

## OUR ILLUSTRATED COVER.

So successful were we last year in our attempt at presenting the readers of THE TRUE WITNESS with an illustrated cover of original design, that we have again hazarded an illogical address to the friends and advocates of Ireland's sacred cause. In the left hand corner will be seen a fanciful picture of a Legislative Building, with the "Sunburst" of liberty flashing its glories upon the spires of that edifice. On the right is a ruin; the shattered hopes of a people represented in the broken pillars and crumbled walls of what might have been a magnificent and permanent structure. A road leads up to each of these; an old-fashioned "finger post," such as are seen at cross-roads in Ireland, bears two inscriptions; over the path leading to the Home Rule edifice, are the words "Union and Perseverance," over the one which ends amongst debris and ruins, are the words "Dissension and Apathy." Gladstone—the Grand Old Man—stands in the foreground, and on the eve of retirement, while his successor Lord Rosebery appears behind him, the ex-Premier addresses the representatives of the Irish cause, and points to the lesson that the picture unfolds. In front of him are Morley, the secretary for Ireland, and one who has it in his power to do much for the success of the grand principle at stake; Blake, the representative of a new element, recently introduced into Irish politics; Justin McCarthy, the acknowledged leader of the Parliamentary Party; and John Redmond, the chief and guiding spirit of the Parnellite section of Home Rulers. In these four may be said to exist the different elements that can either carry the flag triumphantly by a solid union, or else bring catastrophe upon the nation by ill-timed and unpatriotic divisions. Gladstone, bidding them *adieu*, calls their attention to the finger-post at the cross roads, and leaves them to understand that upon their future actions and those of their followers must depend the success or failure of Home Rule.

In 1848, when Thomas Francis Meagher was addressing a divided audience in Limerick, he made use of language most glowing, every sentiment of which is applicable in our day. The fiery orator of the Young Ireland Party cried out: "From the winter of 1846 to the summer of 1848 the wing of an avenging angel swept our sky and soil. The fruits died as that shadow passed, and men, who had nurtured them into life, saw in the withered leaves that they too must die, and, dying, swell the red catalogue of carnage which has been the stay and the support of the empire of which we are the prosecuted foes. And all this time we are divided; battalions into faction, drilled into disunion, striking each other above the graves that yawn beneath us, instead of joining hands and snatching victory from death." The glowing metaphors of the bravest soldier and grandest orator of Ireland's mid-century movement could well be repeated to-day, as a warning and an appeal to all who are laboring in the cause of legislative autonomy for the land. That spirit of disunion is like the poison-tree of Java, spreading its branches to the sky, but blasting and destroying the very soil that gave it birth. To banish it, like the reptiles that St. Patrick once chased from the shores of Erin, should be the work of every sincere apostle of Irish liberty. What matter our private opinions, if for the moment they do not harmonize with the general movement! What odds to us if our individual interests are neglected, provided that they are sacrificed at the

shrine of a nation's future! Why should we appeal to the memories of the past and parade, for the edification of others the story of heroism, suffering, self-immolation, martyrdom, exile, and untold trials, when we are not ready to sink our own views, our preconceived plans, our particular opinions in the flood of patriotic endeavor that is steadily swelling and rushing ahead! Were the one, over whose unknown resting-place the yellow waves of Missouri chant a ceaseless *requiem*, to reappear on the stage of life, in what burning periods would he not cry out to his fellow-countrymen to follow the road that leads to triumph and national autonomy, and to shun the path that terminates inevitably in the frustration of a people's hopes!

God bless the poets of the nation for their soul-stirring, pure-spirited ballads; they were worthy great hearts, uncompromising patriotism, unselfish devotion to the cause of which Davis was the "prophet and the guide." Only men of their calibre could pour forth their sentiments in such words as these:

"What rights are best our rights to wrest,  
Let other heads divine;  
With voice and word, with pen or sword,  
To follow them be mine."

There is a certain self-abnegation and lofty devotedness to the general cause expressed in these lines, and we only trust that they may find responsive echoes in the breasts of the men of our day.

We hope that our readers will be pleased with our design, and that the idea we seek to convey may be fully appreciated by every one who has at heart the ultimate triumph of the grandest principle that the political world has to establish. Long enough has Erin wept, like a widowed queen, amidst the shattered aisles of her former grandeur, and mourned beside the ruins of a glorious past; it is high time that she should step into the new edifice of national greatness and enjoy the sweets of liberty. She appeals to her children, the world over, to come to her assistance, and she kneels to her sons, who are in the van-guard, to concentrate their forces, to stand shoulder to shoulder, and to allow no discordant voice in the grand chorus that will yet sing the *Te Deum* of gratitude when the hour of her greatness rings upon the clock of Time.

### TO OUR READERS.

We beg to draw the attention of our readers to the number of splendid advertisements in this issue, and while heartily thanking those friends who have patronized THE TRUE WITNESS by advertising in our columns, we would ask our subscribers to patronize them, as far as circumstances will permit, in return. "One good turn deserves another."

### MISSED FROM THE CONCERTS.

While giving an account of the different entertainments this year we miss from the programme the name of Mr. Richard B. Milloy, better known by his legion of friends and admirers as "Dick." He is now a permanent member of "The Boston Grand Opera House Company," and is actually playing a three week's engagement at the Star Theatre, New York City. Mr. Milloy is an honorary member of the St. Patrick's Catholic Young Men's Society, at whose concerts he always appeared. He is also an honorary member of the St. Mary's C.Y.M.S. and a prominent member of St. Lawrence Court 263, C.O.F., as well as of Branch 26, C.M.B.A. He ever gave his time and histrionic services to all these and many other associations of a similar character in Montreal. His assistance was always given *gratis*, and the Irish Catholics of Montreal, while regretting his absence this year, are glad to learn of his wonderful success in the profession which he has chosen and to which he is

well adapted. We learn that next season he will appear prominently in the support of Mr. Joseph Howard, who is to star in "The People's King," likewise will he appear in a six weeks' production of "Hamlet" for the Grand Opera House Company. Needless to say that we wish Mr. Milloy all manner of success in his career.

### MEAGHER OF THE SWORD!

Sad and pensive, lonely dreaming in Clonmala's prison cell,  
Fettered by Oppression's manacles, noble hearted heroes dwell.  
Thinking, ho,ing, sighing, fearing for their Erin's cherish'd weal,  
Wishing, praying for the moment when the "Ancient Celtic steel,"  
From the scabbard flashing, gleaming in a Nation's mighty hand—  
Would in foeman's crimson gushings write the glory of the land!  
There amidst those heroes seated 'round the cruel prison board,  
With his dark forebodings musing—glorious Meagher of the Sword!

Cold and stern are the judges—warm and pressing is the crowd;  
Thro' that long and weary trial thousand vengeance oaths are vow'd.  
Hundreds coming, hundreds going, hundreds throbbing for the fate:  
Silent standing in the court-room, hundreds for the verdict wait.  
"Gully,"—God, the word is spoken! "Meagher, what hast thou to say?"  
"Ireland's story will explain it, when I'm gone and pass'd away,  
And will justify my action!" Oh, that never dying word!  
It was spoken by a hero—glorious Meagher of the Sword!

Broad, expansive great Atlantic spreads its waters towards the West,  
As the Exile's barque is steering from the "Island of the blest."  
Sad and gloomy his forebodings—dark the future seems to be—  
All his loves and hopes are sinking far behind him in the sea.  
Now, his weary eye is resting for a last time on Tramore;  
Now, the land is fading slowly—dim the verdant island shore;  
Gone his hopes—his wishings vanished with the land he once ador'd.  
Fare-thee-well! thou noble hero—Glorious Meagher of the Sword!

Crimson red the sun is rising on a gorgeous summer day,  
As a hundred thousand soldiers girt their harness for the fray;  
Near and nearer roll the legions like a sea of red and gold,  
Wave on wave, above them gleaming hundred banners they unfold;  
Booms the cannon,—clash the sabres—roll the volumes o'er the vale;  
Who is he who now receives them with a shower of iron hail?  
Who is he upon the rampart—where a hundred cannons roar'd?  
'Tis the champion of a nation—glorious Meagher of the Sword!

Soft the summer breeze is fanning—bright the summer sun is low—  
Shedding forth his evening splendor where Missouri's waters flow.  
Decking with a ray of beauty, close beside the yellow wave,  
Willow trees that sad are bending o'er a drear, unknown grave.  
Not a mound or cross appearing marks the hero's lonely bed—  
There he sleeps, as thousand others, Erin's great and holy dead!  
There he sleeps a sleep eternal, and his spirit's with the Lord—  
Ireland's pure and loving patriot—glorious Meagher of the Sword!

J. K. FORAN.

### St. Patrick's Day at Gananoque Ontario.

Hon. Solicitor-General Curran's Splendid Address.

The national festival of Ireland was celebrated with more than usual enthusiasm here. Rev. Father O'Gorman held services and preached a most eloquent sermon. At the entertainment in the evening which took place in the Opera House, crowded to its utmost capacity, the principal feature was the address of Hon. J. J. Curran, Solicitor-General of Canada. It was a speech that would not bear condensing. He charmed and instructed his hearers by an oration away from the beaten track of national festival speeches. He covered the history of Ireland's glories and vicissitudes, from the earliest days. He followed the Irish exiles and their descendants into many lands and pointed to their deeds as nation builders abroad. In brilliant language he spoke of the more recent events in Ireland, the grounds for hopes and fears, and predicted that the final triumph was not in the distant but the near future. He said Irishmen and their children in Home Ruled Canada were hostages for the people in the old land. There were no traitors to Canada in the ranks of her Irish citizens. Their magnificent services to the Dominion as well as to old Canada were dealt with in such a way as to make the Irish race proud of the achievements of the men of their kith and kin in this new land. The peroration, pleading for peace, harmony and union of the different elements in this country, elicited such an outburst of applause as to convince those who hope to divide the people into sections

that deep down in the hearts of Canadians there is a desire and a determination that the demon of discord shall have no abiding place among us.

Most appropriate addresses were delivered by Father O'Gorman, G. Taylor, M. P., and His Worship the Mayor, all of whom joined in thanking the Solicitor-General for his great literary and patriotic effort.

### Mount St. Louis College.

A Grand Dramatic, Literary and Musical Entertainment.

As usual the feast of St. Patrick was worthily celebrated by the pupils of Mount St. Louis Institute, on Thursday afternoon. The programme was most attractive, and the different parts were well taken. The large hall wherein the gymnasium is placed and which is used as a theatre for the students, was thronged with a most appreciative audience. The Mount St. Louis Band and the College Orchestra in turns discoursed most select music. The grand feature of the soiree was the drama "Heomigild," a thrilling tragedy in five acts with four tableaux. The action of the play is laid in Spain, the plot is most carefully laid and was cleverly carried out. The acting was exceptionally good, particularly on the part of those young men who took the leading roles.

The following were the dramatis personae:—

Leovis, King of the Visigoths.....	Jno. McGee
Hermigild, Son of Leovig.....	H. Fitzgibbon
Recared, Son of Leovig.....	O. Kearney
Count Goswin.....	F. Patton
Argimud, Duke and Commander-in-chief.....	M. Sullivan
Sisbert, Ambassador of the King.....	A. Sweeney
Agilan, Tutor of Hermigild.....	G. Sheldam
Roderic, son of Goswin.....	Thos. Patton
Boso, Tutor of Hermigild.....	W. Gulliver
Ulfr, Officer of the Visigoths.....	W. Conlon
Agilulf, Friend of Hermigild.....	A. Ganzalet
Utoif, Friend of Hermigild.....	C. Wilson
Valerius, Sevillian Officer.....	E. Briggs
Fredegisel, Peddler and Traitor.....	A. Pelletier
Beoulf, Leader of Revolt.....	W. Peacock
Claudius, Royal Officer, Friend of Hermigild.....	R. O'Neill
Lieutenant.....	D. Simons
Servant.....	P. Downs

Nobles, Officers, Soldiers, Citizens.

The overture "Albsinia"—Fritz—by the College Band was a brilliant piece of music and elicited loud applause. The careful training of the members of the band was at once made manifest in that first rendition. The same might be said of the "Gazza Ladra" of Rossini, which was given after the first act. When the curtain dropped on the second act, Mr. C. Giguere, a pupil of Mr. O. Martel, gave a violin solo, "St. Patrick's Day" with special variations by H. Vieuxtemps. All we can say regarding Mr. Giguere's playing is that it reflects the skill of his master and gives evidence of talents for the instrument far above the ordinary. Richly did he deserve the hearty *encore* to which he so kindly responded. This item was followed by a declamation—in French—by Mr. H. Giguere. This young gentleman displayed very fine elocutionary powers and his rendering of Fontaine's "L'ours et l'amateur des jardins," was most creditable. At the close of the third act Prof. A. P. McGuirk sang in his usual good style, and in excellent voice, Molloy's old but ever new "Kerry Dance." This was followed by a medley of "National Airs," arranged by Braham, and very well rendered by the orchestra. After the fourth act the audience was treated to a clarinet solo by Prof. J. Vanpoucke—"4e air varie," of Bender. We use the word *treat* advisedly, for truly that charming solo was a real treat. Mr. H. Hudon then recited "La Campagne"—from Fontaine—in a manner that speaks volumes for that young gentleman's talents. When the fifth act was over the orchestra gave a selection, "Indigo," by J. Straus, and then came one of the most attractive features of the whole programme, namely, the military drill by the Mount St. Louis Cadets. The beautiful new uniforms are most attractive and denote great taste in whosoever designed the pattern. The cloth is dark blue, with red facings and gilt buttons, the cut of the uniform is most attractive and seems to secure both comfort and ease to the wearer. The drill was exceedingly good and the improvements made are remarkable. The whole of this very enjoyable entertainment was brought to a close, about half-past five o'clock, by a finale, "Neireht" of isif, rendered by the College Band. Rev. Brother Superior and his assistants deserve great credit for the manner in which their pupils honored Ireland's patron saint, and the pupils as well as their parents should feel honestly proud.