

soon breaks — the poor mother dies of a broken heart. Overworked with unseemly, unwomanly toil, she yields to the destroying hand of death, and the child is left all alone in this world. All dependent as it is on those who are in their graves, it cannot help itself, lying there the most helpless of God's creatures upon whom the sun of heaven shines. And yet there is only one who can educate that child, there is only one who can develop its young powers unto Heaven and God—there is only one that can say to that infant "Arise and be a man," and that one is Jesus Christ; but where is the hand to take the helpless one and bear him to the light?—where is the kind heart that will enter into the designs of God?—that God of whom it is written, "He is the judge of widows and the father of orphans." Where is the faith in Jesus Christ that will stir up men's hearts and make them take the little child and bring it to the feet of Jesus? If the heart is not present, if the hand is not strong, if the faith and love are not there, then that existence is changed from a blessing it may be to a curse. What remains but to leave that child on the bed—the bed prefigured by the bed of palsy. That bed represents the body in which the soul lies imprisoned, the body with its gross and carnal inclinations, with the evil germ of sensuality, of selfishness, and even in the very blood that flows in its veins, that body cannot be purified unless by the action of the soul enlightened and animated by the knowledge and grace of God. Oh dearly beloved, who does the history of the world tell us, but of noble souls, souls with splendid faculties lying helpless on the bed of the flesh wallowing in its corruption, deformed and defiled by its sins, unable to shake off the trammels of its passions and evil inclinations. Everything that is evil, everything that is detestable, everything that is unholly and impure gathering and accumulating around him, and these precious souls lying there because it will not be moved, or move themselves into the presence of Jesus Christ.

**THE DUTY OF SOCIETY TO ORPHANS.**  
He who can say to the soul, "Arise, take up thy bed; arise, take it in your hands, go into that home, which is no other than the heaven I have built for thee." They alone who hear these words from the lips of Christ, they alone whose souls are strengthened by Divine grace, strengthened by Divine knowledge, built up by the Holy Catholic education they alone are able to conquer all that is in the flesh contrary to their salvation, but to prepare the body for its ultimate destination, to deserve the reward promised by our Lord to good and faithful servants. And now the orphan child lies there speechless. The gift of speech is not yet given it, and it is unable to bewail and speak of its own great necessity. Helpless he is, for even age has not given power to those young limbs; he is helpless, for those who kept a house for him are gone, alas, into the house of their eternity; he is starving, for the hand that would feed him lies motionless in the grave; he is naked, for those who would clothe him have gone from him forever, and he must receive all that is necessary for his young body and for his soul from Jesus Christ and from Him alone. From Him alone. Physicians might touch the man sick of the palsy; they might, perhaps, by their human agency, brighten the sight of those dim eyes and give a little artificial and temporary motion to that faint heart. They might, perhaps, by strong human appliances, move him somewhat, and give him some faint sense of life and motion; but where is the man who would say, "Arise in thy strength, take up thy pallet, and go into thy house?" There are those who are only too willing, perhaps, to give to those orphan boys food and clothing and house—those who are only too willing to give the light of human knowledge and education to those young minds, who in their charity—for I would even call it charity—are only too ready to give those children all that would be for this world; but where is the salvation of their faith, where is the strength of sacramental grace and holiness of Catholic unity and morality? They have it not—indeed, don't profess to have it; they make it their glory that they are opposed to the Catholic religion, its dogmas and practices, and thus they never can say, "Arise, be a man; be a true man, a true Christian."

IN THE CATHOLIC ORPHANAGE THE CHILD FINDS A TRUE HOME.  
But that which others cannot do, you, my brethren, can do; your hands can take these innocent and helpless children, and in the strength of your faith and confidence in Jesus Christ, in the strength of your love for the fatherless, you can take them and bear them into the orphanage, and in the Catholic orphanage the child is laid at the feet of the Lord. In the Catholic orphanage not only is the body provided with food and clothing, and all that is requisite for it, with a father's tender care and a mother's love, but, above all, in the Catholic orphanage, the child is taught of God; the teaching that is there administered is impregnated with Catholic doctrine and sacramental grace. The hearts of the young are guarded against the slippery time when the revelation of the world's evil shall come upon them. The heart is filled with love for the Holy Child of Nazareth, that love may anticipate all the impure love and temptations that may come upon them through the evidences of the senses. They are reared as tenderly, as carefully, as the hearts in the grave and the hands that are dead could have reared them. They may say, indeed, "Father and mother have left me, but the Lord my God has taken the place of my father and mother." They are trained, besides, to some useful handicraft, so that they may be independent; by placing them in the orphanage you save them from the pauper class, and you save them from the criminal class, you will never have to keep them or support them either in the work-house or in prison; they are reared up in the ways of righteousness and godliness. This is the child, and there are two necessary to perform this great work—the Lord Jesus Christ, who is waiting for these children to come to Him, who is anxious they should come, who wishes it in the yearnings of His loving heart. "Oh, suffer them." He says, "to come to Me, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven, and I will rear them up worthy of the kingdom." The Lord Jesus Christ on the one side ready and willing to have the children brought to Him, and doing it every day for this orphanage for these fifty little children—the Lord God, out of the fulness of His love, making up for all and for more than all that death deprived them of, the Son of God stands at the door of the orphanage, with a heart of flame, only waiting that there may be brought to Him those little ones, that He may raise them up and make them glorious types of Christian humanity.  
But there is another agency, and it is for that other agency that I speak to you, Oh, my brethren, I appeal not to my Lord in heaven, because I know His heart. I need not ask Him to be merciful—mercy pours out from Him—it is the essence of His divine nature—mercy flows from Him. I need not beseech Him to do His part, but I have to

beseech you. Of what avail would it be if Jesus Christ were there willing and able to heal the palsied man—of what avail would that presence be but for the faithful hearts, the kind hands, that lifted him up and brought him to the feet of his Saviour? Oh, those men were blessed. Oh, it is a high and glorious privilege, that which they exercised—namely, they put it in the power of God to show His mercy—the highest honor that can be conferred on man is to be made the helper of Jesus Christ in some great work of mercy, to be associated by the eternal God made man, to be made, as it were, the right hand of that Omnipotence which shows itself most in that great work of mercy.

**THE REWARD OF BEFREINDING THE ORPHAN.**  
And so I would tell to these children that the Lord their God with loving heart is waiting in that orphanage for them. I would, through you, tell to the poor, forsaken orphan child here or there, in this great city; that the Lord his God is waiting for him in that orphanage, and unless you, my brethren, do your part; unless you rise to the magnificence, to the dignity and the glory of that which the Son of God suffers you to do; He says, "Bring them in, you men of faith, bring them in if there be a scintilla of charity in your hearts—suffer them to come unto me, who alone can make them worthy to inhabit the Kingdom of Heaven. Will you, then, fold your arms and stand aside? Will you be apathetic in your action? Will you with unfaithful minds—distrusting the power of the mercy of Jesus Christ—will you with hearts cold and hard fold your arms and say—'Let the orphan perish, and will you hesitate to bring that little one into the presence of his Saviour? Oh, no, my brethren, rich or poor, gentle or simple, you will not, I know, leave this church to-day without leaving something in order that these orphans may be brought in and laid at the feet of Jesus Christ. I warn you, stand not aside with folded arms and clenched hands. I warn you that on the great day of judgment, when we must all render an account of the works we have done, the virtue He will look for in every soul predestined for His glory in the attribute of mercy—the attribute of an mercy, which is all the more God-like—the more comprehensive—it is the attribute which indeed includes all the other attributes. To the man who feeds the hungry He will say, taking the act as one to himself—"I was hungry, and you gave me to eat." To Him who clothes the naked He will say: "I was naked and you clothed me." And to him who gives a shelter to the helpless one He will say—"I was a stranger and you took me in." Oh, my brethren, the mercy which crowns all this is the mercy which gives to the soul—the spiritual and eternal soul—the seat of almighty God—the clothing of Catholic education—the housing of Divine grace—if God finds this attribute upon you, it will indeed cover a multitude of sins; and you who give, as best you can, to aid this noble orphanage, you will find that your gifts will go before you in the glory of the Lord, and you will receive eternal reward for the charity you have extended to those little ones such as those for whom I this day plead.

**THE GAELIC LANGUAGE.**

**Lecture by O'Neil Russell—Language, Literature and Music of Ireland—How the Language is Dying—Hopes of its Revival.**

Mr. Thos. O'Neil Russell, the eminent Gaelic scholar and lecturer, appeared in the Mechanics' Hall Thursday night, under the auspices of the Young Irishmen's Literary and Benefit Association, to give his views of the language, the literature and the music of Ireland, in connection with her nationality. We regret to state that the audience was not as large as it should have been, or as it would have been if itinerant exhibitors of Irish scenery, clog-dancers and Irish comic songsters came along; but, as the gentleman himself remarked, if he comes to Montreal again in three months, the hall will be most likely crowded, for the fame of the lecturer will by that time have established itself on this as well as on the other side of the Atlantic.  
On the platform were Messrs. Edward Murphy, P. J. Coyne, President of St. Patrick's Society; William Wilson, President of St. Patrick's National Society; P. J. Brennan, President of the Y. I. L. & B. Benefit Association; Richard Thomas, President of the Irish Protestant Benevolent Society; Mr. Logie, representing St. Andrew's Society; John Power, Irish Catholic Benevolent Society; Samuel Cross, St. Patrick's Temperance Society; A. Purcell, St. Patrick's Benevolent Society; A. Finn, McMahon Guards; Thomas Fox, Catholic Young Men's Society; W. J. Kelly, St. Bridget's Temperance Society; and J. D. Quinn, St. Ann's Temperance Society.  
The Shamrock Band entered the hall a little after 8 o'clock, playing a national air, and ten or fifteen minutes after the chairman, Mr. P. J. Brennan, made a very appropriate and eloquent speech preparatory to introducing the lecturer. He said that every one would admit the absolute necessity there existed for the revival of the Irish language if Irishmen would, in a measure, resuscitate the glories of their country, and he could guarantee at least the support of the Young Irishmen's Literary and Benefit Society if such an organization as that established in Hamilton were started in Montreal. (Applause.) He referred to the prejudices and animosities which unfortunately rankled in the breasts of Irishmen of different religions in Canada which had been imported from the other side of the Atlantic, and thought that if a knowledge of their common language would, nothing else, help to foster a better spirit between them it would have accomplished a great result—(cheers)—and he trusted some one would take in hand the formation of such a society, of a strictly non-sectarian character. (Applause.) He would now introduce the speaker of the evening and in so doing would have no occasion to refer to the well-known and eminent qualities he possessed for acquitting himself of his task.  
When the lecturer came forward he was received with long and protracted cheering. Mr. Russell is a splendid specimen of man in so far as physique is concerned, and so far as intellectual attributes are concerned, he speaks for himself. Notwithstanding his assertion that he had, perhaps, more Saxon than Celtic blood in his veins, he looked more like a Southern Gael, having the aggressive and handsome features of that branch of the Milesian family in full perfection. In speaking he is forcible and familiar rather than declamatory, and he possesses the rich Leinster accent to perfection. We regret, that our space will not allow us to give more than the *ipsums verba* of one of the most interesting lectures ever delivered in Montreal. He said: "It was now about two years since that a society was started in Dublin for the preservation of the Irish language, or rather the Gaelic, for the Scotch had as much claim on it as his own countrymen, and his audience would be kind enough during the lecture, when he, by mistake, used the former word, to substitute the latter themselves." At that time a young man named Cunningham came

to him and asked his co-operation in starting such a society, but he (the lecturer), seeing the formidable nature of the task, at first declined, but consented provided it was of a non-sectarian nature. Their first efforts were not successful, but they persevered, and with the aid of Father Nolan, whom they elected President, they progressed until they were fairly established, and subscriptions began to come in, at first slowly, but more rapidly as their effects were felt, until at length, to their amazement, a genuine Englishman sent them a cheque for twenty pounds. Their next great step was to make their language popular, in order to make it pay, and with this view they, with the aid of nine-tenths of the Catholic hierarchy and nearly half the Protestants, obtained the privilege from the School Commissioners of having the Irish language taught in the National Schools, and not only that, but of procuring a premium for the teacher for every pupil that passed a successful examination (cheers). There were, in fact, to-day, 100,000 children learning the Irish language in the schools, and the number was constantly increasing (loud cheers). After what had been accomplished therefrom he would say that if the Irish language did not take root among the Irish people, they, and they alone were to blame, for the British Government had given them every opportunity to study the language of their fathers. He had no hesitation in saying that in the fifteenth century the Gaelic was the most complete, most polished, and the most elegant language in Europe; it was polished and perfect when the English was a barbarous dialect, the French not much better, and the Italian much the same way. Three hundred years ago, when an Irish Parliament assembled in Dublin, the only person present who could speak English was the Earl of Ormond, and he had to interpret for the rest. But the seventeenth century came with its religious jars and wars, the seventeenth with its civil broils, the eighteenth with its brutal penal code, and the Irish language fell away. The aristocracy, the old nobility and gentry were either exiled or slain; and these were the classes, and only these, who could preserve and perpetuate a polished language. Next came the desperate struggle of ninety-eight, and then the fight for emancipation and religious equality during which times and struggles it was impossible to revive the Irish language. Now was the time, in fact now was the fitting time, to make the effort, and if in twenty years hence progress had not been made, then would the Irish people be to blame, and they, and not the organizers of the present movement, would lie under eternal and deserved disgrace, for they would have shown to the world that a people that flings away the language of their glorious ancestry were unfit for freedom and national autonomy. (Loud cheers.) The lecturer next touched upon the Welsh language, and praised that people for their perseverance in resuscitating and preserving their language; and then gave a graphic description of what he termed the Highland Gaelic fraud, whereby a few designing aristocratic Scotch politicians corrupted the Gaelic through sinister motives and in order to prevent the *entente cordiale* which should exist between men of the same race as the Highland Scotch and Irish, speaking as they did exactly the same tongue, for while Irish and Gaelic are, on account of the fraud, written differently to-day, the oral tongue is absolutely the same; the man from Donegal and the man from Rossire speaking one and the same language, and almost with the same accent. The eloquent lecturer next dwelt upon the incalculable services the annals of the Four Masters had rendered to Irish literature, and said that if the compilation had been deferred thirty years longer, Gaelic literature would have suffered the irreparable loss of non-existence for Fergal O'Gara, in the troubles that ensued, would most likely meet the fate of his brethren and be exiled to the continent. Immortal honor, therefore, to the friars who preserved the annals and wrote them. It was a great mistake to suppose the Gaelic tongue was difficult of attainment. He knew more languages than English and Irish, and he would satisfy say that Irish could be learned in half the time it took to master either French or German, for it was a language that was perfectly regular in its orthography; there were only eleven irregular verbs in its grammar, and its syntax was perfectly uniform. It was as easy a language to learn as any with which he was acquainted. The lecturer next paid a graceful and eloquent tribute to the great Irish scholar, John O'Donovan, over whose grave no monument was erected to mark the gratitude of a people—not even a stone. He also made honorable mention of the services to Celtic literature rendered by Eugene O'Curry, two scholars (said Mr. Russell), whose honesty was such that they would haggle for a whole week sooner than translate one word in a wrong or ambiguous sense—a rare kind of honesty among historians. In regard to Irish manuscripts, they were in every library in Europe; they were scattered in thousands and tens of thousands through the universities of Padua, Milan, Louvaine, Turin, Paris and Madrid, and he, for his part, believed the Celtic had more original literature than any other language in Europe.

**IRISH MUSIC.**  
Irish music, beautiful beyond power of expression as it is, has shared the same misfortune and neglect that has been the common lot of everything emanating from our unfortunate country. It is the most wondrous national music in the world. Ireland is in fact the only country that has a vocal national music; by national music I mean airs so old they cannot be traced to any author, and so old that they have lost all personality of origin and are as much part and parcel of the country as its physical features. Such are the national airs of Ireland; they are almost as old as its hills; they have outlived their authors perhaps a dozen centuries, and may be regarded as the nation's voice, or better, perhaps, the utterance of the nation's soul, in their hoary antiquity, as well as their content in bold relief amidst the music of the world, and have been acknowledged by the highest authority to be the noblest as well as the sweetest strains ever uttered since men's hopes, desires or emotions first found vent in melody or song. Our music has shared the misfortune of our language and literature, because it was also the utterance of a conquered and politically powerless people. It is a common belief that beauty as well as genius is immortal. I wish I could think so, but stern facts teach us that everything of earth or earthly must surely die if not fostered and cherished. But the beautiful has more vitality in it than the hideous; it is for that reason that our melodies have lived so long amid misfortune and woe. Had they not been allowed with supernatural beauty as well as vitality they should long ago have perished. By the power of their beauty they have defied death; but whether they will live as long as their beauty entitles them to live, will depend on the patriotism and soul of the Irish race. They may be admired abroad, but if they are not loved at home

they must perish at last; their existence is, in a great measure, bound up with the language that gave them birth. Those who praise our Irish airs may be sure to be laughed at by a certain class of *so-disant* lovers of music. These despise our airs; their ears have become so accustomed to the *sawing* of German bands, and the outrageous noises called "modern scientific compositions," that a simple Irish or Scotch air has no more charms for them than a glass of pure water would have for a habitual drunkard. Don't speak of the extravagance of my praise of Gaelic music until you hear the opinions of some great men about it, in whose breast there was not, and is not, one drop of Irish blood. Haydn, the great German composer, said, before a crowded house in Dublin, that there was more music in *Aileen Araon* than in all he had ever composed. Black, a living English novelist, has said, in one of his works, that it was a marvel to him how any man could compose the *Coolin and Live!* Never, perhaps, has such extraordinary praise been given to any human composition. It appears at first sight as if the writer were mad; but by degrees its terrific sublimity breaks on us. It means that the composer of the *Coolin* poured out so much of his soul into that wondrous song,—threw into it so much of all that was holy and sympathetic in himself,—robbed himself of so much of himself, that he could only die. About twenty years ago the opera of "Martha" was brought out for the first time in Berlin. The composer stole the "Last Rose of Summer," and set it like a gem in the midst of his own patch work. The staid German audience went nearly mad with delight. Titians had to sing it while she could stand, and when sheer exhaustion compelled her to stop, Flotow, the composer, was called out, and got such an ovation as he never got before or since, and all about an Irish air that Irish maidens had been singing on Irish hills for perhaps a thousand years. This is perfectly true. I remember well reading the comments of the London papers at the time, and their surprise at a German audience being so carried away by a simple Irish air. Now, I would ask, what does this prove? Does it not prove that if the unbiased ideas of men could always find an utterance, many of our idols would be cast down and broken, and many glorious things now hidden in dust and ashes, would be elevated on lofty pedestals before which men would bow down and do willing worship. If that German audience had known that the song that set them crazy with joy, was an old song, the utterance of sorrow-stricken people, they would not have been so fervent in their laudation. It is this worship of whatever is fashionable, this everlasting following of some bell-wether without knowing or caring where the bell-wether is going, that makes the patriot and the reformer sigh over the hopeless task of fighting against fashion. Everything, music, poetry, politics, and even religion itself, must bear some trade-mark before men will accept it as fit for their admiration or their love. This is why Irish music, like the Irish language and literature, is not known or appreciated; this is why Patrick's Prayer is even to-day almost unknown, and this is why we live in an age of musical discord and German bands, and why the holy and beautiful in music is allowed to languish and die. You will say: Have we not the great scientific composers? You have, and for my part I wish you joy with them and their science. Let it be understood that I regard the phrase "Scientific Music" as a simple absurdity—a phrase invented by charlatans and believed in by fools. There can be no possibility of such a thing as scientific music; there may be scientific noise, and, unfortunately, there is a great deal too much of it. Once you attempt to reduce music to a science, you kill it as surely as the Chinaman and Brahmin kill religion when they pray by machinery. Music is purely and entirely *sensuous*. It is a sort of language, but one that can express only emotions without thought. It is intelligible to all men; its beauty is as the beauty of the flower, of the firmament, or of the sun—intelligible to all because it appeals not to their understandings but to their senses. The modern attempt to reduce music to a science has been followed by most disastrous effects, not only for music but for humanity. It has multiplied performers without having multiplied musicians; it has given an angularity and a chilling coldness to music; it has, in a word, bereft it of its soul, and will, in the long run, kill it as surely as the praying machine of the Brahmin has killed his religion.

How is it that almost all that is beautiful in music was originated either before men attempted to write it, or by those who, if knowing how to write it, composed without writing, and drew their inspiration from the tempest or the passion within their own souls. Our Irish melodies stand out in pre-eminent beauty, yet the man who first uttered them never heard of such a thing as scientific music. It was the shock of the revolution that inspired the *Bouquet de Lille*, when he composed the "Marsillaise," whose wild strains coursed like red lightning through Frenchmen's veins. Had he sat down prosaically and unimpassionately to compose it, with lines and angles and scientific mummeries, the world would be without the finest national airs in existence, and France hardly would have triumphed over the "Cimmerian Europe" that was pouring in upon her from all points of the compass, for the "Marsillaise" made even peaceable men fight, and was worth more to France in her hour of agony than legions of soldiers. The fact is, that Irish music is too good for us as we are to-day. We see incapable of appreciating it as we should. We are not as good as our forefathers, for if we were we would now and again originate something as beautiful as they did, and we would love better what has been left to us of our purely national music. Go to a fashionable party in Ireland, and how many Irish airs you hear played or sung? Very few. Very soon Irish music will be better known and loved outside of Ireland than in it. Better, perhaps, that for the present it should only be heard at reunions of serious Irishmen who can properly appreciate it. Our music seems really too high and too good for most of the present generation. Let us hope that posterity will appreciate it better. Just in proportion as Irishmen become truly national, just in proportion will the love of their music grow in their hearts and make them purer and better. There is a class of my countrymen who are terribly earnestly practical—men who, without any defined patriotic idea, are yet, in heart, true Irishmen; who do nothing for Ireland because they do not see how they can do anything; men of common sense, who have heretofore stood aloof from all the ill-defined and impracticable attempts to free or elevate their race and nation. I want, above all things, to enlist this class of men in the cause of Ireland's literature, language and music—to try and show them a way in which they can do more for their country than can be present, at least, be achieved by any other means. It isn't a shout, a scream, a hullabaloo, or a flash in the pan. It is to lend their aid in making their countrymen serious, sober and patriotic in the true sense of the words. This can be done in no other

way so well as by encouraging them to study their country's language, literature and music. By doing so you make them patriotic, and you make them wise. It has been the curse of all recent efforts for the welfare of Ireland that a large portion of the respectability of the nation has stood aloof, and even gone so far as to take sides with the oppressor and the stranger. Why this unnatural action? why this contempt for kith and kin? The reason is obvious. There has heretofore been nothing but inconsistency in Irish national movements. Imagine the absurdity of a people battling for nationhood and ignoring completely their nation's language, talking about the glories of the past and at the same time cutting themselves completely off from the path, and cutting the ground from under their own feet also. What wonder is it that the patriot sometimes feels like bowing his head in despair and saying that there is no hope for Ireland!

Your English masters know what's bad for you better than yourselves. Their first blows were aimed at your bards. Read Spencer, Hollingshead, and Stonhurst, and know how they hated the "rhymers," as they called them, and how they insisted on their extermination as absolutely necessary for the subjugation of Ireland. As soon as they were destroyed, Ireland was conquered. O'Carolan was the last of them. At his death the spirit of love and liberty and of sentiment spread her wings, and made a long farewell to unhappy Ireland!

I would beseech you, by all you hold dear on earth, to band together to save your language and your music from death and oblivion. You can do this, and at the same time follow other courses that may tend to your country's welfare. Bear in mind that the true spirit of nationality is essentially sentimental. If you desire to be free and honored you must put such things as money and "shop" out of your heads. You must love Ireland for Ireland's sake alone. You must love her and her belongings without stopping to think what profit will accrue to you. You all love your mothers. Is it for their wealth or beauty you love them? Assuredly not. They may be bowed down with age and sorrow, yet you love them all the dearer the deeper their brows are furrowed with pain and suffering. After such a manner must you love Ireland. She cries to you from the depths of her broken heart, a heart seared and broken as much by the folly of her children as the brutality of her foes. You have the sweetest and most soulful music on earth, and why do you not love it better? It ravishes the stranger's ears, and shall it be said that they have loved it better than you? Read it for an accident that gave you a poet—a poet whom you understand not even yet—who rescued from death some of your boldest strains, and re-clothed them in garments of such consummate beauty that men may well wonder if they can ever die; had it not been for the genius of Moore, the harp of Ireland would to-day be stringless and broken, and the mightiest power for working out your country's salvation would have been lost to you perhaps for ever. But there is hope for Ireland as long as her children love her language and her music, and revere the memory of Moore.

The lecturer said that the first book ever printed in the Gaelic language was Carswell's translation of John Knox's Liturgy. This book was printed in Edinburgh in 1569. It and Kenting's History of Ireland, written about forty years after, are considered the two standards of correct Gaelic orthography and grammar, and the language of both is exactly similar. There is a very curious thing in connection with Carswell's book, and that is, it shows plainly the real family name of the Argyles. It may be that the new Governor of the Dominion does not know his real patronymic, and the lecturer said he would show that he was undoubtedly one of the "O's" and not one of the "Mc's." Bishop Carswell dedicates his book to *Gillesburgh ua Dubhain*, Duke of Argyle. The prefix *ua* and *o* are exactly of the same meaning, and the Anglicised form of the name, O'Dunn, is still quite common in Ireland. This curious book has been re-printed by Edmundson & Co., Edinburgh. It is a complete refutation not only of Macpherson's Ossian, but of the Scotch Gaelic language as now printed. Any Highlander would be ashamed to read the present jargon called Scotch Gaelic, when such a book as Carswell's is in existence to prove the artificial falsification of his language. As late as the year 1738, the written Gaelic of the Scotch and Irish was exactly the same. There is a hymn book in the Irish Academy, Dublin, printed by one James Duncan for the Protestant Synod of Argyle, and it, too, is exactly the same as Irish Gaelic.

Mr. Russell concluded his truly interesting and brilliant lecture by reciting Clarence Mangnan's translation of St. Patrick's Prayer at Tara, a production which he claimed superior to anything even in the Bible except the sublime sermon on the Mount. At the conclusion Mr. Russell sat down amid loud and prolonged cheering, again and again repeated.

A vote of thanks was then moved by Mr. Edward Murphy, seconded by Mr. L. Thomas, (I. P. B. Society), to the lecturer, both gentlemen paying him a deserved tribute on his effort, and Mr. Thomas remarking that he did not find one word to quarrel about from beginning to end, and that he would be glad if a non-sectarian Society of the description now mentioned were established which would serve to unite Irish Catholics and Protestants and by so doing bring about that fraternal feeling which a difference of religion should not be allowed to destroy. This sentiment of Mr. Thomas was received with enthusiastic applause.

In conclusion, we may add that the Young Irishmen's Literary and Benefit Society, which has brought Mr. O'Neil Russell here, and which has brought other distinguished lecturers here, regardless of profit and loss, deserves well of the Irishmen not only of Montreal but of the world over for its patriotism, its enterprise and its public spirit.

**OBITUARY.**

We regret having to announce the death of Mr. John O'Connor, Receiving Teller in the City Hall Treasury Department, which melancholy event took place on the 13th inst. at his father's residence, No. 70 St. Elizabeth st. Deceased was in the Corporation service nineteen years, and was about forty-five years of age. He was courteous, civil and obliging to all comers and inquirers, and his *confreres* testify to the fact that he was never heard to utter one harsh word to anybody. Mr. O'Connor was a man of more than ordinary ability and intelligence, and could do a good deal of work in a short time in a quiet way. Mr. Black, the City Treasurer, says that he knew a good deal about city matters, and often gave such information as saved considerable trouble and searching. He had been affected with asthma and general disease of the lungs during the past few years, and although he attended his duties the day before yesterday he surprised no one to hear of his death this morning.—*May he rest in peace.*

The telegraph line to Baltimore was working on Friday, after three weeks' interval.

**THE HALIFAX FISHERY AWARD.**

LORD SALISBURY'S REPLY TO SECRETARY EVARTS.  
WASHINGTON, D.C., November 17.—Lord Salisbury's reply to the despatch of Secretary Everts concerning the Halifax fishery award recalls the circumstances which led to the organization of the Halifax Commissioners, and asserts that the matter was carefully and thoroughly investigated by the Commissioners. Lord Salisbury then says:—Mr. Everts seeks to invalidate the award which is the result of this exhaustive investigation, on the ground that in estimating the claims of Great Britain the Commissioners must be assumed to have taken into consideration circumstances which the Treaty of Washington had not referred to them. There is nothing on the face of the award which gives any countenance to the supposition that the Commissioners travelled beyond the limits assigned to them by the treaty. Mr. Everts' argument in favor of this contention is entirely deduced from what he considers to be the magnitude of the sum awarded. It is, he contends, so far in excess of what the United States Government believe to be the true solution of the problem submitted by the treaty that some factor which the treaty has not recognized was necessarily, in his opinion, to have been imported in the calculation. Mr. Everts proceeds to give in detail the considerations by which, in his judgment, the result arrived at should be reached. He gives his reasons for believing mackerel is the only fish to whose capture in waters opened by Great Britain any value should be assigned, and that no account is to be taken of herring, halibut, cod, hake, pollock or bait fish; he computes the number of mackerel which United States fishermen caught within the three-mile line from shore during the years of the treaty which have expired, and infers from it the number which they are likely to catch within the same area during the interval that remains, and concludes this branch of his argument by estimating, on various hypotheses, the profit which a United States fisherman is likely to have made from mackerel, which he has probably caught on the other side. He estimated at a very high value the profit which British fishermen have derived from the opening of the markets of the United States, and concluded that the sum fixed by the award is so much larger than these considerations named have justified, that the United States Government can only explain its magnitude on the assumption that the Commission has mistaken the question that was referred to it. That Mr. Everts' reasoning is powerful it is not necessary for me to say, nor, on the other hand, will he be surprised to hear Her Majesty's Government still retain the belief that it is capable of refutation; but in their opinion they would not be justified in following him into the details of his argument. These very matters were examined at great length and with conscientious minuteness by the commissioners whose award is under discussion. The decision of the majority was given, after a full hearing of all the considerations either side was able to advance, and that decision, within the limits of the matter submitted to them, is under the treaty, without appeal. The argument of Mr. Everts amounts to one view of their award on the question of fact and pecuniary computation referred to them. At the same time he contends that the sum awarded is excessive, and that therefore the award must have been arrived at by some illegitimate process; but to argue against the validity of the award solely on the ground that the conclusion arrived at by the arbitrators on the very point referred to them, is erroneous, is, in effect, the same thing as to dispute the judgment which they have formed on the evidence. Her Majesty's Government do not feel it is their duty to put forward any opinion adverse or unfavorable to the decision which the majority of the Commission have passed upon the affidavits and depositions which they have had to consider. Her Majesty's Government could not do so without undertaking the same laborious investigation as that which was performed by the Commissioners—a task for which the interval left between October 10th, the day on which Mr. Everts' despatch was delivered to me, and November 23rd, the day on which payment awarded is to be made, would certainly not suffice, but they are precluded from passing in review the judgment of the Commission by a far more serious disqualification—they can be no judges of Appeal in this cause, because they have been litigants; as litigants, they have expressed a view on the facts which they have felt bound in that capacity to maintain. Their computations have been totally different in method and result from those which the American Consul sustained, and which, in part, Mr. Everts reiterates in his despatch. The interpretation which they have given to the data laid before the tribunal has been in complete antagonism to his. They have been of opinion, and have insisted with all the force of argument that their agents could command, that \$15,000,000 was the legitimate compensation which, under the treaty, was then due. The majority of the commissioners decided to reduce that claim nearly by two-thirds. Having formally engaged to submit the matter to their arbitration, they do not think it open to them to examine how it was the commission came to form an opinion of their claims so widely different from their own. Still less can they admit either side is entitled to treat the difference as a ground for assuming that the arbitrators have imported into their judgment the consideration which treaty did not authorize them to entertain. Her Majesty's Government can only accept now, as on similar occasions they have accepted before, the decision of the tribunal to which they have solemnly and voluntarily submitted. Lord Salisbury says:—The opinion that according to the Treaty of Washington, the Fishery Commission was incapable of pronouncing any decision unless its members were unanimous, is one in which Her Majesty's Government are unable to concur. It is not difficult to produce from a text-book even of very recent date, authority for the doctrine that in international arbitration the majority of arbitrators bind the minority, unless the contrary is expressed. I am not aware of any authorities, who in respect to international arbitration, could be quoted in a contrary sense, and it would not be difficult to show by reference to cases in American as well as in English Courts, that the same rule has always been judicially applied in the case of arbitrations of a public nature. The language and stipulations of the Treaty itself, as far as they are explicit on the subject, point to a similar conclusion. Lord Salisbury argues in support of his position; and concludes:—If a jury were constituted on the principle that the plaintiff should choose one-third, and the defendant another third, very few persons would be found to expose themselves to the cost of action. Had it been known five years ago that the award would be prevented by the dissent of one of the members of the arbitration, constituted on the same principle, though I do not venture to conjecture what the course of the United States Government would have been, I feel confident that England would have declined to enter on so unprofitable a litigation.