

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

An Historical Retrospect.

THE IRISH RACE IN AMERICA.

A Proud Record of Progress.

IMMIGRATION TO CANADA.

Character and Effects of Waves of Immigration.

THE IRISH IN MONTREAL

As each year, nearing its vernal season, brings round the ever welcome anniversary of the birth of Ireland's great Apostle, it is but natural for us, as the descendants of forefathers of the Irish race, to turn, with feelings of true filial devotion, and cast a glance backward from these times of peace and comparative prosperity, over the dark and troubled years which, like the great ocean that rolls between us and the motherland, dashed the tide of emigration on the coasts of this new and untried world.

Previous to the beginning of the present century, emigration from Ireland to Canada was very limited, being principally composed of Irishmen connected with the Imperial service—the army, navy, and government. But when shortly after, Upper Canada was opened up to settlement, there was a movement from Ireland, mostly of the better class of farmers and mechanics, from the south and west of Ireland, who, between the years 1810 and 1820, settled on Government lands in the new Province. At the same time many took up residence in cities, and entered upon commercial and mechanical pursuits. Among these latter were the forefathers of some of our

LEADING IRISH FAMILIES
in Montreal, Quebec, and Toronto. These emigrants were of a superior class. Most of them brought money with them and contributed largely by their industry and enterprise to the subsequent rapid development of the country. At an early period they founded

ST. PATRICK SOCIETIES
in all these cities, in which societies, Irishmen of all religious persuasions were enrolled as members. Their prime object was benevolence—to take care of and assist Irish families on their arrival in this country, and to keep up the memories of the Old Land. Thus for a long time, in the

CELEBRATION OF ST. PATRICK'S DAY,
Catholics and Protestants alike bore a part. This was as it should be, and the sight of brotherly unity was then, as always, a pleasant thing to look upon. The green banner was dear to the hearts of all, as recalling memories of their own native land far away, and the "green immortal shamrock" opened its tender leaves on the breast of all these truly united exiles of Erin. Alas that less happier times should come, and that Canada, which had promised so fair as being the place in which the transmitted hatreds and feuds of the past might never find a foothold, should be fated at last to feel stirring within her soil, the baneful weeds destined for many a long year, to choke out the fairer growths which would have made the new land so much safer and happier than the old had ever been.

THE INTRODUCTION OF ORANGEISM
into Canada by Ogilvie R. Gowan, when emigration set in from the North of Ireland, not only at once and effectually put an end to the former and happier state of affairs, but blasted the hopes of even the most hopeful for the future. It was the most active agent in causing those discussions which have done so much to divide and embitter the relations between the two great sections of our people.

As one of the consequences of this loss of unanimity, and not one of the least significance, St. Patrick's Day was, from

that time, celebrated almost wholly by Irish Catholics. Irish Protestant benevolent societies sprang up, but have not been attended with marked success.

When the **TERRIBLE YEARS OF THE FAMINE** poured upon our shores, thousands of Irish refugees, great numbers of whom only landed to find graves on the shores where they had hoped to create homes, the benevolent resources of both Catholic and Protestant societies were taxed to the utmost. These were, however, nobly assisted by other national societies, and notably so by the French Canadian people generally. That generous-hearted race, with all their proverbial solicitude for helpless infancy, took the children of the fever-stricken Irish emigrants to the warm shelter of their homes, and for many a long year, in many a Canadian homestead,

THE IRISH ORPHAN SAT AT THE HEARTH OF HIS FRENCH FOSTER-PARENTS, and learnt new ways, and a new language, and formed new ties, to replace those earlier ones that famine and fever and exile had so ruthlessly broken.

Many of the orphans thus adopted into French Canadian families, afterward rose to honor and distinction, and some of the foremost names in the political, mercantile and professional life of the period, were the Irish ones of those who, when children, had been thus rescued.

Not lightly can the memory of deeds like that just recorded die. They do more towards consolidating nations and fusing races than generations of statesmen and all the arts of statescraft can effect.

The next event touching on the political position of the Irish in Canada was the **EXODUS TO THE UNITED STATES** of large numbers of the younger generation of Irishmen. This step was consequent upon and largely due to the Fenian excitement, and those who went away, seldom returned.

These movements among our people account for the comparatively small

INCREASE OF THE IRISH POPULATION IN CANADA. Although it must be admitted that to day the Irish people in Canada constitute a very considerable portion of the whole population. They are, however, so widely scattered throughout the country that they do not exercise that influence in public affairs to which their numbers should entitle them. In Montreal, however, they have held their ground, and may be said to be the strongest Irish colony outside New York, and one or two others of the larger American cities.

RECENT CELEBRATIONS of St. Patrick's Day have not been so large nor so enthusiastic as they were previous to 1866. It is not necessary to enter into the causes of this decline, but it is gratifying to observe that there is an obvious return of that spirit which animated our people in the old days, and it is to be hoped that each recurring year will see the festival of the patron saint of Ireland celebrated with increasing enthusiasm. Although the Irish population in Canada has not been augmented to any perceptible extent, by emigration from Ireland of late years, the natural increase has been large. Had our people found that scope for their energies in Canada which they found in the United States, there can be no doubt but that to-day they would occupy a vastly more important position as a factor in the population.

This brief review of the Irish movement in Canada will indicate how deeply interesting could a book be made which would give a history of it. All the elements of romance, of adventure, endur-

ance, triumphs over the most adverse conditions, illustrating the virtues of the Irish race would be found in such a history. Even the development of

THE IRISH COLONY IN MONTREAL alone would furnish a theme not unworthy of the pen of the highest genius. Names, illustrious in the annals of the country, are to be found in the reports of each recurring St. Patrick's Day celebration in this city. Montreal Irishmen can look back with pride on these records, when, in the year 1891, just about a century since the first Irish settlers came to Canada, they take a survey of the growth of their countrymen in all things which go to make up a powerful community.

THE POSITION OF THE IRISH IN OTHER COUNTRIES

is to-day a proud one. In Europe some of the foremost statesmen of the day are Irishmen, or descendants of Irishmen. There is no need to recapitulate names here so universally known. The development of the Irish race in North America alone forms a curious chapter in itself, inasmuch in the United States it holds indisputably a dominant position, and assumes the practical control of politics. In South America it has for the last quarter of a century poured such a tide of emigration as to make the Irish in several of the states the governing class. Our own Dominion has been largely built up, by means of this element, in its population. In Australia, New Zealand, even in far away Japan and China, the influence of the genius of the Irish race is far-reaching and potent.

The places won by Irishmen and their descendants all over the world, offer a singular comment on the unwillingness of England to grant them control of their native land. Well, indeed, has the truth of the saying been demonstrated, that Irishmen can govern every land where they may go, except Ireland. The charge made by their British critics that they are a turbulent race, has been falsified by the docility with which they submit to the laws of every country that gives them freedom and scope for their energies.

When it is remembered that they were deprived of education for centuries in their native land, persecuted, kept in servitude, and finally driven into exile at the point of the bayonet, or by the still more pitiless decrees of their oppressors, it is but fair to acknowledge that they have nobly vindicated the genius which history and all impartial observers have conceded to them, also when it is remembered how poor in worldly wealth, and how lacking in intellectual requirements the masses of Irish peasants were when flung upon the shores of America over forty years ago, and when we look at the position their children have obtained in the learned professions—in literature, in politics, science, arts, and commerce—again it must be conceded that that genius which animates the Irish race is alike unconquerable and indistinguishable.

No matter how poor an Irishman may be, his first thought is to give his children the best education possible, and the children are no discredit to the parents in this ambition.

The spirit here indicated fills every Irish heart with a hope, which has all the strength of a prophecy, that the day must come when Ireland will take her place among the nations of the world—

"Great, glorious, and free,
First flower of the earth, and first gem of the sea."

The streets of Montreal were, on Tuesday morning, from an early hour, filled with men and women wearing the green emblems of Ireland and hastening to the various rendezvous where the organizations were to assemble. Men and youths on horses, decked with ribbons and gleaming with gold ornaments, galloped about, and bandmen with bright instruments were seen hastening through the streets. One "mounted officer" attracted especial attention. He was a little fellow mounted on a diminutive pony not much bigger than a good sized Newfoundland dog, which the child rode well and handled with much skill. Green ribbons were on the majority of coats and mantles, and the air was redolent with the sentiments of St. Patrick's day. Nature smiled on the occasion and the air was bright and crisp, and though cold, was admirably suited for the auspicious celebration, and the exhilarating atmosphere made the scene appear even more than usually animated. The various societies proceeded to St. Patrick's Church, the vast area of which was soon densely crowded. The sacred edifice was dimpled with festoons of green and white, and the high altar was brilliant with illumination, the cross shining out in a thousand gas jets and the Irish harp being similarly prominent. The scene was imposing and grand, and when the procession of the clergy and assistants had entered the Sanctuary and taken their places the spectacle was one long to be remembered.

His Grace the Archbishop celebrated, assisted by the following as deacons of honor: Rev. Jos. Reid, and John Bray; deacon of the Mass, Rev. Michael O'Keefe; sub-deacon of the Mass, Rev. Wm. Adrian; master of ceremonies, Rev. Jos. Bastien, assistant do, Rev. L. Perrin; acolytes, Messrs. J. Harshfield and M. McCormack; thurifer, Mr. Jos. Howard; crucifix bearer, Mr. John Clarke; mitre bearer, Mr. D. Bailey; gremial bearer, Mr. R. Pearce; crozier bearer, Mr. Albert Hayes; candle bearer, Mr. Martin Hogan, and train bearer, Master Thos. Murphy. Among the clergy who occupied seats in the Sanctuary were noticed Vicar General Marechal, Rev. P. Dowd, S.S.; Rev. Father Henri, O.P.; Sentenne, S.S.; Fallet, S.S.; Pelletier, S.S.; Deguire, P. O'Donnell, Rioux, C. S. S. R.; P. Casey, James Lonergan, Leclaire, Lelandais, S.S.;

Laliberte, S.S.; Schlicking, S.S.; Cheri-rier, S.S.; Portier, S.S.; P. O'Meara, Brissette, De Foville, H. Carrieros, A. Carrieros, Chevrefils, P. McGinnis, Borduas, Sauve, K. Dumbarton, Kavanagh, Shea, etc. The musical portion of the service was of a high order, and reflected credit on both the choir and its director, Prof. Fowler. The Mass chosen was Haydn's First Mass, and this was given with full orchestral accompaniment, and a chorus of 75 voices. The soloists were: sopranos, Messrs. McCaffrey, Grooves and Gain; tenors, Messrs. T. C. O'Brien and J. J. Rowan; baritone, Mr. J. P. Ham-nill; basses, Messrs. E. F. Casey and F. Feron. At the offertory a "Salve Regina," specially composed for the occasion by Prof. Fowler, was sung by Mr. F. Feron. Prof. Gruenwald acted as leader of the orchestra, Mr. P. F. McCaffrey as leader of the choir and Prof. J. A. Fowler as director and organist.

THE SERMON.
Rev. Father Donnelly, of St. Anthony's, preached the sermon, taking for his text:

"The memory of Him shall not pass away, and His name shall be in request from generation to generation." Eccl., xxxix. 18.

MY LORD AND DEAREST BRETHREN:—
Thus sang the prophet in the far-off days of the old dispensation, foreboding in inspired accents the destiny of the Church to come and the glory of those chosen sons to whom public gratitude and veneration would award a lasting monument upon her altars. Thus sing we to-day, taking up the burden of that prophetic song. Does not my friends, this grand and joyful festival confer upon us the right, and I may add, the privilege of applying to their full extent these words of Ecclesiastics, to the life and to the name of him we are pleased to honor. How, also, explain this unwonted feast at a season when Mother-Church invites her children to gather, mourning around

sentinel on guard he cried: "Open, open your gates, for I am the fortune of France!" Well might the Apostle of our fatherland have uttered the same sentiment when, in fulfillment of his mission of peace, he first set foot on Irish soil. Well might he have exclaimed to those who were first to greet him: Open, open your hearts, open your homes, for I am the fortune of Ireland. How true would have been the application. Take up the history of our race. Line after line, page after page, chapter after chapter, are written in suffering and disaster. Yes, truly, the hand of affliction has been heavy upon us, yet, mark ye, when darkest clouds covered the firmament of our national glory, when the earth was strewn with the

SMOKING RUINS

of some newly crushed dream of national success, what upheld the bowed-down hearts, the drooping courage? The "fortune of Ireland," her faith—which gave new impetus to her defenders, a new stimulus to her warring national life! In the annals of our country is consigned a beautiful tradition that after the dark days of misfortune had settled like a funeral pall over the green hills and vales of our fatherland, aged minstrels did roam from hamlet to hamlet, from cabin to cabin, from palace to palace, seeking, and never in vain, that welcome hospitality for which our countrymen are famed the world over. Towards the evening, when the toil of the day was past, all would gather around the hearth in the genial warmth of the glowing peat fire, the minstrel, assuming once more the character of his past glory, would tune the chords of his faithful harp—his trusted and fond companion of many years. Then, in the flood of harmony that came forth from the responsive strings, the soul of the aged harper would live again

sentiment, when rightly understood and acted upon, must prove itself the most powerful agent for elevating men, imparting a higher moral tone and drawing him nearer to that high conception of

THE TRUE CITIZEN
which will be found allied only with the character of the true Christian. What then is the standard of true patriotism? With Constant I would answer: "Unquestionably the private virtues are worthy of all our veneration, but the services which are rendered to an entire nation are entitled to a still higher estimate. Happy is he who is enabled to confer some benefits upon his contemporaries, but still happier is he whose services extend also from them to posterity * * * * * The friend of liberty and justice thus bequeaths to future ages the most valuable portion of himself; he places it beyond the reach of their injustice, which overlooks him, and of the oppression, which menaces him. He commits it to a sanctuary which no debasing or turbulent passion can approach. His whose meditation discovers a single principle, whose hand traces a single truth, whose victorious eloquence founds one salutary institution, may, without inquietude, risk his life in contest with tyrants, or a not less unpopular populace. His existence will not have been vain; his thoughts will remain impressed upon that eternal whole, upon which no circumstances can annihilate his influence."

Every nation worthy of the name has her roll of honor upon which are inscribed the names of those to whom she owes some portion of her national fame, names that become household words and which proud mothers teach their children to venerate and love as part of their national life, hold up as examples to fire their legitimate ambition, and to urge them on to better things. Many names rush to the pen of him who would write of Ireland's past, names that commend themselves for their pure devotion to the cause of their fatherland, for, be it said, without any undue presumption, Ireland has been singularly fertile in examples of disinterested love and generous sacrifice on the part of her sons. Some, there were, who willingly threw themselves into the all-despairing cause of her liberty, and laid down their lives cheerfully, happy to be judged worthy of dying for a cause which they were all powerless to sustain. Others who placed at the service of their country

THE TRANSCENDENT TALENT
with which God endowed them, conscious that in doing so they voluntarily ostracized themselves and abdicated all hope of that preferment and honor for which otherwise their genius naturally marked them. With the political history of our people it is not my task to deal, nor would I tread the quicksands of that treacherous soil. History, the impartial, dispassionate judge of men and facts, will one day give to each his due. All honor will then be the share of those who, by their pure patriotism, shall have generously done their duty towards their race. There be to them whose shall have trifled with the nation's sacred destiny and abused the confidence of an all-trusting people. Judged, however, by the standard of that sentiment, defined but a few moments ago, what name or what service may rank in our national history with those of Ireland's apostle? what work has equalled his work? Unparalleled in its object, unsurpassed in its lasting effects, that work has been, truly, the "fortune of Ireland." No foe to meet in hand to hand encounter where personal strength and valor may reap the coveted reward, but the hearts of man to conquer, and that in the most intimate regions, in what man holds most sacred, his convictions upon things spiritual. A people to conquer, but a people firmly anchored to their primitive form of worship, as attested, even to the present day, by the numerous round towers of the Druid, some of which still stand as monuments to that gigantic task accomplished by our national apostle. Alone he set foot upon the soil of Ireland, alone in a strange land. But remember he was not a man, he was an Apostle, an envoy extraordinary from the Almighty, in whose name he would claim possession of that new kingdom. A new David, he set himself single-handed against the Goliath of Druidism and soon the course of his giant foe lay helpless at his feet.

IRELAND WAS CONQUERED,
but by a pacific host, whose yoke—the "light and sweet yoke of faith"—she would henceforth bear lovingly and faithfully. That the task was thoroughly done, no one can doubt, for when, in compliment to her famous seats of learning, she was styled the "Island of Scholars," history assures us that she bore, with no less justice the favored appellation of "Island of Saints." It is her legitimate boast that from the first days of the fifth century down to our present age she has an ununsullied record of unswerving fidelity to the See of Peter. Untainted by any breath of error or schism she has weathered storm after storm, while all around her saw sad defections in the fold of Christ. Ah! my friends, the faith that lived through the horrors of the penal ages—not only lived, but actually flourished,—needs no further recommendation in the eyes of a thinking world. Like the ancient Romans who carried with them their household gods, the sons of Erin carried into their exile the God of their fathers, the faith, which, with a pair of strong arms, was offered their only possession, all they might call their own. That they proved faithful to this sacred trust, need we question? For an answer, I would refer you to the flourishing churches of the great Republic, and far-off Australia, both governed by priests of the Catholic Church, whose names and certainly approves; because this



REV. FATHER DONNELLY.

her altars and weep with her o'er the cruel sufferings of her beloved spouse? How explain your presence in this gaily attired temple, the glittering pageantry of your demonstration, the swelling harmonies of your triumphant chants, the august presence of our first pastor? All this portends some fond devotion which finds its natural expansion in this religious solemnity. My friends, 'tis a Catholic nation's tribute to the saint of her love. 'Tis the generous and practical realization of that prophecy touching the saints and their abiding memory amongst men. To-day, the world throughout, the dispersed children of Erin have met to celebrate, according to the memorable traditions of centuries, the feast of the Apostle, destined by God to bear to their nation the glad tidings of faith. The memory of him shall not pass away and his name shall be in request from generation to generation."

MUTE TRIBUTE OF PRAISE

coming from the monuments of man's handicraft to that immense song of rational worship that wells up from countless hearts of God's true faithful, and which is heralded to-day towards the throne of the Almighty from the grand cathedral nave or modest village chapel, wherever the disciples of St. Patrick have turned their footsteps? No, that memory has not passed away, nor can it pass away, treasured as it is in the living traditions of the impulsive people of his love, handed down by succeeding generations as a most precious legacy to be zealously guarded as a talisman of hope, a gage of success. Intertwined with the national life of Ireland from century to century that name has been a true beacon-light shining far up in the heavens to guide those who struggled below in the valley, reminding them at each new disaster that all, all was not lost, one thing remained, and the first most precious of all, the undying faith of their fathers, St. Patrick's gift to the Irish people. After the fatal day of Crecy, when Philip of Valois beheld his faithful but unfortunate army exterminated by the superior strength of his English foe, history tells us that, alone, he sought the shelter of a neighboring stronghold, where, knocking at the port-cullis, to the

through the ages long gone past. The story of deeds of valor, tale of war, of victory, and of defeat, of joy and of suffering, would press in turn upon his lips; now rising to the highest pitch of enthusiasm his enrapt hearers, and again melting to tears, according to the strain of his song. Many years have rolled by since then; the aged minstrel of Ireland has long since hushed his voice, and his harp, like the storied harp of Tara, no longer thrills the ear and heart of his compatriots. Yet the story he told in his poetic-strain still finds loving hearts to drink it in, for the patriotic fibre in the bosom of Ireland's children, beats as proudly to-day as it did centuries ago. The minstrel has left his legacy and, it seems to me, has dropped his mantle, upon those whose task it is, on our national feast to address

THE SONS OF ERIN,

and like the harper of old, they have merely to let their fingers wander at hazard over the chords of our national history to strike a note that will always find a listening ear and a responsive heart. We might speak of ages in a far off past, when Erin, a free land, with her own laws and institutions, successfully defied the repeated onslaught of her many foes, when her doughty knights and chieftains outrivalled, on well fought fields, the imaginative prowess of the heroes of romance. We might show you that epoch of national splendor when by her famed monasteries and schools, in the midst of a general decadence, she held aloft the torch of science and attracted to her shores the youth of all Europe, eager to drink in, to assimilate the treasures of wisdom and lore of which she had become the grand and only guardian. Nor would these details be unworthy this pulpit of truth, from which go forth the sublime tenets of our God—given faith to make men better and wiser. No, these details would not prove unworthy this pulpit nor the occasion which would call them forth; and many eloquent voices, the echo of which comes to us out of the past, have recalled on similar occasions, these different phases of our national history, and ever with beneficial effect. Those reminiscences of the past have their source and origin in that purest and most lofty of feelings, a true and sincere patriotism, a sentiment which nature commands and which God himself certainly approves; because this