

MEN I HAVE SEEN AND HEARD.

BY A VETERAN SCRIBBLER

During the eighties I had the advantage of hearing several members of the Irish Parliamentary Party, as it was then constituted. The most remarkable of them all was Justin McCarthy. I heard him lecture twice on the same subject, and he approached it from entirely different standpoints each time. In fact, I do not believe that he repeated, in the second lecture, one sentence used in the first one. Nor were the arguments similar, nor the train of thought. Yet both were magnificent pleas for Irish Home Rule. To my mind this simply proves that Mr. McCarthy's fund of information on the subject and his treasury of arguments in its favor are both unlimited. I actually believe he could have delivered a half dozen more lectures on the same question without once repeating himself. I will now say a word about Mr. McCarthy's different claims to universal recognition as a leading litterateur, and then refer to his general appearance, his method of public speaking, and the impressions that he left upon my own mind.

Justin McCarthy is to-day admittedly one of the best writers of English in Great Britain. He has achieved considerable success as an Irish politician; he has even been selected, in the hour of a terrible crisis, as chairman of the Irish Parliamentary Party. He has displayed talent, erudition and magnificent patriotism in the House of Commons. His high literary character, his personal sincerity, and his calm but steadfast adherence to and exposition of the Irish cause has won him a place of more than ordinary prominence amongst the popular representatives in that body. He has been a painstaking student of Irish affairs; and as such, the moment he came to a conclusion he began to labor for the realization of his dream, or rather of his ideal. When others, equally sincere I suppose, wavered, or had doubts as to the ultimate success of the cause, he never flinched for a second, nor did his faith in Ireland's ultimate triumph ever grow dim. Hence it is that he was trusted by one party, respected by another, and feared by a third.

As a Parliamentarian he has had no mean degree of success, but that was not in his line. It was his intense spirit of patriotism that led him to enter the political arena, nor would he have stayed in that field were it not that he felt it a duty to the cause he had espoused to stick to the ship while the breakers were high and threatening. All through his career he longed for that quiet which is the aim of almost every literary man. His joy would have been to have secured a quiet home some place out of town; and there far from the world's din and strife, to complete his different literary works; but Providence, and the interests of Ireland kept him in the vortex of public contention.

As a litterateur Justin McCarthy is favorably known both at home and abroad. As an historian he has furnished ample proof in his "History of Our Own Times," of his great capacity and his honesty of convictions. In the realm of fiction he has also done enough important work to deserve for his bust a nook in Westminster. One of the most beautifully written and perfectly constructed novels of modern times, is "Maid of Athens," by Justin McCarthy. It is a romance of modern history, full of most charming descriptions of "The City of the Violet Crown." Works of the class are not numerous and the few we have should be made live for the instruction, entertainment and edification of future generations. The mild nature of the McCarthy's rise in the world of letters is a proof that men must pay the penalty of probation for every success that they attain.

I have made these few preliminary remarks to show how important a personage in those days was Justin McCarthy. In appearance he seemed to me to be slightly under the medical height. His hair and beard bore the traces of age's silencing. His voice was clear, but not strong, and rather more musical than otherwise. His manner was remarkably gentle, if not to say genteel. He had all the appearance of a perfect gentleman, and one more accustomed to the parlor carpet than the stage's matting. His very intimate knowledge of the subject under treatment made it unnecessary for him to carry notes. In fact, his whole lecture resembled a parlor conversation of a more than usual interest. He might have gone on for hours without any apparent effort, and we could have remained listening all night.

It would be unjust to call Mr. McCarthy an orator, for he possessed none of the striking characteristics nor qualities of high oratory. I found

him a most fascinating speaker, a charming conversationalist, a fluent debater, a strong reasoner, and principally an attractive exponent of a well-developed and deeply-studied question. His method of speaking was not calculated to stir up enthusiasm, not to elicit loud bursts of frantic applause. While men of much less ability and knowledge transported audiences into the realms of imagination by telling grave truths to the made an attempt to fire the train of enthusiasm. His power seemed to lie in the simple, plain, unadorned manner of telling grave truths to the Irish people, and having them accept and approve of the same. With Home Rule for a theme it is easy to understand how he could impress and audience of sympathetic Irishmen. He even had the magnetic gift of variety; I mean that he could create a smile or call up a tear just as he suited his conversation and his method of enforcing his arguments.

To go over at this late date, and after all the changes that have taken place in the party in the cause, and in the country, the verbatim report of those lectures, would be of practically little benefit. We all have an idea of the facts at his disposal then and many of us could repeat all the arguments advanced by the leaders in those days. Since then the party has been split in twain, the great leader has vanished forever, the reunion of the various elements in one great phalanx has occurred, and the situation of Ireland towards England, or rather the attitude of England towards Ireland has become a real transformation. Consequently, I need not attempt a report of either of his lectures; moreover my memory is not sufficiently faithful to preserve all the statements of the gifted Irish patriot.

But I cannot refrain from reproducing two or three of the stanzas, from the pen of another McCarthy—Denis Florence—which he recited to us, in evidence of the antiquity of his Irish name and race. There is a subdued and quaint humor in the semi-brazen manner in which the bard traces the glories and greatness of the House of Macaura of McCarthy. Macaura is the genuine Celtic name of the very extensive and many-branched house of McCarthy. While a slight exaggeration is apparent on the face of the poem, still it is so rich and so unique, that it might be said to fittingly represent the very characteristics displayed in the person of Mr. Justin McCarthy. It ran in this way.

Bright are the names of the chiefs—
Lairns and sages,
That shine, like the stars, through
The dark night of ages;
Whose deeds are inscribed on the
Pages of story.

There forever so live in the sun-
shine of glory,
Heroes of history, phantoms of fa-
ble,
Charlemagne's champions, and Ar-
thur's Round Table;

Oh! but they all a new lustre could
borrow
From the glory that hangs round
The name of Macaura.

Thy waves Manzanera wash many a
shrine,
And proud are the castles that frown
on the Rhine,
And stately the mansions whose pin-
acles glance
Through the elms of old England and
vineyards of Florence;

Many have fallen and many will
fall,
Good men and brave men have
died in them all,
But as good men and brave men, in
gladness and sorrow,
Have dwelt in the halls of the princely
Macaura.

Montenapoli, Medina, unheard was
thy rank,
By the dark-eyed Iberian, or light-
hearted Frank,
And your ancestors wondered ob-
scure and unknown,
By the smooth Gaudeliquer or sun-
ny Garonne;

Ere Venice had wadded the sea, or
enroll'd
The name of her Doge in her proud
Book of Gold,
When her glory was all to come on
like the morning,

There were princes and kings of the
clan of Macaura,
Proud should thy heart beat, de-
scendant of Heber,
Lofty thy head as the shrines of the
Gheber.

Like theirs are the halls of thy fore-
fathers shattered,
Like theirs is the wealth of thy pal-
aces scattered,
Their fire is extinguished, your flag
is long unfurled.

But, oh, how proud were we both at
the dawn of the world,
And should both fade away, what
heart would not sorrow,
For the Towers of the Gheber and
the Clan of Macaura!

ver, husband and wife were carried within two months of each other, and their helpless orphans left in charge of an uncle by marriage. This man waited long enough to put the children into institutions, converted their belongings into money and left for America.

Anita, the oldest of the five, was early sent into service as a nursemaid. When 13 years old, through the intervention of a relative, the girl emigrated to this country, and with the loyalty of a mother to those she had left behind, saved her earnings until able to bring out two of her brothers. Both of these have since died. Grown to womanhood, Annie became the wife of James Quinn, a contractor.

"Of the younger brother and baby sister, though she had made repeated efforts to get word of them, she could learn nothing. Improperly registered at an institute, the authorities had lost all clue to their identity. After years of unremitting search, Mrs. Quinn learned beyond peradventure that her brother was a friendly trader, and she persuaded her that baby Mary had met the same fate, but her yearning tenderness over the 3-year-old child who had kissed her good-by so many years before, would not be appeased.

"She had advanced in the daily papers here and in Ireland to no avail. It was a chance visit, from Charles Burns, a native of her birthplace, that established the first clue. Interesting himself in the case, he communicated with his brother in County Cavan. After months of patient work, baby Mary, now a woman of 54, was discovered as a servant on a farm. She was ignorant that she possessed any kin. Mrs. Quinn's joyful letter claiming her as sister, inclosing money and a steamship ticket, and bidding her welcome to her home, came like a miracle.

"When the Teutonic docked in New York on her last trip, a little, worn old woman walked down the gangplank with a strange look of expectation in her faded eyes to be clasped in the warm embrace of the sister whose love had been stronger than time and space."

A LESSON—Frequently we receive important lessons that are unheeded, and the result is that we wantonly leave ourselves open to reproaches, which are actually insults. Last Thursday week we had a very striking illustration of what we now mean.

At the demonstration, at Marjorieville, in honor of Speaker Brodeur, member for Rouville, Mr. Marc Sauvalle, representing "La Presse," delivered a speech, in the course of which he declared that he has been in so rich and so unique, that it might be said to fittingly represent the very characteristics displayed in the person of Mr. Justin McCarthy. It ran in this way.

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RANDOM NOTES AND REMARKS.

SISTERLY LOVE.—The Irishman gets great credit for his love of country, his readiness for the Old Land, and his unchanging affection for his relatives. But we often omit to note the all-absorbing love of Irish women for their sisters. Yet, we come daily in contact with examples of Irish female devotedness that cannot be approximated in more words. A recent case of this nature, wherein a woman—Mrs. James Golan, 411 East 52d Street, New York City, re- after 25 years of separation re-

covered a sister she had left in babyhood and brought her to America to spend her declining years in comfort. Their story, which is very interesting and equally characteristic, is thus told:—

"I am a century ago in Ireland lived Owen O'Neill, his wife Annie and two girls. A property of fifty acres established them in a fair way of prosperity and they looked forward to a happy future for their little ones. Stricken with deadly fe-

ver, husband and wife were carried within two months of each other, and their helpless orphans left in charge of an uncle by marriage. This man waited long enough to put the children into institutions, converted their belongings into money and left for America.

"The babe was convicted of murdering a woman, and he confined his defense to the earnest statement that he was innocent. Seven years after he died it was found that his housekeeper, called La Jeannette, was guilty of the crime. On her death-bed she made full confession to the police.

"She had confessed her guilt to the Abbe Bruneau after committing the murder, and had thus made it impossible for him in any way to direct suspicion at her."

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The bargains selected for July Sale exceed any ever before offered. The goods are new and bright, rich and effective, prices this way. 100 pieces New Washing Cambrics in dainty new summer shades, latest designs. Regular value 74c, Sale Price, 5c. 75 pieces Oriental Dress Grenadines, black grounds, neat detached flowers, linen with hair stripes, light grounds with neat designs. Worth 15c, Sale Price, 6c. Scotch Crinkles, Dress Dimities and Fancy Muslins, in a large range of colorings and patterns, worth from 17c to 22c yard. Sale price, 9c yd.

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C. M. B. A. AT THE PAN-AM.
shameful death could have freed himself at once by breaking the seal of the confessional.

"But taught by his religion that no earthly power could free him from his vow of secrecy, he carried the woman's confession with him to the grave and died in her place."

This is only one out of unnumbered cases that go to show how perfectly, from time immemorial, the Catholic priesthood has kept the confessional secrets. We remember, years ago, as hearing one of these ex-priests—as they are called—state that he intended purposely to reveal the secrets that formed portions of confessions heard by him. His boast was vain; for his so-called attempt failed. He was ready to do what he had promised, but when the moment came, his memory played him false, and he could not recall either the names or the sins. We repeat that no priest—regular or secular—was ever known to violate his oath in this regard.

HOUSE OF CALVARY.—Archbishop Corrigan of New York has bestowed the decoration of the Cross of Calvary upon seven women prominent in good work in the Church. He has also blessed the addition to the House of Calvary at 5 and 7 Perry streets, New York. The institution was founded by Mrs. Anna Blount Storms of North Carolina, for poor women suffering from non-contagious diseases. Wishing to found a charity in New York, and having heard of the houses of Calvary in Europe, Mrs. Storms went to Brussels a number of years ago to study the workings of the house there. Only widows are received into the order to do the work for which it was founded, that of nursing the sick; but there is another order, affiliated with the House of Calvary called the Daughters of the Cross, in which either maids or matrons are received to do the household work within.

Mrs. Storms entered the order and spent fifteen months in the Brussels house. For this she was decorated with the silver cross of Calvary, and until recently she was the only woman in the English-speaking world who had the right to wear this decoration. She returned to the United States and opened the first House of Calvary in the United States and the sixth in the world. She was made the superior of the house, which was blessed by Archbishop Corrigan on June 12, 1899. In a short time all the beds were taken, and within the first year the state board of charities sanctioned the incorporation of the institution. The work attracted the attention of wealthy Catholics, and about two years ago Mrs. Storms received a check for \$15,000 from a resident of New York to enable her to extend it. With this money and other gifts she bought the house she had leased and the new building, remodelled, and furnished them and now the order owns both houses.

AN OLD PIECE OF FURNITURE.—Collector of curiosities: Look here! old chair, what do you think of this for a treasure? Friend: What, this table? Collector: Yes, certainly, Friend: Not much. Collector astonished: Gracious me, you don't? Friend: Why not, it isn't so very ancient, is it? Collector enthusiastically: It is over four hundred years old, Friend: Pshaw, that's nothing. I have a table more than two thousand years old. Collector: Indeed, Excuse me, but I can't believe you, Friend: Fact, I assure you. It is the multiplication table.

MR. BIZZINESS.—Why don't you work; why do you waste your time begging? Tramp: Did you ever beg? Business: No, of course not, Tramp: Then you don't know what work is.

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