

A BEAUTIFUL STRAND.

Our Irish Correspondent Writes of the Beauties of Rosslare—the Brighton of Ireland.

Tragic Scenes Recalled By the Wexford Bridge.

WEXFORD, IRELAND.

From Wexford I made a run to Rosslare by train, a most beautiful seaside watering place, about six miles out, and evidently the coming place of southeast Ireland. Geographically, Rosslare should make Wexford to Ireland what London is to England. In this age of short cuts Rosslare may be destined in the near future to cut a prominent line in the highway of travel. The Wexfords have seemingly "struck oil," if they only take hold of the opportunity. Such opportunities don't come every day, and they would be lacking in energy and sagacity if they allowed this to slip by. The sea passage from Rosslare to Fishguard, Wales, takes only two and a half hours. An English company have built a fine pier at Rosslare, and a steamer has been put on between here and Bristol and Liverpool, which is but the beginning of a boom in rapid transit for southeast Ireland to England. With a new line of railway from New Ross to Waterford, which I was assured would be an accomplished fact in eighteen months, Cork and the south of Ireland generally could be brought into direct communication with Rosslare—the nearest harbor to London by several hours. Go on, Wexford! Don't lose your chance! Grasp the situation—boom it up! If, as the poet says, the "Wexford Boys" were never slack (in war), why should they be caught napping in peace and industry? Going down to the pier, I noticed the land was rather sandy and the cliffs all earth, not rocks as on the west coast. I observed on the sandy cliffs, not far from the pier, a row of wooden shanties overlooking the sea, in which a concertina sounded charmingly, and in front of which are little gardens, hedged in by small green trees resembling fig trees. It is so unlike what you see in other parts of Ireland—in fact the aspect of the place reminded me very much of the Gulf shore of southern Alabama and Mississippi. But what told me that I was still in Ireland were the blooming cheeks of the girls, of whom there were a good many around, as it was Sunday and an excursion day. Walking out over the wooden causeway to the big cement pier, I fancied myself once again at Oakland, California. The railway runs right down on the pier, where cattle and other produce are shipped. Tuscar Rock Lighthouse, eight miles south, is seen from here. It is probable that in the fight with Southampton for the carriage of the American mails Rosslare may ere long have a good deal to say. I walked back from the pier to Rosslare, about three English miles, by the circular beach, and a lovelier strand I have never seen, consisting of the finest white sand. The strand extends five miles north of Rosslare, as far as the point or fort, comprising altogether eight miles of one of the finest strands around the borders of Erin. What causes a visitor to marvel is how it has remained so long almost a terra incognita to health and pleasure seekers. Rosslare is said to be a good deal superior to Brighton strand. If the English or Americans had such a place it would be worth millions of dollars to them and long ago boomed up to the skies. Now, you rich Irishmen in America, here is an opening for capital—real estate and building at Rosslare. You have eight miles of coast line to build on and—well, a gold mine at your feet! As the train pulled up at Wexford on our return, a crowd of Wexford boys struck up the "Swanee River," which they continued while marching through the town.

A curious coincidence, I thought—the impression I gained of the resemblance of Rosslare to Alabama. The "Swanee River" went nicely beside the Slaney River, and as I sat at the windows at White Hotel, listening to the charming air, I could almost fancy myself once again at Mobile, where many a time I was delighted with the "Swanee River." Standing on the Old Bridge of Wexford, just opposite the town, one can't help thinking what secrets are hidden away beneath those dark waters of the Slaney's mouth. If ever there was a bridge with a tragic story it is the old Wexford Bridge. The tale of human butchery of

which this old bridge was the scene after the rebellion was suppressed it too revolting to repeat. It hardly has a parallel even in Irish history. Death was not enough for the poor "Croppers" who fell into the hands of the British, but every species of outrage was perpetrated on their mangled corpses—their heads spiked and bodies thrown into the river. It is to be regretted that similar scenes were enacted by the insurgents by way of retaliation during the time that Wexford was in their hands. The best view of Wexford is obtained from the opposite side of the river, just where the causeway or remains of the old bridge juts out into the Slaney. The town is very pleasantly situated on rising ground, charmingly wooded, and the beauty of the picture is heightened by the intense green of the slopes.

The average Englishman's knowledge(?) of Ireland was strikingly and indeed ridiculously displayed at the breakfast table at White's Hotel during my stay there. The Englishman in question had been touring in the west of Ireland, and he talked pretty loudly while he heaped himself to bacon and eggs. Asked as to the places he had seen, he could not remember the name of even one place! He did not even know the name of the province! But, yes, he believed the name of one province was Killarney! No—he did not know where Wexford was, until he got there, whether it was in the north or the south. His sympathy for the country was evidently about equal to his knowledge of it.

EDMUND D. WHELAN

LOSSES TO THE CHURCH.

The heaviest losses which the Church in this country has sustained in her membership is due to the scarcity of priests and churches, says Bishop Richter in a letter to priest, and people of the diocese of Grand Rapids. "In places," he continues, "which are far from priest and church, the regular practice of religion is difficult. Missing Mass often on Sundays and holidays of obligation, hearing the Word of God but seldom, approaching the Sacraments rarely, although they happen without grievous guilt, gradually leads to lukewarmness, negligence and indifference. Where such a spirit has crept in, prayers are omitted, Catholic book and papers are banished or not read, children grow up without sufficient religious instruction, and, hence, without love of the Catholic religion, whose beauties they have not learned; and, after a time, the smouldering sparks of faith are entirely extinguished.

"During our tours of confirmation and visitation, when passing through villages and towns having no church, our attention was often called to the homes and families which had been Catholics, but now practice no religion, or even attend Protestant worship. As a plant without rain withers, so the faith in these families, left without proper spiritual nourishment, became weak and died.

"When a church is built, and especially when a priest establishes his residence in a neighborhood, the cause being removed, new losses to the Church are prevented and many stray sheep return to the fold. The spark that smoldered under the ashes of lukewarmness, negligence and indifference, but was not as yet extinguished, is fanned into life by the presence of God's house and minister, the beauty of divine service, the force of God's Word. The children are instructed, prepared for the Sacraments, and in many cases become the instruments for the conversion of their parents.

MONTE CARLO VICTIMS.

The gambling tables at Monte Carlo have claimed two more victims, and the authorities, as usual, are annoyed at the secret having leaked out. Monte Carlo has never been in good odor. Every addition to the long roll of suicides adds up a fresh widespread desire to have its gambling tables done away with. Hence strenuous efforts are made to prevent cases of suicide being made public. The local press is lavishly bribed to keep the reports out of the papers. But people frequently go away from Monte Carlo to commit suicide, and those are the cases which come to light. In the little place itself, when a man is known to have lost heavily, he is closely watched. Not infrequently the authorities make him a small present of money, accompanied with a word or two of shrewd advice. But a few shillings plus all the advice in the world will not bring hope back to foolish, ruined humanity, and so suicide remains popular.—Sussex News.

Every able-bodied male in Norway has to serve in the army. The first year he serves fifty-four days, the second twenty-four, and the third year twenty-four. He gets only his board.

We have looked for nearly everything else, but we never longed for a miracle.

OFFICES FILLED.

Both the Nuncio to France and the Inter-Nuncio to Holland Appointed.

The Influence of the Eternal City Over Visitors.

ROME, ITALY.

As Mgr. Clari, Bishop of Viterbo, and Mgr. Tarnassi, under secretary in the Congregation of Extraordinary Affairs, have been appointed respectively Nuncio to France and Inter-Nuncio to Holland, the vacancies created by the nominations of Cardinals made in the last Consistory are now filled. Cardinals Jacobini, Agliardi, Ferratta and Cretoni will probably receive the hat in the Consistory that will take place the latter part of this month. It is quite certain that two new Italian Cardinals will be created: P. Pieratti, Master of the Sacred Palace, and Canon Frisco, of the Liceo Arelvescovile of Naples. Other names are also mentioned, just as they have been mentioned in the summer. It is certain, however, that these two ecclesiastics will be made Cardinals, and it is likely that one or more French bishops will be raised to the same dignity. M. Poubelle, the French Ambassador to the Holy See is stated to be returning to Rome in connection with the elevation of French Bishops to the Cardinalate. Cardinal Agliardi is in Rome, but Cardinals Jacobini, Ferratta, Cretoni are still out of Rome.

The following is from the Roman Post, regarding the influence which Rome exercises over every appreciative mind:—

There is one characteristic of Rome, which distinguishes it from every other city in the world, and that is the longing, which besets everyone who has ever been there, to return to it. And we cannot point to any definite quality in the city itself alone sufficient to account for this marvellous attraction. Other cities are more ancient, such as Athens; other cities are as pleasant to live in; other cities have splendid histories, like Venice or Genoa, and yet none exercise the same influence over the strangers who visit them. We cannot attribute this influence to its ecclesiastical supremacy, for Catholics, Protestants, and Atheists feel it alike. It is not to the faithful alone that Rome is, as Bourget puts it, the mother city of the world.

The truth is, I think, that to every one of us who has lived under the domination of western civilization, a civilization which has spread over the whole world, Rome is the pit whence we were digged. Whether we are conscious of it or not, we seem to feel it. The legend of the Middle Ages has somehow sunk into our blood, and we are surprised to feel ourselves more at home in the Roman streets than among the familiar sights and sounds of our native land.

And yet few of us, by comparison, have ever been taught the relation in which we stand to the Eternal City. To most of us, the sense of that relation has come by imperceptible steps, and through unexpected channels. In all probability we inherit a part of it from our forefathers. What is implicit to us was explicit to them. To them the primacy of Rome, spiritually and temporally, was always present. Wherever there was a priest they felt the authority of the Pope; wherever there was a notary they felt the authority of the Emperor. The civilized world for them, as for Dante, leaned ultimately on these two pillars. Hence the world-wide interest that was felt in Rome, which showed itself in the spread of the most extravagant legends concerning her history and her state. The legend of Virgil, of Augustus, of Constantine were as familiar to them as the particular history of the states in which they dwelt. The noblest families of the continent took a pride in tracing their descent to Aeneas, and in every country the masterpieces of ancient times were put down unhesitatingly to the Romans or to the Devil.

And our history is continuous, a fact we constantly forget, so also such a great and universal tradition could not and did not die a sudden death, and the effects of it are present with us to this day.

PATRICK RYAN.

Love, passion are two states of the soul, which poets, men of the world, philosophers, and fools continually confound.

IGNORANCE OR FALSEHOOD?

Britain does not propose to yield up a single acre of the territory which by war and diplomacy she won in Egypt and Cyprus. She would be the laughing-stock of Europe if she relinquished a single foot of her conquests. British rule has been invariably for the benefit of the nations conquered; and for the highest interests of civilization it is imperative that she do not release her hold.—Western British-American.

No, Britain never does propose to yield up the plunder she acquires by brute force anywhere. She doesn't care whether she is the laughing-stock of Europe or not. When the panther has his prey in his merciless clutches he has no care for what his enemies may think or do, providing they don't interfere with his devouring process. So it is with philanthropic(?) England, whose rule, according to the Western British-American, has been "invariably for the benefit of the nations conquered." From what extreme part of Darkest Africa must the writer of the above have come? It is evident he is ignorant of the history of the country he writes about. Has British rule been for the benefit of Ireland? Or is it possible that this unsophisticated writer never heard of that country. If he has not, what a feast he has lost! What a feast of robbery, torturing, murdering and every other refined process of exterminating the Irish, the fellow has lost! Oh God, whose eyes of mercy and justice are never closed, enlighten the writer of the above steel-clad falsehood on a few scenes enacted in Ireland upon the Irish by this "civilizing" nation of marauders. Point out to him the triangle and the pitch caps of unprovoked torture, the butchery of innocent men, women and children, the flaying of the flesh from the quivering bodies of their living victims, the treason trials before packed juries, the pre-conviction and public and private executions of the victims, the confiscation of the entire property, real and personal, of the whole Irish people—not excepting their church property—the rack-rents they were forced to pay for the privilege of occupying their own houses and lands, especially point out to him the fact that Ireland of today, with her less than four million inhabitants, under England's "benefit" rule, might under her own home rule have fifteen million happy and prosperous people. Point out to him the various paths across the sea, radiating from the Irish coast to all parts of the world, strewn with the bones of the Irish flying from England's "benefit" rule. Point out to him the millions of the virtuous daughters of Erin driven, by persecution and poverty wilfully inflicted on Ireland by the English "benefit" rule, to foreign lands, to contend with new enemies in their new home.

Then if the writer of the above wrote it in ignorance of England's diabolical treatment of the Irish—and her treatment of every other country she has plundered is probably as bad—he will manfully admit that he was ignorant of the facts stated, or write himself—we won't quote Shakespeare down—a falsifier of history. When a man states something as a fact that he is not certain is a fact, he hazards his veracity, but when he states for a fact what he knows is not a fact it is customary to call such a biped a liar—that is the simplest and most unequivocal language, and we will leave it at that.—Western Catholic News.

Elephants in Battle. In a certain sense elephants are still used in battle by Indian troops, but they are only used as beasts of burden and draught for artillery, but in ancient times they were used in the east as fighting animals, and taught to swing chains and bars of metal in their trunks. There is, however, every probability that the last campaign in which they were regularly used in this capacity was that of the year 1801, in which the great Akbar subdued the native kingdoms of the Deccan and established the Mohammedan power in India.

Costly Skates. Skates made of gold are popular in Petersburg. One lady had the blades of her skates enriched with diamonds. Skates set with pearls and precious stones have also been in fashion.

Late—What! Have all your daughters become engaged this summer? I wished to ask for the hand of Franklin Marie myself! "Oh, she is the most engaged of all!"—Fliegende Blätter.

Dublin—The members tell me that Fawday is one of the best members of the Rockrib Athletic Association. Dublin—Why, he's no athlete! Dublin—That's true; but then he pays his dues regularly.—Roxbury Gazette.



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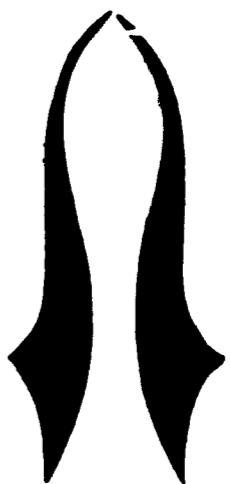
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