

IRISH HEROES.

The Famous Young Irishmen in Clonmel Jail.

The following authentic description of the confinement of the Young Irishmen will be found especially interesting to readers of this generation. It is from the pen of "Silah Mis," and appeared in the Nation on Oct. 5, 1850.

There were heavy hearts in Clonmel jail on Saturday evening, Oct. 22, 1848. Thomas Meagher was in the dock awaiting the verdict of the jury who had tried him. The large cell at the top of the building, which was the sleeping apartment of McManus, O'Donohoe and Leyne, and the common saloon during the day of some twenty others, was silent and cheerless. The central table was covered with a miscellaneous equipage of carousal glasses of all shapes and sizes, caps, mugs, jugs and contraband black bottles, containing specimens of Irish resources, prescribed by the board but seditiously introduced for the comfort and jollification of a very boisterous gang of Irish rebels. Ordinarily, at that hour, Meagher presided at our evening festivity. And such a capital president as he made! He was the life of our circle—so frank, gifted and beloved. His humor, his eloquence, which stirred us even there, and his intrepidity were the sunshine that made the old walls seem brighter than a palace.

He had as glorious a vision and felt as riotously happy as if no cloud were resting upon Ireland—as if no chain were clanking at my feet. Many a grand old Irish song was sung there; many a gallant sentiment was uttered; many an inspiring ballad recited; many a broken-voiced lament whispered for the future, and many a prophecy for the future success rapturously applauded. Within the four seas there was not, at times, so disorderly a body of criminals, mad with merriment; and, when the fit had passed, oh! but there were deep and earnest communings of the past and conjectures of the future of our dear Ireland. On one night we

LISTENED TO FEW SPEECHES, full of old spirit and burning eloquence that had roused the heart of the nation, the words falling like the fiery tongues on the apostles. On another we masqueraded at a concert, Meagher leading the band on his clarinet, accompanied by twenty manly voices and every variety of sound that could be extracted from accordions, kettles, tins and tongs. On the next, we fought at the barricades. A heavy table used to be placed in the centre of the room and taken possession of by half the detachment; and the moiety stormed the garrison. We fought with pillows—very formidable and destructive weapons, if properly handled. Such charges, such shouts, such blows, such defiance, such drabbings! I think I should be valuable as a barricade man after that warm practice and invigorating discipline. I would engage to tumble the most stalwart member of the "B" division if I had choice of my weapon, a short, hard crammed pillow, or symmetrical bolster that would swing like Boadicea's flag. The contest lasted till we could fight no more.

To a spectator the meetings around that mess table would have worn the appearance of the festive gathering of an insurgent camp, not the poor prison levels of conquered rebels. Lord, how we frightened the jail from its propriety! And then, as the approach of one of the prison officers was heard, all the evidences of seditious enjoyment used to disappear with miraculous celerity, and on the entrance of the grave governor (who was a good fellow at heart), one half of us would be found buried in books, the other devoted to the innocent and improving combinations of the profound science of backgammon. The remonstrance of the governor or his noble-souled, generous deputy, would be listened to in affected respect and hypocritical silence. On his disappearance—good, zealous man, convinced that he had converted us to "peace, law and order."

THE REVOLUTIONARY MANIA would break forth again and Clonmel jail be changed into a "model prison," according to our contumacious notions of "physical" enjoyment. Ah, these hours of prison life had their own joys! They bore flowers that for some of us shall ever bloom. They ripened friendships which the cold artificial world of intrigue and fashion knows not, with all its rigid formalities and genteel supilities.

This Saturday night there are no revels. Meagher's place is vacant. But he is in all our thoughts. We canvas the chances of his escape; and every now and then one of us approaches a window which overlooks the street and communicates with a secret sentinel, who brings news from the court house. How eagerly we speculate on every report that reaches us—on the character, position and, alas! religion of each jurymen—on the delay in the finding of the verdict. The day and its stores are deserted. O'Donohoe, who, with O'Brien and McManus, had been already convicted, lies on his bed in an agony of suspense for the issue of the night. He idolized—he absolutely lived to think of Meagher. McManus, erect as a rifleman on parade, strides vehemently up and down the apartment, muttering now and again some impetuous aspirations or trying to inspire others with the confidence he feigns to feel. Anthony O'Ryan and Leyne sit with folded arms, side by side, in a remote corner, speaking not a word. The others are variously disposed—some reading Madden's "United Irishmen,"

others transcribing ballads from the Library of Ireland, others sketching portraits of Meagher, Michael O'Brien and Duffy, and one or two drawing pikes of formidable proportions on the whitened walls with the original crayon, a formidable stick.

It was a solemn hour. The fate of the most beloved of brothers trembled in the scale—the fate of him for whose restoration we would have died with bounding joy. Suddenly the preconcerted signal is given from below, and the message delivered to us that "the jury had disagreed." Not a sound for a moment, and then such a thrilling

UPROARIOUS SHOUT OF JOY arose as never issued from mortal voices since the angels sang the world's birth hymn. Alas, our delirium was but short lived. Another signal from below, and this the message of doom: "The report was false; He is convicted. They are bringing him from the court!" I shall not seek to paint the change that fell like the announcement of eternal woe to us poor disenchanted mourners. Then came bursts of sorrow and imprecations of rage. We had borne up against every reverse and discomfiture. We had seen three other torn from us and doomed by the law. But while Meagher remained we scarcely knew a regret—certainly had not utterly despaired. But now—now!

They did bring him from the court. We received him at the end of the corridor, and through the iron gateway grasped his hand. We had not the usual welcome for him this night. He laughed gaily when he met us: "Good night, boys! Here I am, and found guilty; and glad, too, that they did convict me, for if I had been acquitted the people might say I had not done my duty! I am guilty and condemned for the old country."

Come in, come into the cell and let me have my dinner." We accompanied him to the cell. Some of us could not remain. Leyne stood on the corridor, weeping bitterly. O'Donohoe was spellbound at the doorway. McManus, shaking with agitation, held Meagher in his arms. The young convict was deeply affected by these evidences of grief and affection. But he soon recovered and composed, and coming into the passage, drew us into the room—"Come in—come in—I'm starved. Let us have one hour's fun." His spirit infected us by magic. We sat around him and heard the

DETAILS OF HIS TRIAL, given with inimitable humor and mimicry. He had us all laughing at his drollery in a few minutes. I shall never forget the merriment McManus evoked by asking, in his fiercest tone, when Meagher had finished his recital: "I say, Meagher, did you say anything to the scoundrels when the verdict was read?" Meagher shrieked with delight.

We had an hour's fun. As David has sung of another gathering: "With bumpers and cheers we did as he bade. For Tom Meagher was loved by the Irish brigade."

We drank to O'Brien and Butt. We toasted "The Convicted Traitors." "Gavan Duffy and the prisoners in Newgate and Kilmalsham," and we pledged a brimming glass to "The Irish Republic." Meagher, O'Donohoe and Leyne spoke speech after speech, and the last sang Duffy's noble song, "Watch and Wait," to a chorus that made the old walls reel again. How rapturously we thundered the concluding key verse:

"Brother, if this day should set Another yoke man on our freedom: That will come with roll of drum, And trampling lists with men to lead them. Who can save Renegade or slave? Fortune only twines her garlands For the brave!"

"Gintlemín," observes an intrusive turnkey, poking his head inside the door, "the governor has heard the shoutin' an' he's coming up, flamin' mad." "Oh, the d—! I take all governors to-night. Hurra, boys, hurra!"

"Who can save Renegade or slave? Fortune only twines her garlands For the brave!"

Hurra, again." The poor turnkey stands aghast. Enter governor, looking "bolts and bars." "Gentlemen, to your cells. This is most improper conduct. I shall report to the board and have you separately confined." Meagher intercedes. "The fault is his. He is the head and cause of the irregularity. But as he is

concealed in the rude sheeling of the peasant, or nursed by the warm hospitality of the gentleman farmer, flying from the police patrols and the RECRUITS FROM DUBLIN who dogged their steps as the sleuth hounds of the castle; captured, hopeless, convicted, condemned—never did one ignoble fear soil their purpose, nor one dastard regret violate the vows pledged to Ireland.

And I say to you, poor, cringing slaves of Ireland, that beyond his glory in the tribune, beyond the fame which diademed his brow, beyond all the triumphs of his eloquence, beyond the dominating power of his women and the affection of bold men, was the grandeur of the intrepid bearing of the young orator of revolution when he stood rejoicing, defiant and inspired in the shadow of the gibbet, content "to bear the cross with the same loftiness of soul with which he had worn the laurel crown."

Seven days later, and it was whispered that the humane Government of Her Most Gracious Majesty, Queen of England and various other countries, whether through remorse of policy I know not, had delicately recommended that the hungry hangman should be robbed of the prey allotted to him by the law. A grace purchased by no "selfish penitence," by no apologies from the "condemned cells." There was no loyal jubilee for this exertion of the apocryphal prerogative. Neither "God Save the Queen," nor "Rule, Britannia," echoed in the prison. The "Marseillaise" and "The Wearing of the Green" were our Vesper hymns.

WHERE SHALL THEY GO?

An Ideal Association For Catholic Young Men.

A topic of inexhaustible interest has been raised by a statement in the editorial columns of the Catholic Review, entitled: "No Place to Go." The force of the question does not apply so directly to the young men dwelling with their parents, as to the great multitude of young men living away from their parents, beginning their career in the world unmarried, and dwelling in hired lodgings or boarding houses.

That question is one of serious moment, no one interested in the social elevation of our young men, and in the general well-being of society resulting therefrom, will deny. They must be conscious, too, of the fact, that in the many various Catholic associations scattered throughout the country, there is an undefined something wanting, which renders them practically useless for the attainment of the special end for which they were instituted. We see the picture of a Catholic association, organized under the most favorable auspices, the clubhouse fitted up in comfortable if not extravagant style, some few attractions, such as a library or the nucleus of one, a pool table or, perhaps, a gymnasium is added in the course of time. When all these necessities have been obtained, the association congratulates itself upon being in contact working order, the enthusiasm of the members is aroused, the future brilliant with radiant promises of success. But what is the actual experience? After the first heat of excitement has simmered down, the clubhouse is practically deserted; it is deserted as far as the purposes for which it was instituted are concerned, the meetings are held with scrupulous regularity, but it is extremely difficult to bring together the necessary quorum. Entering the institution, one is struck by the atmosphere of chilling coldness greeting him, despite the glare of countless electric lights and gas jets that cast quaint ghastly shadows everywhere— from parlor to gymnasium—ghosts of the promises that have never seen fulfillment. I ask myself: "Where is the club? Where are the members? Where are the Catholic young men for whom this institution was founded?" Probably a majority of those who are not living with their parents will be found in the more tempting quarters of the Young Men's Christian Association, perhaps in the saloon, perhaps may God forbid!—in the low gambling den.

PROTESTANT ASSOCIATIONS. The greatest feature in Protestant associations is their wonderful unanimity, the quality of "holding together," which is the first requisite in all organizations no matter what their separate or individual interests may be. Among the associations which are strictly Protestant as regards religion, and strictly American as regards nationality, the Young Men's Christian Association holds first place.

There are gathered together all Protestant young men of respectable character regardless of sect or denomination. There is not a separate organization for each and every Church and congregation, the lines upon which it is organized are the broadest, admitting to membership oftentimes those of a different creed. The object of this institution was to give Protestant young men "a place to go" that would be free from the temptations and dangers that beset all unattached young men in a city. It began in a small way with many peculiar Protestant adjuncts, chiefly among which was the regular "prayer meeting," which may cause some of my readers to smile; but "what is in a name?" Whether it be a prayer-meeting or a pool-tournament, the point is the having a nightly something at the same time interesting and instructive to a wide and heterogeneous young men. To day the Young Men's Christian Association is so attractive to young men that it has drawn, as I

said before, into its membership, or at least into attendance, many young men who are Catholics. It provides first-rate athletic training, swimming school in summer, and free baths in winter, special instruction in shorthand and typewriting, and various other useful, sustaining, or in some way profitable and interesting methods of filling up the spare hours. Summed up in a few words, the secret of success in Protestant associations, taking the Young Men's Christian Association as a model, is: 1, in the compactness of its membership, bringing together the young men into one organization instead of half a dozen in the same city; 2, the provision of useful and instructive elements combined with sources of relaxation; 3, the institution of continuous interesting works, either of an instructive or amusing nature, which rivet the attention and enthusiasm of the members and excite their individual co-operation.

THE IDEAL. Taking these three points as starting points, the formation of an ideal Catholic association, at least in theory, will not be very difficult. In the first place it will be readily conceded by all who have ever been connected with our young men's Catholic associations, that they are not one, that is to say, they are divided and subdivided until in point of membership there is very little left of them. In Baltimore the nearest approach to Union is the United Catholic Literary Association; but this cannot be called a distinct association, for it is made up of delegates from numerous other organizations, each having its own even of his own association, the refreshment and expense of the others, hence unanimity and concord can scarcely be expected. Indeed, those who have been foremost in this movement are forced to day to deplore that better results have not been accomplished.

With the knowledge dearly bought by experience before you, will you not at least consider the plan which I shall attempt to outline, promising that all individuality local, parochial or sectional be wiped away: let a Young Men's Catholic Association be established into which these several associations will be merged, not by delegation but by actual enrollment of members. For this purpose let each separate club, and from their own separate club, and goodly edifice which shall tower above all petty jealousies, ambitions and other components of discord. Should the membership become so large that one palatial structure will not suffice build another; but let it be only a branch of the first, and over the portals let the legend read "The Young Men's Catholic Association."

THE SECOND ELEMENT. The second necessary element of the ideal association should be the establishment of permanent instruction which would comprise the useful, the intellectual and the amusing. In the line of utility, a permanent and constant book-keeping, type-writing and stenography would certainly be most advantageous and quickly grasped by scores of our young men who, employed during the day, and desirous of bettering their condition, are looking for just such an opportunity, where the expense incurred will be nominal. And the very fact of these nightly classes, held for an hour or two, would be an incentive to the members to frequent the association and enjoy the other attractions and amusements as relaxatives after the labors of the day.

In the intellectual line, or the means for intellectual advancement, a course of lectures should be scheduled. These embracing scientific and historical subjects with screen illustrations, and also a course of moral and social subjects, delivered by a prominent member of the clergy, will be most beneficial. It may perhaps be difficult at first to awake the interest of Catholic young men in these matters, but with the aid of zealous priests co-operating, and the untiring perseverance on the part of the managers, striding undaunted over every obstacle, magnificent results must accrue. For the hall in which the lectures are held being well equipped with the latest improvements of stage and seating facilities, literary and dramatic features could be introduced into the association, and the dryness of the lecture course varied with a debate or a play, both of these serving their purpose of instruction and at the same time keeping up the interest of the members. As to the amusements, comprising especially recreative sports, the gymnasium must always come first, because it is a kind of compendium of many sports and exercises. The gymnasium must be large, the whole, or greater part of the lower floor of the building, space being one of the absolute necessities for a gymnasium. It must of course be fully equipped with all the latest appliances for healthy exercise; and an instructor who can, when needed, fill the position of trainer, must be added. In the winter months, with a screen or net, made of stout roping, around the room to protect the windows and the plastering, the base-ball nine could be maintained in the gymnasium. I have witnessed this with good result at Fordham College, New York. Here, too, the members could be trained in other athletic

sports, and a team sent out which could compete successfully with any in the section. A cycling track where members would be taught to use the "wheel" would be a desirable addition. In connection with the gymnasium would be the swimming school in summer and free baths in winter which could be fitted up in some part of the extensive building occupied by the association. The two last mentioned accessories would themselves attract members, for I am personally aware of the fact that Catholic young men have joined the Young Men's Christian Association chiefly to participate in the benefits of the swimming school.

A PERMANENT ATTRACTION. The third necessarium for the Catholic Association is the establishment of a permanent attraction. I have mentioned above how the Young Men's Christian Association started with a nightly prayer meeting. We do not want anything of that kind, but in its place let us have, during the Fall, Winter and Spring months, at least, a nightly lecture interspersed with debates and musical and dramatic entertainments, which will not only prove a source of improvement for the members individually, both morally and intellectually, but, being open to the general public, will increase the revenue of the association and enable it to carry on its supplementary works; besides this, it will be beneficial in spreading abroad the fame and success of the association.

It may be objected that I have drawn up the plan of my ideal association modeled on the lines of the Protestant institution for young men. Well, what follows? Are we to reject a means teeming with genuine good, because it has been adopted by those outside the Church? Are we so narrow-minded that we will not accept a lesson from Protestants which we may apply with even better fruit than they? If so, I say to the Catholic young men, keep on in your old grooves and ruts, divide yourselves into as many associations as possible, lessen each year your attractive elements, let the members seek elsewhere outside the Church the intellectual and moral refreshment they should draw from you, but be weary lest, while they are advancing in useful and intellectual acquirements, they are not also losing their priceless gift of Faith. For this reason, if for no other, it would seem incumbent upon pastors of souls to think seriously of this renovation of our Catholic Young Men's societies throughout the country. There is no time like the present for starting the movement. Let us at least make the experiment, and I am confident that the result will exceed the most sanguine expectation. —E. C. Kane in Catholic Mirror.

THE LATEST CURE. A new remedy for dyspepsia and stomach trouble has made its appearance in southern Oregon. It is nothing less than a spoonful of common, every day, river bottom sand, taken wet just after meals. William Bybee, a well-known citizen, and proprietor of Bybee's Springs, is supposed to be the originator of this queer remedy, but quite a number of prominent gentlemen testify to its curative properties, which are supposed to take the form of mechanical action by carrying off impurities from the mucous lining of the walls of the stomach. "Take sand" is quite a popular piece of advice around Ashland when any one complains of chronic stomach trouble. As there is no patent on the sand, that commodity being within the reach of the poorest of us, this article cannot be called a patent medicine advertisement.

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