

IRISH PARLIAMENT.

FEW CHANGES IN THE NOBLE EDIFICE IN COLLEGE GREEN.

Here the Voices of Curran and Grattan Were Heard in Their Country's Behalf. Description of the Final Scene in the House of Commons—Foster's Emotion.

It is now close upon a century since last an Irish parliament assembled in Dublin, but much as the surroundings have doubtless altered time has wrought but few changes upon the noble edifice in College green, where such men as Grattan, Curran, Flood and Daly exerted all their eloquence in their country's cause. In consequence of the decayed condition of the old building, which had formerly been the town residence of the Chichester family, it was determined to erect a house better adapted for the accommodation of the lords and commons.

Designs were called for, and that sent in by Mr. Penrose, the architect to the board of works, was selected. On Feb. 3, 1728, the foundation stone of the new



OLD PARLIAMENT BUILDING.

building was laid by Lord Carteret, the lord lieutenant, who went in procession from the castle to College green, surrounded by a brilliant assemblage of judges, peers, members of parliament and clergy, and escorted by detachments of horse and foot.

The general elevation of the building is simple, yet graceful. The principal front, which looks toward College green, is a colonnade in the Ionic order, and consists of a facade and two projecting wings. The erection of this grand colonnade alone occupied 10 years, and cost £12,000. In the tympanum are the royal arms, and above this the directors of the bank have placed three female figures, elegantly sculptured, emblematic of Hibernia, Commerce and Fidelity. The chief public apartments within this part of the building were the house of commons and the house of lords, besides lobbies and committee rooms.

The house of commons before the fire in 1792 was circular, with a domed roof, which led the irreverent to apply to it the nickname of "The Goose Pie." After the fire the chamber was reconstructed as an octagon in the square. The benches were arranged round the room in concentric tiers, seats for strangers being provided in a gallery in the upper part in the spaces between the pillars on alternate sides of the octagon.

Of the commons chamber itself no vestige remains, but a beautiful corridor which surrounded it exists and indicates to us the dimensions of the old house, which was demolished in 1808 by the bank directors, who erected various offices on the site.

A few relics of the commons are scattered about Ireland. The speaker's chair is at Antrim castle, the seat of Lord Massereene, a descendant of John Foster, the last speaker of the Irish parliament. Barrington thus describes the final scene in the house of commons and Foster's emotion: "When he pronounced the fatal sentence, 'The ayes have it,' for an instant he stood statue-like. Then indignantly and with disgust he flung the bill upon the table and sank into his chair with an exhausted spirit. He declined to surrender the mace of the house of commons, declaring that until the body that intrusted it to his keeping demanded he would preserve it for them," and it is now in the library at Antrim castle along with the speaker's chair. The chandelier which hung in the commons chamber is now in the great library at Trinity college. Beyond these little remains to remind us of the past.

The house of lords, however, has been more fortunate. In the first place, the room remains in almost the same condition as it was 100 years ago. In form it is a rectangle, measures 40 feet by 80, with a recess for the viceroy's throne. The walls are paneled, and above the fireplace hangs a fine piece of tapestry, the "Crossing of the Boyne," with a corresponding one of the "Siege of Derry" on the wall opposite. These tapestries were executed by one Robert Baillie in 1828 and formed part of a scheme of six tapestries, intended for the ornamentation of the house of parliament. These two only were ordered at a cost of £436, much to the chagrin of Baillie, who had been put to considerable expense for the designs and workmen.

The tables and chairs remain as they were, but the viceroy's throne has been removed and is now in possession of the Royal Dublin society. It has been slightly altered to suit its present use as the "chair" in the society's boardroom. In its place in the house of lords is a statue of George III in marble. A feature of this department is the magnificent mantelpiece of very handsome carved oak. The roof is also fine, particularly in the alcoves at either end of the room.

The entrance to the house of lords was at the eastern front in College street. This front consists of six elegant Corinthian pillars, supporting an entablature and pediment. This portico makes the line to which the houses of parliament extended on this side, and the western portico in Foster place was likewise the termination on that side. The lofty arch in College street and the corresponding arch in Foster place, as well as the building occupied by the military guard and the gateway leading thereto, are additions made to the building by the government and company of the Bank of Ireland, who acquired it after the union for £100,000 and a rent of £240 per annum.

It is a matter of regret that the directors of the bank in the earlier part of the century did not see their way to preserve the commons chamber in its

A SUNDAY IN ROME.

FESTIVAL OF ST. IGNATIUS IN THE CHURCH OF THE GESU.

Interesting Account of the Beginning of a Festal Week in the Eternal City. Scenes at the Tomb of the Founder of the Society of Jesus.

The following is a portion of a very interesting letter from Rome:

"This has been a week of festal, commencing with that of St. Ignatius at the Gesu, and ending with that of Our Lady of the Snow at Sta. Maria Maggiore. We cannot but feel that of our countrymen—Romans, too, for that matter—who fly, and perhaps wisely, the dangers of a Roman summer, lose a great deal by so doing. So far—and we are at the fifth of August—we have not found the Roman heat intolerable.

In a house situated on one of its hills, and on the terrace of which (unless the day is hopelessly given over to "Si-rocco" insinuating itself everywhere and quite equal to a thorough London fog in its depressing influence) one can enjoy a veritable sea breeze of delicious coolness, and this at the hottest time of the day—between 2 and 3 p. m.—by adopting the ordinary precautions of the dwellers in hot climes, it is possible to keep fairly cool, even when the sun is "in the lion." In any case we had reason to congratulate ourselves that we were not of the number of the timorous who had flown, when on Sunday we hastened to celebrate the festival of St. Ignatius by assisting at first vespers in the grand old Church of the Gesu.

But if we could congratulate ourselves on this point truth compels us to state that we had no reason to compliment ourselves on having performed an act of heroic self abnegation, for we found what we can only call en masse a countless multitude, which choice or necessity—who knows?—had kept in Rome, despite the powerful temptations offered by flaming posters all about us announcing various "Gite di Piacere" at ridiculously moderate fares. The church was not merely full, it was more than full, and the crowd overflowed on to the broad steps and the broader piazza, the former already invaded by the numberless sellers of objects of piety and by the blind, the lame, etc., those objects of pity who keep alive at every festa charity in the hearts of the devout and exercise them in almsgiving.

The church, brilliantly illuminated with wax candles supported by the chandeliers of glass, shading many tints, which play so conspicuous and effective a part in all Italian church decorations, ranged everywhere with tasteful prodigality often in three rows, tier above tier. Of the tomb of St. Ignatius—what can we say? Those of our readers who have not actually seen it have heard or read minute descriptions of the same and doubtless more than once.

At first sight it appeared but as a blaze of softened brilliancy and a galaxy of flowers—one is almost dazzled. But when the eye grows accustomed to the light we realize the grace and beauty of every detail of this altar, which is that of the most holy sacrament. High above is the statue of solid silver, more than life size, of the holy founder of the Society of Jesus, clothed in the sacred vestments studded with precious stones. This, with its beautiful surroundings of rare sculpture and precious metals, the marble balustrades wreathed and festooned with flowers, formed a brilliant picture, the effect of which was not lessened by groups of students of the German college, in scarlet cassocks, kneeling about the tomb (the ashes of St. Ignatius rest beneath this altar).

Students from other colleges and many religious were also kneeling about the altar, and crowds of the Roman populace filled the building, but at no time was there any mark of a want of devotion or respect, though the little children, as they are accustomed to do in Italy, wandered about the church as they pleased, no one chiding or restraining them, sometimes joining their baby hands to pray, but oftener strolling from altar to altar hand in hand.

Again, some at least among our readers must have experienced in themselves the effects and the train of thoughts produced by one or any of the grand ceremonial of religion in the principal churches of Rome. Some perhaps have realized, and possibly in this very sanctuary, consecrated by so many holy memories, that our good God does not despise the outward splendor with which his children would pay him homage. He is pleased to accept it, little and poor as that is in reality which appears to us much. Yet because it is the expression of love it is pleasing to him. So we felt here.

There was scarcely a corner of the building which was not decorated with an especial care. Rich draperies of crimson silk and cloth of gold were festooned from pillar to pillar and hung the walls—everything was arranged with admirable care and order. Nor must we forget to mention the Lady chapel rich in relics and ex-voto offerings. Here the prodigious picture known as the "Madonna della Strada" is exposed. Vespers, the first vespers of the feast, were being sung, accompanied by very soft strains of music from the organ, some of the first artists in Rome giving their services.

Speaking afterward to an English lady, a recent convert, who was also present, she assured me that there was nothing which gave her so much real pleasure nor in which she found more devotion than in the festal of the Roman churches—the people seem so thoroughly to realize that they are in their "Father's house." We visited also the rooms of St. Ignatius in the Via San Vitale. Here he often received St. Philip Neri and the saints who were his contemporaries. The little room, though now converted into a chapel, is essentially little altered from the time St. Ignatius inhabited it.—New World.

THE CARDINAL'S SPEECH.

His Eminence Opens the Catholic Congress in Chicago.

He Counsels Unity in Essentials, Liberty in Doubtful Things, and Charity in All Things—Chicago Should Be Called the City of Lofty Inspirations.

The following is the address of his Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons, in opening the great Catholic Congress in Chicago.

"What an inspiring and consoling spectacle is this! Whether I consider the vastness of your numbers, or your representative character—for you represent almost every State and Diocese and city of the Union—or whether I contemplate the intelligence which beams on your faces, I cannot but exclaim—this is a sight well calculated to bring joy and gladness to the hearts of American Catholics.

"During the past four months, millions of visitors have come from all parts of the United States; nay, from every quarter of the globe, to contemplate on the Exposition grounds the wonderful works of man. They knew not which to admire most—the colossal dimensions of the buildings, or their architectural beauty, or the treasures of art which they contained. The caskets and gems were well worthy of the nineteenth century, worthy of the nations that brought them, worthy of the indomitable spirit of Chicago. Let us no longer call Chicago the Windy City, but instead the City of Lofty Inspirations. Let us no longer call Chicago Porkopolis. Let us anachronize her with another name; let me call her Thaumtopolis, the City of Wonders, the City of Miracles. And I think that Mr. Davis (his associate) may be called the Thaumaturgus of the Columbian Exposition enterprise.

"But while other visitors have come to contemplate with admiration the wonderful works of man, with the image of God stamped upon them, you have come here to contemplate man himself—the most wonderful work of God, with the image of God stamped upon him.

"Others are studying what man has accomplished in the material world. You are to study what man can accomplish in the almost boundless possibilities of his spiritual and intellectual nature. You will take counsel together to consider the best means for promoting the religious and moral, the social and economic well-being of your fellow citizens.

"It is true indeed, that your deliberations will not be stamped with the authority of Legislative enactments, like the proceedings of Congress, and the decrees of a National Council. Nevertheless they will go far towards enlightening public opinion and moulding and shaping public thought on the great religious, moral and social questions of the day.

"When I look into your earnest and intelligent faces, I am almost deterred from imparting to you any words of admonition. But you know well that we clergymen are in the habit of drifting unconsciously into the region of exhortation. Justas financiers drift into the region of dollars and cents and figures, I may be pardoned, therefore, for giving you a word of advice. In all your discussions be ever mindful of the saying of St. Vincent Lerins: 'In necessariis unitas, in dubiis libertas, in omnibus caritas.' Happily for you children of the church, you have nothing to discuss in matters of faith, for your faith is fixed and determined by the Divine Legislator, and we can not improve on the Creed of Him who is 'The way, the truth, and the life.' But between the calm and luminous region of faith and the dark and chaotic region of error there lies a vast field for free discussion. I should be very sorry that any member of this Congress should attempt to circumscribe this free space by erecting his little fence of Ipse Dixit, and saying to all others—I am Sir Oracle; thus far you shall come and to further.

"Let all your proceedings be marked by courtesy and charity and a spirit of Christian forbearance towards each other. Never descend to personalities. Many a delicious speech has lost its savor and been turned into gall because of few drops of vituperation had been injected into it. The edifice of moral and social improvement which you aim to build, can never be erected on the ruins of charity.

"Perhaps the best model of courtly dignity and courtesy that I could set before you is the Hon. William Ewart Gladstone, the Grand Old Man. I happened to be in the House of Commons in 1840 when Mr. Gladstone was Prime Minister, as he is to-day. A very long debate was going on regarding taxation. The ministry were in favor of transferring a tax from the grain to the malt and relieving the farmer at the expense of the brewer. It was a measure that would bring joy to the heart of the Archbishop of St. Paul. A young lord on the opposition side was making a fiery speech to the effect that it was better to let well enough alone, and that the relations between the tax collector and the taxpayer were of an amicable character and should not be disturbed. As soon as it was announced that Mr. Gladstone was going to speak, the House was suddenly aroused from its lethargy and was inflamed with enthusiasm. He was greeted with cheers. He had spoken but a few words when he was rudely interrupted by the young lord. Mr. Gladstone gracefully bowed to his opponent, receded a step and sat down. When his Lordship had finished, Mr. Gladstone resumed his speech. He dissected his opponent with his Damascus blade. His Lordship cheerfully submitted to the operation, because the blade was pointed not with poison, but with honey. I have studied the subject of finance," said Mr. Gladstone, "under Sir Robert Peel. I have sat at his feet like Saul at the feet of Gamaliel. I am an old man and have not the sanguine temperament of my honorable young friend. And as for me, I never expect to see the day when the tax collector and the taxpayer will rush into one another's arms and embrace one another.

"God grant that our fondest anticipations of your labors may be realized, and that the invocations to-day of the Divine Blessing—which is so full of hope—may be crowned at the end of your sessions by a te deum full of joy and gratitude for the success of this Congress."

In the City of Mexico the street railway furnishes funeral cars.

FATHER REICHAUT ON LABOR.

Absolute Equality Between Man and Man Can Never Be Established.

Preaching at St. Mary's, Heaton Norris, recently, the Rev. Francis Reichart took for his text—"Is not this the carpenter the son of Mary?" (Mark vi. 3). In the course of his sermon he said, not only the importance, but the rights of the working classes were now recognized by all. Much was done by legislation and by private philanthropy for their amelioration and comfort. The higher and better classes were sincerely anxious about their welfare, and many high-born men and women spent their fortunes and talents and their time in the service of the poor and in the cause of the working people. Absolute equality between man and man never would and never could be established, but there was already a more tolerable uniformity in the lots of men; there was going on in their midst a great deal of levelling up from below and of levelling down from above. The prospect of the working classes was fairer, ready, and would be brighter in the future. The tendency of the present industrial system was towards moderate fortunes for many, and frugal comfort for all. The twentieth century would be the century of the working and toiling masses. It was sometimes said that "the rich was getting richer, and the poor was getting poorer." If that was said on a secular platform there would be those who would say, "Hear, hear." It was not true. By way of comparison the rich were getting poorer, and the poor were getting richer, and the number of the middle or comfortable classes—mostly drawn from the poor—was increasing by leaps and bounds, and beyond all compare. In 1850 there were 1,500,000 who paid income tax, and now there were about 5,000,000. Pauperism had decreased enormously, and was still decreasing. According to Mr. Mallock there were nine paupers in 1850 in every 200 of the population, in 1883 there were only five. The income of the working classes was larger than that of all other classes taken all together. They were, on the whole, prosperous, and could live in such comfort as was suited to their state, and as human beings had a claim to. For they did not mean to go back to the days and the ways of the helots of ancient Greece, nor to the condition of the present serfs of India, and the poor fellows of Egypt. From the very prosperity and intelligence of the workman of the age sprung certain dangers, some of which he would point out for them. First there was the danger of pride, licentiousness, and even selfishness—for with growing means and greater comfort were sure to come those temptations peculiar to the rich. Elementary education, too—great as were its blessings—often produced an amount of arrogance and haughtiness, twin faults against which he begged to warn them. Let them be fully convinced that humility and simplicity of manners were two virtues which should adorn the life of all men. A greater danger still was that workmen were apt to forget that they had souls to save, and that they, too, were subject to the Commandments of God and the laws of the Church. There was danger even from false humility, pretending that they were only working-men, that the practice of religion was only for the respectable, the educated, the leisured classes, that they wished religion well, but should not be expected to go to church on the Lord's Day. Irreligion was one of the most serious dangers to our working population. He could never see why working men should not be religious, why they should not be sincere and earnest Christians. Working men were now sitting in Parliament, in county and town councils, on the bench of magistrates, and why should they not take part in advancing the blessings of Christianity? What should a model workman be? He should be modest and moderate in his demands and requirements, contented with his position—a position of frugal comfort. He (the preacher), could discover no reason why the working man should not be the happiest man in the world. They should be careful and economical with their hard-earned means, steady and frugal withal. Above all, workmen—if they wished for those social blessings which are their due—must be sober men. "A workman that is a drunkard shall not be rich" (Eccles. xix. 1). He (the preacher) took it that the working people of England spent annually £100,000,000,000 sterling in intoxicating drink, and this was the ever prolific cause why so many of them could not get work, or lost their work, or disqualified themselves for work. The general depression of trade and the prevailing poverty in many quarters were to a great extent the direct effect of this dire cause—the drunkenness so lamentably prevalent among the working people, as they would clearly see from the happy results that would follow if, say only half that vast amount of money could be thrown into the market and paid away in wages to workmen engaged in new enterprises.

The will of Rev. John L. Tarpey, late of Fitchburg, Mass., has been admitted to probate. He gives \$500 to Bishop Beaven, \$100 to Rev. D. F. Feehan, his executor, and four tracts of land with buildings on, and one tract to St. John's educational society of Fitchburg. After making several small private bequests he gives the residue of his property to his mother. His estate is valued at \$10,000.

Let us cherish sympathy. By attention and exercise it may be improved in every man. It prepares the mind for receiving the impressions of virtue, and without it there can be no true politeness. Nothing can be more odious than that insensibility which wraps up a man in himself and his own concerns, and prevents his being moved with either the joys or sorrows of another.

During the present century 8,000 tons of gold have been mined the world over.

THE GARTEN REMEDIES FOR THE CURE

OF THE

Liquor, Morphine and Tobacco Habits

ARE RELIABLE!

They not only have no bad effects on the system, either during treatment or after its completion; but on the contrary the general health is improved from almost the first treatment.

Garten Gold Cure Co.,

411 & 412 Ellwanger & Barry Bldgs. ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Hollister Lumber Co., LIM. LUMBER and COAL,

106 North Goodman Street, next to N. Y. C. & H. R. R. R. Telephone 63.

The Delaware & Hudson Canal Co., LACKAWANNA COAL

W. C. DICKINSON, AGENT,

13 East Main Street, and 69 Clarissa Street.

Maguire Brothers,

Coal Dealers,

Try our Mine Pea Coal for domestic use. Price \$1.00 per ton less than regular sizes. Up-Town Office, Brewster Bldg. 187 E. Main. Yard and Office, 281 Lyell Ave. Telephone 18a.

GEO. ENGERT. BUY YOUR A. F. SCHLICK.

COAL,

OF GEO. ENGERT & CO.,

Principal Office and Yard, 306 Exchange Street. Downtown Office, Ed. McSweeney's, East Main corner South St. Paul street. Telephone 267.

BERNHARD & CASEY, Dealers in Celebrated Lehigh Valley Coal Baltimore Vein.

And also in the Helvetia Mines, Reynoldsville Basin Steam Coal,

YARD AND OFFICE, 162 ORCHARD STREET, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Hack, Coupe and Livery Stables. Fine Carryalls and Moving Vans on Hand.

City Baggage and Hack Line,

Walker S. Lee & Son, 296 and 298 Central Ave.

Telephone 534a

CHAS BRADSHAW,

SCRANTON COAL,

Dealer in

Our Pea Coal is the largest and best. \$1.00 per ton less than regular size. Yard and Office, 48 South Fitzhugh St. Telephone 148.

LOUIS EDELMAN,

Anthracite and Bituminous COAL,

Cumberland and Mt. Vernon Smithing Coals.

TELEPHONE 576. 40 North Avenue.

JOHN M. REDDINGTON,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

COAL

TELEPHONE 390. 179 WEST MAIN ST.

Send Your Book and Job Printing

TO THE

Catholic Journal Office,

327 EAST MAIN STREET.

Byrne Sells a Ladies' Tan Goat Blucher at \$2.00. See them Boots and Shoes of all kinds 25c to \$1.50 below uptown Prices. J.P. BYRNE, 408 State Street,

JUST NORTH OF BROWN ST.

John H. Ashton. Jas. Malley. ASHTON & MALLEY, FIRE INSURANCE, Old, Tried and Reliable Companies. Losses Promptly Paid Rates Reasonable OFFICE—110 Ellwanger & Barry Building, Entrance 30 State St. Rochester, N. Y.

L. HIGINBOTHAM, WOOD CUTS, AND PHOTO ENGRAVINGS. 24 State Street, Rochester, N. Y.

S. B. STUART & Co. COAL ROCHESTER SAVINGS BANK BLDG.

PATENTS

Carrots, Trade-marks, Design Patents, Copyrights, And all Patent business conducted for MODERATE FEES.

Information and advice given to inventors without charge. Address

PRESS CLAIMS CO., JOHN WEDDERBURN, Managing Attorney,

P. O. Box 463. WASHINGTON, D. C.

This Company is managed by a combination of the largest and most influential newspapers in the United States, for the express purpose of protecting their subscribers against unscrupulous and incompetent Patent Agents, and each paper printing this advertisement vouches for the responsibility and high standing of the Press Claims Company.