

## ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

## A Magnificent Celebration.

(Continued from first page.)

strength, a boldness that can only be compared to St. Paul. In all his trials, sorrows, sufferings, he looked forward to the day when the race he was serving would receive the faith of Jesus. He cried out in his fervor: "Would that some one would bring the olden story to Erin." An angel descended to him in his sleep, calling "Patrick! Patrick." He arose and asked what was required of him. "Fly," said the angel. The spirit breathed on Melcho and his men, and as they slept the slave Patrick escaped. Ireland, by the hand of God, lost a slave; but the world and the Celtic race gained a saint.

Of all the scenes in Irish history, none is greater or more inspiring than that when Patrick stood amidst the Druids on Tara, and told the bards the secret of a story that for four hundred years they had repeated.

One day the sun became darkened, the heavens were swept with blackness, the earth rocked, the spectres of the dead walked abroad, the trees bent before a tempest that was invisible, and no bird dare fly across space; the Irish king assembled his bards and Druids and they proclaimed that the Son of Justice must be dead. He said that were he there he would not allow them to kill the Son of Justice. It was of that event and that God that Patrick came to teach. Patrick called Him Jesus, and told the story of the scenes at Bethlehem, the thirty years of labor, the three years of teaching, and how those teachings were the fulfillment of the law—even the Breton laws—for Jesus taught the love of mankind, and He asked that little children be allowed to come unto Him. Thus was Ireland converted, under the broad branches of the oak trees; the Druid priests became the priests of Christianity. Patrick had conquered; his missionary spirit was infused into the race; that spirit has abided ever since with the Celts. Those were the golden days of Irish history, when the hymns to the rising sun were replaced by the matins of the monks, and the skylark's anthem in the heavens was the prelude to a million canticles of praise from the faithful children of the land. Abroad the Irish monks and preachers and teachers looked back with anxiety to the land of their love. As examples, the preacher quoted some translated lines of an Irish address to a sea gull from the shores of Erin, and that memorable story of the religious who wished to see Ireland on the way to God.

The dark days of Ireland came, the cruel days were upon the land. The fierce Danes, the sea-rovers and freebooters descended upon the coast of Ireland and destroyed the temples of faith in the country. But the sons of Erin, faithful to their missionary spirit, arose against the invaders and drove them back into the sea. Hundreds of names in Ireland to-day, like Simpson, Ferguson, etc., attest the presence of those Danish pirates and equally attest the fact that they were conquered by the Celts. When the poets of Greece and Rome reached their highest flights of classic verse, they drew their inspiration from the past glories and the misfortunes of the Trojans. Some day a bard may arise who will tell, in epic language, the greatness and the miseries of the Irish race. England came, with a covered intention; she came, as she did in all lands where she set foot, for the purpose of putting her grip upon the nation and holding it forever in her power. The Penal laws were enacted. By this abominable code a Catholic could not own any land. If an Irishman lived within a mile of an Englishman, the former was obliged to change his name, and to take that of a color, or of some trade, or inanimate object. No Catholic could leave for a foreign country without forfeiting his property, nor could he return without being in danger of decapitation. It was said that if the Protestants had not been better than the laws of England the Irish would have been exterminated. The object of this law was to crush out the Irish clergy; to prevent them from being educated at home; and to kill them if they returned educated from abroad.

Then there came Cromwell. And Cromwell, remarked the preacher, was

the hero of Carlyle. 'Cromwell thought it a godly work to exterminate the Irish.'

'We hear a great deal about St. Bartholomew's Day and the Inquisition,' exclaimed the reverend preacher; 'why don't these people tell us a little more about Cromwell and the penal laws, under which Catholics suffered such agonies?' The birds of the air had their nests and the foxes their holes, but the Irish priest had not whereon to lay his head. But still the spirit of liberty went on from dungeon to dungeon, from prison to prison and from cave to cave, and would not be destroyed. False leaders arose, who would fain have advised the people to wave the lanterns which led on the insurgents of the French Revolution; men who sought a false liberty which would have attempted to destroy the characteristics of the people and their national religion. While we admire their patriotism, we cannot but acknowledge that their methods were not in accord with the spirit of St. Patrick's teachings. But a man arose whose figure stands as conspicuously out upon the field of history as his white monument towers above the tombs of Glasnevin. He was a second St. Patrick, his name had come down to them as typical of all that is best and most brilliant of the Irish race—Daniel O'Connell. He taught the people the lesson which even yet they had not thoroughly mastered, the lesson of unity, the lesson of putting aside envy and suicidal party feuds. O'Connell brought the people together, he taught them to stand together, and showed them how to fight legally for their just and proper rights. His strong faith was evidenced in his last will when he bequeathed his body to Ireland and his heart to Rome, the mother and centre of Christendom. He called upon his people to destroy the incubus that had grown from the Penal days, to cast aside all internal dissensions, and unite in a grand and conquering phalanx. Then came a glorious band of dreamers; men of brilliancy and great favor. How we love to read the sweet songs of Davis and his companions. But they, too, did not look upon the cause of Ireland in the missionary spirit of St. Patrick. The famine years came; the "hearse plumes darkened the air," the misery and desolation became unbearable. Down to Cork, Limerick and other seaports were the people driven, and crushed into unhealthy ships, packed like herrings in a barrel, and the captains ordered to cast them upon any shore. Then might be seen the mothers dying in the ditches with hunger, the infants trying to drink at lifeless paps, the old men descending from the mountains to bid adieu to their daughters and to beg of them to keep the Faith of their fathers in the lands beyond.

Arriving upon these shores these children of the old race kept up the traditions of the past. "Oh! ye Irish dead," cried out the preacher, "could ye but revisit the earth and behold how your descendants have established the strong holds of their religion upon every hill top and every valley, and by every stream, how your souls would rejoice and your hearts be gladdened." Sometimes we are treated as if we were foreigners, but we have come to stay. Our race has been more than a pioneer one in the new world. We have to contend with the bigotry of old English literature, and, for that matter, with new English literature as well. But it is not the enemies from without that are the most dangerous; rather is it traitors within.

"The Celtic race is the backbone of the Church to-day," said the preacher, "and the reason for that is that St. Patrick taught our ancestors the lesson of purity, and while other nations, like the people of New England, are becoming enervated, the Irish race is still in its youthful vigor, and it shall be so as long as they follow the precepts of the great apostle, and so when Ireland is free we shall have the opportunity of going over and seeing that country for which our ancestors did and suffered so much, and God in Heaven shall hand their charter of liberty to St. Patrick and say to him 'They are free, because they loved their God and their country.'"

THE EVENING ENTERTAINMENTS.  
ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY.

The St. Patrick's society may, with good reason, congratulate itself on the success of Monday night's concert in the Monument National, as viewed both from the point of attendance and the quality of the entertainment it left but little to be desired. In the lower portion of the

house there was scarcely a vacant chair, and in the balcony there was a good sprinkling of occupants. Among those who contributed to the pleasure of the evening were most of the Montreal old favorites. The president of the society, Mr. James McShane, occupied the chair, and, besides the officers of the society, among those who accompanied him on the platform as guests were: Mr. Justice Loranger, president of the St. Jean Baptiste society; Dr. Anderson, United States Consul-General; Capt. Clift, representing St. George's society; Mr. Gordon, St. Anthony's Young Men's society; Mr. George Horne, Irish Protestant Benevolent society; Mr. Burns, St. Gabriel's Temperance society; Mr. J. D. Quinn, St. Ann's T. A. & B. society; Ald. Nolan, Ancient Order of Hibernians.

The president and guests marched on to the platform to the tune of "St. Patrick's Day," rendered on the piano by Prof. J. A. Fowler. In opening the gathering Mr. McShane, who was well received, spoke as follows: For the second time, as president of the St. Patrick's society, I have the pleasure and honor of bidding you welcome to the annual celebration of our national day. The numbers here this evening, the enthusiasm that is visible on all sides and the patriotic fervor with which the Irish people of the great city of Montreal have assembled at the shrine of faith, have taken part in the procession and have met to spend the closing hours of the day in spirit amongst the scenes and with the men of the past, all combine to prove that while the Irish people of Canada are loyal and devoted children of our Dominion, they are not forgetful of the old land and its traditions. (Cheers.) I would feel that I was not doing my duty were I to refrain from expressing the thanks of St. Patrick's society to all who have joined in this day's celebration, and particularly to this vast audience for the encouragement of its presence. (Cheers.) Glancing over the programme you will see that some of the best talent that our city can produce is arrayed for your entertainment. I know that you are anxious to hear those strains of Irish melody arise, and to be wafted back across the ocean on the wings of song. I know also that with burning anticipation you await the grand treat of the evening—the address of my friend, and, the friend of my countrymen, as well as the friend of all other nationalities—the Canadian patriot and statesman, Hon. Wilfrid Laurier. (Cheers.) It would be, therefore, unjust to you and to him were I to detain you with any lengthy remarks; still, as president of this, the oldest Irish society in Canada, a society that is rich in the traditions of its past, and great in the work it has done—it is my duty to enounce for a moment on your time to state the progress made during the past year. (Applause.) The charitable committee of our society, is composed of men whose character and respectability, with their quiet, good work, does honor to their race. They have buried the dead, sent 80 persons to different parts of Canada, 12 persons to Ireland and England, and provided fuel and provisions for 34 families during the fall and winter, and have done everything in their power possible to alleviate deserving poverty and distress. Such, ladies and gentlemen, is the work of the past year. (Applause.) We are proud of our record. We are hopeful and confident of the future. What another year will bring of good or ill for the sacred cause is more than I can tell. All I know is that Ireland, in its great struggle for legislative autonomy, has the universal sympathy of the world, and that her heroic and unwavering efforts have challenged the admiration of her greatest opponents. (Cheers.) And I hope that the Irish people and their leaders will sink their personal differences and be united, then the day of her national prosperity will be attained. In conclusion, let me say, may we all be faithful to the memories of our forefathers, while proving the greatness of the Irish race in being loyal and devoted children to this glorious country, and our hope is in the ultimate triumph of the Irish race and in the union of hearts between Ireland and the great Empire to which we all belong. (Cheers.) I trust you will all enjoy yourselves, and wish you a merry St. Patrick's night. (Cheers.)

Subsequently the president read the following telegram from the Governor-General:—

"Please accept and convey assurance of the cordial good wishes of Lady Aberdeen and myself for the success and pleasure of your patriotic festival. We are attending a similar gathering at Ottawa this evening."

It was expected that Hon. Wilfrid Laurier would have been present to deliver an address, but during the course of the entertainment a telegram was received from him expressing his sorrow at having to disappoint the society, but he was confined to his room with a severe cold and lumbago, the consequence of a cold he took last Friday when driving to the mass meeting at Quebec. He assured them that no words of his could convey the sense of sorrow at having to disappoint the gathering, but there was no help for it.

In place of the Hon. Wilfrid Laurier, Dr. Anderson, Judge Loranger and Capt. Clift spoke a few words of congratulation and good wishes.

The concert was opened by the St. Patrick's choir, who rendered as a chorus "The Kerry Dance," which they gave with good attack. Miss Marie Hollinshead was in fine voice, and like the other singers, not only received an encore for each of her songs, but, like the other ladies, was the recipient of a bouquet over the footlights. Miss Mabel Kitta did some very graceful dancing, and the St. Cecile orchestra, composed of some sixteen ladies, gave a good account of themselves. Miss Le Boutilier gave a waltz song, which took well, and Mr. Charles Kelly was as popular as ever. Mr. T. Lyons gave a good exhibition of Lancashire clog dancing, and Mrs. E. W. Villeneuve gave a couple of songs in very acceptable style, whilst Mr. A. I. Rice proved that he had lost none of his popularity.

## "THE IRISH OUTLAW" AT THE QUEEN'S

It is a long time since the Queen's Theatre contained an audience as numerous or as enthusiastic as that which crowded it on St. Patrick's night. The play which proved so extraordinarily attractive was "Captain Jack, or The Irish Outlaw," and was produced under the auspices of the Young Irishmen's Literary and Benefit Association. The drama dealt with the accepted factors of a play considered to be suitable for a St. Patrick's Day audience. There were loving couples galore, who after sundry tribulations reach the goal of their terrestrial ambition, wedlock; there was the anti-national squire, with an only daughter who loved a "rebel," there was the English officer who gets disgusted at his ungrateful task of shooting down people who, he believes, are engaged in a righteous struggle for freedom, and who falls in love with a pretty colleen; there was the rebel leader and his faithful henchman; and there was the low-sized, crouching, knock-kneed, saw-toothed informer. The performance of the Irish Outlaw was in every particular a success, the singing and dancing especially being wonderfully good. The play was admirably staged and the acting of every one of the characters was far better than was expected by the most sanguine of their admirers.

The cast was a very creditable one, and was superior to several of the professional companies which have come to Montreal recently, heralded with newspaper puffs of doubtful authenticity. Miss M. Kitta, as Kate Kelly, "a true-hearted colleen;" Miss M. McLean, as Aline Driscoll; Miss M. Talbot, as Nellie Shannon, the squire's daughter, richly merited the applause which was so liberally accorded to them and the numerous nose-gays which were presented to them; and J. J. MacLean, as Barney Donovan; M. A. Paelan, as Squire Shannon; J. J. Foley, as Capt. Edw. Gordon; J. McMahon, as John Driscoll, the rebel leader; and F. J. Gallagher, the informer, played their parts with more than the ordinary run of amateur histrionic ability. The other members of the cast deserving special mention were D. O'Leary, who impersonated Lieut. Rogers, and P. J. Flood, who filled his role admirably as Murty, the squire's servant.

Master Essel Slaterry sang "I Am a Little too Small," in capital style.

Before the play began, Mr. J. A. Flood, President of the Y. I. L. and B. A., delivered an able address in which he set forth the advantages attaching to the membership of the Association, for which he claimed the foremost position in the front rank of Irish national organizations.

## ST. PATRICK'S T. A. &amp; B. SOCIETY.

The concert in honor of St. Patrick, held at the Armory Hall under the auspices of the St. Patrick's T. A. & B. society, was most successful. A large and select audience was present to do