

**ights of  
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Kingston.**

7th instant, (Labor Day), a cell of the Order of Knights Columbus was formed in Kingston. The following is condensed report of the proceedings in the "Canadian Freeman," in that city:—

and Monday last were busy days in Kingston, as members of the Knights of Columbus were holding the annual convention of the Order. It was made the occasion of the formation of a Council for the County of Ontario. Over four hundred visitors from the following Counties, Waterford, Ogdensburg, Geneva, Clayton, and Rochester, Aulurn, and Niagara Falls and others, were present. Among the clergy we not only had a number of distinguished priests from the United States, but also the great number of the Knights of Columbus, who were in attendance. The visitation was held in the morning at the City Hall, and the afternoon session was held at St. Mary's Cathedral. The pontifical High Mass was celebrated by His Excellency, the Archbishop.

was presided by Rev. J. J. Dolton, D.D., of Buffalo. In his sermon, he concluded his address with a beautiful work performed by the Knights of Columbus, and read reports of what it had accomplished for the poor Catholic population of the City of New York and other large cities of the United States. He also mentioned the terms of our papal decree, and returned to the Knights of Columbus, their most heartfelt and encouraging interest he had taken in the pleasure of hearing the first time, and

ated over the fact that we should have such an able advocate as he is. As Ottawa friends, who were to take part in the ceremony, they were also decorated again the voice of pastor, and especially of a society which they had organized. In the procession re-formed back to the City Hall, the conferring degrees. The first degree was conferred by Grand Knight R. C. B. Whelan, the second by Grand Knight R. C. B. Whelan, the third by Grand Knight R. C. B. Whelan, the fourth by Grand Knight R. C. B. Whelan, the fifth by Grand Knight R. C. B. Whelan, the sixth by Grand Knight R. C. B. Whelan, the seventh by Grand Knight R. C. B. Whelan, the eighth by Grand Knight R. C. B. Whelan, the ninth by Grand Knight R. C. B. Whelan, the tenth by Grand Knight R. C. B. Whelan, the eleventh by Grand Knight R. C. B. Whelan, the twelfth by Grand Knight R. C. B. Whelan, the thirteenth by Grand Knight R. C. B. Whelan, the fourteenth by Grand Knight R. C. B. Whelan, the fifteenth by Grand Knight R. C. B. 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Whelan, the respected pastor of St. Patrick's Church, Ogdensburg, in the ceremony of conferring degrees. The first degree was conferred by Grand Knight R. C. B. Whelan, the second by Grand Knight R. C. B. Whelan, the third by Grand Knight R. C. B. Whelan, the fourth by Grand Knight R. C. B. Whelan, the fifth by Grand Knight R. C. B. Whelan, the sixth by Grand Knight R. C. B. Whelan, the seventh by Grand Knight R. C. B. Whelan, the eighth by Grand Knight R. C. B. Whelan, the ninth by Grand Knight R. C. B. Whelan, the tenth by Grand Knight R. C. B. Whelan, the eleventh by Grand Knight R. C. B. Whelan, the twelfth by Grand Knight R. C. B. Whelan, the thirteenth by Grand Knight R. C. B. Whelan, the fourteenth by Grand Knight R. C. B. Whelan, the fifteenth by Grand Knight R. C. B. Whelan, the sixteenth by Grand Knight R. C. B. Whelan, the seventeenth by Grand Knight R. C. B. Whelan, the eighteenth by Grand Knight R. C. B. Whelan, the nineteenth by Grand Knight R. C. B. 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**General  
Richard  
Montgomery.**

**A SKETCH.**

By "CRUX."



FROM time to time the question has come up of the erection of a monument to General Richard Montgomery, who fell on the 31st December, 1775, in an attempt to scale the Citadel front of Quebec. Naturally there could not be very much enthusiasm on the part of a Canadian Government, in this matter, great as is the general admiration for Montgomery, as a man and a soldier, because he died in an attack upon this country, and one that had been successful, might have changed for all time the map and history, the destinies and national character of Canada. In the United States, each time that the subject was brought up, there appeared to be no lack of enthusiasm. The only memorial that has ever existed, to recall to the stranger Montgomery's daring and death, was a placard upon the face of the rock, midway between Champlain street and the base of the Citadel, bearing the inscription "Here fell Montgomery." To a certain extent the little house on St. Louis street, near the corner of St. Ursule street, known as the "Montgomery House" has been preserved and through all the changes of its occupants has always borne on its front the story of Montgomery's body having been therein placed after his fatal attack. But apart from all question of monuments and of national feelings in regard to the enterprise in which he had embarked, the life of Richard Montgomery is one full of grand lessons, and is a source of pride for every Irishman who loves to know of the heroism and glory of the men of his race.

A few years ago I had occasion to read a volume, containing all the letters sent by Montgomery to his young wife, during the course of that expedition. In them you read the true character of the man. And I gleaned from them that he was animated with most noble sentiments, he was an enthusiastic patriot, a heroic soldier, a slave almost to duty, and above all a lover of his home. He was so attached to his wife and home, that one could almost see the tears of love and loneliness fall on the page as he traced those letters, from various camps, and in them you could see his longing to be back, his pining after the peace and tranquility of home, and the light of duty, of patriotic devotion, falling upon the cloud of loneliness and illumining it with a tinge of glory. He must take Quebec, and then he would go home to enjoy all the peaceful scenes, the love of dear ones, in comfort and in happiness. But he was destined to never take Quebec nor to ever again see the home and the wife of his affection.

It might be of interest to the readers of the "True Witness" to have an idea of the brief, but grand career of this young Irish soldier; and equally instructive might be a brief sketch of the memorable events in which he had taken such a conspicuous part in the days of that mighty struggle which ended in the independence of the United States, and in the preservation of Canada to Great Britain.

Richard Montgomery was born December 2, 1738, at Conway House, near Raphoe, County Donegal, Ireland. At eighteen he received a commission in the English army, and was promoted to a captaincy. He sold this commission to obtain money to emigrate to America. At the outbreak of the Revolution he was appointed by Washington one of the eight brigadier generals. This high distinction conferred on Montgomery by the supreme authority, without his solicitation or privy, was accepted with his characteristic modesty, a patriotic sense of duty and a strong presentiment of his swift-coming fate—a presentiment to be traced in all the letters of which mention has been made.

Ticonderoga and Crown Point had been captured by Ethan Allen in May, 1775, giving thus the command of Lake Champlain to the Americans, when Congress resolved upon the invasion of Canada. According to the plan of campaign, Schuyler and Montgomery were to seize Montreal,

the approach of which was barred by strong fortifications at St. Johns and Chambly, on the Richelieu. On August 26 the movement began down the waters of Lake Champlain. Schuyler misinformed as to the strength of St. Johns found that he had to fall back on Isle aux Noix, where on the 6th September, he began fortifications. In his official despatches he spoke most highly of Montgomery. Soon Schuyler had to return to Albany, and the command devolved entirely on Montgomery, who on the 18th September began the investment and siege of St. Johns. No end of embarrassments felt to his lot around St. Johns, and, to crown them, Ethan Allen was captured in his attempt on Montreal. However, on the 18th October, Montgomery succeeded in capturing Fort Chambly. It was the 3rd November when he succeeded in taking St. Johns, thanks to the ammunition, provisions and artillery taken at Chambly. He at once pressed on to Montreal and entered it in triumph on the 12th November. When the news of his success reached Congress a vote of thanks was passed by that body to the young Irishman, and on the 9th December, 1775, he was created Major-General. But his untimely death, a few weeks later, prevented him from ever enjoying the rewards of his merit.

Although he held Montreal—his headquarters were on the corner of Notre Dame and St. John streets—he wrote to Congress: "Till Quebec is taken Canada is unconquered." Meanwhile Arnold had crossed the wilds of Maine and led his band up the St. Lawrence to join Montgomery. Montgomery had left Montreal with three hundred men, and we can imagine the hardship of that tramp. On the first of December he met Arnold at Pointe-aux-Trembles, twenty miles above Quebec. Here Montgomery took command of the nine hundred picked men, on the 4th he set out for Quebec, and on the next day reached St. Foy.

Quebec's Citadel was then provisioned for eight months, was armed with two hundred pieces of heavy artillery, and a garrison of 1,800 commanded by the cautious and able General Guy Carleton. For days, in the midst of peering storms and a severe frost, Montgomery sought to get the bearings of the place. He summoned the city to surrender, but Carleton paid absolutely no attention to him. Then he resorted to active measures; he erected a battery of five light guns, and one howitzer, in front of St. John's gate. But the batteries of his improvised fort being of ice, the garrison's superior artillery soon demolished it.

Weeks went past, but no progress was made. The cold became more unbearable, blizzards succeeded each other day after day and raged around Quebec. Finally, on the 16th December a council of war was held and it was resolved to carry the place by storm, on the 31st December.

The account of that storm I take from a graphic story of the event published some years ago:—"The morning of the 31st December, 1775, was dark and gloomy; a violent pelting storm of cutting hail almost blinded the men and the drifting snows obliterated all traces of highways. At 5 o'clock the two assaulting columns of Montgomery and Arnold began their march. Arnold's division, himself leading, the advance guard of thirty men, followed Lamb's piece of artillery mounted on a sledge, and the main body of about five hundred infantry and riflemen, under the brave Irish-American, Daniel Morgan, moved through the suburb of St. Roche, by way of St. Charles street, near the river.

"The advance guard approached a two-gun battery defending a barrier across the road, without being discovered, but the main body had scarcely reached the Palace Gate, when a horrid roar of cannon and a ringing of the bells of the city sounded the alarm. Covering the locks of their guns with their coats, to protect them from the pelting storm, the infantry and riflemen ran single file along the base of the high rock upon which the Upper Town was built. The files, though thirty or forty yards apart, were exposed to a terrible fire from the ramparts, to which no reply could be made, as only the flash of the enemy's guns were to be seen. In a forlorn hope they attacked and carried the battery after a desperate resistance. The men hurried forward under the severe onslaught and plunging fire of the garrison, to the attack of the first barrier, which was carried, the embrasure being entered when the enemy were discharging their guns."

"From the first to the second barrier there was a circular course of about three hundred yards, partly through Dog Lane, opening into the head of Sault-au-Matelot street, where the second barrier closed the space between the foot of the rock and the river bank. Here a terrible

conflict took place, the enemy having dry and superior arms; in front, a shot-proof cover twelve feet high; behind two tiers of musketeers, supported by an elevated battery of artillery, on either side, giving a plunging fire from their upper windows; and reinforcements continually arriving from the other parts of the town now unexpected, for already Montgomery had fallen; Campbell, his successor, was in flight, and the party employed to make the false attack had signally failed.

"It was already daylight, and many of the best officers and men had been killed or wounded; hesitation and doubt seized many of the survivors, and the critical moment for the last cast of fortune was allowed to pass, when Capt. Laws, at the head of two hundred of the paragon, sallied from Palace Gate, cutting off the retreat of the Americans, nearly four hundred of whom were captured. At the same time that Arnold's division began its march Montgomery descended from the Plains of Abraham, at the head of three hundred men, to the cove, and then, in Indian file, cautiously led his forlorn hope along the margin of the St. Lawrence toward the very narrow pass of Pres de Ville, having a precipice toward the river on one side and the scarped rock extending up to Cape Diamond on the other.

"Here all further approach to the Lower Town was intercepted by the barrier, and the defile, only wide enough for two or three abreast, was swept by a battery of three-pounders loaded with grape, placed in a black house. At daybreak Montgomery's approach was discovered by the guard, and the gunners, who had been kept under arms awaiting the attack, allowed the Americans to approach unmolested to within fifty yards.

"Montgomery, while the rear of the column was coming up with the ladders, halted to reconnoitre in the dim dawn, darkened with the driving northeast storm. Deceived by the silence of the enemy, who, with port fires lighted, were eagerly watching for his approach, Montgomery cried out to his little band, as soon as about sixty were assembled: 'Men of New York! You will not fear to follow where your general leads! March on, brave boys! Quebec is ours!' And then rushed boldly to charge the battery over the drifting snow and blocks of ice, some of which he cleared away with his own hands to make room for his troops. The enemy waiting for this critical moment discharged a shower of grape and musketry with deadly precision into the very faces of the Americans. Montgomery, pierced with three balls, fell with others."

Already I have occupied more space than my usual contributions would warrant, but I think the subject is worth it. I cannot close without recalling the words of Headley, in regard to the character of Montgomery. He writes: "Of chivalric courage and that magnanimity of heart which ever wins the affections of a soldier, he was beloved by his men and honored by his foes. His personal appearance was striking in the extreme. Superbly formed, handsome and full of enthusiasm and daring, he was a perfect specimen of a military leader. Not a stain sullied his character, and his heart was true to every sentiment of virtue and the very seat of honor. He was but thirty-nine years of age when he fell on this disastrous field. Had he lived he would have stood first among America's military leaders, and first as a true patriot and statesman. He failed, not through lack of courage, or skill, or perseverance, but for want of sufficient force. He did all that a brave man and noble officer could do, and fell in the effort. His bright and promising career suddenly closed in darkness and freedom mourned another of her champions fallen."

It is true that we in Canada, especially looking back from this hour over the events of that day, can have but slight sympathy with any who took part in that invasion. But we cannot fail to recognize in Montgomery one of the most noble types of the Irish soldier that ever stood upon the soil of this continent, or ever led a charge against odds. And if there is aught to enhance his great merit it is the gentle spirit with which he loved his home and family.

**NEW ARCHBISHOP OF WESTMINSTER.**

"New Ireland" says:—The elevation to the Archbishopric of Westminster of the Most Rev. Dr. Bourne, Bishop of Southwark, will be the subject of lively satisfaction to the Irish Catholics of the archdiocese. The new Archbishop cannot be described as an Irishman, but he is of Irish descent on his mother's side, and he has Irish sympathies.

**Catholic  
Orphans  
In  
St. John.**

What is being done in the diocese of St. John, N.B., for the Catholic orphans, may be gleaned from the following sketch, which we take from our esteemed contemporary, "The New Freeman," of that city. It is well worthy of a careful perusal as it may furnish a few hints to those in charge of orphans in other cities:

At Silver Falls, about three miles from St. John, is situated a charitable institution, where for the past 22 years a band of holy women have been doing God's work almost unknown to the world. The scene of these noble labors is the Industrial Home for boys conducted by ten Sisters of Charity under the guidance of the saintly Mother Patrick.

In the year 1880 the late Patrick McCourt bequeathed to him of sorrowful memory, the venerable Bishop Sweeny, a legacy to be employed for the establishment of a separate home for orphan boys. His Lordship ever ready to provide for the wants of the needy, and especially attentive to work, and in a very short time had sufficient funds to commence the erection of what is now the Industrial Home. Under the mothership of Sister Cleophas the institution was opened in the latter part of the same year in which its construction was begun. Sixteen boys were taken from St. Vincent's Convent, where they had previously been cared for, and were settled in their new home at Silver Falls.

All went well, the boys were delighted with their changed and beautiful surroundings, and the sisters were happy in their good work, till the next year, 1881, when the children lost the mother whom they had learned dearly to love. Sister Cleophas was not equal to the charge laid upon her, and her health failing, she was removed.

If the children grieved at the loss of an affectionate mother and the sisters of a kind superior, their sorrow was alleviated by the news that Mother Patrick was to be made head of the happy family. Mother Patrick has been superior from that day to this. She has seen the death of many benefactors and the passing of the institution grow, till the original building would now hardly be recognized, so many modern improvements have been installed, and so many additions have been made; she has seen hundreds of boys come and go, entering we untaught children and departing well-trained youths, to take their place among the makers of a nation's greatness. The earnest prayer of the many who have known her goodness and piety is that she may be long spared to prosecute her noble life work.

The building, as it now stands, is three stories high, and is built entirely of brick. It is situated on the side of a gently sloping hill, which runs down into a beautiful valley now overgrown with long waving grasses. Through the valley courses a little stream that gurgles along till it reaches a slight break in the rock which forms its bed. Down this decline the water falls in a silvery white spray, giving the surrounding country its name from the fertile valley is studded with spruces and maples, and now when the maple leaves are tinged with the lovely hues that autumn gives them, the whole scene is one of great beauty. On all this magnificence of nature the Industrial Home looks down from its lofty eminence. A more picturesque location it would be difficult to find in God's delightful universe.

The interior of the structure is admirably suited to the purpose for which it is intended. The plumbing in the basement is eminently satisfactory. Two large furnaces, one hot water and the other steam, are situated here, each heating a different section of the building.

The storerooms and the bakery are also in the basement, and in his connection it might be remarked that one of the boys bakes all the bread, the splendid quality of which would do credit to any professional baker.

From the basement, the visitor is led up to the ground floor, where there is a handsome parlor, a reception room, two splendidly equipped class rooms, the kitchen, dining room, and a spacious recreation hall. As the Mother ushered the writer and friend who accompanied him, into this noisy apartment every boy in the room stood, as at attention. A more manly looking lot of little fel-

lows is not to be found in any institution of the province. Their spirits seemed somewhat dampened that day, though, for the rain had abruptly ended a labor day picnic which they were enjoying on their enviable picnic grounds. Every year a number of city Catholic gentlemen provide an outing for the orphans to which they eagerly look forward.

From the recreation hall, which is in the west wing, erected in 1896, we were ushered into the Bishop's apartments consisting of a comfortably fitted suite of rooms. They are in the east wing which was added to the main building in 1893 by the late Bishop. In those rooms the feeble prelate, feeling his end approaching, sought the holy quiet which the presence of the good sisters seems always to inspire. Every morning two heavy folding doors were thrown open and His Lordship heard Mass from his chair. The chapel where Mass is daily celebrated is a little gem.

The next flat is for the Sisters, with the exception of a cosy dormitory for the boys. A fact worthy of note is that there is scarcely any illness among the boys. All are in the prime of health at present, and the Mother informed us that such is almost always the case, the attending physician, Dr. J. P. McInerney being rarely called to render professional services. Four dormitories occupy the topmost flat, the long lines of spotless white spreads, the highly polished hardwood floors and splendid ventilation are evidences that nothing has been left undone to provide first class sleeping apartments. In one of the dormitories there is a trim cradle in which a baby boy of two years journeys nightly through wonderful dreamland. Two somewhat larger boys are provided with cribs.

In all 100 boys are at the Home this year. Last year there were 115 and it is expected that soon this year's register will number fully as many as that of the preceding year. From an attendance of 16 to 115 is a marvellous increase in twenty years, and were more funds available, accommodations could be increased so as to provide a home for many more homeless little ones.

The Sisters greatly feel the need of a telephone, and visitors are always surprised to find this convenience lacking in the institution.

There is a mistaken idea entertained by many of our people concerning the training given at Silver Falls. It is generally supposed that the boys are taught to do only manual labor, and that their mental development is neglected. Such is not the case. The public school system is carefully followed up to the eighth grade, when boys have completed which, they either remain at the institution as farm-hands or leave to take positions provided for them, or to live with families eager to adopt them. Stenography is being taught for the first time this year, and it is hoped to have a typewriter before the close of the present term. The school hours are strictly followed, the pupils enjoying the same holidays that their city fellows have. During the school terms, the boys study for an hour each evening, after which they have prayers and then retire, rising at 6 in the morning.

Rev. A. J. O'Neill, pastor at Silver Falls, attends to the spiritual wants of the children and the superiors. Father O'Neill takes a lively interest in the affairs of the institution. Through his efforts many necessities and conveniences are provided. The orphans have developed a deep affection for the reverend gentleman, and are completely under his control. Father O'Neill says that boys very rarely run away from the institution, and that those who leave either before they should, or after their schooling has been completed, never fail to revisit the home of their early days.

**A HINT TO OUR SCHOOLS.**

308 Aqueduct street, Sept. 15.

To the Editor of the True Witness.

Dear Sir,—As the season is starting for evening classes for education, I have been on the look out to see if any Catholic schools are advertising. But I regret to find there is none. It seems strange that in a Catholic city with so many colleges and schools, that a Catholic child should be sent to a Protestant school. Surely something should be done to remedy this, as it is essential for all young men to have as sound an education as possible, and those employed during the day, the evening classes are the only means to obtain this. Hoping you will find room for this in your valuable paper and thanking you in anticipation,

I remain, yours truly,  
J. J. DOLTON.  
(A convert.)

**The  
Cause  
Of  
Temperance.**

Temperance lectures are countless; they have been delivered in every key and every strain; but they can all be reduced to that one phrase: "Do not drink." It is easier to refrain from drink, before the habit is ever contracted than to break off the habit once it has taken root. You have never taken intoxicating liquor—then you are free, and you know nothing of its powers. Keep away from it. You never wrestled with a giant—you have no idea how you would feel or act when in his clutches, then keep away from him, do not wrestle. We have before us a good, solid, common sense article on the drink question. It is too good to allow to pass unnoticed; it is too clear to need comment; it is too complete to permit of curtailing. We give it as it is—from the Kansas City "World":—

"The young man who drinks strong liquor is like the commander of a fortified city who deliberately admits a known enemy within the walls. Drink is more hostile and more deadly than any army. It has sent more men to destruction and death than have all the armies of the world. There is nothing in it. You cannot gain by it; you may lose everything—health, position, reputation, self-respect, manhood, soul. The first drink admits a demon that every successive drink strengthens, until some day it may be strong enough to dominate and glut its ravenous appetite with your brain and blood.

"Don't deceive yourself about your strength. You know nothing about that until the test comes, and then it often is too late. You may never be sure you have the strength to resist until you have asserted that strength by resistance. To resist once, or twice, or a dozen times, does not prove strength to resist all ways. It can be proved only by constant and unflinching resistance. Any man can resist sometimes. The only man who can have absolute confidence in his power to resist is he who never drinks at all. If you have the strength use it. Assert it now. One drink more is too much. Be strong right now. It is your best chance.

"Strong young man! If you can to-day mock at the assertion that one drink is too much, some day you may think the same of ten drinks, and later of twenty. And when that day comes the strength that could not resist one drink, before appetite was formed, will be but as a straw in a whirlwind. If you have not the strength and sense to quit drinking right now, when will you have it? Will continued yielding give you added sense, or better sense? When the ravaged nerves of a disordered stomach and the flaccid tissues of a softening brain demand whiskey, will you, who could not resist when strength and sense were whole and craving were unknown—will you be better able to resist then?

"It is not an abstruse question of piety, or ethics, or morality; it is a simple question of common sense and health. One does not become a drunkard in the gutter to be injured by whiskey. It is a poison even in small quantities.

"When impure, as most of the commercial whiskey is, it is full of unknown dangers. When pure it is more dangerous still. It is sometimes given to pups to stunt their growth and turn them into 'freaks.' The young man hoping for the highest possible mental and physical development should think seriously of this when tempted to put himself in the place of the pup.

"Young man, don't drink! Refuse the first drink, or, if you have taken that or more, assert your strength now and refuse to take another, and the spirits of all dearest to you on earth or in heaven will lean and listen and smile. Take it, and devils will laugh and leer and mock."

We said that this needs no comment; no more it does. It goes home to every one, it applies to every young man, it is an advice that none are so strong that they can afford to ignore it. We can only add this in order to follow such advice you must pray for the grace—do so and you are safe.