

The True Witness

AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

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EPISCOPAL APPROBATION.

If the English speaking Catholics of Montreal and of this Province consulted their best interests, they would soon make of the "True Witness" one of the most prosperous and powerful Catholic papers in this country. I heartily bless those who encourage this excellent work.

† PAUL, Archbishop of Montreal.

SATURDAY.....MARCH 19, 1898.

IRELAND'S NATIONAL FESTIVAL.

St. Patrick's Day was this week celebrated with more of ardent patriotism and of religious fervor than has been the case for many years past. It is unnecessary to allude to the cause of this intensified devotion on the part of the sons and daughters of Green Erin and their descendants all over the world to the Faith and Fatherland, which they have proved themselves ready, on many a historic occasion, to defend with their lives. This is the centenary year of Ninety-Eight, and what seems to have been generally lost sight of—it is also the jubilee year of Forty-Eight. From tens of thousands of pulpits and platforms on Thursday eulogies of Ireland's famous patron saint were pronounced, sketches of Ireland's magnificent past were given, memories of centuries of heroism were recalled, the Rebellion of '98 was described, the cause of Home Rule was advocated and, we hope the necessity of unity was insisted upon.

It is a matter for legitimate pride for Irishmen to learn that modern scholarship and research have shown that not only are the early accounts of the pre-eminence of their country in ancient times as a centre of sanctity and learning not exaggerated, but that they did not go far enough.

We know that Irish influence is plainly marked in the creation of the Scandinavian literature of the Eddas and the Sagas. We know, thanks to Norwegian scholars like Sophus Bagge, that the very forms of verse used in the Norse poetry, especially the elder Edda, were of Irish origin; and that the Sagas also follow Irish models in their manner of narrative. We now know that part of the contents of what were supposed to be the oldest and most primitive of their pagan songs was derived from Christian documents which they had found in Ireland. And we now know much more than before of the great part which Irishmen took both in the evangelization and in the intellectual development of Europe.

But, glorious as is the history of Ireland's past, and inspiring as it unquestionably is for Irishmen and the descendants of Ireland to dwell upon it, it is the present that has the higher claim upon their thoughts and actions. The Irishmen of Montreal are too prone to consider that they have done their duty as patriots when they have celebrated St. Patrick's day. This is a great mistake. The twofold cause of faith and fatherland requires of them some practical evidence of their devotion to it in this city to-day. There are several ways in which this proof of the sincerity of their patriotism could be given. They could, for example, concentrate their energies upon the erection of a national monument, which could take the form of an Irish Catholic High School, where our youth would receive a thorough English and commercial course, or that of the noble institution which our French-Canadian brethren have erected on St. Lawrence street—an institution provided with facilities for promoting the social and intellectual progress of the rising generation of Irish Canadians would be a fitting monument for the Irish people of Montreal to erect in this centenary year of 1898. Considering that they number about 50,000 and that many of them are wealthy, its erection would not entail much sacrifice upon them. If they have even a very small portion of the spirit that animated the heroes of Ninety-Eight few months will be allowed to pass without steps being taken to build

an Irish National Monument. It is often stated that our young men are not as zealous or as self-sacrificing in the furtherance of Irish Catholic objects in this city. But what are the old men—the men who hold the purse strings—doing for the young men? The old men, to their lasting credit it must be said, did their duty in the years that are gone by. They contributed freely and generously to the building of churches and schools. But then they closed up their purses and their ears, and became unresponsive to the further calls upon their generosity, thinking probably that they had performed the whole of their duty. But the churches and the primary schools must be supplemented by some central institution in which recreative or higher educational influences, either separate or combined, will attract our young men, and hold them together in unity of sentiment and purpose, thus safeguarding and forwarding their best interests, as Catholics, as Irish Canadians, and as progressive citizens of Montreal.

[CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.]

THE NATIONAL FESTAL DAY.

over the land, founded schools and universities, whither young men flocked from all parts of Europe, and thus built up a generation of enlightened Catholics, who became competent to spread the truth in every part of the world. Every country has its golden period; Greece had its age of Pericles, Rome its Augustan era, Italy its age of Leo X., France its period of Louis XIV., and Ireland its golden days from the middle of the sixteenth to the middle of the eighteenth century. When the so-called Reformation dawned upon the horizon, Ireland met it with contempt. She heeded not its teachings but clung tenaciously to the old Faith, though all human favors were offered her to reject it. She professed the Roman tenets in prison, in exile and upon the scaffold, "in spite of dungeon, fire and sword." She was unconquerable. Her temples were consecrated by the plunderers, and when her fearless sons and daughters could not adore therein, because they were polluted by a false worship, they built themselves altars on the mountain slope or in caves, even at the cost of their mortal existence, and when, last of all, they

Were Driven From Their Hiding Places, they adored their God in the sanctuary of their own souls, but never would they consent to frequent the church once theirs and they preferred to die of famine than to accept a morsel of food from the hands of the tempter who sought to win them over under the cloak of charity. Hereby had flattered herself with the prospect of an easy conquest; she was doomed to disappointment. Apostasy, she cried out, and whatever I can bestow, you shall obtain. You are poor, apostatize, and I will enrich you. You are despised, apostatize, and you will be esteemed and honored. You are slaves, apostatize, and I will break your chains and restore you to the blessings of freedom. But no, your noble ancestors preferred the bread of heaven to the bread of earth, the faith taught by St. Patrick to the tempter's gold and silver. Earth they cared not for. Heaven alone was their home, the height of their ambition, the goal of their aspirations. The eloquent Macaulay has fittingly remarked: "We have used the sword for centuries against the Catholic Irish—we have tried famine—we have tried extermination—we have had recourse to all the severity of the law—what have we done? Have we succeeded? We have neither been able to exterminate nor enfeeble them. I confess my incapacity to solve the problem. If I could find myself beneath the dome of St. Peter's, and read, with the faith of a Catholic, the inscription around it—'Thou art Peter and upon this rock I will build my Church and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it'—then could I solve the problem of Ireland's story."

What he could not do, we can. We can read that inscription with Catholic faith. It is the key to explain

The Allegiance of Erin's Sons

to him who struck off the shackles which held their ancestors in a spiritual bondage. On the very day I reached Dublin hundreds of your fellow-countrymen knelt at the feet of Leo XIII. to speak their sentiments of love and attachment. The Vicar of Jesus Christ greeted them in these terms: "The most Catholic people in the whole world are the Irish." Greater praise than this could not be tendered to a nation, and it is a pleasure for me to repeat his words on this solemn occasion, which has led you to the foot of God's altar to give expression to the sentiments that filled the souls of your countrymen in presence of the Sovereign Pontiff. Your forefathers have bequeathed to you the priceless inheritance of example. Be like them, men of faith; that is, love and cherish your holy religion. Accept unflinchingly her teachings, practice them unflinchingly, defend them on every occasion. Faith is the foundation of the supernatural order, the root of justification, for "with out it," writes the Apostle St. Paul, "it is impossible to please God." Without supernatural truth it is but an empty sound. The Catholic Church alone has it. She is "the pillar and ground of truth." Her doctrines are but the utterances of Christ Himself. A poet has said, "To err is human." She cannot err because she is not a human, but a divine institution. To preserve her from error, Christ Himself set in her bright diadem

The Peerless Gem of Infallibility, thereby imparting to His own earthly spouse a share in His divinity. Religion to be divine must contain mysteries or incomprehensible truths. This announcement ought not to startle any thinking or observing mind, for is not nature veiled in impenetrable mystery? And if, the world over, all admit the existence of mystery in the

natural order, without, however, being capable of comprehending it, they ought, if consistent, yield absolute assent to the incomprehensible in the supernatural order. The doctrines inculcated by the Catholic Church, though beyond the comprehension of a finite intellect, merit, therefore, your unreserved assent. Promulgated by a divine, infallible Doctor nigh two thousand years ago, they are proposed to your belief by a Church which, like her Divine Founder, is to-day, yesterday and forever, by a Church which alone lays claim to infallibility in matters of faith and morals. Belief alone is not sufficient. "Faith without works is dead," remarks St. James. The test of one's belief lies in its exercise or in a conformity and continuity of action in keeping with it. To act differently is universally regarded as a moral weakness, and branded as such. A man of sound principles is a man of character, and to act against those principles is, in a word, practically their denial. The faith of your predecessors was a living faith, that is, accompanied by good works. They confessed Christ by word and deed. Consult the history of your fatherland. Every page of it is marked with the

Seal of Loyalty and Attachment to the Divine and Ecclesiastical Precepts.

The law of God was written on the tablets of their minds, and engrained on the altar of their hearts. To them may be applied the words of the Royal Psalmist: "Blessed are the undefiled in the way, who walk in the law of the Lord." To complete your glory you must add the dignity of the apostle to the character of the practical Christian. Defend your religion. Be conversant with its teaching so as to be ever ready to give an account of the faith that is in you. Has Divine Providence intrusted you with an important office, are the interests of your fellowmen, the welfare of society or of your beloved country in your hands? Never swerve from the path of duty. Be on all occasions the fearless outspoken champions of the rights of your Church and of Catholic principles. Never suffer party spirit to betray the dictates of conscience or prove untrue to the memory of your sainted ancestors. Love your children. Set them an example of every Christian virtue. Send them to schools where the poison of indifference or error will not be instilled into their youthful minds. See that they comply faithfully with the laws of God and of the Church. Thus, they will become the bulwarks of religion. Cherish with predilection the home of your forefathers, the home of the Pope, two spots on earth ever dear to the Irish heart. Before expiring in Genoa, the immortal O'Connell bequeathed his body to Ireland. It was met that the hero's mortal remains should rest in the bosom of the land for which he had lived and died. His heart he left to Rome. A stronger pledge of filial love and submission towards the See of Peter he could not have given. His soul he consigned to his Maker.

A threefold love that should glow in the breast of all, of love of country, love of Rome, love of God. I know you love your country, and it seems I hear you repeating with the bard:

"Forget Ireland! no, while there's life in this heart
It shall never forget thee, all lone as thou art.
More dear in thy sorrow, thy gloom and thy showers
Than the rest of the world in its sunniest hours"

Let your fervent petitions ascend to the throne of the Most High that peace, prosperity and happiness may smile on poor Erin. But, above all, cling to her faith. Remember you are the descendants of heroes, children of the Isle of Saints, and, by your exemplary lives, prove yourselves worthy of the title you bear. Amen.

The Decorations.

The decorations in the church were the design of Mr. Stephen Young, Sacristan, and were of white and green banners, each bearing a significant motto, and all appealing directly to every Irish Catholic heart. Hung above the high altar were three white satin banners, bearing in letters of gold the words, so dear to the Christian, "Faith, Hope and Charity." High above all towered the Apostolic banner, with its emblazonery. There was the Cross of Erin, in green satin and gold, and the well known Irish arms. Seating capacity for two hundred clerical dignitaries—Bishops of the Church, Canons and Priests—had been provided in the sanctuary. His Grace's throne was placed immediately to the west of the high altar, on a specially erected dias. The altar itself was resplendent in wax tapers, beautiful flowers and colored electric lights. One of the principal decorations of the high altar were six magnificent golden candlesticks.

Outside the Church.

It would take a clever pen to describe the scene outside St. Patrick's Church from daylight to two o'clock in the afternoon. As the pioneer Irish Catholic Church of Montreal, and indeed of all Canada, it has always been looked upon as the great rallying centre of the Irish Catholic people on St. Patrick's day. There the people flock, for there will converge all the bands and uniformed societies preparing to hear Mass before joining the ranks of the grand procession. It was really a pretty picture and a stirring one which met the eye of the writer as he approached the sacred edifice at eight o'clock in the morning. Bands were scattered over the green sward in front of the church, while the streets on every side were thronged with horsemen in jackets of green satin and white pumps. Here and there was to be seen a vice-marshal in uniform arranging the different files and instructing each society what place it should occupy in the procession, and every now and then one or other of the bands would strike up "St. Patrick's Day," "Garryowen," or some other inspiring march, and the effect on the assembled thousands would seem electrical. The old man would look upon the players and look backward in his thoughts to the time when as young as the rest he heard the same lively strains in his native land. The youth only recognized the airs as those

of his father's nation, but it was the old who really appreciated them at their true worth. But whether they brought sad thoughts to some and pleasant memories to others, nevertheless the bands lent an agreeable feature to the animated picture to be seen around. Before the church threw open its doors it is estimated that fully ten thousand men, women and children were around the square.

Order of Procession.

When the solemn services in St. Patrick's Church were concluded the procession formed for its march through the city. The route chosen was Craig street to Bleury, St. Catherine, St. Lawrence, Craig, Panet and Notre Dame streets through Place d'Armes square and St. James street to St. Patrick's Hall

MR. WILLIAM DAVIS,
MARSHAL-IN-CHIEF.

on McGill street. There it was intended that the addresses would be given and thither proceeded President Hon. Dr. Guerin and His Worship Mayor Prefontaine, but the march through the snow encrusted streets had been trying and it was deemed advisable to dispense with this usual concluding feature.

Mr. William Davis, marshal-in-chief. Band—Flag.
The Ancient Order Hibernians.
The Congregation of St. Gabriel.
(Not members of any Society).
The St. Gabriel Total Abstinence and Benefit Society.
Band—Banner.
The Congregation of St. Mary.
(Not members of any Society).
Band—Banner.
Holy Name Society.
Band—Banner.
St. Mary's Young Men's Society.
The Congregation of St. Ann's.
(Not members of any Society).
Papal Cadets in Uniform.
The St. Ann's Young Men's Society.
Band—Banner.
The St. Ann's Total Abstinence and Benefit Society.
Band—Banner.
Congregation of St. Patrick.
(Not members of any society).
Boys of St. Lawrence Christian Brothers' Schools.
Band—Flag.
The Young Irishmen's Literary and Benefit Association.
Band—Flag.
Irish Catholic Benefit Society.
Band—(The Father Mathew Banner).
The St. Patrick's Total Abstinence and Benefit Society.
The St. Bridget Banner.
Band—Banner.
The Mayor and invited guests.
The Clergy.

CELEBRATION IN THE EVENING.

St. Patrick's Society.

The entertainment given by St. Patrick's Society was well worthy of the parent Irish association of the city. It was held in St. Mary's Hall, Bleury Street, which was crowded to its utmost capacity. Hon. Dr. Guerin, M. L. A., as President of the Society, occupied the chair; and amongst those present were His Grace Archbishop Bruchesi, Mayor Prefontaine, Hon. Judge Doherty, Rev. J. H. Conroy, of St. Mary's Cathedral, Ogdensburg, N. Y., and a large number of the clergy attached to the Church of the Gesù, and of prominent local Irishmen.

The programme, which had been admirably arranged by Mrs. E. C. Monk, was an excellent one, and included songs by Miss Marie Louise Daly, Miss Sullivan, Miss Frances Murphy, Miss Marie Terroux, Mr. J. Saucier, Mr. J. B. Dupuis, Mr. Nelson, Master Willie M. Polan (who "drew down the house," as the old country papers would say), and a well rendered recitation, "The Coolin," by Mr. E. Fabre Surveyrer. Miss Tascher, whose name was on the programme, was prevented by a cold from being present.

Hon. Dr. Guerin, in a few introductory remarks, explained that the aims and objects of St. Patrick's Society were to further the interests of our common nationality, and to extend the hand of charity to the indigent and sick poor. As the representative of the Irish Catholics of Montreal, he cordially thanked His Grace Archbishop Bruchesi for the honor he had conferred upon them that day, by establishing a notable precedent in occupying the pulpit of St. Patrick's Church and preaching the sermon of the occasion. (Loud applause.) He also thanked the ladies and gentlemen who had kindly given their services gratis for the entertainment that evening. A glance at the programme would show that they were not all Irish; and this proved that wherever the cause of charity pleaded the Canadian people recognized neither race nor language (applause). He had received several letters expressing the regret of the writers at their inability to be present owing to unavoidable circumstances. He would not take up their time by reading them, but would merely mention that one of them was from Lieutenant Governor Jetté, who had promised to be present, but he

had been unable to do so because the Irishmen of Quebec had insisted upon his being present at their celebration. Another was from Sir William Hingston, who had been obliged to attend to a professional call. In conclusion he thanked Mayor Prefontaine for his presence that night. His Worship had been with them all day, and had tramped the streets like a good Irishman (applause).

Rev. Father Conroy, of Ogdensburg, delivered an eloquent and forcible address, which was studded with gems of genuine Irish wit. At the outset he paid a high tribute to St. Patrick's Society, which, he said, was the first in the field that it occupied, and would probably be the last—the first to hold out the warm hand of welcome and of help to the Irish exile. Asking his hearers to pardon him for what might appear to be self-flattery, he went on to state that God had bestowed upon him two priceless and glorious privileges. He was a child of the Catholic Church and the son of an Irish mother. (Cheers.) That applause indicated that there were others. (Laughter and applause.) These were indeed priceless and glorious privileges; for there was no faith like the Catholic faith and no blood like Irish blood. Both were true and pure, and both, thank God, had come to this continent to stay. The speaker then reviewed the history of the heroic but unsuccessful struggle of '98. At the close of that year all was dark and dreary, and the outlook was full of gloom. Yet, one by one the clouds had rolled by and great progress had been made towards attaining the object of the United Irishmen, and greater progress could be made in the near future, for the God of Justice still lived. Looking back now, one hundred years after the rebellion, we saw that many reforms had been accomplished, many rights had been wrested from hostile Cabinets. The doors of Parliament had been burst open by the great O'Connell; the schools had been opened to Catholics; England was treating Ireland fairer every year; even now England was giving her a Catholic University and an important instalment of local government. (Applause.) Irishmen were as generous in their forgiveness as they were fierce in their hatred; and if England gave them their full rights they would willingly blot out the bitter past. It was not by the pike or the bayonet that Ireland was winning her way towards the attainment of her national aspirations, as she was winning her way to the front rank in the social and political life of America; it was by the force of intellect, by the exercise of the two qualities of honesty and loyalty which characterized the race, and by that impulse for self-betterment which was also one of their distinguishing marks. (Applause.) Ireland to-day was gaining her freedom as she had gained her faith, without the shedding of blood. The poet had said that "an honest man is the noblest work of God;" and as the Irishman was pre-eminently honest, they (his hearers) could draw their own conclusions (laughter and applause). Owing to their honesty, Irish Catholics occupied at the present day most of the principal positions of public trust in the United States. The Irishman was ever loyal to whatever country to which he pledged his honor. This was proved by their careers in the foreign lands of their adoption—by the O'Donnells in Spain, the Tasfies in Austria, the O'Higgins in Chili. Fancy, a warship, of which they read a good deal in the papers just now, called "O'Higgins" (loud laughter). The last struggle of the Bourbons in France was led by an Irish count and the last battle of France in 1870, was led by an Irish General. When danger threatened Canada were not Irishmen the first to go to the front to fight for the liberties of the Dominion (applause). Under the flag of Albion, too, Irish soldiers had fought heroically and had advanced by their bravery and devotion to the highest positions in the army. It was the same in the United States. No Irishman had ever betrayed the land of his adoption.

It had long been the fashion for Englishmen to denigrate the Irish as an ignorant race. The Irish had been ignorant; but what had made them so? The tyrannous laws of England, which had closed to them the doors of the schools. It was a happy thought that prompted that English law which enacted that where an Irishman could not sign his name he might mark his cross. It was through his fidelity to the Cross that the Irishman had remained ignorant, just as it was his fidelity to the Cross that gave him the commanding position he occupied to-day (applause). It is not many years since the average Irishman in the United States was the laborer in railroad construction, in hewing down trees in the forests, in all sorts of rough work. Now, few Irishmen are so engaged. They were skilled mechanics, merchants, manufacturers; they were prominent in the liberal professions and in the legislative halls. They had mowed their way to the front in spite of prejudice, bigotry, ridicule and disdain. (Applause.) He thought the finger of God was discernible in all this. God had kept in reserve the intellectual powers that had remained undeveloped owing to the ignorance caused by English misrule, and He had now endowed their descendants with all that stored up intellectual force, with liberal interest. (Loud applause.) But it was their duty to maintain this rate of progress, to keep to the front; and to secure this Irish fathers should give their sons a good and practical education. They would be criminally neglectful if they failed to do so. Opportunities of advancement in every walk of life lay within their reach. Woe to them if they did not grasp them; for if they did not continue to progress they would go back to the lowly positions they occupied in the past.

Let their motto always be "Onward and Upward." But while engaged in this great work of self-betterment let them keep up the struggle of Ireland until every wrong had been stricken and every fetter had been struck from the limbs of Liberty. (Loud applause.) A hearty vote of thanks was accorded to the orator at the close of his address.

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Young Irishmen's L. & B. Association.

"The Shamrock and Rose."

St. Patrick's Day of 1898 finds the patriotic Young Irishmen's L. & B. Society as flourishing as ever and celebrating the day with old time enthusiasm. The Academy of Music was filled to its utmost capacity with the friends and admirers of the association anxious to join with them in their celebration of the National Saint of old Ireland.

The proceedings were opened by the energetic and popular president of the Association, Mr. J. J. McLean, who said that it afforded him the greatest pleasure to welcome such a splendid gathering of the friends and patrons of the organization. After referring to the fact that the association was about to enter upon the twenty-fifth year of its existence, the speaker then outlined the objects for which it was striving. He then reviewed in an able manner the past history of the association and pointed out that it had never been afraid to take a firm stand on the National question, because it had time and again organized to receive leaders from the Old Land, and aided them in securing in this city the means of continuing the agitation for the demands of our people across the ocean.

In dealing with the financial state of affairs he said that when the association was organized its only wealth was a few determined earnest workers, some of whom, he was happy to be able to say, even after all these years, still clung to the old association of their younger days. Our present position said he was most encouraging, and it must be most reassuring to our friends to know that the association holds registered in its own name the hall premises and other revenue bearing real estate; this is something we point to with much pride, it shows our business is conducted on sound business principles. We now have resources of a very respectable amount, and we offer an interest in all this, with the many other advantages of membership, to all Catholics between the ages of 18 and 30 years for the exceedingly small sum of five dollars a year.

Mr. McLean closed a very practical speech by referring to the dramatic section and other departments, and a stirring appeal to young Irish Canadians to become associated with the organization.

After a charming overture upon Irish airs by the orchestra the play of "The Shamrock and Rose" was presented with the following

CAST OF CHARACTERS:

Barney O'Brady—"An Irish Bouchal".....
Squire Fitzgerald—"Boss Father".....
John Desmond—"An Outworn Patriot".....
Shaun Carey—"Mr. J. Power".....
Capt. Beck—"Johnnie Sister".....
Lieut. DeLancey—"King's Yeomanry".....
Messrs. J. P. O'Connor, J. J. Foley, Alfred W. Rose Fitzgerald—"The Rose of Wicklow".....
Miss Birdie Lavers.....
Helen O'Rourke—"Barney's Shamrock".....
Miss Tina Kitts.....
Nuno Desmond—"Johnnie Sister".....
Miss Kathleen Templeton.....
Peasants, Soldiers and Insurgents.

The play is a drama of Irish life during the Rebellion of 1798. The drama opens in the sitting room of Squire Fitzgerald, when his daughter, Kase, learns from her father of his being in correspondence with the Agitators in France. She tells her father that John Desmond, an outlawed patriot, had returned to Ireland the day before, that he had been arrested by Captain Beck on their grounds, that he had escaped and was now in hiding in the stables. Their conversation, being overheard, leads to the arrest of Desmond, and the murder of the Squire. Captain Beck is an ardent lover of Rose, he tries to abduct her, but is thwarted. Desmond, who has been condemned to death, escapes at the end of the second act. The home-making of Barney and Aileen opens the third act, and the trapping of the spy, Shaun Carey. Rose is made captive, and Captain Beck escapes being kidnapped. The fourth act makes things pleasant. Beck having confessed to the murder of Fitzgerald, is shot by Carey, the spy, and the play ends by the happy marriage of Desmond and Rose.

It is rare to find amateurs presenting so difficult a drama with such an approach to perfection. The staging was admirable. The characters were well sustained. The hero of the play, Mr. J. J. McLean, excelled all his former efforts, whilst Messrs. Slattery, Power, Gallagher, O'Connor, Foley and Ward each gave evidence of talent of no mean order. The female performers did exceedingly well. Nothing could be more enjoyable and the whole performance was creditable in the extreme.

The Rebel of '98.

Nobody who witnessed the performance of the drama "The Rebel of '98" in the Monument National by the dramatic section of St. Ann's Young Men's Society, will ever have the slightest inclination to fear to speak of Ninety-Eight. It is the work, as the readers of the True Witness are aware, of Mr. James Martin, a member of the society. It is cleverly written, full of dramatic movement from beginning to end, abounds in stirring—one feels tempted to say thrilling—scenes, and is characterized throughout by the graceful and melodious diction which might well be expected from Mr. Martin's facile pen.

The play gives an admirably realistic picture of the terrible period with which it deals; and enables those who witness it to form a clear idea of atrocities which goaded the Irish people into rising in revolt against the brutal, blood-thirsty and murderous English soldiery. Lord Byron has well said that it was an Irishman who wrote the greatest drama in English literature, and an Irishman who pronounced the greatest oration in the English Parliament; and Mr. Martin seems to have inherited the dramatic gift, which has rendered so many Irishmen famous since the days of Sheridan. The first of the four acts into which the play is divided depicts some of the fiercest acts committed in 1798 upon the Irish peasantry by the brutal Sassenach soldiery. The cold-blooded murder of a little boy, followed by that of his father, who had been upon his knees, coming forward, and was it does