

ONE OF THE FIGHTING RACE.

Written for the True Witness.

BY JOHN DODD, MONTREAL.

"Midst the dim and strife of battle,
and the cannon's sullen roar,
Where the Stars and Stripes were waving
on the far off Cuban shore,
An Irish youth lay dying, who fell
bravely in the fray.
As victorious shouts went ringing,
around Santiago bay.

A good priest knelt beside him, and
he blessed the exile boy.
For soon his soul would wing its
flight, to that home beyond the
sky,
Through his mind came memories
rushing, and his thoughts did
fondly stray,
To his fond and dearest mother in
old Ireland far away.

"Father Kelly," spoke the soldier,
tell my comrade Jim O'Shea,
To come here and sit beside me, ere
my life blood ebbs away.
We were playmates in old Ireland,
and we both set sail from Cork,
O'er the wild and broad Atlantic,
for the city of New York.

O'Shea sat down beside him, took
Burke's true and faithful hand;
For in childhood days he held it, in
their own dear native land,
When they roamed o'er hills and val-
leys, or by lake and rippling
stream,
Where the song birds sung their mat-
ins in the sunlight's golden
gleam.

There they read of Erin's glory and
her gallant sons so brave,
Some at home were gently sleeping,
others far beyond the wave.
There they dreamt as exiles wander-
ing from their own dear
native shore,
Did they dream they'd leave forever,
a land one would see no more.

Then spoke the dying soldier, pressed
to his comrade's breast,
"My life is ebbing fast away from
care I soon will rest;
No more I'll see my native land, the
land that gave me birth,
Where my father's bones are resting,
in the fairest spot on earth.

Oh, I knew my days were numbered,
for last night I had a dream
And my mother stood beside me, Oh,
how sad it all did seem
And she called me her dear Bouchal,
while the tears ran down her
cheek;
Then she knelt and prayed beside me,
but, alas, I couldn't speak.

Then promise me dear comrade for I
know you'll see again,
The green old hills of Kerry, and
your birthplace Castlemain.
Break it gently to my mother, and
tell her how I died;
Say that I did not forget her and
that you were by my side.

And tell your sister Mary, that I loved
her as of yore,
No more I'll greet her winning smile
around her cottage door;
No more we'll stray to dear Mil-
town, or dance at old Puck
Fair;
No more more I'll kiss her virgin
brow, or stroke her jet black
hair.

The death damp gathered on his
brow, his life was ebbing fast;
"Oh, comrade dear," he faintly cried,
"my hour has come at last."
A peaceful smile illumined his face,
in prayer, his spirit fled,
An exile from old Ireland in Cuban
soil lay dead.

The moon shone brightly from above,
where the soldier's grave
was made,
And many a prayer went up that
night for the comrade there who
laid.

For in that lovely spot there rests in
shroud of Cuban clay,
A gallant son of the fighting race
of Kelly and Burke and Shea.

DR. EMMET'S

APPEAL FOR UNITY.

For long years we have scarcely
known a subject that has been more
debated than that of unity in Ire-
land, and certainly we know of none
that has been less practically studied
and applied. Every one seems anxious
for unity, while no individual ap-
pears ready to sacrifice one iota of
his own prejudices, or conceptions at
the shrine of unity. The nearest ap-
proach to a patriotic effort, by self-
effacement, to secure that boon for
the people, was Mr. Dillon's recent
action, in voluntarily stepping down
from the leadership of the Parlia-
mentary Party. In this connection
the "Weekly Freeman" of Dublin,
has published a letter from a Mr.
Alfred Webb, on the subject of Dr.
Emmet's appeal for unity. While much
of that letter is foreign to our pur-
pose, in reproducing it, still there
are a number of passages that may
be read with profit, even by Irish-
men in Canada. Mr. Webb writes
thus:—

"If any appeal should compel us
with deep seriousness to consider the
present position of the Irish National
cause it would be Dr. Emmet's letter.
Ireland has been glorifying the men-
ories of the men of 1798. That ap-
peal, emanating from the descendant
of one of the oldest of them, should
carry as much weight as a voice from
the grave. In truth it would be dif-
cult to exaggerate the importance of

the present juncture. But twenty
months remain of the century. It is
safe to say that their passing will
make clear for the generation now
living (certainly for persons of my
age) whether the struggle for the re-
versal of the infamy of the Act of Un-
ion is to be carried on, or whether
the first of January, 1901, will see
the accomplishment of its end, as the
1st of January, 1801, saw the incep-
tion of its purpose—a worse fate even
than that shadowed by Grattan as
possibly Ireland's "a century hence"—
we shall be still "beggars at the door
of Great Britain" without having the
decision of character to accept the
other contingency he suggested of
identification with England.

"In the full light from increased ed-
ucation and through the dissemination
of political knowledge the
paths stretch out before us. We have
studied the history of our country,
and know our misfortunes have arisen
from individuals and factions pre-
ferring their interests and inclinations
to the interests of the whole. We may
erect memorials to our patriots and
martyrs at every cross road; we may,
with bands and banners, deck such
with wreaths every anniversary; we

would still stand—more than the
population of most of the colonies
and of several independent States of
Europe. It is entirely in the power of
that majority to sustain and support
an efficient working majority in Par-
liament. In all domains of thought
other than political majorities in
Ireland show themselves able to as-
sert themselves.

"There has been ample time for
thought and action. The years are
passing with swiftness. A very short
time and the world must come to
one of two conclusions, either that
we do not care for Home Rule to the
extent of curbing our individual pas-
sions and interests for its accom-
plishment, or that we are not possess-
ed of sufficient political intelligence
for acquiring, and, consequently, for
the wise exercise of that blessing. To
buzz round without swarming does
not show capacity and is not likely
to attract help and sympathy. Per-
haps one like myself, with long and
vivid memories, and but a few years
before him, is more anxious for see-
ing work done than younger men. Dr.
Emmet's letter proves that I am not
alone in the fear that Ireland, after
seventy years of struggle and untold

grief. Not only is His Honor a model
host, but he has been a most popular
Governor, one of the best, in fact, the
Island ever had. Not only did he dis-
charge the duties of his position with
grace and dignity and to the com-
plete satisfaction of everybody, but
he knew the people, from whose ranks
he rose to the highest administrative
position in the province, and he was
not afraid to mingle with them, be-
coming thoroughly acquainted with
their conditions and requirements,
and he took a deep and practical in-
terest in everything tending to the
advancement and progress of the
province, and especially in the dairy-
ing and fruit growing. The people of
Prince Edward Island regret very
much that his term of office has
nearly expired, and they would be
immensely pleased to see him ap-
pointed for a second term. Lieut.-
Governor Howland has been a most
popular chief magistrate, and has
won for himself a most enviable
place in the esteem and respect of the
people of Prince Edward Island.

Do not hide your light under a bush-
el merely because it irritates a few
sour eyes.

to their respective homes in Canada
and the United States.

A church is about to be built for
the accommodation of the Irish Catho-
lics resident in the present parish of
St. Francis de Sales. It will be situa-
ted between Cantley and Gatheneau
Point, about eight miles from the
latter.

Rev. Father Lortie, of Buckingham,
was in Ottawa last week.

The Christian Brothers have pur-
chased the Latour property, adjoin-
ing the La Salle School, are making
extensive alterations in the former
suitable to a religious residence.

Mr. W. P. Egleson, nephew of the
late P. A. Egleson, delivered an inter-
esting lecture on "Hygiene" before
the Scientific Association of the Uni-
versity one evening last week.

The militia authorities have sanc-
tioned the formation of two compa-
nies from amongst the students of the
University, and their equipment will
soon follow.

The effects of the late Father Cham-

but "Mary," somehow or other, has
not received as much attention as her
writings justly deserve. It is very
strange and surprising how Irishmen
and Irishwomen especially, do not
know this sweet and simple poetess
better than they do. Her sacred
poems issued a few years ago, under
the title of "Voices from the Heart,"
is now out of print and only to be
got at select libraries. This is indeed
a circumstance very much to be re-
gretted, and rather indicative of
something that points to the indif-
ference to genuine poetry that has
been ascribed to the present age; but
I would fain believe that "Mary" has
somehow been simply overlooked,
and that Irishmen and Irishwomen
are not sufficiently aware of the beau-
ty and simplicity of her poetry.

Ellen Mary Downing was
born at Cork, on the 19th
March, 1828. Her parents
were very respectable, her father be-
ing at the time of her birth Resident
Medical Officer of the Cork Fever
Hospital, and her mother was a re-
markably well read woman, consider-
ing the age she lived in.

As a child, Mary was of a very tim-
id, sensitive, and shy disposition, but
always a warm favorite with her ear-
ly companions. As an instance of her
sensitive feelings, it is on record that
she refused when at school to learn
arithmetic because of the effect the
grating of the pencils on the slate
had on her nervous temperament.
Though of a very silent and nervous
disposition, yet, if her enthusiasm was
once aroused in any subject she could
express herself with great force and
directness.

The novelty and natural beauty and
charms of her country surroundings
had a most soothing and lasting ef-
fect upon her whole life. Consequently,
many of her poems are beautiful
paintings of early scenes and associa-
tions. "My own dear native river" is
perhaps her best and certainly, the
most popular of all her poems. Here
are a few examples, deserving of the
highest praise, especially for their
simple and natural style:—

THE OLD CASTLE.

There is an old castle hangs over the
sea—
'Tis living through ages, all wrecked
though it be,
There's a soul in the ruin that never
will die,
And the ivy clings round it as fondly
as I.
Oh! proud as the waves of that river
pass on,
Their tribute they bear to that castle
so lone,
And the sun lights its grey head with
beams from the sky.
For he loves the dear ruins as fondly
as I.

There is an old castle hangs over the
sea,
And ages of glory, yet, yet shall it
see,
And 'twill smile to the river, and
smile to the sky,
And smile to the free land when long
years go by,
And children will listen with raptur-
ous face,
To the names and the legends that
hallow the place,
When some minstrel of Erin in wand-
ering night,
Shall sing that dear Castle more
grandly than I.

And here is one composed by the
banks of the Blackwater:—

"Faint are the breezes and pure is
the tide,
Soft is the sunshine and you by my
side,
'Tis just such an evening to dream
of in sleep—
'Tis just such a joy to remember and
weep.
Never before since you called me your
own
Were you, I, and Nature so proudly
alone—
Cushlamachree,
'Tis blessed to be
All the long summer eve talking to
thee.

On the 10th of May, 1845, her first
contribution to the "Nation" ap-
peared. It was prefaced by the editor in
the following words:—"Another fair
correspondent sends us some sweet
thoughtful verses, which we cannot
refuse to publish, if only in honor of
her sex and her young vehement pa-
triotism." Let me quote one verse
from this poem:—

Then wake your hopes once more—
You more than ever need them—
And raise from shore to shore
The thrilling cry of freedom;
And be the past forgot.

We feel grateful to Mr. Woods for
having awakened a desire to revive
the sweet and noble poems of the
"Spirit of the Nation." We take the
hint, and from time to time we will
strive to stir up some of the slumber-
ing poetic memories that time has al-
lowed to sink into oblivion.

\$200 paid us in monthly instal-
ments of \$7 each will purchase from us
a warranted first-class modern
piano, pedals, handsome mahogany,
oak, or walnut case. Made and war-
ranted by first class American firm.
Howard is the name. Sold only by
the Lindsay - Nordheimer Co., 2366
St. Catherine Street.

Evil is a "negatio boni debiti," and
sloth is the most deadly of the capit-
al sins.

Third Annual
Concert and Social.

In Aid of the Equipment Fund

At the
Victoria Rifles Armory.

.. The .. Hibernian Knights, Friday, May 19th.

PRICES:

Admission to Concert,	-	-	-	25c.
Concert and Social,	-	-	-	50c.
Lady and Gentleman to Concert and Social,	-	-	-	75c.

JAMES W. REGAN

The Famous Irish Singer will
contribute a number of
Patriotic Songs.

Irish Music and Recitations.

Davis' Orchestra will be in attendance.

DANCING AFTER THE CONCERT.

HENRY McCAMLEY,	M. BERMINGHAM,	J. P. O'BRIEN,
Chairman.	Secretary.	Treasurer.

GOD SAVE IRELAND.

LEADING
LOCAL MUSICAL PERFORMERSWill also take part
in the programme.

NOTES FROM OTTAWA.

His Grace the Archbishop returned
from Quebec, on Thursday, whither
he went to attend an important meet-
ing of the Catholic Committee of the
Council of Public Instruction. It was
His Grace's intention to be present
at the installation of the Archbishop
of Toronto, but between times it was
announced that a meeting of the com-
mittee would take place. His Grace
endeavored to have the meeting post-
poned, but in view of the recent changes
in the Education Act, of the Pro-
vince of Quebec, several matters
needing immediate attention pre-
cluded the possibility of postpone-
ment.

A concert will be given by St. Jos-
eph's church choir towards the end
of the month.

Fifty boys from England passed
through the city last week for Mani-
toba. They were in charge of Rev.
Lord Archibald Douglas and Rev. Fa-
ther St. John.

Very Rev. Vicar-General Corbett, of
Cornwall, was entertained by the
children of the Separate Schools on
his birthday.

In St. Patrick's on Sunday, Rev.
Dr. McNally concluded his course of
sermons on the Lord's Prayer.

The second annual Sacred Concert
of St. Patrick's Church choir will be
held on Friday 28th inst.

About ninety Sisters of the Order
of Grey Nuns attended the annual re-
treat which took place here last
week. On its conclusion they return-

individual sacrifice, was never so
near as at present to again present-
ing the spectacle denounced by Byron
in his "Irish Avatar."

DOWN BY THE SEA.

From the "Prince Edward Island
Agriculturist" we take the following
report of the last annual dinner given
by Lieut.-Governor Howland to a
number of his friends and the mem-
bers of the Legislature at the Govern-
ment House.

"The guests congregated as usual in
the reception room, where a short
time was passed very pleasantly, in
a general conversation with the host
and hostess. After the hostess retired
dinner was announced, and those as-
sembled adjourned to the dining hall,
where they sat down to a bountifully
laden table.

After doing full justice to the
above choice spread, one toast, "The
Queen," was duly honored, and the
party then adjourned to the library,
where an hour or two was spent in
a most enjoyable manner. The affair
was of the most pleasant nature
throughout, and each and all enjoyed
it thoroughly. We know of no social
function that has always been looked
forward to with such keen anticipa-
tion, or so greatly enjoyed, as the
Governor's annual dinners, for his
honour is an ideal host, hospitable
kindly, jolly and witty, and his abili-
ty and taste in entertaining has been
excelled by no other occupant of the
gubernatorial chair. Mrs. Howland,
too, is a typical hostess, who has
always done her part to make the
Government House functions success-
ful and enjoyable to the utmost de-

may resuscitate our language—it
will all be but contemptible lip ser-
vice in the cause of Nationality so
long as we ourselves refuse to prac-
tice the lessons we profess to have
learned.

"The demand for Unity—as essen-
tial—is a weak cry—Unity is desir-
able—it is in no sense essential. In so
far as we are united we shall be
stronger for the contest; in so far as
we are disunited we shall be weak.
To admit unity as essential would be
in every age to make malcontents the
real rulers and the real arbiters of
the fortunes of nations. It is but in
poetry and romance are exhibited
spectacles of countries heroically in-
sulted for all but the shortest inter-
vals."

"What is essential is that the ma-
jority should pull itself together and
assert itself. The fate of Ireland does
not now depend upon the opinions or
whims of a dozen men or the inter-
ests of two or three newspapers. It
depends upon the real earnestness,
the real convictions of the majority
of the people of Ireland. History
should the cause languish, will not
lay the blame upon a dozen men or
a few newspapers—it is the majority
of the Irish people who will be con-
demned.

"Suppose at the worst we assign a
million of our people to the garrison
and a million to those who see Ire-
land's good in maintaining an eter-
nal vendetta concerning a memory or
glorifying in the principle of 'unity'
being a 'farce'—a million jealous of
individual pre-eminence (except that
of Englishmen over us)—whose test
idea of patriotism is to pull down
and pull to pieces.

"Over two millions of our people