

Traditional Irish Music

(By John Ennis, President of Irish Music Club, in New World.)

Notwithstanding the extraordinary spread of the Irish revival, not alone in Ireland, but among the "scattered Gael" throughout the civilized world, within the last few years, the great majority of the Irish people at home and abroad are still lamentably indifferent to the superior beauty and expression of traditional Irish music.

The abandonment of the Irish language marked the decline of the genuine spirit of Irish music and song; the misguided people allowed their musical faculties to become perverted by contending for a musical system which is as different from their nature as the English language is from the Irish.

The complexity and completeness of Irish music is such that it cannot be expressed by the ordinary system of notation. Its laws are different and its scale is different. Hear a native speaker sing or an Irish piper or fiddler play and you will detect intervals too subtle to be expressed in the common notation. But though the great majority of the Irish people still turn a deaf ear to the peculiar charm of traditional Irish music any trained musician will at once perceive that the style of its rendering is both thoroughly characteristic and peculiarly beautiful. As Dr. Henebery expresses it: "It is marked by a clear sincerity, whether of joy or sorrow, rarely to be found in latter day music. It is naive, direct, spontaneous; it is never drawing-roomy. It is a music not born of any school; it is not a mere by-product of culture. It sprang from and vibrates with the sincere emotions of a people. Even one having but a slight musical knowledge cannot attempt the analysis of one of our classic melodies without being struck by the consummate art displayed in its structure. This will be no surprise to anyone acquainted with the wonderful proficiency of our forefathers in the art of poetry and the science of grammar. As the Irish of olden times before that art was known to the barbarians, even so did they exhaust the resources of tonality."

When the celebrated composer, Haydn, visited Dublin in the year 1794, he declared that he would rather be the author of the "Cullin" than of all the masterly music that emanated from his own singularly endowed brain. This expression of opinion should either be regarded as a high compliment to the Irish melody or as a proof of a lamentable lack of critical faculty on the part of Haydn; and, truth to tell, most musicians since Haydn's day have attributed the encomium to the latter cause. I am forced, however, to believe that Haydn was not far astray; and that his critics were unaware of the beauties of the melody which he lauded, or were prejudicially averse to such compositions. It is probable that they measured the "Cullin" by "classical" standards, and by the limits of the ordinary musical notation.

In this way they were bound by necessity to misjudge not alone the "Cullin," but all traditional Irish melodies which might come their way. Because it must be borne in mind that the traditional tunes, in all their melodic subtleties, cannot be expressed by the ordinary notation, and cannot be performed on instruments—such as the piano—which are incapable of recording delicate intervals with occur with so much frequency, so much grace, and so much charm in these typical compositions. I have heard fantasies on Irish airs, arranged for the piano, which were enough to make the whole gallery of Ireland's ancient bards writhe in their graves; and the performers thought, forsooth, that they were adepts in the adequate expression of Erin's age-loved melodies. Many people are to blame for this, and no one more, perhaps, than Thomas Moore, who took many a lovely traditional Irish air, set it to words of immortal poetry, and then made the fatal mistake of submitting it to the "professor" who "harmonized" it until the worth of the original melody was utterly marred, and the tune mutilated almost beyond recognition. Moore, however, in his autobiography, regrets his action thus: "It has always been a subject of mortification to me that my songs as they are set give a very imperfect notion of the manner in which I wish them to be performed, and that most of that peculiarity of character which I believe they possess, as I sing them myself, is lost in the process they must undergo for publication, but the truth is that, not being sufficiently practiced in the rules of composition to rely on the accuracy of

my own harmonic arrangements, I am obliged to submit my rude sketches to the eyes of a professor before they can encounter the criticism of the musical world, and as it too frequently happens that they are indebted for their originality to the violation of some established law the hand that corrects their errors is almost sure to destroy their character."

Happily, there are gifted musicians working to-day to rectify the errors of the past, and to do justice to the priceless musical heritage of the Irish people. Dr. Henebery has done, and is doing, good work in this direction. Father Beverunge, professor of music at Maynooth College, is another ardent worker in the cause. He is at present engaged on a system of musical notation which will adequately portray the complexities of infection, the subtle intervals, and the characteristic modulations and color of the traditional melodies.

Of course, it should be known by this time of day that this traditional music cannot be performed on instruments of fixed notation; it can only be correctly rendered by the human voice, the violin, the Irish union pipes, the flute, and such instruments as are capable of the infinitesimal intervals which the music demands.

It is to be hoped that the well-established national "Feis Ceoil," which is held annually in Dublin, and the various "Feiseanna" being held throughout Ireland, aided as they are by eminent musicians, scholars and antiquarians, will bring the traditional music into the prominence which is its due, and succeed in perfecting a system of notation that will adequately express its many charms and distinguishing characteristics; a system that will redeem it from the artificial and baneful tinkering of modern "harmonizers" and restore it to the pristine purity that compelled the reluctant admiration and copious praises of Giraldo Cambrensis, Brompton, and John of Salisbury in the twelfth century, and throughout the succeeding centuries the unstinted commendation of such able writers and composers as Fordun, Glyn, Polidore, Virgil, Vincenzo Galilei, Bacon, Spenser, Stanishurst, Camden, Handel, Mozart and Beethoven; the grand old music that, through the medium of his Irish wife, inspired the great symphonic writer of France, Berlioz, in many of his compositions, particularly "The Shepherd Song," and "Slave Song;" the transcendent old strains that charmed Haydn to exclaim: "I would rather be the author of the 'Cullin' than of all the music I have composed."

CURE THE MOST EXTREME CASES

Stones in the Kidneys Cannot Stand Before Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Mr. S. A. Cassidy, of Ottawa, Formerly Cured After Years of Suffering by the Great Canadian Kidney Remedy.

Ottawa, Ont., March 14.—(Special)—While all Canada knows that Dodd's Kidney Pills are the standard remedy for all Kidney Complaints, it may surprise some people to know they cure such extreme cases as Stone in the Kidneys. Yet that is what they have done right here in Ottawa.

Mr. S. A. Cassidy, the man cured, is the well-known proprietor of the Bijou Hotel on Metcalfe street, and in an interview he says: "My friends all know that I have been a martyr to Stone in the Kidneys for years. They know that besides consulting the best doctors in the city and trying every medicine I could think of, I was unable to get better."

"Some time ago a friend told me Dodd's Kidney Pills would cure me. As a last resort I tried them, and they have cured me. "I could not imagine more severe suffering than one endures who has Stone in the Kidneys, and I feel the greatest gratitude to Dodd's Kidney Pills."

If the disease is of the Kidneys or from the Kidneys, Dodd's Kidney Pills will cure it.

Ireland's Thanks To America.

Unity was always the simple demand which the generous friends of Ireland in America made on the Irish people and Party as the condition of their support. It was only when discussion prevailed that the stream of Irish-American generosity ran dry. When America pleased itself at the last convention to supply \$50,000,

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It was hinted by the enemy that pledges and promises were something very different from cash. The cablegram which we publish indicates that that pledge has been more than redeemed. The last thousand pounds cabled brings the total close up to \$60,000.

Most noteworthy in connection with this munificent subscription are the contributions of the eminent Catholic Prelates on the other side of the Atlantic. Here is a proof, if proof were needed, that the Irish-Americans will not forget the old land. There is something eminently touching in this steadfast devotion. Here in Ireland material interests join with sentiment in the demand for Home Rule. Poverty and depopulation are the fruits of the existing government and the people are naturally eager for relief. But it is sentiment alone, unmixd with interest, that prompts the splendid generosity of Irish-Americans.—Dublin Freeman's Journal.

Help your children to grow strong and robust by counteracting anything that causes ill-health. One great cause of disease in children is worms. Remove them with Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator. It never fails.

DONAHOE'S FOR MARCH.

"The Wooing and Wedding of Presidents' Daughters," by Virginia Tatnall Peacock, is an interesting feature of the current number of Donahoe's Magazine. The illustrations have been gathered from many sources, and include portraits of the White House brides, from Marie Hester Monroe to Alice Roosevelt.

Rev. John Talbot Smith discusses "The Morality of the Players," and produces the testimony of a number of Catholic actors to the effect of stage life on character.

"Cashed of the Kings," by Honor Walsh; "A Breton Fishing Town," by Anna M. Mitchell; "The Pearl of York," by Magdalen Rock, and "Recollections of William O'Brien," are other illustrated articles that afford varied entertainment for a leisure hour.

"Ghosts from Many Lands," is the title of an engrossing paper by B. C. McShane, who tells many weird tales of visitants from another world.

Rev. Ambrose Coleman, C.P., asks and answers the question "Who Expelled the Friars?" Father Coleman's conclusions are reached through his personal knowledge of affairs in the Philippines, and close observation of existing conditions.

J. J. Mangan, D.D., writing under the caption "Commercialism and Physical Culture," says some very sensible things about fads in health, such as advocating certain foods, sleeping with the windows open in all kinds of weather, restricted diet, etc.

"How Much of a Priest's Time is Wasted," is a paper that presents many familiar types—the callers at a parochial residence. The writer's experiences has furnished the incidents he relates, and his suggestions will be found useful to all having similar problems to solve.

Nora Francis Degidon, Anna T. Sadler, and John Austin Schetty contribute bright short stories; and there are poems by Susan L. Emery, Austin Walsh, Henry Coyle, D. A. McCarthy, Kathleen Kavanagh and Mary E. Redmond.

DEATH OF THE HOMEWARD BOUND.

(By Thomas D'Arcy McGee.)

Paler and thinner the morning moon grew,  
Colder and sterner the rising wind blew—  
The pole star had set in forest of cloud,  
And the icicles crackled on spar and on shroud;  
When a voice from below we feebly heard cry:  
'Let me see, let me see my own land ere I die.'

'Ah! dear sailor, say, have we sighted Cape Clear?  
Can you see any sign? Is the morning light near?'  
You are young, my brave boy,  
thanks, thanks for your hand;  
Help me up till I get a last glimpse of the land.

Thank God! 'tis the sun that now reddens the sky.  
I shall see, I shall see my own land ere I die.

'Let me lean on your strength, I am feeble and old,  
And one-half my heart is already stone-cold;  
Forty years work a change when I first cross'd the sea  
There were few on the deck that could grapple with me;  
But my youth and my prime in Ohio went by,  
And I'm come back to see the old spot 'ere I die.'

'Twas a feeble old man, and he stood on the deck,  
His arms 'round a kindly young mariner's neck;  
His ghastly gaze fixed on the tints of the east  
As a starveling might stare at the sound of a feast,  
The morn' quickly rose and revealed to his eye  
The land he had prayed to behold, and then die.

Green, green was the shore, though the year was near done,  
High and haughty the capes the white surf dashed upon;  
A gray, ruined convent was down by the strand,  
And the sheep fed afar on the hills of the land.  
'God be with you, dear Ireland,' he gasped, with a sigh;  
'I have lived to behold you—I'm ready to die.'

He sunk by the hour, and his pulse 'gan to fail,  
As we swept by the headland of storied Kinsale;  
Off Ardigna Bay it came slower and slower,  
And his corpse was clay-cold as we sighted Tramore;  
At Passage we waked him, and now he doth lie  
In the lap of the land he beheld but to die.

THE CARE OF CHILDREN.

Nowadays wise mothers do not dose their children with harsh, gripping castor oil or purgatives, nor do they give them poisonous opiates in the form of so-called soothing medicines. Baby's Own Tablets take the place of these harsh and dangerous medicines, and the mother has the word of a Government analyst that the Tablets are absolutely safe. Baby's Own Tablets cure indigestion, constipation, colic, teething troubles, diarrhoea, simple fevers, and other little ills of childhood. An occasional dose will keep children well. Mrs. R. E. Long, Peachland, B.C., says: "I have found Baby's Own Tablets unsurpassed for teething troubles, breaking up colds, reducing fevers, and other ills, and they make a child sleep naturally. I now always keep them in the house." Ask for the Tablets at your druggist or you can get them by mail from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., at 25 cents a box.

A Romantic Bit of Lace.

One detail of Princess Emma's trousseau has a particular romance about it—the lace which, it is understood, her mother intends to give her. For this lace belonged to Queen Katherine of Aragon. It was found some years ago, according to an English paper, in a walled-up cupboard in St. James's Palace. Queen Victoria gave it to Princess Beatrice, and thus after some 400 years an English princess takes back what a Spanish princess brought.

BUILDING ASSOCIATION IN AID OF

St. Michael's Parish Montreal

By a resolution passed at a meeting of the Fabrique of St. Michael's, dated the 8th of January, 1904 and with the approval of His Grace, the Archbishop, the Fabrique binds itself to cause to have said in St. Michael's during four years two masses a month according to the intention of those who contribute 50 cents yearly. Help yourselves, help your deceased friends and help the new church by joining this Association.

The two masses in favor of contributors to St. Michael's Building Association, are said towards the end of every month. They are said with the intentions of those who contribute the fifty cents a year. Contributors may have any intentions they please, they alone need know what their intentions are, they may change their intentions from month to month—they may have a different intention for each of the two masses in every month, they may have several intentions for the same Mass, they may apply the benefit of the contribution to the soul of a deceased friend. Contributions for the year 1906 (50 cents) may be addressed to

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Province of Quebec, District of Montreal. In the Superior Court. No. 2503. Frothingham & Workman (Limited), a corporation having its principal place of business in the City and District of Montreal, Plaintiff, vs. Maxime Langlois, of Gaspe, District of Gaspé, Defendant. The defendant is hereby ordered to appear within one month. Montreal, March 6th, 1906. J. M. LAMOTHE, Deputy Prothonotary.

2. No. 3 are quoted at 38c; No. 4 at 37c.

DAIRY PRODUCE.

The cheese market is steady under a fair demand, and prices are unchanged at 18c to 18 1/2c. Butter is in fairly good demand. Finest October made creamery is scarce and quotations on this grade range from 22c to 22 1/2c per pound in wholesale lots; single packages bring about 1c more. Undergrades are more plentiful and are offered at 20c to 21c per pound. Dairy is steady at 18c to 20c with a fair demand reported.

Province of Quebec, District of Montreal. Superior Court. No. 2443. Dame Valerie Fortier, wife of Victor Berthiaume, of the city of Montreal, in the district of Montreal, has this day instituted an action in separation as to bed and also as to property against her said husband. Montreal, 15th February, 1906. BEAUDIN, LORANGER & ST. GERMAIN. Attorneys for Plaintiff

Auntie—"But how do you know you've been christened?" Ethel (aged six)—"Cause I've got the little round marks on my arm now, auntie."

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS. One detail of Princess Emma's trousseau has a particular romance about it—the lace which, it is understood, her mother intends to give her. For this lace belonged to Queen Katherine of Aragon. It was found some years ago, according to an English paper, in a walled-up cupboard in St. James's Palace. Queen Victoria gave it to Princess Beatrice, and thus after some 400 years an English princess takes back what a Spanish princess brought.

SOCIETY DIRECTORIAL

ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY—Established March 6th, 1886; incorporated 1893; revised 1890. Meets in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, first Monday of the month. Committee meets last Wednesday. Officers: Rev. Director, Rev. M. Callaghan, P.P.; President, Mr. F. J. Curran; 1st Vice-President, W. P. Kearney; 2nd Vice, E. J. Quinn; Treasurer, W. Durack; Corresponding Secretary, W. J. Crowe; Recording Secretary, T. P. Tansley.

ST. PATRICK'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY—Meets on the second Sunday of every month in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, at 8.30 p.m. Committee of Management meets in same hall on the first Tuesday of every month, at 8 p.m. Rev. Director, Rev. Jas. Killoran; President, J. H. Kelly; Rec. Sec., J. D'Arcy Kelly; 13 Vallee street.

C.M.B.A. OF CANADA, Branch 26.—Organized 18th November, 1889. Branch 26 meets at New Hall (English Building) 2381 St. Catherine street. The regular meetings for the transaction of business are held on the 1st and 8th Fridays of each month at eight o'clock p.m. Officers: Spiritual Advisor, Rev. J. P. Killoran; Chancellor, J. M. Kennedy; President, J. H. Malton; 1st Vice-President, W. A. Hodgson; 2nd Vice-President, J. R. McCabe; Recording Secretary, R. M. J. Dolan, 16 Overdale Ave.; Asst. Rec. Sec., E. J. Lynch; Financial Secretary, J. J. Costigan, 235 St. Urbain st.; Treasurer, J. H. Kelly; Marshal, M. J. O'Ragen; Guard, J. A. Harwood; Trustees, W. A. Hodgson, T. B. Stevens, D. J. McGillis, John Walsh and Jas. Cahill; Medical Officers, Dr. H. J. Harrison, Dr. G. H. Merrill and Dr. E. J. O'Connor.

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SO BY

CHAPTER XV.—C

"Your speech of last night," she, "does not seem to me to be with you. You are veering." "If a man could have powers for talking!" "I feel sure that natural ability is just to politicians and to women," said "Or to women," said "fair to suppose you have positions when we have positions which you have."

"You have not a word to say?" "Will you pardon me?" "That sound and sense ways go together?" "And will you pardon me?" "not believing that every man possesses the two?" "all the congressional and stokers!"

He hardly noticed that she was looking into her eyes, her sweet smile, it, she prudently back upon him by going "I have a new piece" "from our own choir" "you know the man, you enjoy it."

"Yes," said he, coming music. "There will be a crash at the start, like he makes at the opening and after it will be a sound, choked partly by words to stutter out an finale will be simply a She began smilingly her single melody with her sweet, weird, plaintive beginning to end there a sounds than a gentle finale was the repetition. She was wrapt in. And he in the musical thoughts were off on the ver's shores with that beside whom he had stood a time with a lover's village. When she looked for appreciation his offer so intently, almost "Why, Mr. Wallace, "are you ill?"

"I did not think the could write such music," she said, recalled to present. "You played such a way that it is part of yourself, and whether to weep over the musician." Frances looked at her moment, and laughed nervously. "A compliment from a man," said she. "O you are not true to your word." "Always to speak the chief virtue of the state."

And both looking, saying there with his hands and a sudden look face. It might have been the night's other feeling, but his Florian to flight at once would have gone. She insisted on her plan "rick's Day" and the with variations.

"That's a fine air," reference to the last, favorite. "It takes such poetry, girl. I thought that if the tried boys that write poetry!" "Frank?"

"Every one likes Frances, withdrawing room. "Ay," said Peter to not as well as elegant lawyers, when the p and the lawyers rich; both if I lose a dinner Peter was in a vic from the potatoes of night and from another declared itself wrathments later in Madam's sense.

"I told you," said "down familiarly in that you never would bring up a child, and deserved to have curls and pomade, and an 'furb' lows, and nonsense. I told you are going to reap their sins."

"What's the matter, madame, calmly. "Matter now?" "Modesty was a quality I knew, but hasn't any—more for me; an I won't let her. Am I going to stand not say a word?" "What difference