

MEN I HAVE SEEN AND HEARD

BY A VETERAN SCRIBBLER

Going back again to the seventies I find that the number of prominent public speakers whom I had the advantage of hearing during that decade was almost greater than that of all whom I have heard since. This I regret, for the reason that I was then too young and inexperienced to be able to derive full benefit from the opportunities that I enjoyed. Again, twenty odd years tend to efface, more or less, the impressions, pictures and recollections of events and of men that otherwise might be profitably used for the instruction and benefit of others. Still I have always had the Bohemian, or rambling propensities that seem to belong in a special manner to journalism, and even now when I find the attractions of wandering diminish in a marked degree, I still love to travel back in memory to the days that are dead and to summon up faces, figures, voices and words that belong to a buried by-gone. Sometimes there is much to be learned from these men of other days, and frequently deserved but tardy justice may be done them. It is in this spirit that I am attempting to tell of a few of the men whom I have seen and heard.

In glancing over the record of Catholic journalism in Montreal, during the past thirty-five or forty years, I find the names of a great many able and powerful writers as well as speakers—men who did, each in turn, their share in the two-fold cause of faith and fatherland. As a rule, none of them flourished very long, but that was due to causes which it is not my intention, nor is it my business, to now indicate. Amongst the number of Irish-Catholic journalists whose pens did Spartan service and whose careers were brilliant, but short-lived, as far as this city goes, was the late Stephen Joseph Meany. With the editorial work of this truly brilliant Irishman I have not to deal at present; his journalistic life in our midst was but an episode in a career that belongs rightly to history. It is from the standpoint of a lecturer that I desire to consider this late patriotic of the ancient race. And even as a lecturer I am not in a position to judge properly and justly of his merits. I only heard him once: it was in either 1872 or 1875, I forget which year. It was in the old St. Patrick's Hall, on Sussex street, Ottawa, and the subject was "The Poets of the Nation."

I can still see before me that tall, handsome, attractive-looking, and very gentlemanly Irishman, with his profusion of snow-white hair and his ruddy, healthy, almost youthful complexion. If I mistake not Mr. Meany was then doing editorial work in Montreal, and had gone to lecture in the interests of his paper. At all events a score of us young fellows attended that night, and we had a real literary treat. No man, with the sole exceptions of Macdonald and Duffy, could have spoken upon the evening's subject with a better personal knowledge of the men referred to, than could Mr. Meany. He had lived in their day, had known most of them personally, had been associated with them in the grand task of educating the Irish people through the medium of journalism, and he was still young enough to retain strong impressions and lasting memories of the "Poets of the Nation" and of their work. Needless to say that the subject was one most highly in accord with the lecturer's knowledge and sentiments, and it is only natural that he should have felt perfectly at home in dealing with its many phases. Mr. Meany was possessed of a very good voice, and he was by no means lacking in enthusiasm and sympathetic expression; but if my memory

does not deceive me, he did not display any of the dry, oratorical spirit, and manner that usually have served to stir up the fervor of Irish audiences. In fact, his lecture was rather in the conversational style. Another thing which served somewhat to dampen the enthusiasm that such a subject is calculated to awaken was reading from books, or from manuscript, of the different poems quoted as illustrative of the various talents of the writers. I must admit that he was a very good reader, and he evidently had the poems by heart; but the fact of holding a book, or a paper in his hand took considerably from the effect. Had he recited the poems I am under the impression that his lecture would have been still more appreciated—notwithstanding that it was admirable in every sense. I only make these remarks, because they are the exact expression of the feelings that I then had; not in a spirit of criticism, but in one of fair appreciation do I write them down.

One of the best tests of a public utterance is the impetus, in any direction, that it gives to those who hear it. Judged by that standard, Mr. Meany's lecture must have been wonderfully prepared. Speaking only for myself, it was the first awakening to the beauties of Irish literature that my young mind had received, and any study of and admiration for several Irish poets, of the mid-nineteenth century, may be traced to what I heard on that night. Like hundreds of others I know of Moore, Griffin, Davis and a few more of the most distinguished Irish writers of English verse; but before that night, the beauties and grandeur of McCarthy, Williams, Fraser, Ferguson, Drennan, Walsh, Keegan, Callahan, McDermott, Speranza, Mary, Eva, Sleive-gullion, and all that galaxy, from 1848 to 1853, were almost unknown to me. I can never forget how taken I was with "Ben Heber" by Richard Dalton Williams; "Gougane Barra," by J. J. Callahan; "Alice and Una," by Denis Florence McCarthy; "The Coolin," by Martin McDermott; "Caoch the Piper," by John Keegan; "The Forging of the Anchor," by Samuel Ferguson; and the songs of Patriotism or of Affection, by the lady writers of "The Nation." At home we had two volumes of Hayes' "Ballads of Ireland," and for months after the lecture, I read and re-read the magnificent poems contained in that collection. But to Mr. Meany's criticisms and to the encouragement from a fond mother, do I owe all the hours of delight I have since spent with the Bard of that day. This in itself seems to me to be a proof that Mr. Meany's lecture must have been a success.

I have listened to many greater orators than Stephen Joseph Meany, but never to a man whose lecture, or address produced more marked and lasting results upon my own future. He seemed, unlike many other public speakers, to have had something to say, and to have said it. I have heard a great deal about impromptu speeches, but I have learned from experience that no improvisation can be of lasting effect. If a man has not studied his subject, he cannot speak sanely and effectively upon it. I do not say that he should necessarily write down what he intends to say, to learn by heart and repeat it word by word; but he must have, at some time or other, made a study of the subject and have arranged in his own mind the order of facts and arguments in connection therewith. At any moment he may be called upon to speak, and he is always ready—but he is not unprepared. In this sense the lecture that I heard that night was the outcome of a long and studious familiarity with the work that sent a fresh current of electric life throughout the Irish nation.

SOME NOTES ON TEMPERANCE

JOHN BARLEYCORN'S ADVICE.—John Barleycorn was born one bright April morning and during the first third of his life was a green, gawky-looking fellow with no head of his own, but blown this way and that way with every wind that came, gave no promise in those early days what he would do. He did grow however to be a wise and bearded fellow, holding his head down with the weight there was in it, the result of long days and nights of studying and looking up to the sun and stars. One day he was bending over his head—letting the sun harden it, when a man came along with a very sharp sickle and cut it off. "Here I am," said John, "without feet or shoulders," speaking for the first time in his life, "without feet or shoulders, and yet I have a few words of advice to give you, Mr. Reaper, while the life is still in my head." The reaper was a God-fearing man and kneeling down, looked up to heaven and prayed, thinking when he heard the words there was some enchantment around him. "I will give you a little advice," said John, but the reaper never looked from the sky. "Now that you have cut my head off, you can make

of it a staff that will support you—after first crushing it and then baking the remains of you can rot me in a close smelling brewery, but if you do, in revenge, shall be born out of the rot a tyrant to rule over you and all men and his name shall be Strong Drink. He will rule over you without mercy—and the world. He will make your head big and heavy Monday mornings, at the same time taking away your purse and clothing you in rags. This king will make kings of certain men, but they will be all under his authority, and while he gives them power, he will make them coarse and tyrannical like himself. These kings he will call Brewers and Distillers, and they in turn shall have under them many princes called Bar-tenders, but all of them shall be obedient to the great king Strong Drink, who will shorten their days upon the earth. So you see, my friend, you have your choice. I am your life or your death." When the reaper had heard this life eyes all the time to heaven and in prayer, that the grain should be kept from the tyrant Strong Drink, John Barleycorn shrieked his dying words, "They have me! They have me!" and looking down, the reaper saw but a quarter of John. Barleycorn's head in the field beside him, while the rest was being carried off in a great wagon on which was

printed in large red letters, "Reverend—Edward W. Ryan, in the Father—Matthew Herford."

A FAULTY CANDIDATE.—A young man who had failed in his examination for admission to the marine corps appealed to Secretary Long, hoping he might in some way secure the coveted position. The secretary said to him: "How do you expect to get along in the world when you smoke so many cigarettes? Your clothes are saturated with their odor. Pull off your glove and let me see your fingers. There, see how yellow they are." While the young man was collecting himself to make reply, the secretary asked him if he drank. "Once in a while," was his answer. It is enough to say that the young man failed to secure his longed-for position.—Anti-Saloon Herald.

MY BOY.—"That was my boy!" cried a piercing voice. A temperance lecturer had thrown upon the screen a photograph of a boy dying in delirium tremens. It was a country town, and the photograph had been taken in a distant city. But the mother's heart knew and claimed the boy; "That was my boy!" she exclaimed, as she swooned away.

MISSION FOR HOMELESS AND DESTITUTE CHILDREN

When the New York Particular Council of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, just thirty-one years ago, rented and opened the old warehouse at 53 Warren street as a lodging house for boys, a seed was planted which in the providence of God, has since developed into one of the largest and most successful charitable institutions in the world. This is the mission of the Immaculate Virgin, for the Protection of Homeless and Destitute Children.

The beginning was small. The rent of the Warren street building was \$2,500 a year, and about \$5,000 more was expended in fitting it up for its new uses. Not much, but a big undertaking for the society in those days. The total receipts for the first 19 months were \$9,738.73, nearly half of which came from the twenty-seven conferences then existing in the city of New York; and the expenditures were \$10,681.20, leaving "due the Treasurer," as the report says, \$942.47.

"His guests," said this first report, "are bootblacks, newsboys and errand boys, the latter could accommodate only one hundred boys, but, during the first year, 482 boys lived in the home, and 9,291 night's lodgings and 19,488 meals were given. The Home was under the management of Mr. and Mrs. Haughey, but in September, 1871, His Grace, Archbishop McCloskey, put Rev. John C. Drumgoole in charge as resident chaplain.

The Hand of God was in this apartment. Born and reared in poverty, Father Drumgoole knew the needs of the poor. His great heart hungered to help these unfortunate ones, and especially the children—homeless waifs of the street. He had a faith that was as boundless as it was beautiful, and a charity that was equally inexhaustible. Ordained a priest when well past fifty years of age, he began his life work with zeal and enthusiasm that were marvelous. "In twenty years he achieved more than many a great society with all its influence of members and wealth has accomplished in a century."

The building at 53 Warren street soon proved too small for its purpose and the adjoining house, number 55, was added. The children seemed to flock instinctively to the good priest, and often the Home was so crowded that the lads slept on benches and tables rather than seek shelter elsewhere.

And surely Father Drumgoole knew boy nature! A newspaper account of the Thanksgiving dinner at the Home in 1873, says: "One turkey for every four boys was the provision of Father Drumgoole of No. 53 Warren street for yesterday's dinner."

Afterwards she said: "Yes, go on and show the picture all you wish, it may save some other mother's darling from the same terrible fate." We plead that homes be met to meet the taxes, and thus we sell our boys to pay the revenue.

HOW IT WORKS.—A mechanic who had been in the habit of dropping into a beer saloon twice a day, and spending five cents each time for a glass of beer, was captivated, one day by a new thought. "I am poor," he said to himself, "in worldly needs every cent I earn; it is growing more and more expensive every year; soon I shall want to educate my children. Ten cents a day for beer! Let me see; that is sixty cents a week. That is thirty-one dollars and twenty cents a year. And it does me no good; it may do me harm. Let me see." And here he took a piece of chalk and solved the problem on a board. "I can buy two barrels of flour, one hundred pounds of sugar, five pounds of tea, and six bushels of potatoes for that sum." Pausing for a moment, as if to allow the grand idea to take full possession of himself, he then exclaimed: "I will never waste another cent." He never has, and he is today a prosperous man.

pended for buildings and other improvements. The large main buildings at Mount Loretto alone cost over \$400,000. The Church of St. Joachim and St. Ann, \$200,000; St. Elizabeth's Home for Girls, \$190,000; the Blind Asylum, \$110,000; St. Joseph's Trade School, \$100,000; the laundry, \$53,000, printing office, \$11,000, and the barn \$78,000. Of course this was not all accomplished in a day, but it has been the work of less than twenty years.

The farm, more than a mile square, fronts on Princess Bay. It has a mile of beach with three piers, two of them more than 500 feet in length. Beside one of these piers a floating bath is anchored, in which several hundred children can bathe at one time, with perfect safety. The great four-story barn, the third largest in the United States, is fitted up with labor-saving machinery run by steam power. In the henery is an incubator capable of hatching one thousand chickens at a time. Everything is on a mammoth scale. Four artesian wells supply water. The cooking in the large kitchen is done by steam, and the size of the main dining room may be imagined when it is stated that over 800 men, belonging to the St. Vincent de Paul Society, have dined there together at one time.

The new church, which was consecrated in 1898, is 185 feet long and 85 feet wide, and the spire is 225 feet high. All the work in the basement church, as well as the new doors, and much of the trim in the upper church, was done by the boys of the trade schools. The main altar, of Carrara marble, a gift to the Mission, cost \$10,000. The church would do credit to any wealthy city parish.

The trade school is a four-story brick building, 125 by 70 feet in size. Here are taught, bricklaying, lathing, plastering, machine work, working, carpentering, shoemaking, tailoring and the machinist's trade. Other trades, such as plumbing, blacksmithing, baking, painting, printing, and electrotyping are taught in separate buildings. Three large dynamo furnaces, by night, and 2,500 electric lights in the day.

There are kindergartens for the younger children, and the other girls are taught cooking, sewing, knitting, stenography, typewriting and other occupations to fit them for their struggle with the world. All the common school branches are also taught to both girls and boys, and there is a well-attended Latin class. In fact, the whole place is a hive of industry. The children are well clothed and comfortably housed, and their health is carefully looked after by a regular physician. Ample recreation is also provided, and the boys have their baseball and football teams, their brass band, orchestra and cadet corps. The Mission band of seventy-five boys is one of the best juvenile bands in the country. Many superintendents, instructors and foremen are employed for the various trades, and an army of over one hundred Franciscan Sisters devote their whole time and energies to the Mission. There are also six resident priests, two at Mount Loretto, three at the City House, and one at St. Benedict's Home, at Rye, New York, which is now a branch of the Mission, and which shelters 150 colored orphan children.

More than 50,000 children have passed through the Mission. The present number of inmates is about 1,800 at Mount Loretto, 350 in Lafayette Place, and 150 at Rye.

Three years later, or in 1879, the property at the northeast corner of Lafayette place and Great Jones street was purchased by Father Drumgoole for \$68,987 cash, and the erection of the present mission building was begun. The mission, which had been incorporated in May, 1877, moved into its new home, December 8, 1881. The Lafayette Place building is a ten-story, fire-proof structure, on a plot 120 by 78 feet in size, and cost over \$300,000. The mission at this time harbored two classes of inmates, working boys and boys too young, or otherwise incapacitated for work. In June, 1882, the devoted Sisters of St. Francis were secured to take charge of the interior arrangements of the new Mission House.

At about the same time 652 acres of fertile farm land on Staten Island was purchased, at a cost of \$135,000, and the erection of buildings was begun. This new country home was named Mount Loretto, and was first occupied by the Mission in 1893. A female department and a home for blind girls have since been added. Last summer have been ex-

posed only a large white wooden cross marked his grave. His remains were transferred to the new tomb on Thanksgiving Day, 1899.

Great and successful as have been his labors during the thirteen years of his administration of the Mission, Father Dougherty is not yet satisfied. Like his predecessor, the saintly Drumgoole, he is ever pushing forward in the good work. During the past winter it was decided to use the Lafayette place building only for a working boys' home hereafter, and all the other children were sent to Mount Loretto. This was done not only for the purpose of using the City House as a home for working boys unable to care for and support themselves without some assistance, but also with the intention of making it the centre and mother-house of a system of Catholic working boys' clubs to be established in different parts of the city. Indeed, so far has this plan progressed that two sites for such clubs have already been purchased. One of these is a lot 25 by 103 feet in size, at 812 West Sixteenth street, with a four-story brick building which will be remodelled for its new uses, and the other is a vacant plot, 32 by 100 feet, in West Fifty-sixth street, 125 feet east of Third avenue, where a fine new building will soon be erected for the boys of that neighborhood. Other buildings or sites will be secured as fast as the means of the mission will permit.

Thus has the little seed planted by Vincentians in Warren street, grown and blossomed and borne fruit, and from that day to this the Mission of the Immaculate Virgin has had no warmer friends or more willing helpers than the members of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul. The Mission, too, has not forgotten, or proved ungrateful. Never has it refused to aid the society in every possible way. Never was a child sent by the society turned by its doors. And that is why the annual visits of the conferences of New York and Brooklyn are such a red letter day at Mount Loretto—M. G. Muldowney in the St. Vincent de Paul Quarterly.

FREE TRANSPORTATION FOR CRIPPLED CHILDREN.

Crippled children of the south side were made happy recently by the successful inauguration of free transportation service to public school. An ungraded class in a room for the exclusive use of the little cripples was established at the Fallon School at Forty-second and Wallace streets. The enrollment started with eighty-one, which will be increased to forty. Free education and a free bus ride to school have thus been placed within reach of unfortunate little ones who hitherto have been unable to attend school because they could not walk the distance.

The Fallon School was selected because a recent canvass by truant officers disclosed the fact that there are more crippled children in the stock yards district than in any other portion of the city. Many of the children were injured near the railroad tracks, while others are afflicted with hip and spine diseases. The children transported by buses are those whose limbs have been amputated or whose paralytic affliction or physical condition makes it impossible for them to attend the regular schools. The arrival of the bus was followed by a pathetic scene.

Maimed bits of humanity with twisted limbs, legless boys, girls in braces and tottering paralytics were carried in from the vehicle to the schoolroom in the strong arms of policeman Patrick Martin and Truancy Officer John Kennedy, who ride on the buses to insure the personal comfort and safety of the little ones. Miss Prouty, who has been assigned to teach the little ones, organized her classes under the supervision of District Superintendent Payne and Principal McEade. Friends and parents had sent flowers to beautify the room and temper the sunshine with the fragrance of sympathy and gratitude. The children enjoyed it, especially the ride, which in one instance was the first opportunity a child had been given to travel beyond the neighborhood of the tenement house in which he had been born.

The faces of all the pupils indicated eagerness to be educated. Each of the children brought lunch. Free coffee and soup will be served each day through the courtesy of Miss Cook, a teacher at the Fallon School. The free transportation service of crippled children in Chicago was authorized by the Board of Education and is the result of a recommendation made to the School Management Committee last year by Superintendent W. L. Bodine, of the compulsory education department, President Graham H. Harris, and the Board of Education sent Mr. Bodine to Boston and other cities to investigate, and he returned with the report that crippled children in eastern cities were dependent on private subscriptions for similar transportation service. He suggested that Chicago had an opportunity to lead the world by providing free transportation as well as free education, to the children of the city.

The idea was approved by the School Management Committee, where Trustees Keating, Sexton, Harris, Brennan and Mrs. O'Keefe spoke in its favor. There are now four buses in service, three on the west side and one on the south side. A north side school will be opened next September. The education of crippled children in Chicago was primarily initiated at the home for crippled children at Rye, New York. The structure of this institution, which has been most active in the work, and which is now being built, was designed by Rev. John C. Drumgoole, who was buried in the grounds at Mount Loretto, where the

The Old Man Sings.

BY E. M. STOREY.

From time to time we come across verses that have a meaning and that are suggestive of fine sentiments; the versification may be imperfect, but the thoughts are beautiful. It is not every bit of fugitive, so-called, poetry that we deem worthy of reproduction, but we think these few lines are above the ordinary, for they contain food for reflection, present a moral, and leave the impress of a vivid picture on the mind.

There's a wabble in the jingle and a stumble in the meter, And the accent might be clearer and the volume be completer, And there might be much improvement in the stress and intonation. And a polish might be added to the crude pronunciation, But there's a music like a harper playing before the ancient kings, When the old man plays the fiddle and goes feeling for the strings; There is laughter choked with tear drops when the old man sings.

And we form a ring around him, and we place him in the middle, And he hugs up to his withered cheek the poor old broken fiddle, And a smile comes on his features as he hears the strings' vibration, And he sings the songs of long ago with fathering intonation; And a phantom from the distant past his distant music brings, And drooping from their dusty graves come long-forgotten things, When he tunes the ancient fiddle and the old man sings.

We let the broken man play upon the broken fiddle, And we press around to hear him as he sits there in the middle; The sound of many wedding bells in all the music surges— Then we hear their clamor smothered by the sound of funeral dirges, 'Tis the story of his lifetime that in the music rings— And every life's a blind tune that's played on broken strings; And so we sit in silence while the old man sings.

A NORTHWEST CORRESPONDENT.

An old subscriber from Macleod, N. W. T., in sending us a renewal of his subscription gives some very important and encouraging information regarding that new and promising region. While the letter was not intended for publication still we think it is of sufficient importance to be given to our readers. After stating that a prolonged illness, from which he is recovering, had caused a delay in his communication, the writer says: "I am well pleased with the 'True Witness,' and while I live will be a subscriber for it, and also for the 'Pilot.' I have been a subscriber since 1872, and am now seventy-four. The country here is being rapidly settled with immigrants from the United States. We have every prospect of splendid crops in Southern Alberta this season, we have had plenty of rain; all the crops are doing well, and the farmers are in their glory, as are the stock raisers, for the grass is fine all over the country, and the rivers and creeks are abounding. I have been seventeen years in Macleod, and I have never seen better prospects. Everything is flourishing in the district. The people coming in from the other side generally bring a fair share of stock and farming implements with them. In 1883 I could have counted, for I knew every man, woman and child in Southern Alberta; to-day it would be no easy task to do as much. The census has been taken, but we are yet unacquainted with the result." It seems to us the writer of the above letter has given very important information on the flourishing condition of the country out there, and upon the immigration question. Canada's great West is truly a land of mighty possibilities for the future.

THE SCHOOL SLATE.

Discussing the possible spread of diphtheria through the medium of the school slate, the "Sanitary Record" says every child on its entry into the school should be supplied with a suitable slate, and its name marked on it on both sides. The child would occupy the same place in the class and always have the same slate, or, if removed to some other part of the class, carry its slate with it. Slates falling out of use from children leaving, etc., might be washed in some suitable disinfectant before being re-issued. In view, however, of the cheapness of paper and paper, the use of slates might be discontinued.

THOUSANDS of men breathe, move and live, pass on the stage of life, and are heard of no more. Why? They did not a particle of good in the world, and none were blessed by them; none could point to them as the instrument of their redemption; not a line they wrote, not a word they spoke, could be recalled, and as they perished their light went out in darkness, and they were not remembered more than the insects of yesterday. Will you thus live and die? Let us be something. Do good, and have behind you a monument of virtue that the storms of time can never destroy. Write your name, by the school slate, and every day, as you pass by, you will see the names of those who have been, and who are, and who will be, remembered. No, your name, your name, will be behind us most active in the work, and which is now being built, was designed by Rev. John C. Drumgoole, who was buried in the grounds at Mount Loretto, where the

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