

The Motherland

Ten tons of Irish soil and sand have been shipped at Queenstown on board the Cunard Royal Mail steamer Campania for conveyance to New York...

The United Irishmen's Centennial Association issues the following address: TO THE NATIONALISTS OF IRELAND, FELLOW COUNTRYMEN—

The Centenary of 1798 is with us. Its occurrence has stirred the whole Irish race; and in every land where the children of the Gael have found a home...

This universal and unanimous desire has manifested itself among Nationalists of all schools and all parties; and in this, at all events, the dream of Tone and Emmet is realised...

In the belief that this world-wide feeling should find worthy expression, and that no obstacle should be placed against co-operation in the Centennial celebrations of any men or party of men who reverence the martyrs of 1798...

We have observed with pain that in some of the existing organisations certain sections of Irishmen are banished because of their association with particular methods of the National propagandists...

The first principle of this Association is the eligibility of every Irishman who honours the men of '98 to a share in its control. Its object is to secure a National and universal celebration of the great Centennial. We call upon all Irishmen who hold with this principle...

At the meeting of the Irish National Federation on January 19th Mr. Wm. O'Brien, who was received with loud cheers, made the following remarks to the return of Hon. Edw. Blake to Ireland...

brated at Liverpool, when a dashing young Irish sailor led to the altar a blushing bride belonging to one of the highest families in the land.

At a meeting of the Estate Committee of the Massareene evicted tenants a resolution was carried unanimously of best and hearty thanks to Mrs. William O'Brien for her great kindness.

ENGLAND.

The late Dowager Lady Russell, as many an Irishman gratefully remembers, took up the Home Rule cause with the utmost fervor.

The Great Flo Question.

I once heard talked over between two respectable ladies, says Col. W. Higgins in the February Atlantic.

"No," she answered, "I didn't. But Miss Jones, she come home that night, and she flung her hood right down on the table, and says she, 'There,' says she, 'Mr. Jones, I'm never going to have another of them mince pies in the house just as long as I live,' says she.

A Fatal Spider-Web.

When a fly accidentally gets caught in a spider's web, the spider goes calmly about his work securing his prey. He doesn't hurry particularly. He takes his time and binds first the fly's feet, and then his wings and his entire body.

The Orators of Ireland.

A LECTURE BY THOMAS FRANCIS MCAHONY.

I come to speak of those whose memories are the malleable inheritance of my poor country, and in the possession of which—lattered woods, sits in desolation, in the shadows of the Carpathian Mountains, and I verily believe the atavist of Russia has heard of him who now addresses you.

There is an old man, with stooped shoulders, long thin arms, the sparest figure, haggard face, lips grimly set, and an eye with the searching glance of a grey eagle—that is Henry Grattan.

What of him? He had a great cause, a great opportunity, a great genius. The independence of Ireland—the cause. The emancipation of England with her colonies—the opportunity.

Who, knowing anything of Ireland, has not heard of him? Who, having heard the story of her wrongs and martyrdoms, has failed to love that loving, gallant, glowing martyr? Who, at all familiar with the best features of his time, will refuse to him an exalted station and the most generous homage?

On a broken ledge of granite, against which the green waves of the sea seem to have worked many a long day, and in the shadow of a mountain old in the purple haze, there stands, as though it grew out of it, a massive figure—arms folded, stony limbed, broad-shouldered, deep-chested, erect, well-

set, staunch, massive as the granite—small head, small grey twinkling eyes, flexible, small lips, features suffused with humor, yet lurking sagacity and purpose, and a consciousness of power—this is Daniel O'Connell!

Nothing within the range of human capacity, in the way of revolution and administration, was to him impossible. He could easily have recovered the confiscated privilege of 1712. His dominion exceeded that of Henry Grattan, though his military resources were less ostensible.

Yet, failing to do so, and falling in other instances, and perhaps more culpably, he did much for Ireland—much for her in her earlier years—much for her before the sun of life moved downwards from the zenith, and dying, he bequeathed the zenith to his country, which contributes largely to that stock of wealth which no laws can confiscate, no adversary deteriorate—a memory which those who differ from him most, and ensure him the most severely, will for the honour of the country, be solicitous and jealous to perpetuate.

Less liberally endowed with the great attributes of those who preceded him, he is nevertheless worthy of a high place in the Pantheon which they occupy. His nature less susceptible of great impressions, his integrity in political matters more questionable, his ambition decidedly less generous, nevertheless, his instincts were kindred to theirs, his spirit as intrepid, his intellect as vigorous, and, if less majestic, better cultivated.

Yes! Let the robber have his way—the incendiary his way come! Let the war come—the famine come! There is a treasure they cannot seize, cannot injure, cannot deface, cannot annihilate. It is the soul—it is the soul of a country expressing itself on the canvas, through the marble, in words of melody and transcendent power.

But who is that—the last in the group—who is so tall, so handsome, so gay, so commanding, with so much vivacity, frankness, vivacity in his look and bearing—with such deep brows, with

so broad and white a forehead, with eyes of so intense a lecture that some one whispers to us they could give expression to a face of clay? Who else can it be but him of whom an ecstatic sister wrote that "his cheeks had the glow of health; his eye, the finest in the world, the brilliancy of genius; and yet were so soft as a tender and affectionate heart could render them."

Who else can it be but him, whose name cannot be mentioned without all that is beautiful, all that is strong, all that is sad, all that is glorious, all that is inexpressible in the history of our country, flashing upon the mind—half in cloud and half in glory? Who else can it be but Richard Brinsley Sheridan?

If his nature partook of the caprices of our climate, that nature was as fruitful and abounding as our soil. Trampling to destruction himself, he would stop to rescue others. Of selfishness there was not a particle in his nature—neither in his domestic concerns nor in his public life.

The history of Ireland is a mournful one—perhaps the saddest that has been written. From the beginning even to the end, it has the deep tone of a lamentation. But, like the lamentation of a prophet, it is resonant and glowing with grand memories, and the loftiest hopes, and invocations the most sublime.

What are the memories of the men whom I have this moment pointed out? Are they not beams of eternal light, brightening, warming, elevating, the shadows of the past, and the troubled waters over which they continually play? Are they not, again, the rays of the sun coming up through the softitude of the night—effulgent promises of a distant but advancing destiny? Thus they are the life, the wealth, the glory of our country. It is well. It is beneficently ordained. It has been most bounteously vouchsafed. For never did a country stand more in need of strength, of wealth, of glory; for never was a country so impoverished, so disabled, so utterly cast down.

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Is this exaggerated?—this an impious boast?—The Pantheon is in ruins; but Demosthenes is not dead. The Athenian theatre is in ruins; but Euripides and Sophocles walk the earth.

I speak, my country perpetuates herself even to the end of time. "The immortal fire outlasts the organ which conveyed it, and the breath of liberty, like the word of the holy man, dies not with the prophet, but survives him."

Notes from Pembroke.

Midnight Mass was celebrated here on Christmas Eve by his lordship Bishop Lorrain, assisted by Fathers Laluplus, French and Nolin. A pleasing feature was the singing of the little girls and boys, the former taking each alternate verse with the choir.

At any time this thought should arouse within us feelings of sorrow and shame, when we reflect that the God of heaven and earth so humbled himself, but, on Christmas Eve, at the very hour at which our Saviour was born, it must have sunk deeply into the hearts of all present.

INSTALLATION OF OFFICERS.

At the regular meeting of St. Paul's Branch, No. 8, Toronto. The following officers were duly installed for 1898. President, P. Hurley; Vice President, B. McGuffin; Sec. Sec'y, J. Cleary; Financial and Insurance Sec'y, A. McDonald; Treasurer, J. Liston; Stewards, H. Hurley, W. Hodson and D. Taylor.

ST. PETER'S BRANCH, NO. 21 PETERBORO.

Chaplain, Rev. Father O'Sullivan; Chancery, J. Drain; President, H. Carveth; Vice President, Jas. Lanagan; Sec. Sec'y, J. O'Sullivan; Assistant Marshal, J. Gorman; Inside Guard, E. R. Ward; Outer Guard, Jas. Wall.

Does It Pay to Tiptle? You know it don't. Then why do you do it? We know why. It requires too much self-denial to quit. The Dixon Cure, which is taken privately, is purely vegetable, is pleasant to the taste, and will remove all desire for liquor in two or three days...