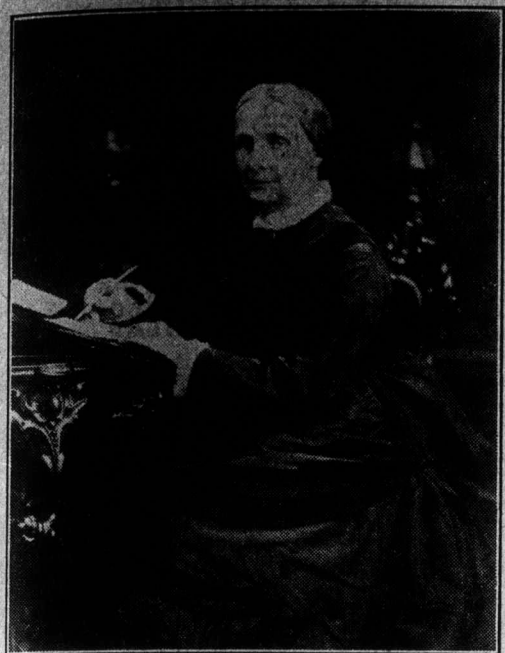


Home Memories.

(By Mrs. James Sadlier.)



MRS. JAMES SADLIER.

These verses, with a companion poem, "Ireland by Moonlight," which we hope to publish later, were written at the request of the author's life-long friend, Hon. Thomas D'Arcy McGee, for a new edition of "Hayes' Ballads." In writing to thank Mrs. Sadlier for "Home Memories," the illustrious Irishman described it, as your "musical and heart-warm, Cavan ballad."

When the sunshine is lost in the mists of the gloaming, And night shadows darken on mountain and lea, Then the lone heart takes wing and away it goes roaming, To regions far over the billowy sea, The present is lost and the past is before me, All vivid and bright in the radiance of morn, And fancy brings back the soft spell that hung o'er me, When youth's brilliant hopes of life's freshness were born.

In that hour I am back where my gay childhood fled, Where life's cares and life's sorrows were scarce seen in dreams, When hope's dulcet tones by the echoes repeated, Illumed passing hours in fancy's bright beams, The scenes that I love and the friends fondly cherished, Arise in their warm hues to gladden my sight, The scenes that are far and the friends that have perished, Are near and around me all life-like and bright.

The blue, changeful skies of dear Erin are o'er me, The green hills of Cavan rise fair on my view, The Erne is winding in brightness before me, And Cootehill's "shady arbors," their verdure renew.

The hills and the dales famed in song and in story; Where Breefy's proud banner was flung to the gale, Where O'Reilly's bold borderers won wreaths of glory In guarding the North from the raids of the Pale.

The rath where the fairies kept house in all weather, The ring where they dance in the yellow moon's ray, The lone bush on the hillside, among the green heather, By fairy folk guarded by night and by day, The deep hazel woods, where shille-laghs, grow strongest, To teach "the boys" logic at market and fair, When the lark and the linnet sang loudest and longest, And the cuckoo's blithe solo rang clear through the air.

The chapel I see, where my childhood was nourished, In the faith of my fathers, the old and the true, When religion was honored and piety flourished, Where virtues were many and vices were few, And kneeling around me were friends, the true-hearted, And faces familiar, though now but a dream, For many among them have long since departed, To dwell in the light of eternity's beam.

Oh! visions of home, why, so fair and so fleeting, Why break like the stars, on the darkness of night, When fly like the mist from the red dawn retreating, And leave the dull day-life no beam of your light, The vision is gone—not a trace is remaining, The stern voice of duty is heard at the door, The real objects to the unreal chain-ing, The spirit, whose wing may soar upward no more.

is only one gem in his casket; and he is only one star in the galaxy of Ireland's literature." It was a year later that this letter was written.

"Spring Hill College,
"Mobile, Ala.,
"Sept. 1st, 1856.

"Very Dear Friend:—
"My checkered life is about to undergo more changes, and I am sure that one of them, at least, will be pleasing news for you. I am about to resign my professorship of Belles Lettres, and to return to the practice of my profession, (medicine). This may not astonish you, aware, as you are, of how often I have turned to and from literature, and to and from medicine, during the past fifteen years. But my second move is one of more importance; I am going to be married. I will not attempt to describe my 'intended,' you would say that I was 'not myself,' under the circumstances, and incapable of pronouncing rationally. You remember my lines 'To Mary,' 'To Jessie,' 'To Kathleen,' 'To Fanny Power,' or those on 'The Poet's Passion.' Well, they are suited very well when I was addressing imaginary beings; but none of them would do in the case of Miss Connolly, a New Orleans lady, on whom I have never written a line—for the good reason that she is to be my wife, this day week. I know that you will rejoice in my happiness, and I thank you in advance for the sentiment that I know you will entertain towards us. May joy and prosperity be your own companions through the years to come, is the prayer of your sincere old friend,

"RICHARD DALTON WILLIAMS."

On the 8th September, 1856, the poet was married, as he had foretold in the above letter; he removed to New Orleans, where he practised medicine for a few years, while contributing to the leading newspapers and periodicals of the day. Thence he went to Baton Rouge; and finally to Thibodaux, Louisiana, where he resided at the outbreak of the American civil war. There he wrote his "Address to the Irish American Regiments;" there, also, on the 5th July, 1862, he died of a hemorrhage of the lungs. He was in his fortieth year, and in the sixth of his married life.

I may have commenced at the wrong end to give a few biographical notes of this gifted Irish poet; but since I have thus started, with the Omega instead of the Alpha of his life, I may as well so continue. In the "Nation," December, 1877, appeared an appreciation of Williams and his career, in which I find the following:—
"Midst the hurry and trouble of the civil war, then sweeping through the Southern States, Williams was buried in an humble grave in the little cemetery of the town of Thibodaux, his resting place marked only by a rude deal board on which were painted the words 'R. D. Williams, died July 5, 1862.' A few months of sunshine and rain would have washed out the lettering, the deal board would not long resist the weather, and the grave of 'Shamrock,' (his nom-de-plume), might after the lapse of a few years be unmarked and undistinguishable. But a few months after the interment of his remains it chanced that some companies of those Irish American soldiers whose feelings he had so recently expressed in the lava-rush of song, were ordered on duty into that neighborhood. While there camped, those Irishmen heard of the death of the Irish patriot poet, and learned where he was buried. One of their officers sought out the sacred spot, and found it." A writer to the "Nation," in April, 1863, modestly signing himself, "T. C., Captain Co. G, 8th Regiment, New Hampshire Volunteers" tells how they raised a monument of Carara marble over his grave, surrounding it with a fine, solid iron railing. On the monument was carved, in relief, the following:—
"Sacred to the memory of RICHARD DALTON WILLIAMS, The Irish Patriot and Poet, Who died July 5th, 1862. Aged 40 years. This stone was erected by his countrymen serving in Companies C. and K., 8th Regiment N. H. Volunteers, As a slight testimonial of their esteem.
For his unsullied patriotism, And exalted devotion, To the cause of Irish Freedom."

quance at this late date, still it affords me the opportunity of writing a column about its author. I will preface the letter with a short anecdote.
In 1855, the lady, to whom the following letter was addressed, was connected with the "Ladies' Literary Journal," of Philadelphia. One day in conversation with Richard Col—one of the minor poets of that time—that gentleman said to her: "How does it come that you Irish people, who are so full of imagination and poetic talent, should have had only one poet—Tom Moore?" In answer the lady handed him a copy of the "Morning Ledger," of the same day, and asked him to read a poem therein entitled "The Dying Girl." He read it; his eyes sparkled with delight; and, turning to the lady, he asked: "Who wrote that gem?" She replied: "That was written by a Tipperary boy—Richard Dalton Williams." And she added: "That poem

plaintive strains the death of his dear friend—and it drew from him the following graceful and appropriate stanzas, which I take from the poem:—

"God bless the brave! the brave alone
Were worthy to have done the deed,
A soldier's hand has raised the stone
Another traced the lines men read,
Another set the guardian rail
Above thy minstrel—Innisfail!"

"A thousand years ago—ah! then
Had such a harp in Erin ceased
His cairn had met the eyes of men
By every passing hand increased
Godless the brave! not yet the race
Could coldly pass his dwelling place."

Continuing the article first above quoted, says:—"Far away from Ireland stands that sculptured memorial of her gifted son; but his beautiful poems are his best monument. Probably were the choice given to Williams, when he could choose, he would prefer that even one of his songs should be cherished in the hearts of his countrymen rather than that a marble stone or a lofty 'memorial' of stone and mortar should be set up to tell his name to a people who had no knowledge of his work. It is, indeed, not unlikely that he was never troubled by yearnings for either contemporary or posthumous fame, and was fully content with the thought that each of his compositions, as it came fresh from the press, gave some share of intellectual pleasure to a large circle of readers. But if he could afford to be careless with regard to the preservation of his poems, the Irish nation cannot. The man dies, but the race lives. The author passes away, but his work remains to be a heritage for his countrymen. For the sake of their own honor and repute in the world, the Irish people should be careful custodians of whatever literary and artistic treasures have been left them, and we do not hesitate to say that amongst the possessions in which they can feel a legitimate pride, and which they should never allow to lie hidden away, neglected, or forgotten, are the poems—patriotic, pathetic, or humorous—of Richard Dalton Williams."

To tell the history of Williams, from 1842, the date of his first appearance as a contributor to Irish literature, until 1862, when he passed to his reward—in the noon of life—would mean the writing of the entire story of those twenty years of struggle. Nor will I here attempt any biography of one of the most interesting, most gifted and most beloved characters that walked across the stage of Irish history in the mid-nineteenth century. I will, however, as my humble contribution to the literature of the Irish National festival of 1903, take the liberty of reproducing a couple of extracts, which, I trust and pray, may inspire some of the readers with the happy thought of hunting up the "Poems of R. D. Williams" and of learning them by heart, and of teaching them to their children.
Williams, after all his vicissitudes, his trial as a rebel, and his peculiar acquittal, left Ireland for America, in 1851. About that time two notices of the poems of "Shamrock," (the name over which he had originally written), appeared in "Nation." They were written by men who had known not only his work, but the poet himself, and they possess, therefore, a special interest.

From the first, published in the Dublin "Nation" of June 14th, 1851, we may take the following:—
"Williams was not among the founders of that memorable school of National Poetry which sprang into existence in '42 and '43; but he was its second recruit. Early in the first year of the 'Nation,' a poem reached us from Carlow College, which may take its place in literary history with the boyish pastorals of Pope and the boyish ballads of Chatterton. It was scrawled in the angular, uncertain hand of a student, and scarcely invited an examination. But it proved to be a ballad of surpassing vigor, full of new and daring imagery, which broke out like a tide of lava among the faded flowers and tarnished tinsel of minor poetry. And the vigor seemed to be held in check by a firm and cultivated judgment; there was not a single flight which Jeffrey would have called 'extravagant,' or a metre to which Pope could object. This was the 'Munster War Song.' It was Williams' first poem to the 'Nation.' A couple of months before, Davis had written his first poem,—the 'Lament of Owen Roe.' At this time Meagher was a student at Stonyhurst, O'Brien a Parliamentary Liberal, Mitchell a

provincial attorney, and McGee an American editor. McNevin had never been across the threshold of the 'Nation' office, either in person or by contribution; nor had McCarthy, Walsh, nor De Jean—nor had any two of these young men ever met. But a new banner had been set up; and here were trumpet notes fit to summon a host around it."

The second extract is taken from the "Nation" of July 26th, 1851, and reads thus:—

"There is more imagination in this vehement Tipperary singer than would form one hundred of the ordinary rhetoricians who attempt 'the toil divine of verse.' His intellect is robust and vigorous; his passion impetuous and noble; his perceptions of beauty most delicate and enthusiastic; his sympathies take in the whole range of human affection; and his humor is irresistible. We have had many singers of songs in our day; but Williams stands distinct and separate from all. Mangan, with the mystic oracular utterance of a seer; Davis, with his gallant, bombastic strains, the fit minstrel of a national guard; Walsh, with the fairy music of old traditions, and the inherited genius of the ancient harpers; 'Mary,' of the tender melodious song in summer eves. But Williams' music is daring, vehement, fierce, thundering with intense passion. With eagle wing he soars among the stars; but when he stands again upon the firm earth his hearty pirth bursts forth prolific as mild flowers on a forest bank. His style accords perfectly with his theme; sometimes as grand, solemn and sonorous, brilliant, sportive, and humorous as the very genius of mirth."

CONDOLENCE.

At a recent meeting of the Young Irishmen's L. and B. Association, a resolution of condolence was passed with Mr. William Cole, one of the members of the association, whose esteemed mother died recently.

LATE MRS. SMITH.

The news has reached this city, from Cleveland, O., of the death of Mrs. Thomas Stewart, at the early age of 42 years. She was a sister of the late Terence and Peter Quinn of St. Anicet, P.Q.

For some time past Mrs. Stewart had been ailing, and the immediate cause of her death was heart disease. She leaves a husband and two children, and a dear relative in Montreal, to mourn her loss, to all of whom the "True Witness" offers its most respectful sympathy in their bereavement. May her soul rest in peace.

SIGNS OF SPRING.

It is a Season When Most People Feel Miserable, Easily Tired and Fagged Out.

The spring season affects the health of almost everyone—of course in different ways. With some it is a feeling of weariness after slight exertion; others are afflicted with pimples and skin eruptions. Fickle appetite, sallow cheeks and lack-lustre eyes are other signs that the blood is clogged with impurities and must have assistance to regain its health-giving properties.

This is the season above all others when everyone—young and old—need a tonic to brace them up, and the best tonic medical science has discovered is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These pills tone the nerves and fill the veins with new, pure, rich, red blood. That's why they give you a healthy appetite and cure all blood and nerve diseases—anaemia, skin diseases, erysipelas, rheumatism, neuralgia, palpitation of the heart and a score of other troubles caused by bad blood and bad blood alone. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will give you new blood, new life, new energy—you cannot do better than start taking them to-day.

Mr. Jos. Poirier, M.P.P., Grand Anse, N.B., says: "Both my wife and daughter have been greatly benefited by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. My daughter was in very poor health, pale, thin and apparently bloodless, but through the use of the pills she has regained her health and is again able to enjoy life. I think Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is the best medicine when the blood is poor." Substitutes are sometimes offered, but they never cure. If you can't get the genuine pills from your dealer send direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and they will be mailed at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50.

OUR QUEBEC LETTER.

(By Our Own Correspondent.)

Quebec, March 16.

LAVAL UNIVERSITY.—On Saturday morning last a delegation, consisting of Mgr. Tétu, and notaries Sirois and LaRue, as well as Hon. Chs. Langelier, Drs. Dionne and Bel-teau, and Messrs. Cyr and Tessier, had an interview with the Mayor of the city, Hon. Mr. Parent, for the purpose of asking from the city of Quebec a bonus in favor of Laval University, on the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of that institution—the celebration of which took place last summer. The Government intends, this session, to vote a grant to Laval. It is expected that it will not be less than about \$15,000. The city of Quebec can, therefore, scarcely remain in the background in the matter. The Mayor replied that the City Charter did not allow him to accede at once to the request of the deputation, but he added that he would have the charter amended, during the present session, so that the civic authorities of Quebec may have the power to vote a bonus to Laval University.

THE BURIAL of Mgr. Emmanuel Huot, accountant of the Banque Nationale, took place at St. Roch, and was imposing. In the sanctuary of the Church were noticed His Grace Mgr. Begin, Mgr. Marois, Mgr. Tétu, Mgr. Hamel, and about fifty priests. The music and singing were surpassingly fine, and all the ceremonies of a most imposing character.

A NEW SENATOR.—The local member for the County of Portneuf, Hon. Jules Tessier, has been appointed to a seat in the Senate, and it is said that no election will take place, to replace him, until after the present session. There is talk of Mr. Charles Deguise, a young lawyer of the place, as candidate on the Government side.

THE ASSOCIATION of Fancy Goods Dealers of Quebec has joined in with the delegation of merchants, in the same line, that came down from Montreal, to ask the Government to abolish the system of business stamps. The double delegation was received by the ministers at noon on Monday last, and received assurances that all would be taken into consideration and that, if possible, their representations would be accorded.

ST. JOSEPH'S FEAST.—On Sunday last the Union St. Joseph, of St. Sauveur, celebrated with great pomp, in a religious and civil demonstration, the feast of their patron saint, who is also the patron saint of the province. Bodelaise's Mass was sung, and the orchestra, in the organ loft, was increased by the presence of Mr. J. A. Gilbert, Quebec's famous violinist. The procession went through the principal streets of St. Sauveur, and after the Mass the various societies went to greet the President, Mr. Tel. Verret. The Union St. Joseph of St. Sauveur was founded the 10th March, 1865, by Rev. Father Durocher, O. M.I., who was the first chaplain. Four of its charter members are still alive; they are, Messrs. N. Dion, Olivier Frenette, William Roy, and Ed. Dalbec. Since its foundation the Union has paid in death rates nearly \$40,000, and over \$15,000 for cases of illness.

I HAD intended writing you an account of the St. Patrick's Day celebration, but as I am informed you are likely to receive the same from other sources, I will simply say that the day was observed with the usual enthusiasm so characteristic of old Quebec, and more so on account of the new spirit of hope that has come into the people, since the pleasant change in the aspect of Irish affairs at home.

IN THE POLITICAL SPHERE there is nothing very new. The Legislature has settled down to work, and we may say that Mr. Gamy of Toronto, has attracted so much attention up there that our mild and even tame affairs, in comparison, are lost sight of by the public.

Old Letters.

One from Richd. Dalton Williams

The Irish Patriot and Poet.

(By a Regular Correspondent.)

The atmosphere of St. Patrick's Day is still around us, and ought that serves to illustrate the genius of the Irish race is timely at this season. Although the following short letter, if taken in its turn, should have been given to the readers a month ago. I have thought well to reserve it for the present occasion. While it is of little conse-

MARCH 21, 1903.
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