THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

KNOCKNAGOW OR

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THE HOMES OF TIPPERARY. BY CHARLES J. KICKHAM.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

THE "DEAD PAST" AND THE "LIVING

THE "DEAD PAST" AND THE "LIVING PRESENT"—MES. DONOVAN'S SAD FACE. Besy Morris tripped lightly up the hill, till she came to the clipped hedge. And then she began to walk more and more slowly, with her eyes bent on the ground. After passing the little gate and the neatly-thatched house, she stopped, and, turning round, looked at the clipped hedge and up at the old cherry tree. And while she looked the hedge grew green, and the bare branches of the cherry tree were cov-ered with leaves, through which the cherries peeped, and seemed to whisper above the hum of the bees, "'I'ls for you we have grown red and ripe and julcy; for you we are kept here so long; for you and nobody else, little Bessy Morris !" —just as the cherries used to whisper long ago. The trees flung their shadows across the white and dusty road; the birde twittered among the branches; the swaltwittered among the branches; the swal-lows skimmed over the bright little river; the distant lowing of the cows floated upon the clover-scented air; the thrush's evening song rang out bold and clear from the bushy glen; the blue smoke stole up through the grey sally-trees; and she was a happy, innocent school-

The deepening shadows and the bleak, wintry landscape called her back from the dead past to the living present; and, after a moment's heeltation, she turned in from the road, and raised the latch of Mat Donovan's door. There was no change. Everything was

as it used to be. The little chair of which Nelly spoke was in its old place; and she could almost fancy she saw the Bessy Morris of the old time sitting in it. And how fond they all were of her then! A shadow seemed to fall upon her face as the theought struck her that she hed lat the thought struck her that she had le the thought struck her that she had let these true friends drop almost completely out of her memory, except Mat himself; and if she gave him a thought it was only in some moment of disappointment or mental suffering, when the recollection of his unchanging love would cross her mind. Her cheek flushed as she reflected her little ach hed mind the state reflected how little she had prized that love ; and for a moment she felt as if she had been for a moment and felt as if she had been not only ungrateful but false. She looked sgain at the familiar objects around. The dresser—the wheel upon which Mrs. Donovan had given her her first lesson in spinning—Mat's hurly over the fire-place—everything just the same ! As her eye rested on the famous Knock nagow drum, hung ao high up that pope rum, hung so high up that none nagow drum, hung so high up that none but Mat himself could reach to it, she smiled, and her thoughts seemed to it, she smiled, and her thoughts seemed to take upon the little window-a blue slate without a frame, and having only one side polished -she took it in her haud, for side polished—she took it in her hand, for it reminded her of the old school days. A little to her surprise, she saw there was a sum carefully worked out upon the slate, and some sentences correctly and fairly written. The fast was, Mat Dono-van had taken to study of late. He en-deavoured to induce a sufficient number of numbir to nay helf-s-row in advance. of pupils to pay half-s-crown in advance, to make it worth the schoolmaster's while to take a lodging in the village—instead of sleeping at a farmer's house two miles away—and open a night school for the school for t away-and open a night-school for the winter. But a sufficient number of halfcrowns not being forthcoming, Mat Don-ovan set about teaching himself-greatly to the distress of his mother, who could see no possible explanation of so strange a proceeding but an intention on Mat's part of "going to join the peelers;" which, to her mind, was as bad as going into the poor house, and infinitely worse then going to be haved than going to be hanged. For poor Mrs. Donovan got that sad face of hers one Donovan got that sad face of here one bright summer day in the year '98, when her father's house was surrounded by soldiers and yeomen, and her only brother, a bright-eyed boy of seventeen, was torn from the arms of his mother, and shot dead outside the door. And then sgal lant officer twisted his hand in the boy golden hair, and invited them all to ob serve how, with one blow of his trust sword, he would sever the rebel head from the rebel carcase. But one blow nor two, nor three, nor ten, did not do ; and the gallant officer hacked away at the poor boy's neck in a fary, and was in so great a passion, that when the trunk fell down at last, leaving the head in his hand, he flung it on the ground, and kicked it like a foot ball; and when it rolled sgainet the feet of the horrified young girl, who stood as if she were turned to stone near the door, she fell down senseless without cry or moan, and 'hey all thought she too was dead. She "hey all thought she too was dead. She an oke, however, the second next day followit, g, just in time to kiss the poor brutsen and disfigured lips before the coffin lid was nailed down upon them the But the sad look was in her face, and never wholly left it from that hour. It was beginning to clear away in after till once a "sin the house was suryears ; rounded by soldiers. They came with the sheriff and the bailh.". It was not a bright summer day, but, bitter cold day in the bleak December th." time. Yet, as she and her father and mo, ther passed as she and her lather and mo the photo-through the glittering bayonets , and shin-ing accoutrements that filled the back that fatal summer day in '98 came back with such strange vividness that the thought she felt her brother's head striks against her foot; and again she fell down senseless without cry or moan. After that the sad look became fixed and permanent, and she was destined to carry it with her into her coffin. It was the

footstep, and looked along the road, as if she had been brought to the window by the braying of Mr. Bereaford Pender's tinhorn, which he had just put to his lips to warn all whom it might concern to keep out of the way of the wheels of his tax cart, and clear the road for a "gentle-mas." And how Mat Donovan did start when he as mer i For a moment man." And now hat Donovan did start when he saw her ! For a moment he could scarcely credit the sight of his eyes, that it was really Bessy Morris, alone in his own house. Recovering, however, from his surprise, he advanced a step or two and held out his hand. the time

"You're welcome !" said he, with that odd smile of his. He thought there was something very cold in her manner as she placed her hand in his. Not the faintest pressure could he feel from that dear little hand.

"You're welcome !" was all be could say. And as he said it a second time, for want of something else, there was a very little pressure upon his fingers, just as if she couldn't help it. "You had a narrow escape," said she ; "I hone you are not hust."

"You had a narrow escape," said she ; " I hope you are not hurt." "Tis nothin?," he replied, letting her hand go suddenly ; for he felt that she was trying to withdraw it. But the with-drawing of the hand would not have caused that pain he felt coming about his heart again, if he knew it was done simply because she saw his sister Nelly coming towards the door. "'Tis nothin'," said he, " on'y a tumble in the hay." He was surprised and displeased to see

in the bay." He was surprised and displeased to see that Nelly took scarcely any notice of Bessy Morris; but he did not know they had met a few minutes before. He watched with some anxiety to see if his mother's greeting would be as cold as his sister's; and when the old woman came in, with her sad face seeming sadder than ever and looked first surprised and then ever, and looked first surprised, and then glad, and then held out her hand to Bessy and said, "You are welcome," in such a brought the time uv the Coercion Act to "Oh wait till you see himse'f," said Mat, who evidently thought the story was

kind way, Mat felt quite happy. "And won't you sit down ?" said Mrs Donovan, with a brighter look than Mat had seen in the sad sace for many a long an old one. This mistake was a relief to Bessy, and

day. "'Tis getting late, ma'am," returned Bessy ; sitting down at the same time in the little old chair. Mrs. Donovan sat down too, and, put-

ing her hand under her chin, looked into Bessy's face for a full minute. It was plain she was thinking of the bright little scandal girl who used to sit in that old chair a few years before, and so delight them all with her merry laugh and her ready wit, and her quaint, half childish, half womanly ways. "Is id yourself that's in id at all ?" said

Mrs. Donovan. Bessy laughed; but she was moved by the kind tone as the old woman's voice, and still more by her look. She felt it was in such a tono and with such a look her own mother would have address

failed to inspire Mat Donovan with a suitable topic for conversation. And, failing to find it among the heavenly bodies, he bent his gezo on the muddy road, and seemed to search diligently for it there, as he walked on, with Bessy Morris by his eide. Greatly to his sur-prise, he found himself at the stream before he had spoken one word to her. He strode across and reached her his hand. She placed her foot on the single stepping-stone, and lesped lightly over. "An' how is the old man?" she con tinued. "'Tis a long time since he stopped to talk to me now about the year uv the hill, an' the hangin' an' the floggin' uv the hill, an' the hangin' an' the floggin' an' all. An' Bessy, avoorneen, had ye any account uv your father since? Or is there any tale or tidin's uv him at all?" "Not a word, ma'am," Bessy answered. "Well Bessy, as sure as you're sittin' in that chair a man from near the colliery met him in America, an' was talkin' to him in his own house. An' he had car-nets on his flore he as as a "the man the doar stone, and lesped lightly over. "'Tis a fine night," said he, still hold-"Its a nue night," said ne, still noid-ing her hand. "Very fine," she replied. "Good night," He was looking at the moon again, and seemed to forget that he had hold of her hand, when they were both startled by the wards. pets on his flare, he says. The man that he was tellin' was in here wud me." worde

"Well, we heard about that, ma'an; but'twas a long time ago since the man you speak of saw him, or rather thinks he did. For all he could remember was his surname, and that he made inquiries about my creatificator."

surname, and that he made inquiries about my grandfather." "Well, from what the man from the colliery said, I'm a'most sure 'twas your father he was talkin' too," said Mrs. Don-ovan, beginning to rock herself softly from side to side as she looked kindly into

"harmless sort of a girl" like Peg Brady, her glance was very sly, indeed, as, turn-ing to Mat, she said: "The little house under the hill, Mat?" "God be wud ould times," returned Mat, with a shake of the head and a smile, in which there was something so sad that Bessy Morris fixed that thoughtful, inquir-ing look upon him, and thou looked down at the moonbeams shimmering in the little stream. which sometimes threatened to take possession of it. And sitting there in that little chair, her heart began to warm to the kind old woman, whose look was so like a mother's; and Bessy Morris felt that at that moment she had more of good in her than at any other little stream. What did he mean ? Might it be that what he has been told something about her, he had been told something about her, and that he was sorry she was no longer the Bessy Morris of "old times ?" "What's comin' over me at all ?" he more of good in her than at any other time since the innocent days of her child "What's comin' over me at all ?" ne thought, after bidding them "good night." "Sure I never expected she'd ever think uv me except as a friend and a neighbour. An' she's as friendly an' plasin' in every way as ever I see her. But, for all that, I feel quarer than ever I felt in my life. Mat Donovan sat on the bench, which Billy Heffernan was wont to take posses-sion of whenever he paid them a visit Mat chose this seat rather than the "sugan-bottom" chair, because from it he "sugan-bottom" chair, because from it he could watch the play of Bessy's expressive features without attracting attention. And how his heart did swell as he looked, She looks some way sorrowful at me some-times, just as if she knew what was in my mind. I must take care an' not let her know, for I know id would throuble and asked himself how or when she man htow, for I and the world interest ber. Well, God bless her! anyway," he added, stopping just where she had stopped an hour or two before, "The aged to get into it-a question which for the life of him honest Mat could not ans wer satisfactorily. But there she was and no mistake ; and Mat sighed such a like uv her is not within the walls uv the and no mistake; and Mat signed such a big, heavy sigh, at the thought of how hard it would be to eject her—when that proceeding would become an absolute necessity and a duty—that Bessy Morris looked at him with a melancholy sort of look at if and how aractly what he was He looked at the clipped hedge, and up at the old cherry tree, and down towards the school house bahind the quarry. And the hedge grew green, and the ripe cherries peeped from among the leaves, and he, too, heard the twitter of the birds, and the look, as if she knew exactly what he was thinking of. Whereupon Mat Donovan song of the thrush, and the lowing of the kine; and he waited for the shout of the assumed an exceedingly humorous expres sion of countenance, and wanted to say something in his usual style; something something in his usual style; something very droll and extravagant—as became a "palaverer" and a "deluder " and "a rag on every bush." But somehow his drol-lery had quite deserted him; and not a single "quare thing" could he remember, it would convince Bessy Morris that he, Mat Donovan, commonly called Mat the Thrasher, was the rollickingest, rovingest blade in all Tipperary, whom it was not given to woman born of woman to capture and hold captive. So Mat Donovan could do nothing better than children "just let loose from school." The candle was, just then, laid in its usual place in the little window, and its ligh recalled him to the living Present. The living Present ?" And the "dead Past ?" We hold that the Past is the more living I the two, sometimes. Mat Donovan looked at the outline of the mountains, and all round the horizon. " Hi ! for it, hi ! for it, hi ! for it still, And hi ! for the little house under the hill ! -he sang, as he closed the little gate of Donovan could do nothing better than lean the back of his head against the par-The "haggart," which, no doubt, Nelly had left open when he came to pull the leeks for her mother's supper. Mat Donovan's house was not " under," but rather on the top of a hill. But Peg tition, and look up the chimney. "An' what way did you lave your aunt ?" Mre. Donovan asked. Brady had her own reason for her allusion

alone at a window. Her face was pale and very beautiful; and her white arm gleamed like snow in the moonlight through her abundant dark hair, which had fallen down and flowed in glossy waves over the little table upon which the arm was leasning. Her lips waves parted, and her face wore a look of sadness, as she gazed intently at the moon. She was dreaming. Bhe was walking by the see side—not alone. She leant upon the arm of one whom she re-garded as a very dear friend ; one who to her mind was a superior being—something higher and nobler than ordinary mortal men—but whom to regard as more than a friend she would have thought a crime. The waves stole in softly over the smooth "Indeed she had her trials," replied "'Tis little any wan thought he'd turn "Its fittle may wan thought he'd turn out as he did," rejoined the old woman. "Bat'it hard to judge uv people by their looks. Id might be betther for her if she married some honest b'y she knew slways. But 'tis 'slay to talk now when we see the difference; but no wan 'd think so at the time."

the time." "1'll call in sgain to-morrow, or after, Mrs. Donovan," said Beesy, as she stood up and rested her hand on the little old chair. "But I promised my grandfather to be home early; and he might be send-ing Peg Brady to know what is delaying me."

me." "Go wud her a piece uv the road, Mat," sald his mother, looking reproachfully at him, as if she thought he ought to have at once volunteered his services. "Oh, no," Bessy exclaimed ; "'tis a fine bright wight. An' sure I ought to know the road well."

the road well." "I'll put you apast the sthrame," sold Mat, stretching out his arms and yawning, as if he felt tired and lezy, and would much prefer being left to doze upon the bench with his poll against the partition, and a bright little star looking down through the chimney at him from a patch of blue aby

through the chimney at him from a patch of blue sky. "See—I was near forgettin' to tell you," said Mrs. Donovan, as Mat and Besy were going out, "to tell your grand-father about the soger." Besy Morris look ad at her with sur-prise, not unmingled with alarm. And Mat, too, stopped in the doorway, seem-ing at a loss to understand what she meant.

it is the light in Mat Donovan's window. She looks around her, as if fearful of being observed; but she is alone, and the light laugh of a girl from the next room assures her that her absence has not been remarked upon, or Grace would have come to seek her. She ties up her hair with a steady hand; and joins the laugh-ing circle with a face so calm and un-rufiled that no one could for a moment have suspected that it ever wore a look of pain. "Bad cess to him," continued Mrs. "Bad cess to him," continued Mrs. Donovan, "the tuck a great start out uv me, when he walked in an' nobody wud me but myse'f, as they wor at the weddin', I was hardly able to answer him whin he axed me where Phil Morris lived. Id pain.

"Wisha, is id there ye are ?"

TO BE CONTINUED

A SIGNIFICANT ADMISSION. Boston Republic.

A writer in the Westminster Review calls attention very pertinently and very suggestively to the enormous growth of the Catholic Church in the United States This mistake was a relief to Bessy, and she brightened up on seeing him walk out without waiting for further particulars; but as she walked quickly after him, her mind became troubled. The drsgoon, it seemed, had been as far as the hanlet; and the object of his visit she feared might become a subject for greate and within the last few decades. It must be comewhat unpalatable information for the average Englishman to find that, after centuries of persecution and pro-scription of Irish Catholics at home, they become a subject for goesip and even

have grown powerful and numerous in America. England tried to abolish the Mat Donovan locked up at the little star that was looking down at him through the chimney; and then Mat Donovan looked at the moor, which was tolerably bright. But star and moon failed to inspire Mat Donovan with Catholic religion within her borders, She persecuted priests and laymen; she cut them down with the sword and with the sword and starved them in the ditches. But she oculd no more extinguish their faith or check its growth than she could stay the progress of the in-coming tide. The author of the article in the West

minster Review informs his readers that there are from 12,000,000 to 13,000,000 Catholics in the United States of Irish Catholics in the United States of Irish blood or Irish birth. He says they "have settled in immense numbers along the Alleghany Mountains, by the shores of the lakes, and in the gold fields of the far West. In many states the highest and most important and the most coveted positions are in the hands of Lishman Members of Consumers of Irishmen. Members of Congress, Senators, the great executive function-aries, the police, the bar, the bench, are all largely recruited from the ranks of the Catholic Church, which, as Macof the Catholic Church, which, as Mac-aulay observed, has been more than recompensed in the new world for what she has lost in the old, which in point of numbers is the national Church of the States, and which holds out every pro-mise of being in every point the national Church of the future. The loftiest and most sacred functions are filled by eccles-isatics of Irab extraction or of Irish "Wisha, is id there ye are ?" It was only Peg Brady, who had been sont by Bessy's grandfather to meet her. And Peg langhed, as if Mat Donovan holding Bessy Morris by the hand and looking at the moon were the best joke in the world. But there was something in the laugh which Bessy did not like. And for an innocent, good natured, "harmless sort of a girl" like Peg Brady, her glance was very siv, indeed, as, turninstics of Irish extraction or of Irish birth. In a word, the Catholic Church in the States has been founded, fostered,

formed, for a magnificent future, by Irish England lost this splendid body of

active, energetic organizers by her brutal policy of proscription. She drove the poor Irish Catholic peasant out of her realm to set him up and clothe him with position power and influence in the new ower a He was made her implacabl world. World. He was made her impractice foe through the barbarities inflicted upon him and upon his people, and he soon acquired means to carry on his war of retaliation from a base of operations upon which he was enabled to enlist upon which he was enabled to enlist sympathy and support from even the descendants of Englishmen. It is no wonder John Bull gazes sadly upon the spectacle presented by the sons of the men he banished as exiles. The stone he rejected has become the corner of the republic. And should he ever get into trouble with Uncle Sam, he would find in front of him, as he did at Fontenoy, sturdy frish soldiers bent upon avancing sturdy Irish soldiers bent upon avenging the wrongs heaped upon their race. To further intensify England's regrets over the prosperous condition of Irish Catholics in America, the writer in the Westminster Review concedes, unwil-lingly, indeed, that Ireland's contribu-tion to the population of the United States has been a source of advantage, He says: "Is the Republic in any way deeply indebted to those Irial deeply indebted to those Irish citizens? Have they, with their large numbers, high social standing, great places of trust, contributed aught to, her glory or added aught to her com. mercial greatness, refined her social taste, or assisted in laying the foundation of the real happiness of her people, the real security of her laws, the influence of her divine virtues, which more than public of the security of her laws, the security of her laws the sec anything else gives power and perman-ency to a naissant and mighty nation ency to a naissant and mighty nation of The answer is unquestionably affirmative. We have only to look back on the pasi and to scan the present state of Ameri-can affairs to feel certain of this,"

GALLANT TIPPERARY.

STORY OF THE HEROIC SACRIFICE BY THE PEOPLE OF THAT TOWN.

THEY LEAVE THEIR HOMES FOR THE BENE FIT OF THE IRISH CAUSE—SIX MILLIONS WORTH OF PROPERTY ABANDONED— SMITH-BARRY AND THE EVICTION SYNDI CATE - HISTORY OF THE AGRABIAN STRUGGLE-THE NEW TOWN,

CATE — HISTORY OF THE AGRABIAN BEAUGGLE—THE NEW TOWN. Mr. L. J. Moloney of Orono, Me., has written an interesting article for the Bagor Commercial which we print below. He says: How strangely fascinating and affecting, even more so than the wildest flights of fiction, are the individ-ual and national stories of heroism and self-secrifice handed down to us through the medium of history attuned to the never-dying melody of fame. The gal-lant Spartans at the pass of Thermop-yiæ, Horatius defending the bridge at Rome, and the constancy of Regulus are deeds of renown recorded of the ancients the oftener considered the more im-pressive they become. In mediæval and modern times we are aroused to en-thusiasm by such gallantry and devotion as that displayed by the Spaniards at the gates of Granada, Winkelried's charge, Borromeo's disinterested love of fellow-man and the youth Casabianca's obedience at Aboukir Bay. These are only a few elevating and ennobling in-stances which recall manhood of the past in all that is truly grand. Con-temporary with ourselves have transpired examples of genuine worth which may join hands with Scipio or La Vendee. a friend she would have thought a orime. The waves stole in softly over the smooth sand. The wide expanse of waters was calm as her own soul. They stood still, neither looking at the other, and gazed along the tranquil main. And she was happy, and thought he must be so too. But how rudely was she awakened from that happy dream ! It is the thought of this awaking that has brought that look of pain into her face, upon which the cold moonlight fails like spray upon a lily. And while her mild blue eyes are raised to the pale moon, a gleam of light, as if a little star had peeped over the brow of the hill, shines through the branches of the elm tree—and Mary Kearney is re called to the living Present; for she knows it is the light in Mat Donovan's window. temporary with ourselves have transpired examples of genuine worth which may join hands with Scipio or La Vendee. The late civil war was a period fruit-ful in the display of the real greatness of American manhood individually and collectively. Yet the pessimist of our time mourns over the loss of heroism and chivalry, attributing that which has merit to base, sordid or selfish motives. This, however, is not so. We behold an instance to day written on the living pages of '90—the heroic self-sacrifice of Tipperary town — disinterested indeed and comparing favorably with the and comparing favorably with the proudest records of the past. proudest records of the past. TIPPERARY, chief town of Tipperary county, situated in the historic Golden Vale, the richest district in agricultural products in the British Isles, with its ten thousand souls, has made Europe stare in wonder, and shows the landlords that the Irish cause

JULY 19, 1890.

face to face and combatted by an un-armed and helpless community. Cer-tainly Smith-Barry had forgotten the words of General Gough, Lord of India, who, after years' experience of the in-dividual valor displayed by the sons of Tipperary during the East Indian mutiny, declared, "Give me twenty thou-sand Tipperary volunteers and I will have spirit enough to conquer the world." But now these same people were called on by the savage words of their own lord—words which sounded in their ears as once rang the historic sentence, "Eat grass, for my horse eats it." Immediately the citisens of Tip-perary came to a resolve, THE EXTRAORDINABY BESOLUTION

it." Immediately the citisens of Tip-perary came to a resolve, THE EXTRAGEDIMARY ERECLUTION of abandoning their own town, in which they had suck six millions of dollars, where everything save the earth was theirs. Cordons of police and battalions of soldiers were at once poured into the town by the humane government to aid Smith-Barry in evicting from homes which they spurned to hold, as they saw that by paying ground rent they sup-plied a fund for the destruction of a poor and helpless neighbor. The legal farce of eviction had scarcely begun, the first citi-sen had only turned to kiss the threshold over which forty generations of his name had passed, when ireland awoke to the situation. Every city and town took immediate action, and, guided by the patriotic and self sacrificing William O'Brien, M. P., the nation determined to build a new Tipperary and present it to the homeless inhabitants of old Tipper-ary. Under the immediate supervision of Mr. O'Brien in a few months rose a new and beautiful town about two miles from Mr. Observe in a new months rose a new and beautiful town about two miles from the old, on a site the people own. Dur-ing its erection the work was carried on night and day. Processions of teams and men streamed in from all parts of the country, proud to offer their services the country, proud to offer their services gratuitously. Tae Courier de Bruzelles, a paper widely read in France, Germany and Italy, rays: "The heroism and spirit of self-sacrifice which caused the desertion of old Tipperary and created the new are without example." No instance in the agrarian struggle has made such an impression on Euglish

has made such an impression on English public sentiment, which point, once gained, means

THE RIGHTING OF ALL IRISH WRONGS. By many, current Irish history is doubted or is considered at least exaggerated. or is considered at least exaggerated. But old Tipperary is there a lasting monument of the iniquitous system of landlordism in Ireland, and not over the whole country can be found a person base enough to occupy a house therein. This means a deduction annually of more than a quarter million dollars from Smith.Barry's income, while near by shows the indioras that the frien cause possesses an indomitable spirit not to be trifled with. What has transpired within the past two months in that little tortured isle of tears may seem incredible to a money-seeking and unclanish people. But nevertheless the fact is beeple. But nevertheless the fact is there is a tangible one. Tipperary citi-zens have relinquished unanimously their ancient and beautiful town and Smith-Barry's income, while near by stands in glass and brick and stone New Tipperary—a work the result of a people's offered their homes, their prospects and their future a holocaust to the Irish cause. A deserted town now stands a ng and invincible resistance of savage wro cause. A described town now stands a solitary and ghastly monument to land-lord rapacity and British misrule. From morn till eve not a stir or hum of busi-ness awakes its beautiful lines of spacious streets. It stands a very gnomon raised by the hand of time to remind the human race that the English

persevering devotion to a righteous cause which they so ardently espoused. About a month ago the new town was About a month ago the new town was presented amidst the greatest rejoicings to the late inhabitants of the "old," who marched, a noble battalion of all ages and sexes, beneath triumphal arches to their new and well deserved homes. There were present on the occasion thirty five members of the Imperial Parliament with numerous civil and political deputations from Ireland, England and state or perhaps retrograding. Tipper-ary, this veritable city of the dead, in its silence cries a loud cry to the curious or Scotland, many of which were of Britain's noblest blood. Among the honored guests were many from the continent, America and Australia. Looking over the past fifteen years of

an impression which hurries him away to tell in freer land how crowns rule. To those unacquainted with the agrar-ian struggle in Ireland a few words are necessary in order to the better under-standing the cause and motives which led the dilignment to much Irish history it seems almost incredible that the land question could have made such rapid advancement towards final settlement. Taking the latest watchword "Tipperary," which sounds a mournful death knell in the ears of the led the citizens of Tipperary to such an extraordinary step as to give up their that "that near future" is no longer a mythic vision of a promised land.

volved. A few centuries ago confiscation, alias A HAPPY OUTLOOK FOR IRELAND.

Protestant Uister and Ostholie Lainster are going to join hands, I trust, with a heartiness and warmth which shall send a thrill of patriotic pride and pleasure throughout Ireland, writes the Dublin correspondent of the Liverpool Catholic Times The Barne in correspondent of the Liverpool Catholic Times The Boyne is to be morally as well as materially bridged over, and next October Griffin's dream will be realized, and the national colors will be a blend of orange and green. The Rev. R. Kane, Grand Master of the Belfast Orange soci-ety, having been invited to join the Father Mathew Centenary committee, in a letter notifying his acceptance, writes: "I am not without hopes of organizing an Ulster celebration of the centenary, and I shall celebration of the centenary, and I shall cherefore ask leave to reserve myself, at least for some time, for this special effort. I wish to confer with some leading Uister I wish to confer with some leading Uister men on the subject, as I fancy a memorial of our own here in the north would be accepted, not only as an humble tribute to the revered memory of a great Irish philanthropist, but also as an expression of our cordial and sincere desire to shake hands across the Boyne with our fellow-countrymen of all creeds and parties," These are hopeful words happily ex-pressed. They auger well, not only for the successful revival of Father Mathew's movement, but for the hastening of the movement, but for the hastening of the advent of that long wished for day which advent of that long-wineed-for day which ehall see Irishmen of all creeds and classes from north and south, east and west, working harmoniously together for the common good of their common country. Connecticut Catholic.

JULY 19, 1890.

A WEDDING BRE.

BRILLIANT SPEECHES M LIAM O'BRIEN'S RECEP BISHOP CROKE TOASIE -MR. O'BRIEN'S REPLY

The marriage of Mr. Will M. P. and Mile. Sophie R the Church of St. Charles Ba don, June 14, was chroni columns at that time, and of the solemnity of ceremo nificance of the event. At breakfast which followed, guished company was pres speeches made by several of irish cause deserve not to be lightly.

The first speaker was Most W. Croke, Archbishop of officiated at the nuptials. I Ladies and gentlemen, the

but, at the same time, in duty devolves upon me, favi-the wedding to day, to prop-of the bride and bridegroom I flud myself in a very invid and a very embarrassing one It is a novel position too, be connected with the Christian years, I have rarely mar (laughter), and for twenty absolutely married no one, u Mr. O'Brien to day. (Appl can understand, then, that embarrassed, especially as maiden marriage speech. (have known the bridegroom He is my dearest and most i If I were inclined to exagg there are too many here who me, but you know it is not exergerate. (Hear, hear.) however, I will say fear nobler man, a more arder stauncher or a more faithfu does not exist than Will (Loud applause.) I have pleasure of knowing Mrs. O' length of time. In point not introduced to her to a name is quite familiar to been for a considerable time ber one day, some time O'Brien paid one of his peri me; as he came into my house he looked particularly spri and was very lively on his laughter and applause) and was quite a new man; and, things, I noticed a beauti jewelry hanging from his w pointed to it, and said, "M what is this?" 'Ob," said 1 from a Back mean lists me; as he came into my house

from a Paris young lady.' and applause.) I BEGAN TO REASON WIT I BEGAN TO REASON WIT I know very well how i (Renewed laughter) Th claim to know something of from what I have learned

quite satisfied she is worth tinguished husband. Not gentlemen, we have befor most interesting couple. B gifted. Both are thorough the Irish cause. Both occup affectionate place in every (applause), and I am sure sentiment of every Irishy when I say they are profo that my dear friend Willia at last met a woman he ca plause.) Met a wife who happy, who will be a share his toils and his triumph plause) I give you the brids and bridegroom. Mr. O'Brien rose to rep

and was received with plause. When silence had he spoke in a very low Grace, ladies and gentlem from my heart that I could from my heatt that I could the least degree adequate feeding of gratitude to yo for the warm and affection which you have just recei of her who I am now privit the sacred name of wife. cannot tell the delight it is the most fortunate hour of firs: hour of real happingsai firs ; hour of real happiness of thes to hear such words of thos listened to from the oldest trious friend I have in this on this earth. (Applause) on this earth. (Applause tempt, I cannot hope, to e ings of my wife and mysee tude, our sincere and affet tude, to the Archbishop (a) own leader, our great, leader (loud applause), ar sits near me, who is only than my wife herself, my c Dillon (applause), and to y English, Scottish and We Irisb, for there is a distin between us. (Loud appl thought could oppress me occasion it should be the t loving relations from whom my wife, and from whom sented TO SEPARATE HEI of those friends in Paris depr ving her, distinguished but friends also whose frie ope to show we value mos is now a part of myself, in the word my dearer, my no half. (Applause.) It wil my life to endeavor to worthy of her, to repay he ness she has brought into Though she is going to a c poor in this world's good would almost doubt that judge by the rich and mar that have poured in upon few days—she is going to lieve rich, possibly richer nation, in warm-heartedau nation, in warm-heartedne (Applause.) I do not fe more to add. I must asy until to-day I almost h guiltiness for being so he our cause is still hanging I may, however, safely pr regard to this particular rate I shell never repe (Laughter and loud appli-thing on this earth con happiness and mine to do the knowledge that has be us by the messages we have us by the messages we hav every part of the world, th our countrymen-for they as mine henceforward (with us in this almost one human happiness I have e life. (Applause.) Befor reached the shores of Ire feels at home among us, a

shadow of a curse. So Mat Donovan's slate and pencil made the sad look in his mother's face a shade sadder, lest by any chance he should be qualifying himself for the "peelers." She would rather a thousand times see him dragged out and shot like the brighty whose head rolled against her '98, or hanged from the old eyed boy foot in '98, or hanged from the old cherry-tree in the garden.

It strikes us that statesmen might learn something from the ead look in Mrs. Donvan's face

Morris carelessly turned over the Bessy slate, and as she looked at the unpolished back, a strange light came into her eyes. Every inch of the bank of Mat Donovan's elate was covered with B's. She laid down quickly on hearing his

"She was very delicate for a long time," Bessy replied; "but she's better now. The doctor advised her to come to the

from to be advised her to come to the from Eogland, as he promised, I think she'll spend part of the summer with us." "Well, I'd be glad to see her," returned the old woman. "We all thought she repeated the phrase, "the poor fool " several times on her way home, glanding at the same time from the corners of her made a fine match—he was such a grand elegant young fellow. But I b'lieve the poor Woman met with her own share uv the world."

eyes at Bessy Morris. The light in the little window recalled another dreamer besides Mat Donovan from the dead Past to the living Present. This dreamer was a woman. She sat

to a little house that was under a hill

And we fear Peg's reason was not a very amiable one; for she shook her head and

Sixteen Ugly Sores.

INFLAMMATORY rheumatism through wrong treatment left me with stiff joints and ugly running sores on my limbs, and for seven years I could not walk. When I commenced taking Burdock Blood Bitters I commenced taking Burdock Blood Bitters I had sixteen sores, but they are all healed save one and I can now walk with crutches. MARY CALDWELL, Upper Gaspereaux, N. S.

Mr. Jesse Johnson,

of Rockwood, Ont., writes :-" Last fall I had boils very bad and a friend advised Burdock Blood Bitters. Igot a bottle and the effect was wonderfal, half the bottle totally cured me. A more rapid and Minard's Liniment cures Dandruff,

conquest, gave into the disreputable Smith Barry's tainted progenitors the earth on which Tipperary stands. For this a reasonable rent was annually de-manded and as prompily paid by the citizens, while year after year improve-ments and costly edifices were crected of course at the sole expense of the town's people, when the Irish land prob-lem had reached a climax. The plan of campaign, known to the world as a legal protective association, was insti-tuted by Mr. John Dillon five years ago for the more efficient union of the Irish tenantry to oppose landlord rapacity and extortion.

homes of their own free will

remind the human race that the English

aristocrat, so boasted of, is only far back in the transition period of the savage

interested traveller who steals cautious!

through its forsaken streets to receive

IN DEFENCE OF A PRINCIPLE

in which they were not immediately in-

Such wonderful results followed the vorkings of the "plan" that the land. workings of the "plan" that the laug-lords saw no chance of combating a sys-tem coerced and decried by them as un-lawful but in the creation of an opposi-lawful but in the creation of an opposition alliance now known as the "Evic fion Syndicate." At the time of the formation of this aristocratic association Mr. Ponsonby had a dispute with his numerous and impoverished tenantry in Cork county. Rev. Canon Keller con-ducted the negotiations in the name of the tenants, representing clearly and forcibly their cause. After some time the reverend gentleman succeed in gain ing a promise of concession, aided by the government commissioners, who mainained that their demands were moderate and reasonable. The bargain was about to be closed when Smith-Barry, in the interests of the

"EVICTION SYNDICATE,"

stepped in and declared that Mr. Pon sonby should give no quarter, but exter-minate and banish the already famishing victims from their own homes. Tip perary, as I have said, stands on ground belonging to Smith-Barry, and its citi-zens at once recognized the fact that by paying rant to such a mean that by paying rent to such a monster they were only assisting in exterminating their poorer and less fortunate brethren on the Ponsonby estate. The town's people appointed a deputation to wait on Smith-Barry in London and show him their views on the matter, requesting him to withdraw from the "Eviction Syndicate" and allow the Ponsonby tenants to benefit by the good-will of their landlord. The result of this interview can be

The result of this interview can be easily understood by quoting Smith-Barry's own words to the deputation : "I would see them all hanged first." These words, uttered by the essence of British aristooracy, supported in the background by one of the five great military powers of Europe, must be met

IT IS A REMARRABLE PACT that Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil is as good for inter-nal as external use. For disease of the lungs and throat, and for rheumatism, neuralgia, crick in the back, wounds and sores, it is the best known remely, and much trouble is saved by having it always on hand.

INDISCRETIONS IN DIET bring on dyspepsia and irregularity of the bowels. Eat only wholesome food, and if the trouble has wholesome food, and if the trouble has become permanent—as it is very prone to do-try a course of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure. The combined effects astonish and delight the sufferer, who soon begins to digest well, regain functional regularity and improve in appetite; the blood becomes pure, and good health is restored.

Mrs. Alva Young,

MRS. Alva roung, of Waterford, Ont., writes: "My baby was very sick with summer complaint, and nothing would help him till I tried Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, which cured him at once. It is one of the best remedies I ever used.