

The Montreal Witness

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.
The Subscription price of *The Witness* is \$1.00 per annum in advance. Single copies 5 cents. Foreign postage extra. The paper is published every week except on public holidays. It is published for the Proprietor by the Montreal Witness Co., 110 St. James Street, Montreal, P. Q., Canada.

VOL. XLVII. No. 19.

MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1897.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

THE MANCHESTER MARTYRS.

Anniversary Religious Ceremonies in St. Ann's Church.

REV. FATHER STRUBBE'S ELOQUENT SERMON.

The Demonstration Under the Auspices of the A.O.H. at Windsor Hall.

HON. JOHN T. FINERTY DELIVERS A MASTERLY ADDRESS.

The Ancient Order of Hibernians and the Hibernian Knights made a big showing on Sunday afternoon, when they turned out in force for their annual Church parade. They met in Hibernia Hall, 2042 Notre Dame street, wearing regalia and badges, and proceeded, by way of McGill, St. James, Inspector, Notre Dame, Murray, Ottawa and McCord streets, to St. Ann's Church, where service was held in memory of the Manchester Martyrs. At the head of the procession was a band, then, borne aloft, were the two beautiful banners of the Orders represented in the procession, and behind these walked the Hibernian Knights, and following them came the four Divisions of the Ancient Order of Hibernians. The band played several Irish airs along the line of route, and the procession was viewed by large crowds of spectators.

The officers of the County Board (Hochelaga) are: President, George Clarke; vice-president, William Rawley; treasurer, Lawrence Breen; secretary, James McIver; whilst the presidents of the Divisions are: No. 1, H. McMurrow; No. 2, A. Dunn; No. 3, B. Wall; No. 4, H. Kearns. The principal officers of the Hibernian Knights are Col. Feeney and Captain F. T. Rawley.

The service opened with the Litany of the Blessed Virgin, after which a VERY ABLE SERMON was preached by Rev. Father Strubbe, C.S.S.R., who took for his text Maccabees II. chap. viii, verse 21.

The people of God were scattered and thrown into exile, their altars were desecrated, and their laws abolished; their children were massacred, the name of their God blasphemed. Judas Maccabaeus succeeded in calling together 7,000 men of his own nationality and urged them to be reconciled no longer with the enemy of their God and country. "Long enough, said he, have we been shamefully abused; let them trust in their weapons, and in their boldness, we trust in the Almighty God, who at a beck can destroy all who are against us, and the whole world." Then he reminded them how God had helped their forefathers when, with a handful of soldiers, they had destroyed 185,000 of their enemies, under Sennacherib; how in Babylon, with 6,000, they had slain 120,000. With these words they were greatly encouraged, and all enrolled themselves beneath the common standard in the cause of Church, Country and mutual aid or Charity. And they went forth, and the Almighty being their helper, they slew Nicanor's army, Philarche's army, Timotheus' army, Bacchides' army, and they reconquered Jerusalem and the house of God; and what they had ceased to be for many hundred years they again became,

A NATION, RESPECTED BY ALL, and thus they remained as long as they were faithful to God and his laws. Could I, in the present circumstance relate a more appropriate page of the holy Writ? Is it not the history of poor unfortunate Ireland? Elected and chosen like the people of Israel, and entrusted with the holy Mission of diffusing the faith through the world, Ireland, the land of Saints and Sages, has been divided and dishonored. A Henry, an Elizabeth and a Cromwell have left memories which ages cannot wipe out. Three centuries of bigotry and persecution have plundered the homes, desecrated the hearths and butchered the children or sold them into slavery. They have profaned the holy places, proscribed the religion and reviled the faith, and, like the sons of Israel, Ireland saw her best sons banished and dispersed far and wide.

And now, Ireland, they say, is no nation! Will it remain so? I think not. There is a Providence which watches over the destinies of people as well as of individuals. The greatest nation cast not a shadow on heaven; it will be rewarded or punished according to its deeds.

be to God, there is no purer, no more moral people on the earth than you! Even your greatest enemies must concede it. There is in Montreal a spot that may rightly be called the Irish quarter, whether all Irish emigrants direct their first steps when landing in this country, sure to receive a hearty welcome! It is this part of the city, called St. Anne's. I boldly defy any one to contradict my assertion, when I say that this quarter is the most moral and the best in many respects in the whole city. Here are no houses where youth is corrupted and ruined; here no places where young women are allured for their degradation and their ruin; here unprotected women may travel day and night from one end of the streets to the other—they will go unharmed even by a rude word. What part of the city may boast of that! Up town they may have for motto, "Woman and Gold"; here they have for motto and practice, "HONOR AND VIRTUE."

Let every Irishman join the grand and noble Society of the Hibernians, and God will send you a Judas Maccabaeus to lead you to glory, for victory always perches on the banner that bears as motto, Church, Country, Charity—the three greatest causes on earth.

Love your Church! Ireland and Home have always been bound together in the self-same destiny—Ireland is one of those rare nations that never rebelled against the mother. Whosoever struck the one struck the other. Oh! had Ireland given up her faith, long ago she would have, materially speaking, seen better days. Her great struggle was not merely for liberty and country, but, above all, for God. That is why the first word of your Constitution, and, I say, the first motive, the capital reason, and the primary cause of your existence, is the Church. Be worthy descendants of so noble an ancestry and let the bravery of your faith brightly shine in all your workings. Be wise-sons of your fathers' glory, and sooner than Erin should be free from her shackles by the destruction of her ancient faith and the dissolution of the ties of affection, confidence and reverence, which bind together the Irish and their priest—sooner than that, I am sure, every true Hibernian would exclaim: Welcome, chains! Welcome, torments! Welcome, everlasting slavery!"

Have you not been organized as an auxiliary to the Catholic Church? to counteract, as your Constitution says, the evil influence of secret, communistic, socialistic and other irreligious societies of the age, whose tendencies are to social chaos, blasphemous atheism and the overthrow of constituted authority? Again, the first condition of your victory is filial love for the Church!

Love your country! One of the most ardent affections that the Creator has placed in our hearts is love of the land in which we are born. Oh! how sweet it is to remember the places that have witnessed the joyful years of our childhood. It seems to us that there the sky is bluer, the sun brighter, the stars more brilliant, that the rivers are grander and the seas more majestic. And when that native land is Ireland, the emerald isle of the ocean! Oh! then, love it with all the powers of your soul. Her mountains so high, her glens so poetic, her rivers so majestic, her lakes so limpid! Each spot on that island speaks eloquently of

ANCIENT SORROWS AND GLORIES. Drogheda, where Cromwell slew the gallant garrisons, because they knew no surrender! Wexford, where the brutal soldiers massacred the unprotected women who crowded around the great Cross, craving for mercy! Clontarf, where Brian proudly unfurled the flag of "God and Our Lady!" Limerick, where Sarsfield inflicted defeat upon the English army, by a deed unequalled in the history of the world.

Our Lord Jesus Christ loved His country. Although He was God, twice He wept, and, says the great Lacordaire, His blessed tears were shed, not for the salvation of mankind, but for the misfortunes of His native country. Love your country, even unto death! To die for one's country is to die for a sacred cause; it is to die for God; and, therefore, it is but right that we should give them the glorious name of "Martyrs." Love your country, like those noble sons whose memory you are celebrating to-day and in whose behalf you have offered up this morning the Holy Sacrifice of Mass! Hail to you, Allen, Larkin and O'Brien! Impartial history proclaims already that you have committed no crime but the one of having loved your country too much, and, as you know, "IT WAS TREASON TO LOVE HER, AND DEATH TO DEFEND!"

Heroes you are and martyrs! Let the memory of that Saturday morning, Nov. 23, 1867, never be surrendered to oblivion! Keep that scene always before your minds and in your hearts. There they stood, the noble three, upon the scaffold, calm and happy, with their eyes directed upon God, the avenger of the innocent, and their hearts throbbing with love for Ireland, sending up to heaven a prayer that shall forever echo in the breast of every true Irishman.

God save Ireland: Whether on the scaffold high Or the battlefield we die, Oh! What matter when for Erin dear we die! Love Charity! Your code says "Mutual aid," but by the explanation given, it means charity in the full sense of the word. That is to say, love for God and love for your neighbors. Love for God by the purity of your morals. Thanks

occasion was carried out in a manner which reflected great credit upon the organization and the Irish Ministers and other performers. The Irish Ministers have been recently organized from the ranks of the enthusiastic members of St. Ann's Choir, by Prof. P. J. Shea.

The following was the order of the programme, which was under the special direction of Prof. P. J. Shea, of St. Ann's Choir:—

Opening Remarks by the President, Mr. H. McMurrow.

Irish Airs—The Barlett Shamrock. Song and Chorus—The Barlett Shamrock. Miss Louise Morrison.



HON. JOHN F. FINERTY.

stitution states; aiding, with your counsel, distressed or erring brothers, and extending a helping hand to the sick or disabled—giving one another, freely and manfully, disinterested advice, but receiving it also with kindness and goodheartedness. Oh! if that latter duty were well understood and acted upon, how powerful indeed would you be! Remember your enemies are counting more upon your divisions than upon their own strength. If you only could be one, you could always present an unbroken front to your enemies, how weak and feeble they would feel in the presence of your cause, for your cause is the cause of Truth and Justice.

THE FAMOUS IRISH BRIGADE had written on its Banner, "Semper et ubique fidelis!" True, always and everywhere! Write that motto in your hearts. True, always and everywhere, to your Church! True, always and everywhere, to your fatherland! True, always and everywhere, to one another! You have thousands of examples, both living and dead, before you. Daniel O'Connell, the great patriot, in his last will, said: "I give my soul to God, my heart to Rome, and my body to Ireland!" Do as he did. Give your body, that is, your energies, your talents, your means, to Ireland! Give your heart to Rome, by loving and venerating your Church and your priests; and give your soul to God by the purity of your life and the love of your neighbors; and you will hasten the day, when, as I said, by another Judas Maccabaeus, you will enter Jerusalem of Ireland, then a great nation, free and respected by the whole universe! Amen.

The solemn Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament followed, during the course of which the uniformed Knights, who occupied a place in the Sanctuary, presented a most striking appearance. The musical portion of the services were of a high order, and reflected the greatest credit upon the talented musical director, Prof. P. J. Shea, his able assistant, Mr. W. Murphy, and the members of the Choir. The programme was as follows:—Sanctus, solo and chorus (Mercadante), Mr. Wm. Murphy, soloist. Pro Peccatis (Rossini), Mr. T. O. Emblem. Ave Maria, duo (Reyne), Messrs. Wm. Murphy and Ed. Quinn. Tantum Ergo, grand chorus (Oziani), Choir. Laudate Dominum (Billotti), Choir.

AT THE WINDSOR HALL, The anniversary demonstration in commemoration of the Manchester martyrs—Allen, Larkin and O'Brien—last night, was held at the Windsor Hall, last night, under the auspices of Division No. 1 of the A. O. H., was a magnificent success. There was a large and enthusiastic audience present, and the programme prepared for the

granted to our beloved motherland! The Order threw aside its physical policy, and adopted the more peaceful one of moral force, and today it announces forth the message of friendship, not and true Christian charity to its members and peace and good will to all men. This is the doctrine as taught by our organization, the world over to-day. For I can assure you, ladies and gentlemen, there are few places on the face of this earth where there are Irishmen or their descendants that there does not also exist a Division of the Ancient Order of Hibernians. The first branch of the Order on this side of the Atlantic was organized in New York in 1850. It was watered thereby the tears of Irish exiles and nurtured and cherished by men whom tyranny and oppression had driven from the land of their fathers. The consequence was it took root and spread to the neighboring states, and today extends to every town and hamlet in every state in the union, as well as to the various Provinces of this broad Dominion, carrying aid and comfort to the sick and helpless, and hope and consolation to the widows and the orphans. This entertainment, ladies and gentlemen, is got up for a two-fold purpose; in the first place, it is got up to celebrate the fifth anniversary of the inception of the Order in this city and province, and in the second place it is got up to commemorate the anniversary of the execution of the Manchester Martyrs, Allen, Larkin and O'Brien.

There have been four Divisions of the Order organized in this city since then all of which, I am proud to state, are a most praiseworthy and flourishing condition, both numerically and financially. There have also been two Divisions of the Ladies' Auxiliary organized, which compare very favorably with their brother Hibernians in advancing the interests of the Order. To those ladies we are indebted in no small way for the material assistance we received at their hands in pushing the sale of tickets and otherwise contributing to make this entertainment a success.

As regards the execution of the Manchester Martyrs, I will say nothing, as you will hear it more eloquently from the lips of that brilliant Irish exile, who has travelled hundreds of miles to address you this evening.

As the programme of this entertainment is a rather lengthy one, and carefully prepared for this occasion by the far-famed Irish National Minstrels, I will detain you no longer, but, in conclusion, let me once more return you the sincere thanks of the officers and members of Division No. 1, and on their behalf, extend to you a hearty and generous Good Night.

Mr. Finerty's Address
MR. FINERTY received an enthusiastic welcome as he advanced to the footlights. After expressing his pleasure at seeing so large an audience assembled to show their devotion to the cause of Ireland, he proceeded to give a rapid but brilliant sketch of the principal events in Irish history which led up to the execution of the present day. There are some well meaning but uninformed people, he said, who think that we ought to be grateful because England conceded to govern Ireland, but unfortunately for this pretention, the average Irishman thinks he is just as good as the average Englishman. (Laughter.) Since the God of Heaven had not stamped any brand of inferiority on our brow or given us diminished intellect or strength, we know of no reason why our British friends should have the right to come into the country that belongs to us and then to oust it and take to their own government all the good things therein. It had done the same thing to the English, they would be up in rebellion every month in the year and they would be right. (Applause.) Ireland is not a colony of England and never was. She existed long before England was ever heard of. When Julius Caesar landed on the shores of England and saw the ancient Britons coming down, clothed in the skins of wild beasts and painted like American Indians, he was so astonished that he fell on the shingles of Sussex and broke his Roman nose. (Laughter.) The Irish nation had existed for 3,600 years. It was a nation when Solomon reigned in Judea, when Caesar led his victorious regions over the Alps into Gaul. It existed long anterior to the Saxon line of the kings of England. When we come to consider the question of antiquity, there is not an O'Brien or McMurrough or a McCarthy in any part of the world who has not older and richer blood in his veins than all the dynasties that ever reigned in England. Let me tell you something. The old Irish of Murphy is McMurrough, and the only drop of Irish blood which

has in her veins comes from the marriage of Eva McMurrough with Strongbow; and those people who sound her praises sometimes forget that after all the old lady is only a girl of the Murphys (laughter). Talk about the Tudors and Plantagenets and the Stuarts! Why, since the days of Brian Boru the Irish tribes have won their title, and the O's and Macs are a better patent of nobility than was ever handed by any King or Queen in Europe to Knight or Squire.

For five hundred years before 1691 Ireland battled against the Norman. Three times she wrested from England's grasp the possession of Ireland and each time lost it again by faction and misfortune. Under Edward Bruce and Hugh O'Neill and McMurrough and successive chieftains she was victorious. Against the armies of Elizabeth she held her own; before the legions of Cromwell she did not fall. The old flag was struck

down on many a field, but it never fell with dishonor. When the Irish nation drew the sword in the cause of King James the Second, she drew it not because he was King of England or Scotland, but because he upheld the cause of civil and religious liberty, because he gave her in the Parliament of 1689, where Protestants and Catholics had equal representation, the charter of her liberty, and for this charter she fought and fell with honor. And when the Irish troops finally marched out from the well defended walls of Limerick, they only marched out after they had wrung from the representative of William the right of the Roman Catholic to worship God and possess his land in peace—the right to civil and religious liberty. The Irish army marched out of Limerick, not as a beaten army, but with all the honors of war—with drums beating and colors flying. And it was only after they had landed in France, to form the immortal Irish Brigade, that they learned of the shameful and perfidious violation of the treaty.

The Irish Brigade, under Sarsfield and Lord Clarendon, shook Europe with the martial tramp of its squadrons.

FOREMOST IN EVERY FIGHT, with kings and princes and marshals and generals as their comrades, welcome to every court of Europe, making everywhere an unequal record of daring and brilliancy, this splendid soldiery is to this day a watchword in every martial camp of Europe. Let me take you for a moment with that glorious brigade far beyond the waves of the Atlantic, across the fair fields of France, over the Alps, into the plains of Lombardy, to the town of Tremous, besieged by the Austrians of the Prince Eugene of Savoy, one of the greatest generals that ever drew a sword. The French garrison, under Marshal Villeroi, was off guard and devoting itself to pleasure, and the two Irish regiments of Dillon and Burke, who had fought at Limerick, were on guard. Treason had admitted the Austrians into the city, and but twenty Irish soldiers held the main gate. The Austrian commanders called on the Irish to surrender but their reply was a volley, and at the sound the two regiments of Dillon and Burke sprang from their bivouac with only their shirts, muskets and cartridge belts, and unaided as they were, in the cold blast of a northern Italian winter, they faced those mailed squadrons, and drove Prince Eugene and his corps back to Lodi, in recognition of their bravery, raised the pay of those regiments to the footing of his guards, and recognized the citizenship of an Irishman the moment he touched the soil of France. The lecturer then proceeded to give a brilliant word painting of some of the more notable exploits of the Irish brigade and particularly of their great victory at Fontenoy, where they saved the French army from complete defeat as they scattered the English columns by their famous charge to the cry of: "Revenge Limerick!"

But in the meantime what was taking place at home? The very first act of the English Government was to violate the Treaty of Limerick. Irish Catholics were disfranchised; the father was taught to be untrue to his son; and the son was taught to betray his father; the wife was given her husband's property if she apostatized. The same price was placed on the head of a school master as a priest as on a wolf. For a hundred years

AN IRISH CATHOLIC WAS NOT PERMITTED TO BE EDUCATED. The man who dared to educate him was held to be a traitor. No Catholic could vote or sit in Parliament or practice medicine or law or hold a commission in the army. This lasted for a hundred years of English rule in Ireland, from 1692 to 1793. People might ask, what is the use of recalling these things? But if he recalled them, it was not out of enmity to those whom he had to meet on the battle field, but because of the slanders heaped upon us, the caricatures made of us, and the venom shown towards us by historians and publicists, even of this day, who sought to hide England's perfidy and ill-treatment by calumniating and blackening the Irish character. They taunted us with ignorance, when, as Wendell Phillips said: "When Irish ignorance in the past was spoken of, it was not Ireland that ought to blush for it, but England."

In 1780 Ireland had a leader in the illustrious Protestant, Henry Grattan. (Applause.) Grattan believed it was possible for an independent parliament of Ireland to exist side by side with an independent parliament of England. He believed in what he called "the golden link of the Crown." At that time the navigation laws of England forbade Ireland to export anything unless she first dumped her cargoes at an English custom house to be appraised. You could not send a pound of goods out of Ireland anywhere without first paying the Englishmen duty on it. It was pretty hard to do business on such a basis, and Grattan demanded that the shackles should be struck off Ireland's commerce.

The lecturer then gave a racy description of the Volunteer movement, and of the meeting of the delegates in the Presbyterian church of Dunganon and Tyrone, and the passage of the famous resolution declaring that the claim of any body of men other than the kings, lords and commons of Ireland to pass laws to bind the kingdom of Ireland, was illegal, unconstitutional, and a grievance.

GRATTAN AND HIS VOLUNTEERS demanded the liberty of Ireland and they got it. George the Third signed a CONCLUDED ON FIFTH PAGE.