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VOL. XIV., No. 4

TORONTO, THURSDAY, JANUARY 25, 1906

PRICE FIVE CENT

REV. FATHER HARTY, B.D., LECTURES

"Life and Times of Daniel O'Connell, the Liberator"

An Eloquent Lecturer—A Fine Audience—An Interesting Story Told in an Interesting Way—Songs and Music of Ireland—Substantial Collection in Aid of O'Connell Memorial Church.

The audience that assembled in Association Hall on Thursday last to hear Rev. Father Hartly, B.D., of Cahirciveen, Ireland, in his interesting lecture, "Life and Times of Daniel O'Connell, the Liberator," was both large and representative, and as the evening advanced it was further seen that it was likewise enthusiastic and appreciative. The chair was taken by the Hon. J. J. Foy, who in a few graceful words introduced Rev. Father Hartly, and supporting him on the platform were Very Rev. Dean Egan, Rev. Father Jeffcott, Nicholas Murphy, K.C., and Messrs. Eugene O'Keefe, Herson and J. J. O'Donoghue. A pleasing musical programme in which the Misses O'Connor and Ford, Mr. Andrew Laughlin and Master Willie Young took part, supplemented the lecture and was deservedly applauded, the closing number, a duet, "Maggie Darling, now Good-bye," by the Misses O'Connor, being given with dramatic charm and effect. Miss Angela Breen made an acceptable accompanist. A good deal of interest had been awakened in advance, the always absorbing character of the subject being added to by the genial presence of the broad-shouldered ambassador from Ireland, who during a short stay in the city had already gained many friends. Though much had been predicted as to the pleasure in store, yet in this instance at least anticipation had fallen far short of the reality. Father Hartly spoke for an hour and fifteen minutes, and yet at the close of his charming address his listeners wished for more. The story of the Liberator from his birth, and on through his eventful and glorious career, until the fateful moment when the world learned that O'Connell was dead, was lovingly and graphically told, the full, soft voice of the speaker, his ready command of his subject and the many anecdotes and witty stories adding point and grace to the address. Father Hartly is a speaker of many gifts, and the cause which he advocates, that of the Memorial Church of O'Connell at Cahirciveen, could not be in better hands than those of the eloquent and cultured priest from County Kerry, Ireland. On rising to address his audience, Father Hartly said:

...the real home of the O'Connell family. Here Maurice O'Connell, the boy's uncle, ruled for many years as Chief of the O'Connell sept, and was the inheritor of whatever escaped the confiscating tides of the O'Connell patrimony. Maurice having no family, brought thither young Daniel at an early age and adopted him as his heir. Thus were the future "Liberator's" early days during the formative period of his career, when the mind is plastic and impressionable, spent amidst romantic and inspiring surroundings. Here amidst the Alpine scenery of his native Kerry he spent his boyhood. Here he saw Mother Nature in all her beauty, majesty and grandeur. He trod the soft meadow lands and climbed the craggy heath-covered hills that cast their shadow over his home. He saw the mighty Atlantic in all her moods—now lashing the cliffs with briny foam and awakening the distant echoes; anon gazed on the same Atlantic, gentle as a mother's smile rippling on the beach. Sometimes as he tells us he used to wander through the ruins of an old Abbey and monastery near by and dream of the sanctity and learning of the Ireland of the past. At 13 years of age he was sent to study classics at Redington, near the Cove of Cork, to a school kept by a Father Harrington, the first of its kind to be opened after the rigor of the penal days. There being no schools of higher learning available for Catholics in Ireland, young O'Connell was sent at the age of 15 years to the friendly schools of the Continent at St. Omer's and Douai, France. But the French Revolution soon interrupted his studies and on the very day that Louis XVI was guillotined in Paris he quitted France. The horrors of the French Revolution so influenced his mind that ever afterwards he had an unmitigated hatred for bloodshed and revolution. (Applause.)

Returning to his native Kerry, he took advantage of the Relief Bill of 1793, which admitted Catholics to the Bar. He studied at Lincoln's Inn in London and was called to the Irish Bar in 1798—the memorable year of the Irish Revolution. And in 1800 he made his first political speech. Now to form an accurate idea of the life of any public man we must study him in the light of his surroundings. We must view his acts as forming part of the contemporary chapter of history and we must review the causes that influenced that chapter. O'Connell labored in an Ireland in which the rigor of the penal days was somewhat softened, but in which the degradation of that accursed code existed in all its intensity. Political differences between England and Ireland had grown at the time of the Reformation into religious differences and bigotry and had given birth to a system of laws which for the dual purpose of pauperising and degrading a people has never yet been surpassed. To quote the words of Edmund Burke: "The ingenuity of the human intellect never succeeded in the invention of an instrument to disgrace a kingdom and destroy a race more perfect than this."

In the economy of law there was no place for the existence of the Catholic, or if indeed he were to exist it was only as a mere serf. A Catholic under the penal laws could not sit in Parliament nor serve in a civil or military capacity. He enjoyed the privilege of serving the King as a common soldier; but he could not even become an ensign in a marching regiment. A Catholic could not vote, nor possess freehold property. He could not travel a mile without a permit from the Justice of the Peace nor quit his own home between the

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hours of sunset and sunrise. The avenues of social intercourse were closed and the happy gathering by the winter fireside, where fairy tales were told and Irish songs were sung and merry feet danced to native music were ended for a mirth-loving and light-hearted people. "Yet meet him in his cabin rude Or dancing with his dark-haired Mary, You'd swear they knew no other mood Than mirth and love in Tipperary." (Applause.)

A Catholic under the penal laws could not own a horse or if he did any Protestant neighbor could seize upon it by paying the paltry sum of \$25, no matter how valuable the animal might be. If a tax of \$1 were imposed on the Protestant it meant ipso facto \$2 on the Catholic. Any son on becoming a Protestant inherited thereby his father's property. Then a Catholic was bound to support a religion which he considered false and a clergy which to say the least he did not love. He could not be a doctor, lawyer—and of course it goes without saying he could not become a priest—but above all he was denied education. If you take from a man his worldly goods and leave him art and letters he has still imperishable treasures. But close to him the avenue of thought and knowledge and deprive him of the culture of the intellect and you leave him poor indeed. Now I am not going to preach a panegyric on the Irish race. I confess we have our faults because I recognize that we are human. But our greatest enemy must admit that the Irish love art and learning. (Applause.) History is my proof. Read our annals; study our works of art; listen to our music. It is a matter of history that the Irish peasantry—in their cabins, under the light of the turf fire, studied Homer, Horace, the classics of Greece and Rome, side by side with the poems of Ossian and Keating and Owen Roe. And there is an old saying that Kerry cows know Latin. (Laughter.) Never did a people love learning more for its own sake. But under the penal code for a father to send his son to a Catholic teacher meant a fine of \$100 per week and the school master who was guilty of the crime of spreading light and learning, who taught his people feloniously to learn, was fined \$25 for the first offence and forfeited his life on the gallows for a third. And this degrading system continued in all its malignant intensity from the early years of the reign of Queen Elizabeth down to the Catholic Relief Act of 1793.

Two events happened, however, before O'Connell's day which to some extent relaxed the rigor of the penal code. The first of these was the war of England with her American colonies. England wanted soldiers and England's difficulty being Ireland's opportunity (applause), the Irish Catholic was granted a paltry concession regarding land tenure. But again England was involved in a deadly war with France. Her armies needed Irish recruits and so a bill known in history as the Catholic Relief Act was passed in 1793. By this Act Catholics could vote for members of Parliament and for municipal officers. The Catholic if he could not sit on the Bench might plead at the Bar, and there were also thrown open some commissions in the army and navy. At the end of the 18th century a wave of liberal thought, too, passed over Europe and it had some effect in softening the rigor of the penal system.

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Such was the condition of Ireland when O'Connell appeared in public life. The soil was fertilized by the blood of the Celt. Persecution had driven desperate men to grasp rude weapons and rush to combat an empire's might. Revolution after revolution had followed. Reaction set in and the whole country settled down in a lethargy that was like unto death. There was no public spirit in the land. Famine and persecution had done its work and the higher faculties and the nobler instincts of the people were crushed.

O'Connell as we have seen was called to the Bar in 1798—the memorable year of the Revolution—and if he possessed no other claim to fame the versatile, eloquent, fearless—nay almost magical—barrister would live forever in the minds and hearts of the Irish people. He brought to grace his profession many qualities—legal and oratorical; unbounded resourcefulness, sparkling wit, rollicking humor, hear-rending pathos. He could denounce the executive, hood-wink the jury, brow-beat the presiding judge and cover his opponent with the choicest Billingsgate. In his day political circumstances often brought the Irish peasant within the meshes of the law and O'Connell was pre-eminently counsel for the defence. He was the people's champion at the Bar as on the political platform. But above all as a cross-examiner he was relentless and unequalled. He knew the workings of the Irish mind and was the terror of the informer. In the famous Doneraile conspiracy case in which he saved 150 men from execution or penal servitude one of the informers under the stress of O'Connell's relentless cross-examination cried out hysterically, "Wisha, then God knows, 'tis little I thought I'd meet you here to-day, Counsellor O'Connell, may the Lord save me from you."

He was frequently employed by his political opponents; and Peel himself declared that he would prefer to have O'Connell plead his suit than all the other lawyers of his time. The first exclamation of an Irishman in the grip of the law to his attorney was "Get me Counsellor O'Connell, he is the only man that can save me." O'Connell himself tells a story of a native of Kerry who came to him asking him to use his influence with the Government to obtain a position for him on the police (laughter). O'Connell replied that he had no influence with the Government. "Wisha, then," replied his friend, "if I was to kill some persecutor of the people like a tithing proctor or a landlord, it's you that would save me from the gallows let alone getting me into the police." To illustrate the use O'Connell made of his humor at the Bar, I shall cite a case in point: A journalist in Cork named Boyle had frequently attacked the corporation; but so guarded were his words that he escaped legal punishment. On one occasion, however, as the sheriff was leaving a Cork theatre two of his ribs were broken, and Boyle, who was the immediate cause of the injury, was prosecuted. O'Connell was counsel for the defence. The jury was hostile to Boyle and sympathized with the corporation. O'Connell began his defence in this way: "Gentlemen of the jury, as I have received a brief and its accompaniment a fee and as I am in no humor to make a speech I will tell you a story. I was once present at the Clonmel assizes where a man was tried for murder.

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Two neighbors between whom existed an old feud had met at a fair and quarrelled. They met in the evening and quarrelled again, and one left for home vowing vengeance against the other. The following morning this other was found murdered by the wayside and his threatener was charged with the murder. It seemed to be a clear case of circumstantial evidence. But just before the jury retired a witness was brought into court and it was no other than the murdered man. (Laughter.) It seems that another and entirely different person had been murdered. The jury, however, retired and soon the foreman returned with a verdict of guilty.

"Well," said the judge, "of what is he guilty? Surely not of murder?" "No, my lord," said the foreman; "but if he did not murder the man, sure, he stole me gray mare three years ago."

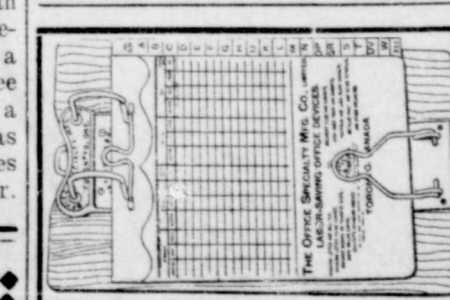
The Cork jury laughed loud and long, and then O'Connell proceeded: "Now, gentlemen of the jury, if Mr. Boyle did not assault the sheriff at least he libeled the corporation. Find him guilty by all means. It is scarcely necessary to add that Boyle escaped the well merited punishment. O'Connell's success at the Bar was phenomenal. Toward the end of his legal career he was earning steadily \$40,000 a year. But he gave it all up to serve his country. On one occasion when he was taunted with being what is known in this country as a professional politician, he replied that he was entirely a disinterested servant of Ireland.

"I throw away my profession, I cast its vast emoluments to the winds, I shut out the vistas of its dignities and its honors, to embrace the cause of my country. And come weal, or come woe, I have made a choice of which I never or shall ever repent."

O'Connell, as we have seen, made his first political speech in 1800 and it was in opposition to the Union. And from this time onward he may be said to have been the leader of the Catholic forces in Ireland. In 1823 he succeeded after innumerable difficulties in founding the Catholic Association. His task was indeed a hard one. The people were apathetic. The clergy were timid. The tears shed for '98 were not yet dry. However, he appealed to the masses of his countrymen to take heart and unite in a common brotherhood to obtain redress of their grievances. He brought the priests into the movement and made them the captains of the association. He did not believe merely in a league of the upper classes. The clamoring of eight millions for freedom would be irresistible. Grattan had met with short-lived success by appealing to the sympathy of liberal Protestants. But O'Connell would infuse new life and new inspiration into the masses of his oppressed Catholic countrymen. (Applause.) Many thought his plans were too premature. But his trumpet voice aroused the slumbering populace. He never wearied of quoting the dictum of Byron, "Hereditary bondsmen, know ye not, who would be free, himself must strike the blow."

Words like these could not fail to produce effect. O'Connell welded the people together at such a time and in such a way as no one but an O'Connell could have done. By his dogged perseverance, by his matchless eloquence he succeeded in appealing to instincts of freedom which were languishing. He knew how to touch every chord of the Irish heart. Never did a skillful musician touch the various strings of his instrument with greater success than O'Connell touched the Irish heart-strings. Now it was a light note of drollery or satire that vanquished some enemy. Again it was the deep note of pathos as he rehearsed the wrongs of Ireland.

The Catholic Association had resolved to oppose the return to Parliament of every supporter of the ministry of Wellington and Peel. Mr. Vesey Fitzgerald, M.P. for Clare, was appointed to the presidency of the Board of Trade and so had to seek re-election. The Catholic Association resolved to stand by its resolution and invited Major McNamara, who lives in history as O'Connell's second



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in the fatal duel with D'Esterre. But he refused. Tazet it was proposed that some Catholic should stand and show the world the intolerance of the British Parliament by being denied admittance. But who was to accept the proposition? There was but one man in Ireland equal to the occasion and that was O'Connell. One evening he set aside his lawyer's gown and started off on the historic journey to Clare. Now came the day of trial and the hour of martyrdom. Would the electors of Clare (tenants at will) rise up and cast off the shackles of serfdom? You must remember that the votes of the tenants at this time were regarded as, as much the property of the landlord as the rent. (Laughter.) To the undying glory of the electors of Clare they rose up and cast off their bonds. And O'Connell was elected. (Applause.) The whole country heaved and vibrated. The current of a new life passed over the land. The very soldiers themselves cheered for O'Connell. The tide was running high. Old King George was in tears lest the Papists should burst their bonds. Wellington dreaded a civil war. A measure was rushed through Parliament and the old King gave it a grudging signature, then dashed the pen that wrote it upon the ground. The Irish Catholics stood forth emancipated. O'Connell became the liberator of his people. O'Connell being in London, applied to the Bar of the House of Commons for admission to Parliament and the old oath was handed to him. This declared that the King of England was head of the Church and that veneration of the Virgin Mary and the sacrifice of the Mass were impious and idolatrous. The Commons was thronged for the occasion. Every voice was hushed and every eye was centred upon the giant proportions of the Irish Tribune. O'Connell took the card containing the oath, read the text carefully and then in a loud voice exclaimed: "I see in this oath an assertion as a matter of opinion which I know to be false; I see in it another assertion as a matter of fact which I believe to be untrue. I therefore refuse to take the oath." (Applause.)

He immediately withdrew and was elected under the new Emancipation Bill for Clare. O'Connell entered Parliament in 1850 and it was predicted by many that he would be a Parliamentary failure. Circumscribed as he was by Parliamentary procedure and rules of order he was likened to a huge palm under a glass case. He was accustomed to addressing hundreds of thousands of his countrymen on an Irish hillside. Yet he became one of the most effective orators and astute debaters in the House. Macaulay referring to O'Connell, remarked: "We never take count of time when the Hon. gentleman is talking." And Dickens used to relate that on one occasion when it fell to him to take notes of a speech by O'Connell, he was compelled to lay down his pencil, so moved was he by the orator's description of a widow seeking her only son among the peasants killed by the military, and of a young girl shot while leading her blind grandfather.

During all this time O'Connell was, to quote his own words, the best abused man in Europe. He came to loggerheads with several of the ministers. Wellington was "a stunted corporal," and he likened Peel's smile to "the glint of the silver plate on the lid of a coffin. (Laughter.) He and Disraeli had a war of words and O'Connell wound up by declaring Disraeli, who was of Jewish descent, to be the lineal descendant of the impenitent thief who died upon the cross, whose name, said O'Connell, "I firmly believe to have been Disraeli."

His encounters with the Times newspaper are well known. "Don't mind the Times," said O'Connell, "it is like a misplaced mile-stone; it can never by any possibility tell the truth." On one occasion he complained to the editor for being misrepresented in a speech delivered in the House of Commons, and the reporter was sent to give an explanation. The reporter said that when returning from the House of Commons a shower of rain had fallen,

(Continued on page 5.)

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