

THE FOOTSTEPS OF THE CELT.

AWAY where the fiery Southern sun looks down upon the rushing streams and dense forests of Tasmania—where the Himalayas soar to heaven, and the waters of the Ganges roll—where the Pyramids, defying time, still cast their shadows on the land of the Pharos—by the northern Steppes, on the shores of the Euxine, or where arise the minarets in the crescent-crowned city of the Sultan—there, imprinted in the soil, carved on the rock of time, distinct and ineffaceable, are traced the footsteps of the Irishman. Where gleam the spires of Monterey, in the land of the Montezumas—where the mighty Amazon rushes to the embrace of the sea—where the fierce hurricane sweeps over the Western prairie, or fair winds fill the sails of commerce on the bosom of the Northern lakes—there are found the ready hand and the fearless heart of the child of Erin. Wherever the embattled hosts of Tyranny were trampled down—wherever the flag of Liberty was unfurled—wherever the hired mercenaries of a despot dared to trample on a people's rights—there flashed the fiery sword, there glowed the heroic heart, there waved the glorious flag of the unconquered Celt. That flag has fluttered amid the glare of battle, with victory on its folds, from the Scheldt to the Potomac, from Fontenoy to Fredericksburgh. In America, as in Europe, it has led the forlorn hope—first in the vanguard, last in the retreat, and never yet has dishonor or shame sullied its green folds. In their own land, denied the rights of freemen, ground down to the earth by a mighty, merciless enemy, the sons of Ireland seek in other climes that reward for their genius and enterprise, which a tyrant power denies them at home. And wherever art rears her highest temples—wherever science surmounts the most formidable barriers, there is found the busy brain, the unerring skill of the Irish workman. The voice of the Celt is heard in song from the sunny slopes of his native mountains to the uttermost ends of the earth. "Lala Rookh" is sung by the Arabs of the desert, and the writer of this article has heard "The Harp that once through Tara's Hall" sung in the forests of Canada around an Indian camp fire. The immortal melodies of Moore are known as far as civilisation extends, and are sung in the lady's boudoir as well as in the cot of the peasant. And who has not heard the glorious music of Ireland? On the march, in the camp, in the bivouac, and on the battle-field it soothes, inspires, invigorates the soldier, and he rushes to death as fearlessly to the strains of "Garryowen" as he would to a dance in his native village.

The round towers of his country stand to-day, solid as the mountains that overshadow them, to attest to the world the genius, the enterprise, and the glory of ancient Ireland. The sun rose, and his rays illuminated those Irish towers 3000 years ago. He sets to-night, but ere he sinks to rest, his bright beams fall and gild those very towers raised by our Celtic sires, when earth was young, when time was but a babe. Tadmor is gone, Baalbec is in ruins, the Coliseum is but a decayed relic; they have outlived them all, and were, perhaps, in being before Cheops designed his first Egyptian pyramid. The impassioned Celt, no matter where he treads, looks back with love to these old towers, the green hills, and the ruined abbeys of his own fair land. They linger in his memory, and mingle with his dreams. The beauty of Italy, the grandeur of Niagara, or the sublimity of the Alpine hills cannot efface them. Letting in the love, and fond the affection that breathes and burns in the Celtic soul. Scattered over the earth, "as far as the breeze can soar or ocean foun," they wander. In the log-built cot by the St. Lawrence, or in the imperial halls of the great and mighty ones of earth, that love is still the same. And never did the children of Israel yearn to salute their new-built Zion with a more holy love—never did the wandering tribes with more glowing ardour long for a glimpse of the promised land than do the exiled children of Erin long for the day, when, gathered from the shores of the four seas, they shall return, and stand on their native soil in the name of freedom and freedom's God, salute the free flag of their fathers, and place the diadem of Liberty upon the beauteous brow of unconquered motherland.—'Irish World.'

IRELAND'S PART IN HISTORY.

FROM the 'Edinburgh Review' we clip the following testimony to the ability and learning of the sons of Ireland. It is such a rare occurrence to find a journalist with the moral courage to do justice to Ireland, that we publish the article with pleasure:—

"Ireland has always played a part in history out of all proportion to its size and population. Isolated by the sea almost as effectually as by a chain of mountains from the Continent, inhabited by a people who for ages were strangers to all the arts of life, subsisting by the most rude and homely agriculture; and rescued but slowly from the depths of anarchy and political barbarism, it has, nevertheless, produced within a period of little more than a hundred years, over the widest arena of human enterprise, and in all the highest branches of human knowledge, a notable band of scholars and divines, philosophers and poets, statesmen and warriors, who challenge the admiration of the whole world. It is a singular circumstance, however, that up to a comparatively recent period, nearly all the distinguished triumphs of Irishmen have been won in foreign lands. In the early ages, and especially from the middle of the sixth to the middle of the ninth century, when the lights of Roman civilisation had been all but extinguished, and the oscillations of the human understanding had reached their lowest point, the Irish missionaries swarmed from their conventual schools over England, Scotland, France, and Germany, for the conversion of the heathen. It was from this spot that Charlemagne gathered round the brightest spot of Christendom those learned strangers, eager for metaphysical combat and foremost in all the literary tournaments, who became the supple and powerful instruments of the civilization he sought to promote. Ireland was studied with conventual schools, which preserved the learning of the West, but these institutions, including even the great Armagh and Lismore Colleges, to which thousands of youths flocked from the Continent, were evidently only large seminaries for priests, a body possessing even in those days no great learning

even in greater communities. The martial glory of the Irish has also been chiefly won upon foreign battle fields. It was the remark of Voltaire that the Irish who showed themselves the bravest soldiers in France and Spain had always behaved shamefully at home. The taunt is hardly justifiable, for their value at Clontarf, Aughrim, Blackwater, and Limerick was incontestable, though their most brilliant achievements were reserved for the Continent. Napoleon might have said of the Irish what he is reported to have said of the Poles, that they formed soldiers more rapidly than other people. Whether they fought for France under Turenne or St. Ruth or for Spain under her finest generals—whether against Italians or Netherlands, or French or Spanish—no swords cut deeper than theirs; and the plains of Raucoup, the ramparts of Lafelt, the slopes of Fontenoy, and the fierce battles of Luzara, Guillestre, Emorin, and Cremona, witnessed their fierce onset, and displayed their matchless discipline. The more recent history of war tells how from Assaye to Vittoria, from Vimeira to Waterloo, and from Crimea to India, they maintained the glory of the English name. Nor can it be denied that no part of the United Kingdom has sent forth men of greater mark in our common history. It was Ireland, that gave the Duke of Wellington, Marquis of Wellesley, Lord Castle-reagh, and Lord Palmerston to the State; it was Ireland that gave Goldsmith, Moore, and Edgeworth to literature, Mulready and Machise to art, and has given Tyndal to science. It was Ireland that sent Burke and Sheridan, Grattan and Plunkett, Shiel and O'Connell to the House of Commons. We know not by what perversion of fact and reason Ireland is supposed to repudiate any of these glorious names, because they are not the names of Celtic Irishmen. As well might Scotland repudiate Burns, Adam Smith, and Watt because they are not Highlanders! The magnitude of their genius raised these men from an Irish origin to Imperial services and Imperial fame."

"THE END JUSTIFIES THE MEANS."

FOR long years the Protestant press has been in the habit of attributing to the Jesuits the axiom that "the end justifies the means," and they have based thereon many of the charges which they have brought against the Church in general and the Jesuits in particular. But the fanatics who lead the intemperate crusade against intemperance, have far overstepped the wildest charges that were ever brought against the Jesuits in the insane and illegal crusade which they are perpetrating at present. They not only trample under foot the divine law in which the Apostles says, "Let your moderation be known to all men," but they moreover bring disrepute upon the sanctity of prayer, weaken its potency, destroy its influence, and then they overthrow the legal enactments of the land in their illegal spirit of fanaticism.

Professor Tyndal, when he made his virulent attack on the potency of prayer, and tried to root out from the human heart its holy spirit, did not accomplish in all his anti-Christian essays one tithe the evil which these fanatics are likely to hurl upon the divinely instituted appeal to the throne of Grace. They make of prayer a delusion and a snare. They disgrace the sanctity of prayer by introducing it into atmospheres that reek with the fumes of the infernal regions, and wicked indeed must they be who offer these prayers, when we see how little they avail for the cause for which they are offered.

This whole movement is nothing but the outcroppings of that spirit of fanaticism which is as likely to be levelled at the Catholic Church as at any other "evil" in our midst. These deluded people look upon us Catholics as benighted, ignorant and misguided mortals whose situation is deplorable, and upon whom these modern Pharisees will make a crusade at no distant day similar in all respects to the present abomination. As long as fanatics confine their operations to their several churches, none can complain, but the moment they enter any man's dwelling or store, for the purpose of forcing their fanaticism upon him, that moment they become trespassers, and are liable to the laws of the land.

This crusade is nothing more than an extended field of operation for fanatical zealots, some of whom have entered the houses of Catholic families in this city, and "prayed" therein for the "h-o-l-y l-e-i-g-h-t" of the "h-o-l-y-g-o-s-p-e-l" to pierce the scales of Papal darkness which covered their Catholic eyes. And having become accustomed to that kind of illegal trespassing upon the rights of private citizens, they take temperance for a cloak to extend their operations.

Let the tide of fanaticism but lead in the direction of the Catholic Church, and—if we permitted it—we would find a band of howling Dervishes around the portal of every Catholic Church in the land, "praying" (save the mark!) for the conversion of "the Catholic people" to the light of the Gospel; and those shams would imagine they were doing their whole duty to their country, the community and themselves, in thus disturbing the peace, and indirectly casting odium upon the Church of God.

Intemperance, bad as it is, is not the only curse that festers in the body politic. We have other sins that cry to Heaven for vengeance far more loudly than drunkenness. We have other places that contain more iniquity than the public bar-room, and if the crusaders want to see vice in its most hideous form, they must defer their visits until darkness shrouds the city, when they can behold enough to make them think the task of cleaning the Augean stable was child's play compared with the work they have undertaken.

The present movement is wrong. Its illegality alone condemns it, and for the bad precedent which it sets, it deserves the condemnation of every Christian in the land. None of the acts have ever accomplished for temperance one tithe of the good which has been secured for the holy cause by the Catholic Church. Yet whilst they have tried Maine law, prohibition, oath-bound societies, crusades, and sensational schemes of all sorts, without accomplishing anything, the Catholic Church has directed her efforts through the pure spirit of religion, and through her holy teachings, her example, and her precepts she has won thousands of pure souls to temperance and religion which could never be rescued from the vortex of intemperance by all the crusades that ever emanated from the addled brains of fanaticism under the cloak of religion and reform.—'Catholic Sentinel.'