



PARNELL!

A Great Night for Ireland and for Freedom Generally!

THE GREEN FLAG GAILY WAVING.

The Secretary of the Irish Ambassador.

THE NEW YORK HERALD CORRESPONDENT.

Arrival at Bonaventure Depot

AN ENTHUSIASTIC RECEPTION!

Horse, Foot and Almost Artillery!

THE SNOWS OF CANADA DO NOT CHILL THE ENTHUSIASM OF IRISH HEARTS!

A Torchlight Procession and a Reception Fit for an Emperor!

CHARLES STEWART PARNELL DESCRIBED.

Monday, the Eighth day of March, in the year of grace, 1880, will be inscribed in the annals of the fair city of Montreal as one of the most remarkable days in her history...

THE TREMENDOUS TURN OUT OF LAST NIGHT has unmistakably proved, to the utter dismay and confusion, that we can say without exaggeration that the heart of the city of Montreal at the last moment went out to meet the Irish ambassador...

ASTONISHING. The arrival of Mr. Parnell and his suite was expected at nine o'clock, and full and ample preparations were made by Mr. McNamee and the Reception Committee...

wait the coming, but no; he thought that accidents were liable to happen, even on the best regulated railroads, and so hastened on to meet the city's visitors, and smooth over any little contumacious that might arise...

was twenty minutes behind time, and this angered Mr. McNamee and set him a thinking and not only that but speaking: "Suppose," said he, "that any official on the road, in whose power it lies, thought fit to delay the train to that extent at Vaudeville it would be possible to increase the delay in the same ratio as far as Montreal, and hence it might arrive half an hour late, which would amount to something on a night like this, and cause the crowd at the depot to have misgivings and perhaps partly disperse..."

WHERE IS MR. PARNELL? said one of them, when immediately a hundred hands were pointed to a certain carriage, for it seems everyone knew Parnell, even the habitants around Vaudeville, and take an intense interest in his proceedings. The party entered the carriage and were pointed out, when the great Obstructionist was lying on one of the seats; jaded out, as they thought, from his travels. But it was not so. No sooner had he heard the name pronounced than he assumed a sitting position and saluted Mr. McNamee cordially, as well as Mr. O'Leary, whom he had met before in the hallowed precincts of St. Stephen's...

DESCRIPTION OF THE OPT DESCRIBED PARNELL. He is at the first glance a tall, graceful gentleman, with fair hair and beard, not very full, but at its natural growth, whom even a Jingo would, at first glance, pronounce a gentleman, and this though even a blanket were cast around him for clothing. He is slenderly made and gracefully, and is certainly entitled to the word effeminate. The hair on his head is thin and a trifle darker than his beard, which may be truly termed a very light auburn color; his features, if they were darker, could be pronounced truly Grecian. If you met the man in the Leadville mines, with a blue serge shirt on, even without hearing him draw the Cambridge college accent out, you would stamp him Anglo-Saxon at first glance, but after awhile, and especially if you were anything of an ethnologist, you would look into his clear, honestly rounded eye, change your first impression and swear he was Irish to the backbone. His tongue is English, but his eye is Irish, and that's what's the matter; there is no eye in the world, not even that of the Spaniard, as glorious and betraying as the Irish eye. It is the well at the bottom of which lies Truth. For the rest he is clad like an ordinary sojourner from the old country, and entertains an invincible antipathy to fur caps. Said the representative of the Post:

Mr. Parnell, you must be half dead after all your exertions, physically and mentally? P.—Do I look half dead? R.—Well, no, I confess you do not, and I am much surprised at the same, for I know you must have gone through a good deal. P.—Yes, I have had busy times since I left Ireland; I have travelled over ten thousand miles and lectured in about sixty cities. R.—Where have you met the best reception, Mr. Parnell; what place do you like best? P.—Well, I have got the most money in Chicago, and perhaps the grandest ovation, but I fancy I received the most enthusiastic reception in Toronto. You must understand (smiling) that the money is not for me, but nevertheless I felt as if the generosity of the democracy of Toronto was more universal, so to speak, than that of any other city.

R.—Who is Mr. Healy? P.—Mr. Healy is a splendid journalist, who will be better known by-and-by. He is at present helping us in our division of labor. R.—What do you think of the New York Herald? P.—I think the New York Herald a most excellent paper, and I think it has assisted me in a degree which I never anticipated. I count the money sent to Ireland through its columns as through my own exertions—in a word, I count the Herald my tool, and my ser-

vant. If I had not come to America, the Herald would have started no fund, and hence I thank it from the bottom of my heart. Hence, also, I request of you, as the representative of an Irish Canadian journal which thinks proper to endorse my views, to give its representative here present a place in one of the carriages which you say are prepared for our reception.

R.—What amount of money, Mr. Parnell, have you collected for your scheme? P.—I should say about \$150,000; certainly \$130,000, not counting the agitation fund. I count on a million dollars altogether, for, you must understand, our movement is only now receiving an impetus. Our fund, being an unorganized democratic one, is only in its infancy, while the others, aristocratic and landlording, are, as you Americans call it, about being "played out."

R.—What, Mr. Parnell, is your object in carrying on the agitation? P.—(With some emotion)—My object is to make Ireland free and happy.

Our representative intended asking several more questions on this subject, but he is, perhaps, obliged to confess that he was too much unnerved to ask them after this answer, and even if it were not so Mr. Parnell leaned his head wearily against the back of the seat as if he did not care for answering any more questions. Our representative went to Mr. T. M. Healy, Mr. Parnell's Secretary, for a few details, but as that gentleman is only a fresh arrival he could not say much. Mr. Healy is a thorough Irish gentleman with a strong English accent, Attic at that, from long connection with English colleges and English newspapers, though at present he is one of the editors of the Dublin Nation, a paper which has more men of genius on its staff than perhaps any other in the British Empire at large. Mr. Healy is a little above the medium height, has a dark complexion, and might, from the contour of his features, be taken for a Polish exile. He is about thirty years of age and wears the universal aristocratic eyeglasses. He did not pretend to know much of affairs Parnell, but nevertheless advised Mr. McNamee to take care of the New York Herald man, for it was possible he might get cold and die, and become one of the martyrs of the Duchess of Marlborough.

The name of the New York Herald man who is employed to shadow Mr. Parnell is Preston. He is short in stature, handsome in face, and stylishly correct in dress. He is, in fact, one of Mr. Parnell's suite, and if the truth were known is more proud of his position as such than of being J. G. Bennett's humble correspondent, who has not only to direct his pencil, but his brain in the manner chalked out by his employer.

As early as half-past seven the first symptoms of the enormous throng which was afterwards to congregate, manifested themselves at the Bonaventure Depot. The station began gradually to fill, and as the hours wore on swarms of men, women and children crowded into the place and rendered it partially suffocating with a thousand breaths. In answer to numerous enquiries it was announced that the train which was bearing the successor of O'Connell would be fifteen minutes late, and the information was received with incalculable joy, as it had been rumored during the afternoon that a collision had occurred on the Grand Trunk and that, therefore, the eagerly-watched party would be delayed. In the meanwhile the streets adjacent to the depot presented a gay and brilliant appearance. Bonaventure street, from the station, was illuminated at several points and filled by an excited throng. Crowds were patrolling Chaboulliez square, and from various houses in the vicinity there hung Chinese lanterns shedding subdued light of every hue upon

THE SURROUNDING SCENE, while a number of men were amusing themselves by throwing torches high into the air and thereby adding to the general exhilarating effect of the demonstration. As far as the eye could reach on St. Joseph street that thoroughfare was illuminated by different devices, and along McCord street, through which the procession was expected to pass, innumerable candles flared from the windows of nearly every house. Back again to the Bonaventure Depot, and there the immense assemblage surged calmly to and fro, filled with that intense patriotism which from its very sincerity held itself in check until the proper moment had arrived for its effervescence to deluge the hero of the hour. The police arrangements, although not on an extensive scale, were sufficient for the requirements. Twenty-four policemen were detained for the duty of attending to the reception, and of this number twelve were ordered to the depot and twelve patrolled Chaboulliez Square. Sub-Chief Maher assumed the command, and he was assisted by Sergeants Glynn, Clancy and Carson. Detectives Cullen and Richardson were also on duty at the depot. At half-past eight o'clock the members of the Shamrock Lacrosse Club, that association whose prowess in Canada's national game has filled the first page in the annals of athletic sports, arrived at the depot under the direction of the patriotic Brother Arnold. A few minutes before 9 o'clock St. Patrick's Society, preceded by Wilson's brass band playing "St. Patrick's Day," rounded Bonaventure street and turned into the depot. Each man in both bodies was

ARMED WITH A TORCH, so that at least one hundred organized men were on the platform ready to inaugurate the welcome prepared for Parnell. In the meantime the various other Irish societies had been forming in line along St. Joseph street, and thus everything was in readiness awaiting the arrival of the train. Shortly after 9 o'clock the reception committee, St. Patrick's Society and the Shamrock Lacrosse Club marched from the position they held near the entrance to the station and approached the siding immediately north of the building proper. Here they halted, and the line, extended from the western point of the depot to the eastern or main entrance. Although the arrival of the train had been

announced for 9.15, its appearance at the expected time was a complete surprise both to the passive and active sympathizers. The torch-bearers were chatting together on subjects foreign to the cause which had called them together, and the major part of the vast crowd was keeping well down at the eastern end of the station as an immediate arrival was not anticipated, when suddenly the headlight of the engine was observed not fifty yards away. Instantly a tremendous cheer issued from the throats of those who were in a position to see the advancing train, but it was immediately caught up by the people further on towards the main entrance, and as it rolled eastward it increased in volume until the old building was fairly shaken with the vocal salvos of welcome accorded to

IRELAND'S NEW APOSTLE OF LIBERTY. The torch-bearers, although taken by surprise, were still in time with their flambeaux, for before the train had reached them a long line of torches was throwing a brilliant light from one end of the station to the other. As soon as the locomotive stopped the crowd pressed towards the rear or Pullman car where it was known Parnell and the party who accompanied him were seated, and so strong was the pressure that the police and committee-men found it impossible to resist. A few moments later the rear door of the car opened, and the party issuing forth stood on the platform under the full glare of the torches. Parnell was easily recognized, although none of the portraits received in advance of him bore more than a faint resemblance to the original. There stood the leader of the Irish nation, the disciple of O'Connell, with the virtues, youth, and religion of Robert Emmett, calmly surveying the exciting scene beneath him, while his people thronged around him to pay due homage to his worth and to testify their appreciation of the principles represented in his person. For some moments it was found impossible to clear a space through which the party might pass, but at length a way was cleared and Mr. Parnell and the deputation who went to meet him moved slowly down the platform. If the cheering which greeted the approach of the train was deafening, what must be said of the huzzas which split the air as the great agitator proceeded towards the gateway. Then the cheering which burst forth acquired an inconceivable dignity from the intense enthusiasm which vibrated in its very tones. It was wild, yelling and cheering being intermingled. Intense in its expression of love for the man who was intrepidly bearing aloft the green banner in the midst of its enemies, it was savage as an expression of resentment towards that Government which has systematically earned for itself the undying hatred of the Irish nation. The people were

FRANTIC WITH ENTHUSIASM, and in their greeting to Parnell it is no exaggeration to say that Erin uttered another protest against the accursed system which has frequently ground her children to starvation, and has always kept them in poverty. A carriage was in waiting at the side entrance to the station, and thither Mr. Parnell was directed. With some difficulty a passage was cleared, and the guest of the Irish citizens entered the vehicle, followed by Mr. T. Healy, his secretary, Bro. Arnold, Mr. F. B. McNamee, and Mr. Peter O'Leary.

FORMATION OF THE PROCESSION. In the intervening time large crowds of persons filled the principal streets leading to the centre of the city, and at eight o'clock no approximate idea could be formed of the numbers which continued to move in the direction of the Bonaventure station. The utmost enthusiasm prevailed, and on all sides the greatest rejoicing was heard. All stations of life and all ages were represented; the young vied with the old in testifying their esteem for the illustrious visitors. This enthusiastic spirit was not alone observable among the male portion of the population, but

THE GENTLE SEX WAS WELL REPRESENTED, and, notwithstanding the severity of the weather, the streets were well lined during the whole line of march. On Craig street the rather novel spectacle of about sixty horsemen was presented to the astonished gaze of the large crowd which had congregated in that locality. Enquiry elicited the information that the mounted men were members of the Montreal Hackmen's Benevolent Union, and that they appeared in such numbers to act as a guard of honor to Mr. Parnell and the gentlemen accompanying him. It had been arranged that all the societies taking part should assemble at their respective halls and proceed thence to the Haymarket square, where the grand formation was to take place. Several societies followed the rule thus laid down, but others marched direct from their rooms to Chaboulliez square, where they took up their positions while

AWAITING THE ARRIVAL OF THE TRAIN. For about an hour preceding the signal of the arrival of the distinguished party the streets were almost altogether impassable owing to the dense crowds congregated at all points where it was at all possible that a glimpse could be, in any manner, obtained of the illustrious agitator. At a given signal the various societies took up their positions in the square, and along St. Joseph street, and soon the word was passed along the line that Ireland's representatives had landed in Canada's commercial metropolis.

On the intimation being given, the dense mass moved in a body towards the station, and here the road became altogether impassable. The Marshals of the various societies, under the command of Mr. Joseph Cloran, Grand Marshal, succeeded, however, before long in clearing a road sufficiently large to allow the passage of the carriages, which was even then attended with difficulty, as the multitude pressed closer as the vehicle neared their standing point in order to catch a glimpse of the patriotic and sincere friend of Ireland. All obstacles having been overcome the Marshals, without much delay, succeeded in unmarshalling the procession, which then proceeded along St. Joseph street in the following order:—

- Mounted men of the Hackmen's Benevolent Union, 60 in number. Hardy's Band. Members of the Hackmen's Union. President, Michael Lawlor; Marshal, James O'Hara. Irish Jaunting Car. Lachina Brass Band. Knights of St. Patrick, Lachina. Band. St. Gabriel's Young Irishmen's L. & B. Society. P. J. Gillespie, President. Band. St. Gabriel Temperance Society. Band. St. Bridget's Young Men's Society, with transparent mottoes, "Home Rule, for Ireland," "God Save Ireland," "Ireland sure, but Canada sympathies." St. Bridget's Band. St. Bridget's Temperance Society. Vice-President, John Hoolahan. Transparencies: "Canada welcomes Parnell," "Temperance meet great O'Connell's successor," &c., &c. City Band. Young Irishmen's Literary & Benefit Society. J. R. Lane, President; L. Gervais, Marshal. Band. St. Ann's Total Abstinence & Benefit Society. J. D. Quinn, President; Michael Ryan, Marshal. Band. Irish National Independent Band. Irish Catholic Benefit Society. A. Jones, President; Thomas Davis, Marshal. Band. Catholic Young Men's Society. H. J. Cloran, President. Silver Cornet Band. St. Patrick's Benevolent Society, P. O'Donnell, President; Hugh O'Connor, Marshal. St. Patrick's Total Abstinence & Benefit Society. President, Enniscannon; Marshal, John Whelan. Wilson's Band. St. Patrick's Society. Prot. Band, 1st Vice-President, O'Neill, Marshal. The Presidents of the various Societies in a body. Mounted guard of honor. J. J. Gahan & McGreevy—Quebec delegates. Sleight containing press representatives. Sleight containing Messrs. James McShane, M.P., Wm. Wilson, B. Emerson, H. J. Cloran, J. C. Fleming and J. P.

Sleight containing the illustrious visitor, Mr. C. H. Parnell, and Messrs. F. B. McNamee, J. Healy, Peter O'Leary, and the Rev. Brother Arnold. Guard of honor composed of members of the Shamrock Lacrosse Club on foot, and mounted men of the Hackmen's Union.

In this order the vast concourse, numbering not less than 8,000 persons, each bearing a lighted torch, passed through the following streets:—From Bonaventure Station to St. Joseph street, up St. Joseph to McCord, along McCord to Wellington, down Wellington to McGill, along McGill to Craig, down Craig to St. Lambert Hill, up St. James to the St. Lawrence Hall.

As the tortuous course of the triumphal procession drew to a close the masses of people lining the sidewalks increased in density, until it became a matter of wonderment how such an impetuous gathering could be confined within the bounds prescribed by the cordon of police drawn up on the curbstones. Every street or thoroughfare converging on our local Broadway sent forth its human current of vital existence to swell the ever increasing sea of faces upturned in a desire to obtain

A GLIMPSE OF THE APPROACHING PAGANT. Now the strains of music are borne on the still winter's night breeze and the expectant throng, with eyes dilated, away and surge in a futile effort to feast their visual organs on the approaching scene. Slowly it advances, the martial music momentarily increasing in volume, until its bursts fall on the clear frosty air in a flood of melody and joyous expression of esteem. Then succeed an endless chain of flaring flambeaux, which cast their lurid glare on the lofty monuments of architectural skill, which border the thoroughfares, and flash back from their lofty heights the commingled rays of the artificial light, thus intensifying and vivifying with

SUPERNATURAL SPLENDOR the already animated spectacle below. Now the vicinity of the St. Lawrence Hall is attained, and in obedience to the pre-emptory command of "Halt," issued by Mr. Joseph Cloran, Marshal-in-Chief, the progress of the phalanx is arrested and simultaneously the entire line opens out, presenting an avenue of human forms awaiting the passage of the hero of the hour. A tedious delay ensues, but the monotony of the otherwise tiresome interval is relieved by the intense excitement attendant on the arrival of the patriot. A low hum, which increases to a loud murmur, pervades the ranks and gathering sound as it proceeds, develops into a loud, hearty "hurrah," a spontaneous intimation of

PARNELL'S ADJACENT SITUATION. Peering down the open and undisputed area of the busy thoroughfare, a carriage is seen approaching, not drawn by horses, but by a traction force of more impulsive and appreciative nature. Stout humpen cords, manned by the athletic representatives of the Shamrock Lacrosse Club, constituted the applied power, and with this token of popular gratitude the "agitator" seated in a comfortable equipage, glides towards his destination. The preceding sleights on

ARRIVING OPPOSITE THE HALL discharged their passengers, who arranged themselves in files on each side of the approach to the main entrance, so that when Mr. Parnell disembarked he entered his temporary abode through an aisle of notables representing the various phases and divisions of the Irish Catholic race. A vast crowd, comparatively speaking, had congregated within the lobby in anticipation of listening to the address of the renowned Parnell. In this flattering expectation they were doomed to disappointment, for Mr. Parnell, escorted by Mr. Hogan, proceeded immediately to the suite of apartments engaged expressly for his service. Here he was followed by the representatives of the various Irish societies, who were favored with individual introductions. Business appeared to be of paramount importance, for, on receiving a package of letters and despatches, Mr. Parnell carefully scanned the contents previous to entrusting them to his amanuensis, Mr. J. Healy, for further consideration. He read several communications, when it was perceived that on perusing a fourth a crowd gathered on his placid brow. It was imme-

diately dispelled, when he looked up and announced to his few attendants "I AM IN RECEIPT OF BAD NEWS, which will necessitate my immediate return home." Inquiries as to the nature of the urgent message disclosed that it was an intimation of the early dissolution of Parliament. No subsequent evidence of a mental conflict disturbed the serenity of the ineffable calmness of his countenance.

The following ladies were then favored with an introduction to the illustrious guest:—Mrs J. S. E. Wurtele and the Misses Wurtele, Mrs Jas McShane, Miss A. Paton, Mrs Hugh Ryan, Miss Annie Darragh, Madame Perrault, Miss Nellie Farthing (Buffalo, N.Y.), Miss Georgie McNamee and Madame F. B. McNamee. When Mr. Parnell entered the hotel the greatest order was maintained outside, notwithstanding the aggressive attitude of individuals who strenuously strove to gain the salient points of view. The vacuum in the storm of popular feeling was created by a false impression entertained by nearly all that Mr. Parnell was to address a few remarks to the assembled multitude who had so magnanimously done honor to the memory

The fustian engendered by a lengthened delay imported a tinge of trouble to the rumors circulating to the effect that Mr. Parnell would not appear again that evening. This idea proved unobtainable and a cry emanating as from one throat rent the skies, embodying the one word "Parnell," "Parnell." The laudable impetuosity of his admirers compelled the advocate of tenants' rights to consent to appear again before the ecstatic throng for a brief moment. The scene was indescribable, and sufficed to baffle all attempts at reproducing in language. The exhausted vocabulary of adjectives afforded by a judicious application of the English language failed to enchain the sight which

ONLY LINGER IN MEMORY doubly endeared by that recollection. No pen could attempt to depict the scene. As far as the eye could reach on each side a boundless sea of upturned faces flushed with the ruddy light of a myriad of torches, proclaimed their allegiance to the cause espoused by Parnell. A thousand throats vociferated in rapid repetition three cheers for Parnell until the hoarse notes died away in the labyrinth of surrounding streets. Mr. Parnell retired from his conspicuous position to seek relief and repose in the privacy of his chamber.

Mr. F. B. McNamee explained to the people that Mr. Parnell had that day travelled 350 miles and naturally felt greatly exhausted, requested their kind forbearance so as to permit him to enjoy a slight and

WELL-EARNED RELAXATION. The explanation thus vouchsafed, as it became disseminated through the assemblage allayed the excitement, and slowly the throngs dispersed after awakening the echoes of the neighborhood with "three cheers for Ireland," and "three cheers for Parnell," the latter, if anything exceeding in expression the former. Indoors a desultory discussion occupied the time for half an hour, when Mr. Parnell desired to be directed to his private apartments, where he accomplished the preliminary preparations for supper, which was served in

HIS OWN APARTMENTS. The rooms are four in number, situated in the front of the hotel, and comprise a drawing-room or ante-chamber, a parlor or reception room, and two adjoining chambers. The furnishing was in the highest standard of household art—the Eastlake style—having been imported from Messrs. Potter, Steiner & Co., New York, especially for the occasion. The carpet and ornaments are on a similar scale, bespeaking the delicacy of taste and refinement which governed the selection. The walls are tastefully decorated with a few choice paintings, and all ostentatious parade of wealth was carefully eschewed.

A universal feeling of regret was manifested in St. Lawrence Hall by the society delegates on learning of the non-arrival of Messrs. Dillon and Murdoch. Their absence was, however, declared to be involuntary, as the ceaseless demand of the public had called the above gentlemen to St. Paul, Minnesota. In accordance with the appended report, a delegation waited on Mr. Parnell at a very early hour this morning:—

"At a meeting of the Parnell Invitation Committee of Quebec, held at the Albion Hotel on Sunday evening, 7th instant, Hon. John Healy in the chair, Messrs. Robert H. McGreevy, Timothy Shea and Mr. John P. Sutton were appointed delegates to wait on Mr. Parnell at Montreal to express to him the sympathy of the Irishmen of Quebec, and to try and induce the now famous Irish patriot to visit Quebec before returning to Ireland. A *Caed mille fallite* awaits him in the Rock City."

A DEPUTATION FROM QUEBEC, consisting of Messrs. Sutton, Shea and McGreevy, waited upon the honorable member and appealed very strongly for him to honor their city with a visit. After a long debate, through the influence of other gentlemen and their own energetic appeals on behalf of the Irish of Quebec, whom they ably represent, they succeeded in obtaining a promise that he would go there on the 11th, if it could be arranged for a special train to bring him from that city to Montreal in time for him to meet the train to convey him to Ogdensburg for the next day. The deputation desire to return thanks to the gentlemen of Montreal for the position given them in the procession and the manner in which they have been received.

SCENES AND INCIDENTS. St. Joseph street was thronged with spectators, the police and the torch-bearers having all they could do to keep the surging mass of humanity within the proper limits. As Parnell's carriage proceeded along the line, ringing shouts and cheers rent the air, which effectually drowned the many bands. At the corner of Wellington and McCord streets was witnessed an enthusiastic gathering. (Concluded on Eighth Page.)