THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CERONICLE.

Men I Have Seen and Heard. By a Beteran Seribbler

about the tone or manner of the old maa. He simply told, in conversa-tional style, with the least possible

IC xions, the pathetic story of Hood's life, miseries and death. We

knew it was all an introduction to the 'Dream of Eugene Aram;' but it was such a delightfully sad, such a touchingly weird dream, that it

seemed as if he had cast a spell over each of us and had sent us off

into a trance, an opiate slumber filled with visions so vivid that they

appeared realities to our senses. The

very absence of all "acting" proved the power of the man, proved what

a consummate actor he was. He made us live with Hood, participate

in the poet's hopes and disappoint-ments, smile with him in his mo-

ments of laughter-competing wit

and weep with him in his hours of

melancholy and misfortune. He made

us feel as did Hood when he penned

Song of the Shirt; " he made us ex

ult with him when his humorous

How deep the silence in that large

drawing-room when the speaker told of Hood's poverty, the attachment

of his loving wife, the long years of

sickness and constant literary work,

the puns made and the poems writ-

ten between the grasps of suffering

and the pangs of deprivation, the

gloom of a mental twilight that ame over him before the inevitable

night of the grave. How closely we

followed as he pictured the occa-

sional lucid moments, the memories then evoked, the richness of love

poured out on children and wife, the

perpetual presence of that good wo-

man at the poet's side, the closing scenes, and the last words ever ut

then "The Lord said, 'Take up thy

tered by Hood-"Dying, dying '

"The Bridge of Sighs," and

soul would find vent in "Tim pin," "Faithless Nelly Grey,"

Waterloo Ballad," or "A Apology for Bow-Legs."

slumber

' The

"Tim Tur

Sailor's

If any of the readers of this col-mn can remember the old Royal producing effect, nothing theatrical Theatre, at the end of the Champde-Mars, or the old Royal Theatro on Wellington street, in Ottawa, they may recall the name of "Joe ssibly some of them have even heard him in the days of his glory. It was in the fifties that Joe Lee flourished. He had arrived from his early triumphs in London with his Hamlet, Lear, Shylock, Othello, and Julius Caesar; he created a furore in Canada; his name at once became a household word with all fre quenters of the theatre. It was in 1870 that I had the privilege of seeing and hearing, and knowing Joe Les. He was then in his sixty-sixth year, and had been about ten years retired from the stage and was living upon an income left him by some rich relatives in England. Canada had honored him in the days of his professional triumphs, and he selected Canada as his home.

In '1870 Joe Lee was a splendid looking man; age had turned his long locks to white, but had not bent his frame, nor shaken his step, nor dimmed his eye, nor marred his voice; he was physically a grand specimen of manhood. In nature he was a child-simple, confiding, generous and terribly enthusiastic. It was at the Grand Hotel, Caledonia Springs, that I heard him "read; " and I am not likely, for several reasons that I shall relate, to ever forget him, or the night to which 1 ish to make special reference.

In those days there was no way connecting the Springs with ei-ther Montreal or Ottawa. You went boat, as far as L'Orignal, and then over twelve miles of a rough road in stages, Gianelli-long known as Montreal's leading caterer — had charge of the Grand Hotel at the Springs. It was then, as to-day, the rendez-vous of hundreds of prominent citizens from all parts of Canada. On the occasion in question in the sent of the order and fifty guests at the hotel, of the number 1 can only recall a few. The bar of the senter an her wise there. Chapter has a criminal lawyer—had come up that Saturday to spend Sunday; "Listen now to the that fare there of the one sould frive to the swing. "Twas in the prime of summer time. That Saturday night a grand concert—an impromptu affair—was given in the fare drawing room. The principal feature of the entertainment would close to the signed from that change for support. At was no longer the narrafort, that the entertainment would close to the signed from Hood that was before mar a first grave of the entertainment would close to the signed from that clarge. Like troutlets in a pool."
It was no longer the narrafort, that the entertainment would close to the signed from Hood that was before a fragene a clock. It was halfpast ine when Mr. Lee's turn can.
It was no longer the narrafort, that weird, sad the enthuisant of his profession. The trible blood-cumiling story of the shold it bis is magnificent, that weird, sad the weirable blood-cumiling story of the shold the singer than the craving for History to the conduct of the store of your from Hood that was before marking the singer than the erse in the craving for the conduct of the other mark of the solond and the origen that the easily and the singer than the entertianment would close traves in the fer for the singer than the craving for History to the singer than the easily and the singer than the entertianment would close to the singer than the entertianment would close to the singer than the entertianment would c rendez-vous of hundreds of prominent citizens from all parts of

ke the genus Lee, in one of his most tra "I feel like Marius seated a ruins of Carthage and w These last words I ever heard from lips of Joe Lee. He diel some years later; and I fear that, poor Hood, his life-sun went do under a horizon charged with clos --gloom preceding as well as follo ing its setting.

CATHOLIC EDITORS On Many Themes.

FOR RICH MEN .- The Milwauk "Citizen" would like to see a change in the methods used by millionaires in disposing of their surplus mil lions. It says :--

We are going to have mausoleums of books in every city and village of this free land, and the richly en-dowed rival universities established by the Stanfords and the Hearsts in every state, will offer bounties to get enough students to fill their spa-cious classic halls. All this will come to pass because millionaires, with generous impulses.

All this will come to pass because millionaires, with generous impulses, are restricted by the higher fashions of benevolence to the two ways of spending their money-founding li-braries or endowing colleges. A country rich in depots for the circu-lation of popular fiction, or over-stocked with centers for athletic meets (and it is no disparagement of the library or the college to men-tion them by their most popular, if not by their most important pf-tributes), may be far from a happy or prosperous nation. Some more inventive rich men have tried the plan of erecting model tements for workingmen, or putting up economy plan of erecting model tenements for workingmen, or putting up economy lodging houses in the crowded cities From the lap of affluence there are nillions scattered every year, wall but not wis-ly. This great depart-ment of expenditure needs at its ser-vice a bureau of information.

DONT'S ABOUT MARRIAGE. Under this heading the "Catholic Columbian" says :--

No one should say to young wo-men—"Don't marry," for marriage was designed by God. But, while willing to marry, they should take some precautions justified by experi-ence. Don't marry a man just for his good fooks in his fine clothes If he

said. He was not far wrong. The the value of a single Mass."

How priceless is the lore Old Ireland's cabin door, That hedges with a sacred spell To these it is no empty sound. Who think, oft with a tear, Of long-loved mem'rics wreathing round The prayer "God save all here!"

Live on, O prayer, in Ireland still, To bless each threshold true, The echoes of her homes to fill With fervor ever new; And, guarding with its holy spell The soul and conscience clear. Be graven on each heart as well— The prayer "God save all here!"

--M. B. in New Zealand Tablet

THE BEST OF GOOD WORKS

The best things of life are the commonest. Light, air, water, sleep --the real essentials of existence, --are at the command of all; and, like are at the command of all; and, like most commosphace things, are rare-ly appreciated at their genuine value until we have the misfortune to be deprived of them for a considerable time. Familiarity may not always breed contempt, but it invariably dulls the edge of our admiration for what is inherently admirable. The most impressive instance of the su-bline afforded by the visible_uni-verse-the widest, highest, deepost; grandest object in all nature-is the firmament; yet how rarely does it fill us with that elevated mental emotion which we call sublimity!

PRIEST SUES PUBLISHERS.

Rev. William J. Donovan, of the Church of the Guardian Angel in West Twenty-third street, New York, has brought an action in the Su-preme Court to recover \$50,000 damages for alleged libel from Mi-chael H. Wiltzius and John La Boule, members of the firm of M. H. Wilt-zius & Co., of Milwaukee, publish-ers of the Catholic Directory. The directory is published in Janu-ary of each year and purports to give the names of all priests of the Catholic Church in this country, Canada and Australia, and their ee-clesiastical positions as determined by the authorities of the church. The alleged libelous words, published last January, were: Rev. William J. Donovan, of the

Jan nuary, were : 'Absent on leave, William J. Don-

"Absent on leave, William J. Don-ovan." Plaintiff says that when these words are used regarding a prist they are generally understood to mean by all priests and communi-cants of the Catholic Church that such priest is under ecclesiastical censure, without position and in dis-grace with the authorities of the Church. It is alleged that it was in-tended to imply by these words that the plaintiff was under ecclesiastical censure and had been guilty of con-duct unfitting him for the priest-hood. The defence claims that no such meaning attaches to the words, —Boston Republic.

hom he tried to extort \$100 id is said to be

<text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text> and advertuse the lecture 'For Wo-mem Only?' or a lecture on 'The Practices of the Protestant Minis-try,' advertised 'For Men Only?' Would it not be necessary to call out the police to keep order? It cer-tainly would. Then this Mrs. Shep-herd resorts to the stale old trick of inviting the bishops or priests to attend her lecture and contradict her if they dare. If a Catholic were to come to this city denouncing the 'immoralities' of the Protestant ministry, and challenging any minis-ter in the place to contradict his statements, would any one assume they were guilty if they treated him with the same silent contempt as the priests do the statements of Mrs. Shepherd? Surely not. Now, these things are understood among intelligent people. But what is the result among a certain class of those who are not so intelligent? In the workshops sometimes a man will say to his Catholic fellow-workman, 'Why do not your priesis come out and contradict Mrs. Shepherd? She invites them, but they dare not come! The result is always bad feeling and possibly a fight. That's what Mrs. Shepherd is here for. She is willing to do all that sort of thing for 15 cents admission per head to her lectures. Now, as a mat-ter of fact, some Catholics in New York did call this Mrs. Shepherd to account, and not so long ago. What did she do? Stay and answer them ? No. She skipped out of the State, and has not been seen there as a lec-turer since.''

CHARITY OF A SPANISH PRIEST.

It might point out a that beset dren on the l cannot pi quarter of principal or first place cars. You not run on forget that do pass. In there a very streets that sibly the gr Bleury to S you have ca streets, such streets, such Catherine ar fact, a child in ten min the cars run

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Avenue. were at) man rush a child o with his was raise John Gil

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Finally to drop t

escape up in the ga to hide. hour befo dren mys almost supposed but they Outremon

It has how carele become in eafety of at night, for little day-time. that child to fifteen, themselves easy to fo warm we cays, to k for the va other play If they wu they must they must they must ford their lief. This parents an alter the fa

former are where their they do.

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patee reminded me of Marshal Mc-Mahon-who at that very time was leaving the barriere de l'Etoile on his march to the Rhine, on his way to Metz and to Sedan, on his road to the future Presidency of the French Republic. There was something of the same military bearing in Lee. The drawing-room had been transformed into a concert hall, stage had been run up, a reading-stand was placed on it, and there, dressed in evening costume, with a red rose in his button-hole and a small book in his hand, stood the ex-actor Joe Lee.

At that time I was quite young, and easily impressed, but not moreso than was every person present that night. Mr. Lee placed his book to than was every person present that night. Mr. Lee placed his book upon the desk, rested his left elbow upon the corner of that kind of slanting table, and with his right hand in the breast of his coat, he began—in one of those delightful voices that indicate the perfect con-trol of its owner—to inform the au-dience that he would try to enter-tain them for a few moments with a simple "reading." By the way, there was no reading at all, for he never again touched or even glanced at the book. He said that he had sletted a poem entitled "The Dream of Eu-grene Aram." by Thomas Hood, but before attempting to do justice to the poem he felt it a duty to do jus-tice in some measure to the poet. He would like, if we did not think it too tiresome, to tell us a little thresome, to tell us a little ut Tom Hood.

For half on hour the old actor

grey moustache and small white crime, of nature's interference to unmask the guilty one and make known the deed, until, at last.

"That very night, while gentle sleep The urchin eyelide kiss'd, Two stern-faced men set out from Lynn. Thro' the cold aud heavy mist; And Eugene Aram walk'd between, With gyves upon his wrist."

When the "reading" was over Lee informed us that on Monday night, if we so desired, he would give a 'reading'' from Keats. But, as far the promised entertainment were concerned, no Monday night ever came. At twelve that Saturday night concerned, no Monday night ever came. At twelve that Saturday night all the guests had retired. About two o'clock on Sunday morning a fire broke out in the engine house, attached by a wooden structure to the hotel; before three o'clock the whole building was one mass of lames. There were no means of fight-ing the fire, no water supply: no men to use one if it had existed. By four o'clock, in the grey dawn of Sunday, two hundred and fity i pleasure-seekers sat out in the green lawn upon the debris of their bag-rage, and there were not enough of stages to take the half of them to L'Origmal, or to any other place where they could find shelter and food. The Grand Hotel-equally as grand as the one of to-day-- was a heap of ruins, and the miracle is that no lives were lost.

that no lives were lost. I remember seeing Joo Lee, with a small satchel in one hand and a broken umbrolls in the other, seated upon some fragments of the fallen walls and meditating in great sol emnity. It was Chaplenu who came

sonable objections. Don't marry a man who is not a Catholic. If you do, the chances are that you will lose your own soul and have to account for the loss of the souls of your children. Mixed mar-riages are abhorted by the Church.

souls of your children. Mixed mar-riages are abhored by the Church. THE OLD SPIRIT of controversy between Catholics and non-Catho-lics, which has died out, had advan-tages, says the "New Century." What we now call tolerance, "Jehovah, Jove, or Christ-it is all the same to me," says the tolerance and charlity is metëly indifference. "Jehovah, Jove, or Christ-it is all the same to me," says the tolerant the same to me, "says the tolerant the same to me," says the tolerant the same to me, "says the tolerant the same to me," says the tolerant the same to me, "says the tolerant the same to me," says the does not the same to me, and the this geophe used thousands, the religious sense was in a more healthy state that is now. The istan morality is dependent on thristian dogma. And Christian degma cannot keep its hold on a reading, writing, and talking peophe ueon those limits laid down in the little Catechism. The ignorance of the average fatholic those tourty on points and Catholic books, parity because he understands that they are not interesting, and parity because he indis them hard to get. He has forgotten most of his lattle Cateohism, and faith with him be-phe in the dark Sermons at the Low Mass, which he attends, are arrang-the in the dark Sermons is bear-and to tappeal to the uneducated nor simple-minded and the average of meridan is neither uneducated nor simple-minded and the average simple-minded and the aver

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EDUCATION OF WOMEN.

EDUCATION OF WOMEN "Some people imagine that learned women were the product of the nines that is the product of the nines of the nine women of her time. Sir-thomas More wrote beautiful Latin ways to his daughter, and the un-happy Mary Queen of Scotts had left that always been the tradition of the Catholic Church to educate her was no height of nitellectual devo-lopment to which they might carry their training that they (the clerry) would not assist them, but they would not assist them, but they would not assist them but they would not assist them but they it that she was learned? Was it that she was an accomplished and beaution to women when you be was the that what was holy, blessed and good was matured, maintained, fos-tion of the they might care in the world would was matured, maintained, fos-tion of the might is not the mouse, and they was they her "-Bishop Limerick in address to the pupils of a convent school in Limerick.

CAPTURE OF AN IMPOSTER

door to receive such alms as may be given them: Father Barrios having supplied himself with small charge, gives it out to them until the last cent is gone, when he retires and the crowd disperses. He has been known to give the clothes off his back to supply a poor, ragged being. He has also been known to take a book from his library and give it to a beggar, telling him to whom to go and dispose of it for a little money. Father Barrios lives in a little room in the rear of his church in order to save expenses, and of the \$100 per month allowance he gets he is said to give at least 70 per cent. to the cause of charity. He is very unce-tentatious in his good works in this direction and is universally beloved by every one in his parish."

A RECORD FOR JOHN FLANAGAN.

World figures for throwing the 16-pound hanner from a 9-foot circle were mnde by John Flanngan, of the New York Athletic Club, at the Six-ty-ninth Regiment games, held on July 4, at Celtic Park, L.I. Flana-gan's throw was 175 feet 4[‡] inches, or 3 feet 2[‡] inches better than the best previous record.

PRAISE FOR CATHOLIC MUSIC