

The Catholic Journal.

Twenty-fifth Year, No. 24.

Rochester, N. Y., Friday, March 13, 1914.

51.00 Per Year, In Advance

More Desired Than Gold.

When Easter comes in the North it is greeted rapturously. For some days the sky is hidden behind a scudding rack of dismal gray clouds and the valleys lie swathed in purple gloom. Then a radiant sun peeps over the dark hills and takes her westerling course across the blue vault. She transforms the gray vapors into pearly cloud-temples, and turns a strong, warm, laughing face to the chilled earth.

The hardy Northerner bares his head to the tender west wind. It gently lifts the flattened temple-locks, and its elfin fingers toy with them. A new sprightliness is infused into his sturdy frame, his eye flashes, and he tells his friends in a softened way: "Spring is coming over the hills. I can feel her breath." Soon his snow-shoes are hung out of the way upon the cabin wall, and the canoes are freshly gummed.

In this way spring comes to Fort Stephen, lying snugly in a little Laurentian valley, which all the year round echoes the thunder of the white horses' hoofs in their mad, unending race toward the great bay. It is an old gray fort, consisting of several log and stone buildings—a trading post of the Hudson's Bay Company. A high fence of posts, sharpened on top and secured with wooden pins to horizontal pieces of timber, encloses the fort.

At one time John Eliot and his assistant, Ross MacFarlane, were the company's servants here. Their straight-backed, energetic, elderly housekeeper was Mrs. Martha Dodge, whom John Eliot had brought with him to Canada from his old home in Scotland eight years previously.

One morning, as she served breakfast in his cozy sitting-room, she said to him: "Gude morning, Mr. John! My heart's rare glad that spring's come again. The snow always minds an auld body like me of a wain'd sheet. It's sune to melt, I prophesy. A warm glow lit up her faded eyes as she spoke.

"I believe it is, Martha: I believe it is," he answered, rubbing his hands briskly, for the room was chilly despite the young fire and the flooding sunbeams. "MacFarlane has had his breakfast, I suppose. He crossed the room to the little old-fashioned window. "Surely, there's a look of spring about the hills—blue as the blue-bells of lang syne" eh, Martha? It is, hey, for Pere Sabourin and the Indians now!"

"Ay, yess, a warrant they'll be here as sune as the ice melts proper. Weel, weel, it makes a pleasant stir. But a' think a' hev to make a stir in this bit fire for ye. It's twice that Dan has been at it this morning," and it's nearly dead this mornin'."

John moved toward the old fireplace to offer his help, but paused to watch her. With a few vigorous pokes she tumbled the small front logs about, and bright sparks of the tamarack flew upward. She threw a large pine-knot upon the logs, and in an instant the fitful muttering burst into a great roar, and a ragged flash of flame darted up licking the wide, dark chimney. The fire was wonderfully improved. Her master remarked:

"I was going to help you, Martha, but you were managing it more cleverly than I could—I have never before seen a woman who could make a fire burn as it should. But, then, as mother used to say, 'there is only one such Martha in the world.'"

She was stooping to put in order the disarranged wolf-skin that lay before the hearth. When she rose, slowly, her dim old eyes shone with soft light.

"Yir sweet mither is dead, Mr. John, but yer bonny heart is warm in ye yet," she said, and busied herself with pouring out his coffee.

Spring came, wept and laughed in heartsome delight over the growing beauty of the valley,

and tripped across the dark northern hills, as her slow moving sister, summer came up in warm loveliness from the south.

At the head of the valley is the Horse Race with its booming roar, and close below it the lake, out of which the river again takes its course. The ice had completely left the river before the Indians came—

About a fortnight before Pere Sabourin arrived the Indians had been at the fort. Their birch-bark wigwams lined the south of the opposite fort. Pere Sabourin was, as usual, John Eliot's honored guest.

The morning after the priest's arrival John Eliot stood at the window of the store and looked out across the court-yard, the high palisade, and the flashing blue river at the encampment. The valley was drenched with warm sunshine, but on Martha's treasured sweet-brier bush gossamer cobwebs still hung, lightly imperiled with dew. From a pinery that stood to the left of the fort came confused harmonious bursts of bird-rapture, poured out to John's entrancement. This smoke wreathed sleepily up from the remains of the Indians' morning fires and a patch of hot air shimmered above.

"Happy little beggars!" he said to himself, as he watched the small, dark bodies of some Indian children rolling about in the yellow sand. "How quietly they play! It is a wonder their mothers did not bring these little papooses to church. I suppose they realized that Benoit's house cannot conveniently hold more than the grown-ups."

On the brow of the opposite hill, partly hidden by a belt of picturesque firs, Benoit's house stood. The tasteful Benoit colored it red with a solution of clay found in the river-bed, and lit by the strong sunbeams, it stood out glowing from the black firs.

Eliot saw Mrs. Dodge's erect, angular figure pass out into the court yard. She wore a quaintly-fashioned, respectable black cashmere gown, and held her Bible in one hand. He watched her pass through the gate.

"Ross," he said, turning toward his friend, "I think I'll stroll up to the little church, and hear Pere Sabourin preach. You will take charge here, eh?"

"I'll run the ranch, old fellow. Say a prayer for yours truly," he said sleepily, and placed his feet more comfortably on the high box in front of him. He had been only nine months at Fort Stephen and found it unspeakably dull, perhaps because all his former life had been spent in a lively Ontario town. John Eliot had great resources at home, within himself, for he had spent three pleasant years in the solitary place, hunting, reading, and, occasionally, thinking seriously. This last fascinating diversion was something in which Ross MacFarlane did not indulge.

John went out. Yellow Dan, the half-bred servant at the fort, was busily weeding a patch of turnips in the small garden. John crossed over and looked on at his grubbing for a moment.

"What prospects for a good garden this year, Dan?" he asked him kindly.

Dan straightened himself and rested his elbow on the handle of the hoe and looked wise.

"Not moche. Not plaineer rain, an Madam Dodge say frost come h'early this year. But I doan' believe him," he said jerkily, as he continued his work. "No, I doan' I laugh de way dat woman talk about de wedder. Smarte; yess smarte! He tink he know every ting. Dat's a fae!"

John turned away smiling and sauntered down to the river. There was a shabby little foot-bridge built over the shallow rapids down below the Petite Chute. But John dropped his canoe into the water, leaped in and paddled to the opposite side, landing among the dark-eyed little ones. He followed an old cart-road and that ran past Benoit's house, and, as he came up the hill, the slight breeze carried the sound of Benoit's singing to him.

To be continued.

A Brief Sketch of the Condition of Ireland in the 18th Century

Written by M. K. Fenelon

The object of this paper is to give a brief sketch of the state of Ireland in the 18th century. In order to accomplish this, it will be necessary to throw a glance over the earlier phases of Irish history. I leave it to antiquaries and historians to discuss how far the early civilization of Ireland existed beyond the walls of the monasteries or how far the pagan civilization was confined to the Druids and Bards but it is certain that it made Ireland, in one of the darkest periods of the dark ages a refuge of learning and piety. From a logical view it might be considered a misfortune that Ireland did not pass like the rest of Europe, under Roman dominion, for the Romans left, wherever they ruled, strong elements of Latin civilization and those habits and principles of National organization in which they were pre-eminent. It was certainly a fatal calamity that the aged King Brian and his sons were slain at Clontarf, for it prevented the policy of the gradual reduction of the island under one central government, which Brian had begun, and which his son Morrough would have pursued had he lived to succeed his father or to the throne of Munster.

Feudalism was introduced by the Norman Knights who accompanied Strongbow, but the keystone of the feudal system (a strong resident sovereign) was missing, and Ireland was soon torn by the petty wars of the Anglo-Norman nobles who were in fact as much independent sovereigns as were the old Irish Kings, the Norman settlers, the FitzGeralds, DeBurgos, Barrays, Butlers, DeLacys, Le Powers, mixed with the natives adopted their laws, language, customs and in a few years it was a proverb they became "more Irish than the Irish themselves."

It was not until the reign of Henry VIII that any real Royal authority was asserted in Ireland, and its ascendancy dates from the wars of Elizabeth which broke the force of the semi-independent chieftains and crushed the native population to the dust.

The suppression of the native race in the wars against O'Neill, Desmond and Tyrconnell was carried on with a ferocity which far surpassed that of Alva in the Netherlands and I doubt if it can find any parallel in the pages of history. Assassination and treachery were the order of the day. It was boasted that in the territory of Desmond, more than 30,000 people had been starved to death in six months.

The flight of O'Neill and O'Donnell, the confiscation of six Ulster Counties and their plantations by Scotch and English adventurers, the Cromwellian conquest, confiscations and plantations and the wars of the Stuarts are not within the scope of the paper which according to its title should begin after the surrender of Limerick, suffice to say that at the close of the 17th century the population of Ireland had been reduced to 616,000, in the course of eleven years. 515,000 persons had perished by the sword or famine. Slave dealers were let loose upon the land and boys and girls on no pretext whatever were carried away and sold as slaves to the Barbadoes planters, how many of the unhappy captives became the prey of sharks or victims of the planters lusts it is impossible to say. The religion of the whole native population was suppressed, the land was confiscated and held by aliens, the priests were banished, under pain of death—and when the 18th century dawned the great majority of the former leaders of the people were either sunk in abject poverty or scattered as exiles over Europe, the last spasms of resistance had ceased and the long reign of Protestant ascendancy had begun.

The flight of King James after the battle of the Boyne, and the surrender of Limerick had thrown the resources and the govern-

ment of Ireland into the hands of a very small Protestant minority but, it had not given that minority any real security. This ruling class was thinly scattered among a hostile population. The position of the dynasty of the House of Orange in England was exceedingly precarious, and its downfall would result in a new revolution of property in Ireland. So, the Irish Protestants were wholly dependent for their safety on England and they had no power of resisting any of the conditions that England imposed upon them while in England, the how far the early civilization of Ireland existed beyond the walls of the commercial class and a strong spirit of commercial jealousy had begun to prevail in English legislation.

Such were the conditions that produced the Penal laws and the commercial restraint which are the two capital facts of Irish history for the first half of the 18th century. The Irish penal laws were unique in the fact that in France, Spain, Switzerland and Germany penal religious enactments were passed but in instances the Denomination that was persecuted formed a minority of the people, whereas it was the distinguishing characteristic of the Irish Penal Law that a very small minority penalized the faith of five-sixths of the total population. The treaty of Limerick stipulated that "the Roman Catholic's of the Kingdom shall enjoy such privileges in the exercise of their religion as are consistent with the existing laws." Such a treaty was looked upon as a solemn charter and the imposition upon Irish Catholics, without any provocation, of a mass of new and sexual legislation intended to extinguish their worship, to banish their clergy and to afflict them with every kind of disqualification, disability and deprivation on account of their religion, was a direct and flagrant violation of the plain meaning of the treaty. It must be observed also that the penal code which began under William Anne and was largely extended under George I and George II was entirely unprovoked by any attempted outbreak on the part of Irish Catholics. It must be added that all attempts to acquit the English government of blame in the matter of throwing the responsibility of the penal laws on the Irish Parliament, which was not a party to the treaty of Limerick, are purely sophistical.

An English act of parliament made the Irish parliament an exclusively Protestant body. The Royal Veto, which could have arrested all, or any portion of the penal code, was in full force at that time. The vast multiplication of small boroughs gave the English Government an enormous influence over Irish legislation and no bill could become law while it had received the approval of the English Privy Council.

To be continued

Weekly Church Calendar

Third Sunday in Lent

Gospel, St. Luke xi., 14-28
S. 15. St. Zachary, P. C.
M. 16. St. Finian the Leper.
T. 17. St. Patrick, Ap. of Ireland
W. 18. St. Gabriel, Archangel
Fast
Th. 19. St. Joseph, Patron of Church
F. 20. The Five Wounds
Fast
S. 21. St. Benedict.

We learn from Bishop A. Faisandier, S.J., that he has been appointed to succeed Mgr. Barth. S. J., as Bishop of Trichinopoly, India. The former states that this diocese is so vast that it will take five years to make the episcopal visitations. The greater part of the long journey is made in a cart drawn by oxen, and the "palace" strongly resembles the stable at Bethlehem.

It takes some people so long to be sure they are right that they never get time to go ahead.

News From Ireland

Carlow.

Judge Brereton Barry was presented with white gloves in Carlow on February 4, there being no criminal business at the Quarter Sessions.

On Wednesday, January 28, the marriage took place at the parish church, Berris, by the Very Rev. the Dean of Leighlin, Richard, second son of William Hatton, Ballyphenan House, to Eleanora, only daughter of Walter Perrin, Clonagoose, Borris.

Mrs. Flynn, maternity nurse in the Kilrush Dispensary District, has resigned from her position.

Judge Bodkin, at the Ennis Quarter Sessions, gave a decree for £22 damages to Edmund Quinlivan, Lisculane, for the alleged malicious burning of eight tons of hay.

Cork.

Jeremiah Walsh, Ballincellig, a bailiff employed by the Lee Fishery Conservators, left his home on December 29, to attend to his duties, and has not been heard of since.

The death of Sister M. Kieran, of the Convent of Mercy, Mallow took place on January 31. The deceased Sister who was for several years a member of the Community, was the daughter of Mr. Morrissey, Inchmagree, Doneraile.

Derry.

The carters in Derry are at present on strike, the cause being the refusal of the employers to grant an increase in wages.

At the opening of Magherafelt Quarter Sessions on January 30, Judge Todd was presented with white gloves, symbolic of the country's freedom from crime.

Downfall.

On January 27, the marriage took place at St. Eunan's Cathedral, Letterkenny, with nuptial mass, by the Rev. W. McNeely, D.D., St. Eunan's College, Letterkenny, of Fergus Britton, son of the late Hugh Britton, merchant, Main street, Donegal, to Mary, third daughter of Patrick McCauley, Roskeer, Manorcunningham.

Dublin.

On the night of January 30, when a railway porter named Kennedy, of Balbriggan station, was coming out from between the buffers of a goods train, which was shunting wagons, he was knocked down by the fast three o'clock train from Dublin, and killed instantaneously.

Kiltiernan Abbey, a large four-story mansion, situated about two miles from Stepaside, Dublin, was completely destroyed by fire on February 5.

Kerry.

The death took place on January 11, of John T. O'Shea, a widely known and respected resident of Clahannacoe.

Mr. Price, L. G. B., held an inquiry at Dingle on February 11, with a view to sanctioning a loan of £6,500 to carry out a water and sewerage scheme for Dingle.

Kilkenny.

Married.—February 5, at the Pro-Cathedral, Marlborough St., with nuptial mass, by the Rev. J. Cahill, P.P., Clara, Edward Cultinan, Bolebegs, fourth daughter of Patrick Brennan, Revans, Castlewarren, County Kilkenny.

Mayo.

The Ballinrobe Urban District Council has adopted a water-works scheme for the town, which is estimated to cost \$20,000.

Sligo.

The home of Michael Cummins on River street, Fethard, was considerably damaged by fire on the morning of February 7.

Sligo.

Catherine Horan, a fluent Irish speaker, who several years ago was known as a "keener" at funerals, has died at the age of 110 years, at Mullaghroe, Sligo.

Shanagolden.

Died.—January 31, William Nunan, Monaleen, aged 70 years; February 1, William Hisbow, Shanagolden.

Catholic News Notes

After Easter, April 12th, our Bishops generally prepare for their "ad limina" visit to Rome.

The revenues of the Cathedral of Fort Wayne, last year, were \$29,259.77. Disbursements, \$29,038.44.

Chicago has its "Little Italy." A free lodging house for the unemployed has been opened there by the Italian Consul with the Missionary Sisters of the Sacred Heart in charge.

The handsome St. Patrick's Church of San Francisco, which was destroyed by the earthquake is to be rebuilt this year.

There is an effort being made to erect in this country a memorial to Father Charles Michael L'Espee "the universal benefactor of the deaf," and their first American teacher.

A new St. Vincent Ferrer Church to cost \$500,000 is projected in New York.

The Catholic Women's Societies of Cincinnati, as a Federal Union, will co-operate with the St. Vincent de Paul Society. Several day nurseries will be established.

The new Loyola College, at Baltimore, may be a group of buildings having the architectural characteristics of Oxford, England.

The monument recently erected in Mobile to the memory of Post-Priest, Father Ryan, will probably be more favorably re-

The separation of the Church from the State in France, has shown the divine vitality of the Faith in that great country. The Church in France has become more intimately united to the Holy See than ever before.

The oldest existing cedar of Lebanon is 80 feet high; another has a trunk circumference of 49 feet.

There are two bills before the French Parliament with the object of extinguishing Catholic Education in France.

The Established Church of England is in troublous days; there is much contention, dissension and strife.

The assistant to the Superior General of the Marist Brothers, Bro. John, died in Italy on the 6th ult. He was a native of County Cork, Ireland.

One hundred thousand people have left unfortunate Portugal in the past 12 months.

In China, last week, the Jesuit Father Rich at Lianhwet was murdered by bandits, and Fathers Allain and Taille made captives. Father Gilbert, S. J., escaped.

An electric line of cars is to connect Jerusalem with Bethlehem, a distance of about 10 miles. Jerusalem is to be lighted by electricity.

The Hospital of Hotel Dieu du Saint Esprit, at Beaune, twenty miles from Dijon, France, was founded in 1443—nearly fifty years before the discovery of America, and is still in existence, doing good work on behalf of the sick poor.

In the negro theological seminary in Uganda, Africa, the first ordination to the priesthood took place last year. The two negro priests ordained are Rev. Victor Womerak and Rev. Basil Bamu.

We do Job Printing