

## The Week in Ireland.

Directory United Irish League.

Dublin, Aug. 16th, 1902.

**CASTLE AND COURT HOUSES.**—The quarterly meeting of the Westport Rural District Council was summoned to be held in the courthouse here on Aug. 9. The councillors proceeded to the courthouse. Mr. P. J. Kelly, J.P., Chairman of the District Council, presided, and there was a large attendance of councillors.

Mr. John McGovern (Newport) said before they proceeded to do any business in the courthouse he wished to draw their attention to the insult given to one of Ireland's most illustrious sons, Mr. William O'Brien, at Castlebar on Saturday last. As they were all aware, the County Council and the eight Rural District Councils of the county had arranged to present addresses to Mr. O'Brien in the Council Chamber of the County Council in the courthouse at Castlebar. When the representatives of the people assembled there they were met by a gentleman named Bingham and five hundred policemen to prevent the addresses being presented. As Nationalist bodies, it was the duty of the Rural District Councils to resent that insult, and not meet in future in any of the county courthouses, because, though the ratepayers built and maintained these buildings, according to the latest usage of the retiring Lord Lieutenant, Earl Cadogan, they had neither control over them nor voice in their management.

The Chairman said, having advertised the meeting for the courthouse, the question was, could they legally adjourn to another place.

Mr. McGovern said they should not meet in the courthouse in future as a protest against the action of the Government.

Mr. John MacHale, M.C.C., said he concurred fully with the remarks of Mr. McGovern. The High Sheriff had acted on the orders of Dublin Castle. As the solicitor to the Council was present, he could tell them would it be legal to adjourn the meeting to the workhouse.

Mr. Barry, solicitor, said there would be nothing illegal in adjourning the meeting to the workhouse. It was in the power of the Council to cause such an adjournment if they thought fit.

Mr. McGovern said it appeared to be the unanimous wish of the Council that the meeting be adjourned to the workhouse, but before doing so he wished to propose the following resolution for adoption:—"Resolved—That we, the members of the Westport Rural District Council, approve of the course adopted by the Mayo County Council relative to the action of High Sheriff Bingham, who, as the instrument of Dublin Castle, endeavored to terrorise the elected representatives of the people of this county on Saturday last by importing into Castlebar Council Chamber an army of armed bludgeonmen, representing the now well known policy of Whelehan, Sheridan, and Co. and we think it right to decline using the courthouse in future, and leave the High Sheriff and his minions to maintain same."

Mr. John MacHale seconded, and the resolution was adopted amidst loud applause.

The councillors then left the courthouse and proceeded to the workhouse, where the ordinary business of the quarterly meeting was disposed of.

**THE CONFEE CELEBRATION.**—The procession on Sunday, August 10th, organized by that true and tried body so well known not only in Dublin, but also throughout the length and breadth of Ireland, as the Old Guard Union, to do honor to the memory of Nicholas Dempsey, who once befriended Lord Edward Fitzgerald, proved a magnificent success in every sense of the word. Dempsey, it will be remembered by readers of Irish history, was a yeoman, and when Lord Edward Fitzgerald came to the bridge at Leixlip he not only warned him of his danger, but allowed him to pass, though at this time there was a large price on the head of the most distinguished member of the Geraldine family.

All the cars of the Lucan electric system were busily engaged during the afternoon in conveying people to Lucan.

About five o'clock a start was made for Confeigh Churchyard, in which lie the remains of Dempsey. The procession was headed by St. Kevin's (Protestant) band, and

was followed by a large gathering of the Old Guard, with their banners.

On arrival at Confeigh Churchyard Mr. Lennon moved that Mr. Michael Dunne, R.D.C., should take the chair.

The Chairman in a few words explained the object of the meeting, and called upon Mr. J. P. O'Brien to address the meeting.

Mr. O'Brien, in the course of his speech, said that the fact of a man taking the oath of allegiance in the House of Commons or joining the British army did not make him a bad Irishman, and as an instance of this he quoted the names of John Boyle O'Reilly, etc., and referred to the work that such men had done for Ireland.

**MORE EVICTIONS.**—Castlereagh, August 13th.—The scene or rather series of scenes that took place during the evictions on Lord De Freyne's Frenchpark estate to-day were reminiscent of what one was accustomed to in the stormy days of the Land League and the Plan of Campaign. The precautions taken were greater than on any former occasion. A large body of constabulary were sent overnight from Roscommon and other stations, and when to those were added the local men, about a hundred police of all grades, including about a dozen on bicycles, left Frenchpark shortly after nine o'clock recently. They were accompanied by Wolfe Flanagan, Lord De Freyne's agent; Cooney, the sheriff's bailiff, and about a dozen emergency men. The morning was very wet, and the downpour continued nearly the entire day, adding greatly to the discomfort of those evicted.

The first place visited was the cabin of Widow Morrisroe, of Cortown, a short distance from Castlereagh. The widow, who is over 70 years of age, owns three and a half acres of reclaimed bog, for which she pays a rent of £4 a year; there were two years' rent due last May, and the costs which she was called upon to pay were £36 10s 8d. The tenant has three girls in America, whose contributions pay the rent. The house is a very small one. The windows are without glass, and are filled up with straw and rags. There are no doors to the dwelling, which altogether presented a wretched appearance. On a demand for possession being made on behalf of the landlord, the tenant said she was unable to pay the costs. This offer being refused by the agent, the bailiffs proceeded to clear the house. While they were doing so the tenant made an attempt to re-enter the house, from which she had to be forcibly taken by the police. By this time a crowd of about a couple of hundred had collected who abused the agent, the bailiff, and the emergency men roundly. Eventually the house was cleared, and an emergency man and a number of armed policemen were placed in possession.

A move was then made for the next on the list, John MacDermott, of Cloonmanahone, about a couple of miles further on. The crowd who were present at the first eviction took a short cut across the fields, and were there waiting the arrival of the evicting party. MacDermott pays £5 10s a year for 5½ acres of land. He owed four years' rent up to last November, and the costs were £38 10s. The tenant is a middle-aged man, with three girls in America, three in England, and three at home, the youngest of whom is 11 years. A formal demand for possession was made, when the tenant offered to pay all the rent due at November next, but declined to pay a shilling of the costs. This offer having been declined, a number of men began to clear out the few things left in the house by the tenant, who, in anticipation of the action of the agent, had removed the most of his furniture. While they were doing so a scene of greater turbulence than has occurred yet at any of these evictions took place. The tenant made repeated efforts to get into his house, and had to be pushed out several times by the police, and forcibly restrained. The tenant's wife and daughters created a scene, abusing and cursing the agent and his men. They were warmly assisted by the great crowd of females present. The police were hustled about; District Inspector Hetred was almost knocked off his feet by a girl who pushed him violently from behind; and Mr. Flanagan was struck on the face with mud thrown by one of the crowd, and so threatening did their

attitude become that the police had to close in and protect him. In the meantime, the tenant and his wife were forcibly evicted from their dwelling. The latter was almost out of her mind with grief, and, seeing that all her attempts to recover possession were futile, she knelt down at the door steps, and surrounded by about 40 young girls, set up a wailing for the loss of her home. The scene was pathetic in the extreme, and while it lasted the hands of the authorities seemed to be instinctively stayed.

During this eviction Mr. John Fitzgibbon, Co. Co., arrived, and received a warm reception. The house having been cleared, a number of emergency men arrived, and they were greeted with groans. Their way to the house had to be kept clear by police, who had to forcibly restrain the people, who seemed to lose all control of themselves. Eventually they were put in possession.

The third case was that of Catherine Drury, of Portra. The extent of her farm is fifteen acres, and the rent £13 9s 6d. There was only one year's rent due up to last May, and the costs were £38 10s. The house is a long, low house, with no windows in the front. On arriving at the place the Sheriff's party found the crowd there before them. As Mr. Flanagan was coming out of the house after demanding possession some woman in the crowd struck him in the face with manure, almost blinding him. Mr. John Fitzgibbon, who was close by, narrowly escaped intercepting it, portion of it actually landing on his hat. Mr. Flanagan made no comment, and a constable having brought up a bucket of water he partially cleaned himself, and the eviction was proceeded with, all the people being forcibly driven back by the police, of whom a cordon was drawn up around the dwelling. Inside of which none but the officers of the law were allowed. The few traps of furniture were soon thrown out. While this was being done the poor woman, whose lips trembled with the grief she tried to suppress, told those present that she had always paid her rent promptly, although since she came to the farm she had lost eleven head of cattle. She only owed one year's rent, and the fact that she was proceeded against and put to such costs as to make a settlement prohibitive, she attributed to personal vindictiveness on the part of the agent. Her remarks, which were delivered with an air of sincerity, created a deep impression. Mr. Fitzgibbon, who had observed that the representative of the "Irish Times" had closed his note-book, said he was careful not to record this as it would not suit the landlord's book. The only live stock on the farm was two goats and one ass, which were driven off amidst groans and other shouts of derision.

The eviction having been carried out, a move was made to the house of Mary Hanley, of Rathkeary. In this case the dwelling was a comfortable two-storey house, in one portion of which some business was formerly carried on. There are 16 acres of land attached to the place, for which the yearly rent is £15 19s. The land, which is reclaimed bog, is in excellent condition, as might be expected from its close proximity to Lough Garra, into which it is drained. Fortunately, in this case a settlement was effected. The one and a half year's rent due was paid. The costs amounted to £41 3s, of which half was paid down and a note taken for the balance. While the usual formalities were being gone through, the crowd present groaned the agent, the emergency men, and the police. At times their demeanor was so hostile that they had to be forcibly driven back and pressed up in a corner by a strong line of armed constables. Owing to the conduct of the crowd, very considerable delay was occasioned in driving off the stock, as whenever the bailiff's assistants succeeded in getting the length of the gate the shouts of the people forced them back again, and before the stock could be finally removed from the field it was found necessary to dislodge the crowd and drive them some distance back from the place. No actual breach of the peace, however, occurred, and the formal proceedings of giving over the possession again to the agent ended. This closed the evictions for to-day.

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## Old Time Reminiscences.

By a Special Correspondent.

Like in the case of Danny Shields there may be exceedingly few who have ever heard of John Dunning, or "Jack the Preacher." However, he was a very familiar figure, in the years gone by, throughout the country districts and small villages all along the north shore and even in parts of Eastern Ontario. As far as the cities are concerned Jack the Preacher made it his business to avoid them most religiously. But even to-day, he will be well remembered in Lachute, Grenville, Montebello, Papineauville, Buckingham, Thurso, L'Ange Gardien, Gattineau Pointe, Hull, Chelsea, Aylmer, Eardley, and along the south shore of the Ottawa through the counties of Carleton, Russell, Prescott and Glengarry. His occupation was a rousing one; yet he could not be called a tramp, in the ordinary acceptance of the term. It is true he lived by securing food and lodging at the different farm houses along his route, stopping wherever night found him, and making it a point to reach some village, where there was a Catholic Church, on Saturday night so that he could attend the parochial Mass on the next day. He attended no other Mass; but he never missed that one, as it was part of his programme. He made it a point to hear the sermon; and whether long or short, he was sure to retain it by heart, and to repeat it to every person he met during the following six days. When the next Sunday came, he seemed to completely efface from his memory the sermon of the Sunday before, and to make use of the new one, heard that day, during the succeeding week days. Hence his peculiar name—Jack the Preacher.

I said he was not a tramp, because he worked for whatever was given to him. In summer time he raked hay, or bound grain, or did any other kind of manual labor for the farmers who gave him food and bits of clothing. He would sleep any place, in the shed, the hay-stack, the field, it was all the same to him. But his favorite job was sawing cord wood. He was very powerful, and his outdoor life had made him vigorous, and he loved to saw wood and to preach to himself when he could get no other audience. While evidently deranged, he had the good reputation of being harmless. As a rule, he was not an unwelcome guest anywhere. It is true that he sometimes wearied the people with his reiterated sermons—for once he commenced one he would not let you go away until you had heard every word of it, from text to finish. Many a country pastor has preached to a congregation of three or four hundred people on Sunday, and had his sermon reach the ears of three or four hundred others, before the week was over. It is quite possible that Jack did some good in his own peculiar way; at all events he did not fail to carry abroad "the latest edition of the Word of God" as he called the last sermon that he had heard. The wonder is that he could retain them so perfectly in mind.

But if this strange character had a mania for repeating sermons he was equally possessed of a determination to hear them and not to allow one word of them to escape him. This self-imposed obligation frequently proved a source of great annoyance and of considerable fatigue to himself. He could not always make his peripatetic correspond with the day of the week and the place he desired to reach. As a result he often was known to work all day Saturday at a farm house, and start off after he had his supper, and walk all night in order to reach a parochial church in time for High Mass the next day. But there were slight and insignificant sacrifices in his estimation, especially compared to the great object that he felt bound to attain. In the autumn, and during the winter, he very frequently created sensational scenes in the country churches. At such seasons people are very liable to be affected with colds that cause them to cough, to sneeze, to blow their noses, and to make other like disturbing noises in Church. Woe betide the unfortunate person whose coughing should prevent Jack from hearing the sermon, or cause him to miss some important expression.

In 1873, the parish priest of Buckingham had gone on a trip to Europe, and he was replaced by a stranger from Montreal. I think it was a Jesuit Father that came there during the absence of the pastor. It

happened, in any case, to be the time of Jack's periodical visit to that section of the country. On the Sunday in question, the stranger priest was preaching upon the raising of Lazarus from the dead. Jack had secured himself a place within view of the pulpit but a little distance away. He was following the sermon with his usual attention, when a prominent citizen began to cough in a most tantalizing manner. Jack stood it for a while; at last he moved up to the pew behind the gentleman in question, touched him on the shoulder and requested him to either stop that noise, or get out. The priest, oblivious of what was taking place proceeded calmly with the story of the raising of Lazarus. At last the gentleman began again to cough, and louder than ever. The priest was just saying that for a third time Our Lord, in thundering voice, commanded Lazarus to come forth, when he was interrupted by Jack crying out: "Hold on there, your reverence, till I get this here Lazarus into the open air"—and suiting the action to the word, he jerked the offender clean out of the pew, and as he shoved him along down the aisle, he turned to again address the astonished priest, "I'll be back in a second, your reverence; don't have him raised for a minute, I want to get the rest of the story."

You can scarcely imagine the scene that followed. Luckily the gentleman, who was thus unceremoniously ushered out, had the good sense to grasp the situation, (possibly he knew Jack of old), and to allow himself to be expelled without protest. But once he was gone, and Jack had returned to his post under the pulpit, and made a sign to the priest to go ahead with the sermon, the latter was absolutely unable to say another word. That ended the raising of Lazarus, at least as far as the Buckingham people were concerned.

Carry the beloved in your breast, and let him always be within you.—Fenelon.

If the communion is real, true, complete, the life of Jesus is in me, as the life of the Father is in him; and the unity is accomplished in the heart, for communion is the union of hearts; union is the interior of our life.—Mgr. Baudry.

Let us not forget it, if Jesus Christ comes into our hearts, it is not only to hide and annihilate himself there; it is, above all, to live there with a new life in us; it is to manifest himself in our exterior and in the whole of our conduct; it is to continue in our actions the perpetual manifestation of his works.—Mgr. de la Bouillerie.

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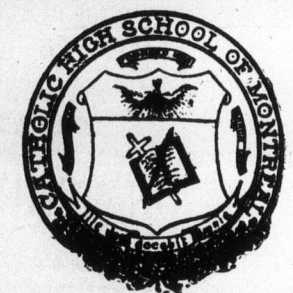
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FIRST SUNDAY OF SEPTEMBER.—Holy Scapular Society, and investment in scapulars after Vespers in the General Communion. Host League at 8 o'clock.

SECOND SUNDAY.—Temperance Society, instruction in temperance principles. Vespers in Church. General Communion. Name Society at 8 o'clock. Distribution of office of Holy Spirit at 7.30 p.m.

THIRD SUNDAY.—Holy Society after Vespers, instruction in the duties of the Church, after which society members attended to in large sacristy. FOURTH SUNDAY.—Chaplain's general Communion. Vespers in Church. St. Patrick's (girls') school at 7.30 p.m.

Promoters of Sacred Heart Society held meeting in large hall at 2.45 p.m., distribution of

A  
SAD  
LESSON  
OF  
A  
MIXED  
MARRIAGE.

Priests who hold forth on the subject of mixed marriages are frequently subjected to the severest criticism. Says the "Catholic Standard and Times," "Warnings which are too well borne out by everyday experience in the domestic life of city and town are denounced as mere and far-fetched, and the utter them are accused of narrowness and bigotry of a most offensive and aggressive type. Strongly any pulpits pronounced on the subject is the lesson contained in the story of a dreadful home tragedy."

On the afternoon of Thursday, August 28th, Charles C. Rubsam, a well-known merchant at 480 Willis Avenue, and killed his wife Emma. He fired eight shots into her body and fired a single shot from a third revolver into his own head, himself instantly. Rubsam's 16-year-old daughter, Elsie, saw her mother and father killed.

Rubsam was a Lutheran, whose wife was a Catholic. Religious differences and the question of which faith their three children should be brought up in caused tragedy. The suicide left a widow with three children. It was declared that "priests are trouble makers in families." He also wrote to Bishop Farley, which was not opened by the Coroner. For several weeks past Mrs. Rubsam had been telling her neighbors that her husband had been strangely. She felt afraid, she said, when they were left alone.

Mrs. Rubsam appeared Saturday afternoon at a presentation of an impromptu drama. She cried as she dried her eyes and told a neighbor that she felt queerly when her husband went snoring around. She was going away for a visit to relatives at Branchville, Conn., on the 10 o'clock train, she said, and would feel better when she got away. Rubsam found his wife in the kitchen, dressing for her trip.

Whether they had any words one knows. He had been there a moment when he began firing at his wife. She put up her right hand to protect her face and a bullet struck her in the forehead. The terrified man, begging her husband not to shoot again, ran through the house to the parlor, Rubsam still firing as she ran.