

The True Witness
Is published every Thursday by
The True Witness P. & P. Co.
212 LaSalle Street, West, Montreal,
P. O. BOX 1188
SUBSCRIPTION PRICE
Canada (City Excepted) and New-
foundland \$1.00
City, United States and Foreign... \$1.50
Terms: Payable in Advance.
NOTICE
When a change of address is desired the
subscriber should give both the OLD and
the NEW address.
SUBSCRIPTIONS will be continued
until order to stop is received and all ar-
rarses paid up.
— I receive by P. O. order or
— I will—Matter intended for
cation should reach us NOT
later than 5 o'clock Wednesday after-
noon.
Correspondence intended for publica-
tion must have name of writer enclosed,
not necessarily for publication but as a
mark of good faith, otherwise it will not
be published.
TERMS OF LOCAL INTEREST: 10 CENTS
CITED.

**IN vain will you build churches,
give missions, found schools—
all your works, all your efforts will
be destroyed if you are not able to
wield the defensive and offensive
weapon of a loyal and sincere Cath-
olic press**
—Pope Pius X.

Episcopal Approbation.
If the English Speaking Catholics of
Montreal and of this Province consider
their best interests, they would soon
make of the TRUE WITNESS one
of the most prosperous and powerful
Catholic papers in this country.
Heartily bless those who encourage
this excellent work.
PAUL,
Archbishop of Montreal.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1910.

A TRIUMPH.
The result of Tuesday's elections
leaves nothing but elation in the
hearts of the people. In unison
they professed themselves in favor
of clean administration, have
given a set back to the malver-
sation so long a by-word in our City
Council, and delivered a crushing
blow to those who tried to ride to
victory on a race cry, the cry of a
lost cause. Unity of strength and
purpose is the keynote of the new
programme, and with such men
elected as have been, Montreal is cer-
tainly entering upon a better civic
administration era; and with the
clean life-blood infused into her veins
by the gentlemen chosen by the Cit-
izen's Committee, every one is
sanguine that she will redeem her-
self and instead of our civic admin-
istration being a laughing stock, it
will now, composed as it is of
honorable men, place the municipal
affairs of Montreal in such a posi-
tion as it has never yet attained.
The Irish Catholics have every rea-
son to be proud of their representa-
tive, and we feel safe in saying that
in Dr. Guerin Montreal has a man
who will uphold her honor in every
way. His earnest wish is to serve
the people well, and to show them
that he is keenly alive to the trust
imposed in him. He is sensitive,
too, of the supreme task before
himself and the new Board of Con-
trol and aldermen to adjust matters
to their proper focus, but they are
able for it. These are the Mayor-
elect's words:
"We are commencing an entirely
new era for the civic government of
Montreal, which will require our
best efforts and sincerest devotion
to put the reform machinery into
effective motion, but I have no
doubt of the results. When I con-
sider the business integrity and gen-
eral experience of the men who
have been elected with me for the
new civic government I feel con-
vinced that it will be such as to justify
the heavy vote of the citizens
and it will be my earnest
endeavor to see that the hopes of
all the citizens are fulfilled."
Very gratifying, indeed, has been
the action of our French-Canadian
citizens, who have given a proof of
their sense of justice. An old time
custom had to be respected, and
they fulfilled the obligation to the
letter. We congratulate them, for
the splendid stand they took, and
for the eloquent reproof they made
to those who had raised the race
cry.

THE PAULISTS.
On Tuesday, January 25, a grand
celebration was held in the Church
of St. Paul the Apostle, Columbus
avenue, New York City, in observ-
ance of the golden jubilee of the

Paulist Fathers. The celebration
was one of the largest and most
important held in New York in
some time, as may be drawn from
the fact that His Eminence Cardinal
Gibbons was present to preach
on the occasion. Many other church
dignitaries and scores of priests and
religious were present as well.
The Paulists, faithful to the rule
and spirit of their great founder,
have done noble work for the Church
of God. Thousands have been in-
structed and received into the
Church through them. It is safe to
say that that it is thanks to their
men, work, methods, and influence,
if the attitude of non-Catholics to-
wards the Church, has changed in
the United States to such a com-
forting degree. They are men of the
day and hour, pious, edifying, learn-
ed, and hard-working priests. They
are slowly, but surely, growing, and
the scope of their labor and suc-
cess is widening and broadening
with each succeeding year. Who
says Paulist means a scholar, a
priest, and gentleman.
The Paulists are thoroughly train-
ed for their work; hence the success
they achieve. They are distinctly
American in their tastes and man-
ner, but loyally Catholic for all
that. Some pens have maligned
their aims and methods of proceed-
ure. The Jews of Calvary are ever
with us! Shortly, we are told, a
band of Paulists will take up work
in Holland! Thank God! His work
will go on; souls will be won to
truth and Heaven by the thousand;
and the last Paulist will die on
Judgment Day.

BOSTON'S NEW MAYOR.
For the second time—not consecu-
tively, however—John F. Fitzgerald
has been elected Mayor of Boston,
in spite of a thousand influences.
The A. P. A. are in a dreadful state
of mind, as a result. Naturally, the
majority of Boston people are pleas-
ed, and we are pleased with them.
John F. Fitzgerald is a young man,
but an exceedingly bright and clever
young man. Throughout the course
of his first administration, he
showed that, if he is not the equal
of the late Patrick Collins, he is
honest, capable, determined, and bent
on giving Boston clean rule and
justice. We are glad to say, too,
that Mr. Fitzgerald is a devout Cath-
olic; he enjoys the confidence of
his archbishop and the clergy, and
he intends to give every man, irrespec-
tive of creed or blood, honest
treatment and an equitable chance.
Father Phelan, of the Western
Watchman, has a word to say over
Mr. Fitzgerald's election, a word we
like. Here it is:
"John F. Fitzgerald has been elected
mayor of Boston by a substantial
majority. The papers of the
Hub all opposed him; and the press
of the country lament his election.
Why, we cannot tell for the life of
us. He was mayor before and his
administration was honorable and
beneficial to the city. The Pilot,
who ought to know, praises him
and rejoices at his election. This
event marks the passing of the Pur-
itan. We told them, nearly fifty
years ago, that if they did not give
up raising poodles and beget more
babies, the Irish Catholic emigrant
would soon turn them out of house
and home. Boston is now the
most Catholic city in the United
States."
We are sorry to add, by way of
remark, that one of our Montreal
dailies made Father Phelan use
words concerning the choice of a
new bishop, which the Western
Watchman never published, although
we were told they had appeared in
his paper. Happily, we know whence
such base trickery emanates.

TWO ARTICLES.
We are publishing two very inter-
esting articles, among others, this
week: one on Mr. T. P. O'Connor,
the great Nationalist, the other
about "The Converts," the former
from the Toronto Globe, over the
pen and signature of its chief editor,
Rev. J. A. MacDonald; the other
from the Catholic Columbian, due
to the skilled pen and mind of Mr.
Scannell O'Neill. Both are rare bits
and choice.
Mr. MacDonald's portrait of T. P.
O'Connor is only one of a series
dealing with British Parliamentary
figures. There are few pens in Can-
ada that may boast of Mr. Mac-
Donald's genial and honest cunning.
The brilliant editor is an accomplish-
ed word-artist and a master of
phrasology. His editorials have
all the polish of perfect workman-
ship, and his portrait of T. P.
O'Connor is one and the same with
all his work.
Mr. Scannell O'Neill needs no in-
troduction to those who are inter-
ested in the Church's work of mak-
ing converts; in fact, Mr. O'Neill has
made a life-study of the Church's
growth and conquests in America.
We hope our readers will relish
both papers. While we are thankful
to both the clever writers, we wish

to pay Rev. Mr. MacDonald the com-
pliment of saying that we admire his
generosity of soul and his broadmin-
dedness of purpose. He is above
such low channels as mud-streams in
which bigotry dispenses its stagnant
poison; he is a Canadian in the best
sense, and it is no wonder the Globe
went out of its way to secure his
thorough services.

"LA CLOCHETTE."
M. l'Abbe Bouquerel has sent us
the first number, for the present
year, of his interesting little review,
known as "La Clochette," which,
with reason, calls itself "le bulletin
mensuel de la Ligue de la Sainte
Messe."
On page 20, the editor, M. Bou-
querel himself, deals with the com-
ing Montreal Eucharistic Congress,
in fact, the Catholic reviews and
newspapers of all Europe are deal-
ing with the self-same subject just
at present. We have seen our Arch-
bishop praised abundantly—as is his
desert—in publications from England
Scotland, Ireland, Germany, France,
Spain, Italy, and Belgium, and all
in connection with the thrilling Con-
gress to be, which he has made a
possibility, and of which he shall
make a success. ("La Clochette"
is published at 25, rue Nicolo,
Paris, 16e, 25 cents a year.)
Such happenings as a Eucharistic
Congress or a Plenary Council in our
midst will do more to advertise us
abroad as a serious, matured people,
than a million carnivals. M. Bou-
querel says, in his article, that Can-
ada is a country in which "la ci-
vilisation chretienne cotele encore la
sauvagerie paenne." The good edi-
tor knows all about our coming
Congress, of course; and it is plain
he has seen our carnival advertised.
At any rate, he can see twelve thou-
sand times worse in Paris or Lon-
don or Berlin. But M. Bouquerel
means no disparagement. He is
simply telling the truth.
If Catholic Europe is taking such
an interest in our Congress, we
should surely take, at least, as
much. Montreal is going to be bless-
ed with particular grace; let us turn
God's mercy and goodness to full
account. The safest and surest way
of doing that consists in following
the directions laid down by com-
petent authority. The result of the
body will depend upon the guided
enthusiasm of each. Let Montreal
surpass the rest of the world. We
are able to hold first place.

WHY, MR. EDITOR?
Ottawa, Ont., Jan. 19, 1910.
The Editor, Catholic Witness,
Montreal, P.Q.

Dear Sir,—Would you be so kind
as to give the reason why our
separated brethren do not place
crosses on their churches, and oblige
Yours truly,
INQUIRER.
By "separated brethren," we sup-
pose our correspondent means
to speak of our good Protestant
friends, for other "separated breth-
ren" of ours are the Jews, Maho-
metans, the infidels of France, and
the Christian Scientists. This point
settled, let us say that the Cross
recalls the fact that our Saviour
belongs to the same Church as Pope
Pius X., and, of course, we cannot
expect to have Romanism preached
from the pinnacle of a Protestant
temple. Our good Protestant friends
use a weathercock, or a weather-
vane, instead, in order to tell all
passers-by that their doctrines and
practices change with every gush of
wind, and are troubled even by a
zephyr. The faithful few stood at
the foot of Calvary's Cross, and Cath-
olics worship under the shadow of
mankind's emblem of salvation. The
Cross is an old institution in this
free land of the West; it was planted
along the Mississippi, from Canada
to the Gulf of Mexico, long before a
church was built in any of the At-
lantic cities. The Reformers did
away with it, for it was an ever-
lasting reproach for the lives they
led. Much of the bigotry against
the appearance of crosses on
churches is attributable to the in-
nate ignorance of art and symbol-
ism that characterizes some nations
as a whole. The devil is against
the Cross, too.

SARAH'S SYRUP.
Sarah Bernhardt, the goddess of
stage rot, has written a play, which
depicts an artist's passionate love
for a woman he has not married.
The play was produced in Paris,
not long ago, but the critics are
not enthusiastic about either the
merits or the faults of the drama.
But that is not all, for the trage-
dienne has been interviewed, and has
sent the world that loves her a mes-
sage worthy of herself and of her
admirers' morals.
"When a man feels that he is
bound to a woman," says the "di-
vine" Sarah, "the union, in most
cases, becomes irrevocable. So long as
both are free they continue to love,

for the uncertainty of retaining a
cherished possession makes one
guard it the more carefully. Men,
especially, should not marry until
they have had experience in domes-
tic life. I approve of experimental
unions, which may result in mar-
riage, if both parties are willing. I
consider it wisest for men and wo-
men to live together before they
marry."

And there you are! Sarah is in
favor of the "White Slave Traffic."
No wonder she has admirers in
Montreal, when we remember that
there are people among our citizens
who would openly protect the haunts
of vice and the dens of infamy. Her
friends and admirers are decidedly
one with her on all questions. Why
could you expect them to be willing
to greet the police under shadowy
circumstances? They stand for tol-
erance and liberty, for they abomi-
nate the jail and the Recorder's
Court. If the "Angel of Tragedy"
had only a spark of decency, she
would not disgrace womanhood by
talking as she does to interviewers
of the foolish Parisian daily press.
"Live together, but don't get mar-
ried!" There is Sarah's message
in a nutshell! Her friends and ad-
mirers of the yellow press do not
need her advice. They are past mas-
ters in the art of eternally ruining
their souls. They are unworthy of
womanhood and its true, virtuous,
soul-saving charms. Is it any sur-
prise that such grovellers should
grunt, when Church authority places
the ban on theatricals redolent of
Sarah and her doctrines? Can pious
Toronto art critics not understand
that a church and its pastors may
stand for honor and respectability,
and protest against what is calcula-
ted to poison the minds of youth,
and loosen the morals of a commu-
nity? Do they understand why the
Shepherds of Christ's Flock are hon-
est with themselves, and faithful in
the work of their stewardship!

Do Canadians whether Catholic or
Protestant, need any one like Sarah
to teach them how to live, or to
befoul the pure souls of their sons
and daughters? What Sarah teaches
much of the imported theatre stands
for and inculcates, with all the
grimaced joy of Hell. On the excel-
lence of womanhood undoubtedly
rests the good and stability of the
social order. "All women are
good," says Cervantes—"good for
something, or good for nothing." Sarah
knows herself, and has matter
for a hearty confession. "All modern
civilization rests on reverence
for woman," says Aubrey de Vere,
"both in her virginal and maternal
character." A woman-hater is gen-
erally a scamp, but an admirer of
Sarah is always a scoundrel.

FRENCH-CANADIAN FAMILIES.
One often hears of the large French
Canadian families. Jokesmiths and
poetasters are glad to know that
our French families are in no way
bent on race suicide. A certain class
of high-tones dames are disgusted
with such ideals, and they have rea-
son to be. Morality for them is a
freak of fashion, and a cloak that
is not suited for rough weather. But
if the French-Canadians can show
large families, it is because they are
a moral and virtuous people; it is
because they are faithful to God's
commands and to the precepts of
His Church. If their children are
many and strong and robust, it is
because the blood of generations
clean and righteous flows in their
veins. The aristocracy of the New
World, the nobility of the Almighty
Dollar, may be more honest than
we think, however. It may be that
they know themselves too well, and
are well acquainted with family ske-
letons. They do not wish to perpe-
tuate their deeds or their name,
perhaps! The French-Canadian fam-
ilies are differently situated. They
have nothing of which they may
feel ashamed. They believe in large
families, and the descendants of fam-
ilies, of a people, with the birth-
rate as it stands among the French-
Canadians, shall fill the land and
rule it. True, the ideals of France
are not these of French Canada,
whose aim is to give us Combes and
Clemenceau. While France is with-
ering away, Germany is multiplying
her people, but, even in spite of the
ideals promulgated by journalistic quacks
French Canada shall remain faith-
ful, and her families continue to be
what they are.

LOYAL QUEBEC.
An old Irishman, with John Mit-
chell tendencies, once asked a young-
er man, if he (the younger man)
was born in Ireland, "No," answer-
ed the junior, "I was born in Que-
bec." "Oh! Oh!" remarked the se-
nior, "sure that's the same!"
To tell the truth, there are no
better Irishmen than the men of our
blood in the city of Quebec. Their
name and fame have gone before them
throughout America. We remember
what Land Leaguers they were; we

Now is the Time
Take advantage of January
Discounts.
All that's desired for men, in smart, new cre-
ations, are fully represented--Ties, Mufflers,
Scarfs, Fancy Vests, Stick Pins, Dressing
Gowns, Gloves, and a host of other hints.
BRENNAN BROS.
Hatters and Men's Furnishers
251 ST. CATHERINE ST. WEST Phone Up 3627.
7 ST. CATHERINE ST. EAST Phone East 246

remember who faithfully they, as a
body, stood by Parnell; we remem-
ber the patriotism instilled into the
veins of the boys and young men,
by the Irish Brothers of the Chris-
tiania. Schools, who taught there twenty-
three, thirty and forty years ago! We
remember the speeches, the old-time
processions, the converts, with the
singing of "God Save Ireland", in
St. Patrick's Church, on each suc-
cessive 17th of March! We remem-
ber the arches and the decorative
festivals! The faces of a hundred
years ago, now in their graves, as
Woodfield, loom up before us, as we
write; and we thank God that we
owe much to Quebec, and that the
old French city is also the city of
our heart.


Although there are now but few
Irishmen in Quebec, yet they are, of
the proper kind. They have rushed
to Ireland's rescue in the latest
crisis. As usual, they have felt their
hearts and their purses.
The following letter from the lead-
er of our race, John Redmond, to
the leading Irish hearts of America,
the Irish of Quebec, speaks for it-
self:
United Irish Parliamentary and Na-
tional Fund.

39 Upper O'Connell St.,
Dublin, Jan. 12, 1910.
Dear Sir,—I am directed by Mr.
John Redmond, M.P., to acknowl-
edge the receipt of your letter of De-
cember 30th, with draft, for £286-
17-1, the generous and warmly ap-
preciated subscription of the Irish-
men of Quebec towards the United
Irish Parliamentary and National
Fund.
Will you kindly convey to the sub-
scribers the hearty thanks of Mr.
Redmond and the other National
Trustees (Most Rev. Dr. O'Donnell,
Mr. John Fitzgibbon) for the en-
couragement of their moral support
and kindly good wishes, as well as,
this very practical proof of the in-
terest they take in the labours of
the Irish National Cause.

Yours faithfully,
A. O'BRIEN,
Hon. John C. Kainé,
Chairman.
W. J. Breen, Esq.,
Secretary.
We sincerely trust that no "Shinn-
Faners" will ever win the hearts of
Quebec Irishmen. More than twenty
years ago an insignificant organiza-
tion tried to combat the Lord
Leaguers, while yet these stood united,
and before the Parnell difficulty.
Well, then, whatever there is of the
"Sinn Fein" devilry in Quebec
ought to be exorcised, and the re-
mains handed over to the war au-
thorities. Redmond must ever count
upon the men of Rock City, just as
Parnell found them his truest friends
in the sad hours of his downfall. Mi-
chael Davitt once told the Irishmen
of Quebec what he thought of them,
and he never praised the men of any
other city more than he praised them.

FATHER PHELAN'S MEMORY.
"What is Death, father?"
The rest, my child,
When the strife and the toil are
o'er;
The angel of God, who, calm and
mild,
Says we need fight no more;
Who, driving away the demon bard,
Bids the din of battle cease;
Takes banner and spear from our
failing hand,
And proclaims an eternal peace.

Adelaide Proctor wrote the verses,
and no heart could feel more loving-
ly sad over the passing of a cher-
ished friend. It is now more than a
year since Father Phelan of the Cas-
ket died. Men soon forget even
their best friend once he is dead.
The editor of Register-Extension is
evidently an exception. Under the
caption that is ours he pays the fol-
lowing heartfelt tribute to Father
Phelan, every sentiment of which
we fully wish to share:
The first anniversary of the death
of Father David Phelan, the one-
time talented editor of the Antigonish
Casket, has somehow been permitted

Religious Pictures
For Framing.

No. 2852, Head of Christ at Twelve Years, Hoff-
mann Plate size 6 x 8.
These subjects are printed in black only.
Rece Homo, Mater Dolorosa, Immaculate Con-
ception, Sacred Heart of Jesus, Sacred Heart of
Mary, St. Joseph, The Angels, Christ in the
Temple, Magdalen, Madonna, Bodily Resurrex-
tion of Christ, Christ in Gethsemane, St. Anne,
St. Elizabeth, Madonna di San Sisto, St. Cecilia,
Head of Christ at Twelve Years, Madonna Per-
russi, Madonna Sicché.
Write for catalogue of larger sizes
D. & J. SADLER & CO.,
13 West Notre Dame St., Montreal.

to slip by, unnoticed, in Catholic
newspaper circles. Editors as a
class are not heartless or indiffer-
ent, but they are inordinately busy
—sometimes with little things, and
they are consequently prone to for-
get. It does not seem right, how-
ever, that the name of this brave,
talented, gentle and scholarly young
priest should be permitted to die
out in the remembrance of at least
his own contemporaries. A few days
before his death, Father Phelan
wrote to a priest friend here in To-
ronto. "I am writing in bed, and I
really think the end is near at
hand. I will keep on writing, how-
ever, as long as I am able, for I
have a feeling that God will be
as well pleased with this, as with
anything else I can do in my pre-
sent condition." And these words
furnish the keynote of his whole life.
Though a sufferer for years, he was
a constant worker. He was an earnest
believer in the power for good of
the Catholic press, and of Catholic
literature, and was deeply convinced
that a priest could do more good
along these lines than he could in
regular parish work. He took charge
of the Casket at a time when the
present Bishop of Vancouver, Right
Rev. Alex. A. McDonald, had brought
it to a place where it was noted,
and widely quoted in literary and
educational circles. He made it a
sort of Catholic Spectator, and his
ripe judgment, his unerring Catholic
instinct and his calm and dignified
method of handling even difficult sub-
jects made it a welcome visitor in
every editorial sanctum the country
over. His style was easy, simple
and convincing, and his Book Re-
view column in the Western Watch-
man was for years the best thing of
its kind to be found in any Catholic
periodical. Under it all, he was a
true priest, and his soul was filled
with zeal for everything that made
for the glory of God and the salva-
tion of souls. Shortly after the es-
tablishment of the Extension Soci-
ty in the United States he wrote to
Dr. Kelly as follows: "I have not
much money, but I take the oppor-
tunity of stating that I am deeply
interested in the great work which
you have so auspiciously begun. I
enclose a cheque for \$20.00, which
is all that I can spare at present. I
am deeply convinced, however, that
the Catholics of this great country
will generously come to your assist-
ance and thus enable you to check
the unrelenting leakage which all of us
so earnestly deplore."

In the inscrutable ways of Divine
Providence, Father Phelan was cal-
led out of this world in the full vig-
or of early manhood, but in the
brief years allotted to him, he labored
valiantly for the defence and propa-
gation of Catholic truth. His
name should be held in loving re-
membrance by those who knew him
for his real worth, and who esteem-
ed him for his many estimable quali-
ties of head and heart. Register-Ex-
tension gladly lays its little tribute
of affection upon the tomb of a
good priest, an able writer, a brave
spirit to whom long years of suffer-
ing had brought that gentleness, pa-
tience and consideration for others
which are the true marks of spiri-
tual greatness.
The Irish members of
Parliament may have more
the coming House.
better, even if some par-
ty. William O'Brien, from
Cork, and Tim North Louth
traitor, or honest and cease tell-
ing they are Irish. We have
hand for a good Ep-
Scotchman, but a clem-
our national lords of fe-
Punch, the English p-
cheap jokes, had an ins-
toon for the Irish, a w-
a necessity, a certain M-
felt in conscience bound
duce the clumsy pi-
pieces to think that Ire-
ling on English money; r-
daily. Even the Hott-
however, that the hal-
grandeur is built on a
pillage of monasteries,
wrecking of Ireland.
Some Jews of New York
buy in the interest of a
Slave Traffic." When a
treat agents of infamy g-
afraid at our railroad s-
is strange that private c-
point them out, and the
authorities are so hope-
want. No later than a fe-
we are told, three undor-

Are Poisons
You
THE bo-
move
day, to in-
health. If
the waste is
the system
a self blo-
Poor dig-
of bile in the
or weak
contraction
bowels, m-
Constipation
•Abbey's E-
Echoes and
Bravo, Jean Bapt-
When were you at
Do the members of
eight prayers in con-
style does not inter-
soul and its eternal
Have you lost your
is your scapular? V-
High Mass last?
think of giving a cer-
Don't grumble, now!
The young man, who
ty-six pies in half
Bloomfield, N.J., is
of the Carnegie ho-
the pies at a railroa-
The papers tell us
people are going to
of meat until the pri-
might start the boyco-
neday and find a re-
abstinence in the Ca-
would be good for so-
A groom of eighty,
ty, with the next of
in Ontario. It is a w-
Winkle refused to pla-
hope the preacher who
did not forget to pre-
and deference for the
firm. No bachelors r-
It is a wonder that
business men as some
aldermen are, would h-
contest of this week g-
So certain, they were
they had to hold a m-
in the City Hall colla-
few more appropriat-
that it was their last
Alderman (that was
a pilgrimage last Sun-
13 Police Station, the
shrine of malversation
pers say that he was
his devotion that he s-
is to be hoped that he
up the shed until the c-
was held in his distric-
English Liberals
"Unionists may fight lik-
if the Irish ever dis-
found unworthy of Hon-
ty some of the Cath-
Irishmen, as a rule, he
principle to agree with
men, and when they fi-
ellow losses. The cere-
through with fists, not
The Irish members of
Parliament may have m-
the coming House.
better, even if some par-
ty. William O'Brien, from
Cork, and Tim North
Louth traitor, or
honest and cease tell-
ing they are Irish. We
hand for a good Ep-
Scotchman, but a clem-
our national lords of fe-
Punch, the English p-
cheap jokes, had an ins-
toon for the Irish, a w-
a necessity, a certain M-
felt in conscience bound
duce the clumsy pi-
pieces to think that Ire-
ling on English money; r-
daily. Even the Hott-
however, that the hal-
grandeur is built on a
pillage of monasteries,
wrecking of Ireland.
Some Jews of New York
buy in the interest of a
Slave Traffic." When a
treat agents of infamy g-
afraid at our railroad s-
is strange that private c-
point them out, and the
authorities are so hope-
want. No later than a fe-
we are told, three undor-