

The Catholic Record.

"CHRISTIANUS MIHI NOMEN EST, CATHOLICUS VERO COGNOMEN."—"CHRISTIAN IS MY NAME, BUT CATHOLIC MY SURNAME."—St. Paulin, 4th Century.

VOL. 2.

LONDON, ONT., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1879.

NO. 58

"CLERICAL."

We make up the most Fashionable Clerical Garments in Canada—Style, Fit, and Finish Perfect.

We have a Large Stock of Broad-Cloths and Doeskins. Prices Low.

N. WILSON & CO.

ECCLESIASTICAL CALENDAR.

November, 1879.
Sunday 21—Twenty-fifth after Pentecost; St. Clement, Pope and Martyr, *Double*.
Monday, 22—St. John of the Cross, Confessor, *Double*.
Tuesday, 23—St. Catharine, Virgin and Martyr, *Double*.
Wednesday 24—St. Peter, Bishop and Martyr, *Simple*.
Thursday, 25—Of the Blessed Sacrament, *Semi-Double*.
Friday, 26—St. Ignace and his Companions, Martyrs, *Double*.
Saturday, 27—Vigil of St. Andrew.

NOTICE.

Our travelling agent, Mr. M. Redmond, will visit Brantford, Dundas, Hamilton, and other places the coming week, and we hope our subscribers in these places will kindly settle their accounts for the Record.

CITY SUBSCRIBERS.

We should feel obliged if our city subscribers will kindly call and pay the subscriptions for the coming year. By doing so they will materially strengthen our hands to make the Record a still more valuable family Catholic newspaper.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

We wish to draw the particular attention of our subscribers this week to a matter that concerns us very much. Those of our patrons whose year has expired would confer a favor if they would remit their renewals at once. Some, no doubt, there are who wait until such time as our general agent calls on them. It ought to be borne in mind that subscriptions collected in this way entail on us a large amount of expense. Direct remittance to the office or payment to local agents, where such exists, will help us materially to make the Record more than ever a welcome visitor in the homes of Catholics. Send your money at once, in a registered letter, addressed "Thomas Coffey, Record office, London, Ont." and it will come at our risk. We hope our numerous friends will bear this in mind, and remit their subscriptions without delay.

HAMILTON LETTER.

FATHER BROTHMAN RECOVERED—MOVEMENTS OF THE BISHOP—REV. FATHER FOERSTER—ENTERTAINMENT.

From our own Correspondent.
The Rev. Father Brothman has recovered from his recent illness, and is now able to celebrate Mass every morning in St. Joseph's Church. The Germans of his congregation, and his other various friends, are delighted to see him again.
His Lordship the Bishop of Hamilton went to Preston on Saturday to administer confirmation to a large number of candidates on Sunday, the 16th inst. Today his Lordship will be in Galt attending to some important business connected with the diocese.

Preston is a mission connected with New Germany, in charge of the Rev. Father Foerster, a young, pious and learned priest, whom the "Fak Laws," once Mr. Bismarck's trump cards, forced to leave his native land for a country where no laws compel a learned priest to serve both God and man. Father Foerster was twice arrested for violation of those laws, and if we inquire what was his crime, we find that the reverend gentleman only done in Germany what he is doing now, serving his God and Church without fear of anybody. Those virtues, at the time Father Foerster left Germany, did not find favor with the man of blood and iron. Father Foerster studied with great honors at the University of Bonn, and was after his arrival in Canada for some time pastor of St. Joseph's Church in this city.

The Ladies of St. Mary's congregation contemplate getting up an entertainment in aid of St. Vincent Home, and from the programme already arranged it promises a rare treat to our citizens. There will be tableaux vivants, an entirely new feature in Hamilton; singing, recitations, &c. Since the undertaking is a charitable and good one it is to be hoped the ladies will meet with the encouragement they deserve.

CHERUBINI.
Hamilton, Nov. 17, 1879.

DR. McILHARGY.—We are glad to perceive that our friend Dr. McIlhargy has taken up his residence in Stratford. We have no doubt from this gentleman's well-known ability in his profession, and his kind, gentlemanly qualities, he will soon establish for himself an extensive connection in this flourishing town.

FROM WASHINGTON.

THE BIG FAIR VERY SUCCESSFUL.

From our own Correspondent.

The attraction of the past ten days was of course the National Fair. In my last letter I gave a short account of the birth and early struggles of the infant enterprise, the obstacles it encountered, and the preparations made by the managers to insure the success of the first exhibition. In this I shall trace briefly the infant's journey across the stage, from the first trembling step on the morning of Oct. 25th, to the more confident and easy exit on Nov. 8th. On Tuesday morning, Oct. 25th, at an unusually early hour, the calm of our city was broken by the bustle of busy citizens preparing to take part in the grand industrial procession, designed to inaugurate the Fair. From four a. m. till half-past eight the usually quiet streets were alive with vehicles of every kind decorated in various styles, pouring from all sections towards the place of rendezvous. Trades were presented in tabular on unique wagons drawn by horses scudged up in every style known to the liverly man. The procession was a surprising success, and extremely creditable to the energy of our merchants. It was four miles long, according to the lowest estimates and interesting throughout. A manly speech from President Galt, (of the National Fair Association,) and a pointed reply from President Hayes (of the U. S.) and the Fair was formally opened to the inspection of the eager multitude.

On entering the grounds by the eastern gate, we find our attention divided between the general aspect of the whole, which is pleasing to the eye; the magnificent exhibition halls, with their colors flying, and the grand stand, a towering structure, with a seating capacity of 3,500. The exhibits in the various mechanical and industrial departments were large and varied. We will confine ourselves to a few words regarding the Fine Art Gallery. This is a very handsome building, nearly fireproof, about 80 ft. by 50. It consists of four octagonal rooms and a wide hall in the middle, running the entire width of the gallery, and is lighted from the top. This department of the Fair is under the charge of Mr. Thos. Wilson, and very great praise and thanks are due him for the treat he has given us. Notable among the exhibits sent by the Sisters of our several academies. The Academy of the Visitation, Georgetown, and the Academy of the Holy Cross were both largely represented, and both carried off the highest prizes in their respective classes, fitting rewards of their excellent work. The multitude of really beautiful objects here are all deserving of lengthy description. I will never get through if I attempted to speak of them according to their merits. I will therefore speak of none.

With a few brief remarks on the Fair in general I will close the subject. You will naturally ask the question: "Was your Fair a success?" Without reservation we can answer you "yes." Taking into consideration the very many and great drawbacks, it was a surprising success. The weather was most unfavorable from the second day to the close. Elections were the important business of the adjacent States, and then, too, the extreme youth of the Fair was against it. It was too young to be known, too young to inspire outside confidence in its powers. But to those who came from a distance to visit it, it was a revelation. They bowed to its magnitude, and put their faith in its permanency. The gate receipts will amount to about \$20,000; \$25,000 were given in premiums; \$80,000 were expended on grounds and buildings. There is, I understand, a debt remaining of some \$10,000 or \$12,000, which will be wiped out, however, inside of a year. So the skies, you see, are very bright. I was about to tell you of its magnificent race track, pronounced by delighted turfmen the finest in the world, but haunted by the vague suspicion that you object to "Tracks" and "Hares," I shall leave its praises unsounded. The Fair at last has closed, and so at last will Fair at last has closed, and so at last will Washington, Nov. 11th, 1879.

THE CATHOLIC WORLD.

The December number of the *Catholic World* opens with an important article, the title of which will give an indication of its scope and purpose: "Leo XIII. on Scholastic Philosophy." "Civilizing by force" is another timely and forcibly article. A Novel Defence of Protestantism" is a skillful piece of polemical fence, written in that excellent temper that usually characterizes *The Catholic World*. "Apprenticeship Schools in France" is an instructive paper on a subject of universal interest. "Pombal" discusses a chapter of big game history. "The Relation of Church Architecture to the Plastic Arts" gives a sound moral lesson to very many of our modern artists and architects which it would be to the advantage of art and architecture that they should take. "Fanny Kemble's Girlhood" is a very sprightly review of the life of a well-known actress and writer. There is an appreciative review of Andrew Vere's latest work, the beautiful "Legends of the Saxon Saints." "The Votive Church of Brno" is a pleasing excursion into the past; while "Mount Mellere and the Blackwater" makes the most live again in the present. Miss O'Meara's new story, "Follotte," deepens in interest. "My Christmas at Barnakeery" is the first instalment of what promises to be a rollicking story of Irish life. The notices of new publications are numerous and interesting.

Five dollars per annum; single copies,

fifty cents. Sent free by mail on receipt of price by D. & J. SAILLER & Co., Montreal.

THE SECRET TEN!

DOINGS OF SOME OF OUR CITY YOUNG MEN.

DIME NOVELS ACTED IN REAL LIFE.

A certain section in this city has been very much amused during the past week over the actions of a number of small boys. Their doings betray a close perusal of Dime Novels, and show the great necessity there is for wiping out this class of literature from Canada. It appears that a boy of tender years told his young companions that a lady staying at their house had with her a large sum of money, which he had seen. One of the hearsees suggested that a portion of the money be taken and a good time indulged in. After considerable persuasion, and being dared by the others, the boy consented to take the money. He accordingly abstracted about one hundred and eighty dollars from the lady's place of fancied security. The next evening the boys met in a barn in the vicinity and decided to form a secret organization. A part of the programme was that each member should have a pistol, with the necessary cartridges, to defend themselves, and a concertina to charm the hearts of their respective dulcianas. The pistols and concertinas were accordingly purchased, and for a time the neighbors in the vicinity were startled by hearing the uncouth music that can only emanate from a person trying to learn the art of playing on the concertina. The boys would also repair themselves to quiet places and practice with their weapons, at the same time imagining they were training themselves for something that would startle the natives by its atrocity, and make them renowned, after the manner of heroes they had read in youthful literature. A few days after the Society was organized, however, the money was missed, and the detectives placed upon the track. These gentlemen did not succeed in discovering anything, but they did most effectually scare the boys—as they have done older ones before now—into the belief that they knew all about it. Accordingly, two of the boys, probably more nervous than the remainder, fearing they were going to be taken into custody, decided to leave for Detroit and become pirates. They clandestinely secured some extra clothes, and with over \$100 of the money, together with their pistols and concertinas, purchased tickets for Windsor. Just as they were about to board the G. W. R. train one of the young lads espied his father, also about to travel in the same direction. The youngsters waited till the train left with their pursues, and then they returned to London to discover that their intended journey—and they then turned about and went east. The parent searched the Western bound train, but of course he did not find the runaway. Returning to London he discovered that had taken tickets to the Suspension Bridge. The next train took him after them, and the youngsters having laid over a train somewhere in case of pursuit got on the train with the father as he learned the Eastern bound train. The father took his son in charge and also the other lad, who was hid away under a seat, and brought them home. One of the boys had over \$100 in his pocket when found, besides two complete suits of clothes on him. When questioned as to their act, they said they had resolved to go over to the United States and purchase a vessel, one of them to be captain and the other one mate. They also told the names of all the others who had been engaged in the affair, and for the last few days there has been weeping and wailing in the neighborhood in which they live. Nearly all the money was found on the boys, and as the affair was evidently only a boyish freak the matter was allowed to drop. The ten lads concerned are all of tender years, but we hope they are not too young to forget the lesson that has been taught them.—*Advertiser*.

SUICIDE IN BRANTFORD.

A PROMINENT MERCHANT BLOWS HIS BRAINS OUT.

Brantford, November 18.
The city was startled this morning by the report that Mr. Thos. Martin, book-seller, had shot himself at his own home. On enquiry we learn that the deceased gentleman had risen at the usual hour, after a good night's rest, and fully dressed himself. As his health was somewhat impaired it had been usual for some members of the family to take some light food to his bedroom before the regular breakfast. This had been done by Mrs. Martin, and while she remained in the room her husband partook liberally of the porridge she then left him, and she had been engaged in household duties some fifteen or twenty minutes when she and the others were startled by the report of a pistol and the fall of some heavy body. Rushing up stairs she found the one she had parted with a few minutes before a lifeless corpse. He had placed a muzzle of a pistol to his right temple, and the ball had penetrated the brain. For some months past Mr. Martin has been very dependent about his business matters. He had lost money while in business in Paris, and frequently expressed the opinion that the start he pursued here was not likely to prove as profitable as anticipated. This and impaired health had preyed upon his mind until he told a friend that if he were not such a coward that he would take his life. A few weeks since he was induced to spend a short time at Chatham in hopes

that the result would invigorate mind and body, but the benefit was only temporary. He went to the labor, he continued to attend to his daily duties, and last evening left his store at the usual hour. During the evening he seemed more depressed than usual, but no one anticipated the terrible tragedy enacted this morning. The deceased gentleman was held in high esteem by all who knew him, and his family have the sympathy of all in the crushing blow that has fallen upon them. Mr. M. was about forty years of age, and leaves a wife but no children.

FERRIERS VOYAGE.

TWO CHILDREN MIRACULOUSLY SAVED.

Windsor, November 15.—Last Wednesday the *Detroit News* contained an item about the disappearance of two small children from Belle River, Ont., being the sons of R. Lutz and W. Boren, aged respectively seven and five years. The little ones had been playing with a skiff which was drawn up on the shore near their homes, and finally the idea occurred to them to put the boat in the water. After much tugging this was accomplished, and half an hour later a strong breeze came up and urged the skiff into the lake. As soon as the children perceived their danger they began to scream for help, but nobody heard them, and darkness at last settled down upon the water with a strong southerly wind and a rough sea. The boat had drifted several miles from shore, and was gradually being filled with water from the waves which broke against it, while the chilling of both children was completely wet through. The Boren boy crawled to the bottom of the boat and sobbed as if his heart would break, while the Lutz boy endeavored to bail out the water in his hat, and was still hard at work when the captain of a passing vessel took them on board about midnight, cared kindly for them, and carried them to St. Clair flats, where he left them in charge of a fisherman for return to their homes. In the meantime a search had been organized at Belle River, and men with boats and lanterns were out the greater part of the night, but no traces of the missing ones could be discovered. Mr. Lutz came down to Windsor and Detroit next day, intending to hire a tug, but found he was unable to pay the price required and returned home in despair. Judge, then, of the joy which was felt at Belle River when the fisherman from the flats brought them back safe and sound on Thursday.

AN INJUSTICE.

WHY SHOULD A MALE TEACHER RECEIVE A LARGER SALARY THAN A FEMALE?

To the Editor of the *Catholic Record*.

DEAR SIR,—Will you kindly permit me through the columns of your valuable paper to ask a simple, unvarnished question, one which has caused me a good deal of anxiety, inasmuch as I am unable to get it answered.

For the last nineteen years I have devoted myself solely to the advancement of education, and during that period I have nearly always held the honored position of a country school man. Whenever I applied for a school and asked for a liberal salary, and sometimes not a very liberal one, I generally received the answer, "Why, our male teachers did not receive more than you ask?" (As if their male teachers deserved as much.)

Now, Mr. Editor, I am, as you will understand, pretty well advanced in years (somewhere in the thirties), but I will not say how high, lest my male opposers should imagine I am higher still, and attribute the contribution of this article to one of my old-maidish whims, (and that, I assure you, would not be very flattering to my aristocratic feelings) but in all my experience, I never met one who could give a reason "why a male teacher should be better recompensed for his services than a female," yet they nearly all argue they should, while at the same time they admit a female does twice the work. Now, during the past few years in this present century of enlightenment our country is making wonderful progress both in literature and science, and some of our boasted educationists pride themselves in being able to answer any reasonable question put to them. I would therefore, entreat of any one into whose hands this may fall, who is able to answer it, to assign a reason "why a male teacher should receive a larger salary than a female."

Now, I would like to know: Is not our knowledge as good as their? Is not our time as precious as theirs? Is not our brain as valuable as theirs? Do we not have to study the same subjects as they? Do we not have to pass the same examinations as they? Do we not do better work in the school room? Why, then, not receive the same pay? Is it because we gain more favor in the eyes of the pupils, that they are puffed by the parents, and thus recompensed with money for the loss they sustain in the children's love? If so, I am ready to turn tyrant, that I, too, may be thus recompensed.

Now, Mr. Editor, in my humble opinion, a lady deserves the larger salary of the two. She labors more assiduously amongst her pupils, she strives to instil religious principles, she cultivates and refines the minds of her young charge, while males, on the contrary, at least the generality of them—care for nothing except to put their time in—they don't care how.

I would like to write at length on this, but I fear I have already encroached on your valuable space. Hoping that some kind reader will pity my anxiety, and strive to answer my question, I remain,
A FEMALE TEACHER.
London, Nov. 17th, 1879.

OBITUARY.

Only a few months have passed since we saw in the Record an account of the death of a Sister of St. Joseph at Mount Hope. Today we send to its columns a similar story. Again has the Angel of Death visited the devoted band. This time his victim was a young postulant, in the fair spring-time of her life. On last Good Friday (truly a fitting day to offer a sacrifice to God!) Miss Muggan bade farewell to home and friends, and came to Mount Hope, there to enlist herself in the ranks of the Sisterhood, to devote to God in the holy cause of charity, her health, her talent and her life. This had been for years the object of her ambition, and in order to qualify herself still more for her life task, she spent the two years and a half immediately preceding her entrance into religion at St. Mary's Academy, Windsor, under the direction of the Sisters of the Holy Names. There she not only made rapid progress in the sciences, but also imbibed deeply from the example and instructions of her estimable teacher that fervent piety which distinguished her during her short religious career. We sympathize with the Sisters and the bereaved family in their loss, they have sustained, though we feel that it is a subject for congratulation rather than for condolence. For another is added, we feel assured, to the number of their intercessors in heaven; and another is added, too, to that chosen band whose glorious privilege it is to "follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth." Some regret might be expressed that she did not live to realize her dearest wish: to see herself clothed in the humble garb of the Sisters of St. Joseph, but God had regard to the fervor of her good desires; for truly it might be said of her that "being made perfect in a short space, she fulfilled a long time."

On Friday, the 14th inst., the Requiem Mass was sung by Rt. Rev. Monsignor Bruyere, who at his conclusion addressed her earnest and appropriate words to those present. He warmly eulogized the virtues of the deceased, and said that though the master came at an hour when he was not expected, yet this good servant was well prepared to give an account of her stewardship. "This," he said, "was but one lesson more to those that are daily given us. Around us on every side the inexorable messenger of death is bearing to the tomb the young and the old, the learned and the unlearned, the rich and the poor, and from the cold remains comes to us this voice of warning: 'Be ye also ready, for what hour ye think not the Son of Man will come.'"

The venerable speaker concluded his remarks by exhorting his hearers to lay up for the day of their death, by the inevitable hour which is yet light, for the night cometh in which no man can work." AMICA.

London, Nov. 19.

LIFTING A CHURCH DEBT.

ELOQUENT DISCOURSE BY FR. HOBAN, O. P.

From the Providence Journal.

The zealous pastor of St. John's (R. C.) Church, an Atwell's avenue, is making earnest and persistent efforts to free his church from indebtedness, and various methods have been resorted to with varying results. Yesterday was set apart as a special occasion for collections in aid of the object stated, and the services of an eloquent preacher, the Dominican Order, Rev. Father Hoban, of New York, well-known to the people of St. John's, on account of his former missionary labors among them, were called into requisition. At high mass the people thronged to the church in large numbers to hear the missionary preacher. After the reading of the gospel in the mass, Father Hoban, attired in the habit of his order, entered the pulpit and preached the sermon of the day, which was a very able production. He took his text from the 23d chapter of St. Matthew, 31st and 32th verses inclusive: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with thy whole heart and with thy whole mind." Perhaps, said the preacher, there is no lesson so frequently proposed for your consideration as that contained in these few words. It was your first lesson in childhood, when on your mother's knee, she prayed that God would watch over you in your infant years, and taught you to turn to Him, ever and always, in sentiment of love. In the first of your catechism, the same lesson is imposed upon you "to know, love and serve God forever," and as time has gone on, the same truth has ever been held forth, to make every thought subservient to this precept, which should be the first and controlling idea of every Christian. It is only necessary to know the relation between God and man to understand the claim He has to our affection. No words can describe the attributes of the Almighty, nor can any mind conceive them, for the ideas of man are but faint and not to be measured with His infinite power and wisdom. The Great Master combines to Himself, in a superhuman manner, the perfection of every creature. He is essential power, essential wisdom and essential holiness. Picture to yourself everything that is grand, all the charms of the land, the beauties of nature, and all the varied glories of the universe; aye, ascend even to the abode of the angels and saints and gaze upon the brilliant heavenly spectacle, and even then you have but a dim reflex of the infinite beauty of God; gaze upon everything that is worthy of your admiration, admire the heroic character and self-sacrifice, and you have but a faint image of God's love for us. It was His omnipotent hand that brought us into

being, and, next to the angels, conferred upon us the highest dignity by creating us after His own image and likeness. We are endowed by Him with reason and free will, as streams from the overflowing fountain of His knowledge and His love. All these favours and faculties and our being have been preserved, and will still continue to be preserved until God's own chosen time. Let us but consider the relative position between Creator and creature, and then we can realize our absolute dependence upon God and reliance upon His infinite goodness and mercy. If the sun, moon and stars and all inanimate nature could but give expression, their first throbs would be one of love, and their first words those of praise to their Creator. As it is, their ever constant harmony in obedience to the law of God speaks to us louder than words of the power of the Almighty. When, then, they in their silence are evidence of the power and wisdom of God, why then should man, endowed with intelligence and free will, be so negligent in his duty toward his Creator? If these gifts of mind and body demand our love and gratitude, how much the gift of grace bestowed upon us. Man, through his own fault, by sin, broke friendship with God, but God, in His eternal wisdom, sent a Redeemer who toiled, suffered and died for us in order to work out our salvation. It is not necessary to point out the wonderful mysteries of that redemption. It was because of love of us, His children, that He delivered Himself up, but not content with that, He established His Church on earth, that mystical fold in which everyone is destined to be gathered. We, my beloved brethren, know the happiness of belonging to that true church, while thousands of our fellow-creatures are born in error. We receive the consolation of the divine spirit and the grace of the sacraments from the moment of our baptism, every moment of our lives, even to the very moment of our death, when the sacrament is administered to us, strength to resist temptation and triumph over our evil passions. Have we appreciated these gifts of the Almighty? Have we made any return of love, or, on the contrary, have we been guilty of the lowest and basest of all faults, ingratitude; or, in other words, is it to God or the death we have rendered our allegiance. Our lives was the answer. Our Lord spoke plainly when He said, "if you love Me keep My commandments." You may perhaps obtain some temporal advantages, but if at the expense of your soul, what comfort or consolation will they be to you, for as Scripture says: "What profits it a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul." In giving your love to God you give it to the one who will suitably and surely reward you. Look into the past and learn, therefore, a lesson. What was it that, during the early ages of Christianity, sustained the martyrs who were tortured by their executioners, and surrounded by the wild howls of the amphitheatre? Why did the austere anchorites go out into the desert in fasting and penance? Why did so many noble and rich virgins give up wealth, honor, station and everything in order to lead a life of charity? There was the one ruling, guiding motive in every case, that of the ardent love of God. It may not be in your power to imitate such glorious examples, but if, in the ordinary duty of Christian life, you seek or desire higher motives, it is that frequently, in the silence and secrecy of your own heart, to pray that God may inspire you with love of Him. That you may be reunited with Him in bonds of charity and love is a blessing I wish you all.

COMMENDATORY.

We have much pleasure in publishing the following letter from the good parish priest of Freeport. It is one of many we have received from the reverend clergy in all parts of the Dominion:

MY DEAR SIR:—I enclose you one dollar, my half-yearly subscription for the Record. I cannot allow this opportunity to pass without assuring you that I am fully delighted with your paper. You have accomplished the rare task of securing for it within an incredibly short period an honorable place amongst the leading Catholic journals on the continent. Allow me to congratulate you on the complete success that has crowned your talented labors in the sacred cause of justice and of truth. Yours truly,
WILLIAM LILLIS, Priest.

A SENSATION IN IRELAND.

A BARRACKS SUPPOSED TO BE IN DANGER.

A Dublin despatch states that the Colonel commanding the sixty-seventh regiment, stationed at Birr, has been anxiously notified that the barracks were to be attacked by a large force of anti-renters, and that an attempt would be made to explode the magazine. Much excitement was produced among the garrison by this startling intelligence, and immediate precautions were taken to guard against surprise, and reinforcements were telegraphed for. The danger, if there really is any, is supposed to proceed from some organized band of malcontents, who have recently been engaged in burning the barns of such farmers as refused to take part in the demonstrations against the land agents. The leaders and orators of the Parnell movement deny all knowledge of the matter, and affirm that they have no sympathy with violent measures. Birr, or Parsonstown, is a market town in the parish of the same name in the county of Leitrim, and is about sixty miles south-west of Dublin. It is a well-built town with a castle belonging to the Earl of Rose, under whose proprietorship the modern town has risen into its present prosperous condition. Birr has a population of about 6,000.