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## IRELAND'S NATIONAL DAY.

It was estimated by an old Irish citizen of Montreal, that between 4,000 and 5,000 people assisted at the service at St. Patrick's Church.

It was a pleasing sight to see the Cadets of St. Ann's and the Cadets of Mount St. Louis marching grandly along animated with the same spirit.

County Marshal, John Dundon, of the A. O. H., is a splendid type of an Irishman. He is a clever horseman.

The Hibernian Knights were admired by the thousands of spectators. Captain Kane, and Lieutenants P. Doyle and H. A. McCracken, as well as the veteran Col. Feeney, deserve great credit for the enthusiasm they displayed.

The Young Irishmen's societies of all the parishes made a creditable showing.

The pupils of St. Patrick's and St. Ann's Christian Brothers School, were out in force, and were frequently cheered along the route.

The jaunty car was a feature of St. Ann's parade which roused up many pleasant old memories.

The line of march embraced the whole west end, and along the entire route almost every house was gay with bright colored bunting the beloved green.

It was a subject of general comment, that there were so many young men and youths in the parade, making it apparent that every succeeding St. Patrick's Day, bound the hearts of our people into still closer ties.

## NATIONAL ENTERTAINMENTS IN THE EVENING.

If the celebration of St. Patrick's Day, 1899, in Montreal was an unqualified success, it can be said, with equal truth, that the evening was marked by more than ordinary enthusiasm. Time was, within even the memory of many yet alive, when the St. Patrick's concert was considered a rare and glorious treat; in those days one hall sufficed to accommodate the children of Erin, and a single concert was deemed sufficient.

But those times have changed: the Irish population has increased in a remarkable degree; variety has become the characteristic of the new era; and, as a consequence, not one, but nearly a dozen entertainments scarce suffice to give enjoyment to the Irish population of our city on St. Patrick's night. The St. Patrick Society's dinner at the Windsor Hotel; the A. O. H. concert in the Windsor Hall; the Young Irishmen's L. and B. Association's dramatic representation at Her Majesty's Theatre; the St. Ann's Young Men's Society's double representation of an original Irish drama, at the Monument National; the various parochial concerts given by the associations connected with the different Irish parishes; and a number of minor entertainments—all of which were most freely patronized—show that there is a very strong Irish element in Montreal, and that the enthusiasm of former years has been transmitted with increased fervor to the men of the present generation.

While we purpose giving our readers a detailed account of each entertainment, it may not be inopportune to here pass a few comments upon some of the principal features of that evening's celebration.

We have heard it remarked that a few took exception to the dinner, given by St. Patrick's Society, at the Windsor, being styled the "first annual dinner." As a matter of fact it was not the first dinner ever given by the Society; but it has been so long a custom to hold a concert on that night, that very few of the present generation—belonging to St. Patrick's Society—can associate the celebration of the 17th of March with a dinner. For so many years has it been the custom to hold an annual concert, that the inauguration of a dinner, to replace the concert, may be fairly considered a new departure; and, as far as the present is concerned, this year's dinner was certainly the first of the annual dinners commenced and intended to be held in the future. However, so old is the Society, and so far back can its history be traced, that we could almost say that it has celebrated St. Patrick's night at one time or another, in almost every imaginable manner. One thing certain; the idea of the dinner, when so many other associations are holding concerts, or literary and dramatic soirees, seems to have been a happy one, and met with favor and well-deserved success.

The popularity of the A. O. H., and the appreciation of its magnificent in the interest of the Irish

cause, as well as the enthusiasm always created by the splendid body of the Young Irishmen's Literary and Benefit Association, may be evidenced in the fact that from the doors of both their entertainment halls hundreds had to be turned away, on account of lack of accommodation. The same may be said of St. Ann's Young Men's Society; the afternoon and evening performances of "O'Rourke's Triumph"—one of Mr. James Martin's beautiful Irish dramas—drew full houses to the Monument National. In St. Anthony's, St. Gabriel's, St. Mary's parishes, the concerts were successful beyond all anticipations; and even the dramatic representations, given on the eve, by different institutions—such as St. Mary's College, and Mount St. Louis Institute—were patronized, just as if no other form of celebration were taking place in the city. It will be long before a more thoroughly and universally enjoyable St. Patrick's Night comes to Montreal; and while heartily congratulating all who took part, in any form, in the commemoration of Ireland's patron saint, we will give the details of each particular entertainment.

Though the dinner with which St. Patrick's Society celebrated the evening of Ireland's festival day was not as largely attended as expected, it was nevertheless, a marked success. The successful manner in which it passed off, will undoubtedly do much to add to the popularity of like occasions in the future. The speeches—the main feature of such gatherings—were bright and enjoyable, those made in proposing and responding to the principal toasts, "Ireland" and "Canada," breathing sentiments of brotherly affection towards all speaking of the great achievements of Irishmen in the past and the present, and holding up these as examples worthy of the emulation of the younger generation of to-day.

The dinner took place in the ladies' ordinary of the Windsor Hotel, which had been made bright with bunting, among which the green flag of St. Patrick's Society, with its lettering of gold, was accorded a prominent place, whilst the soft light of many fairy candelabra cast a pleasant glow across the tables, bright with the sheen of glittering ware. About 120 persons attended the dinner, and led by the President of the Society, Dr. E. J. C. Kennedy, (wearing his chain office), and the guests of the evening, they took their seats to strains of "May We Celebrate," rendered by an efficient orchestra under the direction of Prof. James Wilson.

The president of the society presided, and on his left and right were the invited guests, including representatives of the different national societies, who wore their official chains. Immediately on his right was seated Mayor Proulx, then Messrs. E. Goff, P. J. M. P., president of St. George's Society; A. F. Riddell, second vice-president of St. Andrew's Society; Hon. Judge Curran, Mr. M. J. P. Quinn, Q.C., M.P., Charles F. Smith, president of the Board of the Board of Trade; F. J. Hart and Rev. Father Kavanagh, S.J. On the president's left were Messrs. Damase Parizeau, president of St. Jean Baptiste Society; J. Hamilton Ferns, president of the Irish Protestant Benevolent Society; William Seath, president of the Caledonian Society; Dr. Drummond, Hon. J. L. Bittinger, consul-general of the United States; Sir William Hingston and Hon. Dr. Guerin, M.L.A. The vice-chairs were occupied by Messrs. P. F. McCaffrey, S. Cross and P. J. Curran, and among the general company present were:—E. P. Ronayne, Michael Guerin, M. Fitzgibbon, D. McEntyre, W. J. Crowe, A. Hewitt, J. P. Kavanagh, M. H. O'Connor, H. L. Sait, Frank J. Green, M. J. Morrison, F. M. Feron, E. B. Devlin, Edward Cavanagh, B. Tansey, Ald. Lareau, Robert Bickerton, M.L.A., Ald. Stevenson, John Foley, W. J. White, James Wilson, B. McNally, John Ferns, Felix Casey, Michael Sharkey, Dr. F. J. Hackett, F. J. Laverty, J. A. Rowan, Thos. Wright, T. P. Tansey, P. J. Gordon, John Dupuis, W. G. Kennedy, W. H. Kennedy, W. H. Cox, James Lonergan, Henry J. Kavanagh, Michael Burke, D. A. McCaskill, C. A. McDonnell, Prof. J. A. Fowler, G. A. Carpenter, Hon. Jas. McShane, F. B. McNamee, Chief of Police Hughes, Jas. Dillon, B. J. Coughlin, T. W. McNulty, W. E. Durack, Dr. E. J. O'Connor, John A. Rafter, P. J. Coyle, P. C. Shannon, John P. Curran, H. J. Cloran, Capt. Frank Lyle, Edward O'Brien, Gerald C. Egan, T. A. Lynch, S. Harris, P. Wright, P. F. McKenna, D. C. Brosseau, W. T. Burgess, James Davis, A. G. St. Denis and James C. Mangano.

The following was the musical programme rendered during the dinner:—

March . . . . "Day We Celebrate."  
Overture . . . . "Donnybrook Fair"  
Irish Melody, "My Little Irish Queen"  
Fantasia . . . . "Gems of Ireland"  
March . . . . "Knights of Columbus"

Valse . . . . "Circus Girl"  
Selection . . . . "Moore's Centennial"  
March . . . . "Charlatan"  
Jubilee . . . . "Hannah's Promenade"  
Irish Medley . . . . "Royal Irish"

After the menu had been dished and the toothsome delicacies done full justice to, the chairman rose to propose the first toast, that of "The Queen," and in doing so he took occasion to speak of the excellent turnout that had marked the procession in the morning, and remarked that it showed that the bonds which connected the Irish Canadians, or the Irishmen who had made their homes in this country, with Ireland were very strong. The majority of Irish Canadians in Montreal had never seen Ireland, but, nevertheless, they always looked back to the old land, the old sod, and always exhibited the utmost enthusiasm at everything that concerned its welfare. St. Patrick's Society, he then went on to say, while in a measure it bound the Irishmen of Montreal together by its national character, was essentially a charitable association. The funds at the disposal of the Society were invested in securities, and the interest thereon was used for the benefit of the poor in Montreal. Of late years this money had not been used for any other purpose than that of charity. The Society did their best with the means at their disposal, and tried to alleviate the wants of their suffering fellow-countrymen in this city. The Committee, of course, would very much like to see more money coming in, so that its sphere of work could be enlarged. In conclusion he mentioned that it was the intention this year to make some amendments to the constitution, which had not been altered for nearly half a century. He likewise said that in former years the society had held a concert, but this time they concluded that they would make a change and hold a dinner, and so give all an opportunity of gathering round the festive board and recalling reminiscences and recollections of Old Ireland. Mr. Frank Ferns then contributed the "Cruiskeen Lawn" in good style.

The chairman in rising to propose the toast, "Ireland," was enthusiastically cheered. He said in part:—

It is not without trepidation that I rise to propose the toast of Ireland. Whether we consider the antiquity and perfection of its ancient civilization, the influence of its sons in modern times in nearly every country in the world, we find the subject so vast, so extensive, that it would require many volumes to narrate it. When other countries were in the depth of barbarism, she was in the sunshine of civilization. Her sons were to be found in Germany, in France, in Italy, and in every land where the civilizing influence of education had made its way.

In a later period, this superiority, in a measure, was lost when the English kings attempted to subdue its inhabitants. Persecution against principles was then the law of the land. Those were the days in referring to which Sir Jonah Barrington said:—"The persons of men may be coerced, but it is beyond the reach of human power to subdue the rooted hereditary passions and prejudices of a persevering, ardent and patriotic people."

But justice made its way, and from the penal days we may pass to the days of Grattan and Flood, immortal names in the history of Ireland. The work they founded vanished with the disappearance of the Irish Parliament and was transferred to the British House of Commons, and there the complex questions of vital interest to the nation have been threshed out, until we see Ireland getting the benefit of better laws, and, as at the present time, a measure of local Home Government. I say it to-night, that there are British statesmen who are striving hard to give to Ireland that measure of justice which will make it a happy and prosperous country, and we ardently hope that there efforts may be crowned with success.

The influence of Ireland on the progress of civilization has been immense. There is not a country in Europe but has felt it. Her children have found their way to all parts of the earth, and wherever they have gone they have become enthusiastic subjects of their adopted land, without forgetting the land of their birth. The historian of the future will trace out the beneficent effects of Celtic influence on nations.

It is for us gathered around this banquet table, to drink to the toast of Ireland, the land of our fathers, the land of our sires. May prosperity and progress be hers, and may she be blessed with that measure of liberty which we in Canada enjoy.

Mr. Justice Curran, who was called upon to respond was greeted with cheers. His speech was a masterly one and awakened the greatest enthusiasm. Not a few of those gathered around the festive board, citizens prominent in every walk of life, de-

clared that it was the effort of his life. The following is a synopsis:—

He said:—This is an unexpected honor and an apology is due. I am taking the place of the Hon. M. Hackett, one of the most brilliant young Irish Canadians in our country, then, as you are aware, my usual atmosphere for some years past is one from which sentiment is of necessity excluded. My right this toast belongs to one of Irish birth, and I cannot claim to be of the manor born; but if to have been a member of St. Patrick's society for 37 years; if to have filled every office in the association from the lowest to that of president, if to have been identified with every Irish movement, as the associate of my lamented friend Senator Edward Murphy, if to have been rocked in my cradle with the "Irish Emigrant's Lament" as my lullaby, give me a right to respond to this toast, then indeed I may claim the privilege. I felt like addressing the two presidents, for I not only see the president of St. Patrick's Society, but the president of the Irish Protestant Benevolent Society as well, we are all brother Irishmen, or descendants of the same Celtic stock. This morning the Irish Catholic knelt before the altar of God and adored Him according to the ancient rite.

He attended Mass and marched in procession, as in testimony of his faith as well as of his love of the Old Land. To-night we are assembled here as it is to be hoped we shall always meet around the social board, without creed differences. No country less than Ireland can afford to see her sons divided upon such lines. Our national glories in the field and forum, in every art and in every science, in all that goes to make a nation great, are too closely bound together to permit a severance. May St. Patrick's night ever find the sons of St. Patrick united in heart and hand as are the Irishmen of Montreal around this table. You ask me to respond to the toast of Ireland, so gracefully proposed by you, Mr. Chairman. I would require the eloquence of an O'Connell, the patriotism of an Emmet, the faith of a St. Patrick, to do it justice. Let me ask you to stand with me, in unification beneath one of the old round towers, whose solidity and symmetry attest the ancient civilization of which you have spoken. Fifteen hundred years ago, St. Patrick won the bloodless victory of Christianity over Paganism. What is the panorama that unrolls itself before our view? We witness a phenomenon that has never been seen in the history of any other race. During those fifteen hundred years nations, kingdoms and empires have come and gone. Statesmen and heroes have appeared upon the scene; men who seemed to hold the destinies of mankind in the hollow of their hands. To those men monuments of brass and stone were erected, but those monuments have crumbled into dust, the very names of those men are unknown except to the students of history, but the name and the fame of St. Patrick are engraven upon the hearts of a grateful people. The early monuments erected to his honor, may be but a few crumbling stones, but in the old world, and in the new, Catholics are standing and others are being built bearing the name of the Apostle of Ireland. In Canada from Cape Breton to Vancouver, in every city of the United States at the Antipodes, as well as in the old world, his name is revered, and his deeds proclaimed from tens of thousands of pulpits and platforms to-day. Hundreds of thousands of men in lands unknown and undreamt of in his time, march in procession with the symbolic shamrock, that he exhibited to the king and his nobles at Tara, pinned to their breasts, the ancient airs that the bards struck from their harps resound in every quarter of the colonized world, the language he spoke is being revived in great universities, and from every land under the sun, the waves that break upon the shores of Ireland to-day carry on their crests, the blessings, the praises, the prayers and patriotic devotion of Ireland's exiled sons and daughters and of those who are proud to proclaim themselves the descendants of the race. We cannot tarry to follow the panorama of those fifteen centuries. One striking spectacle may be too harrowing for your contemplation. If so close your eyes upon the famine scene. The stricken figures may be more than you can bear, the old women and children falling by the wayside. The march of the hundreds of thousands to the emigrant ships has taken place, and sail has been set for the land of the free. Now look across the Atlantic. What is the transformation scene that has taken place? You no longer see the down-trodden famishing creatures, but their children have taken their places. Can it be that in one generation so great a change has taken place? You see amongst the highest in the land the descendants of these same exiles. Here is the red hat of the cardinal, again an army of archbishops, bish-

ops and distinguished priests. In the councils of the nation, in the army, and in the navy, in every learned profession and honorable calling, the descendants of the exiles have achieved distinction. And how did they repay the hospitality thus extended to them. When a fratricidal war broke out, that threatened the institutions of the great republic, were the Irish exiles wanting in their duty? Upon a hundred battle fields did they not pour out their blood, lay down their lives for the flag that gave them a home and a citizenship; and in the supreme moment, when the destinies of the Union were trembling in the balance, who was the emissary that hastened to Europe to avert misfortune and was successful in the mission but Archbishop Hughes. Then a son of Ireland did noble work, just as to-day an Irishman, the Chief Justice of England, Lord Russell of Killowen, has been chosen to settle the long standing difficulties, between the Empire and the United States of America. Time flies and others have to speak, we must needs turn our eyes from such contemplation. The Ireland we have toasted is the Ireland of yesterday, of to-day, and of a glorious to-morrow. The Ireland of to-day is full of promise. Its new institutions will be the nurseries of the statesman of the future. To-day the Scottish Celt, aided by Irish Generals and Admirals, governs the empire. The turn of the Irish Celt must come. Not merely to govern his own country, through Home Rule, but to govern the undimmed destinies of the empire at large. Then shall we see the triumph of idealism over materialism. Ireland shall be the leading partner in the combination. Let me in conclusion thank you for the enthusiasm with which you have received this toast. I thank you in the name of this Ireland of Brian Boru, of Columbkille, of Aidan, and of that long list of saints and sages, scholars and soldiers who made her a distinguished nation centuries ago. In the name of the Ireland of Grattan, Flood, Plunkett, and Bushe, in the name of the Ireland of Emmet, of O'Connell, and of Shiel, the Ireland of Butt, of Justin McCarthy, and of Charles Stewart Parnell. As we are assembled here to-night, so may our children and their great grand children assemble around the festive board of years to come and may their proud anthem be Erin Mavourneen, Erin Go Bragh."

Mr. G. A. Carpenter then gave with fine effect, the popular ballad, "O, Promise Me."

Hon. Dr. Guerin was called upon to propose the toast of "Canada," and in doing so he said:—"I think, Mr. President, you are to be congratulated upon the success of this our first step towards having an annual dinner on St. Patrick's night. It was with a little trepidation that the society undertook this task, but we felt that once the Irishmen of Montreal, irrespective of creed, had an opportunity of coming in contact with each other, within a very short time the largest room in the Windsor Hotel would not be spacious enough to contain those attending the banquet. We have seen in the other cities the success that has crowned efforts of this description. We know well that in New York City the sons of St. Patrick meet every St. Patrick's night and celebrate by one of the grandest banquets of the year the patron feast of the Irish people. I hope, therefore, that our people will see the advisability of taking up this movement and bringing our fellow-citizens into friendly contact in order that we may become better known and become better friends."

In rising to propose the toast of "Canada," I feel that I am called upon to touch, perhaps, one of the most sympathetic chords in the heart of every gentleman here present. We all feel, notwithstanding the veneration we entertain towards the land of our forefathers, such sentiments towards the land of our birth or of our adoption as should thrill every right-thinking citizen, for we have every reason indeed to feel proud of Canada which, although perhaps to-day is not known throughout the universe as it should be, is nevertheless one of the grandest territories on the face of God's earth, a territory with an extent from an imaginary line, line 45, to practically the North Pole; a land the riches of which are still undeveloped and unknown; a land which, for health and every comfort, is, I am sure, superior to anything that is known in creation.

And whilst speaking of Canada, as an Irishman I may say it is our duty to entertain the most sympathetic feeling towards our Canadian fellow-citizens; for, as Irishmen, when we came more outcasts from our own land, were we not received as brothers? Were we not made happy, independent of language, independent of creed; and are we not received here as brothers? Gentlemen, it is the duty of every Irishman to be loyal to the country of his adoption; and I am sure that the Irishmen of Canada will be as true to their country as the Ir-

ishmen of others parts of the Empire. Is it not to our credit to point to every position, we may say, in the British Empire that is worth attaining and to see that it has been attained by Irishmen? The very highest post, as Judge Curran very ably mentioned, that of the Chief Justice of England, is at present occupied by an Irish Roman Catholic; and while the winds are ringing with the victories of the British forces in Egypt, to whom whom is it due but to Lord Kitchener, and Irishman? And at the present day, who is at the head of the British forces but Lord Wolseley, an Irishman? And who is at the head of the British navy? Lord Beresford, and Irishman. In fact, gentlemen, when we awake to the situation we practically govern Great Britain. There is one thing to be said about Canada, and that is that we should all be proud and happy on account of the liberty that exists in this country. I don't believe there is any country in the world where there is such true liberty as is found here in Canada. Every man is on the same footing, every man has the same opportunities; and if the Irishmen don't reach the top rung of the ladder, it is the fault of the Irishmen, and not the fault of the country.

I remember so well, when visiting the Centennial Exhibition in Chicago, a few years ago, that I saw the bull signed by the Pope, authorizing Father Boyle to accompany Columbus; and the first man who offered Mass on the shores of America was Father Boyle, an Irishman.

Therefore, should we concede anything to the English, French, Scotch, or anybody else? This country is ours gentlemen. We are the pioneers of this country; we have no reason to ask any consideration from anybody. We were the first to arrive, and as the great Irishman, Malahide, said: "J'y suis, j'y reste" (I am here, I remain). We have come here this day, and we are intending to establish ourselves on a firm footing—to make our influence felt—and we intend to do it in no aggressive way but in the most brotherly manner possible. In conclusion, gentlemen, I may use the words of the poet, and apply them to Canada:—

Lives there a man with soul so dead,

Who never to himself hath said,

This is my own, my native land?

"I therefore ask you to fill your glasses and drink to 'The Health and Prosperity of Canada.'"

Mr. J. B. Dupuis then sang, with much acceptance, "O Canada," mon pays, mon amour, which was encouraged, and afterwards Mr. W. J. White, by request, sang "The Brigadiers," in good style.

Then, Mr. M. J. P. Quinn, amid considerable applause, rose to reply to the toast, and spoke as follows:—"I thank the president and officers of St. Patrick's Society for having given me an opportunity of responding to the toast of 'Canada,' so eloquently proposed by my friend Dr. Guerin, Canada! What sentiments of love the very name awakens in the heart of every man belonging to this country! My friend Dr. Guerin has taken to our race the credit of having discovered and of having first said Mass in America. But certainly he would not claim too much if he said the Irish were among the first settlers of this country; because it is historically correct that amongst those who came in the middle of the eighteenth century to settle in Canada, from France, were many soldiers of that country who had been ex-patriated from Ireland.

"Irishmen in Canada! To what position can we look, that is an exalted one, where we will not find the name of a Canadian. Beginning with the names of those who came about 1750 to this country, we have shortly after the conquest of the country by England, in the person of Col. Guy Carlton, a representative Irishman as the Lieut.-Governor of what was then Province of Quebec. Within a very short time of his attaining that high dignity, we have a struggle with the then new-born United States of America—an attack made upon this country by the people of the United States, headed by Gen. Montgomery, who consecrated with his noble blood the field of old Quebec. He was an Irishman. So that going back in the history of this country for one hundred years, we find two Irishmen struggling under two different flags, for ascendancy in Canada. In 1791 when this country was united, we find that Edward O'Hara, a son of Hibornia, was returned as member for Gaspe in the then Legislative Assembly. Even before that time we have visiting our country as a British officer, a man who afterwards laid down his life in the cause of Ireland for the principles, possibly, of liberty that he had learned in his travels through this country. I refer to Lord Edward Fitzgerald. Shortly after the dawn of the present century our shores were graced by the presence of one who was not content alone to be the poet of Ireland,