

The True Witness AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE, PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY BY THE PROPRIETOR, JOHN GILLES, AT NO. 195 FORTIFICATION LANE.

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MONTREAL, FRIDAY, March 24, 1876.

ECCLIASTICAL CALENDAR. MARCH, 1876. Friday, 24—The Five Wounds of Our Lord. Saturday, 25—ANNUNCIATION OF THE B. V. M.—HOLIDAY OF OBLIGATION. Sunday, 26—FOURTH SUNDAY IN LENT. Monday, 27—Of the Feria. Tuesday, 28—Of the Feria. Wednesday, 29—Of the Feria. Thursday, 30—Of the Feria.

A PARALLEL.

A few years ago (1870) a breach was made in the walls of Rome by the cannon of a usurper. Through that breach there flowed into the city a moral curse. Crimes hitherto unknown became public scandals; assassination, plunder and sacrilege, sanctioned by the infidel and masonic clique in power, were permitted to progress with impunity. Amongst the so-called blessings imparted to the conquered city, was the liberty of the Press. This meant a permission to attack everything except the Government. It was permitted to ridicule everything Catholic—to blaspheme every attribute of God—to hurl the sarcasm of unbelief on institutions and feelings hallowed through centuries of faith.

We will allow the Gazette to give the other lines of the parallel, as it, from its own biased standpoint, can give a much more lenient complaint than those whose faith and nationality have been so often and so bitterly outraged. Speaking of the evil fruits of the evil teaching of a religious daily of this city, our contemporary says:—

We referred to the indignation expressed by our certain daily contemporary at the rumour that certain Roman Catholics had manifested a desire to restrict their custom to shopkeepers of their own faith, and we pointed out that such a deplorable state of things, if it ever comes to pass, can only be regarded as the natural fruit of the religious warfare which has been inaugurated in our midst during the past year. That is one reflection which the subject suggests. But there is something to be said in connection with this incident, which shows how very different is the measure which is meted out by our contemporary to those who agree and those who disagree with its views. In the same issue which contained this outburst of indignation at the idea of Roman Catholics restricting their patronage to tradesmen of their own faith, reference was made to a matter which was noticed by "Free Thought" the other day in our columns, and has obtained considerable notoriety in this city—we refer to the dismissal of a clerk by his employer for the avowed reason that they differed upon some theological questions. Now let us compare the two cases for a moment and see whether the spirit of intolerance is not even more manifest in the latter than in the former. In the one the manager of a Roman Catholic establishment decides, let us suppose, that goods for the use of the establishment shall not be brought from Protestant grocers, on the ground of religious differences. Goods, be they potatoes, or apples, or cotton, are the products of labor and skill, so coming to such a resolution a Roman Catholic would be simply resolving not to buy from those who profess a different religion the products of labor. In the other case the Protestant employer resolves that he will not buy from a clerk his admittedly valuable labour and skill, upon the same ground, boldly avowed, that the clerk's religious views differ from his own. Of the two, the case of the clerk is much the harder, for the Protestant tradesman is not dependent on any one customer or class of customers. But the poor clerk is turned out of his employment in a hard season, and if other employers imitate the model example set by the one who discharged him, and refuse to give him work, he will be left to starve for want of the necessities of life.

Yet the journal which champions "religious liberty" in this city, and in whose honor people are asked to erect a monument, in the same day's issue hotly denounces the Roman Catholic for intolerance, while the conduct of the Protestant employer is referred to without the slightest symptom of disapprobation! Assuredly we have here a remarkable illustration of the extent to which unfairness can be carried by so-called religious journals, which explode with wrathful indignation at the mote in their brother's eye, but are totally oblivious of the beam in their own.

DEATH OF FATHER BENTLEY.

With feelings of deep regret we have to record the demise of one of the most distinguished clergymen of this city. The fell destroyer has swept from amongst us a man of talent and of unusual information. The Seminary, where he has been professor, has lost one of its lights. Unassuming and retiring, Father Bentley, loved by all who knew him, and respected for his deep erudition, has passed to the world beyond the tomb. Although but seven months here since his return from Ireland, he was widely appreciated. Our friends in Dublin, especially around Rathgar, will receive the sad news of his death with deep regret. They may pray now for the amiable and enlightened priest that ministered amongst them for twelve years.

Monday, the 20th inst., the Seminary chapel was crowded with the clergy of the city, who came to assist at the last solemn ceremonies over a beloved confre. The aged and venerable superior of the Sulpicians sang Mass, and every respect a grief-struck community could give attended his obsequies.—R.I.P.

OBITUARY.

Our obituary to-day, says the Charlotetown Herald of March 1st, contains the announcement of the death of the Hon. DANIEL BRENNAN. For some time the Hon. Gentleman has been weak in health, and though suffering little in the way of acute pain, yet, at the age of eighty, infirmities are very apt to become fatal diseases to carry us off.

Few names in the colony are better known than that of the Hon. D. Brennan. He lived and moved and dealt with the settlers when settlers were not so numerous as they are now, and in those far times which have become, in our days, historic. He was born in the little village of Balanaskill, in Queen's County, Ireland, and, at the age of 27, arrived on this island to push his fortune in 1823. By industry, intelligence, and perseverance the young emigrant rose from step to step, until he became one of our leading merchants and most honored citizens. He represented King's County for many years in Parliament. He was a member of the Executive Council in the days which preceded Responsible Government. He took a leading part in establishing our first Island Bank, and on all subjects connected with commercial matters, his judgment was eagerly sought for, and implicitly followed. He was, emphatically, the poor man's adviser, and few were there reduced to straits, who sought his advice, who, not only received good counsel, but substantial aid as well. He was the very gem of integrity and honor—charitable kind and hospitable—the public acts of liberality which he did, he did with the mien and air of a prince—no grudging, no meanness characterized them. There was a generosity, a delicacy, and an aptness surrounding even the manner of their bestowal which impressed the recipient with the idea that his acceptance was an honor conferred.

Mr. Brennan's death leaves a large blank in our Island and more especially in our Catholic society. The experiences through which he passed, and his own reading and observation, made him a man worthy of being consulted on almost all affairs. He had read much, and his large and carefully selected library showed how earnestly he valued learning. Even to the last few years of his life he indulged in his favorite amusement of hunting, and until lately it seemed as if the course of time made no impression upon his hardy constitution. He, however, has gone full of years. After much labor he rests. The regrets that follow him, show his worth more than any words of ours can. He witnessed half a century of our Island history, and he leaves behind him a record of good deeds, which will long keep his memory green among us. May his soul rest in peace!

COMPLIMENT TO FATHER DOWD.

A charming entertainment was given at St. Patrick's School on Thursday, the 10th inst., in honor of the much esteemed patron and guardian, the venerable pastor of St. Patrick's. Music, songs, recitations and tableaux lent their sweet power to express the recognition of the grateful pupils; but the highest compliment, and certainly the most acceptable to the good pastor himself, was the efficiency and grace of his amiable proteges. The reputation of the school, which, we believe, is superlative, was admirably sustained in the entertainment. The music, in selection and execution, was a treat; some of the young singers giving great promise of future excellence; many and well merited were the plaudits given to our little friends. The Tableaux were the prettiest we have, perhaps, yet seen in similar entertainments. Erin weeping on her harp was in harmony with a recitation so patriotic, so full of noble sentiment and aspiration, that we fancied the little ones, who never had seen the old country, and, perhaps, have not yet read its harrowing history, felt in their innocence and beauty, a sympathy for the country of their fathers. Then "Ireland's Queen" was a magnificent tableau. Far away on a throne almost touching the lofty ceiling, the Queen of Heaven, who is Ireland's Queen, was enthroned; around her were her countless children, represented by several lines of lovely girls dressed in white, with wreaths and flowers. The greatest praise—even the gratitude of the Irish of Montreal—is due to the good Sisters who conduct these schools. When we say they belong to the Congregation of Notre Dame, we say they belong to a Community loved and revered by a people, who have for two centuries appreciated their labors for the spiritual welfare of the girls of this country. As the efficient training and success of the school are due almost entirely to the exertions of Father Dowd, it was becoming and thoughtful to confer on him this charming entertainment.—His friends around endorsed the compliments of the children, and all left wishing the venerable and esteemed pastor of St. Patrick's many years of a happy career for the blessing and defence of his countrymen in Montreal.

ENTERTAINMENT AT ST. MARY'S COLLEGE.

On Tuesday, the 14th inst., the College Theatre was crowded to witness the Drama entitled "The Family of Martyrs," performed by the pupils of the College. The proceeds were for the poor of the city divided amongst the various parishes. The object so laudable, met with the warmest response, and there was not a vacant seat in the spacious Theatre. The performance was very fair, considering the youth and inexperience of the actors. O'Meara, Heenan, and Farish, who had the leading parts, received several well-merited applause, and showed every indication of skilled culture and promise of future oratory. The beautiful sentiments of the piece, the grand and final triumph of virtue over pagan revenge, cast a halo of holy feeling over the entire audience, and tears expressed the fervor of many a faithful, sympathetic soul. These Dramas are admirably suited for the holy season of Lent.—They amuse and at the same time lift the thoughts above the sordid interests of earth. The success of the "Family of Martyrs," both scholastically and financially, has won for the Directors of the College the sincere congratulations of their many friends.

NEW AGENT.

Mr. Richard Devlin has kindly consented to act as Agent for the True Witness in the City of Ottawa.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY CELEBRATIONS.

MONTREAL.

In times past, St. Patrick's Day has been looked upon in Montreal as the first day of Spring, but the wintry aspect of the day at an early hour, seemed more in favor of the supposition that it was the commencement of winter, or as a Scotchman put it, "a great deal more like St. Andrew's Day." The heavy snow storm that set in on Thursday evening, continued during the entire day and evening, and the roads were considered impassable to pedestrians. Thus it was rumored early in the day, that no procession would be had. But the same spirit that moved the hundreds of thousands of Irishmen in all quarters of the globe, to assemble under the banners of their national associations and devote at least one day in the year to the celebration in honor of the Irish national saint, was at work in the hearts of Erin's sons in our own city, and from the early hours of the morning the sounds of preparation and appearance of individual activity was visible in every quarter. The little green badges representing the shamrock of Ireland, and in many cases the treasured plant itself were to be observed in the button-holes or jauntily pinned to the hats of men of all ages and boys of all sizes, while musicians in uniform and marshals on horseback were to be seen hurrying to the place of meeting. Flags and streamers were displayed from every point likely to be covered by the procession in its march, and the arches that had been erected were in a finished state before the appointed hour. As the day wore on towards the time for starting, the hurrying crowds and eager look of anticipation on the faces of all dispelled any rumor or feeling that the procession would be postponed. The ladies also turned out in large numbers, and, as was afterwards remarked by Mr. Meany from the platform, the realization of the Indian prophecy of a fierce snow-storm for St. Patrick's Day only seemed to give fresh evidence of Irish pluck under difficulties.

The arches and decorations, as might have been expected, were not as numerous or nearly so elegant as on former years, but bunting and streamers were to be seen in abundance, and the stores on each side of the streets in line of march were tastefully decorated. An arch in front of the Sun office was tastefully mounted with evergreens and surmounted by a cross, while the motto "Home Rule for Ireland," which appeared on one side, and "Patriotism, Religion, Charity and Temperance" imprinted on a scroll caught at the centre by an evergreen wreath and garlanded with evergreen, made a much admired tout ensemble. An arch at Mr. Laverty's store, on Bleury street, was very tastefully decorated with flags of all nations.

The various Associations collected at their respective halls, and moved to St. Patrick's Hall, when they proceeded up Alexander street to the stirring music of St. Patrick's day from so many bands that such Society must have had some difficulty in distinguishing its own particular "St. Patrick's Day." However, all went merry as a marriage bell, except for the snow under foot, and the procession wound its way up Alexander street, entered the Church, banners flying and bands playing. The various Societies opened ranks on arriving at the front door of the Church, and the officers passed through the ranks, each saluting the other in turn. A selection from Irish national airs was performed by Prof. Fowler, and to the music the participants filed into the Church and found seats on each side of the centre aisle.

INSIDE THE CHURCH.

The church was decorated with evergreen, though to no great extent, but on either side of the altar were bays in gold panel against the wall with the motto "Erin Go Bragh" on one and "God Save Ireland" on the other. The following mottoes were also described on the pillars near the altar:—"Where Rome is, there is the Church" "Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations." "To be united is to be strong" "Our religion, our institutions, our rights." There were seated in the space within the rails surrounding the altar the Right Rev. Bishop Fabre, His Lordship being attended by the following clergymen:—The Rev. Superior of the Seminary, Father Baile, the Rev. Fathers Dowd, Callaghan, Hogan, Lonergan, O'Rourke, Leguire, Brown, Salmon, Whitaker, Leclair, Crombleholme and O'Reilly.

THE MASS.

was celebrated with the usual pomp and musical accompaniments, the whole being a most impressive scene. The orchestra and choir, under the direction of Prof. J. A. Fowler, performed Haydn's Second Mass in C, with fine effect, the singing of the soloists especially being remarkably well worthy of note.

THE SERMON.

was preached by the Rev. Dr. O'Reilly, Miss. Ap. The following are his concluding remarks:—Yester eve a thought robed in the garb of poetical vision, rushed through my soul. It seemed a joy of eternal light darting through a rent in the cloud that hides from mortal gaze, the awful destinies of the future. The celestial Eden passed before my enraptured gaze; an angel pointed to an arbor, bright in the midst of brilliancy, where the great Eternal had destined that a chosen people should enjoy in a flood of light and glory the fullness of the beatific vision. This favorite arbor of the celestial Paradise, was destined for the nation that in its earthly career deserved precedence. France, Italy and Ireland, were the claimants. France pleaded her missionary spirit, her defense of the Holy See; her brilliant efforts in the sacred cause of literature. Italy showed her red stole of martyrdom, her catacombs, her monasteries, her monuments of devotion to the Divine Mother. Striking, powerful the claims of the two greatest Catholic nations of the world; but we, who know the history of Ireland and have studied impartially her intrinsic merits, her fidelity, her supernatural destiny in the nations of the earth, we are able to anticipate her precedence on the last great counting day: and hold our reasons.

Ireland pleads her cause; She points to the worlds wrapped in the influence of her missionary spirit; her missionaries in latter times outnumber those of France. She was never tainted with Jansenism Gallicanism or a Freemasonry that pervades all class; She had no Voltaires or Rousseaus and her fidelity to the Holy See is not tarnished with the memories of Avignon or Gacta; whilst the blood of the Irish Zuzara mingled with the French at Mentana Casellidardo and Rome.

Italy boasts of her martyrs, her monasteries, her devotion to the Virgin Mother, Ireland too has had her martyrs; although their names are seldom met in the records of hagiology, yet green mounds cover the mouldering relics of a martyr people, her children were immolated to the bigotry of unbelief; in one decade of our own times over 200,000 perished through fidelity to this faith. She too has had her monasteries; she points with a sigh to the crumbling walls of the ancient sanctuaries of virtue and learning; the ruins of 222 abbeys stand as the mouldering monuments of by-gone glory, the cross lies prostrate in the grassy aisle and the bird of solitude brings forth her young in their desolate arches, but their long centuries of toil are even now bearing fruit amongst the people that wept tears of blood over the suppression of their beloved institutions.

Besides these features of moral worth in common with the great churches of the continent She has merits entirely her own. When contemplating the extraordinary con-

version of Ireland, the unprecedented rapidity with which the faith spread over the land we must bow in humble gratitude before the throne of the most High and cry out with the prophet "Non fecit toties omni nationi." Like the Apostles of old St. Patrick stalked over the land with an eloquence in one hand and a staff in the other; with an eloquence of the soul, endowed with a supernatural power he raised the fabric of Christianity on the ruins of paganism. The supernatural character of the conversion of the country must strike the candid student of her history. In other countries the work of redemption moved slowly along a crimson path of a martyred people; the advent of Christianity into almost all the old nations of Europe has been characterized by cruel and sanguinary persecutions; not so in this favored garden of providence; its sun burst forth in noonday splendor, without years of anxious waiting and with only one stain of blood—the massacre of the Confirmation children—Ireland received the faith and has preserved it unbroken and unchanged for fourteen centuries.

The church of Ireland was indeed like the grain of mustard seed, the smallest of all seeds, but when it grew, it becometh an immense tree that gives shelter to the birds of the air and casts its saving shadow on the plains. Sown in the soil by the hand of Patrick it was irrigated by the dews of heaven and has grown according to defined laws of development, from the sapling to the stalwart trunk of immense girth and powerful resistance. It has waved its majestic head to and fro in the storms of centuries and still lives in the vigor of an increasing growth. Early and contemporary churches like other branches of the mother tree, yielding in as much as they were human, to the withering touch of time, have glided with the cities or nations on which they were built, to the records of the past, but the church founded by Patrick, still stands in the vitality of an eternal youth, having survived the shock of the tempest and the vicissitudes of time. The particular churches of the Fathers are lost in the dim records of the middle ages, Constantine that one shook under the eloquence of Chrysostom, has sunk into the paganism of the Mussulman; once the centre of early Eastern Christianity it has now more reverence for dogs than the followers of the crucified. The Carthage of the great Cyrian and the Hippo of Augustine are no longer found even in their ruins; the grass grows and cattle feed on the hallowed sites of Cathedrals and basilicas that were served by the Basils the Gregories and Polycarps, of old. Jerusalem, Ephesus, Alexandria and Damascus are names of splendor in the ecclesiastical records of the past, but compare them to day with Armagh, Tuam, Cashel, and Dublin, archiepiscopal centres established probably by St. Patrick himself and still flourishing in all the vigor and perency of the grand old church of which they form such a worthy complement.

Those who do not kneel at our altars marvel with awe and admiration at the supernatural fidelity with which the Irish people have clung to their ancient faith. All inducements of temporal advantages have failed to win them from that faith. All the blandishments of wealth, all the seductions of power, all the influence of rank and station and superior education have never shaken the faith of the Irish people. When the dark hour of persecution had set in with funeral gloom on the devoted land; when the flames of the burning monasteries and temples cast the glare of the aurora on the sombre vault of heaven; when the noblest blood of the land flowed on the scaffold in all the details of ancient martyrdom; when, in fine, a triumphant and wealthy heresy offered fabulous sums to purchase the fidelity of the Irish Catholic—did he not seem endowed with some supernatural grace to brave alike physical torture and moral seduction? The devotion of the Irish people to their religion stands out alone in the history of mankind as a monument of fidelity which nothing could shake—of energy which nothing could subdue. To this the annals of nations can offer no parallel. Records of individual heroism there are many in all ages and in every clime; martyrs in all times and countries have left us the example of their constancy and faith but history records nothing like the fidelity and devotion with which in Ireland a whole people adhered to their religious belief. Even now when the days of terror of penal laws and confiscation have passed away and the brave love that persecution fosters might be expected to wax cold, do not the gorgeous churches and institutions which the free offerings of a poor people are raising in every great centre of industry and commerce prove, even in prosperity, there is a national religious devotion which few nations on the earth could equal? In all their miseries and their oppressions they have preserved virtues and qualities that fit them for a nobler and higher condition than they have filled for the last 700 years. Where are the affections of home and family stronger or more beautiful than in this down-trodden Irish land? The Divorce Courts, replete with obscenity and annihilating every sacred and social tie, seldom outrage Irish morality. Where is there more love or tenderness around the domestic hearth? Where is the hand of charity so freely extended to the poor? Where is the stranger so welcome to the share of the scanty meal? Where is female virtue more honored? There is no land under the sun so free from those vices that form such a dark page in the the hospital and police reports of the great cities of England and America. Where is there the same sense of religion that makes the pious prayer the household word of the father, the mother and the child. In what other country will you find in the humblest homestead a piety that has no ostentation, and a charity that knows nothing of show, give to the poorest of the peasantry a simple courtesy and grace, which riches cannot purchase, and education has not imparted to prosperous and well-to-do visitors from other lands?

There is another feature in the Irish Church unique in the history of the world. Ireland is the only nation that never persecuted her own priests. Every nation has undergone periodical proximos of revolutions; as revolution is the offspring of diabolical machinery, the frenzied people turned the first shock of their power on the Church and sanctuary. I know of no nation except one that has not at some time murdered or banished its bishops and priests. It is unnecessary to recur to history for proof, memory supplies testimony even in our own day. France has murdered her bishops and priests; the Commune was scarcely less sacrilegious than the Reign of Terror. Italy has seen her Pontiff in exile, and to-day a prisoner in his own palace. Germany has filled her prisons with the Confessors of the faith, and England groans to this day under the curse drawn on her by the blood of bishops and priests shed in halocaust to the demon of the Reformation. Ireland has never raised her hand against her priests. There have been Irish traitors paid by English gold to betray the priest; but the people, the faithful people of Ireland, were ever united in obedience and love to their spiritual fathers.

This union of the priest with the people is one of the safeguards of the Irish Church. In the storms of political strife, in the enthusiastic but misguided outbursts of popular feeling, it was the priest, using the power that he alone possessed, checked the indignant populace and saved the country from bloodshed and ruin. But a few years ago, Ireland would have been swept with a storm of revolution were it not for the firm stand and fearless denunciation of the bishops and priests; and yet short-sighted Englishmen would crush us in their gratitude: they hate us for our power. When famine and stark hunger decimated; when want and persecution in all their harrowing privations cast prostrate the manhood of the country, it was the priest that was faithful, seeking in disguise the poor cabin

bearing, temporal comforts from his scanty supply to the needy, and administering the dread Viaticum to the departing.

To that union of the priest and people we owe the magnificence of this celebration to-day. Perhaps no where in the world is the national festival celebrated with more solemnity, more union and patriotism. The scene before us is grand and consoling. Societies of every grade of politics, men of every shade of character and representatives of every parish in the city kneel in one accord around these altars to-day. In congratulating you, men of Ireland, who confer such honor on your country, your city, and your faith, do we not echo your own grateful acknowledgments in attributing much of the harmony of this celebration to your love and esteem of the venerable pastor of St. Patrick's. In a few years more when the grass is green on his honored tomb, the young men who are here to-day in the fullness of life and faith, may have to sigh in their old age over the departed influence of a great and patriotic man.

Finally we have another jewel for the crown of Ireland far surpassing anything yet considered. She will have the greatest number of the saved on the last day.

The discovery of the great American Continent and the dispersion of the Irish were decreed at the same time. The old world was falling into the hands of a tyrannical aristocracy the land was narrowing into the possession of the few and a system of universal serfdom was cramping the commercial energies of the European nations. The chaos of order and the ruin of religion were threatened in the increasing socialism of the masses. Providence that guides the destiny of nations as well as individuals, gave an outlet for the superabundant population to follow the bent of its legitimate aspirations for independent social condition, and behold the strong manhood of Europe is carried on a tide of emigration to fell the forests of the great American Continent and build up a great nation. In order that that nation might have the pure stream of revelation flow in its midst, another people is wrapt in the dispersion. Where will Providence find a faithful people who will bring the light of faith to the millions of the new world? Where is the nation that has an innate martyr spirit, an imperishable fidelity to its altars and traditions and impervious alike to the trial of persecution and the seductions of vice? Behold the maiden torn from home to proclaim the divinity of Christianity before tens of thousands gathered in the amphitheatres of old, the spirit of Ireland is drawn from its green resting place in the Atlantic to guide and protect the Catholicity of America. Their work is progressing. Every town of the Union has its little church and its Irish congregation, whilst the magnificent cathedrals of New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Buffalo, and Chicago are monuments worthy of the Irish zeal and Irish generosity.

Therefore it is a strange but certain fact whatever of Catholicity and salvation falls to the lot of the American people comes almost entirely through the Irish people. The same may be said of Australia, New Zealand, and the Cape. Therefore on the last and terrible accounting day when the nations of the earth shall have assembled in the valley of Josaphat and there in the fancy that nations will be gathered under their own banners. I see by far the largest number of the saved are under the flag that would represent the Irish nation and Irish influence. To her will be given the arbor of surpassing beauty far away in the celestial paradise.

After Mass the several societies formed in line again and marched over the route laid down and which we published in our last.

The procession excelled in every respect those of previous years, both in numbers and the character and standing in the community of the processions. The bone and sinew of the people, as represented in her labourers and mechanics, and the mental labor as represented by the capitalist, manufacturer, and professional men, was in line arm in arm, and all this, too, in defiance of wind and weather, for there is no one but will admit that the inconveniences attending pedestrianism was such as to tempt the most patriotic to yield. A vast concourse of people accompanied the procession the entire route, and when the procession was dismissed in St. James street, repaired with the processionists to St. Patrick's Hall on Craig street, where the large concourse of people were briefly addressed by Mr. B. Devlin, M.P., President of St. Patrick's Society; Mayor Hington, Mr. Murney, of St. Patrick's Benevolent Society, Mr. Meany editor of the Star, and Ald. McShane.

THE CONCERT.

in the City Hall was a grand success, Ireland's gallant sons and fair daughters attended in great numbers.

The decorations consisted of a plentiful display of palm around the room, and a good display of mottoes. The platform was very handsomely decorated; in the centre, at the back, hung the banner of the Society, with the English and Dominion flags on each side of it, over the banner was the name "Erin Go Bragh" on the right a screen bearing the inscription, "Let Ireland enjoy the same freedom as Canada; Ireland and France firm friends;" on the left was a green banner with a gold harp, and the inscriptions—"The spirit of a nation never dieth; God Save Ireland say we proudly; the Cross and Shamrock united as ever." Opposite the platform was an Irish flag with the name of "Hugh O'Neill" over it, and the motto "Erin Go Bragh" below, while under it was the motto "Home Rule for the Land of our Forefathers." On the walls in various parts of the room appeared the names of Emmett, Curran, Grattan, Davis, Plunkett, O'Connell, O'Brien, McHale, Butt, and others.

On the platform we noticed Mr. B. Devlin, M. P., President of the St. Patrick's Society; His Honor Mayor Hington; Mr. B. Emerson, St. Patrick's Temperance Society; Mr. P. H. Shea, Young Irishmen's Literary and Benefit Society; Mr. McDevine St. Bridget's Total Abstinence and Benefit Society; Mr. P. Flannery, St. Ann's Total Abstinence and Benefit Society; Mr. T. Buchanan, Irish Catholic Benefit Society; Mr. E. Murphy, Home Rule League; Mr. W. Clendinning, Irish Protestant Benevolent Society; Mr. Charles Shea, St. Patrick's Benevolent Society; Ald. McGavinn, McShane and others.

Mr. Devlin, M.P., said:—Ladies and Gentlemen, it is always a pleasure to the St. Patrick's Society to have the opportunity to meet their friends, and especially upon occasions of this kind. (Hear, hear.) I am glad to see so many of our friends assembled here this evening, although we could scarcely expect a very large attendance considering the weather we have had to contend against during the day. I believe, however, that I may safely say St. Patrick's Day was never celebrated with more earnestness and success in the City of Montreal than it was this day. (Applause.) Our Irish organizations, whatever may be the state of the times, do not appear to participate in the general depression which has overtaken almost all other classes of people. They looked, I think, as well to day as ever. (Applause.) They exhibited signs of prosperity—uncannily signs of prosperity—which shows that the Irish people of Montreal are progressing favourably and satisfactorily. (Applause.) I was glad to see the demonstration, as you were all glad and proud to see it, and I trust you may live to see many more such. I do not propose, upon this occasion, to make a speech, but I may, perhaps, be permitted, to say that the St. Patrick's Society, which you honour with your presence here this evening, has done all in its power during the past year, and especially during the past few months