

J. D. SULLIVAN.

A Sketch of the Gifted Irishman who will Lecture Here—hurry!

FOR THE REGISTER.

Towards the end of the present month, T. D. Sullivan is to begin his lectures in America. There is no need to tell Irishmen who T. D. Sullivan is, little need to touch on his parliamentary record, little need, indeed, to say one word of the man. With the name of T. D. Sullivan and with the name of his brother the late A. M., there is associated a series of chapters of modern Irish history, the most tragic and the most gloomy of a history whose every page is covered by gloom and tragedy. And standing out in bold relief against that back ground of gloom is the heroism and unselfishness of a handful of men like T. D. Sullivan and his brother, the late lamented and gifted A. M.

The history of Ireland for the past fifty years will be ever closely associ-



T. D. SULLIVAN.

ated with the *Nation* newspaper. And when the various movements which were fostered by the *Nation* had died away—the Young Ireland movement, the Tenant Right struggle—when these had vanished, when their leaders had been forced into exile or condemned to the felon's cell, T. D. Sullivan and his brother A. M. stepped into the breach and still kept burning the flame of national life. The *Nation* remained true to the principles of its founder. It preached in season and out of season the right of Ireland to national existence, the right of the tenant to protection, and it declared that "independent opposition" was the only means by which these great objects could be attained. In face of English prejudice, happily since banished, unchecked by perfidious parliamentarians like Judge Keogh, by omnipotent landlordism, by a narrow electorate, T. D. Sullivan, with his brother A. M., worked on, hoped on. To these two brothers, Thomas Power O'Connor, in his Parnell Movement, says, "Ireland owes it that the lamp of national faith and hope was held aloft through the long and apparently endless night of eviction, hunger, emigration, triumphant tyranny, and political perfidy."

T. D. Sullivan presents a remarkably picturesque figure. His silver-white hair, his light mild eyes, ever twinkling with good humor, the light-hearted smile that ever plays about his lips—these would attract to him the stranger. They show you the qualities which go to make up the character of the man, and there is nothing in that character more striking than his geniality and a love of those social surroundings which prevail in Ireland more, perhaps, than in any country in the world. You see T. D. Sullivan at his best as you listen to him after attending some large demonstration in some country hotel in Ireland, or, as the writer has heard him, at a Land League smoking con-

cert in London, trolling forth one of his own ditties to the delight of an admiring audience. For strong as hold as T. D. Sullivan's poems and ballads have upon the minds of the Irishmen by whom they are read, they are never thoroughly appreciated until they have been heard sung by himself, for then they are sung in a voice, with a deep, melodious brogue that gives to the words a life which brings a complete picture of the scene they describe before the listener.

These joyful gifts, like the other gifts which T. D. Sullivan possesses in so unusual a degree are inherited. It is told of his mother, that she was the god mother of half the children of Bantry born in her time. T. D. indeed has about him something of the picturesque of his native spot, and there is no more beautiful and no more picturesque spot in Ireland. As an instance of the deep impressions which his early surroundings must have made upon the Sullivans take this brief description by the late A. M. of his home. "Revisiting, recently," he wrote some years ago, "the scene of my early life, I realized more vividly than ever the changes which thirty years had effected. I sailed once more over the blue waters of the Bay on which I was to say, cradled; climbed the hills and trod the rugged defiles of Glen Gariff and Bearn by paths and passes learnt in childhood and remembered still. . . . I have seen the mass on the ocean when not a breeze stirred and the tinkle of the little bell or the murmuring of the priest's voice was the only sound that reached the ear, the blue hills of Bantry, faint on the horizon behind us and nothing nearer beyond than the American shore." These last words have reference to the ceremony of opening the fishing season, a ceremony which like many other good old Irish customs, is known no more.

Such was the spot in which T. D. Sullivan was born 67 years ago, and in which he was brought up. It is no wonder that he should carry with him to his dying day that feeling for all that is good in life which the scenes described were calculated to implant in the breast of one of his poetic temperament. His home was thoroughly national, and his family was essentially national as well as literary in its tendencies. The chief and the best school master in Bantry in his day was a Mr. Healy, the grandfather of T. M. and Maurice Healy who have, in the last ten years, made such a distinguished mark in the British House of Commons. Mr. Healy belonged to the race of scholars who were to be found in the old days in nearly all Munster. The ties between the two families were afterwards drawn closer together by the marriage of T. D. Sullivan to Miss Kate Healy, the daughter of his teacher, and still later by the marriage of Maurice Healy to the daughter of the late A. M. Sullivan.

Little space is left to speak of T. D. Sullivan as a song writer or as a parliamentarian. Suffice it to say that his songs are ballads in the truest sense of the word. They give voice to popular sentiment, in the swinging catching rhyme, and in the language of the people. Further, his ballads have always kept pace with every popular Irish movement and with every phase of every popular movement. Take his "God save Ireland," written over the hanging of Allen, Larkin and O'Brien, or again his "Murty Hynes," written in the height of the Land League agitation. Each gave expression to the passion and the feeling of the land. Take again his "Deep in Canadian woods we've met." There is no need to quote it; it is known to every Irishman. But think of its rousing effect when at the bloody battle of Fredericksburg, it was started by a Captain of the union troops, stricken with the gloom of defeat, was taken up by the men, and answered by the Irish soldiers in the opposite camp.

As a parliamentarian T. D. Sullivan has not achieved any remarkable results as a speaker. Wit is his forte. One night, for example, in the midst of a debate in which all the passions of opposite parties were aroused, he closed his speech in these words: "There is a divinity doth hedge a bailiff, rough h'uso him how we will." On another occasion he brought his argument to a close by drinking the health of the Land League in a glass of water.

It has been said that if T. D. Sullivan went on a lecturing tour, he would be found to make a remarkable success. He is now about to start in Boston, and it is probable that he will be heard in Toronto, where he has friends as admiring if not as numerous as can be found in any portion of the world.

JOHN ARMSTRONG.

A. O. H.

TORONTO, Oct. 9th, 1894.

To the Editor of the Catholic Register.

Dear Sir—In the columns of your valuable paper from time to time many interesting items have appeared of the work being done by the different Catholic Societies. While my sympathies are with all of them in the good work they are doing I would in a special manner address a few lines to the many Irish Catholic readers of the Register who may not have connected themselves with any society. None offer more inducements than the Ancient Order of Hibernians. Organized in the mountain fastnesses of holy Ireland at a time when the same price was on the head of a priest as a wolf to protect the Catholic Clergy and their followers from the attacks of a brutal soldiery whose only ambition seemed to be the degradation and if possible the total extinction of the Irish race. Thank God they failed in their mission. The Irish race have been driven from their home to seek a new one under foreign skies. They have remained true to the faith of St. Patrick, true to the land of their forefathers in her struggles for freedom. The A. O. H. have at all times taken an active part in all matters pertaining to the welfare of the Irish race at home and abroad. The social and benevolent features, are second to none. For a small monthly sum the members receive themselves the sum of five dollars (\$5.00) per week sick benefits and medical attendance, each state or province having the power to enact laws for its own guidance providing they do not conflict with the constitution. Taking advantage of this the Order in Ontario have added a system of insurance thus giving each member an opportunity of having a Life Insurance as well as a sick benefit at the lowest possible rates.

As stated the beneficial features of the A. O. H. are second to none. Where can an Irishman or son of an Irishman find himself more at home than surrounded by his fellow countrymen? There he has the opportunity to get acquainted, to exchange ideas, to meet together as members of one family and if possible bring closer the scattered elements of our race. He has the opportunity if on a trip of always meeting a friend. In most of the cities and towns of the Dominion and in the United States the A. O. H. is a household word. From far off Australia come words of encouragement. From the Irish exile wherever his lot be cast come words of inspiration to his countrymen at home to carry on the fight for the God-given right of governing themselves. True men love the people who stand up in a manly way for their rights. Let us be true to the memories of our fathers. Let us like them assert our manhood and character and stand upon our rights.

As the Peep O' Day boys failed to crush our race in the old land so will their offspring fail on this continent no matter under what name they may masquerade. We have no ill will towards those of any other church or nationality. The A. O. H. in one of the planks in its platform of principle teaches that they shall do to each other and all the world as they wish to be done by. At the last national convention held in Omaha, Nebraska, it was decided to raise the sum of fifty thousand dollars (\$50,000) to establish a professorship in the Catholic University at Washington for the teaching of the Irish language, history and literature. Within the next six months this will be carried into effect. The Right Reverend Bishop Foley of Detroit, National Chaplain of the Order is Treasurer of the Fund. This will stand a lasting monument to the honor and patriotism of the Ancient Order of Hibernians. While Mr. Editor I could go on citing advantages to be gained by every young Irishman of birth or descent who becomes affiliated with the A. O. H. I earnestly hope that this will not fall on deaf ears. If there is not a division in reach of you get 18 or 20 young Irishmen of good moral character between the ages of 18 and 45 and no time will be lost in establishing a division.

HUGH McCAFFREY,
Prov. Pres. A. O. H.

SEND TO-DAY.

Ladies and Gentlemen, be alive to your own interests. There has recently been discovered and is now for sale by the undersigned, a truly wonderful "Hair Grower" and "Complexion Whitening." This "Hair Grower" will actually grow hair on a bald head in six weeks. A gentleman who has no beard can have a thrifty growth in six weeks by the use of this wonderful "Hair Grower." It will also prevent the hair from falling. By the use of this remedy boys raise an elegant mustache in six weeks. Ladies if you want a surprising head of hair have it immediately by the use of this "Hair Grower." I also sell a "Complexion Whitening" that will in one month's time make you as clear and white as the skin can be made. We never knew a lady or gentleman to use two bottles of this Whitening for they all say that before they finished the second bottle they were as white as they would like to be. After the use of this whitening, the skin will forever retain its color. It also removes freckles, etc., etc. The "Hair Grower" is 50 cents per bottle and the "Face Whitening" 50 cents per bottle. Either of these remedies will be sent by mail, postage paid, to any address on receipt of price. Address all orders to,
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TORONTO POSTAL GUIDE—During the month of October, 1894, mails close and are due as follows:

	CLOSE.		DUE.	
	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.
G. T. R. East	6.00	7.40	7.15	9.30
O. and Q. Railway	7.45	8.00	7.35	7.40
G. T. R. West	7.30	3.25	12.40	8.00
N. and N. W.	7.30	4.50	10.05	8.10
T. G. and B.	7.00	4.30	10.55	8.50
Midland	7.00	3.35	12.50	9.30
C. V. R.	7.00	3.00	12.15	8.50
G. W.	a.m.	p.m.	1.m.	p.m.
	6.30	4.00	10.40	8.20
U. S. N. Y.	6.30	12.00	9.00	5.45
		4.00	12.30	11.00
U.S. West'n States	6.30	12.00	9.00	8.20
		10.30		

English mails close on Mondays and Thursdays at 10 p.m.; on Wednesdays at noon, and on Saturdays at 7.15 p.m. Supplementary mails to Mondays and Thursdays close on Tuesdays and Fridays at 12 noon. The following are the dates of English mails for the month of October: 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 15, 16, 18, 19, 20, 22, 24, 25, 26, 27, 29, 30.

N.B.—There are branch post offices in every part of the city. Residents of each district should transact their Savings Bank and money Order business at the local office nearest to their residence, taking care to notify their correspondents to make orders payable at such Branch Postoffice.
T. C. PATTERSON, P.M.

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