

# The Project Gutenberg eBook of Donahoe's Magazine, Volume 15, No. 3, March 1886, by Various

This ebook is for the use of anyone anywhere in the United States and most other parts of the world at no cost and with almost no restrictions whatsoever. You may copy it, give it away or re-use it under the terms of the Project Gutenberg License included with this ebook or online at [www.gutenberg.org](http://www.gutenberg.org). If you are not located in the United States, you'll have to check the laws of the country where you are located before using this eBook.

Title: Donahoe's Magazine, Volume 15, No. 3, March 1886

Author: Various

Release date: January 21, 2012 [EBook #38636]  
Most recently updated: January 8, 2021

Language: English

Credits: Produced by Barbara Tozier, Bill Tozier, JoAnn Greenwood  
and the Online Distributed Proofreading Team at  
<https://www.pgdp.net>

\*\*\* START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, VOLUME 15, NO.  
3, MARCH 1886 \*\*\*

Transcriber's Note: The following Table of Contents has been added (not present in the original). Remaining transcriber's notes are at end of text.

<a href="#">Pen Sketches of Irish Literateurs. III. Thomas Davis.</a>	209
<a href="#">Southern Sketches. XVIII. Havana.</a>	215
<a href="#">Our Gaelic Tongue.</a>	222
<a href="#">A Chapter of Irish History in Boston.</a>	223
<a href="#">Interest:—Savings Banks.</a>	228
<a href="#">Bay State Faugh-a-Ballaghs. III.</a>	229
<a href="#">Capital and Labor: Philosophy of "Strikes."</a>	232
<a href="#">Senator Hayes.</a>	235
<a href="#">Saints and Serpents.</a>	237
<a href="#">The Poems of Rosa Mulholland.</a>	248
<a href="#">About Critics.</a>	256
<a href="#">The Celts of South America.</a>	258
<a href="#">Encyclical: Quod Auctoritate, Proclaiming an Extraordinary Jubilee.</a>	259
<a href="#">England and Her Enemies.</a>	264
<a href="#">Ireland: A Retrospect.</a>	266
<a href="#">Jim Daly's Repentance.</a>	268
<a href="#">What English Catholics are Contending for, and What American Catholics Want.</a>	276
<a href="#">Ingratitude of France in the Irish Struggle.</a>	277
<a href="#">O'Connell and Parnell—1835-1886.</a>	278
<a href="#">Juvenile Department.</a>	279
<a href="#">Notes on Current Topics.</a>	289
<a href="#">Personal.</a>	300
<a href="#">Notices of Recent Publications.</a>	301
<a href="#">Obituary.</a>	302

---

## Donahoe's Magazine.

[209]

Vol. XV.

BOSTON, MARCH, 1886.

No. 3

"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.*

---

## Pen Sketches of Irish Literateurs.

### III.

#### THOMAS DAVIS.

The name of Thomas Davis is identified with the rise and progress of Irish ballad literature. The sound of his spirit-stirring lyre was the irresistible summons that awoke the sleeping bards of Irish song, bade them tune their harps in joyous accord, and fill the land with the thrilling harmony of a new evangel. At the touch of O'Connell, his country shook off the torpor produced by the drug of penal proscription, under which she had so long lain listless, almost lifeless. It fell to the lot of the young Irelanders to perfect the work so successfully begun; to raise her from the ignoble dust; to teach her the lesson of courage and self-confidence, and quicken her footsteps in the onward march for national independence. Thomas Davis was the acknowledged organizer and leader of this band of conspiring patriots. By birth and education he was well fitted for the position which he held. His father was the surviving representative of an honored line of English ancestors. His mother's genealogy extended back in titled pedigree to the Atkins of Forville, and to the great house of the O'Sullivans. Davis was born at Mallow, County Cork, in the year 1814. His early life gave little indication of future distinction. At school he was remarkable for being a dull boy, slow to learn and not easy to teach; but in this respect he resembled many of his countrymen, who, from being incorrigible dunces, rose to subsequent eminence and repute as great orators, great poets and great patriots. Goldsmith, while at school, was seldom free from the cap of disgrace; Sheridan's future was spoken of by his early preceptor with doleful misgivings and boding shakes of the head; Curran, till late in life, was known as "Orator Mum." Even at the Dublin University, from which he graduated in 1835, Davis was remarkable for being shy and self-absorbed, a quiet devourer of books, and a passive on-looker in the rhetorical contests, at that time so dear to enthusiastic young Irishmen. Until the year 1840 he did not seem to be influenced by any settled code of political convictions. Indeed, his outward appearance and demeanor betokened more of the English conservative than of the Irish enthusiast. But a friend, who, in 1836 sat by his side in an English theatre, remembered to have seen the tears steal silently down his cheeks at some generous tribute paid on the stage to the Irish character. In the year 1838, he was called to the bar; and in 1840, became a member of the Repeal movement. During the discussions which took place in Conciliation Hall, he still maintained the policy of a simple listener; but in the intervals of debate his mind was quietly developing new methods of work, new systems to be adopted in promoting the national cause. The popular taste needed education. Once made conversant with the history of their country, the people would acquire a knowledge of their true position, would know how to act in seconding the efforts of their leaders. The dull should be made thoughtful, the thoughtful made studious, the studious made wise, and the wise crowned with power. In the year 1842, his plans took practical shape, when, in conjunction with Charles Gavan Duffy and John Dillon, he founded the *Nation* newspaper. This was the initiative step to his subsequent brilliant career as a poet and patriot.

[210]

Popular poetry was one of the agents depended on by the new editors to infuse a larger spirit of nationality among the people. There being none at hand to suit the exact purpose, they set about making it for themselves. In this way originated that beautiful collection of rebel verse now known wherever the English language is spoken as the *Spirit of the Nation*. Until necessity compelled him to write, Davis never knew that he possessed the poetic faculty in a very high degree. The following exquisitely Celtic ballad was his first contribution to the poet's corner of the *Nation*, a lament for the ill-fated Irish chieftain, Owen Roe O'Neill:

"Did they dare, did they dare, to slay Owen Roe O'Neill!"  
'Yes, they slew with poison him they feared to meet with  
steel.'  
"May God wither up their hearts! May their blood cease to  
flow!  
May they walk in living death, who poisoned Owen Roe.  
  
Though it break my heart to hear, say again the bitter  
words."  
'From Derry against Cromwell, he marched to measure  
swords;  
But the weapon of the Saxon met him on his way,  
And he died at Clough-Oughter, upon St. Leonard's day.'  
  
"Wail, wail ye for the Mighty One! wail, wail ye for the  
Dead;  
Quench the hearth, and hold the breath—with ashes strew  
the head.  
How tenderly we loved him! how deeply we deplore!  
Holy Saviour! but to think we shall never see him more.  
  
"Sagest in the council was he,—kindest in the hall,  
Sure we never won a battle—'twas Owen won them all.  
Had he lived—had he lived—our dear country had been

free;  
But he's dead, but he's dead, and 'tis slaves we'll ever be.

"O'Farrell and Clanrickard, Preston and Red Hugh,  
Audley and McMahan, ye are valiant wise and true;  
But—what, what are ye all to our darling who is gone?  
The Rudder of our Ship was he, our Castle's corner-stone!

"Wail, wail him through the Island! weep, weep for our  
pride!  
Would that on the battle-field our gallant chief had died!  
Weep the victor of Benburb—weep him, young men and  
old;  
Weep for him ye women—your Beautiful lies cold!

"We thought you would not die—we were sure you would  
not go,  
And leave us in our utmost need to Cromwell's cruel blow  
—  
Sheep without a shepherd, when the snow shuts out the  
sky—  
O! why did you leave us, Owen? Why did you die?

"Soft as woman's was your voice, O'Neill! bright was your  
eye.  
O! why did you leave us, Owen? why did you die?  
Your troubles are all over, you're at rest with God on high;  
But we're slaves and we're orphans, Owen!—why did you  
die?"

Unlike the ordinary poetaster, Davis wrote with a mission to fulfil, with a set purpose to accomplish. He did not teach merely because he wished to sing, but he sang because he wished to teach. His poetry was to serve a purpose as distinctly within the domain of practical politics as a party pamphlet, or a speech from the hustings. If the people had hitherto depended almost exclusively for information on the spoken word of a few popular orators, how much more effective would not the good tidings of hope be, when given with rhetorical elegance, set in glorious song, and placed within purchaseable reach of all. Hitherto the genius of Melancholy presided over the fount of Irish song. The future was looked forward to with hopeless dread, or sullen recklessness. The present was only spoken of to enhance by shadowy contrast the grandeur of a golden age, that seemed to have passed away forever. Moore's poetry was the wail of a lost cause, the chronicle of a past, whose history was yet recorded throughout the country in ruined abbeys, where the torch of faith and learning was kept from dying out; in ivied castles, from which the mustered manhood of a nation's strength had gone forth to scare the Viking from her soil. Poor Mangan's vision of the past might be predicated as an ideal picture of this lamented epoch:—

"I walked entranced  
Through a land of morn,  
The sun, with wondrous excess of light,  
Shone down and glanced  
O'er seas of corn,  
And lustrous gardens aleft and right;  
Even in the clime  
Of resplendent Spain,  
Beams no such sun upon such a land;  
But it was the time  
'Twas in the reign,  
Of Cáhál Mor of the Wine-red Hand."

Davis, and the school of poets whom he led, indulged little in unpractical dreams and purposeless regrets. For the first time, the longings of the present and the hopes of the future were spoken of encouragingly. If, at judicious intervals, the pictures of Ireland's golden era were uncovered, it was to stimulate existing ardor—not to beget reverie; to develop latent faculties of work, and not to enfeeble by discouragement the thews and sinews of national life already beginning to thrive in busy usefulness. Freedom was to be purchased at any risk. Davis might never live to see its realization, but he could insure its nearer approach. His first duty, assisted by his zealous co-partners, was to educate, to place in the hands of the people, the means of enjoying those privileges which the leaders had set themselves to win. Gradually but surely the good work progressed. The life of "Treeney the Robber," the "Irish Rogues and Rapparees," the astounding adventures of the "Seven Champions of Christendom," the pasquinades of "Billy Bluff," and "Paddy's Resource," began to pall on the taste of the peasantry, when, by degrees, they became acquainted with the authentic history and the glorious traditions of their country. Sketches of Irish saints and scholars, whose fame for sanctity and learning throughout Christendom rivalled that of St. Benedict as a founder, and St. Thomas of Aquino as a subtle doctor, appeared week by week in the characters of Columbanus and Duns Scotus, Kilian and Johannes Erigena, Colman and Columbkille. Among other schemes he planned the publication of one hundred cheap books

[211]

[212]

to be printed by Duffy, materials for which were to be sought for in the State paper office of London, the MSS. of Trinity College Library, and the valuable papers still preserved in Irish convents at Rome, Louvain, Salamanca, and other places on the continent.

The great secret of Davis's success was his energy, which nothing could suppress or diminish—neither the imprisonment of his co-laborers, the fatigue and anxiety of unassisted endeavor, or the clash of party strife. From his teachings sprang two schools of workers, alike in the ends which each proposed to win, but differing in the methods adopted for its attainment. The one, the pronounced literateurs of the *Nation*; the other, the organizers who propounded throughout the country the doctrines enunciated by the official organ. The historic *Nation* was the great channel through which the current of politics sped with a precipitous force, that nothing could withstand. From the date of its first edition it had become universally popular. Even those whose political views were at variance with its teaching were glad to be able to purchase a sheet whose literary excellence elicited their surprise and admiration. But it was among the common people that it had its widest circle of readers. On Sunday mornings while awaiting Mass before the Chapel gate, or on winter evenings around the blacksmith's forge, the peasants would assemble to hear one of their number read aloud rebel verse and passionate prose, the high literary value of which they knew almost instinctively how to appreciate. Though sold at sixpence a copy, a high figure for a weekly newspaper, especially so for the people who were to be its immediate supporters, it had a wonderful circulation, even in the poorest districts. Dillon, one of its founders, writing to its editor, Gavan Duffy, from a poor village in Mayo, said: "I am astonished at the success of the *Nation* in this poor place. There is not a place in Ireland perhaps a village poorer than itself, or surrounded by a poorer population. You would not guess how many *Nations* came to it on Sunday last! No less than twenty-three! There are scarcely so many houses in the town!" Two of the greatest critics, that ever presided over the domain of letters, spoke enthusiastically of the poetry which was selected from its columns, and which has since been printed and sold by the tens of thousands. Macaulay confessed he was much struck by the energy and beauty of the volume. Lord Jeffrey, in a fit of playful confidence, said that he was a helpless victim "to these enchanters of the lyre." The "*Spirit of the Nation*" was as uncontestably the typical poetry of Ireland, as the songs of Burns set forth the national sentiment of Scotland. The poetry of Davis, in a marked degree, is characterized by all the distinctive qualities of the Celtic race,—impulsive ardor, filial affection, headlong intrepidity, mirth and friendship, all imperceptibly interwoven with a thread of chaste melancholy, and all subordinated to feelings of Christian faith and reverence. It was his patriotic endeavor to restore the old Irish names of places, and by degrees replace them in permanent usage. How well he succeeded in handling phrases in the Irish vernacular, without marring the most euphonious rhythm, may be seen in the following piece, *O'Brien of Arra*.

[213]

"Tall are the towers of O'Kennedy—  
Broad are the lands of MacCaura—  
Desmond feeds five hundred men a-day;  
Yet here's to O'Brien of Arra!  
Up from the castle of Drumineer,  
Down from the top of Camailte,  
Clansmen and kinsmen are coming here  
To give him the *cead mile failte*.

"See you the mountains look huge at eve—  
So is our chieftain in battle;  
Welcome he has for the fugitive,  
Usquebaugh, fighting and cattle!  
Up from the Castle of Drumineer,  
Down from the top of Camailte,  
Gossip and alley are coming here  
To give him the *cead mile failte*.

"Horses the valleys are tramping on,  
Sleek from the Sassenach manger;  
Creaghts the hills are encamping on,  
Empty the bawns of the stranger!  
Up from the Castle of Drumineer,  
Down from the top of Camailte,  
Kern and bonaght are coming here  
To give him the *cead mile failte*.

"He has black silver from Killaloe—  
Ryan and Carroll are neighbors—  
Nenagh submits with a fuililiú—  
Butler is meat for our sabres!  
Up from the castle of Drumineer,  
Down from the top of Camailte,  
Ryan and Carroll are coming here  
To give him the *cead mile failte*.

"T'is scarce a week since through Ossory  
Chased he the Baron of Durrow—  
Forced him five rivers to cross, or he

Had died by the sword of Red Murrrough!  
Up from the Castle of Drumineer,  
Down from the top of Camailte,  
All the O'Briens are coming here  
To give him the *cead mile failte*.

[214]

"Tall are the towers of O'Kennedy—  
Broad are the lands of MacCaura—  
Desmond feeds five hundred men a-day;  
Yet here's to O'Brien of Arra.  
Up from the Castle of Drumineer.  
Down from the top of Camailte,  
Clansmen and kinsmen are coming here  
To give him the *cead mile failte*."

*The Battle of Fontenoy* is the corner-stone of the fame of Thomas Davis as a poet. No greater battle-ballad has ever been written. Beside it the ballads of Campbell are scarcely perfect. Davis and Campbell are each typical of a distinct school of painting. Davis entered into minute detail with the love of a pre-Raphaelite; Campbell wields the brush after the manner of one of the old masters. Unhappily for his country Davis died almost suddenly in the year 1845. He had not the happiness to see the beneficial results, which ensuing years brought to the work, which he was the first to begin. His character might be pithily expressed in the words which he poetically wished might be inscribed on his tomb: "He served his country, and loved his kind." A warm heart, and a stainless name, shed lustre on the chivalrous patriot. An earnest Protestant, he was no bigot. Of gentle birth and rearing, he never narrowed his prejudices to petty distinctions of class or creed; but threw in his individual help with the humbler striving of sturdy commoner and frieze-coated peasant. The measure of national advancement, which he accomplished, did not die with him, but lives to our time. It would require little space to prove here that the literary societies, the political club assemblies, the societies for the promotion of the Irish language and industries, the discipline of national unity, which controls the whole Irish movement in our day, are but the practical sequence of the lessons which Davis and his party taught and perpetuated. And if the hour is now at hand when the hard-fought battle of a century is to be decided for us in glorious victory; if to us it is given, through the efforts of the gallant patriots who still continue the good fight, to set the banner of victory on the temple of national independence, history yet survives and points its backward finger in abiding gratitude to the unforgotten workers, who laid the foundation of the citadel, which we are to open and inhabit.

JAMES H. GAVIN.

---

Human nature is a greater force even than laws of political economy, and the Almighty Himself has implanted in the human breast that passionate love of country which rivets with irresistible attraction the Esquimaux to his eternal snows, the Arab to his sandy desert, and the Highlander to his rugged mountains.—*Joseph Chamberlain*.

---

## Southern Sketches.

[215]

### XVIII.

#### HAVANA.

After resting in my novel couch that evening, and experiencing no hurt from the so-called formidable mosquito of the West Indies, I started next morning, after a ten-o'clock breakfast of poached eggs, fried plantains, meats of various kinds spiced with garlic, fruits, and other nice things, to the Plaza de Armas, which is a beautiful square, and only a couple of blocks from the Hotel de Europa. Towards evening the Plaza presents a glittering sight. Its handsome palm-trees, roses, Indian laurels, flowering shrubs, piers, railings, and statue of Ferdinand, form a grand combination. The rambler to whom such scenes are new, sinks almost unconsciously into a seat, and surrenders himself to the irresistible influence of the music, fragrance and brilliancy of the place. The military band discourses soft and delicious music. Soldiers in gay uniforms, civilians in handsome dresses, and carriages containing the wealthiest and handsomest of Havana's daughters, fill the square, and one delightful stream of chat and laughter continues till the performance is ended. The fine palace of the captain-general, the beautiful chapel, El Templete (erected in honor of Columbus), the university attached to the Church of St. Domingo, and several stores and exchange offices border the Plaza. The scene is tropical, the moon's clear beams mingle with the lamplight, and the sense of tranquility, happiness, and repose, which characterizes the place and the crowds, gives one a foretaste of Paradise. A very old tree stands in front of the temple, and here it was that the first Mass was celebrated in the island. The palace of the captain-general is two stories high, painted light green, having a magnificent colonnade

around the lower story, and an elegant piazza around the upper one. On visiting it next day, I was politely escorted by an officer through flights of marble staircases, embellished with statuary and flower vases, into the presence of the captain-general. He led me by vast, rich corridors to saloons embellished with green furniture, marble floors, rich vases, walls full of paintings, mirrors and statues. The ceilings were ornamented with exquisite mosaics. The despatch apartment, dining-room, and chapel were reached through splendid arches and highly-wrought pillars. Chandeliers of exquisite design and great value added to the splendor of the saloons. In winter the captain-general resides in the city palace; but in summer he takes up his abode at the quinta, or country seat, outside the town. A few minutes walk from here will take you to the cathedral, which is a ponderous, time-worn building, constructed of a kind of yellow stone, which has become mottled by age. I noticed doves cooing in its heavy old window-sills. Though the exterior is plain, the inside of the building is grand. Its floor is of marble, its walls are highly frescoed, and its pillars are very lofty and round. The high altar is of porphyry, and when I visited it, itself and the body of the church were undergoing repairs. A feature which is sure to interest every traveller, is a simple slab in the wall of the chancel to the left of the sanctuary. Behind this, rests the remains of the illustrious Columbus. A feeling of reverence and awe took possession of me as I recalled the religious and brave career of that wonderful man, who, from first to last, clung so strong to his holy faith. A courteous sacristan next showed me the beautiful vestments and sacred vessels in use at the cathedral. Chief amongst those was a remonstrance to hold the Blessed Sacrament during processions like those of Corpus Christi. It stood six or seven feet high, and was made of pure silver, enriched here and there with gold and precious stones. It was a perfect representation of a gorgeous gothic cathedral. The priests connected with the church are very courteous and hospitable, and are but a short distance from the seminary, to which I next bent my footsteps.

[216]

This is a sombre and massive edifice. After passing a huge gateway, I entered a large courtyard, which was ornamented with big, flowering plants and Indian laurels. Fifty or sixty grand pillars supported piazzas around the court. The porter brought to me the director of the seminary, who proved to be a young and very agreeable priest. He offered me the hospitalities of the seminary, and asked me to take a look at the house. He could converse fluently in English, having been several years in the United States. I learned from him that this institution, like the cathedral, was about three hundred years old, that the majority of candidates for holy orders were young men, natives of the Island, and that such was not the case till recently, as in the past all the aspirants for the ministry came directly from Spain. The faculty of the house demanded postulants of a high standard, as could be seen from the fact that out of twenty-four who applied for admission on the previous year only nine were received.

While walking with the reverend director on one of the verandas overlooking the court, my attention was drawn to the students who came out of their class-rooms to take recreation. They were all very handsome young men. Five Lazarist priests and two lay professors take charge of the house and classes. The course includes the sciences of the schools, humanities, philosophy and theology. The class-rooms, refectory, library and halls of the house were lofty and very well kept. The dormitory, two hundred feet long, was finely situated, and had sixteen large windows looking out upon the bay, forts, ships and hills. The students retire to rest at nine o'clock and get up at five in the morning, when they make their meditation and assist at Mass. They partake of a little bread and coffee at 6.45 A.M., dine at 11.30 and sup at 7 P.M. Such, also, is the custom of the Spanish seminaries.

After leaving this institution, I pursued a northern course, passing by huge barracks, in front of which soldiers were keeping guard. The palace of the general of engineers stands in this vicinity. I had the pleasure of an introduction to the commander, Signor Jose Aparicio y Beltram, a Spanish gentleman of great courtesy and intelligence. He showed me all that was interesting in this grand building of pillars, saloons and courts.

[217]

The city prison is situated about ten minutes' walk from this spot, and is a very large, two-storied building, resembling a palace more than a jail. On introducing myself, and presenting a card from the adjutant-general, I was very politely received by Signor Jose Gramaren y Voreye, chief of the prisons of the Isle of Cuba. The interior of the prison is entirely unlike anything of the sort in the United States. The prisoners, about two hundred in number, committed for political and criminal offences, are confined in large, unfurnished rooms, whose floors are of stone, and whose only ornaments are iron posts and chains. Sad-looking, half-naked creatures stared at me in silence as I entered, and then resumed their walks and conversation. Separate wards were reserved for the Chinese and Negro offenders, and a large, neat chapel, where Mass was celebrated every Sunday, was at hand for the accommodation of all. The prison is situated in the new part of the city, on a magnificent, wide street, lined with trees. This carries you directly to one of the most superb promenades and drives in the town—viz: the Parque de Isabella 2d. Here the wealth and beauty of Havana turn out, especially in the evenings, to take the fresh air, and exhibit themselves in splendid carriages behind prancing steeds. The finest theatres and hotels of the city are in this neighborhood, and the scene towards evening becomes quite fairy-like owing to the multitudes of lights that fall on statues, fountains, gay promenaders, flowers and palms, which stretch away for an immense distance. Here soldiers, sailors and civilians mingle, now walking, now resting on iron seats near flowery bowers. Members of the municipal police go by, dressed in dark uniforms, carrying swords, whistles and batons. Some of the night police stroll along in the evening, in black uniforms, bearing red lamps and lancers. Crowds of people, who remain in-doors during the intense heat of the day, come to the Parque at dusk to breathe the cool air, and listen to the music of the military band, that plays every second night near the

principal statue and fountain.

A little beyond the Parque towers aloft the grand new city market (Plaza de Vapor), one of the finest in the world, adorned in front by a noble colonnade. The numerous and handsome stalls are filled with goods of all kinds; and among the most attractive of the displays are the rich, luscious and lovely fruits of the island. This edifice is well worth seeing. The Campo de Marte and the Paseo de Tacon, in this neighborhood, are magnificent drives. The latter leads out to the suburbs, and beyond the quinta, or country residence of the captain-general. Next day I resolved to see the Casus de Benefecentia, which is situated at the north-west of the city, in front of the ocean. It is the most famous benevolent institution in Cuba, and is under the charge of the Sisters of Charity. It consists of a file of buildings, of solid masonry painted a tawny brown. After knocking at an immense door, I was admitted by the porter, who introduced me to the director of the institution. He has a smattering of English and was very polite.

Signor Antonio Gorherti introduced me to several of the good sisters, who were dressed in white caps and blue habits. We walked through the grounds of the institution. These were very large and highly ornamented. Twenty-four sisters dwelt in the house. The building had two divisions, one for females and the other for males. The majority were destitute orphans of both sexes, the rest were infirm adults. The entire number of its inmates was about seven hundred. We went through the Baptistry, which was fifty or sixty feet high, and entered the chapel, which had a beautiful gallery and mosaic ceiling, then passed through a private chapel where the Blessed Sacrament was kept. All these were finely embellished with paintings. The large wards and dormitories were kept scrupulously clean, and provided with numerous nurses, who received thirty dollars a month in gold for their services. Every attention is paid to the sick, and the best physicians are daily in attendance. Sister Josepha, who had charge of the girls, showed me some very beautiful embroidery and fancy work made by them. They presented many gifts to the captain-general, who was a liberal patron of the institution. The physical as well as religious and moral training of the children was creditably attended to; all looked in fine health and enjoyed good food, as well as the refreshing breezes of the sea, which swept through the grounds. Their knowledge of the Christian truths was excellent, and no wonder, as the educational system practised by the sisters was exceedingly interesting, simple and comprehensive. The boys and girls were formed into various religious sodalities, and I was perfectly charmed with the manner in which so many, of almost every color, united in singing sacred hymns in the Spanish language.

[218]

It would take pages to describe the attractions of this institution which commanded the respect and sympathy of all classes in Havana. Though chiefly sustained by the government, still it often receives magnificent bequests. One gentleman left the establishment two hundred thousand dollars. His name will ever be held in grateful remembrance. The untiring zeal of the good sisters makes the institution a perfect success. On my return to the hotel, I dropped into the fish market which adjoins the cathedral. The display of the finny tribe here was perfectly gorgeous. Fish of every color, beautifully striped, and with glittering scales, lay on the benches, after having lately been snatched from the transparent Cuban waters. They presented a tempting sight to the crowd of hungry darkies who lounged around the stalls.

After a rest and an elaborately compounded dinner of fruits, vegetables and meats, all savored with garlic and spices of various kinds, and having been regaled with the rest of the guests, during its course, by a band of music, I resolved to go and see the quinta, or suburban residence of the captain-general. The drive to this place by the Paseo de Tacon is very beautiful and refreshing. On entering the suburbs it is lined with handsome villas and closely packed houses, which soon give way to isolated mansions, green fields, blooming gardens and tropical trees. The grounds of the captain-general are adorned by a splendid entrance, grand walks, flower beds and avenues of palm trees. As I sauntered along the gravel walks I noticed all kinds of cacti, roses, cocoa and royal palms. On calling on the captain-general's widow I was warmly welcomed by Signor Juan Batalla, the major-domo, and his lady, both good Catholics. They kindly accompanied me through the grounds. I saw great masses of dahlias, fuchsias, colens, kaladimus, and century plants flourishing here in their warm native soil. Down a short distance from the house we came upon a lovely cascade which threw its silvery spray over numbers of blossoming vines. It seemed almost impossible to check (if one barbarously desired to do so) the growth and beauty of the flowers that lined the smooth, clear canal below the waterfall. Hundreds of dresinas, other rare plants, and sweet-scented flowers made the air heavy with their fragrance, while the lofty Indian laurels and palms looked down like lords on the dwarf beauties growing at their feet. All kinds of ducks sported in the canal, and tame deer browsed near its banks. Signor Juan pointed with pride to a ceiba tree, about a hundred feet high, and enthusiastically remarked what a brave one it was, since it stood there since the time of Columbus. After taking along with me a few mementos from the signor, I quitted this enchanting spot with feelings of regret and returned to the city.

[219]

The Church de Mercede which I next visited, is the handsomest in Havana. It stands at the south-east of the city, and exteriorly presents a very noble and finished appearance. I saw it on Quinquagesima Sunday, when the devotion of the Forty Hours was in progress. The church, at the Solemn High Mass (8 A.M.), was filled to overflowing, and the music, which was rendered by a very large orchestra, was very fine. The interior of the church was remarkable for its artistic beauty. Under the faithful direction of the Lazarist Fathers, who came to Havana in 1863, this edifice was carried to its present state of completion. The building measures two hundred feet long by about ninety wide. Its grand high altar and eight side ones force themselves upon your view by their essential splendor, yet the extravagant and costly drapery of the statuary on most of them, though agreeable to the Spaniards, is hurtful to the taste of one coming from the United

States. On the left of the high altar stands a magnificent one of our Lady of Lourdes. The side walls all around are grandly frescoed, and the ceiling is painted a beautiful sky blue, with white clouds here and there, out of which peep lovely bright angels. The oil paintings on the side walls of this church must have cost thousands of dollars each, they are so large, richly mounted and life-like in their execution. The grand altar, like the church, is Corinthian in shape, and literally glittered with lights on the morning I saw it. A great, high, solid ornament rested over the reredos, looking like a papal tiara resplendent with gems. The marble altar steps and pillars of light green shooting up to the roof, the beautiful velvet sanctuary carpet and the crimson damask curtains hanging from the side walls of the sanctuary gave a superb effect to the full front view. The white and gold tabernacle, adorned with delicate crimson lace, looked magnificent as the mellow sunlight flooded it. The large congregation were wrapped up in devotion, and listened with great attention and delight to a sermon on faith which was powerfully delivered in Spanish by one of the Lazarist Fathers. When the Mass ended, I accompanied the Fathers to their modest, neat rooms, where I was delightfully entertained. These priests displayed a great amount of knowledge and refinement. Though few could speak English, yet all could, of course, converse in Latin, and this tongue they uttered with great accuracy and fluency. I will always remember the kindness of these priests and the grandeur of their sacred temple.

[220]

The palace of the admiral, which I visited on the following day, is a very handsome structure, built in Grecian style and painted a delicate light blue. It stands near the custom-house and faces the bay. On introducing myself, and presenting the card of the adjutant-general, I was courteously conducted to the side of an officer by one of the guards at the gate. The officer soon led me up a flight of marble stairs through grand, lofty antechambers into the presence of the admiral, a tall, handsome old gentleman. He welcomed me very cordially, and introduced me to his son, a noble-looking young man dressed in the uniform of a superior officer. The latter was not long resident in Cuba, having recently arrived from Spain. He conversed very pleasantly in English about the United States, Cuba, and other topics; then showed me through the house, which contained magnificent apartments all furnished in regal style. The chapel was gorgeous.

After leaving the palace of the admiral, where I was so kindly treated, I went to the arsenal, the extensive grounds, pretty church and military stores of which are well worth noticing. A short distance from here and you come to the military hospital. This is an immense establishment, surrounded by a strong, thick wall, of a light brown color. Its many gates were guarded by armed sentinels. On inquiring for the Padre Curé, I was shown to his presence by a guide in military uniform. The Padre was a large, good-natured-looking person. He was seated at his desk, over a volume, when I entered. The appearance of his room showed that the occupant was a student and a business man. The walls were lined with books, and materials suited to his sacred calling were here and there systematically fixed. Padre Toaquin Salvadorez received me like a generous-hearted, highly-cultivated gentleman. After a brief chat, he led me through the hospital. We passed through numerous offices, where we saw the superior and directors of the institution. Signors Don Antonius Pardinias, J. A. Salazaro, Don Eduardo Crespo and Don Jose Yara Goza, were wonderfully polite and pleasant gentlemen. We entered the wards of the hospital, which are attended by the Sisters of Charity. Almost every bed was occupied by a sick soldier. Most of them were young men not long from Spain, who came to serve the kingdom on a foreign territory. The marks of fever and wounds lay heavy upon them. I noticed sick soldiers and sailors, reading, writing and dozing. Several walked along the corridors dressed in long, white gowns, slippers and turbans, directing a nod and a smile to us as they passed by. The good Father informed me that over one thousand were confined in the hospital, attended by twenty-four nurses, who spared neither time nor effort to make them comfortable.

The rooms were large, airy and full of the odor of tropical fruits and flowers. Beautiful religious pictures hung in several places and good pious books were abundant. The officers' rooms had a large quota of patients. All were brought by sickness to a level with the commonest soldier. We went through the surgical rooms, where operations were wont to be performed. We entered the chapel, a richly adorned and commodious one, where the good sisters so often knelt to pray for the poor invalids. Large, cooling arches spread away before us, and courtyards full of flowers and gushing fountains gave refreshment and rest to the inmates of this vast institution. The good Father showed me immense cellars which contained barrels full of drugs of all kinds. The establishment had three drug stores, all of which were busy supplying the sick with medicines. A proof of the remarkable care taken by the doctors and sisters of the sick in this hospital, may be seen from a report made by a board of investigation which visited Havana in 1880, to inquire into the yellow fever. During the year, 1360 of the army were seized with this disease, 956 outlived it and 411 died, 3 remaining in a doubtful condition. Out of the 174 seized by the disease in the navy, 109 lived and 64 died, 1 remaining in a doubtful state. Out of a total of 1541 invalids 1069 lived and 475 died, 4 remaining in a doubtful condition, thus producing a proportion of 30 to 6 signed by 36 Havana doctors for the army, 4 for the navy, 4 apothecaries, 3 priests and 3 of the military administration.

[221]

Father Salvadorez pointed out to me immense stores as we walked along, where great quantities of dry goods were piled up so as to provide the sick with clothing and bandages, also immense stores in which groceries of every kind were packed. The ambulance department, where everything needed for sick soldiers could be had, was well worth seeing, also the rest of the rooms and stores in connection with the building. The insane department contained but one unhappy case. He was a young man with pale face, long, black, flowing hair, and dark eyes full of sadness that stared at us gloomily as we went in. A few words of cheer from the Padre encouraged him, so he smiled, nodded his head, and then retired to a corner of his cell. Father



Salvadorez receives a salary of two thousand dollars a year, and each of his assistants gets one thousand dollars. A military attendant is attached to each. It is, indeed, a delightful treat to form the acquaintance of the Padre and the officers of the military hospital. If the stranger knows a little Latin, Italian, or Spanish, he can chat with them, and get a good deal of information. Their expressive gestures will go a good way to supply their lack of English. It afforded me no small share of pleasure to meet at the hospital, among the thirty-four sisters in charge, a novice who had recently arrived from Cork, Ireland. She was the only Irish one among a number of French and Spanish sisters, but certainly not the least loved. After passing a few delightful hours of inspection, I bade adieu to the Padre, whom I promised to meet at the university next day. On the following morning, at nine o'clock, I heard him deliver a grand essay in defence of the Syllabus, before a very large and attentive assemblage of students.

After viewing the chief features of interest in Havana, I bade the city good-by, and set out for Matanzas, to see its famous Yumuri Valley and caves of Bellamare (of the beautiful sea).

REV. M. W. NEWMAN.

---

Enjoy present pleasures in such a way as not to injure future ones.

---

## Our Gaelic Tongue.

[222]

It is fading, ah, 'tis fading like the leaves upon the trees!  
It is dying, sadly dying, like echoes 'mong the trees!  
When the last breath of Autumn sighing on the breeze.

The places now that know it, it soon shall know no more;  
It has vanished, it has vanished, like some loved one gone  
before.  
No more is it spoken as it was in the days of yore.

It is sinking, slowly sinking, into its silent grave at last,  
To live but in the memory as a relic of the past;  
Our olden time is sinking by time and wrong harassed.

And the land that gave it birth it will leave forevermore;  
No more the hills re-echo to its music as of yore,  
Amid the ancient ruins pining, an exile on its native shore.

It was spoken ere the Grecian or the Persian felt the  
chain,  
Ere Christianity's light arose to educate and tame  
The fierceness of the pagan, and free the world again.

Its youth beheld the Semite on Irish coasts a guest,  
Whose manhood saw the empire of the Cæsars sink to rest  
In its old age, as a patriarch sinks silently to rest.

In royal hall and peasant home its accents oft had rung;  
Oft the glories of his native land the enraptured minstrel  
sung,  
To king and nobles gathered round, in his wild, sweet,  
native tongue.

Ah, sacred tongue, that oft has borne the message from  
above!  
Ah, pleasing tongue, whose murmurs soft, like the cooing  
of the dove,  
To patriots united it bore words of sweetest love.

It was the tongue the apostle spoke in the days of long  
ago;  
In it the priest advised his flock in the penal days of woe;  
Its wild huzza at Fontenoy dismayed and beat the foe.

Our Keltic tongue is dying and we stand coldly by,  
Without a pang within the heart, or a tear fall from the  
eye,  
Without a care to save it, or e'en a mournful sigh,

To see it thus receding as the sunlight on the sea.  
Oh, rescue it 'ere 'tis too late; oh, raise your might to free

The language of our fathers, from dark oblivion's sea.

Shall it no more be spoken on Eire's fertile plain?  
Shall not her sons aspire no more to rend the iron chain,  
And light the fires of freedom that smouldered in its train?

Oh, mute, forsaken tongue, must a captive's fate be thine,  
Crushed by a despot's sceptre, but to be the sign  
Of a ruined country, a desecrated shrine.

Phenix of the fire and storm, shall it arising in its strength,  
Spurning the galling, servile yoke, gloriously be at length,  
Immortal and unconquerable, the language of Juvent.

J. SULLIVAN.

Worcester, Mass.

---

## A Chapter of Irish History in Boston.

[223]

The *Boston Herald* gives us a fair history of the ancient and honorable Charitable Irish Society, which we cheerfully reproduce:—Within a few weeks, probably at the annual meeting in March, action will be taken by the members of the Charitable Irish Society looking to the proper observance of the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of that organization, which is one of the oldest in the country. The history of the Society is a most interesting one, so much so that when Dr. Samuel A. Green was mayor of the city, he requested that copies of the printed records be deposited in the library at the Harvard University, with the Massachusetts Historic Genealogical and Boston Historical Society, and in the principal public libraries of the State. The motive underlying the formation of the Society was very explicitly set forth when the original members assembled and prepared the preamble to the rules and orders, which declared that "Several Gentlemen, Merchants and others, of the Irish Nation, residing in Boston and in New England, from an Affectionate and Compassionate concern for their countrymen in these Parts, who may be reduced by Sickness, Shipwreck, Old Age and other Infirmities and Unforeseen Accidents, Have thought fit to form themselves into a Charitable Society for the relief of such of their poor and indigent Countrymen, without any Design of not contributing toward the provision of the town poor in general as usual. And, the Society being now in its Minority, it is to be hoped and expected that all Gentlemen, Merchants, and others of the Irish Nation or Extraction residing in or trading to these Parts, who are lovers of Charity and their Countrymen, will readily come in and give their Assistance to so laudable an undertaking." A remarkable provision of the by-laws, as originally drawn, was the restriction that only Protestants should be admitted to membership; but there are good grounds for believing that Roman Catholics were admitted as early as 1742, and it is known that prominent persons of that faith were members in 1770. The preserved records do not show when Catholics were first admitted to membership; but when the constitution was revised in 1804, the restricted clause was repealed. The by-laws at first were few in number and very

### Suggestive of the Times.

The quarterly dues were two shillings, with "2 Shillings additional for the Expenses of the House. The dues were to be paid into the treasurer's hands when the members were called by their respective names, and all persons on the calling of the List to keep their Seats to prevent disturbance. And, further, that all members residing in Boston and not attending at said quarterly meetings, but sending their quarterize, shall also send 1 shilling for the good of the stock." "Expenses of the house" suggests that, while the proceedings at meetings were in progress, the members enjoyed "potheen," or something as exhilarating, for another by-law provided that "no Person call for or order any drink into the room where said Society is, except the President, who, or some Person appointed by him, is to keep an acct. of the Liquor, and to take care that the same do not exceed two Shillings for each member present." Decorum and order were enforced at the meetings under a by-law which provided that "if any Member offer any Indignity to another, or shall Swear or Curse in said Society, such Member so offending shall pay as a Fine to the Fund of said Society the Sum of Ten Shillings, and such Member refusing to pay such Fine after being adjudged culpable by a Majority of the Members present, such Person shall be excluded from said Society." Four years after the founding of this Society, interest in the meetings began to flag, and it was voted that the fine for non-attendance should be five shillings, unless the member absenting himself gave a reasonable excuse therefor. At one time, six o'clock in the evening, was the hour set for assembling. There were some members who worked at their trades well up to that time of day, and could not get to their homes without danger of being fined in meeting for absence, and, consequently, they appeared in their working clothes. This necessitated a new by-law in 1744, providing that "All Members who appear at the Annual and Quarterly Meeting to be Decent and Clean, without Capps or Aprons." Notifications of meetings were called "warnings," and members were warned in whatever way the secretary desired. In 1768 it was thought that two shillings' worth of beer and tobacco was rather too much for any

[224]

one man to drink and smoke at a meeting, and it was voted that "there shant be above 1 s. 4 d. a man spent at a meeting before the Business of the evening be over and the reckning called & settled; and that a clarke be chosen Each Evening to settle the reckning," etc. The Society had no regular place of assembly, but met around wherever it could. From the 21st of February, 1775, till the 26th of October, 1784, the Society did not meet, owing to many of the members being in the Continental Army,

### **Serving under Gen. Washington.**

On the evening of the reassembling of the Society after the War of the Revolution, the President delivered an address in which he said: "Gentlemen, Members of the Charitable Irish Society: I congratulate you on this joyful occasion, that we are assembled again after ten years' absence occasioned by a dreadful and ruinous war of eight years; also that we have conquered one of the greatest and most potent nations on the globe so far as to have peace and independency. May our friends, countrymen in Ireland, behave like the brave Americans, till they recover their liberties." It has long been a custom to invite to the annual dinner of the Society, representatives of the Catholic and Protestant clergy, and as far back as 1797 the committee having the entertainment in charge was "authorized to admit such gentlemen as may appear proper subjects for the celebration, they paying their own club." In 1798 the members were not "warned" for the August meeting because the contagion raged, and the members were principally out of Boston. In October of the same year, they were not warned, "Because the Contagion was not entirely eradicated and the Members not generally Returned." In June, 1799, the secretary was a little nettled because he had no company at the meeting, and he made as a record: "President, Vice-President and all the members absent except the secretary. Therefore, all business is suspended until the next meeting." For a year or more afterward, the meetings were not well attended. In April, 1808, an election of officers and other business was being disposed of, when the proceedings terminated very abruptly, and the record gives the reason as follows: "Fire is cried and bells ringing; the Society disperse." By 1810, the material in the organization began to grow again, and the meetings were held at the Old Exchange coffee house. Twenty years later. Gallagher's Howard Street House was the popular place of rendezvous, and it was here that a vote was passed providing standards and banners for the Society. One of the most memorable events recorded, took place on the 22d of June, 1833, when "thirteen marshals conducted the Society to the lodgings of the President of the United States, at the Tremont House, to pay their respects." President James Boyd of the Society delivered an address of welcome, and President Andrew Jackson replied as follows: "I feel much gratified, sir, at this testimony of respect shown me by the Charitable Irish Society of this city. It is with great pleasure that I see so many of the countrymen of my father assembled on this occasion. I have always been proud of my ancestry, and of being descended from that noble race, and rejoice that I am so nearly allied to a country which has so much to recommend it to the good wishes of the world. Would to God, sir, that Irishmen on the other side of the great water, enjoyed the comforts, happiness, contentment and liberty that we enjoy here. I am well aware, sir, that Irishmen have never been backward in giving their support to

[225]

### **The Cause of Liberty.**

"They have fought, sir, for this country valiantly, and, I have no doubt, would fight again were it necessary; but I hope it will be long before the institutions of our country need support of that kind. Accept my best wishes for the happiness of you all." The members of the Society were about to withdraw when President Jackson took Mr. Boyd by the hand and said: "I am somewhat fatigued, sir, as you may notice; but I cannot allow you to part with me until I again shake hands with you, which I do for yourself and the whole Society. I assure you, sir, there are few circumstances that have given me more heart-felt satisfaction than this visit. I shall remember it with pleasure, and I hope you, sir, and all your Society will long enjoy health and happiness." The next event of interest was the appearance of the Society in the procession on the occasion of services commemorative of Gen. Lafayette, September 6, 1834, "With a standard bearer and ten marshals, who decorated themselves with the medals of the Society, and a special badge provided for the occasion in honor of Gen. Lafayette, and bearing his likeness." The centennial celebration was another red letter event. J. Boyd, the President, delivered an oration at Masonic Hall. Governor Edward Everett, Mayor Samuel Atkins Eliot, and other distinguished gentlemen being present as invited guests, and these gentlemen also attended the banquet in the evening and delivered addresses. In 1841 the Society began to meet at the Stackpole House, which stood on the south-west corner of Milk and Devonshire Streets, where the Post-office building now stands. The Parker House has been the place of meeting for about thirty years, beginning in 1856. Efforts have frequently been made to detach the Society from Parker's; but the memories of good times and old faces has so entwined the Society to that "tavern," that it has been impossible thus far to effect a separation. In addition to the officers usually elected in societies, namely, president, vice-president, secretaries, treasurer and directors, the Charitable Irish Society adheres to the old-time custom of electing a "keeper of the silver key," who is also chairman of the board of directors. The silver key is not a myth, as many of the new members of the organization, as well as other persons, have supposed. It is made of coin silver, after the style of the old-fashioned iron keys used to lock the main front doors of places of business and family mansions, some of which are yet to be seen in houses fifty or more years old. It is about seven or eight inches long, and weighs between a quarter and half a pound. This key is preserved in a velvet-lined case, and is one of

[226]

## The Treasures of the Society.

Its utility is described in the thirteenth section of the original rules and orders, as follows: "The key keepers are to attend gentlemen and others, natives of Ireland, or of Irish extraction, residing in these parts, or transients, to acquaint them with the charitable design and nature of this Society, and invite them to contribute by the formality of delivering them a silver key, with the arms of Ireland thereon; and if any person do refuse the same, they are to return their names at some subsequent quarterly meeting." The records do not show that at any time in the history of the Society has the key keeper had occasion to report the name of anybody for refusing to contribute to charity. There are also other relics and devices, all of which are in the possession of the treasurer, who gives bonds for the safe-keeping of the same. The device, or coat-of-arms, of the Society, represents an eagle with outstretched wings, holding in one claw a liberty pole, surmounted by the cap of liberty, and in the other a "sprig of shamrock." Pendant from the eagle's neck is a shield, with an Irish harp and a shamrock in the centre, around which is the legend: "Charitable Irish Society." Beneath the device is the Society's motto: "Fostered under thy wings, we will die in thy defence," and above are the dates of the founding (1737) and incorporation (1809) of the Society. The banner of the organization is now exhibited on but one day of the year, March 17, when it is given a place as near the head of the banquet table as possible. By a rule of the Society, the charity was formerly limited to forty shillings for any one person at any one time, and there is no doubt that a great deal of good was done. The growth of public and private charitable institutions and associations had the effect, twenty or twenty-five years ago, of leaving the Society with little or nothing to do, as its members were nearly all associated with other charities, which covered the ground more fully and promptly. Not for many years, however, has a record of dispensed charity been kept. All cases are referred to the board of directors, and upon investigation, if found worthy, the keeper of the silver key and the treasurer have been instructed to aid the person asking assistance. The impression has gone abroad, so quietly and unostentatiously has the work been done, that the Society gives nothing in charity. An incident touching this fact is related by one of the officers. A respectable and intelligent mechanic, a brass finisher, applied for relief. He had a wife and four children in Dublin. He was out of employment there and came to America to get work. He had heard that

[227]

### His Family Were Suffering.

He did not ask to be sent to them because he had nothing to give them. He could get employment in New York, and soon would earn enough to bridge over their necessities. He had called at a newspaper office in Boston to ascertain where he could find a charitable Irish society to help him, and was informed that "there was such a society in existence, but that it was charitable only in name." The man found his way to the keeper of the silver key eventually, and his immediate wants were supplied, and he was given transportation to New York. Before the train rolled out of the depot, he informed the member of the Society, who was seeing him off, that he had paid another visit to the newspaper office, and informed the people there that they had been misinformed; that "The Charitable Irish Society was charitable not only in name, but in deed, and in a direction, too, not covered by other charities of a private nature." He felt it a duty incumbent on him to correct the misapprehension, and, having done so, he bade them good day. This case is only one of many that might be cited. Among the presidents of the Society were some of the best known descendants of Irishmen in Boston. The presidents for the last fifty years are as follows:

1835—John O. Park.  
1836—James Boyd.  
1837—James Boyd.  
1838—Daniel O'Callaghan.  
1839—Daniel O'Callaghan.  
1840—Wm. P. McKay.  
1841—Wm. P. McKay.  
1842—John C. Tucker.  
1843—John C. Tucker.  
1844—Terence McHugh.  
1845—Terence McHugh.  
1846—Terence McHugh.  
1847—Patrick Sharkey.  
1848—John Kelly.  
1849—John Kelly.  
1850—John Kelly.  
1851—Patrick Donahoe.  
1852—James Egan.  
1853—Dennis W. O'Brien.  
1854—Patrick Donahoe.  
1855—Thomas Mooney.  
1856—John C. Crowley.  
1857—John C. Crowley.  
1858—John C. Crowley.  
1859—Patrick Phillips.  
1860—Hugh O'Brien.  
1861—Hugh O'Brien.

1862—Cornelius Doherty.  
1863—James H. Tallon.  
1864—Patrick Harkins.  
1865—Michael Doherty.  
1866—Charles F. Donnelly.  
1867—Charles F. Donnelly.  
1868—John M. Maguire.  
1869—John M. Maguire.  
1870—John Magrath.  
1871—John Magrath.  
1872—Thomas Dolan.  
1873—Thomas J. Gargan.  
1874—Thomas J. Gargan.  
1875—Bernard Corr.  
1876—Patrick A. Collins.  
1877—Patrick A. Collins.  
1878—Joseph D. Fallon.  
1879—Edward Ryan.  
1880—Patrick F. Griffin.  
1881—Patrick F. Griffin.  
1882—Thomas Riley.  
1883—W. W. Doherty.  
1884—Timothy Dacey.  
1885—Dennis H. Morrissey.

For several years past the subject of erecting a suitable building in which the Society should have a meeting place of its own, with rooms for reading and social purposes for young men of the present and coming generations, and also small halls for other Society meetings, has been under consideration. The project seemed visionary till this year, when a committee was appointed to raise a fund for the purpose. This committee has given the subject most careful consideration, and intends by means of a series of entertainments this winter, to establish a foundation on which to build a fund for the erection of the structure proposed. When the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary is about to be observed, it is intended to invite President Cleveland to be the Society's guest, and the occasion will, without doubt, be one of great interest. [228]

---

### **Interest:—Savings Banks.**

The *Catholic Review*: Interest to be at all justifiable ought to consider a number of elements, which in the case of most of our Catholic churches in great cities like New York, Boston, Brooklyn or Philadelphia, are largely in favor of the church corporations. *Lucrum cessans* will justify interest; but just now where else can a gain of four-and-half per cent. be combined with absolute safety. *Dammum emergens* justifies interest; but in the present condition of affairs, with bank presidents looking for investments at two per cent., and telling depositors that the mere safe keeping of their deposits is interest enough, where does the loss of profit arise? "Danger of the investment" justifies interest; but is it not ridiculous to say that any bank imperils money lent to a Catholic church in New York or Brooklyn on a first mortgage? The fact is, such an investment is only equalled in security by a United States bond; it may not be as easily negotiable, but it is just as safe. It ought to cost very little more.

Priests to whom the second of January and first of July are sad days, and who for weeks and even months previous are persecuted by the necessity of begging from and irritating their congregations by painful appeals for money to pay these dreadful interests, have asked the *Catholic Review* again and again to draw popular attention to the high rate that is charged for such loans. We do so. But having done our duty in this respect, we think we ought to add that it belongs to themselves to deal effectively with the whole question, the very outside limits of which we can only touch upon. Six per cent., that some of them pay, would pay for many a Catholic teacher in a parochial school. How are they to secure a reduction? We think a business-like and amicable discussion of the whole question would convince the banks that property such as a church is entitled to consideration not accorded to private or business property. We do not now refer to motives of charity or religion, but of pure business. No doubt some bankers will say, at first, that "the thing cannot be done." Well, the example of the Trustees of St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York, is a good one. When their demand for a just reduction was, as we think, foolishly, refused, they had no difficulty in transferring their mortgage. If half a dozen strong churches took up the question, they would, we predict, bring all opponents to time. It is worth talking over. Still more, it is worth acting upon. Many a church that is now paying six per cent. could employ six additional teachers if it had to pay only three per cent. interest. [229]

### III.

#### THE SECOND IRISH MASSACHUSETTS REGIMENT—THE TWENTY-EIGHTH TO THE FRONT— ANOTHER CHAPTER ABOUT OUR RACE IN THE WAR OF THE UNION.

"To the troops (the Irish Brigade) commanded by General Meagher, was principally committed the desperate task of bursting out of the town of Fredericksburg and forming under the withering fire of the Confederate batteries, to attack Marye's Heights, towering immediately in their front. Never at Fontenoy, Albuera or at Waterloo was more undaunted courage displayed by the sons of Erin than during those six frantic dashes which they directed against the almost impregnable position of their foe.... The bodies which lie in dense masses within forty yards of the muzzles of Colonel Walton's guns are the best evidence what manner of men they were who pressed on to death with the dauntlessness of a race which has gained glory on a thousand battle-fields, and never more richly deserved it than at the foot of Marye's Heights on the 13th day of December, 1862."

Of this brigade of five regiments the Twenty-Eighth Massachusetts Volunteers, Colonel Richard Byrnes, was the second Irish regiment raised in Massachusetts in defence of the Union in 1861. The tribute above quoted is the testimony of the war correspondent of the *London Times*, the files of which are to be found in our Boston Athenæum. He was the famous Dr. Russell, the Crimean and other wars' correspondent of the *London Thunderer*. He should surely be a judge of heroic service and undaunted bravery. He was an eye-witness, as was the writer of these lines, of what he speaks, and could with great truth form a personal knowledge of the facts, and with ocular proof depict the thrilling and tragic drama enacted on the bloody slopes of Fredericksburg, Va., on that midwinter day. The nature of the ground on the left bank of the Rappahannock afforded ample views of the scenes being enacted on the other side, and it requires no difficult stretch of the imagination or of the sympathies of humanity to enter into the feelings of men, who, seeing this fearful havoc of their Federal comrades, awaited their turn for Burnside to order them, "his latest chance to try," across the ensanguined river. When the order did come for the fresh Irish troops, it was only to find themselves mingled in the slaughter with their prone dead and dying comrades from the old Bay State, the Twenty-Eighth Massachusetts, distinguishable by the fresh and natural sprigs of green with which they had on that fateful morning decorated their military caps, but which were now in too, too many cases, crimsoned with blood and brains, or embedded in the crushed skulls of the gallant heroes, who, only a few short hours before, so jauntily wore them.

[230]



**Col. Richard Byrnes.**

"Why should we be sad, boys, whose business it is to die!" sung Wolfe at Quebec. The strain was melancholy and its vein mercenary. It was not the business of these gallant citizen soldiers to die. They should have lived to see a country restored to peace and greatness as a proof of their patriotism, valor and sacrifices. "But," says Dr. Russell in another part of his Fredericksburg letter to the *London Times*, "that any mortal men could have carried the position before which they were wantonly sacrificed, defended as it was, it seems to me idle for a moment to believe." And these valiant, adopted citizens of the Republic hesitated not to obey the cruel order to

charge and charge again and again up to those impregnable works with a fortitude and persistence that could not possibly be expected from troops who adopted the trade of soldier and "whose business it was to die."<sup>[2]</sup>

On another occasion, General Hancock said of a charge in which the Twenty-Eighth Massachusetts participated: "I have never seen anything so splendid." He was a judge of what a good charge consisted. Great credit is most justly due to Colonel Richard Byrnes, of whom a most excellent likeness is herewith presented, and of whom the writer will have something more to say before he finishes a brief record of this famed Irish-American Regiment. [231]

The evidences of fine discipline and military bearing given by the first Irish regiment, the Ninth Infantry, organized in Massachusetts, and which, when it went to the front sustained so admirably those earlier promises to the great satisfaction of the national and state authorities, prompted the latter to form a second similar corps. Accordingly Gov. Andrew and Gen. Schouler consulted with the Right Rev. Bishop Fitzpatrick of the Boston diocese and Mr. Patrick Donahoe with this view. The outlook was favorable and the state officials received patriotic and most cheerful assurances from these and other Irish-American gentlemen taken into counsel on the subject. The authority of the general government was at once secured and the formation of the Faugh-a-Ballaghs, to be numbered the Twenty-Eighth Massachusetts Infantry Volunteers, was speedily begun. An announcement appeared in *The Pilot* stating that on September 28, 1861, the war office sanctioned the formation of the regiment to be commanded by Colonel Thomas T. Murphy of the Montgomery Guard of New York, and accordingly recruiting was begun with headquarters at 16 Howard Street, Boston. An address was issued which spiritedly set forth that for this Irishmen and sons of Irishmen, should rally forth for their country's cause, "now that Governor Andrew has been granted authority to raise another Irish regiment.... This is to afford an opportunity to all those whose allegiance, patriotism and home welfare all combine to enlist their sympathies for the country of their adoption and the safety and protection of the Union; to unite one and all to uphold its integrity and render it inviolable for future ages. Signed Patrick Donahoe and Dr. W. M. Walsh." Among the gentlemen authorized to recruit for it, were Messrs. Alexander Blaney of Natick, Florence Buckley of South Natick, E. H. Fitzpatrick of New Bedford, Owen E. Neale of Fitchburg, S. W. Moore of Marlboro', C. W. Judge of Haverhill and Daniel O'Donovan of the same locality, Martin Kirwin of Lawrence, A. A. Griffin of East Cambridge, John Riley of Worcester, Paul Eveny of Salem, and Lieutenant Ed. F. O'Brien of Burlington, Vt.

The nucleus of the Faugh-a-Ballaghs was rendezvoused at Camp Cameron, Cambridge, where the good, pious and patriotic Rev. Father Manasses Dougherty of St. Peter's Church, Concord Avenue, ministered to the spiritual and many of the temporal wants of the sick and the well until a regular chaplain was assigned to the command. Many a gallant soldier who, shortly afterwards, sank into a bloody grave, recalled with love and veneration the tender and manly ministrations of this dear Soggarth Aroon. A chaplain of the regiment, Father McMahan, is now the bishop of the diocese of Hartford, Conn. Among the first acts of Company A, Captain William Mitchell commanding, was to pass, by a unanimous vote, the resolve: "That in consideration of the untiring zeal and patriotic feelings of Mr. Patrick Donahoe in prompting and aiding the organization of the Second Irish Massachusetts Regiment (the Twenty-Eighth) this company will, hereafter, be known and called the Donahoe Guard." This paragraph was further supplemented with the assurance from the company to the patriotic gentleman whom they had named as patron, that their conduct as soldiers and Irishmen in the field would never give cause of disgrace to the name they had thus, with so much hearty unanimity, voted to assume. Here let us for the close of this chapter leave the "boys," many of whom are looking forward to a glorious future in which the fate of their native Ireland is romantically blended. How often have they thrilled with martial fervor, as they read or heard Thomas Davis's Fontenoy, that famed Fontenoy, which would have been a Waterloo, [232]

"Were not those exiles ready then, fresh, vehement and true."

Ah, yes, they will learn the science of war and if fate reserves them in the glorious fight for the Union, their practical knowledge, their tested courage will then be used by the grace of the God of Hosts to help free their native land.

---

## Capital and Labor: Philosophy of "Strikes."

What the *land question* was to the agricultural population of Ireland, the labor question *is* to the toiling masses of the United States—who, in one or another form of manufacturing industry, in mines and shops, or public employment, are honestly striving to "earn their bread by the sweat of their brow."

In the case of the Irish people the question was one of life and death, or, what was practically the same, starvation or exile.

An alternative so monstrous and so pitiful is not presented in the United States to those who toil; but the conditions and prospects presented to them are often harsh and bitter.

We have seen in the instances of labor strikes, and by the simultaneous suspension of work in the great mills and factories, that tens of thousands of men accustomed to subsist by the returns of

their daily toil, have been reduced, with their families, to want and wretchedness.

The accounts given in the public journals of the sufferings in Ohio and Pennsylvania during the recent strikes amongst the miners, recalls the widespread, and, in instances, awful distress which prevailed in the districts in question.

The startling figures lately put forth by representatives of the Knights of Labor, which is said to be a powerful and widely extended labor organization, as to the number of unemployed men in the United States, seem incredible in the face of the apparent activity of trade and the general seeming prosperity; but there is no doubt the real figures are great enough to excite deep concern on the part of the thoughtful and reflecting observer. [233]

It does not require that one should be either a philosopher or a communist to see in the prevailing conditions of the labor element in the United States, that something is seriously out of gear. With capital everywhere concentrating in the form of monopolies,—whether it be in the consolidation of railroads and telegraphs, or in mills and mines where products are "pooled," or yet in the colossal stores and factories, on every hand is seen the strengthening and solidifying of capital in the hands of the few. And this consolidation, it is plain, is only effected by sweeping out or swallowing up smaller enterprises. This is the logical and perhaps inevitable result of our modern social system—in which wealth and "greed of gain" is held to be the chief end of life. But, with this visible agglomeration of wealth in the hands of the comparatively few, what is to be said of the conditions and prospects of the laboring masses? If, happily, in the acquisition and accumulation of wealth by monopolists, we could hope for the rules and application of Christian principles and a realizing sense of Christian duties in its employment and distribution, there would then be less occasion for concern and apprehension in considering the problems presented in the questions of "Capital and Labor." However seductive and alluring may be the dreams and vagaries of latter-day theorizers, inequality of social and worldly conditions is and will remain the rule. *Utopia* will remain in the books; it cannot be realized, in fact, under the conditions of our or any other known civilization. It can and may be realized, but in a form and fashion outside the ken of the modern "philosopher,"—and that will be by the universal acceptance of Divine law and the general practice of the Divine commands.

The Ten Commandments and the Sermon on the Mount contain the solution of all the problems with which we are concerned in the discussion of this question. When capital recognizes and acts up to *the duties* involved in and implied by the possession of wealth, labor will recognize and respect *the rights* of capital.

The philosophy of the question turns upon these two simple words, "RIGHTS" and "DUTIES."

Adam Smith says: "The property which every man has in his own labor, as it is the original foundation of all other property, so it is the most sacred and inviolable. The patrimony of a poor man lies in the strength and dexterity of his hands; and to hinder him from employing this strength and dexterity in what manner he thinks proper, without injury to his neighbor, is a plain violation of this most sacred property." A distinguished Catholic authority—Cardinal Manning—gives a more concise definition—"the honest exertion of the powers of our minds and of our body for our own good, and for the good of our neighbors."

The rights of the workman to dispose of his own toil on his own terms cannot be questioned, nor can his right to combine and unite with other toilers for purposes of mutual protection be seriously questioned. Indeed, such unions and combinations may be said to be a necessity in the existing order.

How is it possible except through such union and combination to resist the power of great corporations and exacting monopolies, which, as a rule, little regard the rights of the day laborer. Capital is protected by its own innate power, by its influence over legislation and legislative bodies, and by the readiness with which "pools" and "combinations" are formed to its bidding; but in its control over labor it is more powerful still by reason of the helplessness of the working masses, who must work in order to live. An autocratic order from the chief of some great corporation will sometimes reduce the wages of tens of thousands of employes from ten to twenty per cent in one swoop. And the tens of thousands have no redress or alternative unless to "strike." [234]

And here lies the difficulty. The public, as a rule, do not sympathize with "strikes" and "strikers." Strikes are always inconvenient. They upset the existing order, disturb business, and sometimes lead to destruction of property.

There is, and can be, of course, no justification for lawlessness. If the rights of the workman to fix a price for his labor, and other conditions as to the hours of his service, cannot be disputed, the equal rights of the employers to fix the terms and price to be paid is no less certain. Between these often irreconcilable conditions lie only submission, strikes, or arbitration. The former is often expedient, the second sometimes necessary, the last is always wise. A leading mine owner, widely known for his uniform practical sympathy with his operatives, and for his public spirit and high character, Col. William P. Rend, of Chicago, has lately put forward, in several public conventions representing the mining interests, a method of arbitration which would be invoked in case of differences between employers and operatives.

The simple suggestion of arbitration as the true remedy carries on its face the evident solution of this vexed labor problem.



It is not necessary to suggest details. The fundamental idea is that all differences may and ought to be reconciled by frank and honest arbitration. Where employers will meet operatives on this half-way neutral ground, an adjustment may be confidently looked for in most cases. The arts of the demagogue and the threats of the socialists will no longer be effective with the laboring masses. Where arbitration by mutual agreement is not practicable, legislative "Boards of Arbitration" could be appealed to; and these should be provided for by law in every state.

When corporations and individual employers shall, as very many to their honor, be it said, undoubtedly do, show due regard and consideration for the rights and necessities of workmen and operatives, there need be no fear of the spectre of communistic disorder in the United States. Our mechanics and workingmen are instinctively conservative and cannot be led away permanently into dangerous societies and combinations, if only capital will join in promoting the adoption of "arbitration" as the true solution of the labor problem.

WM. J. ONAHAN in *Scholastic Annual*.

---

A CURE for tight shoes—go barefoot.

---

## Senator Hayes.

[235]

A SKETCH OF HIS ANTECEDENTS IN IRELAND AND AMERICA—HIS BRILLIANT ELECTION.



**Hon. John J. Hayes.**

Among the forty gentlemen elected to serve in the Senate during the present term of the General Court of Massachusetts, we hesitate not to predict that it will be found that Hon. John J. Hayes, the subject of this brief sketch, will bring to bear upon such questions for legislative consideration and action as may devolve upon him a most intelligent culture, a well-developed business training and thorough uprightness of purpose. In choosing him as their senatorial representative, the voters of the Eighth Suffolk District, embracing Wards Twenty-two, Twenty-three, Twenty-four and Twenty-five—all combined, having a preponderating majority of Republican votes—have exhibited the soundest judgment, we are confident, in the exercise of citizen-franchise. Mr. Hayes' election was a well-considered rebuke to the narrow systems of legislation prevalent in most of the New England States. Hon. William H. Spooner, the district Senator of last year, is, in private and business life, an honorable and esteemed gentleman; but being an extreme partisan in politics and a zealot in sectional legislative efforts, when a fitting candidate was offered at the last election to oppose him, a gentleman of adequate views of the needs and requirements of his fellow-citizens to confront him, the voters hesitated not at the polls whom to choose.

[236]

Among his fellow-citizens of Boston and vicinity, Senator Hayes is well recognized as an uncompromising adherent of Home Rule principles in the affairs of Ireland, his native land. These come naturally to him. His father, Mr. John Hayes, now of Manchester, N. H., was a devoted

supporter of O'Connell and, though young in years, was in turn warmly appreciated by the great liberator. From the most steadfast patriotism he has never swerved, and the blood in his children's veins, with the teachings he inculcated, impels them to tread in the same path of patriotic purpose as their worthy sire.

Our Senator was born in Killarney, Kerry, January 26, 1845. His childhood saw many days amidst the inspiring scenes of this grand and most lovely portion of Ireland. He was educated in Dublin. Mr. Hayes entered for the civil service examination for the war office department before the noted Military Institute of Stapleton of Trinity College, and readily passed the first examination. Pending the usual delay preceding the second examination, the Bank of Ireland threw their appointments open to public examination, and John J. received the first of fourteen appointments, several hundred persons being competitors for these places. He was assigned to serve in the Dublin office of the Bank, and subsequently found rapid advancement in the Gorey and Arklow branches as cashier, and later in the same capacity in the respectively more responsible branches of the Bank in Drogheda and Cork. Mr. Hayes growing restive under the naturally slow advancement in the Bank's services, accepted a tempting offer from one of the strongest banks in Canada and reached Boston en route thereto. Here, however, he was met with a business offer which induced him to pitch his fortune in Boston business circles, and after a few years became the junior member of the firm of Brown & Hayes, importers, exporters and commission merchants, Broad Street, and where he still continues to do the same business. His firm changed to Hayes & Poppelé in 1877 and as it is now to Hayes & Angle.

Under the new organization of the School Board, Senator Hayes served five years, from 1876 to 1880, during which he won deserved confidence by his independence and unremitting watchfulness in school matters. During these years he held several chairmanships and membership in committees on accounts, salaries and other executive duties of the board. He was a pronounced advocate of proper compensation to teachers in which work he has always felt and shown a great and sympathetic interest. From the advent of his services on the board, the teachers had reason to know him as a friend, who would do battle for them against reduction of their salaries, as was many times attested by his minority reports and speeches in session. He resisted the attempts to do away with the Suburban High Schools, and the residents of the sections where they are located should feel indebted to his leading opposition to such attempts for the retention of these suburban schools.

Mr. Hayes has been a director in several insurance companies and has been for many years on the executive committee of the Union Institution for Savings. Senator Hayes resides in a handsome residence, surrounded by ample grounds, in the Dorchester district, Ward Twenty-four. He is a thorough Democrat in principle. It was, therefore, a most flattering testimony to his personal popularity and of the great respect of his usual political opponents that they voted for him. Particularly is this the case in so far as his Dorchester Republican neighbors are concerned, so many of these being of the ancient and wealthy families, descendants of the earlier colonial settlers of Massachusetts Bay. The district also embraces the homes of many retired merchants and strong business men of Boston. In view of all the circumstances, Mr. Hayes' senatorial campaign success, it must be conceded, was a most brilliant one. [237]

---

## Saints and Serpents.

Even among Catholics the story of St. Patrick's driving the snakes and other reptiles out of Ireland has often been made the subject of, let us say, good-natured jest. But, besides, among others than Irishmen the legend has been laid to the score of the excessive credulity of Irishmen. I myself have heard German Catholics instance this story as an evidence of the excesses into which the Celtic mind is apt to run. And yet, investigation shows that the Irish are not alone in their pious belief. Father Chas. Cahier, a Jesuit, has compiled a work entitled "*Caractéristiques des Saints dans l'Art Populaire.*" It is a most wonderful and valuable storehouse of information, illustration, and explanation. Thus we find in that our saint is not only patron of Ireland but also of Murcia in Spain, for the reason that on his feast, 17th of March, 1452, was won the battle of Los Alporchones. Turning to the heading "Serpent," we meet with a long array of saints represented in painting or sculpture with one or more of these reptiles in his vicinity. Italy, Brittany, Germany, France, Syria, Egypt, and other lands furnish legends as strange as that concerning our apostle. In fact, comparatively small space is devoted to him by the erudite Jesuit. He briefly says, "It is thoroughly admitted by the Irish that he drove from their Isle the serpents and other venomous animals. It is even added that the English have many times, but in vain, endeavored to acclimate venomous animals in Ireland." In a footnote he continues as follows:

"A prose of Saint Patrick (in the *Officia SS. Patritii, Columbæ, Brigidæ*, etc., Paris, 1620, in 16, p. 110-112) says:

"Virosa reptilia  
Prece congregata,  
Pellit ab Hibernia  
Mari liberata."

"Cf. Molan Hist. SS. Imag., lib. iii. cap. x. (ed. Paquot, p. 265). *Nieremberg, De*

"Nevertheless, Father Theoph. Raynaud (Opp, t. viii. p. 513) says that this might have been a fact existing in Ireland previous to the days of her apostle." [238]

In Jocelyn's "Life and Acts of Saint Patrick," Chap. CLXIX., we read, "Even from the time of its original inhabitants, did Hibernia labor under a three-fold plague: a swarm of poisonous creatures, whereof the number could not be counted; a great concourse of demons visibly appearing; and a multitude of evil-doers and magicians. And these venomous and monstrous creatures, rising out of the earth and out of the sea, so prevailed over the whole island that they not only wounded men and animals with their deadly sting, but slayed them with cruel bitings, and not seldom rent and devoured their members."

Chapter CLXX. continues: "And the most holy Patrick applied all his diligence unto the extirpation of this three-fold plague; and at length by his salutary doctrine and fervent prayer he relieved Hibernia of the increasing mischief. Therefore he, the most excellent pastor, bore on his shoulder the staff of Jesus, and aided of the angelic aid, he by its comminatory elevation gathered together from all parts of the island, all the poisonous creatures into one place; then compelled he them all unto a very high promontory, which was then called Cruachan-ailge, but now Cruachan-Phadring; and by the power of his word he drove the whole pestilent swarm from the precipice of the mountain headlong into the ocean. O eminent sign! O illustrious miracle! even from the beginning of the world unheard, but now experienced by tribes, by peoples and by tongues, known unto all nations, but to the dwellers in Hibernia especially needful! And at this marvellous, yet most profitable sight, a most numerous assembly was present; many of whom had flocked from all parts to behold miracles, many to receive the word of life."

"Then turned he his face toward Mannia, and the other islands which he had imbued and blessed with the faith of Christ and with the holy sacraments; and by the power of his prayers he freed all these likewise from the plague of venomous reptiles. But other islands, the which had not believed at his preaching, still are cursed with the procreation of those poisonous creatures."

The Rev. Mr. O'Farrell, in his "Popular life of Saint Patrick," says, "Rothe in his elucidations upon this passage of Jocelyn, compared this quality bestowed upon Irish soil, through the prayers of Saint Patrick, with that conferred upon Malta by the merits of Saint Paul, with this difference, he adds, 'that while in Malta serpents, adders, and other venomous reptiles, retain their life and motion, and lose only their poisonous power, in Ireland they can neither hurt nor exist, inasmuch as not only the soil but the climate and atmosphere, are unto them instant death.'"

Ribadeneira says that even the wood of Ireland is proof against poisonous reptiles. He declares that King's College, Cambridge, is built within of Irish oak, and consequently not even a spider can be found within it.

In the first volume of Chambers' "Book of Days" is told the story of the attempt made by James Cleland, an Irish gentleman, in 1831, to introduce reptiles into the Holy Isle. He bought half a dozen harmless English snakes (*natrix torquata*) in Covent Garden market, London, and turned them loose in his garden in Rathgael, County Down. Within a week one was killed at Milecross three miles distant. A peasant who found one and thought it an eel, took it to Dr. J. L. Drummond, the celebrated Irish naturalist, and was horrified to learn that it was a genuine serpent. There was great excitement, and it was fortunate for Mr. Cleland that his connection with the affair was not known. One clergyman preached on the discovery of the reptile as a presage of the millennium; another saw a relation between it and the cholera-morbus. Some energetic men took the matter in hand and offered a reward for the dead bodies of the snakes. Three were killed within a few miles of the garden, and the others were never fully accounted for. [239]

But to return to Father Cahier. He tells us of the following, depicted in sacred art in close proximity to serpents.

MOSES is not only represented raising the brazen serpent in the desert to cure those who had been bitten by the reptiles (Num. xxi. 6-9), but also casting his rod on the ground, that it may be changed into a serpent—either at God's command before the burning bush as proof of his divine mission (Exod. iv. 1-5), or before Pharaoh to obtain the deliverance of the Israelites. (Exod. viii. 8-13.)

SAINT PAUL THE APOSTLE. A viper hanging from his hand and which he is shaking off into the fire. (Acts. xxviii. 3-6.) This event, which occurred in the island of Malta, has given rise to a devotion greatly in vogue, especially among the Greeks. Earth taken from a cavern, wherein it is alleged Saint Paul took refuge after his shipwreck on the coast of that island, is carried to a distance as a preservative against the bite of dangerous beasts and against fevers.

There was also in by-gone times a persuasion that any man born on the 25th of January (the day of the apostle's conversion) was guaranteed against the reptile's tooth.

SAINT ANDREW THE APOSTLE. His apocryphal legend relates, that he cast out devils, under the form of serpents or dragons. (*Legend aur.*, cap. ii.) This is found represented amongst other places, on a stained-glass window of the Cathedral of Chartres.

SAINT PETER CELESTINE, Pope. I do not remember, says Father Cahier, ever to have seen him painted with a dragon or a large serpent; but it is probable that this may be met with, especially in Italy. For it is related that, having retired into a grotto of the Abruzzi, he expelled from it a venomous

serpent, which had made great ravages in the neighborhood.

SAINT ROMAIN or ROMANUS, Bishop of Rouen; 24th of October, 639. His dragon, or serpent, gave rise to an annual procession, during which a prisoner was released in memory of the service rendered to the country by the holy bishop. Father Cahier adds that this legend probably allegorized the destruction of Paganism by the bishop's efforts in his diocese.

SAINT SPIRIDION, Bishop of Tremithontes in the island of Cyprus; 14th of December, about 348. Offering a serpent to a poor man.

[240]

He had a great reputation for charity, so the needy confidently applied to him for aid. But one day when a beggar asked him for assistance, the saint, who had nothing to give him, picked up a serpent, which the poor man hardly cared to accept. Nevertheless, encouraged by the bishop, he held his hand out; and the beast was converted into gold. (Surius, 14th December.)

SAINT NARCISSUS, Bishop of Gironu in Catalonia, and apostle of Augsburg; 18th of March, about 307. It is related in the country of the Julian Alps that he destroyed a dragon, which was posted beside a spring, from which all the inhabitants fled.

SAINT AMAND, Bishop of Maestricht, and apostle of Flanders; 6th of February, 675. While still a child, he drove, it is said, from the island of Oye (near La Rochelle) a serpent which he met in his way. (*Acta Sanctorum*, Februar., t. i, p. 849.) Father Cahier says that the original is a dragon, which artists have converted into a serpent, and that it is quite likely it symbolizes the idols overthrown by the saint's apostolic labors in the country about Ghent.

SAINT MODESTUS, Bishop of Jerusalem; 16th of December, seventh century. Putting to death a serpent which infested a fountain; much like the legend of Saint Narcissus. (Bagatta, *Admiranda orbis*, lib. vii. cap. i, §. 19, No. 29.)

SAINT HILARY, Bishop of Poitiers; 14th of January, about 368. Old artists paint him with a staff around which is twined a serpent; or serpents fleeing from that staff. This signifies, that during his exile, he completely banished the reptiles which infested the island of *Gallinaria* in the Mediterranean, near Genoa (the Gallinara of the present day). According to other versions he did not exactly rid the entire island of those animals, but simply relegated them to a corner of the land, where he planted his staff as a boundary which they were nevermore to pass. (P. de Natal., libr. ii, cap. LXVIII.—AA. SS., *Januar.*, t. i, p. 792.) Cl. Robert quotes an epitaph on the doctor of Poitiers, found, he says, in an ancient manuscript, although the style gives little indication of the Middle Ages.

"Hilarius cubat hac, pictavus episcopus, urna;  
Defensor nostræ mirificus fidei.  
Illius aspectum serpentes ferre nequibant,  
Nescis quæ in vultu spicula sanctus habet."

Might this be, asks Father Cahier, a way of expressing the fact that the saint had banished Arianism from amongst his people?

It is elsewhere shown that the dragons of many legions may be interpreted by the overthrow and expulsion of Paganism, that is, the end of Satan's reign over hearts. The serpent seems to have had something of this symbolism in ecclesiastical monuments, except that sometimes, here or there, it probably denotes heresy instead of idolatry. (Cf. Manni, *Osservazioni istoriche sopra i sigilli antichi dei secoli bassi*, t. V, sigill. 15.)

SAINT PIRMIN, (*Pirminus* or *Pirminius*) travelling bishop in Germany (and a Benedictine, it is said); 3d November, 758. He is described as a bishop of Meaux, who left his see in order to go and preach the Gospel along the banks of the Rhine; and he is usually painted as putting a multitude of serpents to flight. (*Calendar. Benedict.*, 3d of Nov.—Rader, *Bavaria Sancta*.) A sequence of Saint Gall (ap. Mone, *Hymni ... media ævi*, t. III., p. 482, sq.) thus describes the marvel:

[241]

"Hic Augiensem insulam  
Dei nutu intraverat,  
Quam multitudo pessima  
Destinebat serpentium.  
Intrante illo ...  
Statim squamosus  
Hestinanter exercitus  
Aufugit, ampli lacus  
Natau tergus  
Tegens per triduum."

Amongst other abbeys of his foundation, he established that of Reichenau in the island of Constance, vanishing from the island the vipers or adders which had enormously multiplied in it. The legend even goes on to say that, for three days, the surrounding water was covered with these reptiles which forsook their old abode.

Was this story the legend or the consequence of an invocation of Saint Pirmin against unwholesome drinks? Besides people recommended themselves to this saint against the plague and the consequences of dangerous food. Furthermore, his dalmatic and his cincture were considered powerful to assuage the sufferings of pregnant women. An ancient seal of Saint

Pirmin is found with these two verses used in certain provinces of Germany:

"Sanctificet nostram sanctus Pirminius escam,  
Dextera Pirmini benedicat pocula nostra."

SAINT SAMSON, Bishop of Dol, in Brittany; 28th of July, about 564. Some say he slew a dragon, and Father Cahier says this may be symbolic of the many victories he gained over the enemy of men. According to several, it was a serpent which he drove from a grotto on the banks of the Seine (Cf. Longueval, *Histoire de l'Eglise gallicane*, livre IX.)

SAINT MELLON (Mélon, *Mellonus*, *Mallonus*, *Mello*, *Melanius*?) first Bishop of Rouen; 22d of October, about 214. A serpent of which his legend speaks may be only the dragon of the saints who preached the Gospel to idolatrous nations. An old office of his says:

"Manum sanat arescentem  
Morsum curat, et serpentem  
Sese cogit perdere."

His legend further relates that he overthrew in the city of Rouen the idol *Roth*, and that the devil complained to him of the trouble he had caused in his empire. (AA. SS. *Octobr.*, t. IX., p. 572, sq.)

SAINT CADO (or Kadok, Cadout, Cadog, Catrog-Doeth, Cadvot), bishop and martyr in Brittany; 1st of November, about 580. The Bretons relate that on a little island off the coast of Vannes, between Port-Louis and Auray, he drove the serpents away and they never appeared there again (*Vie des Saints de la Bretagne*, p. 666). The island retains the name of Enis-Cadvod or Inis-Kadok, that is, the island of Saint Cado. [242]

A SAINT PATERNUS, bishop, whom Father Cahier cannot locate, is mentioned as having warded off the bites of serpents. He cannot say, too, but that there is more of symbolism than of real history in the story.

SAINT PEREGRINUS, bishop, martyred at Auxerre, 16th of May, third century, driving out serpents. Though one may consider this representation a manner of expressing the earnestness he displayed in extirpating idolatry from the people of Auxerre, it is admitted that in the Nivernais country (especially at Bouhy where he took refuge), serpents are never seen. People even come to the church of that village to take earth out of a hole habitually dug *ad hoc*; and that earth is carried away as a preservative against the bite of reptiles. It is besides regarded as an understood fact at Bouhy that a certain family there always has the figure of a serpent on the body of some one belonging to it. They are, according to the story, the descendants of a pagan, who, striving to drive the saint away by hitting him with a whip, saw the lash change into a serpent which "landed" near the rock where Saint Peregrinus had sought refuge against persecution.

SAINT HONORATUS OF ARLES, OR OF LERINS; 16th of January, about 430. When he retired into the island which still bears his name, near the coast of Provence, vainly was it represented to him that it was a receptacle of venomous animals. The man of God exactly wanted a shelter, a refuge from all visitors, and drove out all the serpents which had long multiplied there without any obstacle. A palm-tree is still shown there, on which, it is alleged, our saint waited until Heaven came to his aid, by having the waves sweep away all that "vermin" which had rendered the island uninhabitable until then. (Surius, 16 Januar.; and AA. SS. *Januar.*, t. II., p. 19.) Observe that the islands of Saint-Honorat and Sainte-Marguerite are held in that country to have formed but one in olden days, which was the real Lerins, Pliny and Strabo to the contrary notwithstanding.

SAINT PROTUS OF SARDINIA, priest; 25th of October, under Diocletian. He was martyred with the deacon Saint Januarius and Saint Gavinus, a soldier converted by them. Protus, exiled at first to the island of Asinara(?) drove from it, it is said, all the venomous beasts. Many even would have it that this privilege was extended to the whole of Sardinia, for which, however, Father Cahier says he would not make himself responsible. (Cf. *Hagiolog. italic.*, t. II., p. 256). Hence a reptile is often represented at the feet of the saint, while artists often associate him with his two companions in martyrdom. In this case they may be easily distinguished by their costumes of priest, deacon, and soldier, which indicate the profession of each.

SAINT FLORENCE OF NORCIA (*Florentius* or *Florentinus*), monk; 23d of May, about 547. He has been confounded, rightly or wrongly, with Saint Florence of Corsica. But Saint Gregory the Great (*Dialog.*, III., 15, ed Galliccioli, t. VI., p. 202) speaks of him only as a simple monk, and relates that he destroyed a multitude of serpents by his prayer. [243]

SAINT FLORENCE OF GLONNE, priest, patron of Saumur and Roye; 22d of September, fourth century. He is sometimes said to have thrown a dragon or serpent into the Loire, but the Bas-Bretons give the credit to Saint Mein, abbot of Gaël, who lived more than a century later.

SAINT AMANTIUS OF CITTA-DI-CASTELLO, priest; 26th of September, towards the end of the sixth century. He became famous in his lifetime by numerous miracles, especially by delivering the people of the country in which he dwelt from serpents. (Gregor. M., *Dialog.*, III., 35. *Brantii Martyrol poeticum.*)

SAINT JULIUS, priest; 31st of January, about 399. The island of Orta, near Novara, was delivered by him from a quantity of serpents when he went there to build the last church he erected. According to some, these reptiles, put to flight by the holy man's blessing, plunged into the lake;

others say that the serpents took refuge on Mount Camocino near there, but that they never hurt any one any more. (Labus, *Fasti*, 31 gennajo.—AA. SS. Januar., t. II., p. 1103.) The lake of Orta is still called *Lago de san Giulio*, by the people of the country around Milan.

SAINT MAGNUS (*Magnoaldus*), abbot of Fuessen, and apostle of Algan; 6th of September, about 660. At Kempten this saint is credited with having expelled venomous animals; as for the dragon, he is said to have caused its death by his prayers at *Æqui caput*. However this may be, his staff was employed at Abthal against field rats, and in Brisgan against all kinds of insects that might injure the crops. (Cf. Wilh. Mueller, *Gesch ... der altdentschen Religion*, p. 113.—*Calendar. benedict.*, 6th of Septembr.—Rader, *Bavaria sancta*.)

SAINT DIDYMUS, in the East. Father Cahier cannot say whether it is Didymus of Alexandria (28th of April) or Didymus of Laodicea (11th of September). Several modern German authors, copying one another, say that he is represented walking on serpents and nailed to the cross. Either, says Father Cahier, I greatly mistake, or the martyr of Laodicea, who was torn on a stake (*Menolog. græc.*, t. I., p. 29.) is confounded with the hermit of the same name who used to walk amongst the most dangerous reptiles (scorpions, horned vipers, etc.), without ever being injured by them. (Rosweyde, *Vitæ PP.*, p. 479.)

SAINT PHOCAS OF ANTIOCH, in Syria, martyr; 5th March, time disputed. He is famed in the East as a signal protector against the bite of reptiles. These reptiles are often represented near the church which is dedicated to him, because it is acknowledged that they lose their venom as soon as they approach it, and that those bitten by them there recover health. (Cf. *Martyrol. Rom.*, 5 mart.)

SAINT CHRISTOPHER OF LYCIA, martyr; 25th of July, about 560. A serpent is sometimes placed near him, either because reptiles were used without effect to torture him, or on account of some miracle due to his intercession long after his death. (AA. SS. *Jul.*, t. VI., p. 137-139.) Father Cahier adds, in a note, if, as Servius says, the word *anguis* was used to denote reptiles which live in water, consequently amphibious animals, it becomes easier to understand that inundations may have been expressed by a dragon or a serpent; so many writers have thought, the Bollandists amongst others. So, in many cases, it may have been a symbolic picture, whose significance was lost in the lapse of time. A serpent near Saint Christopher might indicate that the saint had crossed deep water. [244]

SAINT LEONTIUS, martyr; honored at Muri in Switzerland, as one of the soldiers of the Theban legion. A serpent is given him as attribute, with a little phial. Father Cahier says he has failed to discover the significance of the emblems.

SAINT AMABLE OF RIOM, priest; 19th of October, fifth century. Near him serpents and venomous animals, because it is said that he drove all maleficent beasts out of the neighborhood of Riom.

SAINT BRIAC, abbot; 17th of December, about 609. He banished a serpent with the sign of the cross. This saint met a man who was already stung by a dangerous reptile and fleeing from the animal, which was in pursuit of him. The servant of God, by giving him blessing, cured the wounded man and put the animal to flight. (*Vies des Saints de la Bretagne*.)

SAINT MAUDEZ, hermit; 18th of November, seventh century. Driving out of an island, in which he had established his hermitage, a number of reptiles that lived in the place. The custom is preserved in Brittany of using earth taken from the island as a remedy for serpents' bites. (*Vies des Saints de la Bretagne*, p. 724, 725.)

SAINT JOHN OF REOMEY, founder of this abbey, which afterwards took the name of Montier-Saint-Jean; 28th of January, about 545. He is generally represented beside a well and holding a sort of dragon chained. His legend relates that he caused the death of a basilisk which made the water of a well or fountain dangerous. (*Calend. benedict.*, 28 januar.) Sometimes instead of this dragon (winged) there is placed near him a chained serpent. (Cf. Aug. de Bastard, *Mémoire sur les crosses*, p. 776.)

SAINT BEAT OR BEATUS OF VENDOMOIS, hermit; 9th of May, year difficult to determine. The story goes that, finding a reptile in the grotto into which he desired to retire, near the Loire, he drove the animal out with the sign of the cross. (AA. SS., *Maii*, t. II., p. 365. D. Piolin, *Hist. de l'Eglise du Mans*, t. I., p. 62.)

SAINT LIFARD (*Liphardus*, *Liethphardus*), hermit, afterwards abbot at Meun-sur-Loire; 3d of June, about 540. Near him in pictures is a staff planted in the earth, and bitten at top by a serpent, which is broken in the middle of the body. It is related that near his cell an enormous serpent prevented the people of the locality from having access to a fountain. Urbitius, a disciple of the holy man, ran one day to him, telling him that he had met the dreadful reptile. Lifard smiled and bade Urbitius be ashamed of his lack of faith, and gave him his staff with orders to plant it in the ground in front of the beast. This being done, and while the hermit was praying to God, the monster sprang upon the staff, which he bit with madness. The weight of the monstrous beast made it burst in the middle, and the country was delivered from him. (Surius, 3 jun.)

Outside of France, this is sometimes represented by an empaled dragon from which issue a number of little dragons flying away. (*Calendar. benedict.*, 4 jun.) [245]

SAINT LEONARD THE YOUNGER, abbot of Vendeuve; 15th of October, about 570. He is represented with a serpent near him, because one of these serpents having crawled towards the holy man while he was at prayer, stopped without being able to hurt him. He is also represented with a serpent

dying at his feet or twined around his body. (AA. SS., Octobr., t. VII., p. 48, sq.) It is asserted that a serpent has never since appeared in that place.

SAINT MEMIN (OR Maximin), abbot of Micy; 15th of December, 520. He is painted holding a serpent, because he is said to have driven a dangerous reptile from the banks of the Loire. (Aug. de Bastard, *Crosses*, p. 776.)

SAINT DOMINIC OF SARA, abbot of the order of Saint Benedict; 22d of January, about 1031. A present of fish sent to the holy man having been abstracted on the way, the rogues were rather surprised to find only snakes instead of the fish they had stolen. (*Calendar. benedict.*, 22 januar.—Brantii, *Martyrol. poetic.*)

"Qui missos sancto pisces abscondit, in angues  
Mutatos, rediens vidit et obstupuit."

SAINT VINCENT OF AVILA, with Saint Sabina and Saint Christeta, his sisters; 27th of October, under Diocletian. The bodies of these martyrs having been abandoned to beasts of prey, an enormous serpent protected their remains from any insult. A Jew, even, who had come to see the corpses, ran such danger from the reptile that he made a vow to receive baptism. (*Espana sagrada*, t. XIV., p. 32.)

SAINT GORRY (Godrick, Godrich, *Godricus*), hermit in England; 21st of May, 1170. He put himself under the direction of the monks of Durham, and passed the latter part of his life in a solitude. He is represented surrounded by serpents, because those venomous animals gathered around him and did him no harm. (*Calend. benedict.*, 29 mai.—AA. SS., *Maii*, t. V., p. 68, sqq.)

The Blessed BONAGIUNTA MANETTI, Servite and first general of his order; 31st of August, 1257. Father Cahier says that in France pictures of the Servites are seldom found, and then with no particular emblem. He, however, found one in which the blessed Bonagiunta is blessing loaves which break, and bottles from which serpents escape. In the art of the Middle Ages a serpent is the emblem of poison, and so it seems to be here. As the holy man, while asking alms for his community, did not hesitate to rebuke sinners, he gave offence to a Florentine merchant. Pretending to be repentant and charitable, he sent poisoned bread and wine to the Servite monastery. The Blessed Bonagiunta received the man who brought the pretended alms, and said to him, "I know well that thy master would take my life. But tell him that no evil will happen us, and that death will soon strike himself." The prophecy was accomplished. (Cf. Brocchi, *Vite dei SS. Fiorentini*, t. I., p. 246.)

SAINT HELDRADUS, abbot of Novalèse (13th of March, 875), is said to have expelled the serpents that infested the valley of Briançon where the saint wanted to establish a colony of his monks. (AA. SS., Mart., t. II., p. 334.)

[246]

SAINT THECLA, virgin and martyr; 23d of September, Apostolic age. This saint is called a martyr, and even the first of martyrs, because although her life was not taken in torments, she seems to be the first Christian woman who was given over to the barbarity of Pagan public power. It is related that she was thrown into a ditch filled with vipers, but a ball of fire fell from heaven and killed all those venomous animals. So she is sometimes painted with a fiery globe in her hand or near her. Father Cahier adds that her Acts have not come to us with sufficient indications of authenticity; but the church, in her prayers for the dying, retains the memory of the three tortures (flames, wild beasts, and venomous animals), from which the saint was delivered by assistance from on high. She prays: "As thou didst deliver that most blessed virgin Thecla from three most cruel torments, so vouchsafe to deliver the soul of this Thy servant," etc.<sup>[3]</sup>

SAINT CHRISTINA, virgin and martyr in Tuscany; 24th of July, towards the end of the third century. Same attribute and same reason as for as Saint Thecla. (Bagatta, *Admiranda orbis*, lib. VII., cap. I., 19, No. 3.)

SAINT ANATOLIA, virgin, martyred with Saint Audax, 9th of July, about 250. She was confined in a narrow dungeon, with a venomous serpent, which was expected to kill her. When it was thought that she was slain, Audax, one of those Marsi who prided themselves on being able to charm reptiles, was sent into the prison. But the virgin was unhurt, and the serpent flung itself on the pretended charmer, who was delivered only at Anatolia's command. Audax was converted to Christianity, and gave his life for Jesus Christ some time after the death of the saint, who was pierced by a sword. (*Martyrol. Rom.*, 9 Jul.—Bagatta, *Admiranda orbis*, lib. VII., cap. I., § 19, No. 17.)

SAINT VERENA, virgin at Zurzach in Switzerland; 1st of September, about the beginning of the fourth century. At her prayer, it is said, a quantity of venomous serpents forsook the country and flung themselves into the Aar.

SAINT VERDIANA (*Viridiana*), virgin of the Third Order of Saint Francis, or of Valembrosa at Castel-Fiorentino; 13th of February, 1242. Living as a recluse with serpents. She imposed this sort of penance on herself to overcome the horror that reptiles excited in her, and took care to feed these strange guests herself so that they would not go away. (Bagatta, *l. c.*, *ibid.*, No. 27.)

SAINT ISBERGA, (*Itisberga*), a hermit virgin near Aire in Artois, afterwards abbess; 21st of May, about 770. As daughter of Pepin and sister of Charlemagne, she is often represented with a crown and a mantle covered with fleurs-de-lis. But she is particularly distinguished by another emblem. An eel is put in her hand, sometimes on a dish, and for this reason: A powerful prince

had asked Isberga's hand in marriage; but in order to preserve the vow of virginity which she had made, she besought God to send her some disease which would disfigure her. Her face was soon covered with pustules, and the suitor no longer insisted upon marrying her. Heaven then revealed to Isberga that she would be cured by eating the first fish that would be caught in the Lys. The men whom she sent for that purpose toiled long without succeeding in taking anything but an eel, along with which they brought up in their nets the body of Saint Venantus, a hermit (the saint's director), who had been slain and cast into the river by the princess's lover, for he blamed the hermit for the resolution taken by the virgin whose hand he sought in marriage. The discovery of the body brought the crime to light, and made known the sanctity of Venantus, to whose merits Isberga ascribed the efficacy of the fish in delivering her from disease. (AA. SS. *Maii*, t. V., p. 44.—Dancoisne, *Numismatique béthunoise*, p. 165, sqq.)

[247]

SAINT ENIMIA OF GEVANDAN, virgin; 6th of October, about the seventh century. She, too, is depicted with a serpent because she is said to have delivered the country from that dangerous animal. (AA. SS. *Octobr.*, t. XI., p. 630, t. III., p. 306, sqq.)

SAINT CRESCENTIAN; 1st of June, 287. Coins of Urbino represent him armed cap-a-pie, on foot or on horseback, and killing a dragon with his lance, or carrying a flag; at other times he is seen in deacon's costume, trampling a serpent under his feet. He is said to have been a Roman soldier, and to have introduced the Gospel into Citta-di-Castello. (Brantii *Martyrolog. poeticum*, 1 jun:

"Letifero Crescentinus serpente Tipherni  
Occiso, gladio victima cæsa cadit.")

Turning to another part of Father Cahier's work, we find that the following saints are also represented with serpents:

SAINT JOHN THE EVANGELIST; 27th of December. He is represented holding a sort of chalice surmounted by a little serpent or a dragon. The Golden Legend says, that, to prove the truth of his teaching, he was compelled to drink poison. Some of it was first given to two men condemned to death and they died on the spot. The saint made the sign of the cross over the cup, drank, suffered no inconvenience, and then restored the two dead men to life. Father Cahier adds that this story seems to have given rise to the custom especially prevalent among Germanic nations of drinking to friends' health under pretense of honoring Saint John. He says that this custom has sometimes been put under the protection of Saint John the Baptist, but that it is not probable the Germans would have cared about putting their *healths* put under the protection of a saint who drank only water.

SAINT CHARITON, hermit and abbot in Palestine; 28th of September, about 350. Near him is represented a serpent plunging its head in a cup. A native of Lycaonia, and released by the Pagans after being tortured for the faith, he went to Jerusalem, where he was taken by robbers, and confined in the cave which was their retreat. A serpent came and drank out of the vase in which their wine was, at the same time poisoning it with his venom, and the robbers died in consequence, whereupon the saint made the cave the cradle of a monastery. (*Menolog., græc*, t. I., p. 73.)

SAINT POURCAIN (*Portianus*), abbot in Auvergne; 24th of November, about 540. He is represented with a broken cup from which emerges a serpent. King Thierry I. was ravaging Auvergne, and the holy abbot went to intercede with him for the poor people. The King was still asleep when he came, and the principal officer offered him a drink, which he refused because he had not yet seen the king or celebrated the office. Pressed, however, he blessed the vase which was brought him, it broke, and a serpent came out of it. The whole court considered that he had been saved from poison. (Gregor. Turon., *Vitæ PP.*, cap. V.)

[248]

SAINT JOHN OF SAHAGUN, Hermit of Saint Augustine; 12th of June, 1497. He is represented amongst other ways, with a cup surmounted by a serpent. This is because he was really poisoned by a dissolute woman in revenge for the conversion of her lover by the saint and his consequent dismissal of her. (AA. SS. *Jun.*, t. II., p. 625.)

SAINT LOUIS BERTRAND, Dominican; 10th of October, 1581. A cup with a serpent indicates that in his missions in America he had poison given him more than once by the Pagans, without being injured by it.

Th. Xr. K.

---

## The Poems of Rosa Mulholland. [4]

Miss Rosa Mulholland has at last been induced to gather her poems into a volume which will be dear to all lovers of poetry into whose hands it may fall. No person with the faintest glimmering of insight into the subtle mechanism of literary composition in its higher forms could study the prose writings of the author of "The Wicked Woods of Tobereevil," of "Eldergowan," and many other dainty fictions, without being sure that the writer of such prose was a poet also, not merely by nature but by art; and many had learned to follow her initials through the pages of certain magazines. The present work contains nearly all of these scattered lyrics; and, along with them, many that are now printed for the first time combine to form a volume of the truest and holiest



poetry that has been heard on earth since Adelaide Procter went to heaven.

The only justification for the too modest title of "Vagrant Verses," which gleams from the cover of this pretty volume, lies in the fact that this most graceful muse wanders from subject to subject according to her fancy, and pursues no heroic or dramatic theme with that exhaustive treatment which exhausts every one except the poet. The poems in this collection are short, written not to order, but under the manifest impulse of inspiration, for the expression only of the deeper thoughts and more vivid feelings of the soul. Except the fine lyrical and dramatic ballad, "The Children of Lir," which occupies eight pages, and the first five pages given to "Emmet's Love," none of the rest of the seventy poems go much beyond a page or two, while they range through every mood, sad or mirthful, and through every form of metre.

We have named the opening poem, which is an exquisitely pathetic soliloquy of Sarah Curran, a year after the death of her betrothed, young Robert Emmet—a nobler tribute to the memory of our great orator's daughter than either Moore's verse or Washington Irving's prose. But the metrical interlacing of the stanzas, and the elevation and refinement of the poetic diction, require a thoughtful perusal to bring out the perfections of this poem, which, therefore, lends itself less readily to quotation. We shall rather begin by giving one shorter poem in full, taken almost at random. Let it be "Wilfulness and Patience," as it teaches a lesson which it would be well for many to take to heart and to learn by heart:— [249]

I said I am going into the garden,  
Into the flush of the sweetness of life;  
I can stay in the wilderness no longer,  
Where sorrow and sickness and pain are so rife;

So I shod my feet in their golden sandals,  
And I looped my gown with a ribbon of blue,  
And into the garden went I singing,  
The birds in the boughs fell a-singing too.

Just at the wicket I met with Patience,  
Grave was her face, and pure and kind,  
But oh, I loved not her ashen mantle,  
Such sober looks were not to my mind.

Said Patience, "Go not into the garden,  
But come with me by the difficult ways,  
Over the wastes and the wilderness mountains,  
To the higher levels of love and praise!"

Gaily I laughed as I opened the wicket,  
And Patience, pitying, flitted away.  
The garden glory was full of the morning—  
The morning changed to the glamor of day.

O sweet were the winds among my tresses,  
And sweet the flowers that bent at my knees;  
Ripe were the fruits that fell at my wishing,  
But sated soon was my soul with these.

And would I were hand in hand with Patience;  
Tracking her feet on the difficult ways,  
Over the wastes and the wilderness mountains,  
To the higher level of love and praise!

The salutary lesson that the singer wants to impress on the young heart, is here taught plainly and directly even by the very name of the piece. But here is another very delicious melody, of which the name and the purport are somewhat more mysterious. It is called "Perdita."

I dipped my hand in the sea,  
Wantonly—  
The sun shone red o'er castle and cave;  
Dreaming, I rocked on the sleepy wave;—  
I drew a pearl from the sea.  
Wonderingly.

There in my hand it lay:  
Who could say  
How from the depths of the ocean calm  
It rose, and slid itself into my palm?  
I smiled at finding there  
Pearl so fair.

I kissed the beautiful thing,  
Marvelling.  
Poor till now I had grown to be

[250]

The wealthiest maiden on land or sea,  
A priceless gem was mine,  
Pure, divine!

I hid the pearl in my breast,  
Fearful lest  
The wind should steal, or the wave repent  
Largess made in mere merriment,  
And snatch it back again  
Into the main.

But careless grown, ah me!  
Wantonly  
I held between two fingers fine  
My gem above the sparkling brine,  
Only to see it gleam  
Across the stream.

I felt the treasure slide  
Under the tide;  
I saw its mild and delicate ray  
Glittering upward, fade away.  
Ah! then my tears did flow,  
Long ago!

I weep, and weep, and weep,  
Into the deep;  
Sad am I that I could not hold  
A treasure richer than virgin gold.  
That Fate so sweetly gave  
Out of the wave.

I dip my hand in the sea,  
Longingly;  
But never more will that jewel white  
Shed on my soul its tender light.  
My pearl lies buried deep  
Where mermaids sleep.

Some readers of this MAGAZINE are, no doubt, for the first time making acquaintance with Miss Mulholland under this character in which others have known her long; and even these newest friends know enough of her already to pronounce upon some of her characteristics. She is not influenced by the spell of modern culture which has invested the poetic diction of recent years with an exquisite expressiveness and delicate beauty. But, while her style is the very antithesis of the tawdry or the commonplace, she has no mannerisms or affectations; she belongs to no school; she does not deem it the poet's duty to cultivate an artificial, *recherche*, dilettante dialect unknown to Shakespeare and Wordsworth—if we may use a string of epithets which can only be excused for their outlandishness on the plea that they describe something very outlandish. Her meaning is as lucid as her thoughts are high and pure. If, after reading one of her poems carefully, we sometimes have to ask "What does she mean by that?" we ask it not on account of any obscurity in her language, but on account of the depth and height of her thoughts. [251]

The musical rhythm of our extracts prepares us for the form which many of Miss Mulholland's inspirations assume—that of the song pure and simple. Those last epithets have here more than the meaning which they usually bear in such a context; for these songs are not only eminently singable, but they are marked by a very attractive purity and simplicity. There are many of them besides this one which alone bears no other name than "Song."

The silent bird is hid in the boughs,  
The scythe is hid in the corn,  
The lazy oxen wink and drowse,  
The grateful sheep are shorn.  
Redder and redder burns the rose,  
The lily was ne'er so pale,  
Still and stiller the river flows  
Along the path to the vale.

A little door is hid in the boughs,  
A face is hiding within;  
When birds are silent and oxen drowse,  
Why should a maiden spin?  
Slower and slower turns the wheel,  
The face turns red and pale,  
Brighter and brighter the looks that steal  
Along the path to the vale.

Here and everywhere how few are the adjectives, and never any slipped in as mere adjectives. Verbs and nouns do duty for them, and the pictures paint themselves. There is more of genius, art, thought, and study in this self-restraining simplicity than in the freer and bolder eloquence that might make young pulses tingle.

This remarkable faculty for musical verse seems to us to enhance the merit of a poem in which a certain ruggedness is introduced of set purpose. At least, we think that the subtle sympathy, which in the workmanship of a true poet links theme and metre together, is curiously exemplified in "News to Tell." What metre is it? A very slight change here and there would conform it to the sober, solemn measure familiar to the least poetical of us in Gray's marvellous "Elegy in a Country Churchyard." That elegiac tone already suits the rhythm here to the pathetic story. But then the wounded soldier, who, perhaps, will not recover after all, but may follow his dead comrade—see how he drags himself with difficulty away from the old gray castle where the young widow and the aged mother are overwhelmed by the news he had to tell; and is not all this with exquisite cunning represented by the halting gait of the metre, in which every line deviates just a little from the normal scheme of five iambs?

[252]

Neighbor, lend me your arm, for I am not well,  
This wound you see is scarcely a fortnight old,  
All for a sorry message I had to tell,  
I've travelled many a mile in wet and cold.

Yon is the old gray château above the road,  
He bade me seek it, my comrade brave and gay;  
Stately forest and river so brown and broad,  
He showed me the scene as he a-dying lay.

I have been there, and, neighbor I am not well;  
I bore his sword and some of his curling hair,  
Knocked at the gate and said I had news to tell,  
Entered a chamber and saw his mother there.

Tall and straight with the snows of age on her head,  
Brave and stern as a soldier's mother might be,  
Deep in her eyes a living look of the dead,  
She grasped her staff and silently gazed at me.

I thought I'd better be dead than meet her eye;  
She guessed it all, I'd never a word to tell.  
Taking the sword in her arms she heaved a sigh,  
Clasping the curl in her hand, she sobbed and fell.

I raised her up; she sate in her stately chair,  
Her face like death, but not a tear in her eye.  
We heard a step, a tender voice on the stair  
Murmuring soft to an infant's cooing cry.

My lady she sate erect, and sterner grew,  
Finger on mouth she motioned me not to stay;  
A girl came in, the wife of the dead I knew,  
She held his babe, and, neighbor, I fled away!

I tried to run, but I heard the widow's cry.  
Neighbor, I have been hurt and I am not well:  
I pray to God that never until I die  
May I again have such sorry news to tell.

The next piece we shall cite has travelled across the Atlantic, and come back again under false pretences, and without its author's leave or knowledge. Some years ago an American newspaper published some pathetic stanzas, to which it gave as a title "Exquisite Effusion of a Dying Sister of Charity." One into whose hands this journal chanced to fall, read on with interest and pleasure, feeling the verses strangely familiar—till, on reflection, he found that the poem had been published some time before in *The Month*, over the well-known initials "R. M." As the American journalist named the Irish convent where the Sister of Charity had died—not one of Mrs. Aikenhead's spiritual daughters, but one of those whom we call French Sisters of Charity—the reader aforesaid went to the trouble of writing to the Mother Superior, who gave the following explanation: The holy Sister had been fond of reading and writing verse; and these verses with others were found in her desk after her death and handed over to her relatives as relics. They not comparing them very critically with the nun's genuine literary remains, rashly published them as "The Exquisite Effusion of a Dying Sister of Charity." The foregoing circumstances were soon afterwards published in the *Boston Pilot*; but the ghost of such a blunder is not so easily laid, and the poem reappears in *The Messenger of St. Joseph* for last August, under the title of "An Invalid's Plaint," and still attributed to the dying Nun, who had only had the good taste to admire and transcribe Miss Mulholland's poem. In all its wanderings to and fro across the Atlantic many corruptions crept into the text; and it would be an interesting exercise in style to collate the version given by *The Messenger* with the authorized edition which we here copy from page 136

[253]

of "Vagrant Verses," where the poem, of course, bears its original name of "Failure."

The Lord, Who fashioned my hands for working,  
Set me a task, and it is not done;  
I tried and tried since the early morning,  
And now to westward sinketh the sun!

Noble the task that was kindly given  
To one so little and weak as I—  
Somehow my strength could never grasp it,  
Never, as days and years went by.

Others around me, cheerfully toiling,  
Showed me their work as they passed away;  
Filled were their hands to overflowing,  
Proud were their hearts, and glad and gay.

Laden with harvest spoils they entered  
In at the golden gate of their rest;  
Laid their sheaves at the feet of the Master,  
Found their places among the blest.

Happy be they who strove to help me,  
Failing ever in spite of their aid!  
Fain would their love have borne me onward,  
But I was unready, and sore afraid.

Now I know my task will never be finished,  
And when the Master calleth my name,  
The Voice will find me still at my labor,  
Weeping beside it in weary shame.

With empty hands I shall rise to meet Him,  
And when He looks for the fruits of years,  
Nothing have I to lay before Him  
But broken efforts and bitter tears.

Yet when He calls I fain would hasten—  
Mine eyes are dim and their light is gone;  
And I am as weary as though I carried  
A burthen of beautiful work well done.

I will fold my empty hands on my bosom,  
Meekly thus in the shape of His Cross;  
And the Lord, Who made them frail and feeble,  
Maybe will pity their strife and loss.

It might have been expected that so skilful an artist in beautiful words would be sure occasionally to find the classic sonnet form the most fitting vehicle for some rounded and stately thought. About half a dozen sonnets are strewn over these pages, all cast in the true Petrarchan mould, and all very properly bearing names of their own, like any other form of verse, instead of being labelled promiscuously as "sonnets." The following is called "Love." What a sublime ideal, only to be realized in human love when in its self-denying sacredness it approaches the divine!

[254]

True love is that which never can be lost:  
Though cast away, alone and ownerless,  
Like a strayed child, that wandering, misses most  
When night comes down its mother's last caress;

True love dies not when banished and forgot,  
But, solitary, barter still with Heaven  
The scanty share of joy cast in its lot  
For joys to the beloved freely given.

Love, smiling, stands afar to watch and see  
Each blessing it has bought, like angel's kiss,  
Fall on the loved one's face, who ne'er may know  
At what strange cost thus, overflowing,  
His cup is filled, or how its depth of bliss  
Doth give the measure of another's woe.

As this happens to be the solitary one among Miss Mulholland's sonnets, which in the arrangement of the quatrains varies slightly from the most orthodox tradition of this pharisee of song, I will give another specimen, prettily named "Among the Boughs."

High on a gnarled and mossy forest bough,  
Dreaming, I hang between the earth and sky,

The golden moon through leafy mystery  
Gazing aslant at me with glowing brow.  
And since all living creatures slumber now,  
O nightingale, save only thou and I,  
Tell me the secret of thine ecstasy,  
That none may know save only I and thou.

Alas, all vainly doth my heart entreat;  
Thy magic pipe unfolds but to the moon  
What wonders thee in faëry worlds befall:  
To her is sung thy midnight-music sweet,  
And ere she wearies of thy mellow tune,  
She hath thy secret, and will guard it well!

Unstinted as our extracts have been, there are poems here by the score over which our choice has wavered. Our selection has been made partly with a view to the illustration of the variety and versatility displayed by this new poet in matter and form; and on this principle we are tempted to quote "Girlhood at Midnight" as the only piece of blank verse in Miss Mulholland's repertory, to show how musical, how far from blank, she makes that most difficult and perilous measure. But we must put a restraint on ourselves, and just give one more sample, of the achievements of the author of "The Little Flower Seekers" and "The Wild Birds of Killeevy," in what an old writer calls "the melifluous meeters of poesie." This last is called "A Rebuke." Was there ever a sweeter or gentler rebuke? [255]

Why are you so sad? (*sing the little birds, the little birds,*)  
All the sky is blue,  
We are in our branches, yonder are the herds,  
And the sun is on the dew;  
Everything is merry, (*sing the happy little birds,*)  
Everything but you!

Fire is on the hearthstone, the ship is on the wave,  
Pretty eggs are in the nest,  
Yonder sits a mother smiling at a grave,  
With a baby at her breast;  
And Christ was on the earth, and the sinner He forgave  
Is with Him in His rest.

We shall droop our wings, (*pipes the throstle on the tree,*)  
When everything is done:  
Time unfurleth yours, that you soar eternally  
In the regions of the sun.  
When our day is over, (*sings the blackbird in the lea,*)  
Yours is but begun.

Then why are you so sad? (*warble all the little birds,*)  
While the sky is blue,  
Brooding over phantoms and vexing about words  
That never can be true;  
Everything is merry, (*trill the happy, happy birds,*)  
Everything but you!

The setting of these jewels is almost worthy of them. The book is brought out with that faultless taste which has helped to win for the firm of No. 1 Paternoster Sq., such fame as poets' publishers. A large proportion of contemporary poetry of the highest name, including till lately the Laureate's, has appeared under the auspices of Kegan Paul, Trench & Co., who seem to have expended special care on the production of "Vagrant Verses."

And now, as we have let these poems chiefly speak for themselves, enough has been said. We do not hesitate to add in conclusion, that those among us with pretensions to literary culture, who do not hasten to contribute to the exceptional success which awaits a work such as even our brief account proves this work to be, will so far have failed in their duty towards Irish genius. For this book more than any that we have yet received from its author's hand—nay, more than any that we can hope to receive from her, since this is the consummate flower of her best years—will serve to secure for the name of Rosa Mulholland an enduring place among the most richly gifted of the daughters of Erin.

REV. MATTHEW RUSSELL, S. J.

Dublin, 1886.

A critic is a judge: and more, he is a judge who knows better than any author how his book should have been written; better than the artist how his picture should have been painted; better than the musician how his music should have been composed; better than the preacher how his sermon ought to have been arranged; better than the Lord Chancellor how he should decide in Equity; better than Sir Frederick Roberts how he should have pursued Ayoob Khan; better than the whole Cabinet how they should govern Ireland; and far better than the Pope how he should guard the deposit of faith. This, no doubt, needs a high culture, a many-sided genius, and the speciality of an expert in all subjects of human intelligence and action. But all that goes for nothing with a true critic. He is never daunted; never at a loss. If he is wrong, he is never the worse, for he criticises anonymously. Sometimes, indeed, the trade is dangerous. A well-known author of precocious literary copiousness, whose volumes contain an "Appendix of Authors quoted" almost as long as the catalogue of the Alexandrian Library, was once invited, maliciously we are afraid, to dine in a select party of specialists, on whose manors the author had been sporting without license. Not only was the jury packed, but the debate was organized with malice aforethought. Each in turn plucked and plucked until the critic was reduced to the Platonic man — *animal bipes implume*.

Addison says, somewhere in the *Spectator*, that ridicule is assumed superiority. Criticism is asserted superiority. Sometimes it may be justified, as when the shoemaker told Titian that he had stitched the shoe of a Doge of Venice in the wrong place. Sometimes it is not equally to be justified, as in the critics of the Divine Government of the world, to whom Butler in his "Analogy" meekly says that, if they only knew the whole system of all things, with all the reasons of them, and the last end to which all things and reasons are directed, they might, peradventure, be of another opinion.

There are some benevolent critics whose life is spent in watching the characters and conduct of all around them. They note every word and tone and gesture; they have a formed, and not a favorable, judgment of all we do and all we leave undone. It does not much matter which: if we did so, we ought not to have done it; if we did not, we ought to have done so. Such critics have, no doubt, an end and place in creation. Socrates told the Athenians that he was their "gadfly." There is room, perhaps, for one gadfly in a city; but in a household, wholesome companions they may be, but not altogether pleasant. These may be called critics of moral superiority. Again, there are Biblical critics, who spend their lives over a text in Scripture, all equally confident, and no two agreed. An old English author irreverently compares them to a cluster of monkeys, who, having found a glowworm, "heaped sticks upon it, and blowed themselves out of breath to set it alight." We commend this incident in scientific history to whomsoever may have inherited Landseer's pallet and brush, under the title of "Doctors in Divinity," for the Royal Academy in next May.

[257]

This reminds us of the historical critics who have erected the treatment of the most uncertain of all matters into the certainty of science, by the simple introduction of one additional compound, their own personal infallibility. The universal Church assembled in Council under the guidance of its Head does not, cannot and what is worse, will not, know its own history, or the true interpretation of its own records and acts. But, by a benign though tardy provision, the science of history has arisen, like the art of extracting sunbeams from cucumbers, to recall the Church from its deviations to the recognition of its own true misdeeds. Such higher intelligences may be called and revered as the Pontiffs of the Realm of Criticism.

We are warned, however, not to profane this awful Hierarchy of superior persons by further analysis. We will, therefore, end with three canons, not so much of criticism as of moral common sense. A critic knows more than the author he criticises, or just as much, or at least somewhat less.

As to the first class: Nothing we have said here is *lèse majesté* to the true senate of learned, patient, deliberate, grave, and kindly critics. They are our intellectual physicians, who heal the infirmities of us common men. We submit gladly to their treatment, and learn much by the frequent operations we have to undergo. If the surgeon be rough and his knife sharp, yet he knows better than we, and the smart will make us wiser and more wary, perhaps more real for the time to come. There is, indeed, a constant danger of literary unreality. A great author is reported to have said: "When I want to understand a subject, I write a book about it." Unfortunately, great authors are few, and many books are written by those who do not understand the subject either before or after the fact. The facility of printing has deluged the world with unreal, because shallow, books. Such medical and surgical critics are, therefore, benefactors of the human race.

As to the second class, of those who know just as much as the author they criticise, it would be better for the world that they were fewer or less prompt to judge. The assumption of the critic is that he knows more than his author; and the belief in which we waste our time over their criticisms is that they have something to add to the book. It is dreary work to find, after all, that we have been reading only the book itself in fragments and in another type.

But, lastly, there is a class of critics always ready for anything, the swashbucklers of the Press, who will write at any moment on any subject in newspaper, magazine, or review. Wake them out of their first sleep, and give them something to answer, or to ridicule, or to condemn. It is all one to them. The book itself gives the terminology, and the references, and the quotations, which may

be re-quoted with a change of words. We remember two criticisms of the same work in the same week: one laudatory, especially of the facility and accuracy of its classical translations; the other damnatory for its cumbrous and unscholarlike versions. The critic of the black cap was asked by a classical friend whether he had read the book. He said, "No, I smelt it." This unworshipful company of critics is formidable for their numbers, their vocabulary, and their anonymous existence. Their dwelling is not known; but we imagine that it may be not far from Lord Bacon's House of Wisdom, the inmates of which, when they "come forth, lift their hand in the attitude of benediction with the look of those that pity men."

[258]

HENRY EDWARD, Cardinal Archbishop, in *Merry England*.

---

## The Celts of South America.

The exiles of Erin wandering far from their native land, are always sure to make their presence felt. Their power is well known in the United States; and it is, therefore, gratifying to note the progress which the Irish race is making amongst the people of South America, and especially in the Argentine Republic. To our countrymen is mainly due the development of the sheep-farming industry, which is carried on to a greater extent than in this country or Australia. Many of them number their acres by thousands and their flocks by hundreds of thousands. And the pleasure which the knowledge of this prosperity gives us is exceedingly increased by the many evidences in which we observe that National spirit and feeling is strong, active and energetic amongst them. In their educational institutions, and notably in Holy Cross College at Buenos Ayres, the study of Irish history is made a special and prominent subject of attention. In the capital, too, an Irish Orphanage has been established, where, under the kindly care of Father Fitzgerald, the children of the dead Irish exiles are lovingly tended and preserved from contaminating influences. In the breasts of the Irishmen of the River Platte there is love for the Old Land as warm and generous as can be found in the green and fertile plains of Meath or Tipperary. There are young men born in this country of Irish parents who are deeply read in Irish history, and who follow with loving anxiety the progress Ireland is making on the road to liberty. There are nearly a quarter of a million of Irishmen in the Argentine Republic, and they may always be relied on to aid their kindred in the Old Land. The chain of Irish loyalty to Ireland is complete around the world.

---

The Parisians, with that fine appreciation of the fitness of things for which they have always been famous, have changed the adjective *chic*, by which they used to describe the attributes of the "dude" (male or female), for the more expressive one *bécarre*. As the latter word is usually interpreted "natural," it would seem that our French cousins, in their estimate of the "dude" species, agree with the Irish, who, disliking to apply the epithet "fool" to any one, invariably designate a silly person as a "natural."

---

## ENCYCLICAL <sup>[5]</sup>

[259]

(QUOD AUCTORITATE)

## PROCLAIMING AN EXTRAORDINARY JUBILEE.



TO OUR VENERABLE BRETHREN, THE PATRIARCHS, PRIMATES, ARCHBISHOPS, BISHOPS AND OTHER

## POPE LEO XIII.

*Venerable Brethren, Health and Apostolic Benediction.*

What we have twice already by Apostolic authority decreed, that an extraordinary year of jubilee should be observed in the whole Christian world, opening for general welfare those heavenly treasures which it is in our power to dispense, we are pleased to decree likewise, with God's blessing, for the coming year. The usefulness of this action you, Venerable Brethren, cannot fail to understand, well aware as you are of the moral condition of our times: but there is a special reason rendering this design more seasonable perhaps than on other occasions. For having in a previous encyclical taught how much it is to the interest of States that they should conform more closely to Christian truth and a Christian character, it can readily be understood how suitable to this very purpose of ours it is to use what means we can to urge men to, or recall them to, the practice of Christian virtues. For the State is what the morals of the people make it: and as the goodness of a ship or a building depends on the goodness of its parts and their proper union, each in its own place, similarly the course of government cannot be rightful or free from obstacles unless the citizens lead righteous lives. Civil discipline and all those things in which public action consists, originate and perish through individuals: they impress on these things the stamp of their opinions and their morals. In order, therefore, that minds may be thoroughly imbued with those precepts of ours, and, above all, that the daily life of the individual be ruled accordingly, efforts must be made to the end that each one shall apply himself to the attainment of Christian wisdom, and also of Christian action not less publicly than privately. [260]

And in this matter efforts must be increased in proportion to the greater number of dangers that threaten on every side. For the great virtues of our fathers have declined in no small part: passions that have of themselves very great force have through license striven to still greater: unsound opinions entirely unrestrained or insufficiently restrained are becoming daily more widespread: among those who hold correct sentiments there are many, who, deterred by an unreasonable shame, do not dare to profess freely what they believe, and much less to carry it out: most wretched examples have exercised an influence on popular morals here and there: sinful societies, which we ourselves have already designated, that are most proficient in criminal artifices, strive to impose on the people and to withdraw and alienate as many as possible from God, from sacred duties, from Christian faith.

Under the pressure of so many evils, whose very length of duration makes them greater, we must not omit anything that affords any hope of relief. With this design and this hope, we are about to proclaim a sacred Jubilee, admonishing and exhorting all who have their salvation at heart to collect themselves for a little while and turn to better things their thoughts that now are sunken in the earth. And this will be salutary not only to private persons but to the whole commonwealth, for the reason that as much as any person singly advances in perfection of mind, so much of an increase of virtue will be given to public life and morals.

But the desired result depends, as you see, Venerable Brethren, in great measure on your work and diligence, since the people must be suitably and carefully prepared in order that they may receive the fruits intended. It will pertain, therefore, to your charity and wisdom to give to priests selected for the purpose the charge of instructing the people by pious discourses suited to common capacity, and especially of exhorting to penance, which is, according to St. Augustine, "The daily punishment of the good and humble of the faithful in which we strike our breasts, saying: forgive us our trespasses." (Epist. 108.) Not without reason we mention, in the first place, penance and what is a part of it, the voluntary chastisement of the body. For you know the custom of the world: it is the choice of many to lead a life of effeminacy, to do nothing demanding fortitude and true courage. They fall into much other wretchedness, and often fashion reasons why they should not obey the salutary laws of the Church, thinking that a greater burden has been imposed on them than can be borne, when they are commanded to abstain from a certain kind of food, or to observe a fast on a few days of the year. Enervated by such mode of life, it is not to be wondered at that they by degrees give themselves up entirely to passions that call for greater indulgence still. It is proper, therefore, to recall to temperance those who have fallen into or are inclined to effeminacy; and for this reason those who are to address the people must carefully and minutely teach them what is a command not only of the law of the gospel but of natural reason as well, that every one ought to exercise self-control and hold his passions in subjection; that sins are not expiated except by penance. And that this virtue may be of enduring character, it will not be an unsuitable provision to place it as it were in the trust and keeping of an institution having a permanent character. You readily understand, Venerable Brethren, to what we refer; namely, to your perseverance—each in his own diocese—in protecting and extending the Third, or *secular*, Order of St. Francis. Surely, to preserve and foster the spirit of penance among Christians, there will be great aid in the examples and favor of the Patriarch Francis of Assisi, who to the greatest innocence of life joined a studious chastisement of himself so that he seemed to bear the image of Jesus Christ crucified not less in his life and customs than in the signs that were divinely impressed upon him. The laws of that order, which have been by us suitably tempered, are very easily observed; their importance to Christian virtue is by no means slight. [261]

Secondly, in so great private and public needs, since the whole hope of salvation lies in the favor and keeping of our Heavenly Father, we greatly wish the revival of a constant and confiding habit of prayer. In every great crisis of the Christian commonwealth, whenever it happened to the



Church to be pressed by external or internal dangers, our ancestors raising suppliant eyes to Heaven have signally taught in what way and from whence were to be sought strong virtue and suitable aid. Minds were thoroughly imbued with those precepts of Jesus Christ, "Ask and it shall be given you;" (Matt. vii. 7.) "We ought always to pray and to fail not." (Luke xviii. 1.) Consonant with this is the voice of the Apostles, "pray without ceasing;" (1 Thessal. v. 17.) "I desire, therefore, first of all that supplications, prayers, intercessions and thanksgivings be made for all men." (1 Tim. ii. 1.) On this point John Chrysostom has left us, with not less acuteness than truth, the following comparison: as to man, when he comes naked and needing everything in the world, nature has given hands by the aid of which to procure what is necessary for life, so in those things that are above nature, since of himself he can do nothing, God has bestowed on him the faculty of prayer by the wise use of which he may easily obtain all that is required for salvation. And in these matters let all of you determine, Venerable Brethren, how pleasing and satisfactory to us is the care you have, with our initiative, taken to promote the devotion of the Holy Rosary, especially in these recent years. Nor can we pass over in silence the general piety awakened in the people nearly everywhere in that matter: nevertheless the greatest care is to be taken that this devotion be made still more ardent and lasting. If we continue to urge this, as we have more than once done already, none of you will be surprised, understanding as you do of how much moment it is that the practice of the Rosary of Mary should flourish among Christians, and knowing well, as you do, that it is a very beautiful form and part of that very spirit of prayer of which we speak, and that it is suitable to the times, easily practiced, and of most abundant usefulness.

But since the first and chief fruit of a Jubilee, as we have above pointed out, ought to be amendment of life and an increase of virtue, we consider especially necessary the avoidance of that evil which we have not failed to designate in previous Encyclical letters. We mean the internal and nearly domestic dissensions of some of our own, which dissolve, or certainly relax, the bond of charity, with an almost inexpressible harm. We have here mentioned this matter again to you, Venerable Brethren, guardians of ecclesiastical discipline and mutual charity, because we wish your watchfulness and authority continually applied to the abolition of this grave disadvantage. Admonishing, exhorting, reproving, work to the end that all be "solicitous to preserve unity of the spirit in the bond of peace," and that those may return to duty who are the cause of dissension, keeping in mind in every step of life that the only-begotten Son of God at the very approach of his supreme agonies sought nothing more ardently from his Father than that those should love one another who believed or were to believe in him, "that they all may be one as thou, Father, in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us." (John xvii. 21.)

[262]

Therefore trusting in the mercy of Almighty God and the authority of the blessed Apostles Peter and Paul, of that power of binding and loosing which the Lord has conferred on us though unworthy, we grant to each and every one of the faithful of both sexes a plenary indulgence according to the manner of a general Jubilee, on the condition and law that within the space of the next year, 1886, they shall do the things that are written further on.

All those residing in Rome, or visiting the city, shall go twice to the Lateran, Vatican and Liberian Basilicas, and shall therein for awhile pour out pious prayers for the prosperity and exaltation of the Catholic Church and the Apostolic See, for the extirpation of heresies and the conversion of all the erring, for concord of Christian Princes, and the peace and unity of the whole people of the faith, according to our intention. They shall fast, using only fasting food (*cibus esurialibus*), two days outside of those not comprehended in the Lenten indulgence, and outside of other days consecrated by precept of the Church to a similar strict fast; besides they shall, having rightly confessed their sins, receive the Holy Sacrament of the Eucharist, and shall according to their means, using the advice of the confessor, make an offering to some pious work pertaining to the propagation and increase of the Catholic Faith. Let it be free to every one to choose what pious work he may prefer; we think it well however to designate two specially, on which beneficence will be well bestowed, both, in many places, needing resources and aid, both fruitful to the State not less than the Church, namely *private schools for children* and *Clerical Seminaries*.

All others living anywhere outside of the city, shall go *twice* to three churches to be designated by you, Venerable Brethren, or your Vicars or Officials, or with your or their mandate by those exercising care of souls; if there are but two churches in the place, *three times*; if but one, *six times*, all within the above-mentioned time; they must perform also the other works mentioned. This indulgence we wish also applicable by way of suffrage to the souls that have departed from this life united to God by charity. We also grant power to you to reduce the number of these visits according to prudent judgment for chapters and congregations, whether secular or regular, sodalities, confraternities, universities, and any other bodies visiting in procession the churches mentioned.

[263]

We grant that those on sea, and travellers when they return to their residences, or to any other certain stopping-place, visiting *six times* the principal church or a parochial church, and performing the other works above prescribed, may gain the same indulgence. To regulars, of both sexes, also those living perpetually in the cloister, and to all other persons, whether lay or ecclesiastic, who by imprisonment, infirmity, or any other just cause are prevented from doing the above works or some of them, we grant that a confessor may commute them into other works of piety, the power being also given of dispensing as to Communion in the case of children not yet admitted to first Communion. Moreover to each and every one of the faithful, whether laymen or ecclesiastics, secular and regular, of whatsoever order and institute, even those to be specially named, we grant the faculty of choosing any confessor, secular or regular, among those actually

approved; which faculty may be used also by religious, novices and other women living within the cloister, provided the confessor be one approved for religious. We also give to confessors, on this occasion, and during the time of this Jubilee only, all those faculties which we bestowed in our letters Apostolic *Pontifices maximi* dated February 15, 1879, all those things excepted which are excepted in the same letters.

For the rest let all take care to obtain merit with the great Mother of God by special homage and devotion during this time. For we wish this sacred Jubilee to be under the patronage of the Holy Virgin of the *Rosary*, and with her aid we trust that there shall be not a few whose souls shall obtain remission of sin and expiation, and be by faith, piety, justice, renewed not only to hope of eternal salvation, but also to presage of a more peaceful age.

Auspicious of these heavenly benefits, and in witness of our paternal benevolence, we affectionately in the Lord impart to you, and the clergy and people intrusted to your fidelity and vigilance, the Apostolic Benediction.

Given at Rome at St. Peter's the 22d day of December, 1885, of Our Pontificate the Eighth year.

LEO PP. XIII.

---

A GALLANT SOLDIER REWARDED.—The friends of Colonel John G. Healy, of New Haven, Conn., especially the Irish National element with which the Colonel has been prominently identified for many years, will be gratified to learn of his appointment to a responsible position at Washington. The newly-elected Doorkeeper of the House of Representatives, Colonel Samuel Donelson, of Tennessee, at the instance of his friend, Congressman Mitchell, of New Haven, has appointed Colonel Healy to the position of Superintendent of the Folding Room of the House of Representatives, a place of more responsibility and consequence than any in the House, except alone that of the Doorkeeper. It is very pleasant to see Tennessee thus extending the hand of fellowship to Connecticut, and we are certain that the citizens of Irish birth and extraction feel grateful to Colonel Donelson and to the popular and able Representative of the Second Congressional District of Connecticut for this recognition of a gentleman who has given the best years of his mature life to every patriotic movement for the land of his fathers.

---

## England and Her Enemies.

[264]

### A FRENCH VIEW OF PERILS ENCOMPASSING THE GREAT BRITISH EMPIRE.

Are the English so strong, so sure of their power, so thoroughly convinced of their superiority that they can afford to display so much disdain toward a great nation? Truly, the sun does not set on the possessions of the Empress of India, who counts millions of subjects in five parts of the world; but is this necessarily a sign of strength? The power of Charles V. encompassed the world, and we all know what became of his vast empire. But we foresee the objection to this comparison. It is that the power of Charles V. and Philip II. was mined by a secret and almost invisible enemy—an idea, a principle—liberty of conscience—and that Queen Victoria is not menaced by any such enemy. Indeed! But a small fact—the assassination of an Irishman of the most ignoble kind—affords ample food for reflection, and cannot fail to inspire grave doubts regarding the solidity of the British Empire. In spite of all the efforts of the English police, Carey, their unworthy protégé, was tracked, seized, and slain by a secret power. The Government of Queen Victoria, with all its resources, was not able to find a corner of the globe, however remote, where the life of the informer could be beyond the reach of the Irish counter-police.

The thing that renders this secret power so dreadful is that it exists wherever the Empress of India has subjects. In every English city, in every English colony, at the Cape, in Australia, in Canada as in India, in China as in America, in France as in Japan, wherever a British tourist travels, wherever an English missionary preaches, wherever an English merchant trades, the secret Irish enemy lurks ready to assassinate if he receives the order. The English may laugh at him or may become exasperated by him; but if England should become engaged in a foreign war could she consider without a shudder the incalculable dangers to which this enemy within might expose her—an enemy that will stop at nothing, that nothing can terrify, for he offers his life as a sacrifice, and that nothing can reconcile, for he is the personification of deadly hatred? For our part we know well that if France held within her borders millions, or even thousands, of men animated by such a spirit we would tremble for the future of our country.

But besides this irreconcilable Ireland that is everywhere, that sits in Parliament and there makes and unmakes majorities, and consequently cabinets, and that would betray the nation, if it saw fit, even in the centre of the national representation, it seems to us that the Australian colonies also are likely one day to take a notion to become independent; that the colonies in Southern Africa are rapidly becoming disaffected; that the inhabitants of India are demanding autonomy in a tone that would become very menacing if Russia should come nearer to Cabul—and she is plainly enough moving in that direction; and that Egypt is beginning to get restless

and to show herself a little ungrateful, as if she cannot clearly understand the utterly disinterested intentions of Lord Dufferin. What would England do if upon two or three of these territories revolts should come simultaneously? The thing may be improbable, but not impossible. And what would England do if, taking advantage of these revolts, a great European power should declare war against her? What would she have done in 1857 if Russia had been in a position to give assistance to Nana Saïb? Such things have been seen in history.

To face such dangers—the danger of war, the danger of revolt, the danger of conspiracy—a large army composed of the most steadfast troops would be necessary. Where can England get that army? Her present forces are hardly sufficient in time of peace. She finds it impossible to retain the old soldiers in her service. A sufficient number of recruits cannot be obtained to fill up the gaps, and it appears to be impossible to stop the desertions that are constantly thinning the ranks. In vain the pay of the soldier is raised. The English workman refuses to enlist. It is, then, to the Irishman that recourse must be had. Trust that Irishman!

The British Government is unable to raise an army of more than three hundred thousand men, counting the Indian troops, whose fidelity is, perhaps, not beyond all suspicion; and three hundred thousand soldiers to defend an empire the most populous and the most widely scattered that has ever been seen on the face of the globe count for very little. Of course, there is the fleet, which is superb. But what could the fleet do against an enemy invading India by land? Of what use was it against the Boers or against Cetywayo? Of what use would it be against even a very inferior fleet that used torpedos as the Russians did on the Danube?

All these things considered, it seems to us that if the English would calmly consider their own situation they would become less arrogant in their international relations. We don't ask any more of them, for we have no desire to obtain from them any service whatsoever. We wish simply to be able to live with them and with their government on terms of courteous politeness.

*Republique Française*

---

M. Gounod, when lately at Reims, had been asked by the Archbishop to compose a Mass in honor of Joan of Arc. Some further details have since reached us as to the offer and acceptance of the happy suggestion. M. Gounod declared that he would compose within the year not a Mass, but a cantata on the life and martyrdom of the Maid of Orleans, the words to be drawn from Holy Scripture. He said, moreover, that his hope would be to return to Reims and to compose the music—the spirituality, tenderness, and animation of which all lovers of Gounod will seem to feel in advance—in the cathedral itself and close to the altar where the blessed and miraculous young creature knelt in tears to offer her victory to God.

---

## Ireland: A Retrospect.

[266]

In the early days of the Land League, the cry throughout Ireland was for compulsory sale of the landlords' interest to the State at twenty years' purchase of the valuation, the occupiers to become tenants of the government for a fixed number of years until their yearly payments had cleared off both the principal and interest of the sum advanced to the landlords. Famine had made its appearance in many parts of the country, and the peasantry would be glad to be rid of the incubus of landlordism at any cost. The landlords scoffed at the proposal, and it was well for the tenants that they did not accept it. Foreign competition was but then in its infancy, and the prices of agricultural produce were not going down by leaps and bounds as they have been in 1884 and 1885. The yearly instalments the tenantry would have to pay to the State could not be met out of the produce of the land at present prices, if twenty years' purchase of Griffith's valuation had been accepted by the landlords. At the present time the majority of tenants in Ireland (and perhaps in England), taking into consideration the depression in agriculture, and the probable higher taxation of land in the near future, would think fifteen years' purchase too much for the fee simple of the land. It is pretty certain that when the land question comes to be finally settled, very few Irish landlords' interests can realize more than fifteen years' purchase on the valuation. In 1880, they were, with few exceptions, blind to the changes going on at their very doors, and struck out for their old rack-rents by threats of eviction and law proceedings. Instead of meeting their tenantry half way, they set the crow-bar brigade to work, and the numbers evicted were so appalling, that Mr. Parnell's party prevailed on the late government to pass through the Commons the Compensation for Disturbance Act, the result of which would be to suspend all evictions until a Land Bill was passed. But the landlords got their friends in the House of Lords to throw out the bill, and kept on impressing on the late government the necessity for coercion. The effect of the action of the Lords was stupefying on the middle classes, who saw that the last chance of a peaceable settlement was gone, and the half-starved peasantry were stung to madness at the thought of the revival of the eviction scenes of 1847 and 1848. Then sprung up a crop of outrages which became systematic where they had been isolated, and the agrarian war was really upon us.

The landlords proceeded with their evictions, and the peasantry retaliated by outrage until the Liberal government, having failed to pass their ameliorative measure, was forced to have

recourse to coercion. The first Coercion Act of the Liberals was passed before the Land Bill, and thus Ireland was whipped first and caudled afterwards. Mr. Forster "ran in" his twelve hundred Suspects, and the result was an increased crop of outrages, and that the Invincibles lay in wait twenty times to murder him. The Suspects were generally the more respectable of the middle classes in the villages and towns—men whose interest it was to check outrage—who were marked down by the finger of landlordism as sympathizers with their brethren on the land. Then came the suppression of the Land League (1881), and the retaliating No-Rent Manifesto, which was not generally obeyed—chiefly through the influence of religion. There was suppressed anger and hatred of the ruling class throughout the land, and the people would not assist the police (who attacked their meetings and bludgeoned or stabbed them into submission) in tracking murderers or incendiaries. All this time the landlords kept on evicting, and calling through the English Press for still sterner repression of the right of public meeting, and the result was that secret societies multiplied and flourished. Religious influences could cope with a No-Rent Manifesto, but were almost powerless in grappling with secret societies. If the late Cardinal McCabe denounced them in the Cathedral, a large portion of the congregation rose up ostentatiously and withdrew. The voices of the national leaders who had restrained the people were gagged—Davitt in Portland, Parnell in Kilmainham. Things were going from bad to worse; the tension of public feelings was growing tighter day by day; the landlords were evicting apace and gloating over their victims, and saw not that such a state of siege could not last forever. And it appears Mr. Forster was so infatuated as to believe that it needed only a few months more of his stern rule to break the spirit of the Irish people. A glimmering of the true state of affairs had, however, begun to dawn upon his colleagues, and Mr. Forster succumbed at last to the incessant attacks of the remnant of the Nationalist members, who did not give him a chance of depriving them of their liberty by setting foot in Ireland, and to the vigorous criticism of the *Pall Mall Gazette*.

[267]

The Suspects were released and there was joy throughout Ireland. People began to breath freely once more; for the reign of landlord terror and peasant outrage seemed to draw near its close. The Land Act of 1880 had begun to inspire the tenantry with hope, especially as the first decisions of the commissioners gave sweeping reductions off the rents hitherto paid. In May, 1882, things were looking brighter. It seemed as if the Liberals had repented them of coercion, and that conciliation was to be tried in Ireland. But the Invincibles, for whose creation Mr. Forster's regime seems to be especially responsible, were not to be placated so easily. The Phoenix Park butchery had already been planned, and it was carried out with fiendish determination. The civilized world was horror stricken. The cup of peace was dashed from the lips of Ireland, and a cry of rage and despair resounded throughout the country. It was heard from pulpit and platform, and echoed through the Press of every shade of opinion. Many good men thought that now England's opportunity for gaining the affections of the Irish people had come at last; that by trusting to the horror of the Irish race for so dastardly a crime, its perpetrators would be brought to the bar of justice, and the victims avenged. But it was not to be so. In England the general public seemed to believe that the Irish were a demon race, who deserved to be chastised with scorpions, and knowing what was the state of the public mind in Ireland after the Phoenix Park assassinations, it would be hard to blame Englishmen for thinking as they did in the face of such an appalling crime. The blood of Lord Fred. Cavendish called aloud for vengeance, and the government passed the Prevention of Crimes Act, the most severe of all the Coercion Statutes.

[268]

It was a mistake to treat Ireland as if she sympathized with the Phoenix Park butchery. Under the Crimes Act we had secret inquisitions, informer manufacture by means of enormous bribes, swearing away of the lives of innocent men by wretches, who were the scum of society, jury packing to a degree unknown since 1848, conviction by drunken juries, and even the starting of secret societies by ruffians who were in the pay of the Executive.

The people quickly lapsed into their old indifference as to aiding an executive which used such base means of governing. It mattered little that Earl Spencer's personal character was above suspicion. Under his rule the lives and liberties of honest men were taken away by juries packed with landlords, or their partisans, on the testimony of hired or terrified wretches, who were generally the most guilty of the gangs that were banded together for unlawful purposes during the land war. Earl Spencer ruled by means which must necessarily have involved innocent men in the punishment of the guilty, and his name is the best hated of all the bad viceroys that ever ruled Ireland.

J. H.

---

## Jim Daly's Repentance.

When the story was told to me, I thought it infinitely sad and pathetic. I wish I could tell it as I heard it, but having scant skill as a narrator, I fear I cannot. I can only set down the facts as they happened, and in my halting words they will read, I fear, but baldly and barely; and if in the reading will be found no trace at all of the tears which awoke in me for this little human tragedy, I am sorry, more sorry than I can say, for my want of skill. Indeed, I would need to write of it with a pen steeped in tears. It is the story of a hard and futile repentance,—futile, in that amends could never be made to those who had been sinned against; but surely, surely not futile, inasmuch as no hour of human pain is ever wasted that is laid before our Lord, but rather is

gathered by Him in His pitiful hands, to be given back one day as a harvest of joy.

"Whisht, achora, whisht! sure I know you never meant to hurt me or the child." The woman, childishly young and slight, who spoke was half sitting, half lying in a low rush-bottomed chair, in the poor kitchen of a small Irish farmhouse. Her small, pretty face was marked with premature lines of pain and care, and now it was paler than usual, for across eyebrow and cheek extended a livid, dark bruise, as if from a blow of a heavy fist, and over the pathetic, drooping mouth there was a cruel, jagged cut, this evidently caused by a fall against something with a sharp, projecting point. By her side, in a wattled cradle, lay a puny, small baby, about a year old, with its small blue fingers, claw-like in their leanness, clutched closely, and with such a gray shade over its pinched features that one might have thought it dying. The young husband and father was cast down in an attitude bespeaking utter abasement at his wife's knees, and his face was hidden in her lap; but over the nut-brown hair her thin hands went softly, with caressing tender strokings, and as the great heart-breaking sobs burst from him the tears rolled one after another down her wan little face, while her low, soft voice went on tenderly, "Whisht, alanna machree, whisht! sure it's breakin' my heart ye are! Sure, how can I bear at all, at all, to listen to ye sobbin' like that?"

[269]

All the weary months of unkindness and neglect were forgotten, and she only remembered that her Jim was in sore trouble—Jim Daly that courted her, her husband, and her baby's father; not Jim Daly the good fellow at the public-house, always ready to take a treat or stand one; always the first in every scheme of conviviality, drowning heart and mind and conscience in cheap and bad whisky; while at home, on the little hillside farm, crops were rotting, haggard lying empty, land untilled, and poverty and hunger threatening the little home, and day after day the meek, uncomplaining young wife was growing thinner and paler, and the lines deepening in her face where no lines should be. Three years had gone by since the wedding-day that seemed but the gate of a happy future for those two young things who loved each other truly, and almost since that wedding-day Jim Daly had been going steadily downhill. Not that he was vicious at all; he was only young and gay and good-natured, and so sought after for those things, and he had a fine baritone voice that could roll out "Colleen dhas cruithen na mo" with rare power and tenderness, and when the rare spirits who held their merry-makings in the Widow Doolan's public-house nightly would come seeking to draw him thither with many flattering words, he was not strong enough to resist the temptation; and the young wife—they were the merest boy and girl—was too gentle in her clinging love to stay him. So things had gone steadily from bad to worse, and instead of only the nights, much of the days as well were spent in the gin-shop, and at last the time came when people began to shake their heads over bonny Jim Daly as a confirmed drunkard, and the handsome boyish face was getting a sodden look, and the once frank, clear eyes refused to look at one either frankly or clearly, but shuffled from under a friend's gaze uneasily and painfully. Last night, however, the climax had come when, reeling home after midnight, the tender little wife, with her baby on her breast, had opened the door for him, and had stood in the door-way with some word of pain on her lips, and he feeling his progress barred, but with no sense of what stood there, had struck out fiercely with his great fist, and stricken wife and child to the ground. And Winnie's mouth had come with cruel force against a projecting corner of the dresser, and his hand had marked darkly her soft face, and she and the little son were both bruised and injured by the fall. We have seen how bitter poor Jim's repentance was when he came to himself out of his drunken sleep, and in presence of it his wife, womanlike, forgot everything but that he needed her utmost love and tenderness. But if she was forbearing to him out of her great love, his little brown old mother, who had been sent for hastily to her farm two miles away, spared not at all to give him what she called the rough side of her tongue; and when the doctor came from his home across the blue mountains, and shook his head ominously over the baby, and dressing Winnie's wan face, said that the blow on the forehead by just missing the temple had escaped being a deathblow, the old woman's horror and indignation against her son were great. But the doctor had gone now, with a kindly word of cheer at parting to the poor sinner, and with an expressed hope of pulling the baby through by careful attention and nursing. These it was sure to have, because Jim Daly's mother was the best nurse in all fair Tipperary, and, despite the very rough side to her tongue on occasion, the gentlest and most kind-hearted.

[270]

These two were alone now, and the room was quite silent except for the man's occasional great sobs, and the low, sweet, comforting voice of the woman.

Presently the door opened again, this time to admit a priest, a hale, ruddy-faced man of fifty or so, spurred and gaitered as if for riding, who, coming to them quickly, with a keen look of concern and pain in his clear eyes, and drawing a chair closer, laid one large hand on Jim's bent head, while the other went out warmly to take Winnie's little, cold fingers. "My poor, poor children!" he said, and under that true, loving pity Winnie's tears began to flow anew. He was sorely troubled for these; he had baptized them, had admitted both to the Sacraments, had joined their hands in marriage, and he had tried vainly to stop this poor boy's easy descent to evil; and now it had ended so. In the new silence he was praying rapidly and softly, asking his Lord to make this a means of bringing back the strayed lamb to His fold. Then he spoke again:—

"Look up, Jim, my child; you needn't tell me anything about it, I know all. Look up, and tell me you are going to begin a new life; that you are going with me now to the altar of God, to kneel there and ask His forgiveness, and to promise Him that you will never again touch the poison that has so nearly made you the murderer of your wife and child. It is His great mercy that both are spared to you to-day, and the doctor tells me that he hopes to bring the baby through safely, so you must cheer up. And it will be a new life, will it not, my poor boy, from this day, with God's good help."

And so Jim lifted his head, and said brokenly:—

"God bless you, father, for the kindly word. Yis, I'm comin' back to my duty with His help, and I thank Him this day, and His blessed Mother, and blessed St. Patrick, that they held my hand. Oh, sure, father, to think of me layin' a hand on my purty colleen that I love better nor my life, and the little weany child that laughed up in my face with his two blue eyes, and crowed for me to lift him out of his cradle! But with the help of God, I'm going to make up to them for it wan day. But, father, I won't stay here where my family was always respectable and held up their heads, to have it thrown into my face every day that I had nigh murdered my wife and child. Sure I could never rise under such a shame as that. Give me your blessin', father, for me and Winnie has settled it. I'm goin' to Australia to begin a new life, and the mother's snug, and'll keep Winnie and the child till I send for them, or make money enough to come for them."

[271]

The priest looked at him gravely, and pondered a few minutes before his reply.

"Well, I don't know but you're right. God enlighten you to do what is for the best. It will be a complete breaking of the old evil ties and fascinations, at all events, and, as you say, the mother'll be glad to have Winnie and her grandson."

And a week later, wife and child being on the high road to convalescence, Jim Daly sailed for Australia.

This was in February, and outside the little golden-thatched farmhouse the birds were calling to one another, wildly, clearly, making believe, the little mad mummings—because spring was riotous in their blood—that each was not quite visible to the other under his canopy of interlaced boughs, bare against the sky, but that rather it was June, and the close, leafy bowers let through only a little blue sky, and a breath of happy wind, and a blent radiance of gold and green, and that so they must perforce signal to each other their whereabouts. Some in the thatch were nest-building, but these little merry drones were swaying to and fro on the bare boughs, delirious with the new delight that had come to them, for spring was here, and there was a subtle fragrance of her breath on the air; and all over the land, for the sound of her feet passing, there was a strange stirring of unborn things somewhere out of sight, and where she had trodden were springing suddenly rings and clusters of faint snowdrops, and tender, flame-colored crocuses, and double garden primroses, and the dear, red-brown velvet of the wall-flowers lovely against the dark leaves.

February again—but now far away from the mountain-side. In the city, where no sweet premonition of spring comes with those first days of her reign, and in the slums that crouch miserably about the stately cathedral of St. Patrick's, huddling squalidly around its feet, while the lovely tower of it soars far away into the blue heart of the sky. It is a blue sky—as blue as it can be over any spreading range of solemn hills, for poor Dublin has few tall factory chimneys to defile it with smoke—and there are little feathery wisps of white cloud on the blue, that lie quite calm and motionless, despite the fact a bright west wind is flying.

It is so warm that the window of one room in one of the most squalid tenement houses of the Coombe is a little open, and the wind steals in softly, and sways to and fro the clean, white curtains; for this room is poor, but not squalid and grimed as the others are. The two small beds are covered with spotlessly white quilts, and the wooden dresser behind the door is spotless, with its few household utensils shining in the leaping firelight; and opposite the window is a small altar, carefully and neatly tended, whereon are two pretty statuettes of the Sacred Heart and our Blessed Lady, and at the foot of these, no gaudy, artificial flowers, but a snowdrop or two and a yellow crocus, laid lovingly in a wineglass of water.

It is all very clean and pure, but, alas! it is a very sad room now, despite all that, because—oh, surely the very saddest thing in all the sad world! there is a little child dying there in its mother's arms. And the mother is poor little Winnie Daly, far from kindly Tipperary and the good priest, and the pleasant neighbors who would have been neighborly to her, and here, in the cruel city, she is watching her one little son die. He is lying on his small bed, with his eyes closed—a little, pretty, fair boy of seven—his breath coming very faintly, and the golden curls, dank with the death-dew, pushed restlessly off his forehead, and the two gentle little hands crossed meekly on each other on his breast. His mother, her face almost as deathly in its pallor and emaciation as his, is kneeling by the bed, her yellow hair wandering over the pillow, her head bent low beside his, and her eyes drinking thirstily every change that passes over the small face, where the gray shadows are growing grayer. They have lain so for a long time, with no movement disturbing the solemn silence, except once, when her hand goes out tenderly to gather into it the little, cold, damp one. But she is not alone in her agony. Two Sisters of Mercy, in their black serge robes, are kneeling each side of the bed, and their sad, clear eyes are very tender and watchful; they will be ready with help the moment it is needed, but now the great beads of the brown rosary at each one's girdle are dropping noiselessly through the white fingers, and their lips are moving in prayer. One is strangely beautiful, with a stately, imperial beauty; but it is etherealized, spiritualized to an unearthly degree, and the flowing serge robes throw out that noble face into fairer relief than could any empress's purple and gold brocade. Both women are wonderfully sweet-faced: these nuns are always so pitying and tender, because their daily and hourly contact with human pain and sin and misery must keep, I think, the warm human sympathies in them alive and throbbing always. Now there is a faint movement over the child's face and limbs, and the tall, beautiful nun rises quickly, because, well-skilled in death-bed lore, she sees that the end cannot be very far off. His eyes open slowly, and wander a little at first; then they come back to rest on his mother's face, and raising one small hand with difficulty he touches her thin cheek

[272]

caressingly, and then his hand falls again, and he says weakly, "Mammy, lift me up."

"Yes, my lamb," poor Winnie answers brokenly, gathering him up in her arms and laying the little golden head on her breast. He closes his eyes again for a minute, then reopens them, and his gaze wanders around the room as if seeking something, and one of the nuns, understanding, goes gently and brings the few spring flowers to the bedside; this morning tender Sister Columba had carried them to him, knowing what a wonder and happiness flowers always were to the little crippled child,—for Jim's little lad was crippled from that fall in his babyhood. He lies contentedly a moment, and then says weakly, the words dropping with painful pauses between each,—

"Mammy, will there—be green fields in heaven—an' primroses—an' will I be able—to run then? I wouldn't go to Crumlin last summer—with the boys—'kase I was lame—but they got primroses—an' gev me some."

And it is the nun who answers, for the mother's agonized white lips only stir dumbly: "Yes, Jimmy, darling little child, there will be green fields in heaven, and primroses, and you will run and sing; and our dear Lord will be there and His Blessed Mother, and He will smile to see you playing about His feet." [273]

Then she lifts the great crucifix of her rosary, and lays it for a moment against the wan baby lips that smile gently at her, and the white eyelids fall over the pansy eyes, and gradually the soft sleep passes imperceptibly and painlessly into death. And one nun takes him out of his mother's arms, and lays him down softly on the pillows and smooths the little fair limbs, and passes a loving hand over the transparent eyelids; and the other nun gathers poor Winnie into her tender arms, with sweet comforting words that will surely help her by and by, but now are unheeded, because God has mercifully given her a short insensibility. And the nun turns to the other, with a little soft fluttering sigh stirring her wistful mouth, and says, "Poor darling! the separation will not be for long. Our dear Lord will very soon lay her baby once more in her arms."

A fortnight later a bronzed and bearded man landed on the quay of Dublin. It was Jim Daly—a new, grave, strong Jim Daly, coming home now comparatively a wealthy man, with the money earned by steady industry, in the gold-fields. There he had worked steadily for three years, with always the object coloring his life of atoning for the past, and making fair the future to wife and child and mother, and the object had been strong enough to keep him apart from the sin and riotousness and drunkenness of the camp. He would have been persuasive-tongued, indeed, among the wild livers who could have persuaded Jim Daly to join in a carousal. But the worst living among the diggers knew how to come to him for help and advice when they needed it; and many a gentle, kindly act was done by him in his quiet unobtrusive manner, with no consciousness in his own mind that he was doing more than any other man would have done.

He had never written home in all those years, though the thought of those beloved ones was always with him—at getting up and lying down, in his dreams and during the hours of the working day. At first times were hard with him, and for three years it was a dreary struggle for existence; and he could not bear to write while every day his feet were slipping backward. Then came the rush to the gold-fields, and he, coming on a lucky vein, found himself steadily making "a pile," and so determined that when a certain sum was amassed he would turn his steps homeward; and because postal arrangements in those days were so precarious, and the time occupied by the transit of a letter so long, he had then given up the thought of writing at all, watching eagerly the days drifting by that were bringing him each day nearer home. In his wandering life no letter had ever reached him; but he never doubted that they were all quite safe; in that little peaceful hillside village, and cluster of farmsteads, life passed so innocently and safely; the people were poor, but the landlord was lenient, and they managed to pay the rent he asked without the starvation and misery that existed on other estates; and apart from the pain and destitution and sin of the towns, the little colony seemed also to be exempt from their diseases, and the little graveyard was long in filling up; the funerals were seldom, unless when sometimes an old man or woman, come to a patriarchal age, went out gladly to lay their weary old bones under the long grasses and the green sorrel and the daisy stars. [274]

This had all been in his day, and he did not know at all how things had changed. First, after he sailed, things had gone fairly; Winnie had grown strong again, and even when his silence grew obstinate, no shadow of doubt crossed her mind; she was so sure he loved her, and she knew he would come back some day to her. The first cloud on the sky came when the baby developed some disease of the hip, the result of the fall, and it refused to yield to all the doctor's treatment; indeed it became worse with time, and as the years slipped by, the ailing, puny babe grew into a delicate, gentle child, fair and wise and grave, but crippled hopelessly. Then, the fourth year after Jim went, there came a bad season, crops failed, and the cow died; and then, fast on those troubles, the kind old landlord died, and his place was taken by a schoolboy at Eton, and, alas! the agency of his estates placed in the hands of a certain J. P. and D. L., tales of whose evictions on the estates already under his charge had made those simple peasants shiver by their firesides in the winter evenings. Then to this peaceful mountain colony came raising of rents like a thunder-clap, followed soon by writs, and then the Sheriff and the dreadful evicting parties. And one of the first to go was old Mrs. Daly; and when she saw the little brown house whereto her young husband, dead those twenty years, had brought her as a bride, where her children were born, and from whose doors one after the other the little frail things, dead at birth, had been carried, till at last her strong, hearty Jim came—when she saw the golden thatch of it given to the flames, the honest, proud old heart broke, and from the house of a kindly neighbor, where neighbor's hands carried her gently, she also went out, a few days later, to join husband and

babes in the churchyard house, whence none should seek to evict them. And the troubles thickened, and famine and fever and death came; and then the good priest died too—of a broken heart, they said. And so the last friend was gone—for the people, with pain and death shadowing every hearthstone, were overwhelmed with their own troubles—and poor Winnie and the little crippled son drifted away to the city.

And at the time all those things were happening, Jim Daly used to stand at the door of his tent in the evening, gazing gravely away westward, his soul's eyes fixed on a fairer vision than the camp, or the gorgeous sunset panorama that passed unheeded before the eyes of his body. He saw the long, green grasses in the pastures at home in Inniskeen. And he saw Winnie—his darling colleen—coming from the little house-door with her wooden pail under her arm for the milking, and she was laughing and singing, and her step was light; and by her side the little son, with his cheeks like apples in August, and his violet eyes dancing with pleasure, and the little feet trotting, hurrying, stumbling, and the fat baby hand clutching at the mother's apron, till, with a sudden, tender laugh she swung him in her strong young arms to a throne on her shoulder, wherefrom he shouted so merrily that Cusha, the great gentle white cow, turned about, and ceased for a moment her placid chewing of the cud, to gaze in some alarm at the approaching despoilers of her milk. [275]

Oh, how bitterly sad that dream seems to me, knowing the bitter reality! That in the squalid slums of the city, the girl-wife was setting her feet for death; that the little child, crippled by the father's drunken blow, had never played or run gladly as other children do—never would do these things unless it might be in the wide, green playing-fields of heaven.

I will tell you how he found his wife. It was evening when he landed at the North Wall, and he found then that till morning there was no train to take him home; and with what fierce impatience he thought of the hours of evening and night to be lived through before he could be on his way to his beloved ones, one can imagine. Then he remembered that by a fellow-digger, who parted with him in London, he had been intrusted with a wreath to lay on a certain grave in Glasnevin; and with a certain sense of relief at the prospect of something to be done, he unpacked the wreath from among his belongings on his arrival at the hotel, and, ordering a meal to be ready by his return, he set out for the cemetery.

It was almost dusk when he reached it, and not far from closing-time, and, the wreath deposited, he was making his way to the gate again. Suddenly his attention was caught by a sound of violent coughing, and turning in the direction from which it proceeded, he saw a woman's figure kneeling by a small, poor grave. For the dusk he could hardly see her face, which also was partly turned away from him; but he could see that her hands were pressed tightly on her breast, as if striving to repress the frightful paroxysms which were shaking her from head to foot.

Jim was tender and pitiful to women always, and now with a thought of Winnie—for the figure was slight and girlish-looking—he went over and laid his hand very gently on the woman's shoulder, saying, "Come, poor soul! God help ye; ye must come now, for it's nigh on closin'-time; and, sure, kneelin' on the wet earth in this raw, foggy evenin' is no place for ye, at all, at all."

The coughing had ceased, and as he spoke she looked up at him wildly. Then she gave a great cry that went straight through the man's heart; she sprang up, and, throwing her thin arms round his neck cried out: "Jim, Jim, me own Jim, come back to me again! Oh, thank God, thank God! Jim, Jim, don't you know your own Winnie?" for he was standing stupefied by the suddenness of it all. Then he gathered the poor, worn body into the happy harborage of his arms, and, for a minute, in the joy of the reunion, he did not even think of the strangeness of the place in which he had found her; and mercifully for those first moments the dusk hid from him how deathly was the face his kisses were falling on. Then, suddenly, with a dreadful thunderous shock, he remembered where they were standing, and I think even before he cried out to know whose was the grave, that in his heart he knew.

I cannot tell you how she broke it to him, or in my feeble words speak of this man's dreadful anguish; only I know that with the white mists enfolding them, and the little child lying at their feet, she told him all. [276]

"An', darlin', I'm goin' too," she said, "an' even for the sake of stayin' wid you I can't stay. I'm so tired-like, an' my heart's so empty for the child; an' you'll say 'God's will be done,' won't ye, achora? And when the hawthorn's out in May, bring some of it here; an', Jim darlin', I'll be lyin' here so happy—him an' me, an' his little curly head on my breast, an' his little arms claspin' my neck."

He said, "God's will be done," mechanically, but I think his heart was broken; no other words came from his lips except over and over again, "Wife and child! wife and child! My little crippled son! my little crippled son!"

KATHARINE TYNAN, in *League of the Cross*.

---

**What English Catholics are Contending for,**



Mr. A. Langdale in a letter to the *London Daily News* puts the Catholic view upon the education question with accuracy and yet with refreshing terseness. "We can accept," he writes, "no compromise, and must have our own Catechism, taught to our own children, in our own schools, by our own masters. We will accept a 'conscience clause,' and open our schools to all comers, and, as a fact, do. We will open our schools to Government inspection, and gladly abide by payments by results. All we desire is a fair field and no favor. One thing we can't and won't do, and that is to suffer our children to receive religious instruction which is not our own, and equally to accept teaching as a system in which religious teaching is not included. Now there are doubtless a great many who think we ought to be contented with unsectarian religious instruction, and some who even utter something of not having any Popery taught. Quite so, and to the end of all time the opinion of some will be opposed to the opinions of others. Well, we say our religion is at stake, and we can accept no less, and it is oppression and tyranny to deprive us of our rights. We pay our taxes, we pay our rates, we even provide our own schools, we educate our own teachers, and subscribe largely to our schools, all under Government approval, and we submit to a conscience clause. All we ask is that our secular teaching shall, under Government inspection, be paid for at the same rate as similar teaching is paid for in any other school. We say this is our first and paramount interest and liberty; to refuse it is persecution. I and thousands more are true Liberals heart and soul, and yet are forced to go as a matter of primary duty and do violence to every wish of one's heart, and support a Tory solely because the Liberal candidate refuses to recognize any Denominational system. It is no Liberty, but a cruel imposition of a religious intolerance."

---

## Ingratitude of France in the Irish Struggle.

[277]

Not the least remarkable, though perhaps accountable, feature of the present Anglo-Irish crisis is to be found in the thinly disguised hostility with which our struggle for independence is viewed by the nations of Europe. One might at first be inclined to think that gratitude to the countrymen of those splendid fellows, without whose heads and hands the long series of English triumphs since 1688 over her bitterest foe had ne'er been broken, would have secured for us, if not encouragement, neutrality on the part of France. Not so, however. Spain alone, of European States refuses to take sides against us (Russia, for obvious causes, cannot be regarded as unbiassed); and Spain, as many of us know, claims a kinship with Ireland hardly less strong, if more legendary, than that which exists between America and England. As a matter of fact, our precious "sister" has been plying the hose with exceptional success. She has so saturated and stunned the Continental public with the thick stream of falsehood about Ireland and her people that the poor creature, half befuddled by the whole business, commits itself to approval of an act which calm reflection might convince it was indefensible. This gullible public has been taught by England to believe that we are a race of treacherous and incorrigible savages, ignorant of and indifferent to the common decencies of life; a nation of brawlers and beggars, loafers and drunkards. We are, moreover, in sympathy with those scourges of its own lands, the Communist, the Nihilist, the Socialist. What wonder then, that it should consider the humiliation of England, gratifying though it might be in itself, even a boon too dearly purchased at the price. We think it well that Irishmen should be constantly reminded of the degree in which they are indebted to their neighbor. But in doing so, we deem it of importance to guard ourselves carefully from misconception. Nothing is further from our desires than to keep an old sore running, simply to gratify an unchristian passion for revenge. Quite the contrary. At the same time we hold that in laying bare the hideous malice, the systematic meanness, with which our pious master has smirched the name of Ireland before the eyes of the world, we shall be deservedly rebuking an amiable but spiritless class, whose meek outpourings have become a nuisance. We would advise persons of this class to bear two things in mind. In the first place, that after the cession of an Irish Parliament (yielded, of course, only as the alternative to rebellion), the initiative towards reconciliation must be made by England, which is in the wrong, not by Ireland, that has suffered from the wrong. Secondly, that partnership in business does not necessarily imply either friendship or affection in private. Those who are most strongly opposed in politics and religion often pull well together when there is no help for it, and when they see that to do so is for the promotion of their mutual interests. So may it be with nations; and so, please God, will it be with Ireland and England, until that day when the latter is able to come forward and say to us, "I restore to you your escutcheon, which, trampled and spat upon by me of yore, I have since by my tears washed whiter than the driven snow."

[278]

*Dublin Freeman's Journal.*

---

## O'Connell and Parnell—1835-1886.

"History repeats itself. Fifty years ago English parties found themselves in the presence of difficulties similar to those by which they are confronted to-day. The general election of 1835 left

O'Connell master of the situation, as the general election of 1885 leaves Mr. Parnell. Then England returned 212, Ireland 39, and Scotland 13 Tories, making a total of 364 members who were prepared to support the government of Sir Robert Peel. On the other side, England returned 99 Whigs, 189 Radicals and Independents; Scotland, 10 Whigs, 30 Radicals and Independents; Ireland, 22 Whigs, acting mainly with O'Connell, and 44 Repealers, acting directly under him; thus making a total altogether of 349 anti-Ministerialists. But between the members of the Opposition so formed there was no cohesion. O'Connell stood aside from Whigs, Tories and Radicals, awaiting the arrangement of the terms on which his alliance was to be secured. Of the 219 Radicals and Independents elected at the polls only 140 could be relied on to support a Whig administration, and the result was that, so far as England and Scotland were concerned, the Tories had a working majority of 15. Thus: Tories, 264; Whig-Radical Coalition, 249; Tory majority, 15; Irish in reserve, 66. Here was 'an extraordinary state of parties,' to use the language of the *Edinburgh Review*; 'an awful situation,' to adopt the phraseology of the *Times*. 'O'Connell would be real Prime Minister,' roared the Thunderer of Printing-House Square, if Whigs and Tories did not loyally unite to put him down. One thing, in the opinion of the *Times*, was clear—no English party ought to touch 'the Repeal rebel,' 'the unprincipled ruffian,' 'the demon of malignity and anarchy,' in whose hands the people of Ireland had been forced to place the destinies of their wretched country."

The above is from the *Dublin Freeman*. Catholic emancipation was then the burning question, and O'Connell triumphed. To-day the question is Legislative Independence for Ireland. Will it be a triumph? The struggle of desperation will not, we hope, have to answer.

---

With true orators success is won by the long-continued work which supplies the hard facts and telling truths for which eloquent words are but the vehicle. Powder, no doubt, is very useful in war; it makes the most noise, but it is the bullets and shells that silence the enemy.—*Rev. William Delaney, S. J.*

---

## Juvenile Department.

[279]

### THE DAISY AND THE FERN.

The day was hot, the sun shone out  
And burned the little flowers,  
Who earthward drooped their weary heads,  
And longed for cooling showers.

One little daisy, hot and tired,  
And scorching in the sun,  
Had altered much, for fair was she  
When the morning had begun.

"Come, put yourself beneath my shade!"  
A graceful fern thus spake,  
"For if you stay out there, dear flower,  
You'll shrivel up and bake."

So daisy leaned towards the fern  
And hid beneath her shade,  
And on the fern's cool, mossy root  
Her burning petals laid.

No sunlight fell on her, but, oh!  
The poor fern had it all;  
She drooped down low, and lower still,  
Who once was straight and tall.

"Daisy," she said, "I'm dying fast,  
My life is near its end,  
My time with you is almost past,  
So farewell, little friend."

Then daisy wept, her tears ran down  
Upon the poor fern's root;  
A thrill of fast returning life  
Through the languid fern did shoot.

Full soon she grew quite fresh again,

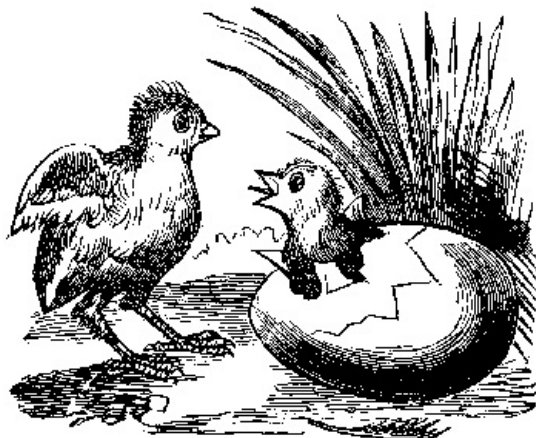
No longer did she burn;  
For little daisy's tears of love  
Had saved the dying fern.

MAUD EGERTON HINE, a child of less than eight years old.

## CHEMISTRY OF A HEN'S EGG.

[280]

Before proceeding to inquire into the interior composition of the egg, we will consider the exterior covering, or the shell—the physical and chemical structure of which is exceedingly interesting and wonderful. The white, fragile cortex called the shell, composed of mineral matter, is not the tight, compact covering which it appears to be; for it is everywhere perforated with a multitude of holes too small to be discerned by the naked eye, but which, with the aid of a microscope, are distinctly revealed. Under the microscope the shell appears like a sieve, or it more closely resembles the white perforated paper sold by stationers. Through these holes there is constant evaporation going on, so that an egg, from the day that it is dropped by the hen, to the moment when it is consumed, is losing weight and diminishing in volume. This process goes on much more rapidly in hot weather than in cold, and consequently perfect eggs are not so readily procured in summer as in winter. If, by any means, we stop this evaporating process, the egg remains sound and good for a great length of time. Covering the shell with an impervious coat of varnish, or with mutton suet or lard, aids greatly in their preservation. The substance used to stop transpiration must not be soluble in watery fluids, or liable to be removed. By chemical agencies, that is, by actually filling up the little holes in the shell by lime placed in solution (the solution holding the proper chemical substances to form an impervious coating of carbonate of lime over the entire surface), we have preserved eggs for months, and even years, in a sweet condition. Not long ago, eggs broken in a laboratory in Boston were found to be quite fresh, which, according to the memorandum made upon the vessel, were placed in the solution four years ago.



The shell of the egg is lined upon its interior everywhere with a very thin but pretty tough membrane, which, dividing at or very near the obtuse end, forms a small bag which is filled with air. In new-laid eggs this follicle appears very little, but it becomes larger when the egg is kept. In breaking an egg, this membrane is removed with the shell to which it adheres, and therefore is regarded a part of it, which it is not.

The shell proper is made up mostly of earthy materials, of which ninety-seven per cent is carbonate of lime. The remainder is composed of two per cent of animal matter and one of phosphate of lime and magnesia. Carbonate of lime is the same material of which our marble quarries and chalk beds are composed: it is lime, or oxide of calcium, combined with carbonic acid, and is a hard, insoluble mineral substance, which does not appear

[281]

to form any portion of the food of fowls. Now, where does the hen procure this substance with which to form the shell? If we confine fowls in a room and feed them with any of the cereal grains, excluding all sand, dust or earthy matter, they will go on for a time and lay eggs, each one having a perfect shell made up of the same calcareous elements. Vanvuelin, the distinguished chemist, shut up a hen ten days and fed her exclusively upon oats, of which she consumed 7,474 grains in weight. During this time four eggs were laid, the shells of which weighed nearly 409 grains: of this amount 276 grains was carbonate of lime, 17-1/2 phosphate of lime, and 10 gluten. But there is only a little carbonate of lime in oats, and from whence could this 409 grains of the rocky material have been derived? The answer to this question opens up some of the most curious and wonderful facts connected with animal chemistry, and affords glimpses of many of the operations of organic life, which, to the common mind, seem in the highest degree paradoxical and perplexing. The body of a bird, like that of a man, is but a piece of chemical apparatus made capable of transforming hard and fixed substances into others of a very unlike nature. In oats there is contained phosphate of lime, with an abundance of silica; and the stomach and assimilating organs of the bird are made capable of decomposing or rending asunder the lime salts and forming with the silica a silicate of lime.

This new body is itself made to undergo decomposition, and the base is combined with carbonic acid, forming carbonate of lime. The carbonic acid is probably derived from the atmosphere, or more directly, perhaps, from the blood. These chemical changes among hard, inorganic bodies are certainly wonderful when we reflect that they are brought about in the delicate organs of a comparatively feeble bird, under the influence of animal heat and the vital forces. They embrace a series of decomposing and recomposing operations which it is difficult to imitate in the laboratory.

In the experiment to which allusion has been made, the amount of earthy material found in the

eggs and the excrement of the hen exceeded that contained in the food she consumed. This seems paradoxical, and can only be explained upon the ground that birds as well as animals have the power, in times of exigency, of drawing upon their own bodies for material which is required to perform necessary functions.

The shell of an ordinary hen's egg weighs about one hundred and six grains, that is, the inorganic portion of it; and if a bird lays one hundred eggs in a year, she produces about twenty-two ounces of nearly pure carbonate of lime in that period of time, which would afford chalk enough to meet the wants of a farmer, or perhaps even of a house carpenter of moderate business, for a twelvemonth.

If a farmer has a flock of one hundred hens, they produce in egg shells, about one hundred and thirty-seven pounds of chalk annually; and yet not a pound of the substance, or perhaps not even an ounce, exists around the farm-house within the circuit of their feeding grounds. This is a source of lime production not usually recognized by farmers or hen fanciers, and it is by no means insignificant. The materials of the manufacture are found in the food consumed, and in the sand, pebble stones, brick-dust, bits of bones, etc., which hens and other birds are continually picking from the earth. [282]

The instinct is keen for these apparently innutritious and refractory substances, and they are devoured with as eager a relish as the cereal grains or insects. If hens are confined to barns or outbuildings, it is obvious that the egg-producing machinery cannot be kept long in action, unless the materials for the shell are produced in ample abundance.

Within the shell the animal portion of the egg is found; which consists of a viscous, colorless liquid called albumen, or the *white*, and a yellow globular mass called the vitellus, or *yolk*. The white of the egg consists of two parts, each of which is enveloped in distinct membranes. The outer bag of albumen, next the shell, is quite a thin, watery body, while the next which invests the yolk, is heavy and thick. But few housekeepers who break eggs ever distinguish between the *two whites*, or know of their existence even.

Each has its appropriate office to fulfil during the process of incubation or hatching; and one acts in the mysterious process as important a part as the other. If we remove this glairy fluid from the shell and place it in a glass, and plunge into it a strip of reddened litmus paper, a blue tinge is immediately produced, which indicates the presence of an alkali. The alkali is soda in a free condition, and its presence is of the highest consequence, for without it the liquid would be *insoluble*. A portion of the white of an egg, when diluted with water, and a few drops of vinegar or acetic acid added to it, undergoes a rapid change. The liquid becomes cloudy and flocculent, and small bits of shreddy matter fall to the bottom of the vessel. This is pure albumen, made so by removing the soda held in combination by the use of the acid. A pinch of soda added to the solid precipitate redissolves it, and it is again liquid. There is another way by which the albumen is rendered solid: and that is by the application of heat. Eggs placed in boiling hot water pass from the soluble to the insoluble state quite rapidly, or, in other words, the albumen both of the white and yolk becomes "coagulated."

No contrast can be greater than that between a boiled and unboiled egg. Not only is it changed physically, but there is a change in chemical properties, and yet no chemist can tell in what the change consists. It is true, the water extracts a little alkali, and a trace of sulphide of sodium; but the abstraction of these bodies is hardly sufficient to account for the change in question.

The hardening of the albumen of egg by heat constitutes the cooking process, and this deserves a moment's consideration.

Great as is the physical difference between a fully cooked and an uncooked egg, it is no less remarkable in the degree of digestibility conferred upon it by the process. Uncooked, it passes by the most simple processes of assimilation from the digestive to the nutritive and circulatory organs, and is at once employed in nourishing or sustaining the bodily functions. Unduly cooked, the egg resists the action of the gastric juices for a long time, and becomes unsuited to the stomachs of the weak and dyspeptic. A raw or soft-boiled egg is of all varieties of food the most nourishing and concentrated; a hard-boiled egg is apt to trouble the digestion of the strong and healthful, and its nutrient properties are sensibly impaired. The yolk contains water and albumen, but associated with these is quite a large number of mineral and other substances which render it very complex in composition. The bright yellow color is due to a peculiar fat or oil, which is capable of reflecting the yellow rays of light, and this oil holds the sulphur and phosphorous which abound in the egg. If the yolk be removed and dried, and the yellow oil separated, it will be found to form two-thirds of the substance. The whole weight in its natural state is about three hundred grains, of which three-fifths is water; of the white more than three quarters is water. [283]

The yolk and albumen of a fecundated egg remains as sweet and free from corruption during the whole time of incubation as it is in new-laid eggs, and there is but little loss of water; whereas an unfecundated egg passes rapidly into putrefactive decay and perishes.

Any one who eats three or four eggs at breakfast consumes that number of embryo chicks.

All the materials which enter into the legs, bones, feathers, bill, etc., of the new-born chick, exist in the egg, as nothing is derived from outside. The little creature which has just pecked its way out of its calcareous prison-house, has lime and phosphorus in his bones, sulphur in his feathers, iron, potash, soda and magnesia in his blood, all of which mineral constituents come from the egg, and are taken into the stomach when it is eaten as food.

The valuable or important salts are contained in the yolk, and hence this portion of the egg is the most useful in some forms of disease. A weakly person, in whom nerve force is deficient and the blood impoverished, may take the yolks of eggs with advantage. The iron phosphoric compounds are in a condition to be readily assimilated, and although homœopathic in quantity, nevertheless exert a marked influence upon the system. The yolks of eggs, containing as they do less albumen, are not so injuriously affected by heat as the white, and a hard-boiled yolk may be usually eaten by invalids without inconvenience. The composition of a fresh egg, exclusive of the shell, may be presented as follows:

Water	74.0 parts.
Albumen	14.0 parts.
Oil or fat	10.5 parts.
Mineral Salts	1.5 parts.

—  
100

The whole usually weighs about a thousand grains, of which the shell makes a tenth part.

The chick-making materials, exclusive of water, form only one-quarter of the weight of the liquid contents, or only about two hundred grains.

This seems to be a small beginning upon which to rear a full-grown rooster. The bulk or quantity as found in hens' eggs, and indeed in the eggs of all birds, is wonderfully disproportionate to the size of the mother bird. The laying of eggs must be regarded as a particularly exhausting process, and yet fowls will keep it up for a long time and not lose much in flesh. We have known a hen of the game variety which has laid twenty-two eggs in twenty-two consecutive days, and they average in weight one thousand grains each. This gives in amount twenty-two thousand grains, or rather more than three pounds avoirdupois, of which about two and a quarter pounds is water. The dozen or more ounces of rich, nutritive material, parted with in twenty-two days, would seem to be a prodigious draught upon the small physical structure of the bird, but there were no indications of exhaustion.

[284]

Whilst it is true that the quickening of an egg which results in the birth of a chick, is no more marvellous a process or result than the embryotic development of any creature endowed with the mysterious principle of life, yet there are some circumstances connected with it which make it a matter of greater perplexity and wonder. Here is an oval white body consisting of a calcareous shell, within which there are some semi-fluid substances, consisting mainly of albumen and water, without any signs of life. In fact, there is no life; it is simply a mass of dead, inanimate matter. Talk as much as we will about the germinal principles involved in the structure of the egg, we are totally unable to recognize it, or form any conception of its nature.

There is no evidence of the presence of any germ or principle of life whatever. The egg left to itself decays like other organized substances, but with our assistance in simply transferring it to a place where the temperature is in a certain uniform condition, in a few weeks, the albumen, water, oil and mineral salts are transferred into a living chick, which thrusts its little beak through the shell, and in ten minutes is running about, almost able to take care of itself.

Here is the development of life apparently without the agency of the mother, and what a marvel! The chemist may place together in a body in a warm place, just such elements or substances: he may carefully weigh the water, the albumen, the phosphoric compounds, the sulphur, the iron, soda, etc., and construct a very accurate egg mixture, but out of it all there will never come a living chick. In this, we obtain some idea how little we actually know about life, how dark is the region where the life principle begins, or where the vital forces originate. The indefatigable man of science has pushed his inquiries close up to the boundary between the inanimate and the animate; but he has never been able to obtain the least glimpse of anything upon the *life* side of the line. However great maybe our curiosity, our skill or knowledge in this state of existence, there is not the least probability that we shall ever be able to endow matter with life, or know much more than we do at present of its origin or nature.

---

AUNTIE, to a little four-year-old who is resting his head on the table—"Ah, Louis, you are sleepy; you will have to go to bed." "Oh, no, auntie, I aren't sleepy; but my head is loose, so I laid it down here."

---

### HE WAS ONLY A NEWSBOY.

[285]

It was a very small funeral procession that wended its way slowly from the King's County Hospital to the Holy Cross Cemetery at Flatbush, New York. There were no handsome carriages, no long string of hacks, only the hearse containing a small, plain coffin, followed by a solitary coach. But the mourning was just as sincere as at the largest and most imposing funeral. And it was not confined to the four boys who accompanied the body of their dearest friend to its last

resting-place. A hundred hearts were touched by grief. A hundred faces were wet with tears.

"It's only a newsboy," said a policeman. True, only a newsboy, a waif from the streets of the great city. But no philanthropist was ever kinder, no friend more true, no soldier braver, than little Joe Flanigan. Every newsboy about the offices of New York's great journals knew and loved him. All owed him a debt of gratitude for the many good deeds he had done in his humble way.

Little Joe first appeared on the streets of New York two years ago. He was small and slight, with great brown eyes and pinched lips that always wore a smile. Where he came from nobody knew and few cared. His parents, he said, were dead and he had no friends. It was a hard life. Up at four o'clock in the morning after sleeping in a dry-goods' box or an alley, he worked steadily till late at night. He was misused at first. Big boys stole his papers, or crowded him out of a warm place at night, but he never complained. The tears would well up in his eyes, but were quickly brushed away and a new start bravely made. Such conduct won him friends, and after a little no other dared play tricks upon Little Joe. His friends he remembered and his enemies he forgave. Some days he had especially good luck. Kind-hearted people pitied the little fellow and bought papers whether they wanted them or not. But he was too generous to save money enough for even a night's lodging. Every boy who "got stuck" knew he was sure to get enough to buy a supper as long as Joe had a penny.

But the hard work and exposure began to tell on his weak constitution. He kept growing thinner and thinner, till there was scarcely an ounce of flesh on his little body. The skin of his face was drawn closer and closer, but the pleasant look never faded away. He was uncomplaining to the last. He awoke one morning after working hard selling "extras," to find himself too weak to move. He tried his best to get upon his feet, but it was a vain attempt. The vital force was gone.

"Where is Little Joe?" was the universal inquiry. Nobody had seen him since the previous night. Finally he was found in a secluded corner, and a good-natured hackman was persuaded to take him to the hospital in Flatbush, where he said he once lived. Every day one of the boys went to see him. One Saturday, a newsboy who had abused him at first and learned to love him afterward, found him sitting up in his cot, his little blue-veined hand stretched out upon the coverlet.

"I was afraid you wasn't coming, Jerry," he said, with some difficulty, "and I wanted to see you once more so much. I guess it will be the last time, Jerry, for I feel awful weak to-day. Now, Jerry, when I die I want you to be good for my sake. Tell the boys"— [286]

But his message never was completed. Little Joe was dead. His sleep was calm and beautiful. The trouble and anxiety on his wan face had disappeared. But the expression was still there. Even in death he smiled.

It was sad news that Jerry bore back to his friends on that day. They feared the end was near and were waiting for him with anxious hearts. When they saw his tear-stained face they knew that Little Joe was dead. Not a word was said. They felt as if they were in the presence of death itself. Their hearts were too full to speak.

That night a hundred boys met in front of the City Hall. They felt that they must express their sense of loss in some way, but how they did not know. Finally, in accordance with the suggestion of one of the larger boys, they passed a resolution which read as follows:—

*Resolved*, That we all liked Little Joe, who was the best newsboy in New York. Everybody is sorry he has died.

A collection was taken up to send delegates to the funeral, and the same hackman who bore little Joe to the hospital again kindly offered the use of his carriage. On the coffin was a plate, purchased by the boys, whose language was expressive from its very simplicity. This was the inscription:—

LITTLE JOE, Aged 14. The Best Newsboy in New York. WE ALL LIKED HIM.
---

There were no services, but each boy sent a flower to be placed upon the coffin of his friend. After all, what did it matter that Little Joe was dead?

He was only a newsboy.

This is not a fancy sketch. Every word of the above story is true.

---

OFFICE BOY (to country editor): "A man was in while you were out, who said he was the genuine John Wilkes Booth."

Editor (hastily): "He's a fraud. You didn't give him anything did you?"

Office Boy: "No. He left a dollar for a six months' subscription."

Editor: "Well, well. And so John Wilkes Booth is still alive. It beats all."

The Crown Prince of Prussia, was always a very sensible man in the management of his household, and he is ably seconded by his wife. On one occasion the governor of his children came to him and said:

"Your Highness, I must complain of the little Prince; he refuses to have his face washed in the morning."

"Does he?" answered the Crown Prince. "We'll remedy that. After this let him go unwashed."

"It shall be done," said the governor. Now the sentries have to salute every member of the royal family—children and all—whenever they pass. The day after, the little four-year-old Prince went out for a walk with his governor. As they passed a sentry-box where a grim soldier stood, the man stood rigid without presenting arms. The little Prince—accustomed to universal deference—looked displeased, but said nothing. Presently another sentry was passed. Neither did this one give a sign of recognition. The little Prince angrily spoke of it to his old governor, and they passed on. And when the walk was finished, and they had met many soldiers, who none of them saluted the Prince, the little fellow dashed in to his father exclaiming:

"Papa—papa—you must whip every man in your guards! They refuse to salute when I pass!"

"Ah! my son," said the Crown Prince, "they do rightly; for clean soldiers never salute a dirty little Prince." After that the boy took a shower bath every morning.

---

**THE LEGEND OF THE WILLOW.**

One day a golden-haired child, who lived where no trees or flowers grew, was gazing wistfully through the open gate of a beautiful park, when the gardener chanced to throw out an armful of dry cuttings. Among them the little girl discovered one with a tiny bud just starting.

"Perhaps it will grow," she whispered to herself, and, dreaming of wide, cool boughs and fluttering leaves, she carried it carefully home, and planted it in the darksome area. Day after day she watched and tended it, and when, by-and-by, another bud started, she knew that the slip had taken root.

Years passed, and the lowly home gave place to a pleasant mansion, and the narrow area widened into a spacious garden, where many a green tree threw its shadow. But for the golden-haired child now grown into a lovely maiden, the fairest and dearest of them all was the one she had so tenderly nourished. No other tree, she thought, cast such a cool, soft shade; in no other boughs did the birds sing so sweetly.

But while the tree lived and flourished, the young girl drooped and faded. Sweeter and sadder grew the light in her blue eyes, till by-and-by God's angel touched them with a dreamless sleep. Loving hands crowned the white brow with myrtle, and under the branches she had loved laid her tenderly to rest.

[288]

But from that hour, as if in sorrow for the one that had tended it, the stately tree began to droop. Lower and lower bent the sad branches, lower and lower, until they caressed the daisied mound that covered her form.

"See!" said her young companions, "the tree weeps for her who loved it." And they called it the Weeping Willow.

---

**HOW TO BECOME PROSPEROUS.**

Let every youth be taught some useful art and trained to industry and thrift. Let every young man lay aside and keep sacredly intact a certain portion of his earnings. Let every one set out with a determination to engage in business for himself as soon as he can. Begin in a small, safe way, and extend your business as experience will teach you is advantageous. Keep your own books and know constantly what you are earning and just where you stand. Do not marry until in receipt of a tolerably certain income, sufficient to live on comfortably. Let every man who is able buy a farm on which to bring up his sons. It is from the farm the best men are turned out, morally and intellectually. Bear in mind that your business cannot be permanently prosperous unless you share its advantages equally with your customers.

---

CHANGE THE SUBJECT.—"Always," said papa, as he drank his coffee and enjoyed his morning beefsteak—"always, children, change the subject when anything unpleasant has been said. It is

both wise and polite."

That evening, on his return from business, he found his carnation-bed despoiled, and the tiny imprint of slippered feet silently bearing witness to the small thief.

"Mabel," he said to her, "did you pick my flowers?"

"Papa," said Mabel, "did you see a monkey in town?"

"Never mind that. Did you pick my flowers?"

"Papa, what did grandma send me?"

"Mabel, what do you mean? Did you pick my flowers? Answer me yes or no."

"Yes, papa, I did; but I fout I'd change the subject."

---

The noblest mind the best contentment has.

---

## DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE

[289]

BOSTON, MARCH, 1886.

### Notes on Current Topics.

ENLARGEMENT OF BOSTON COLLEGE. The increase in the number of students has been so great during the past year that the president, Rev. E. V. Boursaud, S. J., has concluded to add a new wing to the main building of the college, as there are not a sufficient number of class rooms to accommodate all. The foundation will be laid in the spring, and the wing which is to extend into what now comprises the college garden, will when completed contain a new chemical laboratory; accommodations for the English department, which will be conducted as usual under Professor Harkins, and an extension of Boston College hall.

RECONSECRATION OF ALTAR STONES.—The *Irish Ecclesiastical Record* states that an indult has been granted by Leo XIII. to the Most Rev. Dr. McCormack, Bishop of Achonry, allowing him to consecrate at his convenience the altars of his diocese which may need reconsecration, and to use for this purpose the short form prescribed for the Bishop of St. Paul's, Minnesota, U. S. America. He is also privileged to delegate a priest to perform this ceremony.

---

Mr. Parnell said in the House of Commons that he had always believed that if the principle were admitted that Ireland was entitled to some form of self-government the settlement of details would not be found a formidable task, and that there would be no great difficulty in securing the empire against separation. He himself, although a Protestant, feared no danger to the minority in Ireland from the Catholics. The whole question was one of reasonable or exorbitant rents. He denied that the National League encouraged boycotting. The Nationalists members, he said, on seeing the manifest desire of England to weigh the Irish question calmly, had resolved that no extravagance of word or action on their part should mar the first fair chance Ireland ever had.

Neither Liberals nor Parnellites appearing to be inclined to challenge the government, Lord Randolph Churchill, secretary of state for India, wished the House to clearly understand, that it would be impossible for the present government ever to sanction an Irish Parliament. He added that the government would be prepared, when the proper time arrived, with a scheme to improve local government in Ireland.

---

Up to the present time the Canadian Militia Department has authorized the payment of a fraction over \$4,000,000 on the expenses of the Northwest rebellion.

From the ancient Diocese of Clogher (Monaghan), established by St. Patrick, two patriot priests have come to America to solicit aid in building the Cathedral of Clogher. They are the Rev. Eugene McKenna, of Enniskillen, and the Rev. Eugene McMahan, of Carrickmacross. It is a notable fact that both are Presidents of the National League in their parishes. The Bishop of Clogher, Dr. Donnelly, has always been a patriot, and we trust that his missionaries will receive a generous welcome here, especially from the people of Monaghan, Fermanagh, Louth, Tyrone and Donegal. Fathers McKenna and McMahan have received permission from Archbishop Williams to solicit subscriptions in the Archdiocese of Boston.

[290]

*Boston Herald*.—Mr. Gargan quoted for the benefit of England, in his speech at Halifax, the



French saying, that "You can do almost anything with a bayonet except sit on it." The Republican administrations found the bayonet prop under the carpet bag governments impossible to maintain, and England cannot forever keep Ireland sitting on it.

THE CHARITY BALL.—The coming Charity Ball will be given on March 8, the Monday evening before Ash Wednesday. The success of the ball is dependent upon the noble exertions of friends. The large number of destitute children cared for by the Home has necessarily increased the expenses, and therefore the directors are anxious that the ball will be financially successful. It must be gratifying to know that the Home has been able to receive and care for over four hundred destitute children during the past year, and provided good homes for three hundred and ninety. All these children would have been compelled to seek refuge in the city or State pauper establishments and lost to the Church, were not the Home open to shelter and provide for them.

THE FRANCISCANS.—During its existence of six centuries, the Franciscan Order has given to the church 247 saints and beati, 1,500 martyrs (2,500 are found in the *Menologia Franciscano*), 13 Popes, 60 cardinals, 4,000 archbishops and bishops, 6,000 authors. At present 2,500 Franciscans are engaged in missionary work, and another thousand Capuchin Fathers may be added to the number, in all, 3,500.

LITTLE SISTERS OF THE POOR.—The venerable founder of the Order of the Little Sisters of the Poor, the Rev. Auguste Le Poilleur, of the diocese of Rennes, France, has just celebrated the golden jubilee of his ordination to the priesthood. The order was founded by him at St. Servan in 1840; and to-day it possesses two hundred and ten houses in all parts of the world, with about 3,400 sisters, who devote themselves to the caring, feeding, and clothing of upwards of twenty-three thousand poor and helpless fellow-creatures. His Holiness the Pope has written a letter of congratulation to the pious founder. There are two foundations of the Little Sisters in Boston, one on Bunker Hill, the other, Boston Highlands.

JOHN SAVAGE.—Our old and venerated friend, John Savage, we regret to see, is dying, out in Paris, far away from the land he loved so well, and also from the home of his choice, the United States. The following letter (written by John P. Leonard, to the *Dublin Nation* of December 26th), shows that his visit to Paris has not been as successful as his many friends and admirers would wish:—

*To the Editor of the Nation:* "Sir,—Mr. John Savage, our patriotic countryman, who came to the Continent for his health, was seized on Monday last with a paralytic stroke, and has his right arm paralyzed. Mrs. Savage has been untiring in her care of the patriot, who is attended daily by the eminent physician, Dr. Ball, Professor of the Faculty of Medicine, Paris, and also by his friend, the present writer. Hopes are entertained of his recovery, and great regret is expressed by all who know him here."

J. P. L.

Mr. Philip A. Nolan, General Secretary of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America, writes: "Within a month we may expect the promulgation of the Decrees of the Baltimore Council, when it is the purpose of the Executive Council to inaugurate such a crusade in America that before long will sweep like the mighty armies of old across the entire continent and be felt in the remotest parishes." Mr. Nolan is an enthusiast in the cause of cold water, says *The Catholic Columbian*.

A Touching Custom prevails in many of the parishes of Normandy, where the adult male population are for the most part engaged in the vocation of fishing. When, as at certain seasons of the year, these poor fishermen are far away from their homes, and unable to assist at Mass on Sundays, each one's family has a candle burning in the church before the statue of Our Lady, Star of the Sea. These candles represent the husbands, sons, and fathers who at that moment are braving the terrors of the deep, and the flame of each burning offering is the hymn and prayer to Heaven on the part of the absent one.

[291]

*Catholic Columbian:*—It is something for us to be proud of that in this great State of Ohio, where we form so small a minority of the people, two of the members of the present Legislature chosen to receive its honors are Catholics and Irishmen. In the organization of the House, Hon. Daniel J. Ryan, of Scioto, was made President pro tem., and to the same position in the Senate Hon. John O'Neill, of Muskingum, was called by the voice of his party associates. May they both live to be Governors!

LITTLE COMPANY OF MARY.—During his recent visit to Rome the Cardinal-Archbishop of Sydney made the acquaintance of the Rev. Mother-General of the Society of the Little Company of Mary, and also had numerous opportunities of witnessing the good done by the sisters in nursing the sick in their own homes; and his Eminence was so much impressed by their work, that he applied to the Superioress for some sisters to accompany him to Australia to carry on the work there, with the result that six sisters are now in the diocese of Sydney. The sisters have lost no time in commencing their good work, and they announce that they are now fully prepared to receive invitations to nurse the sick without distinction of creed, at their own residences in any part of the city or suburbs. It is the rule of the sisters to remain in constant charge of the patients in every kind of illness.

AMERICAN RENT PAYERS.—The *National Republican*, Washington, D. C., of January 5, makes the following uncomfortable statement: "The generally prevalent impression is that the farming of this country is really carried on by farmers, who, in great measure, are the owners of the farms

they till. On the contrary, Mr. Thomas P. Gill, in the *North American Review*, points out that at the census of 1880 there were found to be 1,024,601 farms rented by tenants in the United States, and he claims that in the five years since this census was taken the number of tenant holdings has increased 25 per cent. raising the number of tenant holdings at present in the United States to 1,250,000. In England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales at the present day the total number of tenant farmers is 1,069,127. So the United States contains 250,000 more tenant farmers to-day than the three kingdoms and the principality together. These statements are not radiantly cheerful. Our country is being Europeanized at an uncomfortably rapid rate."

THE CHURCH IN THE UNITED STATES. Archbishops, 12; bishops, 62; priests, 7,296; ecclesiastical students, 1,621, of which the largest number, 335, belong to the archdiocese of Milwaukee; churches, 6,755; chapels, 1,071; stations, 1,733; diocesan seminaries and houses of study for regulars, 36; colleges, 85; Baltimore having the largest number, 8; academies, 618; New York having the largest number, 34; parochial schools, 2,621, attended by 492,949 pupils; charitable institutions, 449.

GOOD FOR AN M. P.—The trustees of the fund subscribed to indemnify William O'Brien, M. P., editor of Dublin *United Ireland*, against the losses he sustained in the famous Bolton, French and Cornwall libel suits, have published a balance sheet, which shows that the total amount of the subscriptions received was £7,619. Of this £6,495 odd was expended directly in litigation, and £98 went for miscellaneous expenses and advertising. The balance of £1,025 was handed over by Mr. O'Brien, for distribution among the poor of Mallow.

His Holiness the Pope has conferred on Prince Bismarck the ancient Portuguese Order of Christ, which was founded by King Denis of Portugal in 1317, and adopted by King John XXII. three years later. The decoration, which is only conferred upon the most distinguished and exalted persons, was accompanied by an autograph letter from his Holiness.

Mr. Wilfrid Scawen Blunt, who, as a Conservative Catholic contested North Camberwell at the recent Parliamentary election, in a forcible letter to the *London Times* gives his views on the Irish question. He holds that there is no middle course now between Home Rule and martial law, between Mr. Parnell Prime Minister at Dublin and Mr. Parnell a traitor in the tower. And how long, he asks, would the country support a policy of blood and iron? Would even the Whigs go through with it for two sessions? I say no. One party or other would rebel, and we should in the end be forced to give in shame what we could now give in honor.

[292]

CHURCH FREED OF DEBT.—The congregation of St. Ann's Church, Gloucester, Mass., was informed by the priest in charge, the Rev. J. J. Healy, that the church is now free of all indebtedness. The building was completed in 1876 with the exception of the spire, which was added during the summer of 1884. The church is built of granite, with a seating capacity of about one thousand, and is valued at \$100,000. The church will be consecrated in July.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY IN BOSTON.—The Irish societies of Boston held a meeting to decide the manner in which St. Patrick's Day should be celebrated in this city. Fourteen societies, represented by sixty-two delegates, were in attendance. President Edward Riley presided. The motion made at a previous meeting to invite Dr. Croke, Archbishop of Cashel, to lecture, in preference to having a street parade, was adopted by a vote of thirty-eight to six, and the convention adjourned, subject to the call of officers. Most Rev. Dr. Croke sent a despatch saying it was impossible for him to accept the invitation.

HOME.—The annual meeting of the directors of the Home for Destitute Catholic Children on Harrison Av., was held on the evening of the 14th of January. During the past year 414 children were admitted into the Home. Three died, two absconded, 401 were placed in families, and 186 boys and girls remain in the Home. Since the Home was organized it has received and provided for the large number of 6,364 poor children. The officers of the corporation elected for the present year are: John B. O'Brien, President; Charles F. Donnelly, Vice-President; P. F. Sullivan, Treasurer; James Havey, Secretary; James W. Dunphy, John W. McDonald, and John Miller, Executive Committee.

ADVICE TO YOUNG WOMEN.—A writer in a household periodical recommends washing dishes as the best thing to put the hands in the soft and pliable condition most favorable to piano practice. Mothers should give this recipe a good long trial on their girls who assault the keyboard, but shun the dish pan.

*Lake Shore Visitor*: Ambition, as it is now understood, is not made of very stern stuff. There are men regarded as ambitious, who are puffed up with vanity, and who look upon themselves as very important. Death would make such men an irreparable loss to themselves, but not much of a loss to any one or anything else.

A YEAR OF JUBILEE.—We give elsewhere the Encyclical of Our Holy Father the Pope, proclaiming an Extraordinary Jubilee. The translation is made by Rev. Dr. Mahar, for the *Catholic Universe*, Cleveland, O.

March is the month of St. Patrick. On the 17th, the children of Ireland, wherever located, celebrate the day. Their hearts revert back to the dear old land of their birth and the happy days of their childhood.

"The lilies and roses abandon the plain;  
Tho' the summer's gone by, yet the shamrock remains,

Like a friend in misfortune, it blooms o'er the snow;  
Oh, my heart's in old Ireland wherever I go."

Hon. John Finnerty in a recent utterance said, after he had read the Queen's speech, "The Irish people must make up their minds to meet the English with a courage displayed by the American colonists in dealing with the Queen's grandfather, George the Third. The Queen of England has a personal grudge against Ireland because Dublin refused a site for the statue of her husband, who once said of the Irish that they ought to live on grass."

The first Hungarian Catholic church erected in America was recently dedicated at Hazleton, Pa., by the Rt. Rev. Bishop O'Hara, of Scranton, same State.

GRAND ARMY RECORD.—This is the name of an eight-page paper issued by Thomas Keefe, at 31 Cornhill, Boston. As its name indicates, it is devoted to the interests of the Grand Army of the Republic, all soldiers and sailors of the late war, sons of veterans and the women's relief corps. The price is only \$1 a year.

NEWLY ARRIVED EMIGRANTS.—The Rev. John J. Riordan's efforts at forming a home, employment, and inquiry bureau, to benefit friendless and poor Irish immigrant girls and women, have met with wonderful success. Matron Boyle moved from 7 Broadway, where the Mission of the Rosary was started less than two years ago, to the home at 7 State Street, New York, purchased for \$75,000 by Father Riordan. This property consists of a building and lot facing the Battery. On it Father Riordan expects eventually to erect a chapel, mission and home. The money thus far raised has come from 25-cent annual subscriptions.

[293]

John Kelly, the politician, is seriously ill at his residence in New York.

Oliver Wendell Holmes attributes his years and good health to an early morning walk or horseback ride before breakfast. He was naturally of a delicate constitution, and when he married Doctor Jackson's daughter the father-in-law said to him: "If you have the necessary physique to stand horseback riding, do it: if not, take an early walk each day." He scrupulously followed the advice.

Lord Erskine, while going circuit, was asked by the landlord of his hotel how he slept. He replied dogmatically: "Union is strength, a fact of which some of your inmates appear to be unaware; for had they been unanimous last night they could easily have pushed me out of bed."—"Fleas?" the landlord exclaimed, affecting great astonishment. "I was not aware that I had a single flea in my house."—"I don't believe you have," retorted his lordship, "they are all married, I think, and have uncommonly large families."

JUBILEE YEAR.—See Encyclical of our Holy Father the Pope. Let every Catholic in the land peruse it.

The Boards of Guardians throughout Ireland have resolutely set themselves to the task of erecting laborers' cottages under the Laborers Act. Here and there some of the landlords are obstructing the performance of this good work, especially by resisting the extension of taxation for the purpose over the unions at large. But the days of the landlord's power on boards of guardians are very nearly at an end, and they are fast retreating before the determined attitude of the national guardians and the laborers, who are strenuously supported by the organized public opinion of the country as expressed through the various branches of the National League.

Farmers in Wales are now demanding a permanent reduction of twenty-five per cent. in rents, fixity of tenure and compensation for making improvements on their holdings. This is considerably in advance of what the Irish farmers asked when they began their Land League movement; yet they were denounced as plunderers by English writers who now say the Welsh must get what they claim.

HELP THE PRISONERS.—Father Kehoe of St. Joseph's Cathedral, Columbus, Ohio, who has charge of the Ohio State Penitentiary, appeals through the *Columbian* to those blessed with the means to send him some assistance, be it ever so trifling, towards securing a better provision for the religious interests of the Catholic prisoners in that institution. There is surely no better way in which people can show proofs of their benevolence in a good work, and none in which their charity is sure of being more fruitfully exercised. The demands are more than ordinarily urgent just now, and the Chaplain appeals with confidence to the people and to Catholic publishers for their practical sympathy. He has the consent and authorization of the Right Rev. Bishop of the diocese to this course of procedure. Good books on any subject, pamphlets, magazines, papers, etc., would be welcome additions to the Catholic Prisoners' Library, which has been already established by the zeal of former chaplains and by the generosity of subscribers. At present the particular need is for prayer books or for funds that will enable Father Kehoe to purchase a sufficient supply of these and other religious articles. Donations of beads, scapulars, etc., would be most thankfully received.

The new boot and shoe store of Brennan & Co., 21 Tremont Street, and 851 Washington Street, Boston, announce a mark-down sale that merits attention. For one month, they offer to sell all goods at 20 per cent. discount from market rates. As the goods are of recent manufacture, and therefore stylish and new, the sale is a *bona-fide* one, and one where bargains may be looked for.

[294]

OUR MAGAZINE.—Baltimore *Catholic Mirror*: DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE (Boston) has occupied a field exclusive to itself from the start—it is the popular magazine for the Catholic masses. It is not like those flimsy ventures which, under the title of "popular," get the people's money without giving

them adequate returns. On the contrary, it is ample in scope, and its well-stored pages are carefully selected by its veteran editor. The leading article in its January issue is that on Cardinal McCloskey, by John Gilmary Shea.

A Belfast paper says: "As regards opposition from the minority in Ulster, it will soon subside. An Irish Parliament, once established, will have no warmer supporters than Protestants of the North." The Orangemen are but a small fraction of the Protestants of that part of Ireland.

A BAD OUTLOOK.—At the present time there are in London about one hundred and fifty thousand persons in want and penury. There are nearly forty thousand men out of employment, and some ten thousand persons are sunk so low, physically and mentally, that many of them are in dire necessity, and were it not for the timely aid of the charitable, their hard fate would soon increase the number of those who die from starvation in the streets of the richest city in the world.

SMOTHERING CHILDREN.—In a recent inquest in London a physician testified that the practice to which young mothers are addicted, of lying over their infants at night, caused the death of about five hundred children a year in London alone.

MUNSTER BANK.—Two of the directors of the late "Munster," have appeared in the Bankruptcy Court:—William Shaw, whose indebtedness to the bank is stated to amount to over £129,000; and Nicholas Dan Murphy, indebted in the sum of over £24,000. A manager, other than Mr. Farquharson, who, by the way, is *not* dead, will probably find himself in the hands of the liquidators before long.

TOBACCO.—The "paternal" government of Ireland prohibits the raising of tobacco. Mr. Thomas Power O'Connor, Nationalist Member for Liverpool, gave notice that he would introduce a bill to repeal the prohibition of the cultivation of tobacco in Ireland.

Father Burke was often heard to say that he could never speak at home as in America. "I never knew what freedom was," he declared, "until I set foot on the emancipated soil of Columbia. Then I said, 'I am a free man, and I will speak my soul.'"

President Cleveland has signed the Presidential Succession bill. The law now lodges the presidential succession in the cabinet, and puts seven men in the line of eligibility for the place. It so happens that all of the present cabinet are Americans by birth, and over thirty-five years of age.

The returns from the late ball of the Charitable Irish Society is estimated to be about \$800. At this rate it will take a long time to build that hall.

The Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster has written to Rome in favor of the canonization of Joan of Arc.

Says our esteemed contemporary, the *Catholic Record*, of London, Ontario:—"The number of Catholics in the new British Parliament is 76, the greatest since Emancipation. They are all Irishmen. The Anti-Irish English "Cawtholics" could not elect a man in their own country to the office of pound-keeper without the aid of the Irish whom they affect to despise."

The California millionaires set an example in charity that might well be imitated by their Eastern contemporaries. At Christmas James C. Flood donated \$1,000 to the Catholic Orphan Asylum of San Francisco, and \$1,000 to the Catholic Orphan Asylum of San Rafael, Cal., and \$500 to the Magdalen Asylum, San Francisco. James Mervyn Donahoe donated \$100 apiece to the Catholic Orphan Asylum, Presentation Convent, and Youth's Directory, all of San Francisco. Mrs. Maria Coleman \$1,600 to the San Francisco Catholic Orphan Asylum. A magnificent altar, composed of Carrara marble and onyx, costing \$5,000, has just been completed in St. Joseph's Church, San Jose, Cal. It is the gift of Mrs. Catherine Dunne.

[295]

COLUMBUS.—It is announced from Corsica that the preparations for the celebration of the fourth centenary of Christopher Columbus are far advanced. The principal display will be made at Calvi. The latest works of the Abbé Casanova, establish beyond doubt the fact that it was here the illustrious navigator was born, and this opinion is shared by the majority of Italian historians. The United States propose to take a special part in the ceremonies, and it is expected that by a special decree on that occasion the Corsicans will be declared American citizens.

Father Burke had an ardent admiration for Cardinal Manning, saying on one occasion that he was the greatest cardinal living in the church at this day, dwelling on his activity, accomplishments, and readiness on all public occasions; and also his capacity for every work to which he turned his attention.

The Feast of the Holy Name of Jesus was celebrated at the Cathedral of the Holy Cross, Boston, on the 17th of January, by the society of that name. After the usual exercises, Rev. Father Bodfish, the director, gave a brief review of the past year, and exhorted the members to persevere in the good work which characterized its members. This is an excellent society, and we would advise all, both young and old, to join it. Its grand object is the discountenance of blasphemy, impurity and all the vices to which poor human nature are addicted. The officers for the year 1886 are: Rev. Father Bodfish, director; Patrick Donahoe, president; William Connolly, Treasurer; Andrew P. Lane, Secretary.

A London correspondent of the Dublin *Evening Mail*, writes of Mr. Parnell:—"A friend tells me that one of the prettiest sights on the Hastings promenade on Christmas Day was the Irish chief

gamboling with two little girls. One would have thought from his appearance that he had no thought of a Constitutional crisis. His face 'sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,' he seemed more like a modest usher of a school frolicking with his master's children than the moving spirit of a National rebellion."

Joseph Milmore, a well-known sculptor of Boston, died recently at Geneva, Switzerland, whither he had gone for his health. He belonged to a family of sculptors, the most distinguished of whom was Martin M. Milmore, who died some three years ago. Joseph was engaged with his brother Martin in many important works. Joseph Milmore was born in Sligo, Ireland, and came to Boston when hardly more than a babe. At the close of his school-life he became an apprentice to a cabinet-maker. Later he engaged in marble cutting, and developed his taste for sculptural work. His last work of consequence was on the statue of Daniel Webster, at Concord, N. H.

The following Irish members returned to the new Parliament have declared themselves in favor of women's suffrage, according to a list in the *Women's Suffrage Journal*:—Joe Biggar, Cavan, West; Sir T. Esmonde, Dublin County, South; E. D. Gray, Dublin City, St. Stephen's Green; T. M. Healy, Monaghan, North; Londonderry, South; R. Lalor, Queen's County, Leix; J. Leahy, Kildare, South; E. Leamy, Cork, North-East; J. McCarthy, Longford, North; Sir J. McKenna, Monaghan, South; B. C. Molloy, King's County, Birr; J. P. Nolan, Galway, North; W. O'Brien, Tyrone, South; A. O'Connor, Donegal, East; T. P. O'Connor, Liverpool, Scotland, W. Galway City; C. S. Parnell, Cork City; R. Power, Waterford City; J. E. Redmond, Wexford, North; W. Redmond, Fermanagh, North; T. D. Sullivan, Dublin City, College Green.

The Tory Ministry was defeated in England by a resolution offered by Jesse Collings, an English reformer, the nature of which was, that a certain amount of land should be set apart for the use of agricultural laborers. On this minor English measure, the Salisbury government was ingloriously defeated by a vote of 329 to 250. The Irish eighty-six voted against the Tories, and thus ends this last attempt at coercion. As Mr. Sexton said in his great speech, "Mr. Parnell was too old a parliamentary bird to be caught with such thinly spread chaff as that." Probably the Tories will adopt obstructive tactics. They hope, by encouraging the Irish landlords to carry out ruthlessly wholesale evictions, to provoke disorder and crime in Ireland, with a view to compel Mr. Gladstone to revert to coercion, and so bring about a conflict between the Liberals and the Irish party. This shameful scheme will probably fail. The Parnellites will make vigorous efforts to prevent disorder in Ireland, in order to give Mr. Gladstone a fair chance.

[296]

Mr. Gladstone sees how the wind is veering, and begins to trim his sails. He announces to his tenants reductions in their rent, varying from twenty to thirty per cent. It is an ominous incident. Evidently, the "Grand Old Man" is preparing to take off his coat to deal with the land question, as well as with Home Rule.

The *Dublin Freeman's Journal* says: The Queen's speech, opening Parliament, was an opportune attempt to please both the Irish parties. It has a tendency to propitiate the stronger party and disappoint the Loyalists or Orangemen.

Justin McCarthy, M. P., says: It is out of the question for Mr. Parnell to take a seat in the Gladstone cabinet. The conditions to be accepted by the one could not be offered by the other. The Irish National members regard the whole situation as satisfactory, and are convinced, that, no matter who comes in, or who stays out, Home Rule is certain.

THE CUNARD LINE.—After the 17th of April, the Cunard Steamers will sail weekly from Boston, on Wednesdays, in place of Saturdays as formerly. The company have placed their best steamers on the Boston service,—the OREGON, GALLIA, BOTHNIA, and SCYTHIA. With this fleet, Boston is the place to get the most rapid passage between America and Europe. The *Oregon* is already favorably known to the travelling public for the superiority attained in speed, and when running to or from Boston, will certainly cross the ocean in six days. The *Oregon*, on her last trip from New York to Queenstown, made the run in six days and seventeen hours.

HOLIDAYS OF OBLIGATION.—According to the request of the Fathers of the late Council of Baltimore, the Holy Father has intimated by letter to the American Episcopate that the number of holydays of obligation, to be observed by all Catholics in this country, has been reduced to the following six, viz., Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin, Nativity of our Lord, Ascension of our Lord, Circumcision of Our Lord, Assumption of the Blessed Virgin, and the Feast of All Saints. The Feasts of the Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin, Epiphany, and Corpus Christi, as festivals of obligation, have been abrogated; but the solemnity of the last-named feast the Holy Father desires to be celebrated on the Sunday within its octave. This arrangement of feasts makes the practice of their observance a general one. The days named are of obligation in every diocese, and now every diocese has six holydays; formerly, many had as many as nine. By lessening the number the Holy Father made it certainly more easy for the laborer, who felt that he could but poorly afford to observe the day, as his earnings were about all he had.

CARDINALS.—*Lake Shore Visitor*: Just now we are having a few newspaper Cardinals. Baltimore, Boston, and New York want the honor, and the papers seem to think that there should be a proper selection made on the part of the Holy Father. Chicago, St. Louis, San Francisco, and several other small places have not been heard from yet. This country could supply on newspaper more than enough of Cardinals. The Americans are by no means greedy.

The lecture of Hon. A. M. Keiley, at the Boston Theatre, on Sunday evening, January 31, in aid of the House of the Good Shepherd, netted the handsome sum of over seven hundred dollars.

Vick's Floral Guide, for January, 1886, is beautifully illustrated. All lovers of flowers, plants, etc., should procure this issue. Address, James Vicks, Rochester, N. Y.

The *Catholic Mirror*, Baltimore, Md., has issued a supplement in the shape of an annual for 1886. It is profusely illustrated and contains besides the Almanac a good portrait of the Archbishop of Baltimore with other engravings.

---

### The Papal Mediation.

[297]

We give the text of the Sovereign Pontiff's proposal of arbitration between Germany and Spain; so that it may be seen at a glance how closely the protocol followed its suggestions, merely amplifying in a technical and explicit sense the scheme of His Holiness:

*Proposal of His Holiness Leo XIII., Mediator in the Question of the Archipelago of the Carolines and the Palaos, pending between Spain and Germany:*

The discovery made by Spain, in the sixteenth century, of the islands forming the archipelago of the Carolines and the Palaos, and the series of acts accomplished in these same islands by the Spanish government for the benefit of the natives, have created, in the conviction of the said government and of the nation, a title of sovereignty, founded upon the principles of international law which are quoted and obeyed in our days in similar cases.

And, in fact, when we consider the sum of the above-mentioned acts, the authenticity of which is confirmed by various documents in the archives of Propaganda, we cannot mistake the beneficent course of Spain in regard to these islanders. It is, moreover, to be observed that no other government has exercised a like action towards them. This explains what must be kept in mind—the constant tradition and conviction of the Spanish people in respect to that sovereignty—a tradition and a conviction which were manifested, two months ago, with an ardor and an animosity capable of compromising for an instant the internal peace of two friendly governments and their mutual relations.

On the other hand, Germany, as well as England, declared expressly in 1875 to the Spanish government that she did not recognize the sovereignty of Spain over these islands. The imperial government holds that it is the effectual occupation of a territory which constitutes the origin of the right of sovereignty over it, and that such occupation has never been realized by Spain in the case of the Carolines. It has acted in conformity with that principle in the Island of Yap; and in this the mediator is happy to recognize—as the Spanish government has also done—the loyalty of the imperial government.

In consequence, and in order that this divergence of views between the two States may be no obstacle to an honorable arrangement, the mediator, having weighed all things, proposes that the new arrangement should adopt the formulas of the protocol relating to the archipelago of Jolo, signed at Madrid on the 7th of March last by the representatives of Great Britain, of Germany and of Spain; and that the following points be observed:

1. Affirmation of the sovereignty of Spain over the Carolines and the Palaos.
2. The Spanish government, in order to render this sovereignty effectual, undertakes to establish as quickly as possible in the archipelago in question a regular administration, with a sufficient force to guarantee order and the rights acquired.
3. Spain offers to Germany full and entire liberty of commerce, of navigation, and of fishery within the islands, as also the right of establishing a naval and a coaling station.
4. Spain also assures to Germany the liberty of plantation within the islands, and of the foundation of agricultural establishments upon the same footing as that of undertakings by Spanish subjects.

L. CARDINAL JACOBINI,  
*Secretary of State to His Holiness.*

---

### Prince Bismarck to the Pope.

*Sire*,—The gracious letter with which your Holiness has honored me, and the high decoration accompanying it, gave me great pleasure, and I beg your Holiness to deign to receive the expression of my profound gratitude. Any mark of approbation connected with a work of peace in which it has been given me to co-operate is the more precious to me because of the high satisfaction it causes His Majesty, my august master. Your Holiness says in your letter that nothing is more in harmony with the spirit and nature of the Roman Pontificate than the practice of works of peace.

That is the very thought by which I was guided in begging your Holiness to accept the noble employment of arbiter in the difference pending between Germany and Spain, and in proposing

to the Spanish Government to abide by your Holiness's decision. The consideration of the fact that the two nations do not stand in the same position towards the Church which venerates in your Holiness her supreme chief never weakened my firm confidence in the elevation of your Holiness's views, which assured me of the most perfect impartiality of your verdict. The nature of Germany's relations with Spain is such that the peace which reigns between these two countries is not menaced by any permanent divergence of interests, by rancours arising from the past, or by rivalry inherent in their geographic situation. Their habitually good relations could only be troubled by fortuitous causes or misunderstandings.

[298]

There is therefore every reason to hope that your Holiness's pacific action will have lasting effects, and first among these I count the grateful recollection the two parties will retain of their august mediator.

For my own part I shall gladly avail myself of every occasion which the fulfilment of my duties towards my master and my country may furnish me to testify to your Holiness my lively gratitude and my very humble devotion.

VON BISMARCK.

---

The Holy Father has sent to Senor Canovas del Castello the decoration of the Order of Christ. Thus His Holiness pays a high compliment to both the principal Ministers acting in the question of the Carolines, giving priority to him (Bismarck) to whom the proposal of Papal mediation was entirely due, and whose nation, it may be noted, has accepted the Pope's decision with the best submission.

Bishop Reilly's (no relation to the Bishop of Springfield, Mass.), diocese in Mexico, is in the hands of the sheriff. The Episcopal Church of Mexico has been purchased by the Jesuits. Proselytizing in Catholic countries is very extravagant zeal, observes the *Western Watchman*.

BLESSING THE THROAT.—The feast of St. Blase, occurred on the 3d of February. St. Blase was Bishop of Sebaste, in Armenia. He suffered in the persecution of Diocletian. Agricalaus, the governor of Capadocia, had him dragged from his cell, in the mountain of Argæus. Every effort was in vain made by bribes and threats to induce him to sacrifice to the gods. He was then scourged and lacerated with iron combs, but he remained unbroken in his faith, and, at last, his head was cut off in the persecution of the wicked Licinius, A.D. 316. His relics, famous for miracles, were preserved until scattered during the crusades. Numerous miracles in favor of those afflicted with sore throats and similar diseases, are attributed to the intercession of St. Blase. The Church sanctions the pious custom of the faithful in having their throats blessed on his feast, and she prescribes a prayer invoking the intercession of St. Blase.

The Irish Cause in Philadelphia, *I. C. B. U. Journal*: The day after the defeat of the Salisbury ministry, Philadelphia held an Irish Home-Rule meeting at Independence Hall. It was a town meeting of a representative character. The Mayor presided. Leading citizens signed the call. There was a great throng. Prominent men spoke. The money given "on the spot" was \$5,780. A Committee of Fifty was appointed to collect more. A despatch was sent Parnell telling him that the citizens of the city of American Independence, in sight of the Liberty Bell of 1775, the Mayor presiding, had contributed over £1,100. The signers were mainly merchants and journalists not before identified with the movement. It is thought that ten thousand dollars will be raised for the Parliamentary fund.

---

### English Cabinet.

The new cabinet is officially announced as follows:

Mr. Gladstone, prime minister and first lord of the treasury.  
Sir Farrer Herschell, lord high chancellor.  
Earl Spencer, lord president of the council.  
Mr. H. C. H. Childers, home secretary.  
Earl Rosebery, secretary for foreign affairs.  
Earl Granville, secretary for the colonies.  
Earl Kimberley, secretary for India.  
Mr. H. Campbell-Bannerman, secretary of war.  
Sir William Vernon Harcourt, chancellor of the exchequer.  
The Marquis of Ripon, first lord of the admiralty.  
Mr. J. Chamberlain, president of the local government board.  
The Earl of Aberdeen, viceroy of Ireland.  
Mr. G. O. Trevelyan, secretary for Scotland.  
Mr. A. J. Mundella, president of the board of trade.  
Mr. John Morley, chief secretary of Ireland.

---

The Emperor of China has formally invited the Pope to open direct relations between the Holy See and the Chinese Empire by the establishment of a Papal embassy at Peking. [299]

Miss Gertrude G. McMaster, second daughter of James A. McMaster of the New York *Freeman's Journal*, was invested with the black veil at the Carmelite Nunnery, in Baltimore. Archbishop Gibbons performed the ceremony. This is the third daughter of the veteran journalist that has joined the various orders in the church.

Reports are again in circulation that Archbishops Gibbons of Baltimore, and Williams of Boston, are to be among the new batch of cardinals that are to be created at the coming consistory at Rome. It looks as if there might be two princes of the church in the United States. The two B's, in all probability, will be the honored Sees.

Gladstone has completed his cabinet, and is now in working order. The *Dublin Freeman's Journal*, commenting on Mr. Gladstone's election address to his constituents, says the prime minister explicitly recognizes that no settlement of the land or education questions in Ireland is possible without Irish self-government.

THE NEW SECRETARY FOR IRELAND.—New York *Evening Post*: Probably the most difficult place of all to fill was the Irish secretaryship. Considering the fate which has overtaken the last three secretaries—Mr. Forster ruined politically, Lord Frederick Cavendish murdered and Mr. Trevelyan undoubtedly discredited—any Englishman in public life, however able or brave, might well shrink from taking the place. But if any Englishman can succeed in it, Mr. Morley will. He has already, both as a journalist and member of Parliament, achieved distinct success in politics. He is a grave and weighty speaker, and, though not a sentimental man, has, what we may call, a philosophic sympathy with people of a different type of mind and character from the English, to the want of which the English failure in the government of Ireland has been largely due. He is favorable to Home Rule in some shape, and is ready to listen to what the Home Rulers say, and consider it, and is not likely when he gets to Dublin to put on the "English gentleman" air which the Irish find so exasperating. On the whole, in fact, the new cabinet is a considerable advance on its predecessor, as far as the Irish question is concerned, especially.

MICHAEL DAVITT PRAISES GLADSTONE.—Michael Davitt, speaking at Holloway, England, said he believed that Mr. Gladstone was the only English statesman that had the courage and ability to grapple with the Irish problem and establish peace between England and Ireland. The premier, Mr. Davitt said, had already settled the question of religious inequality, and had made an honest attempt to solve the land problem. His failure to deal in a satisfactory manner with the latter question was due to the fact that he had not gone to the root of the matter.

PARNELL—"Would you," said a member in the House after the defeat of the Government, "under any circumstance accept the offer of the Chief Secretaryship?" Mr. Parnell's reply was:—"Certainly not. To administer any law an honest man must be in sympathy with it and believe it to be a just and right law. Now, I am not in sympathy with the English rule of Ireland, but believe it to be both unjust in itself and prompted by alien feelings. Believing this, under no possible circumstances would I have part or lot in administering it."

Martin I. J. Griffin in the *I. C. B. U. Journal*: Some time, in an amusing hour, we give extracts from newspapers of forty or fifty years ago, about the Irish "foreigners." It might teach a lesson to the sons of the then assailed and the newcomers. Many of them are using language about Poles, Hungarians, and the Chinese, just similar to the utterances against the Irish years ago. As many Irish now feel against others, so the "Americans" of that time felt against the Irish. If the Irish are now just in their denunciations they may think less harshly of those who maligned the Irish in the past. We Irish-blooded Americans must be just.

---

## PERSONAL.

[300]

Rt. Rev. Bishop Healy has arrived at Rome.

P. S. Gilmore gave two concerts in Madison Square Garden, New York, on Sunday evening, February 21, in aid of the Parliamentary fund.

Sir Edward Cecil Guinness has given £2,500 to pay off the debt on the Dublin Artisans' Exhibition, and to start a fund for the foundation of a Technical School.

Mr. West, the British Minister at Washington, is a Catholic and attends St. Matthew's Church. His pew is close to Lieut.-Gen. Sheridan's.

Thomas Russell Sullivan, President of the Papyrus Club of Boston, a rising dramatist and novelist, is a descendant of Gov. Sullivan, the first Governor of Massachusetts.

William Gorman Willis, a Kilkenny Irishman, 57 years old, who prepared the version of "Faust," in which Henry Irving is now making such a sensation in London, wrote "The Man o' Airlie," in which Lawrence Barrett has achieved distinction.

Parnell will be forty years of age next June. He is a bachelor and leads the simplest sort of life,—in lodgings, as a rule,—taking his dinner at a hotel. His habits are so quiet that he and his sister



Anna were guests at the same hotel for weeks without knowing that they were under one roof.

Rev. J. B. Cotter, ex-President of the Catholic T. A. Union of America, is to deliver a series of free lectures on Total Abstinence, under the auspices of the societies that comprise the Catholic T. A. Union of the Archdiocese of Boston. The first of the series will be given in Tremont Temple, Boston, Monday evening, February 15. The reverend gentleman is devoting all his time to this worthy object, and should be welcomed by a full house.

Mr. Thomas J. Gargan, of Boston, delivered an oration in Halifax, Nova Scotia, before the Charitable Irish Society, of that city, on the occasion of its one hundredth anniversary. The president of the Charitable Irish Society of Boston, Mr. Morrissey, received a very cordial invitation from the Halifax society to be present at the anniversary, and replied that, in consequence of business here, he could not attend. Mr. Gargan, however, an ex-president of the Boston organization, was delegated to respond at the Halifax banquet for the Charitable Irish Society of Boston. Mr. D. H. Morrissey, president of the latter organization, has invited the president of the Halifax society to attend the annual banquet at the Parker House, March 17.

Rev. Patrick Strain, pastor of St. Mary's Church, at Lynn, Mass., has been presented with two elegant altar chairs, an easy chair and an altar robe, in appreciation of his devoted labors during a pastorate of thirty-five years. He went to Lynn from a charge at Chelsea in 1851. Since he has been in Lynn he has raised upward of \$200,000 for church work. The old original wooden church is now replaced by a spacious brick edifice. There is also a flourishing parochial school.

Rev. Father Nugent has retired from the chaplaincy of the prison at Liverpool, where he has done so much good service for the last twenty-two years. It is said that the retiring chaplain will enjoy a well earned pension of £200 a year. During the twenty-two years of his sacred ministry at Walton, over two hundred thousand prisoners have passed under his charge. Who can tell the number that have been rescued from a life of crime through his ministrations?

Hon. A. M. Keiley intends to settle in New York City and practice at his profession of the law. On January 6th, he was admitted to practice at the Bar of that State, by the General Term of the Supreme Court. His standing as a lawyer was certified to by the Clerk of the Supreme Court of Appeals of Virginia; and ex-Chief Justice Charles P. Daly vouched for him as a moral person. As soon as he was sworn in, Mr. Keiley seconded Mr. Algernon S. Sullivan's motion for the admission of Mr. T. McCants Stewart, a colored lawyer from South Carolina. Mr. Stewart was admitted.

---

## NOTICES OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

[301]

*Thomas B. Noonan & Co., Boston.*

THE ALTAR MANUAL for the use of the Reverend Clergy. Price 75 cents.

This very useful book contains Epistles and Gospels for the Sundays and holydays. The Litanies, the Stations of the Cross, Litany and Prayers at Forty Hours' Devotion, etc., the whole forming a compact volume of two hundred and forty-one pages. Every clergyman in the country should possess this excellent book.

*Excelsior Publishing House, N. Y.*

LIFE OF PARNELL AND WHAT HE HAS ACHIEVED FOR IRELAND. By J. S. Mahoney. Price 25 cents.

This is a pamphlet of one hundred and forty pages, and contains a sketch of the life of Parnell, with portrait. In it is introduced the lieutenants of Mr. Parnell, with portraits—Dillon, Sullivan, Biggar, Healy, Sexton, McCarthy, T. P. O'Connor, Edmund Dwyer Gray, William O'Brien, Mayne, O'Gorman Mahan, Rt. Hon. Charles Dawson, with the names of the Irish members of Parliament, etc., etc. It is just the book for those interested in the great struggle for Irish Home Rule.

---

## MISCELLANEOUS.

Père Didon, the eminent Dominican, is engaged in the preparation of a work from which great things are expected. It is to be a refutation of Renan's infamous "Vie de Jesu"—a work which, it is declared by the best authorities, conduced more to the spread of infidelity than any that was ever published. Père Didon has paid a long visit to the Holy Land in furtherance of his researches, and intends to make another trip there before he concludes them. The book will probably not be published for six or eight months.

Messrs. John Murphy & Co., Baltimore, have issued a large type edition of the Holy Way of the Cross, new type with new illustrations. It is a great improvement on former editions.

HAVERTY'S IRISH-AMERICAN ILLUSTRATED ALMANAC, for 1886. Price 25 cents.

Persons who invest a quarter in this book will get the worth of their money. Stories, poetry, etc.,

etc. Address P. M. Haverty, 14 Barclay Street, New York.

I. F. M. in *Catholic Universe*.—Writing of Catholic publications and Catholic reading we are reminded of the fact that the Catholic public is often really victimized in this very matter. Books are made up out of old materials, a few facts are added on cognate subjects of present interest, the volume is handsomely bound, and an agent goes about the country selling the book, receiving payments in instalments and making sixty per cent. on his sales. Such books ornament a table and are little read; an incubus of instalments is laid on the buyer; he pays twice as much as ought to be asked for the book and the sale of really valuable and much cheaper books is prevented. We have seen handsomely bound Bibles bought for fifteen and twenty dollars, and solely used for an ornament, by poor people who could surely have made much better investments in reading matter. What we say of Bibles may be said equally of certain ponderous volumes containing the Life of the Blessed Virgin, etc. Of course, these are grandly useful books in themselves; but when so gotten up as to be unavailable except for ornament, and when creating an obstacle to the purchase of books more easily and more generally read, they do not serve Catholic interests.

Instructions and Prayers for the Jubilee of 1886. Published with the approbation of his Grace, the Most Rev. Archbishop of New York. 32 mo, paper, per copy, 5 cents; per hundred, \$2.00. The same in German. Benziger Brothers, Publishers, New York, Cincinnati, and St. Louis.

ST. VINCENT DE PAUL LIBRARY.—Instructions on the commandments and sacraments. Translated from St. Francis Ligouri, by the late Rev. Nicholas Callan, D. D., Maynooth. The title of this little book explains its contents. It is the first of a series of instructive books to be issued by the St. Vincent de Paul Publishing Co., Chicago, Ill.

---

## OBITUARY.

[302]

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

## BISHOPS.

We regret to record the death of the Most Rev. Dr. Errington, Archbishop of Trebizond, which took place at Prior Park, Bath, England. The deceased, who was uncle to Sir George Errington, was born in 1804, was in early life senior priest at St. Nicholas's Church, Copperashill, Liverpool, and at a later period had charge of St. Mary's Church, Douglas. He was first bishop of Plymouth, having been consecrated on July 25th, 1851. In April, 1855, he was translated to Trebizond, and was succeeded in the See of Plymouth by the present bishop, the Rt. Rev. Dr. Vaughan. Archbishop Errington was of a kindly and generous disposition, and performed many sterling but unostentatious acts of charity.

We regret to announce the death of the Most Rev. Dr. Conaty, Bishop of Kilmore. He had been suffering from extreme weakness of the heart, which was always a source of alarm to his physicians. Dr. M'Quaid was in attendance, and as the cathedral bell was ringing its last peal for twelve o'clock Mass, Dr. Conaty, so much beloved by his priests and people, calmly breathed his last. Great was the sorrow in his cathedral when Father Flood, the officiating priest told the people that their good bishop was no more. The deceased was in his sixty-seventh year, and was consecrated bishop in 1863.

Most Rev. George Butler, D. D., bishop of Limerick, Ireland, died on the 3d of February. He was consecrated on the 25th of July, 1861. He succeeded Most Rev. Dr. Ryan.

---

## PRIESTS.

The Very Rev. Dr. McDonald, V. G., died recently at Charlottetown, P. E. I. By his demise the church in the Maritime Provinces has lost a scholarly and devoted priest. He was beloved by all classes in the community. May he rest in peace!

Rev. Vincent Devlin, S. J., died at Cincinnati, Ohio, on the 29th of January. His brief life has been crowded with a phenomenal aptitude for scholastic attainments, and he ranked very high in the line of educational mission which he filled. Father Devlin was born in Belfast, in 1856. He accompanied his parents to Chicago when very young, his father, who still resides there, being John Devlin, senior member of the wholesale grocery firm of John Devlin & Co. His preparatory education for the priesthood was received at the Jesuit College, Chicago. He went through his novitiate at Elorissant, Mo., and became a member of the Jesuit order in 1871, and was ordained four years ago. For a number of years he was professor of belles lettres at the St. Louis University, and latter, of languages at St. Xavier's, in Cincinnati, at which latter place he died almost in the pursuance of his professional duties.

The Rev. Patrick Tracy, of the diocese of Waterford, Ireland, died recently, aged seventy-three years. He was ordained in 1837, and up to 1848 was connected with the parish of Trinity Without, Waterford, as a zealous and devoted missionary curate. He took an active and earnest

interest in the 1848 movement, and was intimately associated with the late General T. F. Meagher, on which occasion, fortunately, his great influence over the masses saved that city from a sanguinary conflict, as the rescue of Meagher on the morning of his arrest was fully determined. In other parishes of the diocese he was distinguished for his zeal and charities, and had been a hard-working priest for nearly fifty years.

The Rev. Father George W. Matthew, of St. Patrick's Church, Racine, Wis., died on the night of the 27th of January, of cancer in the throat. The disease was similar to that which caused the death of Gen. Grant. The stricken priest was taken to Cleveland, O., three months ago, where a delicate operation was performed, and a silver tube placed in his throat. Upon his return to Racine he became very weak, and it was well known to his friends that he could not possibly recover. He was one of the most prominent Catholic priests in the State, and one of Racine's honored and best men, and his death will be learned with sincere regret and sorrow by all classes of people. He was born in New York City in 1833.

[303]

Died, in Rochester, N. Y., on the 22d of January, Rev. Michael M. Meagher, much lamented by all who knew him. Father M. was born in Roscrea, County Tipperary, on the 1st of August, 1831; he was ordained priest at Dunkirk, N. Y., by Bishop Timon on the 7th of September, 1862. There was no priest more zealous, charitable and devoted to every duty than the lamented Father Meagher, and that he is now reaping his eternal reward is the fervent prayer of all who know and appreciate the many noble qualities of head and heart of this good and holy priest.

The death is announced of the famous Abbé Michaelis, director of the College of Philosophy at Louvain, previous to the establishment of the Belgian Kingdom in 1830.

Rev. Joseph F. Gallagher, pastor of the Church of the Holy Name, of Cleveland, O., and for twenty-one years one of the most prominent priests of that diocese, died Saturday, Jan. 30, of pneumonia, aged forty-nine years.

The Rev. John Dunn, D.D., died suddenly at Wilkesbarre, Pa., recently, of pneumonia, aged thirty-eight years. He was a pulpit orator of unusual ability. In August, 1877, his name was heralded throughout the country. The first of August was a very dark day for Scranton. The great strike of the steel workers was at its height. At 11 A.M., the strikers, to the number of five hundred, met in an open lot adjoining the silk mills. Speeches of the most inflammatory character were made, and it was finally resolved to march to the steel mill, burn it down, and then go to the Dickson Iron Works and compel the men there to quit work. Mayor McCune, summoning the whole police force and the militia to the rescue, awaited the coming of the strikers, who were now turned into a howling mob. Soon they appeared armed with sticks and stones, and when they caught sight of the militia they commenced to hurl stones at them. Mayor McCune mounted a box and read the riot act. This only infuriated the mob, and the cry went up, "Kill the Mayor!" The greatest excitement followed, and the mayor was in danger of his life, when Father Dunn, then pastor of the Cathedral, arrived on the scene. He mounted the box just vacated by the mayor and cried out: "Men, remember that you are men!" These words and the sight of the priest came like a thunderbolt upon the mob, and in an instant its fury was spent. Father Dunn then told the strikers in words of glowing eloquence that nothing could be gained by bloodshed and destruction of property. The mob then dispersed and peace reigned once more. At a meeting of citizens held shortly afterward, Father Dunn was thanked for the part he took in saving life and property, and Mayor McCune presented him with a gold-headed cane. In 1879 Father Dunn entered the American College at Rome, where he remained three years. He visited the Pyramids, and on St. Patrick's day unfurled the flag of Ireland on one of them. Dr. Dunn also celebrated Mass on the supposed site of the birthplace of the Saviour in Bethlehem.

Rev. William Walter Power, pastor of St. Patrick's Church, Joliet, Ill., died of Bright's disease in that city. He was for a short time pastor of St. Patrick's Church, in Chicago, and was 55 years of age.

---

### **BROTHER.**

Brother John Lynch, S. J., died at St. Mary's residence, Cooper St., Boston. He was a native of the county Tyrone, Ire., born July 25, 1802, and entered the Society of Jesus in 1837. He came to Boston with the venerable Father McElroy in 1847, and has lived here ever since. As sacristan of the church and procurator of the church and residence of St. Mary's for thirty-nine years, he endeared himself to the clergy and the people by his many virtues and great piety. May he rest in peace.

---

### **SISTER.**

Sister Mary, of St. Odilla (Parson), of the Sisters of Our Lady of Charity of the Good Shepherd, departed this life on the 10th of January, at the monastery in Newark, N. J. May she rest in peace!

Sister Mary Cecilia Moore, connected with the Academy of Notre Dame, Lowell, died on the

On Sunday, the 10th of January, Sister Monica (known in the world as Miss Barbara O'Brien) died in the Ursuline Convent, Valle Crucis, near Columbia, S. C. She was fifty-three years old, and had been a lay sister for twenty-four years. May she rest in peace.

---

## LAY PEOPLE.

DEATH OF HON. JOHN RYAN.—January 27, there died at his home in St. Louis, Hon. John Ryan, a gentleman who is well known to many of the older leading citizens of St. Louis. Mr. Ryan was born in Kilkenny, Ireland, eighty years ago, and came in early manhood to the United States, where, in Connecticut first, he soon achieved prominence in public life. Migrating to the West he first settled at Decatur, Ill., where he published a daily paper for some years as well as keeping up his connection with the Irish newspaper press of the East. For seven years he held the office of postmaster at Decatur, after which he came to Missouri, where he served two terms in the State Legislature with honor. The deceased gentleman leaves a widow and seven of the thirteen children that were born to him, among these being Mr. Frank K. Ryan, the attorney, formerly County Land Commissioner and recently elected to the Presidency of the Knights of St. Patrick. The other surviving sons are in business here. One of those deceased, Col. George Ryan, who was killed at the head of his regiment, the One Hundred and Fortieth New York, in Virginia, was a classmate at West Point of Governor Marmaduke. And what is better than all, he was a true Irishman and devoted Catholic, and as such was a shining example through life. In public life he was above reproach and in private possessed all those endearing qualities necessary to lasting friendship. He was, in the true sense of the word, "self made," having acquired all he possessed through his own endeavors.

Mr. John McCane, Loyalist member of Parliament-elect for the middle division of Armagh, is dead. Mr. McCane was the guarantor for Mr. Philip Callan, in the latter's petition to unseat Colonel Nolan, the Nationalist member of Parliament from the north division of Louth.

Mr. William Doherty, who had been ill with heart disease for some time past, died Saturday night, January 16, at his residence, 142 Edmonson Avenue, Baltimore, in the eighty-sixth year of his age.

---

THE ROYAL BAKER AND PASTRY BOOK.—A Royal addition to the kitchen library. It contains over seven hundred receipts pertaining to every branch of the culinary department, including baking, roasting, preserving, soups, cakes, jellies, pastry, and all kinds of sweet meats, with receipts for the most delicious candies, cordials, beverages, and all other necessary knowledge for the *chef de cuisine* of the most exacting epicure, as well as for the more modest housewife, who desires to prepare a repast that shall be both wholesome and economical. With each receipt is given full and explicit directions for putting together, manipulating, shaping, baking, the kind of utensils to be used, so that a novice can go through the operation with success; while a special and important feature is made of the mode of preparing all kinds of food and delicacies for the sick. The book has been prepared under the direction of Prof. Rudmani, late *chef* of the New York Cooking School, and is the most valuable of the recent editions upon the subject of cookery that has come to our notice. It is gotten up in the highest style of the printer's art, on illuminated covers, etc. A copy will be sent as a gift to every reader of this MAGAZINE, who will send their address to the Royal Baking Powder Co., 106 Wall Street, New York, who are the publishers of the book, stating that they saw the notice in this MAGAZINE.

SECRET SOCIETIES.—A bold and noble stand against secret societies has been taken by General Pacheco, the new President of the South American Republic of Bolivia, and one which stamps him with the superiority of Christianity and manhood among princes and rulers. He declares himself a practical Catholic, and the unyielding foe of secret societies. Finding that Freemasonry was making way in the Bolivian army he has issued the following decree: "Bolivia being a Catholic country, and Freemasonry being entirely at variance with the teachings of the Catholic religion, no man will henceforth be allowed to hold an officer's commission in the Bolivian army, who is known to belong to a Masonic lodge."

---

## FOOTNOTES:

- [1] Clear the Road.
- [2] At this battle of Fredericksburg, the Nineteenth Massachusetts Volunteers, for the time being, became the Faugh-a-Ballaghs—"clear the road." It was they that went in boats across the river and with assistance cleared the Confederates from the rifle pits in the lower streets of the town, and thus admitted the laying of pontoon bridges over which passed the troops to charge the Heights. The Nineteenth had many Irishmen in it.
- [3] It is curious that our English prayer-books leave out that word "three." The French follow the original Latin.—TR.

- [4] "Vagrant Verses." By Rosa Mulholland. London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.
- [5] Translated for the *Catholic Universe* by Rev. Dr. Mahar from the Latin text of the *Osservatore Romano*, Dec. 25, 1885.

Transcriber's Notes:

Punctuation and obvious spelling errors repaired. Unusual period spellings and grammatical usages were retained (e.g. Phenix, millionnaires, ivied, employés, clock times using period rather than colon).

Beginning P. 289, "Notes on Current Topics" through the end of the text, the original placed minor (shorter) thought breaks between each separate entry, including single paragraph entries. Transcriber has retained only the major thought breaks, and thought breaks indicating the beginning and end of multi-paragraph entries.

P. 223, "A Chapter of Irish History in Boston"—throughout this article, the ends of sentences form the section heading for what follows. These were retained as in the original, so the paragraphs before those section headings do not show concluding punctuation.

P. 242, "Asinara(?)"—this parenthetical question mark was present in the original.

P. 250, Change in stanza indentation retained as in original.

P. 277, "in laying bare"—original reads "bear."

P. 291, reference to Thomas Gill article in *North American Review*. Total tenant farmers in United Kingdom corrected to 1,069,127 (original reads 1,079,127). United States tenant farmers in excess of that number corrected to 250,000 (original reads 50,000). Corrections based on review of referenced article as published (Thomas P. Gill, "Landlordism in America," *North American Review*, Vol. 142, Issue 350, January 1886, p. 52-68).

P. 294, "line of eligibility"—original reads "illegibility."

Both "farm-house" and "farmhouse", north-west and northwest were used (different articles).

\*\*\* END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, VOLUME 15, NO. 3,  
MARCH 1886 \*\*\*

Updated editions will replace the previous one—the old editions will be renamed.

Creating the works from print editions not protected by U.S. copyright law means that no one owns a United States copyright in these works, so the Foundation (and you!) can copy and distribute it in the United States without permission and without paying copyright royalties. Special rules, set forth in the General Terms of Use part of this license, apply to copying and distributing Project Gutenberg™ electronic works to protect the PROJECT GUTENBERG™ concept and trademark. Project Gutenberg is a registered trademark, and may not be used if you charge for an eBook, except by following the terms of the trademark license, including paying royalties for use of the Project Gutenberg trademark. If you do not charge anything for copies of this eBook, complying with the trademark license is very easy. You may use this eBook for nearly any purpose such as creation of derivative works, reports, performances and research. Project Gutenberg eBooks may be modified and printed and given away—you may do practically ANYTHING in the United States with eBooks not protected by U.S. copyright law. Redistribution is subject to the trademark license, especially commercial redistribution.

START: FULL LICENSE  
THE FULL PROJECT GUTENBERG LICENSE  
PLEASE READ THIS BEFORE YOU DISTRIBUTE OR USE THIS WORK

To protect the Project Gutenberg™ mission of promoting the free distribution of electronic works, by using or distributing this work (or any other work associated in any way with the phrase "Project Gutenberg"), you agree to comply with all the terms of the Full Project Gutenberg™ License available with this file or online at [www.gutenberg.org/license](http://www.gutenberg.org/license).

**Section 1. General Terms of Use and Redistributing Project Gutenberg™ electronic works**

1.A. By reading or using any part of this Project Gutenberg™ electronic work, you indicate that you have read, understand, agree to and accept all the terms of this license and intellectual property (trademark/copyright) agreement. If you do not agree to abide by all the terms of this agreement, you must cease using and return or destroy all copies of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works in your possession. If you paid a fee for obtaining a copy of or access to a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work and you do not agree to be bound by the terms of this agreement, you may obtain a refund from the person or entity to whom you paid

the fee as set forth in paragraph 1.E.8.

1.B. "Project Gutenberg" is a registered trademark. It may only be used on or associated in any way with an electronic work by people who agree to be bound by the terms of this agreement. There are a few things that you can do with most Project Gutenberg™ electronic works even without complying with the full terms of this agreement. See paragraph 1.C below. There are a lot of things you can do with Project Gutenberg™ electronic works if you follow the terms of this agreement and help preserve free future access to Project Gutenberg™ electronic works. See paragraph 1.E below.

1.C. The Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation ("the Foundation" or PGLAF), owns a compilation copyright in the collection of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works. Nearly all the individual works in the collection are in the public domain in the United States. If an individual work is unprotected by copyright law in the United States and you are located in the United States, we do not claim a right to prevent you from copying, distributing, performing, displaying or creating derivative works based on the work as long as all references to Project Gutenberg are removed. Of course, we hope that you will support the Project Gutenberg™ mission of promoting free access to electronic works by freely sharing Project Gutenberg™ works in compliance with the terms of this agreement for keeping the Project Gutenberg™ name associated with the work. You can easily comply with the terms of this agreement by keeping this work in the same format with its attached full Project Gutenberg™ License when you share it without charge with others.

1.D. The copyright laws of the place where you are located also govern what you can do with this work. Copyright laws in most countries are in a constant state of change. If you are outside the United States, check the laws of your country in addition to the terms of this agreement before downloading, copying, displaying, performing, distributing or creating derivative works based on this work or any other Project Gutenberg™ work. The Foundation makes no representations concerning the copyright status of any work in any country other than the United States.

1.E. Unless you have removed all references to Project Gutenberg:

1.E.1. The following sentence, with active links to, or other immediate access to, the full Project Gutenberg™ License must appear prominently whenever any copy of a Project Gutenberg™ work (any work on which the phrase "Project Gutenberg" appears, or with which the phrase "Project Gutenberg" is associated) is accessed, displayed, performed, viewed, copied or distributed:

This eBook is for the use of anyone anywhere in the United States and most other parts of the world at no cost and with almost no restrictions whatsoever. You may copy it, give it away or re-use it under the terms of the Project Gutenberg License included with this eBook or online at [www.gutenberg.org](http://www.gutenberg.org). If you are not located in the United States, you will have to check the laws of the country where you are located before using this eBook.

1.E.2. If an individual Project Gutenberg™ electronic work is derived from texts not protected by U.S. copyright law (does not contain a notice indicating that it is posted with permission of the copyright holder), the work can be copied and distributed to anyone in the United States without paying any fees or charges. If you are redistributing or providing access to a work with the phrase "Project Gutenberg" associated with or appearing on the work, you must comply either with the requirements of paragraphs 1.E.1 through 1.E.7 or obtain permission for the use of the work and the Project Gutenberg™ trademark as set forth in paragraphs 1.E.8 or 1.E.9.

1.E.3. If an individual Project Gutenberg™ electronic work is posted with the permission of the copyright holder, your use and distribution must comply with both paragraphs 1.E.1 through 1.E.7 and any additional terms imposed by the copyright holder. Additional terms will be linked to the Project Gutenberg™ License for all works posted with the permission of the copyright holder found at the beginning of this work.

1.E.4. Do not unlink or detach or remove the full Project Gutenberg™ License terms from this work, or any files containing a part of this work or any other work associated with Project Gutenberg™.

1.E.5. Do not copy, display, perform, distribute or redistribute this electronic work, or any part of this electronic work, without prominently displaying the sentence set forth in paragraph 1.E.1 with active links or immediate access to the full terms of the Project Gutenberg™ License.

1.E.6. You may convert to and distribute this work in any binary, compressed, marked up, nonproprietary or proprietary form, including any word processing or hypertext form. However, if you provide access to or distribute copies of a Project Gutenberg™ work in a format other than "Plain Vanilla ASCII" or other format used in the official version posted on the official Project Gutenberg™ website ([www.gutenberg.org](http://www.gutenberg.org)), you must, at no additional cost, fee or expense to the user, provide a copy, a means of exporting a copy, or a means of

obtaining a copy upon request, of the work in its original "Plain Vanilla ASCII" or other form. Any alternate format must include the full Project Gutenberg™ License as specified in paragraph 1.E.1.

1.E.7. Do not charge a fee for access to, viewing, displaying, performing, copying or distributing any Project Gutenberg™ works unless you comply with paragraph 1.E.8 or 1.E.9.

1.E.8. You may charge a reasonable fee for copies of or providing access to or distributing Project Gutenberg™ electronic works provided that:

- You pay a royalty fee of 20% of the gross profits you derive from the use of Project Gutenberg™ works calculated using the method you already use to calculate your applicable taxes. The fee is owed to the owner of the Project Gutenberg™ trademark, but he has agreed to donate royalties under this paragraph to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation. Royalty payments must be paid within 60 days following each date on which you prepare (or are legally required to prepare) your periodic tax returns. Royalty payments should be clearly marked as such and sent to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation at the address specified in Section 4, "Information about donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation."
- You provide a full refund of any money paid by a user who notifies you in writing (or by e-mail) within 30 days of receipt that s/he does not agree to the terms of the full Project Gutenberg™ License. You must require such a user to return or destroy all copies of the works possessed in a physical medium and discontinue all use of and all access to other copies of Project Gutenberg™ works.
- You provide, in accordance with paragraph 1.F.3, a full refund of any money paid for a work or a replacement copy, if a defect in the electronic work is discovered and reported to you within 90 days of receipt of the work.
- You comply with all other terms of this agreement for free distribution of Project Gutenberg™ works.

1.E.9. If you wish to charge a fee or distribute a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work or group of works on different terms than are set forth in this agreement, you must obtain permission in writing from the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, the manager of the Project Gutenberg™ trademark. Contact the Foundation as set forth in Section 3 below.

1.F.

1.F.1. Project Gutenberg volunteers and employees expend considerable effort to identify, do copyright research on, transcribe and proofread works not protected by U.S. copyright law in creating the Project Gutenberg™ collection. Despite these efforts, Project Gutenberg™ electronic works, and the medium on which they may be stored, may contain "Defects," such as, but not limited to, incomplete, inaccurate or corrupt data, transcription errors, a copyright or other intellectual property infringement, a defective or damaged disk or other medium, a computer virus, or computer codes that damage or cannot be read by your equipment.

1.F.2. LIMITED WARRANTY, DISCLAIMER OF DAMAGES - Except for the "Right of Replacement or Refund" described in paragraph 1.F.3, the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, the owner of the Project Gutenberg™ trademark, and any other party distributing a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work under this agreement, disclaim all liability to you for damages, costs and expenses, including legal fees. YOU AGREE THAT YOU HAVE NO REMEDIES FOR NEGLIGENCE, STRICT LIABILITY, BREACH OF WARRANTY OR BREACH OF CONTRACT EXCEPT THOSE PROVIDED IN PARAGRAPH 1.F.3. YOU AGREE THAT THE FOUNDATION, THE TRADEMARK OWNER, AND ANY DISTRIBUTOR UNDER THIS AGREEMENT WILL NOT BE LIABLE TO YOU FOR ACTUAL, DIRECT, INDIRECT, CONSEQUENTIAL, PUNITIVE OR INCIDENTAL DAMAGES EVEN IF YOU GIVE NOTICE OF THE POSSIBILITY OF SUCH DAMAGE.

1.F.3. LIMITED RIGHT OF REPLACEMENT OR REFUND - If you discover a defect in this electronic work within 90 days of receiving it, you can receive a refund of the money (if any) you paid for it by sending a written explanation to the person you received the work from. If you received the work on a physical medium, you must return the medium with your written explanation. The person or entity that provided you with the defective work may elect to provide a replacement copy in lieu of a refund. If you received the work electronically, the person or entity providing it to you may choose to give you a second opportunity to receive the work electronically in lieu of a refund. If the second copy is also defective, you may demand a refund in writing without further opportunities to fix the problem.

1.F.4. Except for the limited right of replacement or refund set forth in paragraph 1.F.3, this work is provided to you 'AS-IS', WITH NO OTHER WARRANTIES OF ANY KIND, EXPRESS OR IMPLIED, INCLUDING BUT NOT LIMITED TO WARRANTIES OF MERCHANTABILITY OR FITNESS FOR ANY PURPOSE.

1.F.5. Some states do not allow disclaimers of certain implied warranties or the exclusion or limitation of certain types of damages. If any disclaimer or limitation set forth in this agreement violates the law of the state applicable to this agreement, the agreement shall be interpreted to make the maximum disclaimer or limitation permitted by the applicable state law. The invalidity or unenforceability of any provision of this agreement shall not void the remaining provisions.

1.F.6. INDEMNITY - You agree to indemnify and hold the Foundation, the trademark owner, any agent or employee of the Foundation, anyone providing copies of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works in accordance with this agreement, and any volunteers associated with the production, promotion and distribution of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works, harmless from all liability, costs and expenses, including legal fees, that arise directly or indirectly from any of the following which you do or cause to occur: (a) distribution of this or any Project Gutenberg™ work, (b) alteration, modification, or additions or deletions to any Project Gutenberg™ work, and (c) any Defect you cause.

## **Section 2. Information about the Mission of Project Gutenberg™**

Project Gutenberg™ is synonymous with the free distribution of electronic works in formats readable by the widest variety of computers including obsolete, old, middle-aged and new computers. It exists because of the efforts of hundreds of volunteers and donations from people in all walks of life.

Volunteers and financial support to provide volunteers with the assistance they need are critical to reaching Project Gutenberg™'s goals and ensuring that the Project Gutenberg™ collection will remain freely available for generations to come. In 2001, the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation was created to provide a secure and permanent future for Project Gutenberg™ and future generations. To learn more about the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation and how your efforts and donations can help, see Sections 3 and 4 and the Foundation information page at [www.gutenberg.org](http://www.gutenberg.org).

## **Section 3. Information about the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation**

The Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation is a non-profit 501(c)(3) educational corporation organized under the laws of the state of Mississippi and granted tax exempt status by the Internal Revenue Service. The Foundation's EIN or federal tax identification number is 64-6221541. Contributions to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation are tax deductible to the full extent permitted by U.S. federal laws and your state's laws.

The Foundation's business office is located at 809 North 1500 West, Salt Lake City, UT 84116, (801) 596-1887. Email contact links and up to date contact information can be found at the Foundation's website and official page at [www.gutenberg.org/contact](http://www.gutenberg.org/contact)

## **Section 4. Information about Donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation**

Project Gutenberg™ depends upon and cannot survive without widespread public support and donations to carry out its mission of increasing the number of public domain and licensed works that can be freely distributed in machine-readable form accessible by the widest array of equipment including outdated equipment. Many small donations (\$1 to \$5,000) are particularly important to maintaining tax exempt status with the IRS.

The Foundation is committed to complying with the laws regulating charities and charitable donations in all 50 states of the United States. Compliance requirements are not uniform and it takes a considerable effort, much paperwork and many fees to meet and keep up with these requirements. We do not solicit donations in locations where we have not received written confirmation of compliance. To SEND DONATIONS or determine the status of compliance for any particular state visit [www.gutenberg.org/donate](http://www.gutenberg.org/donate).

While we cannot and do not solicit contributions from states where we have not met the solicitation requirements, we know of no prohibition against accepting unsolicited donations from donors in such states who approach us with offers to donate.

International donations are gratefully accepted, but we cannot make any statements concerning tax treatment of donations received from outside the United States. U.S. laws alone swamp our small staff.

Please check the Project Gutenberg web pages for current donation methods and addresses. Donations are accepted in a number of other ways including checks, online payments and credit card donations. To donate, please visit: [www.gutenberg.org/donate](http://www.gutenberg.org/donate)

## **Section 5. General Information About Project Gutenberg™ electronic works**



Professor Michael S. Hart was the originator of the Project Gutenberg™ concept of a library of electronic works that could be freely shared with anyone. For forty years, he produced and distributed Project Gutenberg™ eBooks with only a loose network of volunteer support.

Project Gutenberg™ eBooks are often created from several printed editions, all of which are confirmed as not protected by copyright in the U.S. unless a copyright notice is included. Thus, we do not necessarily keep eBooks in compliance with any particular paper edition.

Most people start at our website which has the main PG search facility: [www.gutenberg.org](http://www.gutenberg.org).

This website includes information about Project Gutenberg™, including how to make donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, how to help produce our new eBooks, and how to subscribe to our email newsletter to hear about new eBooks.