

## LETTER FROM REV. FATHER TIERNAN.

Manorhamilton, Ireland, Oct. 8th, 1890

My dear Mr. Coffey—No doubt your readers of the Record will be anxious to hear a further report of my trip across the Atlantic, and how I fared on that long and perilous voyage. Well, I'll begin this communication by starting out with a description of our ten days' voyage from Kilmuckridge, where I mailed my last correspondence to you which I hope you have received and published.

After leaving Kilmuckridge we sailed down the Cliffrail at the rate of about 12 1/2 knots an hour, which speed we averaged all the way across the ocean. Two big waves came across our path as we sailed down the gulf. They were at least eighty feet in height. We reached the straits of Belle Isle on the morning of the 10th ult. On our way through the straits we came in sight of the coast of Ireland. In fact, in close proximity to two or three huge mountains that towered majestically on the surging waves, one of these was at least 200 feet in height. After passing through the straits we entered upon the wide and calm waters of the mighty ocean, and the first day on those turbid waters I became awfully sick and almost wished I were dead. But as sickness, like everything else in nature, has its day and then passes away, so I recovered from my sickness and for the following five or six days enjoyed myself immensely along with the other passengers on deck. My two companions on voyage, Father Summers and Captain Manley, were in constant attendance on me during my sea sickness and endeavored as far as sympathy and kindness can go to make it bearable. On the night of the 21st and the morning of the 22nd ult. we encountered a very severe storm. I often heard and often read of sea waves running mountain high, but to my sad experience I must confess that the truthfulness of this statement flashed most vividly before my eyes in all its genuine reality. Of course I became seasick again and for over twenty-four hours I about as mis-erably as mortal man could feel. During that time our ship was tossed up and down on the surging waves, like a chip on the running waters of a swift-running rivulet, although she is over 300 feet in length. On Friday morning, the 22nd ult., we came in sight of land. It was the northern coast of black Donegal. My first glimpses of dear old Ireland were rather gloomy. They were taken from the sick bed of my cabin berth, as the ship was tossed and tossed on the surging waves of the raging sea, by looking through the port hatch. We entered the Liverpool harbor on Saturday, the 23rd ult., about noon and landed on Terra Nova about half an hour later. Oh, how thankful I was to be once more walking on mother earth, and yet with all her dirtiness and stinkiness she appeared to me to be very shaky. I still felt as though I were on board ship and the side-walks seemed very rocky. However, after a few hours this feeling passed away, and I felt like myself again. We left Liverpool that evening about 11 o'clock and reached Holy Head on Sunday morning about 3 o'clock. We immediately took ship for Kilmuckridge, Ireland, and reached there about 6 o'clock that same morning. We repaired immediately to the Grand Marine Hotel, which is quite near the landing wharf in Kilmuckridge. I had to go to bed immediately, as the trip across the Irish sea made me very sick. The second day after our arrival we left the hotel, and took up lodgings with Mrs. Manley, the mother of my companion Captain Manley. She is a very kind, amiable and accomplished lady, and made us feel quite at home. We made her home our headquarters. The weather was so very wet and disagreeable for the first week after our arrival that I scarcely ever went out, even for a walk. On Sunday, the 25th ult., my companions and myself, together with Mr. Frank Manley, a brother of the captain, hired a jaunting car and drove out to Killiney Hill about four miles distant from Kilmuckridge. The scenery from the top of this beautiful hill is very grand and picturesque. On the North is to be seen the rolling billows of sweet Dublin Bay. To the East you can catch a glimpse of the quaint historic town of Bray, a great watering place in summer-time for the Dublin gentry and for tourists, and in the distance a little to the south of Bray you have a fine view of the Wicklow mountains and to the south of Killiney hill is the grand and majestic Killiney Castle. The two following days, the 27th and 28th, it rained nearly all the time so I did not venture out. On the 29th the Feast of St. Michael, I celebrated Mass in the parochial church at 8 a. m., and it being the patronal feast of the church a solemn High Mass was celebrated at 11 o'clock, which I attended. In the afternoon I with my companions and some friends went to Dublin, and from Dublin we took a jaunting car for "Artain College," a grand Industrial School for boys conducted by the Christian Brothers. In this institution there are over eight hundred pupils, the most of them being orphans. These boys are taught not only reading, writing and arithmetic, but also music. They have a fine brass band and also a grand orchestra; there are over fifty boys in each of these, and they play with a proficiency that would do credit to a city band or orchestra. They are also taught every trade that comes within the curriculum of the great labor organization. There are about five hundred acres of the college grounds, beautifully laid out in gardens, flower plots and walks. Brothers Peter Ryan and Alphonsus Nolan, the latter being over forty years a Christian Brother, escorted us through the different buildings and all through the grounds, and showed us everything in connection with the working of this grand institution. On Saturday I visited Phoenix Park and saw the place where poor Lord Cavendish met death at the hand of a cruel assassin. I also visited the Zoological Gardens which are enclosed in the park. There

you can see birds, fishes and animals of every species and description from all the countries of the earth. On Sunday I celebrated Mass at 8 a. m. in the parochial church. After breakfast Father Summers and myself took the train for Bray, where we spent four or five pleasant hours. In our peregrination in and around the quaint old town we happened to come to a big iron gate surmounted by a cross, that formed an entrance to a high walled demesne. I said to my companion, "This must be some Catholic institution. Let us go in and see." So we entered and after walking a few rods along a high hedged walk of hawthorn, we saw a magnificent building looming up in the distance. The building proved to be a convent of Loretto Nuns, where they conduct an academy for the education of young ladies. The academy is liberal and patronized.

On Monday and Tuesday, the 2nd and 3rd inst., we visited Dublin, and took in many of the places of interest in that grand historic and beautiful city. It was our great pleasure on Monday to call on Mr. C. D. Devlin, officer of the Canadian Government Emigration Agency. He invited upon myself and my companions during with him, which we most joyfully accepted to, and for two or three hours had a very pleasant time. His office is ever open to me whenever I visit Dublin. He is a most refined and polished gentleman. On Tuesday evening Father Summers and myself dined with Rev. Father Brannigan. He gave a dinner in our honor and had twelve or fifteen of the neighboring priests invited to dine with us. The dinner was such as an Irish priest alone knows how to give.

On Wednesday morning, the 4th inst., my two companions and myself took the train from Dublin, for Belfast. It took upward of three and a half hours to make the journey. The scenery all along the route is most picturesque and delightful. In fact all Ireland seems to me to be one vast garden laid out in plots, surrounded with beautiful hedges. Everything is as fresh and as green here now as they are with us in the months of May and June. Therefore to call Ireland the Green Isle is no misnomer. We got into Belfast about noon, and remained there the rest of the day and that night.

Belfast is a very enterprising and busy town. In my opinion it is the greatest city in Ireland, as far as commerce and manufactures are concerned. The ship building on the quays alone employs more than twelve thousand men, and the linen manufactures employ more men than any three cities in Ireland. The linen manufactured here is the best in the world.

On Thursday we left Belfast and took the train for Portlaoiney. When we reached this place my companions and myself parted; they went to Ulster where the captain has a sister, a professed nun of the Presentation Order, and I went on to Enniskillen, where I arrived about 7 p. m. I put up at the Royal Hotel, and after tea visited the church. I found the confessional surrounded by large crowds of penitents who were going to confession, in order to prepare themselves to receive Holy Communion the following morning, which was the 1st Friday of the month. The sweet and beautiful devotion in honor of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, is most devoutly and universally observed in Ireland. Not a parish I believe in the length and breadth of the land that there is not a branch of the League of the Sacred Heart established. On Friday morning I had the pleasure of seeing about two hundred of the Enniskillen dragoons marching through the town, headed by a magnificent life and drum, and brass bands. The sight recalled to my mind most vividly, the song of "The Enniskillen Dragoons." I left Enniskillen about 11 a. m. for Manorhamilton, and arrived in that quaint old town at 3 p. m. The reason of my visiting this historic place is that I often heard my dear good father speak of it, so I thought by stopping off here and remaining a day or two I might find some friend or blood relation with whom I could feel at home. I was driven to a hotel kept by a Mr. John McGuinness, a very fine Irish gentleman. After resting for an hour or so, I went to visit the parish priest of the place, the Very Rev. Dr. John Maguire, a fine type of an Irish gentleman and what is better a good, holy Irish priest. He is over six feet in height and although over eighty years of age is as straight as an arrow. I rang the bell, and the housekeeper responded. I handed in my card—but such formalities are not required in the country places of the parish priests of Ireland. So I went in and handed my card to the servant when the venerable presence of the Doctor himself appeared upon the scene. "Come in, dear Father," he said, "come in, I at once felt myself at home and followed the theologically gentleman and saintly priest into his parlor. Nothing would do but I should take tea with him. I then told him of the purpose of my visit to Manorhamilton and asked him if he knew of any person or persons in or around Manorhamilton, that bore my name or anything akin to it. He told me that the parish priest of the adjoining parish was a Father McTiernan and that our names were the same only for the prefix "Mac." I assured him I would soon overcome that difficulty by prefixing a "Mac" to my name also. The next morning I employed the services of the driver of a jaunting car and was driven out to the residence of Father McTiernan and arrived there after half an hour's ride from Manorhamilton. On my way thither, I passed through the fair grounds of Manorhamilton which are just in front of the ruins of the grand old Manor. This was the first fair I ever attended. I often heard and read of these fairs before, and was led to believe that they were nothing else but scenes of debauchery, drunkenness and rioting. What then was my pleasant surprise to see assembled at this fair hundreds of men and women from the surrounding districts for miles, clothed in their holiday attire, as sober as judges and as keen of making bargains and turning an honest penny as any of the dealers in the London

market on Saturdays. Drunkenness and fighting at fairs in Ireland, is a thing of the past, which I hope will never again be revived. Now, what is more, I have travelled through a good portion of Ireland already and I can say that I have not yet seen a person really drunk. But to return to my visit to Father McTiernan. I arrived at his beautiful residence about 10 a. m. on Saturday morning, and was very heartily welcomed. He said to me, "Dear Father, I am now about to begin the celebration of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass and as soon as it is over I'll have a talk with you." So I remained and assisted at Mass and said my office. After the thanks giving had been finished, he invited me into the dining-room, where we partook of a good cup of tea. I told him then of the purpose of my visit—I told him who I was, whence I came and what I expected.

Well, dear Father," he said to me, "What you are a blood relation to me or not makes no difference, you are heartily welcomed. You will have to remain with me to-day and to-morrow and then on Monday you may depart in peace for Sligo." I accepted his kind invitation and dismissed the carman that drove me out from Manorhamilton.

After partaking of a light luncheon he ordered his horse to be harnessed and we drove through the country, over hills and through valleys the beauties of which are not surpassed on earth. We came to one place—I forgot the name—where a stream of water running down a mountain gorge, is caught by the wind and driven back in beautiful froth and spray over the mountain again. We spent about four hours in our drive, drinking in all the beauties and grandeur that the bounteous hand of a benevolent Creator had lavished so generously upon this dear land of Erin.

On our return to the priest's residence, his niece, Mrs. Mary McTiernan, had a beautiful repast prepared for us, of which the good Father and myself did ample justice. Although Father McTiernan celebrated the fiftieth year of his ordination last May, he is still strong and vigorous and possesses almost the buoyancy of youth. After supper we began to talk at the bygone days of Ireland. He entertained me for upwards of two hours, relating events and incidents that happened during his own life time. Some of these were very sad, while others were most amusing. And his recollection of events goes back to the early days of the century. What is more, Father McTiernan is a man of no mediocre talent, but a man of ability, and therefore his sayings and his opinions have weight. He is the owner of a magnificent library replete with the most select and erudite works. He is not only a great theologian and profound philosopher and a great Biblical scholar, but he is at the same time a great linguist. He is at present a member of the Royal Irish Academy, an association established for the preservation of the Irish language, and he is also a member of other literary associations, whose titles take from the alphabet fifteen letters. Before retiring for the night we made arrangements for the Masses for the next day. I said Mass in his chapel and at 11 o'clock accompanied him to the parish chapel as they call it, where he celebrated Mass. I preached by invitation at this Mass. Oh, how lonely I felt! how home-sick I was, when looking down from the altar through the throng that filled the church I could not see one person whom I knew, one single face that I ever looked upon before. This loneliness and this strange feeling soon passed away, however, and before I was speaking five minutes I felt as much at home as though I were in St. Peter's pulpit, London. After Mass the good Father showed me a most remarkable monument, that he has already erected as his tomb-stone. It is of Irish granite and in the form of a beautiful Celtic cross. It is hemmed in by a beautiful curb stone, and on either side of the plot are two yew trees between which the good Father hopes his remains will be interred. We then returned home and after dinner, I told the good Father I wished to be alone for a couple of hours. "The whole afternoon is yours," he said. So I have utilized the sweet silent hours of this Sunday afternoon, Oct. 8, 1890, to pen these few lines to you. I hope the few things I have written may prove interesting to your readers. I will go to Sligo to-morrow and my next communication will start from that most romantic place.

Yours very sincerely,

M. J. Tiernan.

## RESOLUTIONS OF CONDOLENCE.

Branch No. 175, Kinkora, Ont., on the death of Bros. Timothy and John O'Flynn's mother.

Branch No. 67, Ayton, Ont., on the death of Bro. Andrew Farrell's son.

At the regular meeting of Branch 132, Halifax, N. S., held on 17th inst., the following resolution was unanimously adopted:

Whereas it has pleased Almighty God in His infinite wisdom to remove by death our worthy brother, Patrick W. O'Toole,

Resolved that, while humbly bowing to the Divine will, we, the officers and members of Branch 132, desire to express our sincere sorrow for the loss of so esteemed a member, and to convey to the widow and family of our deceased brother our heartfelt sympathy coupled with the prayer that the Supreme Comforter may support them in their sad affliction. Further

Resolved that a copy of this resolution be spread on the minutes of our branch and copies be sent to the widow and children and THE CANADIAN for publication.

At a regular meeting of Branch No. 276,

Tracadie, N. B., held Saturday, Oct. 21st, the following resolution was adopted:

Whereas it has pleased Almighty God to remove from our midst by death our esteemed and late fellow-member, Brother James A. Richaud, Recording Secretary.

Resolved that the earnest sympathy of the branch be tendered to the mother of our deceased brother in the great loss she has sustained, and that a copy of this resolution be sent to the mother of the deceased; also entered on the minutes of this meeting and published in THE CANADIAN, the official organ of our association.

At the last regular monthly meeting of Branch 37, Hamilton, Ont., the following resolutions of condolence were moved and unanimously carried:

That we, the members of Branch 37, desire to record with deep regret our heartfelt sorrow for the loss we have sustained by the death of our highly esteemed brother, Joseph Bylakewicz:

Resolved that we, the members of this branch, tender to the widow and family of our late brother Joseph Bylakewicz our sincere sympathy and condole with them in their great loss and pray that God in His great mercy will protect and comfort them.

Resolved that the charter be draped and that a copy of these resolutions be sent to Mrs. Bylakewicz, and also published in the Catholic Record and THE CANADIAN.

## BRANCH OFFICERS.

Branch 318, Shippegan, N. B.

Spiritual Adviser, Rev. M. J. O. Doucet.  
President, Francis M. J. Ozawa.  
First Vice President, André Chaisson.  
Second Vice President, Alphonse Gallant.  
Recording Secretary, Eutrope Desjardins.  
Financial Secretary, Theophile Gogneau.  
Treasurer, Clément Chaisson.  
Marshal, Adélard Savoie.  
Guard, Octave Chaisson.

Branch 319, Hesson, Ont.

Spiritual Adviser, Rev. J. J. Guinn.  
President, Thomas Hanley.  
First Vice President, Michael Hanley.  
Second Vice President, Michael Scott.  
Recording Secretary, Francis Jos. Keiffer.  
Financial Secretary, Michael Korman.  
Marshal, John Erler.  
Guard, Arthur McMenamin.

Branch 320, Richibucto Village, N. B.

Spiritual Adviser, Rev. Charles A. Hudon.  
President, Rev. Charles A. Hudon.  
First Vice President, Maxime F. Richard.  
Second Vice President, Patrice C. Richard.  
Recording Secretary, Placide R. Richard.  
Assistant Secretary, Joseph F. Richard.  
Financial Secretary, Pierre F. Richard.  
Treasurer, Rev. Charles A. Hudon.  
Marshal, Charles Thibodeau.  
Guard, Damien O. Richard.  
Trustees, Patrice C. Richard, Urbain F. Richard, Charles Thibodeau, Maxime F. Richard, Theophile LeBlanc.

Branch 321, Ste Scholastique, Que.

Spiritual Adviser, Rev. Romuald Hérou.  
President, J. A. Calixte Ethier.  
First Vice President, Siméon Lamarche.  
Second Vice President, Ulric Forget.  
Recording Secretary, Joseph Fortier.  
Assistant Secretary, Arthur Langlois.  
Financial Secretary, Joseph Fortier.  
Treasurer, Vincent Fortier.  
Marshal, Alexandre Drouin.  
Guard, Arthur Viau.  
Trustees, Alexandre Drouin, Arthur Langlois, J. L. Michaud, Joseph Girouard, Joseph Archambault.

## NEW BRANCHES.

Branch 322 was instituted on the 13th day of October, 1899 at Hanover, Ont., by Provincial Organizer Joseph Kidd.

The following is the list of officers:  
Spiritual Adviser, Rev. Jos. E. Wey.  
President, Henry Bruder.  
First Vice President, William Bahuert.  
Second Vice President, William H. Gross.  
Recording Secretary, Chas. Thiel.  
Assistant Secretary, Thos. J. Burns.  
Financial Secretary, Francis H. Hahn.  
Treasurer, Michael Wehenkel.  
Marshal, John Priester.  
Guard, Joseph Meesuer.  
Trustees, Louis Pfeffer, Joseph Rettinger, William Schildroth, Nicholas Deiss, Chas. Thiel.

Branch 323 was instituted on the 23rd day of October, 1899, at St. Basile, Madawaska Co., New Brunswick, by Provincial Organizer B. J. Johnson.

The following is the list of officers:  
Spiritual Adviser, Rev. L. N. Dugal.  
President, Rev. L. N. Dugal.  
First Vice President, Joseph Pelletier.