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IRELAND YOUNGEST

STUDIES IN IRISH HISTORY.

By JUSTIN BUNTLY M'CARTHY, M.P.

[From United Ireland.]

I am about now to write a little chapter in Irish history—the story of an episode which had one city for its theatre, and which had its fellows and its rivals in other parts of Ireland. One day, in the summer of 1848, a group of young men waited about the post-house in Cork for the arrival of the coach which was to bring the news from gers were conveyed by public coach. Presently the coach came in, and was surrounded by the waiting group, eager for news. One He happened in the Viceregal city within rescue ?" asked the young Corkman, impulsively. "No." was the answer, "none never be induced to play any part or evince the slightest interest in Irish politics. To his mind the fact that John Mitchel was allowed to go into exile without a hand being lifted to save him, was in itself suffi-cient proof of the hopelessness of the Na-tional cause. Happily for Ireland this pessimistic mood was not generally shared.
There were young men in that city by the
Lee who did not think that even because the men of '48 had made no attempt to resue John Mitchel from his sentence, that therefore the fires of patriotism were necessarily extin-guished upon the altars of liberty. Fortyeight had failed; but there was no reason why '49 should fail. In this very year, when the English Queen was in Dublin listening to lish rule, in that year a young man came down on a special visit from Dublin to Cork. The young man hore a name which is deservedly dear to Irishmen—Joseph Brennan, talk, and, what was better than either, one of the most National hearts that ever beat for Ireland. Joe Brennan was a young Corkman who had gone to Dublin and necame a writer on Mitchel's paper, and who, when Mitchel was exiled, had started a paper of bis own. He came down to Cork with the deliberate purpose of trying if he could not do something to stir into blaze again the revolutionary ares which seemed to have been extinguished when Meagher and O'Doherty, and Smith O'Brien, and the others were sentenced to transportation. Brennan was a man of many and varied gifts. I have said that he was a brilliant talker. He was also a brilliant writer in prose and in verse. There is one of his early compositions, well remembered by all those who knew him, written on his eighteenth birthday, in which the young Irichman expressed his bitter regret that he has as yet accomplished nothing that is likely to make his name immortal:

"Eighteen! why Chatterton was mighty then, And Kents had glimpses into fairy land

And the young poet was almost inclined to regard himself as utterly worthless because he, too, was eighteen, and was not mighty, and had had no glimpaes into fairyland, which the world at large cared anything about. He had, however, no reason to complain. His youth was destined to be better spent than in peering into fairyland, or in writing verses like those of Rowley. He was inspirited by an unconquerable devotion to his country; by an unswerving ambi-tion to serve her; and he did serve her, not ineffectively. One of the most romantic passages in his remantic life is that he was loved by a gentle poetess who is dear to all Irishmen as the "Mary of the Nation."

Brennan came down to Cork, and entered into negotiations with two young men, both young men, and about his own age. One of them is a member of the present Irish Parliamentary party, and his name is not altogether unknown in literature. The other is now the editor of the most influential paper in the South of Ireland. There was, at this time, a kind of eating-house at Cork, in a street off Patrick street, kept by a Mrs. Heron, which was an establishment distinguished for its sanded floors, the simp'icity of its appointments, and for the excellence of its cookery. It was a great place for suppers of a simple kind, and it was very popular with the young men of Cork. At Mrs. Heron's Joe Brennan and his two friends often met in conclave. Joe Brennan's plan was simple and not unpractical; and, of course, his purpose was revolutionary. He had no great hope of a successful revolu tion. His idea was that a number of small risings should take place on the very same day, hour, and minute, in different parts of Ireland. That their suddenness and unanimity might serve to distract authority. That at least there would be a struggle that some brave men would die for Ireland and that something good for the country must happen out of that. "Who knows but the world may end to night," says the lover in Browning's poem. Something of the same desperate mood seemed to possess Joe Breu-

grow humane; or any other strange and these materials were not to be found in exceedingly unlikely thing might come to the Ireland of the succeeding year. When pass. It was the dream of a young man, and his friends were all young men— many of them were young men. For the little group of three had soon increased, had spread in many directions, and had drawn into its charmed orbit many allies and comrades, and was widening and extending like the circles of a pool where a stone has fallen. Soon in Cark alone there were a very large number of generous, high souled, purehearted young men, whose one dream, hope and ambition was to give their lives for the sake of their country. To do them justice, their scheme was not unpractical, and was by no means without sense or hope. They had plenty of arms; to begin with. There were few young men in Cork in 1848 who would not boast the possession of Dublin. At that time the railway did not run all the way from Dublin to Cork. It broke off, if I remember rightly, at lipperary, and from that point the mail and the passers, were hidden away in all sorts of unlikely places—buried in back gardens, or stored away in unsuspicious looking barrels, or put out of sight, if not out of mind some-how. The young men who gathered about among them was especially eager. He Joe Brennan, and who looked up to him as hurriedly questioned as to all that had the prophet of a new creed of revolution, Joe Brennan, and who looked up to him as could all, at any moment, have laid their the last few days, and he was told that hands upon a weapon of some kind or John Mitchell had been tried, sentenced and transported. "Was there no attempt at that their desire was not very difficult to gratify. They did not hope of themselves to win the freedom of Ireland. They only whatever." The young Corkman shrugged his shoulders. "Bravo, my country! you will be a nation by and by," he said, and so walked off. And from that hour he could to y, and to convince the oppressor of their ty, and to convince the oppressor of their earnestness of purpose, and of their hatred of his rule. They set to work with all seri-ousness of purpose, and with a right good will. It was the duty of every one of Joe Brennan's friends to swear in as many recruits as he could, and to get these recruits to bring in others to swell the total of insurrection. There were incessant nightly drillings in out-of-the-way places. There were incessant meetings of the revolutionary leaders and of their followers, organized under the pretense of temperance meetings, literary associations and the like. One spot in especial was a favorite place for secret drillings-the place known as Cork Park, in the region where the Cork and Bandon Railway is, then slob land. Here there were continual the loyal protests of loyal citizens, and while she was being assured by the Orange clique that the Young Ireland movement meant nothing, and that Ireland was heart and soul devoted to her service, and to Eng. unwelcome persons-police or others-did make their appearance, any body of men could immediately and easily disperse and be lost to sight in a few moments. Many better known to his friends, and better known to us to day as Joe Brennan. Those who knew Joe Brennan are not likely to forget his wonderful dark eyes, his brilliant a very Hercules in a leather apron, whose forge was a special centre of disaffec-There was a cobbler with the tion. name of Mountain, a name grintly appropriate for a member of a party which desired to be regarded as the "mountain" of the Irish rebellion, who played a conspicuous part in the organization, and who afterwards, if I remember rightly, underwent his trial for treason felony. Another man who took a prominent place in the movement was Phil Gray, ostensibly a pedlar by profession, and who was of rare service in conveying messages from one part of the country to another. At the smith's forge, in the cobbler's shop, in Mrs. Heron's supper rooms, at the private dwellings of the youthful rebels, in all sorts of places in the city, the followers of Joe Brennan -who might almost have called themselves Youngest Ireland-met together, and planned and schemed, and hoped. They had their pass-words, of course-their signs and countersigns. If one recruit met another, and wished to be certain of his comradeship and brotherhood, he began by asking him "What's the news?" If the other were one of the Lague, he immediately made answer, "The harvest is coming?" If this answer was not quite sufficient—if it seemed an answer that might possibly have been made by chance by some uninitiated one, for the harvest was near-he spoke again interro-

> the man thus interrogated answered: "We'll reap it with steel," he was at once recognized as being of the company of the chosen. What Joe Brennan was doing in Cork, John O'Leary was engaged upon elsewhere, and other men were working in other parts of Ireland. Undoubtedly, however, the task that these young men had undertaken was attempted under conditions of more than usual difficulty. The failure of the '48 movement, the imprisonment and exile of its leaders-these in themselves wer sufficient to dishearten a people reduced by famine to the verge of despair. The Young Ireland movement cannot be said to have taken hold of the popular mind. The people, upon whom in the end the success of the rising must depend, were not as a body prepared for, or even expecting, a rising at all.
> We are told, for example, that when Smith
> O'Brien, having at last resolved upon revolution, came in the course of his crusade to a certain village, the people there came out to meet him with chairs and tables, and set about the erection of a sort of platform, under the impression that he was merely going to hold a public meeting. We are told, that at the time when Mitchell was preaching the fiercest principles of insurrection, and was leaving behind him even the most vehement politicians of the Nation-even at this time the large bulk of the Irish peasantry, to whom the rising was most likely to appeal, knew as little of Mitchell as they did of Mahomet. If there were such difficulties in the way of the Young Ireland movement, these difficulties stood ten, ay! a hundredfold greater in the way of the movement which succeeded to it. The young men who organized it, who took hand in it, who enrolled themselves proudly

gating thus: "How are we to reap it?"

the Ireland of the succeeding year. When one rising has failed, it is very difficult to rouse popular emotion, or popular passions to the fever-heat of another; insurrection. Still, with all these difficulties in the way, the young men of the new movement were determined to go on. Anything, they thought, was better than a turbid acquiescence in defeat, and so they met, and plotted, and planned, and drilled, and armed, and made ready for the signal which was to come to them, and which was to be the match which would fire the flames of the rebellion in many parts of the country at the same moment. Unfortunately, the signal was not properly given. It reached some places and not others. The insurrection did not break out simultaneously. There were one or two abortive risings in there. The police were prepared for their coming. There was a sharp, short exchange of shots, and then Joe Brennan saw that this thing was hopeless. His men dispersed. He himself flung away his revolver and walked quietly from the scene of action and got into hiding, later on making good his escape to America.

That was the end of insurrection for a time. The little centres of conspiracy that had been waiting for the watchword that was to hurl them into action heard with despair of the disaster at Cappoquin and the failure of their hopes. There was nothing further to be done for the moment. For a time the National cause was defeated; for a time the toreign Dominion was triumphant. Many of those who had been leaders and soldiers in this movement were destined to take part in first one and then snother secret agitation, having an armed rising for its aim. One agitation for liberty in Ireland was no sooner extinguished than another began to burn in its place. Joe Brennan's future career is familiar to all Irishmen. He made his way to America—to New Orleans. There, in that wendersul city on the Mississippi, which is still a marvelous combination of France before the Revolution, of tropical Creole life, and of modern American enter-prise, and which was then still more striking and vivid in its contrast than it now is, he founded a newspaper, and married—but not the love of his youth, not "Mary of the Nation." Ske died unmarried. Blindness He did his best to animate the National

A JUNILEE ALTAR FOR LEG XIII.

ROME, August 15 .- The commission for the Jubilee Celebration of his Holiaess Leo XIII. has opened a competition for an altar design to be wrought out and presented to Leo XIII on the occasion of his sacerdotal jubilee, which will occur in 1887. The alear will comprise predella, mensa and irona, with accesories of ciborium, candelabra, crucinx, altar cards, &c. It is to be in the Italian Gothic style, such as was in vogue in the fourteenth and in the first half of the tifteenth centuries; it will be in carved wood, gilded and painted, and with pictures in harmony with the whole style of the construction. The designs will consist of a plan, front and side views, one tenth of the size intended; but the details shall be shown full size. The sum of 3 500 francs will be awarded to the artist whose design will be followed; and 700 francs, 500 and 300 to the next best.

SUICIDE IN LONDON.

LONDON, August 15 .- This morning was committed the seventh suicide within six weeks at Highgate archway. This bridge, spanning the road made many years ago to outflank Highgate hill and save travellers to the north the necessity of climbing that formidable obstsele, is seventy feet above the level, and the parapet on the Hornsey side of the bridge is very low and dangerous. The coroners at previous inquests called attention to the condition of the parapet, but no action has been taken by the local authorities. The suicide this morning was Ann Baxter, & dressmaker's assistant, seventeen years of age. In her pocket was found an open letter, which stated in well obosen diction that she was starving, and that, failing to get work and being undesirous of increasing either the army of vice or mendicancy, she had resolved to take her life. A verdict in accordance with the facts was returned.

A RESULT OF SUPERSTITION.

ATLANTA, Ga., August 14.-Ambrose Belden, a prosperous negro, was treated for some time by a Voodoo doctor. Becoming wearied by the doctor's demands for money Belden dismissed him. The conjurer turned upon Belden and shaking his finger at him said, "For this your entrails shall burn, and burn, Next day Belden felt what he and burn.' imagined to be a fire burning fiercely within him. His case baffled the skill of the doctors, who say he will die. Many negroes in the vicintity are held under thraldom by Voodoo doctors.

OUT OF HIS COFFIN.

LOUISVILLE, Aug. 12.—Derrick Paughern, a wealthy farmer of Oregon Township, Ind., was taken ill several days ago of pneumonia. Saturday evening the physicians pronounced

THE FRENCH ATHEIST AND FREEMASON.

STORY OF THE LIFE OF LEO TAXIL.

Mow this Huter of God and the Church Returned to the Path of Truth-Converted by a study of Jeau of Arc-What he says About Continental Freemason y.

PARIS, Ang. 14. - The correspondent of the Liverpool Catholic Times writes :-

No more signal case of a supernatural change of heart has occurred in these latter is hard to realise that the writer of works, so different parts of the country. Joe Brennan impossible to give the titles of some of them did his part of the business. He rose at in a Catholic paper, has been touched by Cappoquin. He led his little body of grace and has resolved to pass the rest of his insurgents to take the police barrack life in repentance and reparation. To Catho lies all over the world this conversion must be interesting; and it was no mere feeling of curiosity which led me to 35 kue des Ecoles, Paris, where Léo Taxil resides, and by the side of which is the impious Librairie Anticlericale, which he has now abandoned for ever. The shelves are still tilled with the too well known scarlet pamphlets and hanging up in the shop is a framed caricature represent-ing the major excommunication issued against the editor. My duties as news paper correspondent often brought me into contact with Léo Taxil in his bad days, and it was not without emotion that we clasped one another's hands and that I congratulated him on his return to the Faith and fear of God. "You see," said Gabriel Jogand Pages, for Leo Iskil is a literary pseudonym, "that ike the Prodigal I have humbly asked pardon, and hope to try and repair my terrible cureer. I am pleased that the true account of my conversion should go out to English speaking Catholics, and here it is in plain, unvarnished words. I am now 32 years of age, just that of the great St. Augustice, when he gave himself to God. Age is, alse! our only point of similarity. I began my classical education with the Jesuit Fathers of Mongre. There I studied hard, and above all I remember with

MADE A HOLY AND FRRYENT PIRST COMMUNION

joy now that

An accident in the shape of a broken leg came upon him, and he wrote some melancholy, beautiful verses upon the ing was so thorough that I was afterward calamity which darkened his life. That life was not long. He died while he was still what may be called a young man.

The life was not happy in the ordinary sense this that I began to be influenced by my my man and to cause deep for row dearest hopes were withered, the noon of youth was darkened, and his life out off in all modesty and humility I think I may its bloom. But be did a good work worthily. take in his treatment of me. He is still alive, cause at a time when the National cause thank God, and now that his prayers have seemed low indeed, and his name will always been answered. I think he sees it. When be be held in honorable affection by his country-tound me intractable, he used his paternal power and had me sent to Mettray, a kind of reformatory. There my self importance was tickled. N. Naquet in his paper, Le Peuple, of Marseilles, took up my case. I was spken of as a youthful martyr and my father was hooted as a higot. Possibly, if I had been left to myself, my anti Catholic heginnings might have worn themselve out, and I might have been saved from many of my errors." "How dis the active propaganda against religion begin in your case?" "Well, I will go on with the details of my precious life I joined the Urban Legion when I was 16 years of agr. I then entered the army by what may be called patriotic fraud. As I was not 18 years of age I altered my certificate of birth. 1 then served in Africa. But the fraud was discovered, I was tried by a military tribunal, and escaped with a stern reproof from General Messia, who, however, shook hands with me ostentationaly aftermy acquittal. It was shortly after this that Garibaldi arrived in France. I was already notorious, and M. Esquiros presented me to the general. Somehow Garibaldi took a fancy to me and I was, as you know, his intimate friend. The last letter he ever wrote was to me. It was soon after that

that the anti Clerical League was formed. WHAT WAS THE OBJECT?

To bring contempt on the clergy, the religious orders, and upon the Three Persons of the Blessed Trinity-in fact, upon all that constitutes the Kingdom of God and His household upon earth. Do not ask me to say much about this part of my life. Have I been sincere? I fear I must honestly say not. I have always been wrestling with my conscience, and my remorse has affected my mind and hodily health. Thus I, who never made a sacrilegious Confession or Communion in my life, dured to outrage the Blessed Sacrament. I, who realized the beauty of the Incarnation, insulted its brightest development, devotion to the Sacred Heart. I will only speak for myself, but I fear that there is little good faith amongst these God haters. For the present the less I say the more I shall shine. must repent in silence, and make a long retreat with the Trappists. But afterwards, please God, I will fight on the side of His standard, and my pen shall be a poisoned arrow against the hideous tyranny known as aggressive atheism. You were present last night when hey issued their grotesque "excommunication" against me. I went alone to their assize court. I bore their insalts and their threats. Why? Because they would have accused me of cowardice. I had received the blessing of the Archbishop of Paris. and I felt strong. I resolved to face them and tell them I was a sinner who had repented, and not a traitor to any convictions, however absurd." "May I ask the immediate cause of your conversion?" "Well, let me be truthful. I think that disgust and discouragement made up the motive which first impelled me; but I distinctly heard the voice

no more against religion. If ever Joan of Are be canonised, one of the miracles to be imputed to her intercession will be my conversion." "You have of course been mixed up with Continental secret societies?"
"Yes, and when the spiritual part of my probation is over, I intend to publish s book on Freemssonry. Happily, since the Encyclical of Leo XIII. Continental Masonry is slowly sinking. Even in the lodges there are now scenes of revolt against anti-religious aggression. The other day a member insisted on keeping the abstinence of Friday. He said he could do as he pleased; but the members of the lodge indignantly placed meat before him and turned him out because he refused to touch it. On mother coessions days than the conversion of Leo Taxil. It he refused to touch it. On another occasion is hard to realise that the writer of works, so a member was asked to give a recitation, infamous and sacrilegious that it would be He immediately treated the assembled company to a poem on the Crucifixion, Expulsion followed forth. Poor Free masoury! There are only 300 lodges in all France. My own impression carefully gathered is that there are not 30,000 downright atheists from Calais to Marseitles. And how many millions of both, sexes are there wio go to Mass and otherwise follow their religion? French Catholics do not know their own strength. It they did, this tyranny and cruel atheism, which is now the parasite of a spurious Republic, would soon be destroyed. May Heaven help ne to do it ! As, however, I said before, my place is the cloister for the present. Ask the prayers of the faithful Catholics of Ireland and England for me that I may live worthily and die well, and that I who, up to now, have been a blasphemer, may endeavor to in

STE. ANNE DE BEAUPRE.

crease the accidental glory of Him Whom

MIRACULOUS CURES. The pilgrimage of the congregationists of St

have blasphemed."

James parish took place on Saturday to Ste. Anne de Beaurre. The steame Canada left the wharf at 6 o'clock p.m., with about 800 persons on board, many of them being from different parts of the United States, and returned to

the city yesterday more ing.

Amo g those who attended was a young man named Fiset, aged 17, who resides with his father, a shoemaker, at Springfield, Mass The young man for the past twelve years has been suffering from running sores, his right leg was drawn up to the thigh and he had but little use or his arms, and for over seven pears has always used crutches. Reading in the Montreal papers of the many miracles performed at Ste. Anne, he proposed to his father that he should no, but as they were in poor cir-Anne, he received Holy Communion on Sunday moreing in the charel, but returned from the chu ch without being cured. On going outside he was accosted by a priest who ws acquainted with him, and who inquired as to his sickness, the young man said he felt no improvement and with him, and who seemed discouraged at not being cured. The prest told him not to leave without venerating the relies of Ste. Anne, and imm dintely tool bim to the place. The Rev. Father made him venerate the relic and also applied it to his breast. At the instant he felt an unaccustomed emotion, his I gappeared to straighten and his would close. He got up without the aid of his ruches and left the church happy, and per feetly cured. On the return of the pilgrimag to Montreal, the young men went to an aunt's who resides been and was subsequently examined by Prs. Bourque and Jacques, who pronounced

oy 18. Buttered and Jacques, who pronounced the care as perfect and constant. At a recent phyrimaen of the parishioners of Mal sile to Ste. Anne d. Beaupre, a poor woman who had been paralysed for several years at tend d and went to Communion in the chapel.

After Communion she left her crutches in the church and returned home completely cared. the is at present the same as if she had never

THE HULL PILGRIMAGE. The pilgrimage which left Hull on Tuesday

11th inst., for Ste Anne de Beaupre, pass c through the city on its way home. There were about eleven laundred pilgrims, under the direction of the Rev. Father Gauvin, to gether with many others from different parisher At Sie. Anne there were two miraculous cure performed. A young man named Roy, agod Is years, and a citizen of Hull, after being obliged to use cautches for over six years, attended the pigrimage and was very devout during the voyage. Arriving at the shrine he went to Communion, a d on getting up from his kneeling posture felt quite cured. He deposited the cruches at the baluster and returned to his seat without aid, where he heard Mass. He was in the city yesterday, and had not the appearance of a man who ever used crutches. Another miracle resulted in the almost complete curing of Mr. F. X. Dumais, aged 30 years, and a citizen of Hull. For the past two years Mr. Dumais was unable to walk from the effects of an excess of work; he attended the pilgrimage with the aid of a cane, which he left at the baluster opposite the altar of St. Anne. About fifteen priests took part in the pilgrimage.

DAVITT AND PARNELL.

Dublin, August 15.—In a speech at Longford to-day, Michael Davittsaid he was quite in accord with Mr. Parnell, and would assist the latter's candidates in their canvass for the coming elections.

A MESSAGE FROM MR. PARNELL.

CHICAGO, August 15 .- The object of the meeting of prominent Irishmen here is to consider the best methods of re-establishing ranged over the blue waters on each side, and the Irish National League on a firm and enduring basis. The session of the Executive Committee of the National League commenced at 10 o'clock, all the members being present. except Mr. Flaherty, of Boston. During the conference a despatch from Charles Stuart Parnell was read advising the meeting to fix upon a date subsequent to the English elections for the holding of the next annual conshown to English dominion that there were young men in Ireland ready to die for their country, and then—? Well, the world might end; or the English rule might have been found in the Ireland of '48, make ready to dispersion of the English rule might in its ranks, were patriotic, pure men. Gallant and devoted, they were prepared to do him dead and arrangements were being made of God while I was writing my 'Lite of Joan writing my 'Lite of Joan

TRAINING YOUNG IRELAND

THE SPLENDID WORK OF THE CURISTIAN HROTHERS' SCHOOLS-A DAY ON THE HILL OF HOWTH.

Balboyle, July 28 -Americans who take the trouble to visit in succession the beautiful suburbs of Dublin, and principal points along the neighboring sea count within is radius of twenty miles, cannot won-levat the indignation felt by Irishmen at the studied neglect with which the British Government has treated this great city, and its univalled advantages as a great emporium and cummer resort. As I looked down yesterday afternoon from the lofty shoulders of the Hill of Howth on the glor ous hay of Dublin spread out at my feet, with its long line of lovely shore from Black rock, Kingstown and Oalkey, away to Bray Head and blue Wicklow Mountains, enclosing Glendaloughand the Vale of Avoca, I wondered that these bright towns and pleasant villages, combining a climate as balmy in summer a Vevay and Lucerno, with endless reaches of white sandy beach more inviting than Newport or Long Branch, and the exquisite rural scenery and grand mountain features behind -did not make of this sunny seacoast the favorite resort of the British public. Were our New York fortunate enough to possess, within thirty minutes travel by sail, such an admirably situated spot as the Hill of Howth, with its antiquities, its magnificent prospects over sea and land, its winding paths above cliffs 300 and 400 feet high, and the balmy breezes that fan its brows in the hottest July weather, its slopes would soon be transformed into a paradise. As it is, and apart from the absence of indus-trial activity and flourishing commerce—the curse of a landlordism, which will neither improve these advantages nor encourage amelioration—the Hill of Howth overlooks Dublin Bay and the channel beyond like a stupendous monument of selfish stolidity and judicial blindness.

I had, however, on my way hither a spectacle which raised high my hopes of a near and mighty change. Just as we were enter-ing the railway train to Howth at the Amicus street station I beheld a crowd of boys-schoolboys, evidently, young boys, all of them of ages between 9 and 13 -who were streaming on to the platform. They were all dressed in a neat uniform of dark blue cloth, with caps of the same color and white downturned collars, looking for all the world like gentlemen's sons going on a holiday excur-

I soon perceived that they were the pupils counstances the son had to go begging through out Springfield to procure sufficient money to take him on his voyage. Af cr the necessary funds had been obtained he left home and arproficiency, discipline, and radiant happiness ived in town on Saturday in time to attend the impressed me then so deeply. Among other St. James parish pilgrimage. Arriving at Ste. chings cultivated in that establishment, as in all the schools conducted by the Brothers, is music, vocal and instrumental, taught by the best masters and after the very best methods. Much as I had been struck at the Industrial school of Artane by the performance of band and orchestra, what I saw and heard at Glasnevin appeared still more wonderful, I came during recreation hours upon an orchestra of some forty performers, the oldest of whom was only 13, and they were executing "H Travatore" under the direction of a little Limerick boy of 12, who plied his conductor's baton with an ease and a skill that showed all absence of self-consciousness. The piece over, they played a selection of Irish music. the little conductor taking the part of first violin and one of the Brothers conducting, It was like a dream to me, and may appear incredible to more than one of your readers, especially when I toll them that not one of the other essential or leaportant matters of education is in the base so rathed here to the cultivation of nost of a conrecreation, a pleasure, a collect the ap-young, which is conting the form to play as easily as the light in the following with and sour,

The little Limerick boy, to resume the thread of my parration, who acted as the orchestral conductor at the time of my visit, ran up smiling to salute me, and then his companions poured past me, all deffing their caps and smiling their bright, sweet, boyish smile. How innocent, how happy, how intelligent these 150 orphan children are made and kept by the tender, loving, and yet firm culture of these devoted men!

Twice a week the Brothers take them out during vacation to a country house on the beach at Baldoyle, where they bathe, play cricket, run about the smooth sands, their admirable hand discoursing enchanting music in the evening from 6 to 7½ to the delighted inhabitants and sojourners of Howth, who flock to enjoy the rare spectacle of such rare artistic excellence at so carly an age.

The good firothers have lately purchased at Baldovie three houses with their grounds, in order to afford their own hard worked members, and their deaf mute pupils at Cabra, as well as the orphan boys at Glasnevin, the advantage of sea bathing and change of air. I was ignorant of these facts when I accepted the invitation of the Rev. Mr. Swan to visit Baldoyle, and explore in his company the scenery and antiquities of the Hill of Howth. The deaf mutes are lodged in a large mansion obtained from the Mahonys of Biarney, the family of "Father Prout." There is a lawn family of "Father Prout." There is a lawn and a large fruit, flower and kitchen garden. As we wandered through the house, situated on the very neck of the peninsula dividing the the brown and purple sides of Howth rising up in the background. Presently one division of the little deaf mutes came in from the beach and their morning bath, dressed in nice linen coats and their bathing dresses on their arms. They recognized us and greeted us warmly. Remember that most of these are waifs from every part of Ireland, who are admirably educated at Cabra, and made here to enjoy in vacation all the comforts and privileges often denied to the exp of more

Continuede 1th page.