencies have effaced the Whig and Nominal factions who disputed his supremacy. Ten thousand times, well done, ye brave and faithful Irish exiles. On the day of Ireland's liberation you will deserve to rank high in the glorious roll of her deliverers.

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EIGHTY-SIX TO EIGHTEEN.—This is the way the Irish representation now stands, eighty-six men in favor of making Ireland a nation, eighteen wanting to keep her a province, and a province on which they can selfishly batten. The elections in every way have borne out the forecast of the Irish leaders, who calculated eighty-five as the minimum strength of the National party. Mr. Gladstone will now be gratified to learn that in response to his late Midlothian addresses, this nation has spoken out in a manner which cannot be falsified or gainsaid, demanding the restoration of its stolen Parliament. The loyalists, with all the power of England at their back, and money galore at their command, can point to only one whole county out of the thirty-two which has remained solid for the Union. Antrim alone sends up a solid Tory representation, and with it the only vestige that is left of the "Imperial Province" is some fragments of Down, Derry and Armagh—in all of which the Nationalists also have won a seat. On the other hand, in four Northern counties—Monaghan, Cavan, Fermanagh and Donegal, the loyalists have not carried a single division, and won only one out of four in Tyrone. How much more "unity" do the English want? The excuse hitherto has been that Home Rule could not be granted because Ireland was itself divided on the subject; but even that wretched pretence is now forever at an end, for almost since the dawn of history no such practical unanimity was ever shown by any nation.

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Rapidity of Time's Flight.

Swiftly glide the years of our lives. They follow each other like the waves of the ocean. Memory calls up the persons we once knew—the scenes in which we were once actors. They appear before the mind like the phantoms of a night vision. Behold the boy rejoicing in the gayety of his soul. The wheels of Time cannot move too rapidly for him. The light of hope dances in his eyes; the smile of expectation plays with his lips. He looks forward to long years of joy to come; his spirit burns within him when he hears of great men and mighty deeds; he longs to mount the hill of ambition, to tread the path of honor, to hear the shouts of applause. Look at him again. He is now in the meridian of life; care has stamped its wrinkles upon his brow; disappointment has dimmed the lustre of his eye; sorrow has thrown its gloom upon his countenance. He looks backward upon the waking dreams of his youth, and sighs for their futility. Each revolving year seems to diminish something from his little stock of happiness, and discovers that the season of youth, when the pulse of anticipation beats high, is the only season of enjoyment. Who is he of aged locks? His form is bent and totters, his footsteps move but rapidly toward the tomb. He looks back upon the past; his days appear to have been few; the magnificence of the great is to him vanity; the hilarity of youth, folly; he considers how soon the gloom of death must overshadow the one and disappoint the other. The world presents little to attract and nothing to delight him. A few more years of infirmity, inanity and pain must consign him to idiocy or the grave. Yet this was the gay, the generous, the high-souled boy who beheld the ascending path of life strewn with flowers without a thorn. Such is human life; but such cannot be the ultimate destinies of man.

The best education in the world is that got by struggling for a living.—*Wendell Phillips.*

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Juvenile Department.

CHOOSING OCCUPATIONS.

Five little girls sat down to talk one day beside the brook.
Miss Lizzie said when she grew up she meant to write a book;
And then the others had to laugh, till tears were in their eyes,
To think of Lizzie's writing books, and see her look so wise.
Miss Lucy said she always thought she'd like to teach a school,
And make the horrid, ugly boys obey her strictest rule.
Miss Minnie said she'd keep a shop where all the rest must buy,
And they agreed to patronize, if "prices weren't too high."
Miss Ada said she'd marry rich, and wear a diamond ring,
And give a party every night, "and never do a thing!"
But Nellie, youngest of them all, shook out each tumbled curl,
And said she'd always stay at home, and be her mother's girl.

Among the passengers on a train going West, was a very much over-dressed woman, accompanied by a bright-looking Irish nurse girl, who had charge of a self-willed, tyrannical two-year-old boy, of whom the over-dressed woman was plainly the mother. The mother occupied a seat by herself. The nurse and child were in a seat immediately in front of her. The child gave frequent exhibitions of temper, and kept the car filled with such vicious yells and shrieks, that there was a general feeling of savage indignation among the passengers. Although he time and again spat in his nurse's face, scratched her hands until the blood came, and tore at her hair and bonnet, she bore with him patiently. The indignation of the passengers was made the greater because the child's mother made no effort to correct or quiet him, but, on the contrary, sharply chided the nurse whenever she manifested any firmness. Whatever the boy yelled for, the mother's cry was, uniformly: "Let him have it, Mary." The feelings of the passengers had been wrought up to the boiling point. The remark was made: audibly here and there that "it would be worth paying for to have the young one chucked out of the window." The hopeful's mother was not moved by the very evident annoyance the passengers felt, and at last fixed herself down in her seat for a comfortable nap. The child had just slapped the nurse in her face for the hundredth time, and was preparing for a fresh attack, when a wasp came from somewhere in the car and flew against the window of the nurse's seat. The boy at once made a dive for the wasp as it struggled upward on the glass. The nurse quickly caught his hand, and said to him coaxingly: "Harry, mustn't touch! Bug will bite Harry!" Harry gave a savage yell, and began to kick and slap the nurse. The mother awoke from her nap. She heard her son's screams, and, without lifting her head or opening her eyes, she cried out sharply to the nurse: "Why will you tease that child so, Mary? Let him have it at once!" Mary let go of Harry. She settled back in her seat with an air of resignation; but there was a sparkle in her eye. The boy clutched at the wasp, and finally caught it. The yell that followed caused joy to the entire car, for every eye was on the boy. The mother woke again. "Mary," she cried, "let him have it!" Mary turned calmly in her seat, and with a wicked twinkle in her eye said: "Sure, he's got it, ma'am!" This brought the car down. Every one in it roared. The child's mother rose up in her seat with a jerk. When she learned what the matter was, she pulled her boy over the back of the seat, and awoke some sympathy for him by laying him across her knee and warming him nicely. In ten minutes he was as quiet and meek as a lamb, and he never opened his head again until the train reached its destination.

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THE PREHENSILE TAILED COENDOU.

The Havre aquarium has just put on exhibition one of the most curious, and especially one of the rarest, of animals—the prehensile tailed coendou (*Syntheres prehensilis*). It was brought from Venezuela by Mr. Equidazu, the commissary of the steamer *Colombie*.

Brehm says that never but two have been seen—one of them at the Hamburg zoological garden, and the other at London. The one under consideration, then, would be the third specimen that has been brought alive to Europe.

This animal, which is allied to the porcupines, is about three and a half feet long. The tail alone, is one and a half feet in length. The entire body, save the belly and paws, is covered with quills, which absolutely hide the fur. Upon the back, where these quills are longest (about four inches), they are strong, cylindrical, shining, sharp-pointed, white at the tip and base, and blackish-brown in the middle. The animal, in addition, has long and strong mustaches. The paws, anterior and posterior, have four fingers armed with strong nails, which are curved, and nearly cylindrical at the base.

Very little is known about the habits of the animal. All that we do know is, that it passes the day in slumber at the top of a tree, and that it prowls about at night, its food consisting chiefly of leaves of all kinds. When it wishes to descend from one branch to another, it suspends itself by the tail, and lets go of the first only when it has a firm hold of the other.

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One peculiarity is that the extremity of the dorsal part of the tail is prehensile. This portion is deprived of quills for a length of about six inches.



The coendou does not like to be disturbed. When it is, it advances toward the intruder, and endeavors to frighten him by raising its quills all over its body. The natives of Central America eat its flesh and employ its quills for various domestic purposes.

The animal is quite extensively distributed throughout South America. It is found in Brazil, Venezuela, Colombia, Guiana, and in some of the Lesser Antilles, such as Trinidad, Barbados, Saint Lucia, etc.

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LITTLE QUEEN PET AND HER KINGDOM.

With these words the stranger vanished, and Pet trotted on her way again, with the clock and key in her pocket.

She had not gone far till she began to notice a great many little cabins and cottages about the country, which looked very bare and uncomfortable. "Surely these must belong to the poor!" she thought; "and I daresay that is a very poor man who is following the plough over in that field."

She walked across the meadows until she reached the ploughman, and having noticed that his clothing was very bad indeed, and that he looked worn and sad, she formed her wish, and the next moment she was following the plough as if she had been at it all her life. She had passed completely into the man; there was not a vestige of her left outside of him; she felt her hands quite hard and horny; she took great long steps over the rough ground; she cried "Gee-up!" to the horses; and she knew very well if she could only look into a glass she should see, not Pet any more, but the sunburnt man toiling after his plough. She was quite bewildered by the change at first, but presently she began to interest herself greatly in all the new thoughts that poured into her mind. After a time she quite lost sight of her old self, and felt *that she was the man*. She put her horny hand in her pocket, and found that the clock and key were there safely, and this consoled her with the thought that she was not hopelessly buried in the ploughman. When the sun went down she stopped ploughing and went home to a little cottage which was hidden among some bushes in a field.

Half a dozen little hungry children, with poor, scanty clothing came running to meet her.

"Oh, father!" they cried, "mother has been so ill to-day, and neighbor Nancy says she will never get well without some wine to make her strong!"

The ploughman groaned at hearing this. "Ah," thought he, "where can I get money for wine? I can scarcely earn food enough for so many; and who will give me wine?"

Pet was greatly distressed at finding these painful thoughts throbbing through and through her. "At home in my palace," she said, "everybody drinks a bottle of wine a day, and they are not sick, and are all strong. I must see about this afterwards." Then she went into the cottage, and the first

thing she did was to take the clock out of her pocket and wind it up with the little key, and hang it on a nail on the wall.

"What is that you have got?" said the poor woman from her straw bed.

"Oh, it is a clock that a gentleman made me a present of," said the ploughman.

The eldest girl now poured out some porridge on a plate and set it down before her father. Pet was very hungry, and was glad of anything she could get; but she did not like the porridge, and thought that it was very different indeed from the food she got at home. But while she was eating, the poor man's thoughts quite overwhelmed her.

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"What is to become of them all?" he thought. "I have ten children, and my wages are so small, and food and clothing are so dear. When the poor wife was well, she used to look after the cow and poultry, and turn a little penny, but now she is not able, and I fear——"

"Oh, father! father! the cow is dead!" cried four boys, rushing into the cottage.

And the poor man bowed his head on the table and groaned.

"Why, this is dreadful!" thought Pet. "Is this really the sort of thing that poor people suffer. How I wish the month was up that I might do something for them!" And she tried to glance at the clock, but could not, because the man kept his eyes bent on the ground.

Pet was kept awake all that night by the ploughman's sad thoughts, and very early in the morning she was hard at work again, carrying a heavy heart with her all about the fields. Day after day this went on, and she was often very hungry, and very sad at hearing the complaints of the hungry children, and seeing the pale face of the sick woman. Every day things became worse. The ploughman got into debt through trying to procure a little wine to save his wife's life, and when rent-day came round he had not enough money to pay. Just as things arrived at this state, the clock ran down, and Pet, who had taken care to put it in her pocket that morning along with the key, suddenly found her own self standing alone in the field, watching the poor ploughman following his plough, exactly as she had at first beheld him. She at once began running away as fast as she could, when she was stopped by her friend Time, who stood in her path.

"Where are you running to now?" asked he.

"I am hurrying home to my palace to get money, and wine, and everything for these poor people!" cried Pet.

"Gently!" said Time, "I cannot allow it so soon. You must continue your experiences and trust the poor ploughman and his family to me; I will take care of them till you are able to do something for them. Were you to go back to your palace now, you would be kept there, and I should no longer be able to stand your friend; on the contrary, I might, perhaps, against my will, be forced to prove your enemy. Go on now, and remember my instructions."

And he vanished again.

Pet travelled a long way after this, and as she had to beg on the road for a little food and a night's lodging, she had very good opportunities for seeing the kindness with which the poor behave to each other. Mothers, who had hardly enough for their own children to eat, would give her a piece of bread without grumbling. At last, one evening, she arrived at a splendid large city, and felt quite bewildered with the crowds in the streets and the magnificence of the buildings. At first she could not see any people who looked very poor; but at last, when lingering in front of a very handsome shop window, she noticed a shabbily-dressed young girl go in at a side door, and something about her sad face made Pet think that this girl was in great distress. She formed her wish, and presently found that *she, Pet, was the girl*. Up a great many flights of stairs she went, passed gay show-rooms where fine ladies were trying on new dresses, and at last she arrived at a workroom where many white-faced girls were sewing busily with their heads bent down. The little seamstress, who was now one with Pet, had been out matching silks for the forewoman of the work, and now she sat down with a bright heap of satin on her knees. "Oh, dear!" thought Pet, as she threaded her needle, "how very heavy her heart is! I can hardly hold it up; and how weak she is? I feel as if she was going to faint!" And then Pet became quite occupied with the seamstress's thoughts as she had been once with the ploughman's. She went home to the girl's lodging, a wretched garret at the top of a wretched house, and there she found a poor old woman, the young girl's grandmother, and a little boy asleep on some straw. The poor old woman could not sleep with cold, though her good grand-daughter covered her over with her own clothes. Pet took care to hang up her clock, newly wound, as soon as she went in; and the poor old woman was so blind she did not take any notice of it. And, oh, what painful dreams Pet had that night in the girl's brain! This poor child's heart was torn to pieces by just the same kind of grief and terror which had distracted the mind of the ploughman: grief at seeing those she loved suffering want in spite of all her exertions for them, terror lest they should die of that suffering for need of something that she could not procure them. The little boy used to cry with hunger; the young seamstress often went to work without having had any breakfast, and with only a crust of bread in her pocket. It was a sad time for Pet, and she thought it would never pass over. At last, one day the poor girl fell ill, and Pet found herself lying on some straw in the corner of the garret, burning with fever, and no one near to help her. The poor old woman could only weep and mourn; and the boy, who was too young to get work to do, sat beside her in despair. Pet heard him say to himself at last, "I will go and beg; she told me not, but I must do something for her."

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And away he went but came back sobbing. Nobody would give him anything; everybody told him he ought to be at school. "And so I should be if she were well," he cried; "but I can't go and leave her here to die!" The sufferings of the poor girl were greatly increased by her brother's misery; and what was her horror when she heard him mutter suddenly: "I will go and steal something. The shops are full of everything. I *won't* let her die!" Then before she had time to stop him he had darted out of the room.

Just at this moment Pet's clock ran down, and she flew off, forgetting Time's commands, and only bent on reaching her palace. But her strange friend appeared in her path as before.

"Oh, *don't* stop me!" cried Pet. "The girl will die, and the boy will turn out a thief!"

"Leave them to me! leave them to me!" said Time, "and go on obediently doing as I bid you."

Pet went away in tears this time, still fancying she could feel the poor sick girl's woful heart beating in her own breast. But by-and-by she cheered herself, remembering Time's promise, and hurried on as fast as she could. She met with a great many sad people after this, and lived a great many different lives, so that she became quite familiar with all the sorrows and difficulties of the poor. She reflected that it was a very sad thing that there should be so much distress in her rich kingdom, and felt much puzzled to know how she could remedy the matter. One day, having just left an extremely wretched family, she travelled a long way without stopping, and she had not seen a very poor-looking dwelling for many miles. All the people she met seemed happy and merry, and they sang over their work as if they had very little care. When she peeped into the little roadside houses she found that they were neatly furnished and comfortable. Even in the towns she could not find any starving people, except a few wicked ones who would not take the trouble to be industrious. At last she asked a man what was the reason that she could not meet with any miserable people?

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"Oh," he said, "it is because of our good king; his laws are so wise that nobody is allowed to want."

"Where does he live? and what country is this?" asked Pet.

"This is Silver-country," said the man, "and our king lives over yonder in a castle built of blocks of silver ornamented with rubies and pearls."

Pet then remembered that she had heard her nurses talk about Silver-country, which was the neighboring country to her own. She immediately longed to see this wise king and learn his laws, so that she might know how to behave when she came to sit on her throne, and she trotted on towards the Silver Castle, which now began to rise out of a wreath of clouds in the distance. Arrived at the place, she crept up to the windows of the great dining-hall and peeped in, and there was the good king sitting at his table in a mantle of cloth of silver, and a glorious crown, wrought most exquisitely out of the good wishes of his people, encircling his head. Opposite to him sat his beautiful queen, and beside him a noble-looking lad who was his only son. Pet, seeing this happy sight, immediately formed her wish, and in another moment found herself the king of Silver-country sitting at the head of his board.

"Oh, what a good, great, warm, happy heart it is," thought Pet, and she felt more joy than she had ever known in her life before. "A month will be quite too short a time to live in this noble being. But I must make the best of my time and learn everything I can."

Pet now found her mind filled with the most wonderfully good, wise thoughts, and she took great pains to learn them off by heart, so that she might keep them in her memory forever. Besides all the education she received in this way, she also enjoyed a great happiness, of which she had as yet known nothing, the happiness of living in a loving family, where there was no terrible sorrow or fear to embitter tender hearts. She felt how fondly the king loved his only son, and how sweet it was to the king to know that his boy loved him. When the young prince leaned against his father's knees and told him all about his sports, Pet would remember that she also had had a father, and that he would have loved her like this if he had lived. She could have lived here in the Silver Castle forever, but that could not be. One day the little gold clock ran down and Pet was obliged to hasten away out of Silver-country.

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She made great efforts to remember all the king's wise thoughts, and kept repeating his good laws over and over again to herself as she went along. She was now back again in her own country, and the first person she met was a very miserable-looking old woman who lived in a little mud hovel in a forest, and supported herself wretchedly by gathering a few sticks for sale. She was so weak, and so often ill that she could not earn much, and she was dreadfully lonely, as all her children were dead but one; and that one, a brave son whom she loved dearly, had gone away across the world in hope of making money for her. He had never come back, and she feared that he too was dead. Pet did not know these things, of course, until she had formed her wish and was living in the old woman.

This was the saddest existence that Pet had experienced yet, and she felt very anxious for the month to pass away. After the happiness she had enjoyed in Silver-country, the excessive hardship and loneliness of the old woman's life seemed very hard to bear. All day long she wandered about the woods, picking up sticks and tying them in little bundles, and, perhaps, in the end she would only receive a penny for the work of her day. Some days she could not leave her hut, and would lie there alone without anything to eat.

"Oh, my son, my dear son!" she would cry, "where are you now, and will you ever come back to me?"

Pet watched her clock very eagerly, longing for the month to come to an end; but the clock still kept going and going, as if it never meant to stop. For a good while Pet thought that it was only because of her unhappiness and impatience that the time seemed so long, but at last she discovered to her horror that her key was lost!

All her searches for it proved vain. It was quite evident that the key must have dropped through a hole in the old woman's tattered pocket, and fallen somewhere among the heaps of dried leaves, or into the wilderness of the brushwood of the forest.

"Tick, tick! tick, tick!" went that unmerciful clock from its perch on the wall, all through the long days and nights, and poor Pet was in despair at the thought of living locked up in the old woman all her life. Now, indeed, she could groan most heartily when the old woman groaned, and shed bitter tears which rolled plentifully down the old woman's wrinkled cheeks and over her nose.

"Oh, Time, Time, my friend!" she thought, "will you not come to my assistance?"

But though Time fully intended to stand her friend all through her troubles, still he did not choose to help her at that particular moment. And so days, weeks and months went past; and then the years began to go over, and Pet was still locked up in the miserable old woman.

Seven years had passed away and Pet had become in some degree reconciled to her sorrowful existence. She wandered about the forest picking up her sticks, and trying to cheer herself up a little by gathering bouquets of the pretty forest flowers. People passing by often saw the sad figure, all in gray hair and tatters, sitting on a trunk of a fallen tree, wailing and moaning, and, of course, they thought it was altogether the poor old woman lamenting for her son. They never thought of its being also Pet, bewailing her dreary imprisonment.

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One fine spring morning she went out as usual to pick her sticks, and looking up from her work, she saw suddenly a beautiful, noble-looking young figure on horseback spring up in a distant glade of violets, and come riding towards her as if out of a dream. As the youth came near she recognized his bright blue eyes and his silver mantle, and she said to herself:

"Oh! I declare, it is the young Prince of Silver-country; only he has grown so tall! He has been growing all these years, and is quite a young man. And I ought to have been growing too; but I am left behind, only a child still: if, indeed, I ever come to stop being an old woman!"

"Will you tell me, my good woman," said the young prince, "if you have heard of any person who has lost a little gold key in this forest. I have found—"

Pet screamed with delight at these words.

"Oh, give it to me, give it to me!" she implored. "It is mine! It is mine!"

The prince gave it to her, and no sooner did it touch her hand than the clock ran down, and Pet was released from her imprisonment in the old woman. Instantly the young prince saw before him a lovely young maiden of his own age, for Pet had really been growing all the time though she had not known it. The old woman also stared in amazement, not knowing where the lady could have come from, and the prince begged Pet to tell him who she was, and how she had come there so suddenly. Then all three, the prince, Pet, and the old woman, sat upon the trunk of a tree while Pet related the story of her life and its adventures.

The old woman was so frightened at the thought that another person had been living in her for seven years that she got quite ill; however, the prince made her a present of a bright gold coin, and this helped to restore her peace of mind.

"And so you lived a whole month among us and we never knew you?" cried the prince, in astonishment and delight. "Oh, I hope we shall never part again, now that we have met!"

"I hope we shan't!" said Pet; "and won't you come home with me now and settle with my Government? for I am dreadfully afraid of it."

So he lifted Pet up on his horse, and she sat behind him; then they bade good-by to the old woman, promising not to forget her, and rode off through the forests and over the fields to the palace of the kings and queens of Goldenlands.

Oh, dear, how delighted the people were to see their little queen coming home again. The Government had been behaving dreadfully all this long time, and had been most unkind to the kingdom. Everybody knew it was really Pet, because she had grown so like her mother, whom they had all loved; and besides they quite expected to see her coming, as messengers had been sent into all the corners of the world searching for her. As these messengers had been gone about eight or nine years, the people thought it was high time for Queen Pet to appear. The cruel Government, however, was in a great fright, as it had counted on being allowed to go on reigning for many years longer, and it ran away in a hurry out of the back door of the palace, and escaped to the other side of the world; where, as nobody knew anything of its bad ways, it was able to begin life over again under a new name.

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Just at the same moment a fresh excitement broke out among the joyful people when it was known that thirty-five of the queen's royal names, lost on the day of her christening, had been

found at last. And where do you think they were found? One had dropped into a far corner of the waistcoat pocket of the old clerk, who had been so busy saying "Amen," that he had not noticed the accident. Only yesterday, while making a strict search for a small morsel of tobacco to replenish his pipe, had he discovered the precious name. Twenty-five more of the names had rolled into a mouse-hole, where they had lain snugly hidden among generations of young mice ever since; six had been carried off by a most audacious sparrow who had built his nest in the rafters of the church-roof; and none of these thirty-one names would ever have seen the light again only that repairs and decorations were getting made in the old building for the coronation of the queen. Last of all, four names were brought to the palace by young girls of the village, whose mothers had stolen them through vanity on the day of the christening, thinking they would be pretty for their own little babes. The girls being now grown up had sense enough to know that such finery was not becoming to their station; and, besides, they did not see the fun of having names which they were obliged to keep secret. So Nancy, Polly, Betsy, and Jane (the names they had now chosen instead) brought back their stolen goods and restored them to the queen's own hand. The fate of the remaining names still remains a mystery.

Now, I daresay, you are wondering what these curious names could have been; all I can tell you about them is, that they were very long and grand, and hard to pronounce; for, if I were to write them down here for you, they would cover a great many pages, and interrupt the story quite too much. At all events, they did very well for a queen to be crowned by; but I can assure you that nobody who loved the little royal lady ever called her anything but Pet.

Well, after this, Pet and the Prince of Silver-country put their heads together, and made such beautiful laws that poverty and sorrow vanished immediately out of Goldenlands. All the people in whom Pet had lived were brought to dwell near the palace, and were made joyous and comfortable for the rest of their lives. A special honor was conferred on the families of the spiders and the butterfly, who had so good-naturedly come to the assistance of the little queen. The old gowns were taken out of the wardrobe and given to those who needed them; and very much delighted they were to see the light again, though some of the poor things had suffered sadly from the moths since the day when they had made their complaint to Pet. Full occupation was given to the money and the bread-basket; and, in fact, there was not a speck of discontent to be found in the whole kingdom.

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This being so, there was now leisure for the great festival of the marriage and coronation of Queen Pet and the Prince. Such a magnificent festival never was heard of before. All the crowned heads of the world were present, and among them appeared Pet's old friend Time, dressed up so that she scarcely knew him, with a splendid embroidered mantle covering his poor bare bones.

"Ah," he said to Pet, "you were near destroying all our plans by your carelessness in losing the key! However, I managed to get you out of the scrape. See now that you prove a good, obedient wife, and a loving mother to all your people, and, if you do, be sure I shall always remain your friend, and get you safely out of all your troubles."

"Oh, thank you!" said Pet; "you have, indeed, been a good friend to me. But—I never found that jewel that you bid me look for. I quite forgot about it!"

"I am having it set in your Majesty's crown," said Time, with a low bow.

Then the rejoicings began; and between ringing of bells, cheering, singing, and clapping of hands, there was such an uproarious din of delight in Goldenlands that I had to put my fingers in my ears and run away! I am very glad, however, that I stayed long enough to pick up this story for you; and I hope that my young friends will

"Never forget
Little Queen Pet,
Who was kind to all
The poor people she met!"

ROSA MULHOLLAND.

IN THE SNOW.

Brave little robins,
Cheerily singing,
Fear not the snow-storms
Winter is bringing.

Each to the other
Music is making,
Courage and comfort
Giving and taking.

"What," cries Cock Robin,
"Matters the weather,
Since we can always
Bear it together?"

"Sweet," his mate answers,

Ever brave-hearted,
"None need be pitied
Till they are parted."

On the other side of the Atlantic, the little boys used not to celebrate Christmas by blowing unmelodious horns. They would assemble in gangs before their elder friends, and sing such Christmas Carols as the following, which seldom failed to bring the coveted Christmas gift:

"God save you, merry gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay,
For Christ Our Lord and Saviour
Was born on Christmas Day."

A LITTLE BOY'S GREETING.

Behold a very little boy
Who wishes to you here,
In simple words of heartfelt joy
A happy, bright New Year.

May heaven grant your days increase
With joys ne'er known before;
In simple words of heartfelt joy
To-day and ever more.

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BOYS READ THIS.

Many people seem to forget that character grows; that it is not something to put on ready made with womanhood or manhood; day by day, here a little and there a little, grows with the growth, and strengthens with the strength, until, good or bad, it becomes almost a coat of mail. Look at a man of business—prompt, reliable, conscientious, yet clear-headed and energetic. When do you suppose he developed all those admirable qualities? When he was a boy. Let us see how a boy of ten years gets up in the morning, works, plays, studies, and we will tell you just what kind of a man he will make. The boy that is late at breakfast, late at school, stands a poor chance of being a prompt man. The boy who neglects his duties, be they ever so small, and then excuses himself by saying, "I forgot; I didn't think!" will never be a reliable man; and the boy who finds a pleasure in the suffering of weaker things will never become a noble, generous, kind man—a gentleman.

HOUSE KNOWLEDGE FOR BOYS.

The Governor of Massachusetts, in an address before the Worcester Technical School, June 25th, said some words that are worthy of noting. He said: "I thank my mother that she taught me both to sew and to knit. Although my domestic life has always been felicitous, I have, at times, found this knowledge very convenient. A man who knows how to do these things, at all times honorable and sometimes absolutely necessary to preserve one's integrity, is ten times more patient when calamity befalls than one who has not these accomplishments."

A commendation of "girls' work" from such an authority emboldens the writer to add a word in favor of teaching boys how to do work that may be a relief to a nervous, sick, worried, and overworked mother or wife, and be of important and instant use in emergencies. A hungry man who cannot prepare his food, a dirty man who cannot clean his clothes, a dilapidated man who is compelled to use a shingle nail for a sewed-on button, is a helpless and pitiable object. There are occasions in almost every man's life when to know how to cook, to sew, to "keep the house," to wash, starch, and iron, would be valuable knowledge. Such knowledge is no more unmasculine and effeminate than that of the professional baker.

"During the great Civil War, the forethought of my mother in teaching me the mysteries of household work was a 'sweet boon,' as the late Artemus Ward would say. The scant products of foraging when on the march could be turned to appetizing food by means of the knowledge acquired in boyhood, and a handy use of needle and thread was a valuable accomplishment."

Circumstances of peculiar privation compelled the writer, as head of a helpless family, to undertake the entire work. The instruction of boyhood enabled him to cook, wash, starch, iron, wait on the sick, and do the necessary menial labor of the house in a measurably cleanly and quiet manner. This knowledge is in no way derogatory to the assumptive superiority of the male portion of humanity; a boy who knows how to sweep, to "tidy up," to make a bed, to wash dishes, to set a table, to cook, to sew, to knit, to mend, to wait on the sick, to do chamber work, is none the less a boy; and he may be a more considerate husband, and will certainly be a more

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independent bachelor, than without this practical knowledge. Let the boys be taught housework; it is better than playing "seven up" in a saloon.

THE BEAN KING.

In the year 1830, the feast of the Epiphany was celebrated at the court of Charles X., according to the old Catholic custom. For the last time under the reign of this monarch one of these ceremonies was that a cake should be offered to the assembled guests, in which a bean had been concealed, and whoever found that he had taken the piece containing the bean was called the bean-king, and had to choose a queen. Besides the king, there were several members of both lines of the house of Bourbon at the table. The Duke of Aumale distributed the cake. All at once the Duke de Chartres called out:

"The Duke of Bordeaux (Chambord) is king."

"Why did you not say so, Henry?" the Duchess de Berry asked her son.

"Because I was sorry to be more fortunate than the others," replied the prince.

The little king chose his aunt, the Duchess of Orleans, for his queen of the day.

The accession of the little king was made known to the people without, and shouts of joy filled the streets of Paris. Charles X. was well pleased, and asked many questions of the little Duke de Bordeaux, the answers from a boy of ten years old already showing his noble character.

"As you are now a king, Henry, which of your predecessors do you propose to imitate?"

"I will be good like you, grandpapa, firm like Henry IV., and mighty like Louis XIV.," replied Henry, after some consideration.

"And whom would you name as your prime-minister?" asked the king again.

"The one who flattered me least."

"And for your private adviser?"

"The one who always tells me the truth—the Baron von Damas."

"Very good, Henry," interposed his mother, "but what would you ask of God in order that you might be able to reign well?"

"Mamma, for firmness and justice."

Providence has not willed that the Duke de Chambord should realize the ideas of the Bean king; but for the whole of his life he remained true to the promise of his youth.

GO TO WORK, YOUNG MAN!

The present age seems to be very prolific in the production of numbers of young men who have somehow or other, educated themselves up to the belief that they were created to make their living by doing nothing. Every city, town, and village in the land is filled to overflowing with young men who are idle—hunting clerkships, or some place where they hope to obtain a living without work. Numbers are hanging around, living from hand to mouth, living upon some friend, waiting for a vacancy in some overcrowded store; and, when a vacancy occurs, offering to work for a salary that would cause a shrewd business man to suspect their honesty; and when remonstrated with by friends, and advised to go to work, they invariably answer, "I don't know what to do."

We would say to these who want to know what to do, go to work. There is work enough to do by which you can earn an honest living and gain the respect of all those whose respect is worth seeking. Quit loafing about, waiting and looking for a clerkship in a store with a wheelbarrow-load of goods. Get out into the country on a farm, and go to work. What to do? Why, in the Mississippi bottoms there are thousands of acres of virgin growth awaiting the stroke of the hardy axe-man, and thousands of acres of tillable-land that need only the work of the sturdy plowman to yield its treasures, richer far than the mines of the Black Hills; and yet you say you don't know what to do?

Go to work—go to the woods—go to the fields—and make an honest living; for we have in our mind's eye numbers of men whose talents are better suited to picking cotton, than measuring calico; to cutting cord wood than weighing sugar; to keeping up fencing, than books, and to hauling rails, than dashing out whiskey by the drink; and we can assure you that the occupations you are better adapted for are much more honorable in the eyes of persons whose respect is worth having.

A little girl asked her father one day to taste a most delicious apple. What remained was ruefully inspected a moment, when she asked: "Do you know, papa, how I can tell you are big without looking at you?"—"I cannot say," was the reply. "I can tell by the bite you took out of my apple," was the crushing reply.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

BOSTON, FEBRUARY, 1886.

NOTES ON CURRENT TOPICS.

The Poles.

We have been taught from our boyhood days to regard the Polish people as second to none in obedience to their church; except the Irish, they have suffered more for the Faith than any other peoples in Europe. We are, therefore, grieved to see in some of our Western cities a spirit of rebellion unworthy of the sons of De Kalb and Kosciusko. There is something radically wrong. In the following article, from our esteemed contemporary, the *Lake Shore Visitor*, published at Erie, Pa., the editor hints at the causes of the troubles, which, we trust, may be corrected by the ordinaries of the dioceses where the troubles have occurred. The *Visitor* says: The Poles, who seek a living in this country, are men determined to make times lively in their old country fashion. In Buffalo, Detroit, and other cities, they have turned out in fighting trim, and expressed a loud determination to have things ecclesiastically their own way or perish. These church riots are a scandal, and, if the truth were known, they have their origin in nine cases out of ten in the encouragement and conduct of the men who are placed over these people as pastors. A bad priest can make mischief, and, generally speaking, a bad priest can not make his condition any worse by making all the trouble he possibly can. If he knew anything at all he should know that he can hope to gain nothing by inciting a set of ignorant people to riot. In Buffalo the fuss had its origin from a clerical source, and in Detroit a man with an outlandish name, whom the herd seem to admire, is acting anything but prudently. Perhaps only one-half of what is sent over the wires can be regarded as true, but even that would be bad enough. The Poles by their conduct are not making for themselves an enviable name; and they will soon be regarded, even by the civil authorities, as a rebellious people. Surely, in this free country, they can have nothing to complain of. They have all the rights and privileges that other men have, and if they were sufficiently sensible to mind their own affairs and take care of themselves, they would get along quietly, and soon make their influence felt. They cannot expect a free church, nor can they expect that any priest who is not what he should be will be allowed to lead them astray. When a bishop sees fit to make a change, these people should regard the action of the bishop as a move made in their interests, and should not only be willing to submit, but even pleased to see that such an interest is taken in them. When people such as they are, or any other for that matter, undertake to pronounce on the fitness of a pastor they, as Catholics, know they are going too far. In their youth they were taught the Catechism, and that little book certainly tells them whence the approval must come. The riot in Detroit will not, in all probability, amount to anything; but the few who were killed or hurt, will rest upon some one's shoulders as a responsibility, and that load cannot be very suddenly laid down. Unfortunately, for the poor people, they are not blessed, generally speaking, with the guidance of the good priests they knew in their own country, and having too much confidence in every man who claims to be a priest, they are easily led by the designer. The danger will pass over in a few years, when the Polish churches will be supplied with men as priests every way reliable, and men not forced from any country to seek a livelihood amongst strangers.

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The Catholic Mirror.

The *Catholic Mirror* of Baltimore, Md., is now the leading Catholic journal of the United States. Its recent achievement in being the first paper to publish the Pope's Encyclical *Immortale Dei* was something remarkable. Its Roman correspondent is a gentleman in the inner circles of the spiritual authorities of the church, while its Irish correspondent enjoys the confidence of the National party leaders. Among its special contributors is numbered Dr. John Gilmary Shea. In all respects it is a model Catholic newspaper, and it promises further improvements for this year.

Shortly after we commenced the publication of our MAGAZINE, we received a similar letter to the following from Mr. P. S. Gilmore. After more than a quarter of a century's acquaintance, the friendship of our old friend is as fresh as ever. His congratulations, we assure him, are cordially

reciprocated:

NEW YORK, DEC. 19, 1885.

MY DEAR MR. DONAHOE:—Enclosed please find check for \$10.00 which place to credit for MAGAZINE, and may I have the pleasure of renewing it many, many times, to which, I am sure, you will say, "Amen," which is equal to saying, "Long life to both of us." Wishing you a merry Christmas and many a happy New Year, I remain, dear Mr. Donahoe, always and ever,

Sincerely yours,
P. S. GILMORE.

RT. REV. JAMES A. HEALY, Bishop of Portland, Me., sailed for Europe in the Allan Steamer Parisian, from Portland, (accompanied by his brother, Rev. Patrick Healy), on the 31st of December. The brothers will spend most of the winter in Naples, and will proceed to Rome.

THE LATE FATHER MACDONALD.—We give an extremely interesting article in our MAGAZINE this month on the life and labors of good Father MacDonald, lately deceased at Manchester, N. H. The authoress, we learn, is in a Convent of Mercy in New Orleans.

Fault has been found with the translation of the late Encyclical letter of the Pope. Why could not arrangements be made in Rome for an authentic translation of all such documents for the English-speaking Catholics throughout the world? We are sure the Vatican would furnish such a translation if requested by the heads of the Church in America, Australia, etc. Will the *Catholic Mirror*, who has a correspondent in the Vatican, see that, in the future, we shall have an authorized translation for the English-speaking Catholics throughout the world?

ST. JOSEPH'S ADVOCATE.—The fourth year commences with the January number, which, we think, is the best issued. The *Advocate* is devoted to a record of mission labor among the colored race. The price is only 25 cents a year. Just send 25 cents to Editor *St. Joseph's Advocate*, 51 Courtland St., Baltimore, Md. Here is a notice from the last issue, which should encourage every Catholic in the country to subscribe not only for the *Advocate*, but send donations for the conversion of our colored brethren. "What thoughtfulness and charity, all things considered, for the Most Rev. Archbishop of Boston to send ten dollars to this publication! The gift was, indeed, a surprise, total strangers as we are personally to his Grace and without any application or reminder, directly or indirectly, beyond the public appeal in our last, suggested by similar kindness on the part of two esteemed members of the Hierarchy! Will not others follow suit? What if our every opinion is not endorsed, so long as faith and morals are safe in our hands, and promoted in quarters *never reached before* by the Catholic press. Let it be remembered that the sphere in which we move is traversed in every direction by a non-Catholic press, white and colored, the latter alone claiming from one hundred to one hundred and thirty periodicals edited and published by colored men who have naturally a monopoly of their own market. Is the first Catholic voice ever heard in that chorus to be hushed when those very men welcome us, quote us, thank us, actually watch the point of the pen lest it wound Catholic feelings, employ the most emphatic terms to attest our sincerity as true friends of their people, and pointing to our episcopal and clerical support, assure their readers that 'the great Catholic Church' has ever been the friend of the poor and the oppressed? For all this, thanks to the Catholic spirit in the *course we have pursued!*"

A CHINESE INDUSTRY.—*New York Tablet*: It is not alone the Irish and Americans who are combatting against England's monopoly of the world's trade. She has met with an enemy in an unexpected quarter. Ah Sin has struck at one of her staple commodities, and promises to become an energetic competitor for one of her most flourishing branches of business. For many years Birmingham was the great depot for the manufacture of idols for the heathen nations, and thousands of Englishmen lived on the profits of this trade. Now, we are told, a Chinaman at Sacramento, California, has established a factory for manufacturing idols and devils for use in Chinese processions and temples. If this be true, thousands of workmen will be thrown out of employment in Christian England.

The Catholic Columbian: If no Catholic has ever yet been elected President of the United States, the widow of one President, Mrs. Polk, is a convert, and three cabinet officers were Catholics: James Campbell, Postmaster General from 1853 to 1857; Roger B. Taney, Attorney General and

Secretary of the Treasury, from 1831 to 1834: and James M. Schofield, Secretary of War, from 1868 to 1869.

This year, Easter Sunday falls upon St. Mark's Day, April 25th,—which is its latest possible date. The last time this occurred was in 1736 (old style), and it will not fall again on the same day of April until 1943.

Mr. Parnell considers William O'Brien's victory in South Tyrone, and T. M. Healy's conquest of South Londonderry, the two greatest personal triumphs of the Irish parliamentary campaign.

Chicago Citizen: It is officially announced by Mr. Alexander Sullivan that the Hon. Richard J. Oglesby, governor of Illinois, has accepted the invitation to preside at the monster meeting to be held in the Exposition Building on the occasion of Mr. Parnell's visit to this city. The date is set for January 21. By a unanimous vote of the committee of arrangements it was decided that no resident of the city of Chicago would speak at that meeting. All the honors will be given, as they ought to be, to the governor of the State, the Irish leader and his lieutenants, and to distinguished Irish-Americans from outside cities as may desire to address the people of Chicago.

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PRIESTS IN POLITICS.—*Montreal True Witness:* There are those who object, with all generosity, to the clergy taking part in political movements. There could be no more illogical cry. It has been the too great severance of religion from the affairs of the public that has enabled so many unfit persons to obtain parliamentary election and tended to degrade politics. These people go to make laws affecting morality, education, and the conditions of social existence too often without the slightest fitness for that great duty and task. The clergy are the spiritual guides of the people, the custodians of the most important influences which affect humanity. To say that they should abstain from endeavoring to affect administration in a beneficial manner, is to say not only that they should de-citizenize themselves, but that they should violate their pledges and abandon their sworn duty. Those who think the clergy are not doing honor to their office by participating in politics take a very narrow view of the case. Without, perhaps, intending to do so, they play into the hands and promote the ends of those conspirators who are endeavoring to destroy Christianity and the moral system based upon it.

In reply to a letter, calling Cardinal Newman's attention to the recent revival of the vigorous old lie which attributes to him the statement that he regarded the Established Church as the great bulwark against atheism in England, his Eminence has written as follows: My dear ——. Thank you for your letter. I know by experience how difficult it is, when once a statement gets into the papers, to get it out of them. What more can I do than deny it? And this I have done. I always refer inquirers to what I have said in my "Apologia." The Anglican bishops say that Disestablishment would be a "national crime," but Catholics will say that the national crime was committed three hundred years ago. Yours most truly,—

J. H. CARDINAL NEWMAN.

DROP THE OATHS.—*Milwaukee Catholic Citizen:* Labor organizations ought not to be lightly condemned. Our American trade unions are among the most salutary associations that we have. In Chicago, recently, they incurred the displeasure of the Socialists, because they would not allow socialism to flaunt itself at one of their demonstrations.

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They all tend to promote providence, social union and independence. They "keep the wolf away from the door" of hundreds.

The case of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers is one in point. During the twenty years of its existence the Brotherhood has paid out nearly \$2,000,000 in insurance to the families of engineers who have been killed or permanently disabled. The motto of the brotherhood is: "Sobriety, Truth, Justice and Morality."

The more stress that is laid upon sobriety in all labor organizations the better.

It is to be regretted that some trade unions take the form of secret societies, and thus tempt Catholic workingmen (of whom there are thousands), to violate dictates of conscience. Labor leaders ought to reason that this is not right. These organizations need Catholic artisans, and Catholic workingmen need these organizations, provided they are honestly, soberly, and candidly

conducted.

The number of members of the new House of Commons never before elected to Parliament is 332. This has had no parallel since the first Parliament under the Reform Bill of 1832. The ultimate figures of the election are: Liberals, 334; Conservatives, 250; Parnellites, 86. The coalition of the last two has thus a majority of two. This, compared with the last Parliament, will leave the Liberals weaker by 17 votes, and the Conservatives stronger by 12 votes. The Liberals have gained 80 votes in the counties and lost 91 in the towns. An immense number of Liberal members of the last Parliament are beaten. The list is over 80, including 11 Ministers.

AN HEROIC SISTER.—Mgr. Sogara, Bishop of Trapezopolis and Vicar-Apostolic of Central Africa, telegraphs that a despatch has reached him from Egypt containing the gratifying intelligence of the liberation of two sisters who were imprisoned in the Soudan, and whose freedom has been procured by Abdel Giabbari, Mgr. Sogaro's envoy in the Soudan. The striking historical spectacle presented by General Gordon's long and lonely journey on his camel across the desert to Khartoum has been eclipsed in its sublimity by the feat which has just been performed by Sister Cipriani, who has just traversed the same weary, arid waste on foot, accompanied by a single Arab attendant. Gordon's name will live forever in story, side by side with the great knights, historical and legendary, of the olden time. The labors of the noble and heroic Sister Cipriani, though attended with as much personal danger, and performed in a higher sphere, will, perhaps, meet with little earthly recognition. Be it so. She wants no fleeting fame. Sufficient for her is the consciousness that she has done her duty by those whom she was sent to soothe and comfort by her gentle and devoted ministrations.

The *Catholic Citizen*, Milwaukee, Wis., has entered upon its sixteenth year. We are pleased to see it is well sustained, as it deserves to be. Long life to the *Citizen*.

RIGHT REV. DR. SULLIVAN, recently consecrated Bishop of Mobile, declined to accept a purse of one thousand dollars from his late congregation in Washington, advising them to present it to his successor for the benefit of the church. He said he came among them with nothing, and preferred to take nothing away with him. Such admirable unselfishness shows what a devoted pastor the parishioners of St. Peter's, Washington, have lost and the Diocese of Mobile has gained.

CATHOLIC "SOCIETY."—Some of our people, especially among those who are rich in worldly goods and deal in worldly literature, are heard to complain that there is no "society" among Catholics. Well, every one knows that most of our people are poor, and have not time or occasion to study the laws of etiquette or the language of diplomacy. Those good people who seek society elsewhere, however, would do well to lend their fellow-Catholics the light of their example and shine by the contrast they create. Better far than cutting a very poor figure in Protestant society will they find it to teach their own co-religionists the amenities of social life. They had better be first with their own than a poor second with strangers; honored among the faithful than despised by the dissenter. Ah! this aping after society, besides being pitiful and ridiculous, soon takes the faith out of our people. Their children marry outside the household of faith, and, with their children's children, are lost to the Church. What does it profit to gain the whole world and lose your soul?

MR. JOHN DILLON presided at a meeting of the Nationalists in Dublin, and spoke warmly in praise of the courage of the Ulster Nationalists, who had fought their battles throughout with vigor and determination. The Protestant farmers in Ulster were men whose promises could be relied upon. He could never forget the sacrifices they had made for him at the last election, or the fact that five hundred of them had voted for Mr. Healy. Though he himself had been defeated in North Tyrone, he had been gratified even in defeat. The men who had voted in those places, where there was no chance for a Nationalist, deserved the thanks of the Irish people for the loyalty with which they had obeyed the command of the leaders, and trampled upon their old prejudices and local feelings. Whigs had disappeared from Ulster, and would never re-appear, unless in honorable alliance with the Nationalists.

The grand old man, Gladstone, celebrated his seventy-sixth year on the 29th of December. May he live to accomplish the pacification of Ireland.

ORANGE BLUSTER.—Mr. John E. Macartney, who was the Tory member for Tyrone in the last Parliament, but who was ousted in the late elections by the National candidate, declares that the adoption of any form of Home Rule would be in direct violation of the Constitution, under the provisions of which thousands of Englishmen and Scotchmen have invested money in Ireland. To grant Ireland Home Rule, he says, would be to destroy the minority in Ireland, and the English people would be held responsible for the consequences. An Orange demonstration was held in Armagh, where several prominent "Loyalists" made violent speeches in opposition to the Home Rule doctrine. Following its leaders, the meeting adopted a series of resolutions declaring that a resort to Home Rule principles would be certain, sooner or later, to end in civil war, and exhorting the "loyalist" party to do its utmost to resist the efforts of the Home Rule advocates. The resolutions also commended the "loyalists" in Ireland to "the sympathy of all Protestants throughout the British Kingdom!" "The Ulster Orangemen are ready to come to the front," said one of the speakers, amid great applause, "and when their services are wanted sixty thousand men can readily be put into the field, for active service, in the defence of the cause of loyalty to the government."

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VERY REV. JOSEPH D. MEAGHER, for years pastor of St. Louis Bertrand's Church, in Louisville, Ky., has been elected Provincial of the Order of St. Dominic in the United States, at St. Rose's, Washington County, Ky.

The article in the *Dublin Freeman's Journal*, said to have been inspired by Mr. Parnell, beseeching Irishmen to remember Mr. Gladstone's difficulties, and to "be prepared to accept a reasonable compromise on our extreme rights, if a sacrifice of our principal rights be not involved," is in the true spirit. If this advice be followed, the outlook will be hopeful for Home Rule.

The most remarkable thing about the Irish elections is the fact that not one supporter of Mr. Gladstone was elected.

The College of the Propaganda announces that up to November 1st, in the vicariate of Cochin China, 9 missionaries, 7 native priests, 60 catechists, 270 members of religious orders and 24,000 Christians were massacred; 200 parishes, 17 orphan asylums, and 10 convents were destroyed and 225 churches were burned.

On the occasion of the Pope's Jubilee in 1887, ten cases of beatification will be decided. Three "Beati" belonging to the Jesuits will be canonized, viz.: Blessed Bergmans, Claver, and Rodriguez. The Venerable de la Salle, Clement Hofbauer, C. SS. R., and Ines de Beningain, a Spanish nun, will be beatified.

LORD MAYOR OF DUBLIN.—At a meeting of the Dublin Corporation, Mr. T. D. Sullivan, M.P., editor of the *Nation*, was elected Lord Mayor of the city for this year. Mr. Sullivan is known all over the world, wherever Irishmen congregate, by his fine and stirring humorous and pathetic ballads for the Irish people. Personally, Mr. Sullivan is a gentle and gentlemanly man, much beloved by his family and a large circle of friends. He has always preserved the high-minded and patriotic traditions of the *Nation* newspaper, the columns of which were enriched by many of his brilliant songs and ballads long before he succeeded his brother, the late Mr. A. M. Sullivan, as its editor. Mr. Sullivan is the father-in-law of Mr. Healy, M.P., Mr. Parnell's able lieutenant.

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THE LATE KING OF SPAIN.—A Madrid correspondent gives an account of the ceremony at the Escuriél, on the occasion of the funeral of the King of Spain. "The procession from the station," he writes, "wound slowly up the hill to the monastery. When the funeral car reached the principal door it was closed. The Lord Chamberlain knocked for admittance. A voice inside asked, 'Who

wishes to enter?' The answer given was 'Alfonso XII.' The doors were then thrown open. The prior of the monastery appeared. The body was carried into the church and placed on a raised bier before the high altar. The coffin was then covered with the four cloaks of the noble orders. A thousand tapers were lighted, and the church assumed a magnificent appearance. Black hangings embossed with the arms of Spain covered the stone walls. The Mass was said and the *Miserere* sung. The coffin was raised once more and carried to the entrance of the stairs leading down to the vaults. No one descended there," continues the correspondent, "except the Prior, the Minister of Grace and Justice, and the Lord Chamberlain. The coffin was placed on a table in a magnificent black marble vault, in which the kings of Spain lie in huge marble tombs all around. Now came the most thrilling part of the ceremony. The Lord Chamberlain unlocked the coffin, which was covered with cloth of gold, raised the glass covering from the King's face, then, after requesting perfect silence, knelt down and shouted three times in the dead monarch's ear, '*Señor, Señor, Señor!*' Those waiting in the church upstairs heard the call, which was like a cry of despair, for it came from the lips of the Duke of Sexto, the King's favorite companion. The duke then rose, saying, according to the ritual, His majesty does not answer. Then it is true, the King is dead." He locked the coffin, handed the keys to the prior, and, taking up his wand of office broke it in his hand and flung the pieces at the foot of the table. Then every one left the monastery, as the bells tolled, and the guns announced to the people that Alfonso XII. had been laid with his ancestors in the gloomy pile of Philip II.

The Catholic committees of the north of France, assembled in Congress at Lille, have addressed to the Pope a letter of adhesion to the Encyclical, in which the whole teaching of the Papal document is recapitulated at considerable length.

The question of submitting to arbitration the case, "Ireland vs. English Rule in Ireland," is again mooted. One man is named as arbiter. He is known as Leo XIII., whose master-piece of power and wisdom appeared in our January MAGAZINE.

A letter from South Mayo tells that on the polling day a curious sight was the descent from the mountains of Partry of one hundred voters, mounted on hardy ponies, who arrived in a body at the polling station with National League cards in their hats.

News from Gorey tells of a wonderful welcome given to Sir Thomas Esmonde, on his arrival at home after his election. The horses were taken from his carriage, and he was drawn by the people amidst a multitude cheering and waving hats in wild excitement. The town and surrounding hills were illuminated, and the young baronet was escorted to his residence, Ballynestragh, by bands of music and a torchlight procession, including many thousands of people. His tenants came out to meet him before he reached Ballynestragh, bearing torches, and a great display of fireworks greeted his entrance into his demesne. Sir Thomas Esmonde threw open his entire house for the night, and dancing was kept up by the tenants till morning.

President Cleveland, in his recent message to Congress, makes allusion to the rejection of Mr. Keiley by Austria. He says: A question has arisen with the Government of Austria-Hungary touching the representation of the United States at Vienna. Having, under my constitutional prerogative, appointed an estimable citizen of unimpeached probity and competence as Minister to that Court, the Government of Austria-Hungary invited this government to cognizance of certain exceptions, based upon allegations against the personal acceptability of Mr. Keiley, the appointed Envoy, asking that, in view thereof, the appointment should be withdrawn. The reasons advanced were such as could not be acquiesced in without violation of my oath of office, and the precepts of the Constitution, since they necessarily involved a limitation in favor of a foreign government upon the right of selection by the Executive, and required such an application of a religious test as a qualification for office under the United States as would have resulted in the practical disfranchisement of a large class of our citizens, and the abandonment of a vital principle in our Government. The Austro-Hungarian Government finally decided not to receive Mr. Keiley as the Envoy of the United States, and that gentleman has since resigned his commission, leaving the post vacant. I have made no new nomination, and the interests of this Government at Vienna are now in the care of the Secretary of Legation, acting as *charge d'affaires ad interim*.

INAUGURATION.—Monday, January 4, was inauguration day in the principal cities in Massachusetts.

In Boston, the usual ceremonies took place. Mayor O'Brien delivered one of his best addresses. Rev. Father Welch, S.J., of the church of the Immaculate Conception, acted as chaplain on the occasion.

Michael Davitt, in a recent interview, said: "If Home Rule is granted to Ireland, it is difficult for me to see how the Irish members can continue to sit in the parliament at Westminster, unless the colonies are similarly represented in that body. The appointment of a prince of the royal family as viceroy of Ireland would be a mistake, as Ireland requires a statesman of tact and brains to administer the government, not a royal show."

"ONCE A CITIZEN, ALWAYS A CITIZEN," is what Bismarck says. The great Chancellor is determined to have no fooling. If a German becomes an American citizen, or a citizen of any other land, old Bis. thinks he has no business in Germany, and will not have him there. When a man runs away from his native land rather than carry arms for her protection, and flies to another country, becomes naturalized, and then returns home to make a living, the scheme is so thin that the example is dangerous. An iron-handed man knows how to deal with such cases, and he winds them up with a bounce.

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The Sacred College at present consists of 60 members, of whom 26 were created by Pius IX., and 34 by Leo XIII., and that there are 10 vacancies. Of the Cardinals 34 are Italian; 11 Austrian, German, or Polish; 5 French; 4 English or Irish; 4 Spanish, and 2 Portuguese.

The *English Catholic Directory* for 1886 says there are at present in Great Britain no less than 1,575 churches, chapels, and stations; not including such private or domestic chapels as are not open to the Catholics of the neighborhood—an increase of 11 on 1884. These places of worship are served by 2,576 priests as against 2,522 last year. Since the beginning of the year 91 priests have been ordained, of whom 56 are secular and 35 regular.

A ROSY OUTLOOK.—*Chicago News*: The new year dawns upon the United States as the most favored nation in the world. Business is reviving in every department. Our storehouses and granaries are full to overflowing. We are free from all foreign entanglements. The public health is good, and with reasonable care there is nothing to dread from foreign pestilence. We can look back upon 1885 with grateful hearts, and forward to 1886 with hope and confidence.

CATHOLICS IN PARLIAMENT.—Catholics have no need to complain of the result of the elections, so far as it affects their special interest, observes the *Liverpool Catholic Times*. In the late House of Commons representatives of the Faith had sixty seats. In the new House they will have eighty-two. Of these, Catholic Ireland contributes seventy-nine, England two, and Scotland one. We have already commented upon the return for the Oban Division of Argyllshire of Mr. D. H. MacFarlane, who enjoys the distinction of being the first Catholic member of Parliament returned by Scotland since the so-called Reformation. English Catholics cannot, however, be congratulated upon the part they took in the electoral struggle. To the last Parliament they sent but one representative, Mr. H. E. H. Jerningham; and to that which will commence its labors in a couple of months they have returned only two—Mr. Charles Russell, Q.C., for South Hackney, and Mr. T. P. O'Connor, for the Scotland Division of Liverpool. And more than half the credit of securing the return of these two gentlemen is due to the Irish electors in this country.

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For the first time in the history of Boston a colored man has obtained a political office—he has actually received a policeman's baton. This is wonderful news, indeed, for, although Massachusetts has been prominent in denouncing the South for her treatment of the colored man, whom she has extensively favored with office, Boston, at least, has now had the first opportunity of practicing her doctrine; and let us hope that the man's name—Homer—will be classical enough to counteract her surprise.—*Baltimore Catholic Mirror*.

Massachusetts has done more than that for the colored race. Several of them have been elected to the general court; one has been on the bench for some time; and there are several practising lawyers in our courts. Can Maryland say as much for our colored brethren?

THE POPE CONGRATULATED.—Emperor William of Germany and Queen Christiana of Spain have sent telegrams to Pope Leo, expressing their thanks for his services, and for his equitable decision as arbitrator in the Carolines controversy.

OUR MAGAZINE.—This hearty notice is from Father Phelan's *Western Watchman*: DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, for January, came to us last week as bright as a new shilling, much enlarged, and, as usual, overflowing with such original and interesting reading for Irish-Americans as is to be found in no other paper or magazine published on the planet. We predict for the publisher many years of prosperity to continue the good work.

NEW ENGLAND MEN AND WOMEN are dying out, or they are not producers. Even the fisheries no longer breed American seamen for the naval service. Three-fourths of the crews that man the fishing fleets are Portuguese, Spaniards and Italians.

Boston Herald:—Ireland would be better fixed politically, if its condition should be made like a State in our Union, rather than like a province the same as Canada. Canada has no representation in the imperial Parliament. Great Britain ought to have a Parliament for imperial purposes, with representatives from her dependencies, and another for her local affairs. It has long been apparent that the British Parliament cannot properly consider both general and local matters.

It appears that the reported wholesale boycotting of Irish workingmen in England stated in a dispatch of the *New York Sun* to have been resolved upon at a meeting of a Liberal Club, was entirely without foundation in fact, not even heard of at the National Liberal Club or at the London Office of the *Freeman's Journal*, the chief Nationalist organ.

PARNELLITE MEETING.—A day or two before the opening of the new Parliament this month, a general meeting of the Irish parliamentary party, including as many of the Nationalist members as are then in London, will be held at the Westminster Palace Hotel, when, it is stated in London Nationalist circles, a definite course of parliamentary action will be decided upon, and the Parnellite programme for the session will be finally adopted, subject only to such deviations as the exigencies of the political situation may render admissible and desirable. In the event of a short adjournment of the House, after the election of the speaker and the swearing in of the members, it is understood that the January meeting of the Irish parliamentary party referred to will be adjourned to the day previous to that on which the business of the House will begin about the usual date in February.

HOUSE OF THE GOOD SHEPHERD.—The new house is progressing favorably, and is nearly under roof. There will be a lecture in aid of the building on Sunday evening, January 17. Hon. Mr. Keiley, lately appointed Minister to Italy and Austria, will deliver the lecture. Subject: The Present Prospects of Irish Freedom. The lecture will take place at the Boston Theatre. Tickets, 75, 50, and 35 cents. The announcement of so interesting a subject, and the fame of the lecturer should fill the house to overflowing. His Honor, Mayor O'Brien, will preside.

OUR MAGAZINE.—*Notre Dame Scholastic*: With the January number, DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE begins its fifteenth volume. It is an interesting and instructive periodical, and deserves well of the reading public. The "Memoir of His Eminence John Cardinal McCloskey," by Dr. John Gilmary Shea, which appears in the present number, is a priceless memento of our first American prince of the Church, and imparts valuable information concerning some points of the early history of the Church in our country. Besides, there is a collection of readable articles, which it would take too long to name. The editor promises still greater attractions for the new volume, and we sincerely hope his enterprise will meet with all the encouragement it so well deserves. The MAGAZINE is published at Boston, Mass.

The Rev. Dr. O'Reilly, of Detroit, Treasurer of the National League in America, announces that he has sent \$80,000 to the League in Ireland since Oct. 1.

THE FUTURE OF FRANCE.—In answer to a question on the eventual solution of the French political difficulty, the Bishop of Angers says: "When I spoke of the affairs of French Catholics, and, above all, of those of my diocese," said his Lordship, "I was within my domain. But of the future of Catholic France the less conversation and the more prayer the better. I believe that Providence will bless the Apostolic spirit of our missionaries, and the obscure zeal of our Sisters of Charity. I believe, with Monseigneur Dupanloup, that the French Church, with fifty thousand priests, and more, daily saying Mass, and hundreds of thousands of innocent children praying in her churches, must emerge triumphant from this terrible crisis. Ask me nothing of Pretenders or of the Republic. The work of a Catholic Bishop in France is too absorbing to be overwhelmed by difficulties of political detail. We must be patriots, worthy citizens, and faithful Catholics, and leave the rest to God. The great bulk of the French people is not deceived. A cloud is passing over the nation; but the bright sun will soon pierce through that cloud, and a reaction will set in. The sooner the better, say I."

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CATHEDRAL T. A. & B. SOCIETY.—The Cathedral Total Abstinence and Benevolent Society is making extensive preparations for its third annual social, which takes place in Parker Fraternity Hall, Wednesday evening, February 10th. Tickets are selling very rapidly, and the committee of arrangements will spare nothing to make the occasion an enjoyable one to all who attend. The officers of the society are as follows: Spiritual director, Rev. James F. Talbot, D.D.; President, John F. Marrin; vice-president, William J. Keenan; recording secretary, James P. Gorman; financial secretary, Jeremiah Connors; treasurer, Patrick Cooney; sergeant-at-arms, Dennis Desmond.

ABSTEMIOUSNESS AT CHRISTMAS.—The following circular was issued by the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster:—A Plenary indulgence may be gained by all persons who—besides making a good Confession and received worthily the Holy Communion, and praying for the intention of his Holiness—shall, on Christmas Eve, on Christmas Day, and on the following day, abstain from all intoxicating drinks. The faithful are earnestly exhorted to endeavor to obtain the Plenary Indulgence; and to offer up this little self-denial as an act of intercession, reparation, and expiation for those who sin against God by drunkenness and intemperance especially at this time.

We regret to learn from the *Catholic Mirror* that Mr. William Doherty, formerly of St. John, New Brunswick, is lying dangerously ill at his residence, No. 142 Edmondson Avenue. Mr. Doherty came to Baltimore about eleven years ago, in part on account of the climate. He has been suffering for years with heart disease. He has received the last Sacraments from the hands of his son, Rev. William J. Doherty, S.J., rector of the Church of Our Lady, at Guelph, Ontario, Canada, who reached Baltimore the day before. Mr. William Doherty was born in Ireland, June 8th, 1800, and went to New Brunswick when a young man. He was for many years one of the most prominent Catholics in St. John, and was president of St. Vincent de Paul Society in that city. He has two daughters with him, and two who are nuns. One of the latter is Madame Letitia Doherty, assistant superioress of the Convent of the Sacred Heart, Kenwood, Albany, N. Y.; the other is in the Elmhurst Convent of the Sacred Heart, at Providence, R.I.

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There are at present two hundred "widowed" parishes in the Diocese of Posen, Germany. Of these, only forty-five have any auxiliary supply, so that no less than one hundred and fifty-five parishes, with a population of 200,000 souls and more are without any priest at all.

If the Associated Press may be trusted, Bishop O'Farrell has expressed the opinion that the two American cardinals will be the Archbishop of Baltimore and the Archbishop of New York.—*Catholic Mirror*.

The Associated Press is not to be credited on Catholic or Irish matters. It is more than probable that one of the hats will crown the head of the venerable Archbishop of Boston.

NOTRE DAME UNIVERSITY has received ten thousand Rosaries from Belgium. They are blessed by the

regular canons of the Holy Cross Order, and they have the extraordinary indulgence of five hundred days and the Bridgetine indulgence of one hundred days, together with the Holy Father's blessing, attached to the devout recital of every "Our Father" and "Hail Mary" upon them. Address Rev. A. Granger, C.S.C., Notre Dame, Ind.

The Italian Government has just published the list of deaths from cholera during the years 1884 and 1885. In the former year, there were 27,000 cases, and 14,000 deaths. In the latter year there have been over 6,000 cases, and 3,000 deaths. Palermo was the great sufferer this year, as Naples was in 1884. Better nutrition during both epidemics caused a noted diminution in cases and in deaths.

The *Germania* says that the Holy Father has expressed a wish to know the state of Catholic Missions in the German Colonies. He feels very keenly the arbitrary conduct of the Imperial Government, and has expressed to the Prussian Minister his astonishment at the prejudice exhibited in Berlin.

Referring to the Letter of the Holy Father to Cardinal Manning and the Bishops of England, which we give elsewhere, the *Moniteur de Rome* says that it constitutes "the recompense and the consecration" of the noble and heroic efforts of his Eminence and the English Episcopate in the cause of Christian education.

The 22nd of February is the anniversary of the birth of George Washington. We give many incidents of his life in this issue of our MAGAZINE.

THE IRISH CONVENTION.—Patrick Egan, president of the Irish National League of America, has received a cablegram from T. M. Harrington, M.P., secretary of the National League in Ireland, in which he states that Mr. Parnell will not be able to attend the League convention intended to be held in Chicago in January next, and that he is "inclined to think it best to postpone the convention until after the meeting of parliament in February." It is, doubtless, the desire of the Irish party to know with some definiteness the probable outcome of the present situation before making any authoritative announcement of their plans, or before sending any message to their American brothers; and it also seems that they regard Mr. Parnell's constant presence on the scene of negotiations as indispensable. The convention, in accordance with this suggestion, is, therefore, postponed to a date to be determined upon hereafter between the executive of the American League and Mr. Parnell. Mr. Egan will call the National Committee of the American League together some day in January, by which time there may be information from Ireland enabling a definite date to be fixed for the convention.

MUNSTER BANK.—In reply to a letter from Mr. T. N. Stack to the liquidators, inquiring when the sum of £500,000 now in their hands would be distributed amongst the creditors, the liquidators of the Munster Bank have written to say that there is £650,000 in hands, that the mere routine work of arranging for a dividend occupies a considerable time, but that they expect to pay an instalment in March.

PRIVILEGES FOR MAYNOOTH.—In reply to a petition from the Irish Episcopate, the Holy Father, through the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda, has granted to the Superiors of St. Patrick's College, Maynooth, the privilege of presenting students for ordination to the Diaconate and Subdiaconate on days which are ordinary doubles. This important concession, however, can be made use of only once in the year.

GRANT'S EVIL GENIUS.—The enemies of the Catholic Church should get up a big purse of bright new dollars as a testimonial to Parson Newman, as—only for the influence of his evil genius—it is very likely that General Grant would have died a Catholic. The *Saint Joseph's Advocate*, in a brief notice of the death of General Grant, says that Grant was not a bigot—his Indian Agency policy and Des Moines speech to the apparent contrary notwithstanding. Parson Newman was, in matters of religion, his evil genius; and the evil genius had this apology (though no excuse) that he was pushed at him from *behind*. It is our sincere opinion that if the Catholic side of this great man's family had possessed a Newman in zeal, eloquence and polish, Mount McGregor would

have witnessed its most historic *Catholic* death, July 22, 1885.

THE CHINESE MUST GO.—*San Francisco Monitor*: There seems to be a general determination among the people all over this coast that the Chinese must go. Already they have been forcibly expelled from several towns in Washington territory and Oregon, as well as from towns in this State. Self-preservation is the first law of nature, and the laboring portion of the white race will not suffer their right of life, liberty and happiness to be destroyed by the interference of Chinese coolies.

FOREIGN MISSIONS.—A large and commodious seminary for the Foreign Missions is about to be opened in Bavaria. In the latter country a grand old abbey has for years stood empty and deserted. Father Amhrein, a Benedictine, under the auspices of the Propaganda, and with the consent of the Bavarian Government, has restored the abbey, and is now fitting it up as a seminary. The students who will enter this new Missionary College will devote themselves to the African missions, as their brethren in the college of Steil give themselves wholly to the Chinese mission. German Catholics may be proud of their missionary enterprise.

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DYNAMITE!—Millionnaire Cyrus W. Field, of New York, raised a monument to Andre, the English spy, with great pains and expense. Some other party razed it, a few nights ago—with a dynamite cartridge. Robert Simons, while trying to kill fish at Little Rock, Ark., with dynamite, exploded some of the stuff in his pocket, and his right arm was blown off in a jiffy.

ARCHBISHOP CROKE says: "Politics now simply means food and clothes and decent houses for Irishmen and women at home; they mean the three great corporal works of mercy; they mean the protection of the weak against the strong, and the soil of Ireland for the Irish race rather than for a select gang of strangers and spoliators."

THE LANDLORD WAR is raging in Ireland. The Boycotting campaign is being pushed. This chorus is intoned by "T. D. S." and caught up throughout the land:

"Tis vain to think that all our lives
We'll coin our sweat to gold,
And let our children and our wives
Feel want and wet and cold;
We first must help ourselves, and then,
If we have cash to spare,
Let landlord, and such idle men,
Come asking for a share;
So landlords, and grandlords,
We pledge our faith to-day—
A low rent, or no rent,
Is all the rent we'll pay."

A CHEERFUL PROSPECT.—Sympathetic Friend: I say, Toombs, old man, you're not looking well. Want cheerful society, that's it! I shall come and spend the evening with you, and bring my new poem, "Ode to a Graveyard!"

THE ENGLISH ELECTIONS.—One of the unexpected effects of the public excitement consequent upon the general election has been the revelation of some of the most grotesque vagaries of Protestantism that have ever come under our notice. One clergyman told his parishioners not to scruple about telling lies as to the party for which they intended to vote. Another characterized the Liberals as "a set of devils." Archdeacon Denison, an octogenarian ecclesiastic, informed his audience at a public meeting that they "might as well cheer for the devil as for Mr. Gladstone."

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Mgr. Seghers, who, imbued with apostolic zeal and self-sacrifice, resigned the archdiocese of Oregon, to dedicate himself to the conversion of the Indians, has arrived at Vancouver Island, and

has already begun his holy work assisted by a party of devoted Belgian missionaries.

The decree for the introduction of the cause for the beatification and canonization of Joan of Arc has been signed at last. The late Mgr. Dupanloup labored hard in this affair, and doubtless the progress made is partly owing to his unwearied efforts.

A Scotch Colony is about being planted in Florida. A man named Tait is the organizer of the projected settlement, and is expected to bring fifty families with him from Glasgow. These are only the pioneers, and it is expected that in two years one thousand families from Scotland will be located in Florida. We welcome every industrious emigrant who comes here to better his fortune, and hope the projected colony will be a success. But we also hope they will be more patriotic than were the Scotch in 1775, who raised the English flag at the Cross Roads in North Carolina, and fought against American Independence.

THE LATE VICTOR HUGO.—Very noble, and certainly very true, was the appeal which Victor Hugo made for religious instruction in 1850: "God will be found at the end of all. Let us not forget Him, and let us teach Him to all. There would otherwise be no dignity in living, and it would be better to die entirely. What soothes suffering, what sanctifies labor, what makes man good, strong, wise, patient, benevolent, just, at the same time humble and great, worthy of liberty, is to have before him the perpetual vision of a better world, throwing its rays through the darkness of this life. As regards myself, I believe profoundly in this better world; and I declare it in this place to be a supreme certainty of my soul. I wish, then, sincerely, or, to speak strongly, I wish ardently for religious instruction."

It is thought that the Parliament which has just been elected will be short-lived. In a comparatively brief space of time there will be another appeal to the constituencies.

Reminiscences of Irish-American Regiments in the Union Army during the Rebellion, are spoken of in an article elsewhere. The article is furnished to us by the editor and proprietor of the *Sandy Hill* (N. Y.) *Herald*, John Dwyer, Esq.

BANK OF IRELAND SHARES.—Shares of the Bank of Ireland, which a year ago were quoted at £340, are quoted at £274. This is a government Orange Bank. It refused to assist the Munster Bank, which was the principal cause of its failure.

A Statue of the late Lord O'Hagan will shortly be placed in the hall of the Four Courts, Dublin.

A Catholic ceases to be a Catholic the moment he becomes a Free Mason. He may continue to believe all articles of Catholic faith and even go to church; but he is cut off from the body of the faithful by the fact of excommunication, and cannot receive the Sacraments while living, nor sepulchre in consecrated ground when dead. By resigning from the lodge, and giving up the symbols, he can be restored to the communion of the Church.

The Lady Mayoress of Dublin has been presented with a silver cradle, commemorative of the birth of a daughter during her official year. The gift was from the members of both parties in the Corporation and the citizens.

T. P. O'Connor, M.P., says that Ireland will be satisfied with nothing less than the same amount of independence granted by England to Canada. Mr. Justin McCarthy, M.P., says that the same amount of independence as New York or Illinois has in the Federal Union would do. These two

NOTICES OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

Lynch, Cole & Meehan, New York.

THE IRISH-AMERICAN ALMANAC FOR 1886. Price, 25 cents.

We refer the reader to the advertisement on another page for the contents, etc., of this Irish year book. It is indispensable in every Irish family at home and abroad, like our own MAGAZINE. The publishers are also the editors and proprietors of the *Irish-American* newspaper, which has stood the tug of war for nearly forty years. The price is only 25 cents. It is worth three times 25 cents. Address the publishers or any bookseller.

Fr. Pustet & Co., N. Y. and Cincinnati.

THE POPE: THE VICAR OF CHRIST; THE HEAD OF THE CHURCH. By Rt. Rev. Monseigneur Capel, D.D., Domestic Prelate of His Holiness, Pope Leo XIII. Price, 25 cents.

The preface explains the scope of the work, which we give:

Is the Pope possessor of supreme and universal authority over the whole of the Christian Church, is the Pope the Vicar of Christ: are questions of the greatest moment to all believers in Christianity. If the Pope holds such power and position, then is there the absolute need of subjection to him in things spiritual. The subject has been treated by me from different stand-points during my tour in the States. The substance of such discourses is now given to the public. To meet the demands on time made by the active, busy life in America, the matter is presented as concisely as possible, and in short chapters. The intelligence and general information displayed by the people in all parts of the States which I have visited permit me, while presenting a small book for popular use, to treat the subject for an educated people anxious for solid knowledge. To those who wish to prosecute the further study of this question I recommend the following works, to which I have to express my indebtedness: Archbishop Kenrick's "Primacy of S. Peter," Allies' "See of S. Peter," Wilberforce's "Principles of Church Authority," Allnatt's "Cathedra Petri," and "Faith of Catholics" (Vol. II.), containing the historical evidence of the first five centuries of the Christian era to the teaching concerning the Papacy.

T. J. Capel.

Feast of the Immaculate Conception, 1885.

McGowan & Young, Portland, Maine.

ECHOES FROM THE PINES. By Margaret E. Jordan.

Maine should be represented among the States which has a large Catholic population. The first, and the only, Catholic Governor of the New England States, was Governor Cavanagh in Maine. There were few Catholics in that State during his administration. To-day, Maine would not give her suffrages to a Catholic. Why? Because in Governor Cavanagh's days the Catholics were in a great minority, and the Puritans did not fear them. As the Catholic body increases, hatred springs up; but Maine is coming back to the old faith.

She has now a prelate who is alive to the necessities of his people, and is doing everything in his power to establish the Faith of Kale and the other martyrs who died for their religion.

Who would have thought in Governor Cavanagh's days (a half a century ago), that there would be a grand cathedral, convent, schools and a Catholic publishing house in Portland? But such is the fact. The house has issued an excellent book but a few months ago, and now we have some sweet poems from the genial pen of Miss Margaret E. Jordan. The authoress has not so many "flourish of trumpets" as some others, but her Muse is pathetic and heartfelt. The critics may not give her the meed of praise they would confer upon others, but her Catholic heart will endear her to the love she bears our Blessed Mother, and her devotion to the poetic visions of the "old land." We believe Miss Jordan hails from the beautiful vale of Avoca, where the poet Moore imbibed his inspirations.

Ave Maria Press, Notre Dame, Ind.

SCHOLASTIC ANNUAL FOR THE YEAR OF OUR LORD 1886. By Prof. J. A. Lyons, of the University of Notre Dame, Ia.

This is the eleventh year of this publication. Our good friend, Prof. Lyons, gives his readers an excellent New Year's dish. "Capital and Strikes," by our friend, Onahan, of Chicago, is timely. We wish it could be read by the strikers and the Knights of Labor, all over the country. There are also articles on the late Vice President, by William Hoynes, A. M. "A Nation's Favorite," by Rev. Thomas E. Walsh, C. S. C., and other excellent articles both in prose and verse.

John Murphy & Co., Baltimore, Md.

NOTED SANCTUARIES OF THE HOLY FACE; or, the Cultus of the Holy Face, as practised at St. Peter's of the Vatican and other celebrated shrines. By M. L'Abbe Jouvier. Translated from the French by P. P. S. With preface by Most Rev. W. H. Elder, D.D., Archbishop of Cincinnati.

The devotion to the Holy Face is spreading throughout the Catholic world. The Discalced Nuns are foremost in their efforts to spread this devotion. This little book is published at their urgent solicitations. We recommend to all devout Catholics the purchase of this book.

D. & J. Sadlier & Co., New York.

SADLIER'S CATHOLIC DIRECTORY, ALMANAC, AND ORDO, FOR THE YEAR OF OUR LORD 1886; with full official reports of all dioceses, vicariates, prefectures, etc., in the United States, Canada, British West Indies, Ireland, England and Scotland. Unbound, \$1.25. Bound, \$1.50. An edition comprising only the church in the United States, 50 cents.

This is the fifty-fourth annual publication. It composes a great body of information interesting to every Catholic. All families should have it in their houses.

All of the above books may be obtained of Messrs. Noonan and Co., as well as of the publishers.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THEFT OF A VALUABLE BOOK.—A valuable book has been stolen from the library of the Minerva, Rome. It is one of the very few copies of the works of Lactantius, which were printed at the Benedictine monastery of Santa Scholastica, near Subiaco, in the year 1465. So rare are the copies of this work, that the price of a single copy has reached 15,000 francs, or £600. The most minute inquiries have been made, but the missing volume has not been traced.

A Selection of the late Lord O'Hagan's speeches, as revised by himself, will very shortly be published by Messrs. Longmans & Co. The volume opens with a speech on the Legislative Union delivered at a meeting of the Repeal Association in 1843, and closes with Lord O'Hagan's speeches in the House of Lords in 1881-82 on the Irish Land Laws. The work is edited by Lord O'Hagan's nephew, Mr. George Teeling, and contains numerous biographical and historical notes.

THE ANGEL GUARDIAN ANNUAL FOR 1886.—Seventh year. Published by the House of the Angel Guardian; Boston, Mass. Price 10 cents. Besides the matter contained in Almanacs generally, this little annual has also a collection of interesting and instructive articles. There are several excellent engravings, prominent among which are portraits of Cardinal McCloskey, Archbishop Williams, Daniel O'Connell, Rev. G. F. Haskins, and Hon. Hugh O'Brien, Mayor of Boston, accompanying biographical sketches.

MR. T. P. O'CONNOR'S new book, *Gladstone's House of Commons*, will be issued by Messrs. Ward and Downey early next week. In the preface the author says:—"It would be too much to ask the reader to believe that these sketches betray none of the bias natural to one who took a somewhat active part in many of the scenes described. But an effort was made at impartiality." The volume is called *Gladstone's House of Commons*. The justification of the title is the commanding position held in the last Parliament by the overwhelming personality of Mr. Gladstone.

MUSIC.

From White, Smith & Co.

Vocal: "Trusting," Duet, by C. A. White.

Instrumental: "Only for Thee," Polka Mazurka, by Fliege. "Chant du Paysan," by Alfonso Rendando. "Silver Trumpets," by Viviani, viz.: No. 1, "Grand Processional March." No. 2, "Harmony in the Dome," as played at St. Peter's in Rome. "Gavotte," by Rudolph Niemann. "Potpourri," from "Mikado," for four hands, arranged by C. D. Blake. "Chimes of Spring," by H. Lichner. "Mikado," Galop by Geo. Thorne. "The Banjo Companion," viz.: "Nymphs' Dance," by Armstrong. "Rag Baby Jig," by same. "Gavotte du Pacha," by F. Von Suppe. "Always Gallant Polka," by Fahrbach. "Carlotta Walzer," by Millocker. "Happy Go Lucky, Schottische," by De Coen, and "O Restless Sea," by C. A. White, all arranged for Banjo. "Rosalie Waltz," by Pierre Duvernet. "Morning Prayer," by Strealboy. "La Gracieuse," by Ch. Wachtmann. "Mikado Waltzes," by Bucalossi.

Books: "The Folio," for January, 1886, brimful of good reading interspersed with excellent music. "Ferd. Beyers' Preliminary Method for Pianoforte." Part 2, "Melodies for Violin and Piano," and "Melodies for Flute and Piano." All these works issued in Messrs. White, Smith & Co's best style.

Obituary.

"After life's fitful fever they sleep well."

CARDINAL.

CARDINAL PANEBIANCA has lately died in Rome at the age of seventy-seven. He was not a society cardinal, as he lived a hard life, slept on the boards, his board being also simple bread and water, with a morsel of cheese now and then by way of a luxury. He despised riches, and has died rich.

BISHOPS.

RT. REV. F. X. KRAUTBAUER, bishop of Green Bay, Wis., for over ten years, was found dead in his bed at the Episcopal residence, morning of the 17th of December. He had recently been a sufferer from apoplexy, which finally took him off. The suddenness of his death has cast a gloom of sadness over the entire Catholic population. Bishop Krautbauer was born in the parish of Bruck, near Ratisbon, Bavaria, in 1824, being in his sixty-first year at the time of his death.

At half-past six o'clock Friday morning, December 4, Rt. Rev. Dominic Manucy, third bishop of Mobile, Ala., died after a lingering illness. He was born in St. Augustine, Fla., in the year 1823, and received his education in Mobile, at the College of St. Joseph, Spring Hill. On the 20th of January, 1884, he received his appointment from Rome to the bishopric of Mobile, and on March 30th, of the same year, was duly installed. In the July following his health failed, and he was compelled to send his resignation to the Pope. The Pope, however, took no action on the resignation until more than a year had passed. Then Bishop Jeremiah O'Sullivan was appointed as his successor to the Bishopric of Mobile, and to him Bishop Manucy delivered up the keys of the cathedral on the first day of November, 1885. Since the succession Bishop Manucy has remained at the episcopal residence, where he has been at all times carefully attended by the priests of the parish and the people of his congregation. Bishop Manucy was no ordinary person, but, on the contrary, his whole life and its actions stamped him as a man of more than usual ability. As a man he showed himself, when in health, to be of strong and decisive will, possessed of an open-hearted, frank nature, and charitable to the furthest degree. He was a man of thorough education, a profound and able logician, and was reckoned as one of the best theologians of the Catholic Church. In his various offices as priest and bishop, he was at all times alive to the interest of his church and its people. The spiritual needs of his flocks never escaped his observation, and were never left unsupplied.

PRIESTS.

German literary papers report with regret the death at Kilchrath, in Holland, of one of the most learned Jesuits of our times, Father Schneemann, at the age of fifty-six. He was chief editor of the well-known periodical, "Stimmen von Maria Laach." When the Jesuits had to quit Germany in 1872 he came to reside in England, but the climate not agreeing with him, he went to Holland, where he taught divinity in a diocesan college.

Rev. George Ruland, C. SS. R., who died a few weeks ago in Baltimore, was provincial of the Redemptorists for many years. He was a fellow student of Archbishop Heis, of Milwaukee, and a pupil of Doctor Doellinger. He was a man of marked talent, and his influence will be greatly missed.

Rev. Philip J. McCabe, rector of the cathedral at Hartford, Conn., died in that city on the 9th of December, greatly regretted by all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance.

Rev. Father Jamison, S. J., the well-known and highly esteemed Jesuit died at Georgetown College, D. C., on night of 8th December, after a very long illness. He was born in Frederick City, Md., on June 19, 1831; in 1860 he was ordained to the priesthood in the Eternal City, by Cardinal Franson. Then returning to the United States, he labored at different times, as assistant pastor in Georgetown, Md., Washington, D. C., Philadelphia, Pa., Boston, Mass., Troy, N. Y., and Alexandria, Va.

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The Rev. John S. Flynn, pastor of St. Ann's Church, Cranston, R. I., died of pneumonia, at the parochial residence, on the 10th December, in the forty-ninth year of his age, and the eighteenth of his ordination. He was a native of the County Cavan, Ireland, and came to this country when eleven years of age. His early education was under the supervision of his uncle, the late Rev. John Smith, of Danbury, Conn., with whom he resided. He continued his studies at Mount St. Mary's, Emmittsburg, Md. After finishing his classical course, he spent some time at St. Sulpice Seminary, Baltimore, and completed his theological studies at the Provincial Seminary, Troy, N. Y.

The death, November 8, of Very Rev. Wm. J. Halley, V. G., Cincinnati, is greatly lamented. In him, for more than twenty years, we have personally known a noble, pure, devoted and beautiful character. Born at Tramore, Ireland, he was taken off at forty-eight.

PRESERVATION OF A SAINT'S BODY.—The body of the late venerable G. B. Vianney, Curé d'Ars, was exhumed in the presence of the Bishop of Belley and Mgr. Casorara, *promotor fidei*, and of all those interested in the cause of his beatification. The body was found entire, as it was buried, and was recognizable at the first glance. The flesh and hair still adhered to the upper part of the head; the hands, shrivelled, preserved their full form—the sacerdotal vestments had undergone no alteration. To give an idea of the enthusiasm displayed by the people, we may say that every object of devotion to be bought in the shops of Ars was sold, so that the people might bear away with them a relic that had touched the holy body. Ars seemed to have recovered its former happy days, when pilgrims flocked thither, and penitents thronged the venerable curé's confessional.

LORD CHARLES THYNNE, second son of the Marquis of Bath, has during the week received the tonsure and three minor orders at the hands of the Cardinal Archbishop in the chapel of the archbishop's house, Westminster. Lord Charles is an ex-clergyman of the Church of England, and is close on seventy years of age.

An interesting ceremony took place in the Church of Piedad, Buenos Ayres, recently, when an entire Jewish family named Krausse, the parents and two children, abjured the Jewish religion and were baptized into the Catholic Church. They had been instructed in the catechism of Christian doctrine by a Jesuit Father. Senor Gallardo was godfather of the parents, and Senor Leguizamona and Miss Larosa godfather and godmother for the children.

The ideas of English noblemen upon the subject of national gratitude, and the causes of it, must be decidedly unique. In a speech, delivered in Glasgow, on Dec. 3d, Lord Roseberry declared that he thought "Ireland had shown great ingratitude toward Mr. Gladstone." Considering that, in addition to a worthless Land Bill, Mr. Gladstone's principal gifts to Ireland consisted of five years of the most grinding coercion government, under the operation of which some two thousand of the best and purest men and women in the country were thrust into jail like felons, we fail to see the particular claims that grand old fraud has upon the good-will of Ireland or her people, says the *Irish-American*.

Bishop Bowman, of St. Louis, in the annual conference of the Methodist missionary committee, says that it costs \$208 to convert an Italian Catholic to Methodism. Yes; and he would be dear at half the price, says the *Western Watchman*.

In the British Empire there are 14 archiepiscopal and 81 episcopal sees; 35 vicariates and 10 prefectures; in all, 140; and the number of patriarchs, primates, archbishops and bishops throughout the world is 1,171, the residential sees being 909 in number.

GREGORY'S PILE REMEDY.—It is not very often that we say anything in favor of advertised medicines. We cheerfully make an exception in the case of Gregory's Pile Remedy. It is so highly endorsed by some of the best known citizens in Boston and vicinity, who have been permanently cured by its use, that we recommend it to all sufferers. It is a distinctly Irish remedy, the formulæ for its preparation having been left with Mr. Gregory by an esteemed old Irish lady, who died in August last, and who used it with the greatest success for many years among her friends and neighbors.

FOOTNOTES:

- [1] Sampson.
- [2] Cardinal Moran "Irish Saints in G. Brit." p 121.
- [3] Theiner. Mon. Vat. p. 48.
- [4] Cox. Hist. pt. I. p. 322.
- [5] O'Sulliv. Cath. Hist. p. 96.
- [6] The Irish Catholic names, Sullivan and Carroll, are stamped on two of the ten counties of New Hampshire, in memory of Revolutionary heroes.

- [7] *Gille Machree*, "brightener of my heart;" the name of one of Gerald Griffin's sweetest songs.
- [8] Amongst American women we cannot claim Nora Perry, in spite of her Christian name; but the father of Miss Louise Guiney was an Irishman. Both of these show a fresh and bright talent, which lifts them far above feminine verse-writers.
- [9] While the Sixty-Third was in Camp of Instruction on David's Island, in the East River, opposite New Rochelle, N. Y., it was under the spiritual care of Father Dillon, an enthusiastic young priest. He was an ardent advocate of temperance. Like all green troops, the Sixty-Third had some reckless members, who frequently took a "dhrop" too much. Before leaving for the seat of war, at the conclusion of a powerful temperance discourse, he proposed to the assembled regiment that every man and officer take the temperance pledge, "for the war." One thousand uplifted hands responded, and while he slowly read the words of the pledge the men repeated them; and this was how the Sixty-Third became "a temperance regiment."
- [10] Here is Gen. Porter's tribute to the part taken by the brigade in the terrific struggle at Malvern Hill: "I sent an urgent request for two brigades. Sumner read my note aloud, and fearing he could not stand another draft on his forces, was hesitating to respond, when Heintzleman, ever prompt and generous, sprang to his feet and exclaimed: 'By Jove! if Porter asks for help, I know he needs it.' The immediate result was the sending of Meagher by Sumner, and Sickles by Heintzleman. This was the second time that Sumner had selected and sent me Meagher's gallant Irish Brigade, and each time it rendered invaluable service.... It was at this time, in answer to my call for aid that Sumner sent me Meagher, and Heintzleman sent Sickles, both of whom reached me in the height of battle, when, if ever, fresh troops would renew our confidence and insure success. While riding rapidly forward to meet Meagher, who was approaching at a double quick step, my horse fell, throwing me over his head, much to my discomfort, both of body and mind.... Advancing with Meagher's brigade, accompanied by my staff, I soon found that my forces had successfully driven back their assailants. Determined, if possible, satisfactorily to finish the contest, regardless of the risk of being fired upon by our artillery in case of defeat, I pushed on beyond our lines into the woods held by the enemy. About fifty yards in front of us, a large force of the enemy suddenly arose and opened with fearful volleys upon our advancing line. I turned to the brigade, which thus far had kept pace with my horse, and found it standing like a stone wall, and returning a fire more destructive than it received, and from which the enemy fled. *The brigade was planted.* My service was no longer needed, and I sought Gen. Sickles, whom I found giving aid to Couch. I had the satisfaction of learning that night that a Confederate detachment, undertaking to turn Meagher's left, was met by a portion of the Sixty-Ninth New York Regiment, which advancing, repelled the attack and captured many prisoners."

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, VOLUME 15, NO. 2,
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