ily newspaper, under the verty in a Great City."

APRIL 18, 1903.

perate and talked of sui-r he meant this or not, se and wanting another arted in to diagnose the ng at the facts, and as nuestioning out came in ments these: He had been salesman making lots of mmission, but had lost by going too often on king that the regularhours and the watchful of an employer would er for him to keep had taken a salaried derk in a large departout this position he had getting drunk. Then he little commission busiown in Flushing, into ne as a last venture all had saved; but in less

nths he had mortgaged nk the money. Then he pay the mortgage with borrowed from his wife, rank it all up and finout by the sheriff. At his wife had left him, ome to New York, had in a furnished room, rious living selling odd mission, and had then point of living by odd last there came the d had been the regulaten-cent lodging house money had been begday while walking on The night before for the nad failed to get enough and spent the night on e park. That day he irst attack of delirium

dging house and sent sleep his stupor off, report to me next day hen exerted myself to ne. Instead of his comnere work was waiting, , though unintentional-ening the next week in gh Union Square I nohg a long line of men e fed at a free coffee w me coming, turned , and would not look was six months ago.
ago he gave my name a police court where aled for vagrancy, and ing wail from him in Such are the steps uccessively the path of ink through their own

ose who have been because of parental afay an anonymous letell me that a woman the same was sick and dying. ne and see her? done all they could, oor. The woman had in instant need and I found her nd a sorry sight I saw y in a tattered bed amshackle apartment, ger and groaning with was made more he fact that when I more closely I discovlind. I found the doceen to see her. He asmedicines. I got these then tried to get her

out was anxious that come to stay with her. rsation she repeatedly r way to tell that she d had not a relative d. I was about to go hanging on the wall door of which was es of the clothing of sed her of duplicity of asked for an explanabroke down and told d a son, but that she tell of him for fear get him into worse was in already. She , the week before, the or the blind-fifty dolpaid in that amount wretch had gotten he money that same it all on one terrific lying at that moment ation sleeping after eanwhile his mother ne. And yet affection master of her judgried to shield him by an unconscious of his professing to have thing in order that I are investigation of the end some one to stay ould learn that story Irish National Art.

BY "CRUX."

HIS week, according to proof the essay which was com-omenced in last issue, on Na etional Art. It will be membered that I closed at that when Davis tells us (1843) that "Cork possesses a gallery of the finest casts in the world." This may seem a peculiar statement and have, for some the air of an exaggeration; but it is nothing of the kind. Just follow on for a few paragraphs and you will soon see that extent is not as important a choice in the formation of a useful art gallery. The essayist thus explains.

These casts are not very many 117 only; but they are perfect, and embrace the greatest works of Greek art. They are placed in a dim and dirty room-more shame to rich men of Cork for leaving them so—but there they are, there studied Force, and Maclise, and the rest, until they learned to draw better than any moderns, cept Cornelius and his living breth-

In the countries where art is permanent there are great collections, Tuscany and Rome for example. But, as we have said before, the highest service done by success in art is not in the possession, but in the creation of great works, the spirit, labor, sagacity, and instruction, reeded by the artists to succeed, and flung out by them on their country like rain from sunny clouds.

Indeed, there is some danger of a traditionary mediocrity following after a great epoch in art. Superstition of style, technical rules in composition, and all the pedantry art, too often fill up the ranks vacated by veteran genius, and of this these are examples enough in Flanders, Spain and even Italy, The schools may, and often do, make men scholastic and ungenial, and art remains as instructor and refner, but creates no more.

Ireland, fortunately or unfortunately, has everything to do yet. We have had great artists—we have not their works-we own the nativity of great living artists-they live on the Tiber and the Thames. Our capital city has no school of art-no facilities for acquiring it. To pe sure there are rooms open in the Dublin Society, and they have not been use less, that is all. But a student here cannot learn anatomy, save at the same expense as a surgical student He has no great works of art before him, no Pantheon, no Valhalia, not even a good museum or gallery.

We think it may be laid down a

unalterably true, that a student should never draw from a flat surface, He learns nothing by drawing from the lives of another man - h only mimics. Better for him to draw tables, bottles and glasses, rubbish, potatoes, cabins, or kitchen utensils, than draw from Of these forms of nature which the student can originally consult -the sea, the sky, the earth - we would counsel him to draw from them in the first learning; for though aught afterwards analyze and mature his style by study of works of art, yet, by beginning with nature and his own suggestions, he will acquire a genuine and original style, superior to the finest imitation; and it is hard to acquire a master's skill without his manner.

Were all men cast in a divine mould of st!ength, and straightness, and gallant bearing, and all womer proportioned, graceful, and fair, the artist would need no gallery, at least wherewith to begin his studies. would have to persuade or snatch his models in daily life. Even then, as art creates greater and simpler combinations than ever exist pler combinations than ever exist in fact, he should finally study before the superhuman works of his predecessors. But he has about him here an indifferently-made, ordinary, not very clean, nor picture-yuely-clad people; though, doubtless, if they had the feeling, dress, and education (for mind beauties the hody) of the Greeks, they would not be inferier, for the Irien structure is of the noblest order. the noblest order.

To give him a multitude of fine r

ural models, to say nothing of ideal works, it is necessary to make a gallery of statues or casts. The sta-tues will come in good time, and we hope, and are sure, that Ireland, a nation, will have a national gallery, combining the greatest works of the Celtic and Teutonic races. But at present the most that can be done is to form a gallery.

Our readers will be glad to hear that this great boon is about to be given to Irish art. A society for the formation of a gallery of casts in Dublin has been founded. It embraces men of every rank, class, creed, politics, and calling, thus forming another of those sanctuaries, now multiplying in Ireland, where one safe from the polemic and the Fartizan.

Its purpose is to purchase casts of all the greatest works of Greece, Egypt, Etruria, ancient Rome. and Europe in the middle ages. This will embrace a sufficient variety of types both natural and ideal to prevent imitation, and will avoid the debateable ground of modern art. Wherever they can afford it the society will buy moulds, in order to assist provincial galleries, and therefore the provinces are immediately interested in its support. When a few of these casts are got together, and a per gallery procured, the public will be admitted to see, and artists to study them without any charge. The annual subscription is but 10s., the object being to interest as many as possible in its support.

It has been suggested to us by an artist that Trinity College ought to establish a gallery and museum containing casts of all the ancient statues, models of their buildings, civil and military, and a collection of their implements of art, trade, and domestic life. A nobler institution, a more vivid and productive com mentary on the classics could not be. But if the Board will not this of themselves, we trust they will see the propriety of assisting this public gallery, and procuring, therefore, special privileges for the students in using it.

But no matter what persons in authority may do or neglect, we trust the public-for the sake of their own pleasure, their children's profit, and Ireland's honor-will give it their instant and full support.

So much for art and ideas regarding its development. Next week we will have a brief reference to Art Unions and to Illustrations of Irish History. Then we will fall directly into the main current, towards which we have been for months rowing along a score of tributaries - that main current is Ireland's National Language. The reader who has followed us during the past winter will now begin to realize the import and bearing of all the pages we have quoted, from one source or another.

## The Law of Life.

More than a thousand men, most of them prominent in business and social life in New York, made a spiritual retreat two weeks ago at the Church of St. Francis Xavier. Rev. T. J. Sheady, S.J., conducted the exercises. In one of his sermons

"It takes courage to be a man We ask ourselves what we have, not what we are. We calculate our real estate in lands and houses, not in heart and character. We ask ourselves if we know how to make money, not do we know how to be men. Yet the heart is not given to man to rust in him; it is not given to him to be bartered. Give it to the world and it will cheat and deceive you. Give it to yourself and inevitably it disappoints and crushes you. It was created for God and in God alone can it and rest. If this body of men before me would recognize and proclaim fearlessly this law life how they would give to the around them a life in the midst of dead fates, a light to illumine the darkness which men with human souls rush madly along the ways of sin and death to enter. Oh, we need men who will place a check upon this tide, who will form a eaven to this terrible weight, and may the retreat into which we are now entering strengthen them

There are some people who should be accompanied with directions for taking, the same as a bottle of medi-

Time and tide wait for no man; but if they did some men who habi-tually come to Mass after the first Gospel would get there late just the

### OUR **OTTAWA** LETTER.

(From Our Own Correspondent.

Ottawa, April 14. Wasn the Easter recess, on the one hand, and the Gamey investigation on the other, it is little wonder that the hush of the present has fallen upon the Parliamentary proceedings at Ottawa. However, there will be a stir this week, but too late for your correspondent to give you any account of it in the present issue. Thursday the Finance Minister will deliver the Budget Speech, an event long and anxiously awaited. not only by Parliament, but also by the entire country. However, at this writing, there is no possibility of giving any information in that connection, nor even of making a forecast of the proposed changes in the tariff. All one can say is that, be they what they may, they sure to cause a protracted and warm debate. No matter whether the tariff be lowered or raised, all along the line, or left as it is, or fixed up according to a sliding scale, there is sure to be ample criticism; and that means an opportunity for every man in the House to have his say upon his own pet subject-no matter what that may be.

The oldest legislator in Canada Senator Wark, of New Brunswick arrived here to-day to attend the session. Senator Wark was ninety-nine years of age last March, and will consequently be one hundred if he lives to see another session. He has been over sixty years in public life, andais now much healthier and stronger looking than many bers of the Senate who are twentyfive years his junior. The Government offered a special car to conve the aged Senator to the scene of his duties, but this he declined saying that he felt perfectly well able to travel as he has always done.

There is a likelihood of much low er telephone rates in Ottawa this summer. The Canadian Telegraph and Telephone Company is asking for incorporation and for city fran chise. It stands to reason that this new company is being opposed by the existing one. But, if it secures what it is asking, there is a tainty that it will prove to be a strong adversary. The men who are in this company have a capital of \$30,000,000 behind them, and they are practical telephone and telegraph men. .Mr. Kidd, their solicitor, speaking to your correspondent the other day said:-

"They own and operate companies in several states now and in Pennsylvania and have cut the rate from \$72 to \$22 a year. They are in the thoroughly. They have fought the Bell Company before, as every independent company has had to do, and I suppose they are ready to fight the Bell again. At any rate it will not be long before the Canadian Telegraph and Telephone Company will be in a position to offer a service to the city of Ottawa on more advantageous terms than with the Bell franchise."

most promising and popular young Catholics in the person of Lieut. J Douglas Graham, of the 43rd regiment. He was only twenty-three years of age. Four weeks ago he was seized with an attack of appendicitis, and after undergoing operation, he sank rapidly and died. He had been, despite his youth, the organizer of more than one military corps in Ottawa. He was first trooper in the Princess Louise Dragoon Guards. Then he served in the first contingent in South Africa. He was one of the heroes of Paardaberg. When he returned home he the 43rd, and in 1901 he went a gain to the front. He was in the van of battle at Hart's River. had been married only some months when death came to him, and cut short a most promising career. In Queen City Oil Company. The funeral, a military one, took place from St. Patrick's Church to the Catholic cemetery.—R.I.P.

As an idea of how crowded, and over-crowded have became the departmental buildings at Ottawa, I

take the liberty of reproducing the following account of the condition of

"It is a building which first contained lofty and spacious rooms. The loftiness remains but the spaciousness has vanished as snow before the noonday sun. Rooms that were once imposing in their dimensions have been divided by partitions running nearly to the ceiling and over which run gas pipes, electric wires, speaking tubes or anything else that the fancy or taste of the occupants de-Instead of rooms of fair size and appearance, are seen stalls that are filled with desks, file cases chairs, dust-covered blue blooks and documents and men and women. some of these stalls desks are so crowded together that if the clerk farthest from the door wishes to leave, there is a disturbance of the lot as in the case of the household

"To come to particular . instances, There are two rooms in an upper floor devoted to the money order branch of the post office department In one there is a small space reserv ed for numerous desks and the rest of the room is taken up with cases reaching to the ceiling. In this coom twenty-six people are at work huddled together in the way can make most comfortable. The al leys between the cases are so narrow that in the one in which three people were occupied, there was not room for more than one to work to the best advantage. In another room in this branch, a smaller room there were desks and file cases huddled together and in the interstices

been lost sight of is the fact that Canada was young when the depart mental buildings were erected. The growth of the country necessitates more clerks; more clerks necessitate tic and the desks are not small. file cases necessary. Documents tiers of file cases take up much of Then the ventilation of the country is a sufferer through paying

# S. A. A. A.

The annual meeting of the Shamrock Amateur Athletic Association will be held on Monday next, in the Young Irishmen's L. and B. A. hall, when the reports of the directors and secretary-treasurer will be submitted for the consideration and approval of the members.

The past year has been a very suc-

A HINT TO SUBSCRIBERS.

We would esteem it a favor if our subscribers would send us the address of one or more of their acquaintances or friends who do not subscribe for the "True Witness."

ST. BRIDGET'S NIGHT REFUGE.

Report for week ending Sunday, 12th April, 1903:—Males 226, males 0. Irish 121, French English 23, Scotch and other na-tionalities 3. Total 226.

the new Langevin Block:

where there was but one bed for numerous children who had to turn over at the word of command from the eldest.

sixteen people were working.

One things that appears to have more desks; the rooms are not elas-Then the piling up of records makes grow in number very rapidly in some branches of the service and tiers or the room originally intended for peobuilding is not sufficient. If a wir dow is opened there is a draft that some of the occupants cannot bear If it is kept closed there is a breathing over and over again of air that becomes so sedative in its effect that its somnolent properties are notice able even in some of the most hard ened civil servants. The ventilation of the building is a source of con-stant complaint. Whatever may be said of other buildings, there is little doubt that there are more people working in the Langevin block than was ever intended. It is also stated that the over-crowding and bad ventilation causes so much sickness, es pecially among the women, that the

cessful one for the Association. The and the liabilities to be \$17.593.76. Last week Ottawa lost one of its leaving a handsome surplus of \$28,-962.59.

SYMINGTON'S COFFEE ESSENCE By a Regular Contributor.)

From 1846 till 1878 the manager of the Clonmel Gas Works, County Tipperary, Ireland, was a Mr. Kearney. He was an intimate friend of Bianconi, who resided, in later years, outside Clonmel. Mr. Kearney had about a dozen boats, on the Suir, which carried coal, coke, and other requisites for the gas works, from Waterford to Clonmel. Bianconi's coaches connected, for many years with a couple of the above-merktioned boats. The latter carried freight of a light character that was distributed in the interior by the coaches. During the period of the '48 troubles, even when Clonmel was under the "Insurrection Act," these boats had a free passage on the Suir, and a general permit to go unexamined, both at Clonmel and Carrick-on-Suir. This short preface is necessary to explain the meaning of the following very innocent-looking letter. It was addressed Kearney, and written by his stepbrother-a gentleman who, in the fif ties, became Governor of the Cashel jail. The latter retained the olden

"Waterford,

"17th July, 1848.

prefix of O', to the family name

which had been left aside a genera-

branch. The letter, which is perfect-

tion or so earlier by the former

ly preserved reads thus:-

'Dear Michael:

"John Dorney of the boat 'Black Swan' will convey to you a box of 'gas-fittings,' that I trust will be delivered in good condition. I hope they will suit the purposes for which they are intended, and that you may have occasion, at an early date, to test them. Please let me know, by bearer, how you found the contents of the box.

"Yours fraternally.

"D. O'K."

John Dorney reached the quay of Clonmel on the 19th July, in evening, and at once proceeded to Hearne's Hotel, in Ann street, to er gage a cart to convey the box to the Gas House. It was a large box, about six feet long by three and a half wide, and correspondingly deep, marked on the cover, "Gas-fittings this side up with care." The box reached the Gas House, on Northumberland street, at dusk, and as the cart passed into the yard, two genlemen were standing, in conversation, at the front door of the office One of these was the manager, Mr. Kearney, the other was Sir Charles O'Donnell, the commander of the Forces, then stationed in Clonnel. As the cart drove in, John Dorney jumped down, came over and handed Kearney the foregoing letter. Mr. and then returned to assist the carter to unload the box in the yard Mr. Kearney open the letter, asking permission of Sir Charles to read it -as a matter of ordinary politeness -saying, "I wondered what that queer cargo could be." He then, as if without any special motive, manded the letter to Sir Charles had a weakness for all subjects afreport of the secretary-treasurer will fecting Irish genealogies-and asked show that the assets are \$46,556.35, him to look at the signature. After reading the short letter, Sir Charles asked him what there was strange in the initials. Mr. Kearney made ply: "They are my step-brother's initials, you see he calls himself O'Kearney, while we are simply Kearneys." This started Sir Charles on his favorite subject; and they crossed Prince Edward Place. and walked down the Mall together, chatting away about "O's" and "Mac's," and such like matters.
Finally, Mr. Kearney left the com-

mander at the main guard, and re-turned home by way of the West Gate; having performed his role in the little drama, to his own satis-

So far the stranger to the circum stances of those times will notice nothing peculiar about all these things. Remember the town was under "Insurrection Act:" no person was allowed abroad after nine in the evening without a permit from the commander; no person was allowed to either import or export any goods without having them fully exgoods without having them fully examined: and suspicton was a sufficient cause for arrest: and arrest meant general penal servitude. They were on the eve of the rebellion, and the law was like the creature of Ezekiel's vision, wheel within wheel, and glistening with eyes.

Yet there had been a very fair or-

ganization on the part of the Rebel Had not circumstances Leaders. peen totally against them, their plans might have been realized. But t is not my business to discuss this phase of the subject. I am only recording a few facts that explain the old letter before. It had been arranged that when all would be readiness for the general uprising and the seizure of the town, with its garrison, a signal light would be lit on the top of Sleivenamon. The mo-ment that light would shoot up, a person at the Gas House would turn of the gas of the city, leaving it in perfect darkness. And as a matter of fact, during three entire nights a lady sat by the retorts, in position from which she could see the mountain-top, and awaited the signal that never came. Had that fire been lit her hand would have plunged Clonmel in darkness, and the "boys from the Wilcerness" would have made short work of Sir Charles and his forces. But the history of that period will tell why the light was never lit on Sleivenamon.

But this is rambling away from our subject. On his return home Mr Kearney proceeded to the yard where Dorney had unloaded the box 'gas-fittings.'' It was carried in and placed in the office. When opened the boxes contained a splendid supply of "Pikes." And that night the same pikes were distributed to those who had need of them. They were of various designs, and as poor Meagher remarked, "their principal recommendation is that one of them is long enough to pin two fellows."

Seated here, to-night, in this year of Our Lord 1903, with this old letter on one side of me, and a despatch published from London telling of Redmond's speech in favor of the projected Land Purchase Bill, or the other side, I cannot but contrast the two dates, the two situations, and marvel at the mighty change that has come over the spir-it and dream of Ireland during those fifty-five years.

There is to me something almost acred about this innocent piece of paper. It tells a wonderful story; it conjures up scenes that can never be repeated; it is a surviving testator to the earnestness and the devotedness of men who were prepared to risk all for the cause that was dear to their hearts, It also might be made the corner stone of a literary edifice, in the form of true Irish historical romance. And, in all the excitement of that fevered time, there was a certain light-heartedness and good fellowship existing, that drove from the mincs of the participators in the work all realization of the dangers that they incurred and the consequences that detection and failure might bright on them

While going over these Old Letters often imagine that were they in the possession of some one with the talents required in historian or novelist, they might become the basis of a very distinct class of Irish literature. At all events they are connecting links that bind the present to the past, the living to the dead, the golden hopes of to-day to the shattered hopes of half a century ago; and, as such, I look upon them as relics well deserving of preservation. And lest they might some day-as some day they will - fade away and crumple in the hand of Time, I am anxious that the public should read them before they and all memory of those who wrote them, shall sink into the vastness of obli-

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