

UBIQUITY OF THE IRISH.

AN American writer says: "Nothing has struck us more in our rambles than the ubiquity of the Irish race. We have seen them ruling the destinies of nations in the cabinets of Europe, digging with a strong arm the wealth of the West, and sweeping the wide waste of the waters in the floating homes of the deep, to the uncivilised islands of our antipodes. Driven by destiny or attracted by wealth, they are found wherever the sun shines or the breezes blow. But the facility with which they accustom themselves to the habits and manners of other nations seem more remarkable than their proverbial ubiquity. They are digging gold in Australia, doing police duty in Siberia, preaching in Patagonia, whale fishing at the Crossettes, leading the armies of Spain, and struggling with the brigands of the Apennines.

"Their influence in every land shows the designs heaven has had in the dispersion of the Irish. What would Christianity be in Australia, in New Zealand, if it were not for the Irish? What would it be on the parched and shrivelled plains of South Africa were it not for the Irish? And in this vast continent, where we see in every flourishing town in the Union the little church bearing the cross on high, and a Catholic people worshipping around altars of gold and marble, we have only to mention the name of the tutelary saint to find a congregation who have brought with them from old Ireland the memories of its ancient glories. There are six cathedrals on the Erie canal that recognise their origin in the Irish emigrant. Yet Ireland's sons never cease praying, longing, and working for Ireland's liberation—for the day when 'free in their own free land,' they shall devote unto Ireland the wonderful energy they gave the proof of in foreign lands. It is remarkable, the Irish have preserved their nationality in a marked degree in those places whither the wind of destiny has wafted them; like the chosen people of God, they are among the nations, but not of them."

IRELAND TO AMERICA.

(From the *Dublin Irishman*.)

News comes to us, across the sea, that two Irish Representatives have arrived in America, their mission being to present to the President of the United States an Address from the People of Ireland. This is an item of intelligence of considerable significance; not like other pieces of news, which seem more important than they are, this has a depth of meaning which not every observer will at first sight fathom.

The people of Ireland are sparing of addresses. *Across St. George's Channel there have gone none from us, as a nation, with England or any of England's authorities as the recipient.* Neither have there gone any elsewhere. One, indeed, was born to the young French Republic, when Louis Philippe had fled the sparkling splendours of the throne, in the guise and in the name of Mr. Smith. The sentimental M. Lamartine was then, unfortunately for France, at the head of affairs, and he, not knowing the influence of Ireland on British destinies, and caring less for principle than for a favorable criticism in the London Press on his oratory, did seize the opportunity to assure the world that he was at peace with Britain. His "cordial alliance" stood neither him nor Britain in good stead—sterner hands plucked out his peacock's feathers, and he retired into the woods to heave melodious sighs over the falling flowers.

In later days there went another address in the same direction, but to a man whose sword had preserved France as that of his mighty ancestor Brian had saved Ireland. With it went a glaive of steel and gold and gems, finely modelled after the exquisite Celtic fashion. The cordial and stately congratulations of an ancient nation to her noble offspring, in recognition of his glorious feats on behalf of a kind and kindred people, were received with corresponding warmth, and answered with simple dignity. He whose brave hand poised that splendid glaive, now holds in the same hand the destinies of France, rescued from ruin, restored to order, progress and power.

Now again is heard the voice of Ireland—that voice which never yet saluted triumphant tyranny. It echoes beyond the western main, in the capital of another mighty nation. Surely there is something significant in this intercourse between France, Ireland, and America. Our country could not now, could never have felt altogether forlorn, even in the time of bitterest oppression, when she remembered her position between two such strong and sincere friends, and the many bonds of amity that drew them close in heart and mind.

And it was not for nothing that the Almighty Ruler of the Universe cast the fortunes of this most ancient yet most vigorous Irish nation between France—the inheritor of Imperial Rome—and America, the predestined of the coming age. Partaker with the past, by her history—partaker with the future, by her vigorous vitality, this position seems to betoken for our country a dignity for the coming times commensurate with her lofty reputation in the past.

These Representatives who now go from Ireland to Washington, go to salute the future. It is an act strange, solemn, and full of portent. This is the only nation of the old world that was not sceptred by the Roman sword—its greeting is given to a nation in whom the Empire of the Cæsars seems to be new-born into a nobler, ampler, and grander existence.

For a hundred years, and more than a hundred years, the heart of Ireland has beaten in unison with that of the United States. It suffered with their sorrows—it exulted—oh, how it has exulted! in their cause of joy. One has but to glance back into the traditional records of our people—the chronicled feelings of past generations bequeathed to the present, to understand the intensity of Irish sympathy with America's uprising. It was a sympathy not shown so much in printed documents, though they exist, as in

beaming glance, exultant word, and daring act. Well might Franklin, in the name of the young Republic he represented, assure our country of the earnest sympathy of his own. Our fathers had worked to deserve it. In the Senate at home, in the press, but still more on the foughten fields of America, they had given the ample evidence of thought, word, and deed, that they were the friends of America—friends in life—friends unto the death!

It is meet and proper, therefore, that on this famous Centenary of American Independence the sons should renew, by a solemn ceremony, the pact of noble amity which was sealed by their fathers' blood. For, surely, the present generation is no unworthy representation of the past! The blood of the children has red-dened the fields made sacred by the tombs of their ancestors. Against foreign foe and domestic enemy, Ireland placed her Emerald Standard beside the broad and Starry Banner of the States, and carried it through the roar and storm of many battles. For America, the personification of Liberty—for America, the generous refuge of the oppressed—for America, Ireland's second self. The cause of Freedom is Ireland's cause—whether it sinks or rises, there falls or ascends the cause of Ireland too. But the close and kindly ties of kindred thought, and feeling, and blood made the cause of America and that of Ireland not only similar but the same, in a thousand different ways. From the curving bays of New York to the Golden Gate of California, from the thunderous roar of Niagara to the sunlit seas of Florida, there are no regions in all that majestic continent where Irishmen have not lived and died, exulting in the presence of America, glorying in the memory of Ireland!

THE ANNIVERSARY OF CANOSSA.

THE anniversary of Canossa has been the storied remembrance of Christendom. Eight hundred years ago the great Emperor of Germany, Henry IV., made his submission to the Supreme Pontiff at the Modenese Castle of Canossa, the inheritance of Matilda, from whom the Holy See derived the territories of Viterbo, Acqua Pendente, Civita Vecchia, and other localities thenceforth known as the patrimony of St. Peter. Henry IV. was a most ruthless persecutor of the Holy See. He urged the right of giving the investitures of bishoprics, and the supreme ecclesiastical authority of the Pontiff was openly set at defiance. The Pope, Gregory VII., in a Council at Rome immediately declared the Emperor and his adherents schismatical, and the Pope pronounced Henry to be not only heretical but deposed. Henry could not live against such a sentence, and the great Emperor was forced to make his submission at Canossa to the power of the Papacy. The Pope against whom Henry rebelled, was canonised, while Henry, the great Emperor of Germany, was forced to pay homage to his memory. The anniversary of Canossa, then, is one of religion over materialism, is a victory of spiritualism over temporal power, is a triumph of the spiritual over the material. It is a triumph for the Papacy over the temporal power. "In our own time," said Schlegel, "justice has been at last rendered to the memory of a great Pontiff, and it has been allowed he was perfectly free from all selfish views, and that the austere and decisive energy of his character sprung from no other motive than a burning zeal for the reform of the Church and mankind. Henry IV. was the representative of despotism; the Church was the representative of modern thought and almost lay independence. Such a coincidence, or at least its parallel, has occurred in modern days. In point of fact the Church has always been the spoke upon the wheel of modern judicial progression, preserving it from that speed and that strain which would eventuate destruction and death. How many German writers have celebrated the papacy? Herder wrote that without the Papal Hierarchy Europe in all probability must have become the prey of tyrants, the theatre of eternal war of men—a desert. Beck, in his work on the Middle Ages, wrote that the Catholic Hierarchy opposed the progress of despotism in Europe, preserved the elements of civilisation, and upheld in the recollection of men what is easily effaced—the ties which bind earth to heaven. Catholicity in this century is as generous and as liberal as it was in that. It does not go in for the subservience of Emperors or the dependence of creatures, but it determines on preserving the ties which preserve sociality and which are momentarily threatened with disruption by the rationalistic tendencies of this age. We believe that in this regard the eighth centenary of the anniversary of Canossa shall be received, if not with enthusiasm, at least with rejoicing by the Catholics of Christendom, and that the relation between the celebration and the prominent ideas of the present time shall be recognised with the truth and forcibleness which they should command. We are now in the thirty-first year of the Pontificate of the greatest of all the successors of the great Hildebrand, and it is not unfit that we should celebrate the eighth centenary of the memorable date of the triumph of Canossa. If Marengo, if Trafalgar, if Austerlitz, if Waterloo, if Sedan, are to be kept in remembrance, why not Canossa? These are but triumphs of physical force. Canossa is a victory of the mind, of the soul—a victory which might be made the subject of philosophic disputation, and is made the theme of historic comment.—*Uster Examiner*.

The coroner for Southwark lately held an inquest respecting the death of Emma Black, aged six, who was alleged to have died from the effects of a fright caused by being shut up in a dark room at the Charles-street Board School, Horsleydown. The assistant mistress stated that such a thing as putting children in a dark room was unknown in the school, but the churchwarden of St. Olave's and several of the jury declared that the practice was common at the Charles-street School, and the coroner adjourned the case for further evidence.