

KELTIC BLOOD IN ENGLAND.

THE critic of the New York *Sun*, in a review of Brother Azarias's new book on "The Development of English Literature," says:

"We have read with especial attention another chapter of this volume, in which the author endeavors to measure the extent of Keltic influence upon the life and thought of the invading race. It will be remembered that a recent historian, Mr Green, accepts the current notion that the incomers drove their Keltic kindred into the mountains of Wales and Cornwall and northward, beyond the Lothians. All arguments from analogy would make this supposition grossly improbable, and it is not confirmed by local antiquarian researches. In many districts, where a kind of compact was effected, the Kymry lived on terms of equality with the English; in others, although subjugated, they remained as serfs *adscripti glebae*. In the course of ages, these native tillers of the soil regained their independence, and were amalgamated with their conquerors. That with Keltic blood the Keltic genius and spirit were infused in a wider measure than either people was conscious of seems to be now conceded by the majority of competent inquirers. About forty years ago W. F. Edwards examined the matter in its physiological aspect, and came to the conclusion that there was a much larger Keltic element in the present English nation than is indicated by names. Mr. Henry Morley has studied the question from a purely literary point of view, and thus announces the results of his investigation: 'The Kelts do not form an utterly distinct part of our mixed population. But for the early, frequent and various contact, however, with the race that in its half barbarous days invented Oisín's dialogues with St. Patrick, and that afterward quickened the Northmen's blood in France, Germanic England would scarcely have produced a Shakespeare.' Mr. Mathew Arnold has put forth a somewhat similar judgment: 'If I were asked,' he says, 'where English poetry got these three things—its turn for style, its turn for melancholy and its turn for natural magic, for catching and rendering the charm of nature in a wonderfully clear and vivid way—I should answer, with some doubt, that it got much of its turn of style from a Keltic source; with less doubt that it got much of its melancholy from a Keltic source; with no doubt at all that, from a Keltic source, it got nearly all its natural magic.' It is certain that the remnants of Kymric lore which have come down to us in the baric precepts and maxims known as Triads, reveal an admirable knowledge of human nature and of the laws of composition."

THE REAL WORK OF PROTESTANT MISSIONARIES.

FROM time to time we see, in the columns of our religious and secular contemporaries, glowing accounts of the progress made in Italy, France, Belgium, and other Catholic countries, by the Protestant missionaries from England and the United States. So rose-coloured are many of these statements that one might be led by them to believe that the entire population of these papistical countries was on the high road toward that "higher, purer, and nobler plane of life upon which Protestantism moves." But ever and anon one comes across revelations concerning the Protestant propaganda in Europe which completely dispel these pleasing illusions. In some of the last numbers of the London *Times*, for instance, there are eye-opening letters from Paris and other places in France, and also from Belgium and Switzerland, which lead to the suspicion that the Protestant propaganda in these places is conducted by a sort of ring or mutual admiration society, upon the principle of "you tickle me and I'll tickle you." For example, a Mr. G. F. Newman, writing to the *Times* from Paris, states, in relation to a recently published boast that wherever the Englishman resorts upon the continent, there arrangements for Divine worship will be found, that this is true, but that it is almost altogether due to "the great number of clergymen who desire a cheap continental excursion, and who offer their services to visit places which they otherwise could not reach." "Hence," he says, "we find clergymen everywhere, and a great many more than are really wanted." In Switzerland, Mr. Newman found three clergymen residing at different hotels and conducting three rival services. And even at the solitary hotel at the Glacier de Rhone, he found a clergyman residing there to conduct services. "It is very easy," says Mr. Newman, "to multiply services and archdeacons and canons, but not easy to create congregations." At Baden, he found the congregation at the English Church "very miserable," and there as elsewhere union does not exist. At Geneva, he says, the state of things at the English church was "a scandal," and very frequently there are found "rival Anglican churches, as in Rome and in Paris, which is certainly not an edifying spectacle to a Roman Catholic population." Another correspondent of the *Times* endorses the truth of Mr. Newman's statements and adds comical illustrations of his own. At one place in Switzerland he found a chaplaincy under the auspices of the "S. P. G.," that is the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. But the congregation numbered only twelve persons. The chaplain at the place was extremely "high" and he imitated the Roman ritual as closely as possible. But across the way there was an extremely Low Church service going on under the control of the Colonial and Continental Society. These are only a few out of dozens of similar instances that are adduced. The manner in which the so-called Protestant propaganda has been carried on in Rome has long been a scandal, and the bubbles which have been blown up in the same interest in other parts of the continent are now being rapidly punctured.

But it is not the English alone who, under pretence of preaching Christianity are really doing the devil's work in making it disagreeable and contemptible to pagans, while they secure for themselves an excellent living. Those howling dervishes who made religion hideous a few years since in Ohio and other Western, and, for that matter even Eastern, States,—our own sweet Methodists—seem to be doing their part in the East Indies, as we learn from the *Indo-European Correspondence*, which thus laments their mistaken efforts:—"The

American Episcopal Methodists have introduced a new religious feature among us, which appears to be looked upon with suspicion in some quarters. Bands of persons, mostly of the female sex we believe, parade the streets of an evening, singing Moody and Sankey hymns. One must know Calcutta to realize the shock it feels at anything of this sort. How far these open-air demonstrations are due to real devotion it would be invidious in us to conjecture. But we think it is a mistake to condemn the practice unconditionally. Calcutta is not in great danger of erring by an excess of Christian enthusiasm. So far from this being the case, the danger has ever lain the other way. Perhaps the most valid objection to these singing bands is that they bring Christianity into contempt among the natives. To our way of thinking, there can hardly be any more striking symptom of contempt than the chilling indifference with which the natives in this part of Bengal treat Christianity. In all probability, the singing bands will be a nine days wonder.—*Catholic Review*.

"THE LIMERICK INSULT" TO THE QUEEN.

THE *Limerick Reporter*, referring to the statement that the Lord Lieutenant had called for explanations regarding the alleged hissing of the Queen at the Limerick banquet, says:—"We are not aware how true the statement is, or whether it contains any ingredient of truth at all. We do know that the first toast on the list of toasts at the banquet on the Shannon to Mr. Parnell, M.P., and the city and county members, was the Queen, and that it was received with loyalty and respect, the company standing; and that if there was a "hiss" it was of so very a contemptible a character that no notice whatever was taken of it. How the misrepresentation has got into the newspapers that the health of the Queen was hissed, we are not aware. There was more than an average number of reporters at the banquet, and we do not know that any one among them would wilfully misrepresent, or lend himself to discredit Mr. Parnell, the city and county members, and the character and conduct of the meeting altogether. A "hiss" could no more be prevented were it given, where there was a disposition or design on the part of any disloyal person or spy or disturber to hiss, than any other *contretemps*, or insult or outrage; and we feel also quite well assured that any demonstrative attempt to show that the meeting was disloyal in tone or tendency in object or in purpose, would have been resented there and then in the most emphatic manner possible. The braying of a donkey does not spoil a concert, nor is it minded by the musicians; nor does an orator stop to inquire because an uproarious fellow below in the crowd utters a discordant cry.

No; the object is to discredit Mr. Parnell and his friends—to make a Marat, a Danton, a John Martin, a John Mitchel, a Bossa, or any other Fenian of him, and to frighten him and his friends, if that can be done, from their honest and legitimate course. "Mentez!" "Mentez!" was one of the revolutionary prescriptions that brought Louis XVI. to the block. *Calumniari fortiter* is another prescription, which we are certain has not been lost on those who wish to make a history in accordance with their own ideas. There were men with Mr. Parnell more loyal by far than the crowd of liars and calumniators who combine to put him down, and to destroy the object of his friends; and they scorn the transparent art which would convert the possible hoarse dissent of some obscure individual into an overt act of treason, or sedition, and make honest men responsible for the alleged manifestations of mayhap a spy or informer, a snake in the grass, or a pretended friend.

THE IRISH RACE ON THE CONTINENT.

A PARIS correspondent writes:—Two men of Irish extraction will soon meet to settle the preliminaries of a marriage between King Alfonso of Spain and the Archduchess of Austria. Count Taaffe, a noble descendant of the illustrious family that for several generations shed lustre on the land of their adoption, and won the highest honours in the army and in the council, now Prime Minister of Austria, and Count De Morphy, private secretary and confidential friend of the young sovereign, King Alfonso, whom he has not left since his childhood. Those two distinguished men, sons of "exiles of Erin," both enjoy the entire confidence of their sovereigns and public esteem in both countries. Their brave ancestors sacrificed rank and fortune to remain faithful to their creed and country. They enjoy both to-day, and their influence and counsels are most beneficial to the land of their adoption. I know, from the best possible source, that they are proud of their origin, and are not unmindful of the race from which they sprung, and the country for which their ancestors suffered, and from which they were exiled. In Austria there are still many distinguished men of Irish origin. The MacMahons, the MacNeuins, O'Kellys of Augrem, the MacMurrys, Nugents, O'Connells, O'Connors of Kerry, O'Reillys, Taaffes, O'Donnells, Walls, of Kurrigman, Smith, MacGavan, &c. In the Irish Brigade there were Murphys and Morphys—General Count de Morphy, a most distinguished officer, was still in the army under Charles the Tenth. In France, in Spain, in Austria, and Russia; in every great country, those irrepressible Celts are coming to the front, as if to prove that valour and virtue are inherent in their race, and descend among them from sire to son. In France the O'Farrells, O'Briens, Swineys, Harty, de Pierrebouurg, MacDermotts, Grehans, Dillons, O'Gormans, O'Connors, Plunkets, Cantillons, O'Reillys, MacMahons, O'Kellys, &c., &c., figure in the army list of the present year. In fact, men of Irish descent are to be found in every profession, among the *elite* of the soldiers, statesmen, and legislators in Europe.

We are glad to see the growing success of *McGee's Illustrated Weekly*. It is a proof that the failure of former illustrated Irish-American papers was due to their unworthiness or blindness to popular taste. *McGee's Illustrated Weekly* is not only first-rate in the matter of pictures, but it is edited with intelligence and rare literary ability.