

tion, or whether they should wait for further disclosure? The inspector suggested that Egan should go to Ned's place and try to see him, and bring about a conversation by which he might ascertain the truth regarding the comforter. He also thought he ought to make further inquiries about Elie McCarthy's disappearance.

They went together up the road to the house of the murderer, and found a few people there; not tearing up bits of earth as mementoes of the crime, or stealing bits of stick, or anything else that could be got, to show their friends when they discoursed upon the horror. Oh, no! After all, they were only "poor ignorant Irish." The fate of the dead man's soul, cut off so suddenly, weighed upon their religious minds too deeply for such idle curiosity; and the few who were on the spot were saying their beads, or uttering ejaculations of prayer in the pauses of a very subdued conversation.

Even the inspector was very much touched by what he saw. He had been in England some time, in a somewhat similar capacity, and he had seen strong men fight, and nearly murder each other, in their anxiety to get a piece of a door or a fragment of a tree where a deadly deed of crime had been done. He certainly pitied the misguided Irish; but, on the whole, he thought if he were in Lord Elmada's place, he would rather be prayed for than fought over.

The place had been guarded now for twenty-four hours. The footmarks had not been trampled on—the frost was so severe, they were, it possible, more distinct than on the previous day. The twig in the hedge was still bent down, but white with rime—whiter than the unhappy soul of the criminal who had done the deed.

The inspector made a discovery. His wife and nephew had been years of contact with criminal cases.

"Look here, Egan, I think I have found out something that may be important. The footmarks are confused; there are marks of several feet here." He pointed to the spot in the field at the side of the hedge, just opposite the place where Lord Elmada had been found. "And look here," he continued, eagerly, "there is a footmark coming and a footmark going from the very spot where you have the bent twig. What does this mean? Could the murderer have come to this spot to reconnoitre, and then returned and gone down? I really don't understand it; upon my honor, Egan, it's just the most mysterious affair I ever had to do with."

And so it was—very mysterious.

Egan was peering about him eagerly, as if he expected to see something which he had not seen before, and to be placed on the pinnacle of professional glory by his discovery.

"Where does Rusheen live?"

"Down the road, a little to the right, sir."

"Then he did not go home after the murder, if he was the murderer. Look—the footprints all go up in the direction of the castle."

Egan admitted that they did.

"Egan?"

"Sir?"

"Do you think you could fix that piece of rotten stuff on the hedge exactly the way you found it, or—say—can you tell me if it was caught loosely, or fixed on tight? I have a very particular reason for asking. Think a moment, and be sure you answer correctly."

"Well, sir, I can answer at once, and for certain. It was stuck on tight,—pushed, as I might say,—for the twig stuck out an inch or two beyond it. You may see sir; these are my footprints at the side. I took care not to stand in, or efface those already made."

The inspector pulled his whiskers. He always did so when perplexed. It seemed greatly to assist the flow of ideas.

"Egan?"

"Sir?"

"I don't think that piece of stuff was torn off on the hedge; the hedge was not strong enough to do it. If it had caught in a window, or anything like that, it might have been torn, but the twig could not do it."

Egan looked terribly put about—his professional hopes were centred on that piece of stuff; and he did not like the turn affairs were taking.

"Well, sir, I suppose you know best; but you may perceive, sir, there is a much keener impression of the right foot than of the left foot here. The person—we won't say it was Rusheen—had evidently been leaning forward just in this position."

Putting the action to the word—"and the comforter might have caught at that spot, though it seems rather low," he added, earnestly; "and—well, sir, it might have been torn off, it might have been hanging by a thread before, for all we know."

"Mightn't we do in a court of justice?"

"Well, sir, if I find Ned, and match this to the comforter he wears?"

"If you do, I'll say there is strong presumptive evidence. You had better go at once and find this fellow, wherever he may be; ten to one he has taken flight to the mountains if he knows he is guilty. He always the way in Ireland,—either the jury won't commit or the man escapes."

Egan could hardly repress a smile, though he was listening deferentially to his superior.

The inspector saw it, and laughed outright. He was a pleasant, good-hearted man, and absolutely idolized by the whole force.

"There, man, go and look after your prisoner; it's likely you'll find me here when you come back."

Egan set off, but he had not far to go,—at the turn of the road he met the very man he was in search of.

Ned touched his cap, and was passing on. Egan stopped him.

"Dreadful work this, Rusheen! I suppose you know the inquest will be held at two o'clock?"

"So I hear, sir. The poor master!—but he was took sudden! Well, well! and I'm sorry."

He stopped. What was he sorry for? Egan could not but admit there was not much sign of guilt about him.

"We are all sorry, Ned, but perhaps you have some particular reason. I thought he was a good master to you; but perhaps?"

He paused, hoping Ned would speak.

"Well, sir, I hear say it's best to let bygones be bygones; but there was a trouble between us, and we had some words, too, just an hour before—before—and Ned seemed unwilling to say more."

Egan felt his case was strengthening. I suppose the most amiable detective in the world is not sorry when he secures his criminal, and is somewhat depressed when he finds he has been on the wrong scent.

"That's a handsome scarf you have on, Ned," said Egan, who had been eyeing it ever since the conversation began, and now determined to come to the point at once.

"It's comfortable this cold weather," replied Rusheen, carelessly, as if the subject was one of no interest to him.

Egan pulled one out of his pocket.

"I would just like to measure it with this. Miss Callan told me it was the same as yours

when I bought it from her yesterday, but I doubt if it's so long."

Ned removed the comforter quietly from his neck, and handed it to Egan. One glance was enough,—it wanted a corner; and without even a measurement, Egan could have sworn that the piece he had would have fitted it exactly.

In an instant he had his hand on Ned's shoulder.

"Ned Rusheen, I arrest you for the wilful murder of Lord Elmada!"

For a moment Ned looked too bewildered to say a word. Then he smiled.

"If it's the joking you are, Mr. Egan, it's a queer time; and I just going down to say a prayer where the poor body lay."

"It's not joking, Rusheen, though I am sorry for you," said Egan, who did look sorry after all.

"You don't mean to say you're really accusing me of the murder?"

"Yes, I do, and you are my prisoner," and he produced some clinking steel.

"Oh! not that, not that!" cried Ned, in agony; "no one of mine ever had the like of them near him, except—and he drew himself up proudly, and for that moment looked a hero every inch—"except for the honor of their country, and then it was no disgrace."

"Well, if you will come quietly with me down to the police barracks, I will put one of the men to guard you until the inquest—you won't be long in suspense; and I had better caution you now that every word you say may be used against you."

"Holy Mother of God! and what can I say but that I am innocent? but no one will believe me."

"Oh, of course," replied Egan, "every one is innocent till he is found guilty."

"What evidence is there against me?"

"Just this," replied the constable, showing him the piece of woolen stuff, and how exactly it fitted into the place in his scarf; "and it was found on the body close to the body, and must have been torn off violently by you when you were flying from the scene of your crime."

Ned felt back by the roadside, helpless and dumbly pale.

"O Mary! O Mother of God! O holy Virgin of virginity! God leave me my senses, and grant I may know what to do. I see it all now—I see it all! What shall I do? what shall I do?"

Surely this looked like guilt, at least Egan thought so.

In a few minutes Ned stood up. "I'm coming, Mr. Egan. I'll go along with you quietly. O Mary! O holy Mother of God! what shall I do? and he was my fosterer, too. Oh, my poor master!"

The last sentence he murmured to himself, but Egan caught their purport. "So then," he soliloquized, "he has quarrelled with the new lord, too."

They went down the road.

The inspector was not in sight when they came near the site of the tragic event. The scene was still a few people praying, and the one guard. A few men were in a neighboring field collecting large stones, which unfortunately are too frequently to be met with in Irish fields. They were about to erect a cairn on the roadside, following the custom which their forefathers had introduced into their historic country some thousands of years before.

The constable passed on quietly with his prisoner. No one suspected how it was, and Egan was thankful, for Ned was a favorite, and there might have been unpleasant consequences.

As they came near the barrack they met Jack the Runner. He looked curiously at the two. He was a very sharp boy, and got an inkling of the truth.

"Some one must tell my mother," said Ned. "Jack would be safest and quickest."

"Better speak to him inside," replied Egan.

He opened a door, and put Ned and Jack into a small square room. Then he went outside, and whistled softly, and a policeman came to him. He told him the circumstances in a few words, desired him to keep watch on Ned until the inquest, and to send off Jack in minute or two; and then he went in search of the inspector.

Not many words passed between Jack and Ned. The boy seemed to understand the whole affair at once, and with that instinctive opposition to law which is so often commented upon, and so thoroughly misunderstood, in the Irish character, he at once proposed plans for Ned's deliverance. It never occurred to him to consider whether Ned was guilty or not—he never gave a thought to the matter. To release him and baffle the "police" was his one idea.

"Shall I swear to an alibi, Ned?" he whispered; "and where shall I say you was?"

Ned knew what he meant, but he shook his head. "No use, Jack. The young gentlemen might do it, at least one of them; and if you'd run up to the castle, and try to speak to Master Harry, and tell him it all, he might do some good; but Jack, keep out of the way of the young lord."

The policeman opened the door at this very moment, and heard the last words. Was everything to tell against Ned? It seemed so. "Out of this with you, you young vagabond," he said, not unkindly, and suited the action to the word.

"One minute, Mr. Jones," exclaimed Ned. He had indeed been given short time for speech, and in moments of overwhelming calamity it is hard to collect the thoughts, and arrange the plans, even though life and death may depend upon what is done. "My mother!" he exclaimed.

"I'll manage it, Ned," replied Jack. "Never fear me but I'll set her astray; and if one lie won't do, why half a dozen's as bad, and I may as well do pliance for the lot together."

Colonel Everard had just come up with the inspector, whom he had unfortunately met, and still more unfortunately heard the last words.

"Another instance, Mr. Inspector, of the incorrigible perversity, I might say depravity, of the Irish character." Then he suddenly remembered his companion was Irish—"I mean of the lower order of Irish."

"Of course, of course, Colonel Everard," replied the inspector, somewhat abashedly; but he added, after a moment, "I am quite sure they do not mean things in the sense you or I would mean them. That boy was probably merely making a joke, out of pure good nature to the prisoner."

"But he will tell the lies all the same."

"I do not suppose he would tell a real, deliberate lie wilfully and knowingly; but I have no doubt he will try to deceive the poor mother as far as he can without doing so."

(To be continued.)

## ST. PATRICK'S DAY

### FAITH AND FATHERLAND

#### Ireland Remembered by Her Sons and Daughters.

#### THE DEAR LITTLE SHAMROCK

#### A Grand Procession and the Wearing of the Green—Solemn High Mass at St. Patrick's—Prayer, Music and Eloquence—The Sermon of the Day—Decorations and After Procession Speeches.

A German writer of the modern philosophic infidel school has recently written, with the intention of casting a sneer at the Irish, that the only national patron saint of any country who is to-day really and devotedly honored with a loving faith is St. Patrick. This is unquestionably true. St. Denis in France, St. James in Spain, St. George in England and Russia, St. Andrew in Scotland, St. David in Wales, may be more or less remembered, but it is indeed reserved for the Irish alone to make the 17th of March a reality in so far as St. Patrick is concerned. Hence the sneer of Virchow becomes a very high compliment, and the Irish may be honored by the intended insult. No matter where beneath the sun the Irishman may be, he does honor to the day in some manner, though, perhaps, it may be in the humblest way and he alone present to do it. It may be safely asserted that in no city is St. Patrick's Day observed with greater affection than in Montreal, and in no city is the strength of the Irish societies greater, or are they of more importance. No other city has done more in proportion to her size and population for the Old Land than has Montreal, and it is not being guilty of any egotism or conceit when we say that the name of no city is regarded with greater affection and gratitude in Ireland than that of the Dominion metropolis. She has never been behind when work has to be done for those in the old island less happily situated than ourselves. The demonstration to-day fully proves that the spirit that has animated the Irish in Canada is in no degree on the wane. From an early hour the shamrock could be seen on the streets. The workman wearing his way to his occupation, the clerks en route to office, those making their way to church, one and all gave sign of that indestructible love whose holy flame forever burns for the island of the shamrock. The poorest, like the richest, felt the necessity of "wearing of the green."

Scarcely a finer day could have been desired for the celebration, and as a consequence all Irish men and women turned out in crowds to do honor to Erin's great saint. The different national, temperance, benevolent, and literary societies of the city assembled at their respective halls at an early hour, and thence proceeded to the corner of Craig and Alexander streets, where the procession formed, and marched to St. Patrick's church. The following was the order of procession:—

- JOHN KENNEDY, Marshal-in-Chief.
- The Montreal Hackmen's Union and Benefit Society (mounted).
- Band—Banner.
- Congregations of St. Gabriel and St. Henri.
- St. Gabriel's Young Men's Society.
- Band—Flag.
- St. Gabriel's Temperance and Benefit Society.
- St. Gabriel's Temperance Cadets.
- Congregation of St. Anthony's Parish.
- St. Anthony's Young Men's Society.
- Band—Flag.
- Congregation of St. Mary's.
- Boys of St. Bridget's Christian Brothers' Schools.
- Band—O'Connell Banner.
- St. Mary's Catholic Young Men's Society.
- Band—Flag.
- St. Bridget's Total Abstinence and Benefit Society.
- Boys of St. Ann's Christian Brothers' Schools.
- Congregation of St. Ann's.
- St. Ann's Young Men's Society.
- Band—Flag.
- The Young Irishmen's Literary and Benefit Association.
- Band—St. Ann's Banner.
- St. Ann's Total Abstinence and Benefit Society.
- Catholic Mutual Benefit Society.
- Boys of St. Lawrence Christian Brothers' Schools.
- St. Patrick's Congregation.
- Leo Club.
- Band—Flag.
- Irish Catholic Benefit Society.
- The Catholic Young Men's Society.
- Band—"The Father Matthew Banner."
- St. Patrick's Total Abstinence and Benefit Society.
- The "St. Bridget Banner."
- Band—Banner.
- The St. Patrick's Society.
- The Mayor and Invited guests.
- The Clergy.

Within the sacred edifice a large crowd had assembled awaiting the ingress of the different societies. The decorations herein were fully equal to those of previous years, and were prepared with much taste and care. Shortly after ten o'clock the representatives of the different societies marched down the centre aisle to the soul-inspiring strains of the organ, and took the seats allotted them. At the same time the choir and clergy took their places inside the Sanctuary, and the solemn services of the Mass was begun by His Lordship Bishop Fabre, in full pontificals. He was assisted by Rev. Father Lagger, C.S.S.R., as assistant priest, Rev. Father Salmon, of St. Gabriel's, and Rev. Father Donnelly, of the Bishop's Palace, as deacon and sub-deacon of honor, respectively; Rev. Mr. Fitzpatrick and Rev. Mr. Broderick as deacon and sub-deacon of the Mass, and Rev. Messrs. St. Jean and J. Sullivan as masters of ceremonies. His Lordship Archbishop Taché, of St. Boniface, also occupied a seat in the Sanctuary, and there were several ecclesiastics from the seminary and priests from other parishes. The choir was exceedingly strong, and assisted by a powerful orchestra rendered Mozart's Twelfth Mass in a thoroughly artistic manner. Prof. Fowler presided at the organ in his usual capable manner, and Mr. W. E. McCaffrey filled the position of leader. Among those who contributed some very choice solos in the Gloria, Credo, Sanctus and Agnes Dei were Misses W. J. O'Hara, J. O. Hammill, J. Heenan, F. J. Green, and M. M. Cloran each of whom is deserving of much praise. Immediately after the Gospel the Rev. Father

Licking C.S.S.R., ascended the pulpit and delivered an eloquent sermon on the feast which the people present had assembled to celebrate. He said:—

Again the day has come around, My Lords, Rev. Fathers and beloved brethren, on which all the children of Ireland scattered throughout the wide expanses of many lands unite their voices and hearts in praise of the great saint chosen to be the Apostle of Erin. For a brief space the laborer gives up his toil, the widow forgets her sorrow, the orphan his loss, and the bitterness of oppression is lost sight of, and from every part of the compass, from Africa to America, the thoughts of all Irishmen and women turn back to the dear little isle of the shamrock. With all the affections of children for their parents, they turn their thoughts to-day to the great Apostle of Ireland and consider how isolated and superstitious was forced to yield to the true faith in Ireland. This stupendous work was the labor of St. Patrick. Is it a wonder, therefore, that the men and women of Ireland throughout the entire universe should unite their voices to-day in praise and thanksgiving; is it a wonder that every heart is glad, and that the faces of all are beaming with smiles and joy, and that the less wonderful that with each succeeding year the 17th of March arrives, we celebrate the day with the same love and fervor as though each succeeding anniversary was but the first outpouring of their fervor. Such a conversion as that of Ireland was not brought about by chance, nor even by human power, but this stupendous work was only achieved by the suffering, the tears and the prayers of St. Patrick. If we consider the sacrifices which he had to make and the privations which he had to endure, it will show us that we can do no good for ourselves, our religion or our country without making sacrifices. At his baptism St. Patrick was given a name which in English means "bathed in baptism," and in his life his faithful servant of Christ waged a constant warfare both against himself and the powers of error. Divine Providence sheltered him into his young heart all the inducements required. So had Almighty God brought about his conversion, and he was one of his children to become great in the Church—an apostle or a saint—he always prepared him from his very childhood in giving him a true and Christian father and a loving mother. What could be a greater comfort than to know that one has been given a good Christian father, and paramount to this, the blessing of a good mother. Always, his mother, his hair was grown white, often recalled his mother, and would say: "If there is any pity in me, it comes from my beloved mother." She would teach him on her knees, and say: "Alphonse, you know you are as dear to me as the apple of my eye, and I should think that you would shed one mortal sin and become as dear as dead at my feet." Such were the prayers of St. Patrick. They brought him up in the practice of virtue and exercises of piety, and he learned his prayers at his mother's knee. St. Patrick was not only a man of prayer, but a man of penance, and for this God had always inspired his saints. In the Old Testament we find how David spent his nights in weeping and praying, and how he fasted and chastised his body in the service of God. Let me lead you with me to a desert in Palestine. There is nothing visible but the barren rocks and the hot sand, with no silvery stream to break its monotony. In the midst of this vast desert, stretched out before you any human habitation, with nothing to protect him from the burning sun and no protection from the lions which frequented the deserted place. Here he is praying and fasting and at the end of 40 days he had not eaten, nor drunk, but had spent his time in penance. And that young man was Jesus Christ himself. That was the way he prepared for his mission. He entered upon his mission, and once in the stable at Bethlehem and only closed on the cross of Calvary. So was it with St. Patrick and every man called by God to be an apostle. He imitated our Saviour step by step, and after his labors of the day was found at night in prayer. We hear of him fasting on the ground, and we hear of him fasting on the ground he has left vestiges of his mortification. He was to be not only an earthly Christian, he was to be an apostle. But according as the name is, so also was the penance to be. He was to give his whole life to it, and how was he to be reared in this apostolate? When sixteen years of age, he was sent to Britain, and he found him there, and on board their vessel, he found him off to the British coast of Ireland. There he was given as a slave to a pagan and sent to care herds on the mountain side. Away from his loving parents, friends and his church, he had nothing but what was instilled in his heart. He had been taught to pray, and there on the rough mountain side he raises his hands to heaven and begs to be sent home. His prayer was heard in course of time, as he returned home to his native country. At home his friends comforted him, expecting that he would set about gaining what he had lost, but he did not enter his mind. He had been in Ireland, he had seen the natives in their idolatry and the darkness of superstition; he saw them stretch out their arms to him to come and instruct them in his faith. This man of God listened to this inspiration, he presses through his studies, is ordained priest and with the dignity of Melchisedech on his shoulders he prostrates himself at the feet of the Sovereign Pontiff for full authority to carry out his mission in the island of Ireland. St. Patrick started for Ireland. There he preached in every quarter, faced every danger of death, every persecution, there was nothing to deter him from preaching, and when old age was upon him and he was advised to retire, he replied that he must labor until the last moment was converted. This was the work he was doing, and this stupendous conversion was wrought about by one man. When we look at it, it is one of the most remarkable in the annals of history, as it was brought about without the shedding of one drop of blood. We all know other apostles preaching the Gospel had shed their blood, and how Christians were persecuted by every means that man could suggest. Gaul, Spain, Italy, in fact everywhere where the Gospel was preached, was saturated with blood. And yet there was not one drop spilled in Ireland. This conversion was again remarkable for its permanency. It endured during 800 years of Protestant persecution, but it is still there, and you and your forefathers suffer not recall to you what your forefathers suffered for. It was a remarkable achievement that carried the seed of faith to many nations. In St. Patrick's time he established schools and colleges that were remarkable for the number of saints which left them, and many became missionaries to other countries. Wherever an Irishman went he carried his faith with him. The reverend gentleman, in drawing his sermon to a close, said that those who desired to continue St. Patrick's work should, like him, make the sacrifices of his passions especially, and like true sons of his love the Catholic Church. They should show this love by receiving the Sacraments, by their attachment to their own country, by praying to their Holy Father to send them the liberties for that land which they prayed for. In conclusion he said: "I hope St. Patrick will bless us and keep us in that faith, and that when it comes around again our love will be found the same as ever. He then called upon the Bishop to give blessing and the Mass continued.

#### THE PROCESSION.

The procession returned on Radepond street after mass, and to the sweet strains of the numerous bands, marched through Victoria square, St. James, Place d'Armes square, Notre Dame street east, to Papez square, and then by way of Craig street and Victoria square to the St. Patrick's church. The sight was one to warm the heart of Irishmen as the green and white flags flying, and the banners with the ornaments passed along the thoroughfares mentioned above. The streets were lined with people of every class and nationality, but the Irishman was easily distinguished by his sprig

of shamrock or green ribbon which he wore in honor of his patron saint. At St. Mary's Church the crowd was dense, and some difficulty was experienced in marching through the narrow space allotted to the processionists. On Victoria square every available spot was occupied, and horses and sleighs were mounted by the larger onlookers to obtain a better view. The sight as the different societies representing temperance, religion and literature, marched down Radepond street, headed by the Hackmen's Union, who had a large number, was sufficient to enliven the hearts of Erin's sons and bring back reminiscences of the Isle across the sea, where younger days were spent. The bands played to the best of their ability, and were not loathe in delivering the ever well appreciated airs of "St. Patrick's Day," "The Wearing of the Green," etc. The procession, on the whole, has been one of the largest and most beautiful witnessed in Montreal for many years, and apparently the Irishmen of this city, whose numbers are augmented every year, turned out with a stronger intention of doing the greatest honor possible to St. Patrick.

**ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY CONCERT.**

As usual the due celebration of St. Patrick's Day was brought to a fitting close by a grand concert given under the auspices of St. Patrick's Society in Nordheimer's hall. This handsome little theatre was well filled on the occasion, and that the audience heartily enjoyed themselves and appreciated the efforts of the ladies and gentlemen performers was evinced by the frequent and spontaneous outbursts of applause which greeted the rendition of the various numbers on the excellent programme. Mr. Denis Barry, president of St. Patrick's Society, presided, and among other gentlemen noticed on the platform were the Rev. Father Delany, C.S.S.R.; Rev. Mr. Clayton, pastor of the Church of England at Bolton Corners, Dr. Anderson, consul general of the United States, and the presidents or representatives of the different societies of the city.

**ST. PATRICK'S DAY IN ST. GABRIEL.**

St. Patrick's day was celebrated with due solemnity by the different societies and the parishioners of St. Gabriel's parish. At an early hour the Rev. J. J. Salmon, pastor of the parish, and the officers of St. Gabriel's T. A. & B. Association, were busy organizing the procession, which was to proceed to the city to take part in the grand annual parade. At 5 o'clock the City band drove up to the residence of the Rev. pastor, and making the welkin ring with the enlivening strains of "The Wearing of the Green," "Garryowen," and other stirring selections from Ireland's national repertoire, the enthusiasm became aglow, and aroused the spirit of the occasion.

**THE YOUNG IRISHMEN'S CONCERT.**

The Queen's Hall last night was, by a long way, inadequate to accommodate the numerous friends of the Young Irishmen's L. & B. Association who flocked to attend their concert. Shortly after 8 o'clock, to the inspiring strains of "St. Patrick's Day," as played by a good orchestra, Mr. Halley, the president of the Young Irishmen's Association, in company with Gen. Thomas Francis Bourke, the speaker of the evening, and the invited guests, representing different sister societies, took their places on the platform.

The chairman, Mr. E. Halley, opened the programme with a few introductory remarks, in which he said that although it was generally customary on such occasions as the present for the president to give a little idea of the progress of the society, still he thought that to many of those present such would not be necessary. For the benefit of any of the still younger Irishmen who were gradually growing up and who would soon be pushing the present young Irishmen out, he gave an interesting description of the several objects of the society, and expressed the hope that those who followed in their footsteps would live long and happily.

The next feature on the programme was an overture by the orchestra, under the direction of Prof. Fowler, which elicited loud applause. A chorus, "Let Erin Remember," by a gentleman choir of fifteen voices, followed and was well received. Mrs. Chesebrough then sang in a very pleasing manner "Dear Harp of My Country," and in answer to the loud encore which she received, gave "The Bloom of that valley shall fade, etc."

"Brian's March," by Mr. M. P. Rowan, was thoroughly well rendered. He is possessed of a fine bass voice of much compass and was favored with a double recall. Miss Malby followed with "Kathleen O'More," which she gave in her usual pleasing and artistic style. A trio, by Mrs. Chesebrough, Messrs. F. J. Green and E. F. Casey, was then given, calling forth a well merited encore. The next number on the programme was a duet between Miss Malby and J. Heenan, and was favorably received. The first part concluded with a solo (Mr. Heenan), and a chorus, "The Cruiskeen Lawn."

**GEN. BOURKE'S ADDRESS.**

The president of the society then introduced the lecturer of the evening, Gen. Thomas Francis Bourke, whom he termed as a patriot of Ireland, and one whose position was almost analogous with that of Emmet, Larkin and O'Brien. On rising Gen. Bourke was received with a perfect storm of applause, cheers and waving of handkerchiefs which lasted several minutes. When quiet had been restored the speaker began by saying: "It is customary for a speaker to commence by expressing astonishment at the warmth of the reception tendered him. This may be the stage way of doing it, or the stereotyped way of commencing, but when I assure you, as I do from the bottom of my heart, that I thank you heartily for the warmth with which you have received me, I am sure you will believe me (applause). The generous welcome of the Irish heart to one who is conversant with the little or much to the cause of home (a voice "Your life") is so well known that it does not astonish me so much. If I were permitted to follow the bent of my wishes I would make no attempt at prosy speaking. I came here to renew an acquaintance in Montreal which I made ten years ago (applause). There is very little in life that gives us so much real happiness as the renewal of old associations or the making and cementing of new ones with the hope that their continuance will be equally happy. I look with pride and pleasure upon this reception and to this large gathering which would reflect a credit on any nation. In going through your city to-day I was astonished at the magnitude of your celebration and the general display of bunting. In New York they had the elegant phrase of "painting the town red," but here in Montreal you have reversed this, and actually painted the town "green." The subject I am to speak to you about is Ireland. But how is it possible for any man, no matter how logical he may be or how deep his philosophy, how is it possible to say anything on the subject of Ireland. It is remarkable that, notwithstanding attempts to ameliorate her wrongs, she have seen defeat follow disaster, and still it seemed as though, as our miseries accumulated, our love had grown proportionately. We are as Irish to-day as we ever were, and we are more so, for we have to-day a nation risen from her feet and battling for her liberty, and we will continue to do battle no matter what way it may be reached. The man who to-day holds the constitutional reins, the man who holds elective men to the cabinet, the man who has brought to the front the causes of the

people, and says the land belongs to the people, they have an aboriginal right to it, Charles Stewart Parnell (loud applause), the man who battles for the poor and who leads the advance brigade, has forced the government to accept his reasoning, and since 1876 he has never made a false step. It may seem to you strange that I should talk to you thus, and you may say "Why do you change your front? You were not always a believer in parliamentary agitation. You believed in another means." To this I may say, that I am as much in favor as ever of the principles that Washington used, but we are not ready for this, and to hurl our countrymen on British bayonets would only be wholesale murder. We are in favor of strengthening Parnell and assisting him to gain what he seeks. Does he ask too much? Only the revenues of the land of Ireland, which now go to the continent to keep in luxury debauched nobles in the gambling halls of Baden-Baden, and elsewhere. This was all to be stopped by the movement of Parnell. In comparing the cause of Ireland with that of the thirteen colonies, the eloquent lecturer said that England was the mother country, who was the mother of those people, they came largely from England, enjoyed the same religion, customs, manners and modes, they were all English. But is England our mother? Stopmother, you may tell me, she is where she is by right of force; she has scattered millions of your bones on the highway to die. She has done all this and we must hug our chains, because England is the most Christian Government in the world (laughter). She sends her ships to Patagonia and China, and if these fall they are followed by her bayonets. The Irish were asking but their rights, and those they would obtain. A remarkable fact was that since the Land League had taken the tone and since of Ireland in its folds crimes had almost ceased. He had stood as near the brink of eternity as any man, but he lived long enough to see the great victory which was coming. In conclusion he made an energetic appeal to his hearers to assist in strengthening the hands of Parnell, and urged upon them the necessity of organization for mutual advancement.

**NOTE OF THANKS.**

Mr. H. J. Cloran was called upon to propose a vote of thanks. He said that they had often heard patriotic speeches, but it was seldom their good fortune to hear a patriotic speech from a true patriot, from one who, through no fault of his, had suffered a misgovernment, was not that night singing the praises and glories of Ireland with her other martyrs in heaven instead of addressing the audience of Montreal Irishmen and women on this national festival. (Loud cheers.) He paid a glowing tribute to General Bourke for his labors and sacrifices in the cause of Ireland, for which he (Bourke) had been ready to give his life, thereby placing himself in the ranks of the Emmets and the Fitzgeralds, earning the lasting gratitude of the Irish race (applause). The thanks of the audience were also due to the Young Irishmen's society for having given them such a genuine treat of pure Irish oratory and Irish music as had filled the hall that evening. He also insisted on the importance of organization among the Irish people in Canada, by which they would be able to assert themselves more effectively in every field of public action. Mr. Cloran then referred to the infamous and lying charge made by the Rev. Dr. Potts at an Orange gathering in Toronto against General Bourke, that the Young Irishmen's Society had invited a murderer to address them. The charge was a foul slander and fell from the lips of a coward (cheers and groans). It was not necessary to vindicate the eloquent orator's name and fame, but it was due to justice and truth to brand Dr. Potts as a coward and slanderer (great cheering). Mr. Cloran then asked the audience to send their thanks in three rousing hurrahs to the patriot soldier and orator, General Thomas Francis Bourke. The audience "rose at him" in a prolonged and wild outburst of enthusiasm.

**THE DAY REVERIES.**

OTTAWA, March 17.—The city is gay with bunting in honor of St. Patrick's Day. There was no procession in Ottawa, but a grand service was held in St. Patrick's church this morning. The immense building could not afford seating accommodation for all who attended. The Rev. Father M. Callaghan, of St. Patrick's church, Montreal, delivered a forcible and eloquent sermon, extolling the constant fidelity of the Irish to the faith, the priesthood and the papacy, from the time of St. Patrick to the present time, and enjoying upon his hearers to be ever ready to uphold their faith against all assailants. He referred to Parnell, the Archbishop of Cashel, and the Archbishop of Dublin, and the grand triumph of working for the best interests of the Irish race, and whose efforts, he hoped, would be crowned with success at no distant date.

TORONTO, Ont., March 17.—St. Patrick's Day was quietly observed here. There was no procession and no bands parading the streets as in former years. To-night concert were held by the Irish Catholic Benevolent Union and Emerald Beneficial Association. The Irish Protestant Beneficial Society held their second annual dinner at the Queen's Hotel, over two hundred being present. The chair was occupied by the President, Mr. C. W. Bunting; speeches were delivered by Lieut.-Governor Robinson, Prof. Goldwin Smith, Rev. Dr. Potts and others. The affair was a great success.

HALIFAX, N.S., March 17.—The Emerald Beneficial Society attended service at St. Patrick's Church to-day. To-night a concert and lecture was given under their auspices at the Opera House, and the Irish Protestant Benevolent Society held their annual dinner at the St. Nicholas.

LOXNOX, Ont., March 17.—The anniversary of Ireland's patron saint was observed this morning by special service in St. Peter's cathedral. High mass was celebrated at 10 o'clock by Rev. Father Duggan, and his lordship Bishop Walsh delivered a patriotic sermon on St. Patrick appropriate to the occasion, referring to the history of his life, his glorious mission to the Green Isle and his grand work in the evangelization of the people. There was a very large congregation in attendance. In the evening a concert was given at the Opera House.

BALTIMORE, Ind., March 17.—The admirers of Parnell and his sympathizers in his efforts to obtain Home Rule for Ireland celebrated St. Patrick's Day by holding the largest and most enthusiastic meeting ever held in this city in aid of the Parliamentary fund. The Concordia Opera House was filled to overflowing, and presented a brilliant appearance in its dressing of green, intermingled with the stars and stripes; \$7,000 was subscribed to aid the cause of Ireland.

PENNSBORO, Ont., March 17.—St. Patrick's Day was duly observed by the Irishmen of the town. In the morning a large congregation attended High Mass at the Cathedral. Right Rev. Mgr. Lorman officiating. In the evening St. Patrick's Literary Society gave a concert, which proved a success. The concert was occupied by M. J. Gorman, baritone. During the evening Thomas O'Hagan, M.A., master in the Pembroke High School, delivered a very able and brilliant address on "Irish Patriotism."

#### A FOOLISH PRACTICAL JOKE.

LONDON, March 17.—A practical joke was played upon Michael Davitt last night by some students at Oxford. Mr. Davitt delivered a lecture at Oxford, and was invited to occupy for the night the room of a graduate in the college. Some of the students when they learned this were much incensed, and securely screwed the outer doors of the room. Davitt was compelled to reach the ground this morning by letting himself down from the windows with the sheets off his bed.