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# The True Witness



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## A Real Irish Philosopher.

D. P. Moran and His Work, "The Philosophy of Irish Ireland."

(J. M. Wall, in New York News.) Here comes a man into the public life of Ireland from the fringe of the crowd, as you might say, making his presence felt instantly with overpowering force. Few have heard of him until within recent years, and any effort at reminiscence concerning him earlier than that would be likely to go wholly unrewarded. But he was carefully noting things all the time, nevertheless, waiting for his turn to be heard, and now any sympathizer with Ireland, at home or abroad, who hasn't heard of him has missed the opportunity of his life.

His name is D. P. Moran, and the capital city of Ireland is his abode. I have called him a philosopher, for if he be not a philosopher, then the term is devoid of meaning. There is another Irish philosopher, dead now more than a hundred years, Bishop Berkeley that is, who had much to say on the "theory of vision"; but Moran's theory of vision, to my mind, is far more profitable reading for an Irishman, now or at any other time, than the abstruse disquisitions of the Protestant Bishop of Kilkenny.

There is awakened within me such an intellectual affinity toward the man who could produce such a work as "The Philosophy of Irish Ireland"—which I have read and re-read—that I would like to see an entire page in the Daily News, were that possible, in exploitation of the great good he has accomplished.

The wonderful grasp which Mr. Moran has of the underlying impulses of Irish life and his courage in proclaiming his views come like a tonic at a time when a tonic is the thing that is most wanted. He is a friend of Ireland, a Nationalist in the best sense of the word, who shows Irishmen their weaknesses, in tone of satire so searching that the guilty ones are obliged to admit their guilt or else sink away.

It is easier to discover the truth in any given line than to diffuse it; but to discover and diffuse it, as this man has done, and in the way he has done, is a landmark in the history of Ireland which no leader in the politics of the country, however influential he may be now or at any other time, can afford to ignore.

"The Philosophy of Irish Ireland" is a book of essays, written by Mr. Moran a few years ago, when the head as well as the heart of the nation was just beginning to awake to the significance of the new movement. They were contributed to a magazine. They come out now as a book and sell for a shilling, and have been selling so rapidly that a second edition was put on the market recently, and a third edition is likely to be called for at an early date.

Mr. Moran wasn't as well known then as he is now, but any man who can write as he does would force himself into prominence anywhere, any time. There is an inexpressible charm in being able to say this about a real Irish Nationalist who commits himself to literature for the good of his country; and the feeling grows more intense on knowing that it is true. There are many Irishmen at home and abroad of the caliber of Moran, but they have not as yet been heard from. The conditions are not ripe. It is their duty to make them ripe; but the hard labor and hard knocks they are sure to get—as Moran got—frighten them.

Genius is opportunity. And genius, we are more frequently told, is "an infinite capacity for taking pains." Looked at in either light, Moran is a genius. He is sure of every step of the ground, and his foot, wherever he has planted it, makes an indelible impression. His appeal is to Irishmen who think, never to those who shout and cheer. I can see his plume wave and hear him cry, "out defiantly from amid a mob, through 'There's the straight road. Cross it and you are lost!' And the throng breaks and falls into line—now two, now ten, now a hundred, now a thousand, until all Ireland is marching

man I've ever known, for he has been abused, as who indeed has not who diverges from the beaten track and says things that we all know to be true and that every one of us has been unwilling or afraid to say. Knowing well Ireland and Irishmen—as well, I should fancy, as any man who ever penned a line on the subject—he welcomes the worst. You may fire at him as often as you have a mind to, but when the smoke has cleared away and he is seen still standing, don't be surprised if it happen to be yourself who is carried off on a stretcher. You are certain to be more careful next time.

That is one of the great wants in Ireland—full and free criticism of those who are friendly to the cause, but who yet differ; and this he emphasizes again and again. The criticism of those Irishmen who are unfriendly to the cause and are cheering for England all the time is not dwelt upon; for that, unhappily, we have always with us. When normal conditions are restored in Ireland, as they are certain to be when the line of thought which this brave man champions attains its fullest development, that trouble, he holds, will have disappeared with all the others, and the common welfare of a common country will become the ambition of all.

"The redress of political grievances," says Mr. Moran, "calls for the whole efforts of a few, the partial efforts of many, and for no effort at all beyond good will from the majority." There is nothing unsound in that; no, nor in this: "The view that the only way to be Irish is to be a Nationalist politician has all but made a corpse of the Irish nation. Politics is not one of the polite arts, and in no country does it attract the best class of the population. It follows from this that the quiet, accomplished and wealthy portion of the non-combatants in a political fight, not to mention the palpable snobs, are driven to associate nationality with a movement which, however ably and honestly managed it may be, is largely made up of wild talk, village demagogues, lip patriotism and petty tyranny." The tremendous latent forces that could be set in motion to bring Ireland up to date in the educational, industrial and economic world are not looked upon as nationality at all. And this, according to Mr. Moran, explains the "never-ending procession of Irish-born men and women, that year by year commit themselves to the capacious maw of West Britonism."

The conclusion here is not definite enough, and I would like to say something; but, unhappily, the space I have is definite enough, and so I am obliged to hurry on. Mere hatred of England he discounts as "a bad passion at the best and one that is absolutely unjustifiable on moral grounds, unless it be impersonal and complementary to a real desire to keep intact the distinctive character, traditions and civilization of one's own country."

What he says on unity is well said. Listen to this: "Unity of opinion on any subject, or unity of view as to political methods, is not a normal condition in an independent, thinking population." In England, he says, the "heckling," that is, cross-questioning of a Parliamentary candidate by the meanest of his constituents is one of the most attractive features of an election struggle and stimulates thought. In Ireland this would not be tolerated.

"A nation," he says, "must be inspired into unity; she cannot be drilled into it." National unity, to be of real avail must, he declares, "be the flower of a number of movements for the creation and fostering of the elements, spiritual and material, that go to the making of a nation. When the people go back into their normal traditions, get permeated by their own literature, create a drama, resurrect their customs, develop their industries, have a language to bind them together and a national personality to guard—then the free and full development of every individual will in no wise endanger or weaken any political movement."

Mr. Moran calls the roll of the principal efforts for independence since and including O'Connell's day, and says that in not one of them was any provision made to enable men and women born in Ireland to grow up Irish. "No Irish customs were given them to perpetuate, no

Irish language to glory in, no Irish drama to enjoy, no Irish pictures to buy, no Irish books to fill their libraries with, no traditions to swell them out with racial pride; but left to shift for themselves, they sought the little glories which their own nation denied them by buzzing about everything 'respectable' that came from England, and by saying 'steek' for steak. The convent school 'finished' young lady or the West British jackeen are really no subjects for satire either. They are melancholy monuments to the incapacity of those who took the molding of the country into their own hands."

This book has set Ireland a-thinking. The Leader, which he owns, and which is, after a fashion, a permanent weekly synopsis of the persons the book lays down, has also set Ireland a-thinking. Its style, too, is followed by other Irish publications of more recent origin—a form of tribute to real worth and excellence, which is surely the most flattering of any.

and the magnificent hospital erected by the city for the Sisters. Though the Mayor treated his visitor with the utmost kindness, the latter seemed bored and could not be led into conversation. Evidently the Mayor was not the kind of man he relished, and the absence of violence on the part of the Catholics was monotonous and mortifying.

The Mayor inquired of his guest if he was weary and politely asked him if he wished to see any more of the city. Slattery bluntly told him that he had seen enough. The Mayor told him that there was one more place of interest which he wished to show him. They were soon at the gate of a cemetery. They entered and walked toward a marble shaft that towered as high as the beautiful South-eastern trees that draped it with their luxuriant frondage.

"Mr. Slattery," said the Mayor, "I have a purpose in bringing you here." His voice was husky with emotion, and his eyes gleamed, more in sorrow than in anger. "Let me read what is written there." The Mayor read aloud the inscription, which stated that the monument had been erected to give testimony to the everlasting esteem and love and to commemorate the heroism, devotion and self-sacrifice of the Catholic priests and nuns who laid down their lives on the altar of Christian charity in the dark days of the terrible plague.

The Mayor's eyes were filled with tears. "Read the names upon that shaft," he continued. "The pastor heads the list. He was of that race to which you are a disgrace. He was Nature's nobleman, benevolent, pure, faithful to every trust and a lover of liberty. The other men whose names are there were like unto him. They had neither kith nor kin in our city. Read that long death roll of those devoted women whose earthly names even were given up for charity. Where can you find a parallel of heroism and Christian devotion? No earthly motive moved them. Until the dark days of our sorrow came they were unknown to us. Then, when dread and sorrow filled every heart, when the most sacred ties and obligations failed to save our sick from desertion, when there were no hands to smooth the throbbing brow or give drink to the parched lips, when all hope of succor seemed gone, those heroic priests and angelic women entered our homes, dared the horrors of the plague, smiled at the spectral face of death itself, and for the lives of our children and our wives gave up their own. Look at the fourth name on that roll of angels. I do not know her name, but she was a beautiful girl, and her voice had the mellow 'brogue' of the south of Ireland. I had an only daughter just her age. She was stricken down, the terrible death mark of the plague set its seal on her beautiful brow. I, too, was ill. In my anguish I cried to God for help. There was a rustle at my door. That girl, robed in black, holding the crucifix in her hand, knelt beside my daughter's bed. Man! do you think she could die while an angel was caring for her? No, my daughter lived, but her ministering angel died. This is enough. Now to you. Do you think you can pollute the air of our beautiful city by your foul slanders of that priesthood and those Sisters? Why, man, the very stones of our pavement should fly in your face. If the men of our city should prove so dastardly recreant to the memory of those noble men and women who gave up their lives for us, the women of our city should rise and stone you to death. Get your foul presence from our city."

It is needless to say he went, and the press were hard put to explain why Slattery did not speak at Memphis.—New World.

Another Catholic King.

The heir to the Roumanian throne is a Catholic, and son of the late Prince Antoine of Hohenzollern, of the Catholic branch of that house. The present (who is the first) King of Roumania, having no direct heir, adopted his brother's second son to succeed him on the throne.

"Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator does not require the help of any purgative medicines to complete the cure. Give it a trial and be convinced.

Protestant Mayor of Memphis Gives Lessons to Apostate Slanderer.

A few years ago, when the A.P.A. was rampant, the notorious "Father Slattery" was engaged by that un-American society to "lecture" in the Southern cities. It was arranged that the campaign of slander should begin in Memphis, Tenn. The Catholic population of that beautiful, progressive city have always been remarked for the intelligence and patriotism, and are foremost in politics, education and business.

## IRISH LEADER DEAD

Michal Davitt Passes Away in Dublin.

Dublin, May 30.—A notable career closed to-night, when, after a long and painful illness, Michael Davitt died peacefully and painlessly at 12 o'clock in the presence of his eldest son, Michael, and his two daughters, who had devotedly attended him through his illness, and of many of his most intimate friends, including John Dillon. Shortly before his death Father Hatton had been with him. Mrs. Davitt, who had been in constant attendance on her husband until a few days ago, when she herself was taken ill, lies prostrated in the same hospital, too weak to leave her room.

The greatest sympathy has been displayed by all classes of society during Mr. Davitt's illness. To-day the hospital was besieged by anxious enquirers. John E. Redmond, leader of the Irish Party in Parliament, was a frequent enquirer by telephone from the House of Commons, and gave up his proposed continental trip over the Whitsuntide holidays in consequence of the condition of his friend, the father of the Irish Land League.

Among the callers at the hospital to-night was Lord Hemphill, on behalf of the Earl of Aberdeen, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and the Countess of Aberdeen.

Mr. Davitt retired from the representation of South Mayo in Parliament in 1899, but to the last took a keen interest in the politics of his country.

Death was due to blood poisoning, which followed two operations for necrosis of the jawbone, and spread so rapidly that all efforts to stay its course were unavailing. Mr. Davitt's illness began with an insidious attack of toothache, to which he paid no attention until John Dillon urged him to have recourse to medical advice.

Michael Davitt was of Irish-American parentage, though born in Ireland. His father, Martin Davitt, was a County Mayo man, who settled in Pennsylvania, and returned to Ireland, where Michael was born in 1846. Martin Davitt was evicted during the troubled times of 1852, and moved to England, where in 1856, as a boy of 10, Michael started to work in a Lancaster cotton mill, and in the following year his right arm was torn off in the machinery. Subsequently he was employed as a newsboy, printer's devil and assistant letter carrier. He joined the Fenian Brotherhood in 1865, and speedily became a leader in that organization. So active did he become that in 1870 he was arrested, charged with treason-felony, and after a celebrated trial in London was sentenced to 15 years penal servitude.

Seven years later he was released on ticket of leave, and at once allied himself with the late Charles Stewart Parnell, with whom he founded the Irish Land League in 1879. In the following year, 1880, Mr. Davitt made a tour of the United States, where he founded the Auxiliary Land League organization. Returning to England in 1881, he was re-arrested under his ticket of leave and sent back to penitentiary, being released in 1882.

For some time after that Mr. Davitt travelled over the world, lecturing and otherwise promoting the Irish cause, and in 1895, while in Australia, was elected by acclamation for East Kerry, sitting in Parliament until 1899, when he resigned. During his active career Mr. Davitt travelled through the United States, Canada, Australasia, Egypt, Palestine, France, Italy and Switzerland. He also visited South Africa during the Boer war, which resulted in his book, "The Boer Fight for Freedom." Other of Mr. Davitt's publications were: "Leaves from a Prison Diary," "Defence of the Land League," "Life and Progress in Australia," "Within the Pale," and "The Fall of Feudalism in Ireland."

Father Hennepin, the missionary, was the first discoverer of coal in America, the site of the primitive mine being in the vicinity of what is now Ottawa, Ill. It was not until nearly a century and a half later, however, that this discovery was made of practical use.