

OLD SONGS AND NATIONAL MUSIC.

BY OUR CURBSTONE OBSERVER.

Some short time ago I read an article in "The Midland Review," of Louisville, Ky., from the pen of Minnie Andrews Snell, which purported to be a criticism of some writings of Miss Elder, upon the subject of women in general, and women in connection with the "songs of the day," in particular. I gleaned from the article that Miss Elder had composed some of the loveliest songs of the past with the most vulgar popular songs of the day. On the other hand, Miss Snell wishes to compare such old songs as "Waiting for the Waggon," with such new ones as "Annie Rooney." For the life of me I could not make out what object either of these two young ladies wanted to reach. In fact, I must admit my own obtuseness; for, I suppose they intended to convey something new and important to their readers, yet I have been unable to find out what that something is. Still the perusal of that article has awakened certain thoughts, the result as well of my many observations, and I will jot them down in this column.

"Comparisons are odious," is an old saying, so I will not attempt to establish one between any two classes of songs. The modern, up-to-date songs may suit the generation now flourishing equally as well as the old melodies and ballads suited the generation that is rapidly passing away. The difference, to my mind, that exists between the two is the certainty that one hundred years hence, the songs of the present will be in oblivion, while those of the past will still live on. Take for example, one of those mentioned by Miss Snell, "Annie Rooney," was popular, every street arched whistled it, and every hand organ played it. Fifteen years ago, while today it is never heard, nor are there many living who could sing it. On the other hand, "The Harp that once thro' Tara's Hall," or "Scots, wha hae," are as well known, and as deeply appreciated at the close of the nineteenth century, as they were in the middle. I might almost say in the beginning, of the same hundred years. The reason for this is not far to seek. That a song may live on for generations after the master hand that produced it has been washed due to the fact that it has become a part of the heart of a people, and left an impression thereon. Our modern songs have no reason to be placed on a level with those that have withstood the test of long years. "Give me," said Fletcher of Saltoun, "the making of a people's ballads, and I care not who makes the law."

It is true that on St. Patrick's

night, we are often treated to some of "Moore's melodies," of other well-known Irish songs; but even this custom is dying out, and at our Patron Saint's Day, I notice that the programmes are generally filled up with so-called classic music, Italian eccentricities of voice and costume replace the old Irish melodies. It is to a great extent the same with all the other nationalities; they prefer their old songs to the new-fashioned, and often meaningless fusions.

This brings me to the subject of St. Patrick's night concerts. The national festival is at hand, and preparations are in progress all over the city for the various concerts or entertainments to be given. I hope that some care will be displayed in the selection of items for the different programmes. At least, once in a while year should the people lay aside all other preoccupations and assist in reviving the historic and literary memories of the past. I don't believe that, at this age and under present circumstances, any person would have the hardihood to introduce caricatures of the Irish people; but, without casting ridicule upon the race, there are numerous comic and mirth-inspiring songs and ballads that might be used. They would be an improvement upon the very finest operatic music and foreign words as well as sentiments. Why not ransack the annals of Irish literature? There may be found the best of all that Irish talent has produced. No grander opportunity could be had to perpetuate the songs of old Erin, and to send her lively music down the vale of the future. It would be both an enjoyable and a patriotic work. Of course, I make no reference to the reproduction of plays; but I know that the Irish heart craves on that night for something very national, for something that is calculated to awaken memories of the old land, and not for modern and fantastic compositions.

These few observations, I hope will be taken in good part, and acted upon by those who appreciate the spirit in which they are made. I would prefer even to be subjected to criticism rather than allow this occasion to pass without informing my fellow-citizens of what my ramblings and my observations have brought to my knowledge. Let us always have genuine Irish music and time-honored Irish ballads for that one night—they are worth a million times more to the Irish people than all the so-called perfections of a classic school, that are out of sympathy with our race.

MR. REDMOND'S MANIFESTO.

Mr. John E. Redmond, the newly-elected chairman of the re-united Irish party, has issued a manifesto upon which we comment editorially in another column. The manifesto reads thus:

Fellow-countrymen.—After nine years of disunion and weakness in the ranks of the Nationalist representatives of Ireland in Parliament, the United Irish National Parliamentary party has once more been formed on the principles and under the constitution of the Irish party from 1885 to 1890. This event, as every indication of public feeling and opinion shows, has been heartily welcomed by every section of the Nationalist party in Ireland. It marks a turning-point in the history of the National movement. For the last nine years the progress of that movement in Parliament and Ireland had been arrested, the efficiency of the Irish Nationalist representatives in the House of Commons was seriously impaired, and the organization of the people in Ireland—without which a Parliamentary party is of comparatively little value—fell to pieces. It is not necessary to revert now to the causes of the disunion which brought about these lamentable results. The chapter has been closed by the wise and patriotic action of the Irish representatives, and the thoughts of men on all sides of the contest that has been waged are now turned to the future and its possibilities.

As disunion has certainly been fraught with evil consequences, so it is equally certain that union may, under certain conditions, be made the means of once more rendering the weapon which the constitution has placed in the hands of Ireland potent for the redress of national grievances, and the winning back of our right to national self-government. The opportunities which the party system in Great Britain, in its very nature, opens up to an Irish party, numerous, united, constant in attendance, and independent of all British parties, are known to us by experience. Ministries have been made and unmade by such a party. Benefits have been wrested from reluctant and even hostile majorities, policies have been altered to the advantage of Ireland by the steady and sustained compulsion of an Irish Parliamentary force known to speak for the nation, acting as a single man, and taking advantage of every occasion of attack and defence. The opportunities for achievement of such a character are likely in the future to be not less, but more numerous, than at any period in the past. The present time is absolutely ripe with possibilities. The greatest crisis in the memory of living man has arisen in the affairs of the empire, and no one can tell the moment when eighty Irish members, thinking only of the interests of their own country, may be able to extract from the situation

its legitimate fruit. The question is, Will the people of Ireland enable their representatives to take advantage of these possibilities? And the answer to it admits of no delay.

The supreme question of National self-government must be restored to its rightful position as the greatest of all political issues; but, apart from the question of Home Rule, Ireland stands in immediate need of several reforms of the first importance. The land question is still unsolved. It can never be solved till the industry of agriculture—the main industry of our country—is freed by the universal establishment of compulsory purchase of an occupying proprietary from the burden which still weighs it down, and by some great scheme for replacing the land in the poverty-stricken districts of the West in the possession of the people. The industry of agriculture and all the other industries of Ireland are the victims of a system of over-taxation, the most injurious to its conception, and in its results of any in the civilized world. If the plunder of Ireland which is effected by that system is not stopped the Irish nation will bleed to death. The only policy by which the majority of the nation was in the past condemned by law to ignorance and poverty, forfeited its religious faith is still persisted in as regards that portion of our Catholic people who are anxious to avail themselves of the benefits of university education. These of our Catholic youth who might naturally be expected to become the leaders of public opinion are still condemned by the spirit of an old-world bigotry to deprive themselves of the advantages of the higher training of the intellect, unless they resort to institutions founded and carried on on principles at variance with their religious convictions. These and many other questions press with daily increasing urgency for settlement. Much may be done to further their solution, even during the present session of Parliament, if the action of the Parliamentary representatives in closing up their ranks and absolutely burying past feuds be backed up by corresponding action on the part of those whom they represent, and if these representatives are now enabled by their constituents to give to the discharge of their duties in the House of Commons that continuous attendance and unsleeping vigilance without which a fighting Parliamentary party is impossible. Holding these views, and believing that no time should be lost in putting them before you,

I now appeal to you to supply with as little delay as possible the pecuniary support necessary for the prosecution of a campaign of combat in the House of Commons. The Irish members have done their part by re-uniting without any reserve in face of a critical situation. It re-

mains for the people of Ireland to enable them to renew, in face of both the parties of Great Britain, the determined struggle for Irish rights, which has been so long and so unhappily interrupted. It is impossible and it would be unjust to expect that Irish members should not only give their time and sacrifice their own private interests for the advancement of the public cause, but should also bear the whole pecuniary burden sustained by prolonged attendance at Westminster. I therefore ask you, fellow-countrymen, to subscribe with as much promptness and liberality as you can to the Sessional Fund of the Irish Parliamentary Party.—I remain, fellow-countrymen, your faithful servant,
J. E. REDMOND.

February 10.

The treasurers of the fund are the Hon. Edward Blake, M.P., Messrs. J. F. X. O'Brien, M.P., and T. Harrington, M.P.

ECHOES FROM ROME.

Monsignor Averardi, Apostolic Delegate to Mexico, is in Rome.

There is talk of lighting and decorating St. Peter's with electric light on the occasion of the double canonization in St. Peter's on Ascension Day.

The Most Rev. John Lancaster Spalding, Bishop of Peoria, U.S.A., is in Rome for a month's visit. He was received in private audience by the Pope on Saturday last.

The first collective jubilee visits to the basilica was made by the Catholic Associations and Romans in mid-February. His Grace Bishop Duley is staying at the Hotel Minerva, and is accompanied by his secretary.

The Holy Father has not yet appointed a successor to the late Cardinal-Vicar, His Eminence Domenico Jacobini. Besides the name of Cardinal Svampa, those of three other probable candidates are mentioned, namely Cardinals Gasquet, Creton, and Sallati. The latter appears to have the greatest probability of being appointed to the difficult post, for which he is eminently qualified by his great experience and learning. Apropos of the late Cardinal-Vicar, his will was opened last week, and found to contain very few bequests, the Pope being appointed heir to all his fortune, which amounts to about 200,000 lire (\$16,000), while the Cardinal's two sisters are to receive the revenue accruing from that sum. Among the Cardinal's many interesting documents were found all relating to his life's great work, the organization of the Catholic party in Rome, a task which unfortunately was interrupted by his death.

The turning back of the French pilgrims from the Italian frontier at Ventimiglia has caused considerable interest and discussion. Altogether the incident is to be regretted, and also that it should have happened in the Jubilee Year. The pilgrimage had been arranged for some time back, and was to have arrived at Rome on the 6th. On the eve of departure Mgr. Robert, Bishop of Marsaille, and head of the pilgrimage, received a notice from the Italian authorities that, on account of cases of varioloid at Marseille, the pilgrims would be subjected to sanitary inspection at the Italian frontier. However, great was the astonishment of the 382 pilgrims when the sanitary inspection resolved itself into an imperative order for vaccination at Ventimiglia. This stringent measure was naturally much resented by the pilgrims, who were all in good health, so, rather than submit to what might cause them a great deal of inconvenience, if not illness, they returned to Marseille.

It is not often that an English sermon from Rome finds its way into our press, but that of Mgr. Vaughan, delivered two weeks ago, in the Church of S. Andrea delle Fratte, on behalf of the charitable institutions, under the Sisters of Charity, (and the result of which was a contribution of 775 lire to the fund) has been widely commented upon. The following are some of the most striking passages of that eloquent sermon:—"We are here to-day, and to-morrow we are gone, leaving no trace behind us. We are as a tiny snowflake that falls upon the water; for an instant it appears as a white speck, and then vanishes for ever. But when considered in its full significance as the gateway to eternity, then life becomes the most stupendous of God's mysteries. His most precious gift to man; and it behoves us to take care that we squander it not. Whatever God sends us may become a blessing or a curse, according as we accept and make use of it.

"I shall limit myself to only three illustrations of this, continued the speaker. Sickness, if we accept it grumblingly, complainingly, will be to us but a curse. But otherwise, if we take it as a well-deserved punishment for our sins, and bear up under it with patience and gratitude, then sickness and suffering become the road to salvation. Again, wisdom and learning, if not used in God's service, but rather against religion, will be the means of our losing Heaven. We may be the world's leaders in scientific research, but if this makes us vain and puffed up and causes us to forget God, it availeth us naught. It were better to have remained ignorant and humble. Wisdom and learning are, however, among God's choicest gifts, if rightly used, when they only serve to make us more humble and to increase our faith and our charity. But wealth, after which man races madly, strives incessantly day in and day out, forgetting all else—a blessing indeed to a few, yet more often a curse; first, because wealth enables us to live in comfort and ease, while our fellow-men bow and cringe before us, and this luxury and this obsequiousness

in the department of others towards us make us so satisfied with ourselves and our surroundings that we do not even desire Heaven, unless God in His infinite mercy sends us sickness and sorrow and tribulation to show us the shallowness of this mundane existence; secondly, because wealth enables us to satisfy all our base desires and passions, and thus leads us directly to destruction. It is hardly possible for the wealthy to enter the Kingdom of Heaven; it is more difficult for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle. It is possible, yes; but even then a wealthy man does not gain Heaven as something to which he is entitled by inheritance—that belongs to the poor; but he may be allowed to slip in with the rest, if he behave himself. But if he regards his wealth not as his own, but as God's, and he looks upon himself only as His steward and as such performs his duty, then even wealth may gain him Heaven.

I stand before you to-day, concluded Mgr. Vaughan, appealing to your generosity on behalf of the poor orphans of this city. I appeal to you in their behalf without the least scruple, as your gift will be a gift to God Himself (St. Matthew xxv. 40), meriting his promised reward. (Here he read St. Matthew xxv. from 31st verse to end of chapter, dwelling much on verse 40.) He said he was sure he did not appeal to his hearers, and chiefly to those of them who hailed from England, in vain—England, that wonderful land where so many strange things happen, where charity runs mad, where they build hospitals for worn-out street car horses and blind cats, where pet lap dogs are fed on the fattest of the land and have their own servants and doctor when sick, and grand funerals and monuments when dead. He was sure people whose charity was so great would not forget the poor orphans of Rome. Let them remember that it is always more blessed to give than to receive."

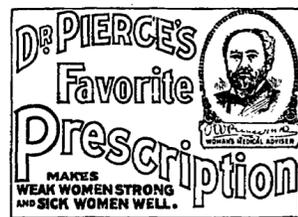
MARCH ANNIVERSARIES.

Possibly there is no month in all the year so full of important anniversaries as is the month of March; especially as it is so for Catholics. In a recent number of "The Review," of St. Louis, a writer signing "Ernest Hello," has furnished a most peculiar list of events that he claims, principally on the authority of tradition, to have taken place in the month of March. It is our intention to call the attention of our readers to a few of the anniversaries that should be remembered by Catholics during this month; but, at the risk of being somewhat lengthy, we will first reproduce a few from Mr. Hello's list.

He says, that according to the Bollandists, March is the first month. It was in March, they say, that the world was created; it was in March that the Redeemer was conceived. "It was in March that Jesus Christ was born."

So far we cannot place very much reliance upon this list. As to the creation we can say nothing; we have no proof, either one way or the other, on the subject. Certainly, if Our Lord was conceived (which is the case) in March, it is not at all likely, in the natural order of things, that he was also born in that month. But we don't consider the Bollandists infallible on the question. Let us take a few more of these anniversaries:—"The most ancient traditions of the world attribute to the month of March most remarkable privileges. In the first place, it is said, it witnessed the first victory of God, inasmuch as Satan was defeated by St. Michael on March 25th."

Possibly this is the case; we know nothing to the contrary. We are then told that Adam's skull was buried on Mount Calvary on the 25th March; that Abel was killed upon the 25th March; that Melchisedech offered up bread and wine on the 25th March; that Abraham took Isaac to Mount Moriah on the 25th March; that the Israelites passed through the Red Sea, the first Passch was celebrated, St. Veronica died, and St. Peter was



The success of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription in the cure of diseases peculiar to women, is beyond comparison greater than that of any other medicine prepared especially for woman's use. It is not a cure-all but a scientific preparation, the prescription of an eminent living physician, still in active practice and who, assisted by his staff of nearly a score of trained physicians, treats and cures thousands of women every year. "Favorite Prescription" has an invigorating and vitalizing power peculiar to itself and a phenomenal control of diseases which attack the delicate organs of woman. It permanently cures backache, bearing-down pains, ulceration, inflammation and like ills by curing their cause. It dries up the drains, puts out the fever fire of inflammation and cures the corroding ulcer. It makes marriage a happiness and motherhood a blessing, by giving to women such an abundant vitality that the baby blossoms into life as sweetly, simply and naturally as a flower. Sick women are invited to consult Dr. Pierce by letter free of charge. All correspondence strictly confidential. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

It contains no opium, cocaine or other narcotic, and no alcohol or whisky.

delivered from prison by an angel—all of which events took place in March. As to St. Peter's deliverance and St. Veronica's death, according to the Julian Calendar we are able to prove; but as to all the other events we must take them on Mr. Hello's authority, or possibly that of the Bollandists. We are not aware of any record, or even tradition that places the first three in the Hebrew month "Nisan."

Mr. Hello tells us that "Adam was born, sinned and died." We suppose he means that Adam was "created," and that our first parent sinned and died in March. Turning from this queer list, which we do not at all dispute, but merely acknowledge our ignorance as to its correctness, we find this month really rich in important anniversaries.

The second of March was Leo XIII's birthday, when, this year the venerable Pontiff completed his ninety years of life. The feast of St. Thomas Aquinas falls in March; and, as far as Catholics are concerned, he is one of the most important doctors of the Church, and saints in the Calendar. We need scarcely remind our readers that on the 17th March, the Irish people in particular, and the whole Church in general, celebrate the feast of St. Patrick, the Apostle and Patron of Ireland. This is not only a religious, but also a national festival, and one of major importance.

The 19th March is one of the grandest festivals of the Catholic Church; it is the feast of St. Joseph, the spouse of the Blessed Virgin, the Foster father of Our Lord, and the universal patron of the Church. This great saint is also the special patron of Canada. The 25th March is the Annunciation, which, as Father Faber says, is also the feast of the Incarnation. Between the different anniversaries of importance there are fully two dozen minor ones, each of which has its own import for special people, countries, or orders. Thus it is that March, even though none of the traditional anniversaries of Mr. Hello were exact, is full of commemorations of events that awaken the pity and the enthusiasm of all practical Catholics.

WAYS OF STUMP ORATORS.

Judge Emory Speer, as every one knows, has a remarkable gift of repartee; said a former resident of Georgia. "And in his early campaigning days he frequently impressed that fact upon his opponents on the stump. Years ago, when he was running one fall against Col. Blount for Congress, the two candidates made a tour of the district, and engaged in a series of joint debates. As the story goes, they drew an immense crowd of horny-handed south Georgia farmers at a certain country settlement, and Blount, noting their rugged faces and homely attire, attempted to score a point against his opponent by depicting him as a haughty aristocrat. 'You might suppose that he was a plain, every-day kind of a man from the way he looks now,' he said 'but you ought to see him when he gets to Washington. He's a regular dude, and if one of you honest, hard-working farmers was to happen to meet him on Pennsylvania Avenue he'd no more think of speaking to you than he'd think of jumping over the moon.'

"While Blount was haranguing the crowd in that strain Speer chanced to notice that he had on a pair of white socks, and when he came his own turn to speak he began somewhat like this: 'My friends: I am greatly surprised that Mr. Blount should have the audacity to refer to me as an aristocrat, especially in view of a little incident which occurred only yesterday in the town of Macon. We were standing in conversation on the street corner, arranging for this very trip, when a good old country woman approached and endeavored to sell us some socks. They were old-fashioned, plain, honest, blue-wool socks, gentlemen, the same kind our mothers used to knit, and when she drew out a pair from her basket our friend, Col. Blount, gave them one contemptuous glance, turned up his nose, and walked away. I don't know, of course, but I would wager that he has on a pair of fine, city-made white socks at this very moment. As for me, when he terms an aristocrat, I bought the homely socks he professed to scorn, and—here he pulled up his trousers, exhibiting a couple of blue woolen tops—'I have 'em on right now! Colonel, let's see your socks!' Needless to say, Blount collapsed, and that township returned an overwhelming majority for Speer.'—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Sides sore from a hacking cough. Take Fyru-Pectoral; it will cure you quickly, no matter how bad the cold, Endorsed by thousands of Canadians. Sold throughout the land. Manufactured by the proprietors of Perry Davis' Pain-Killer.

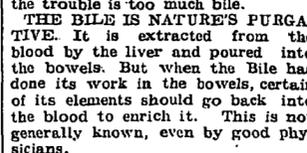
A CATHOLIC MISSIONARY. A Protestant retired military surgeon now in Rome, speaks with much pleasure of a Catholic missionary priest, a native of Savoy, whom he knew while in India about 18 years ago. This devoted Frenchman had to serve the two missions of Aurangabad and Jaitulia, forty miles apart, and used to do the journey from one place to the other, running at night in six hours. He had no shoes or stockings, and only a poor cloth round his head and the coarsest of garments. He slept in a wretched hovel, and the chapels he served were little better. He lived upon grain and a few vegetables. The poor Hindoo Christians of his flock spoke eloquently of his loving care of them.

ST. BRIDGET'S NIGHT REFUGE.

Report for week ending Sunday, March 4th, 1900.—Males, 384; females, 43; Irish, 220; French, 74; English, 29; Scotch and other nationalities, 44. Total, 387.

CONSTIPATION

When Chronic is CAUSED by CATARRH OF THE LIVER.



Few Doctors know this. They think the trouble is too much bile. THE BILE IS NATURE'S PURGATIVE. It is extracted from the blood by the liver and poured into the bowels. But when the Bile has done its work in the bowels, certain of its elements should go back into the blood to enrich it. This is not generally known, even by good physicians. Purgatives prevent the return of the Bile. They irritate the bowels so that these organs, instead of re-absorbing the bile, throw it violently out. It passes away in the evacuations, often burning and smarting on its way out. The blood becomes gradually impoverished from the drain. Each time it is harder for the liver to extract the bile from the blood. Thus stronger and stronger purgatives have to be used. The blood grows poorer and poorer. It is CLOGGED WITH IMPURITIES. It lacks the rich life-giving properties. The sufferer, because of the poor state of his blood, feels dull and heavy, without energy or ambition. His appetite is variable. He has a tendency to the 'blues.' And all the time the constipation grows steadily worse.



THE LIVER.

With Dr. Sproule's treatment all this is changed. The liver is gently but surely cured of the cause of the trouble—CATARRH OF THE LIVER, which prevents it from doing its work. It begins to produce bile in small natural quantities. Easy regular movements are thus established. At the same time the bowels are toned up. As a result they no longer eject the bile. They re-absorb it. It goes back in the system. It carries with it new health and strength; NEW LIFE from the food with which it has come in contact.

The whole system feels the change. The dull heavy feelings disappear. The weakness vanishes. The circulation improves. The mind grows clear. The 'blues' depart. The patient 'feels like a new man.' Best of all, the cure is permanent.

Dr. Sproule has done this for thousands of others, who had suffered for years.

HE CAN DO IT FOR YOU.

- 1. Are you constipated?
2. Is your complexion bad?
3. Are you sleepy in the daytime?
4. Are you irritable?
5. Are you nervous?
6. Do you get dizzy?
7. Have you no energy?
8. Do you have cold feet?
9. Do you feel miserable?
10. Do you get tired easily?
11. Do you have hot flashes?
12. Is your eyesight blurred?
13. Have you pain in the back?
14. Is your flesh soft and flabby?
15. Are your spirits low at times?
16. Is there a sting after eating?
17. Have you a burning in the liver?
18. Is there a throbbing in stomach?
19. Is there a general feeling of lassitude?
20. Do these feelings affect your memory?
21. Are you short of breath upon exertion?
22. Is the circulation of the blood sluggish?

If you have some of the above symptoms you have CATARRH OF THE LIVER.

Mark and send the above symptoms for free diagnosis to DR. SPROULE, B.A., 7 to 13 Doane St., BOSTON.

SHE HAD ALL THE SYMPTOMS.

My dear Dr. Sproule: When I wrote to you first I felt very miserable. Had a constant headache, was dull, languid, had no heart for anything. My complexion was sallow, covered with blotches, and I frequently had bad pains in my right side. I had all the symptoms of Catarrh of the Liver. I began using your remedies and now not one of all those symptoms remains. I think it is wonderful that a person can be cured in such a short time, after trying other doctors in vain. They used to relieve me, but it was only for a time. Nobody can shake my faith in you, Doctor, and I sincerely hope that all who suffer from Catarrh in any form will not hesitate in writing to you. I shall be glad to reply to all who wish further particulars.

Your grateful patient, MRS. JESSIE B. MCKENZIE, Three Brooks, Pictou, N.S.

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