

The True Witness

AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE, PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY

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G. E. CLERK, Editor.

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MONTEAL, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1874.

ECCLESIASTICAL CALENDAR.

NOVEMBER—1874.

Friday, 20—St. Felix of Valois, C. Saturday, 21—Presentation of the B. V. M. Sunday, 22—Twenty-sixth after Pentecost. Monday, 23—St. Clement, P. M. Tuesday, 24—St. John of the Cross. Wednesday, 25—St. Catherine, V. Thursday, 26—Of the Blessed Sacrament.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

A false report of the sudden death, at Balmoral, of the Queen was flashed across the wires of the telegraph cable about the middle of last week. Soon, however, the report was contradicted; and Her Majesty, whom may God long preserve to reign over us, was by latest accounts in perfect health.

What occurred some quarter of a century ago in Ireland, is now taking place in England, and Scotland. The people are flying from the country at the rate of about a thousand a day, and the emigration from Great Britain actually far exceeds that from Ireland. A duel between two Irish members of Parliament, in the course of which one was seriously wounded, is reported. His Grace the Archbishop of Westminster has published a reply to Mr. Gladstone's attacks on the Catholic Church.

From the Continent of Europe we learn that the Carlists have abandoned the siege of Irun, carrying off all their guns. The Republicans are perpetrating the most fearful atrocities on men, women, and children suspected of attachment to their legitimate King, Charles VII.—burning and destroying everything they can lay their hands on. "The country which is under snow"—says the telegrams—"is covered with homeless women and children, burnt out by the victorious troops." This, of course, being done in the sacred name of Liberalism, and by Republicans, is looked upon by liberals as a highly meritorious mode of carrying on war.

From Russia we learn of an unsuccessful attempt to assassinate the Czar. Particulars are not given, but it seems that many arrests have been made at Moscow.

The triumph of the Democrats, or Conservative party at the late elections in the United States is complete, and their majority in the House of Representatives will be very great. In the Senate, however, they will still be in a minority. Whether under these circumstances they will be able to reverse the anti-Constitutional legislation of their opponents is doubtful; but it is to be supposed that the attempt will be made, since every act of the Republican party since the close of the war betwixt the Northern and Southern States has been in direct violation of the written Constitution.

The triumph of the Serranists in compelling the Carlists to raise the siege of Irun, seems to have been of very short duration; for in Tuesday's telegrams, we read that the defeated Carlists had again taken up their original position. Garibaldi has been elected a deputy to the Italian Parliament. Ex-Marshal Bazaine is about to take up his residence in Madrid.

Nothing positive is yet known as to how the government will act in the case of Lepine, but the probabilities are that, before the day named for his execution, the Imperial government will have proclaimed an amnesty. Though this may not have been formally promised, in so many words, by the late Canadian Ministry it cannot be doubted but that they so spoke as to leave on the mind of Mgr. Tache the impression that they would procure from the proper, that is to say, the Imperial authorities, a general amnesty for all the Red River offences. Acting in good faith and under this impression, Mgr. Tache assured the people that an amnesty was promised; and the Ministry in whose name he made that assurance did not contradict him. Virtually therefore the promise was made in their name, and the present Ministry are bound by that promise to do deal with the Imperial authorities as to procure its fulfilment.

MARIA MONK'S DAUGHTER,

An Autobiography, by Mrs. L. St. John Eckel. Published for the Author by The United States Publishing Company, New York; for sale by Messrs. D. & J. Sadlier, Montreal, who will remit the same by mail, postage free, on the receipt of the sum of \$3.50.

In the October number of his Quarterly Review Dr. Brownson speaks of this book, as a "remarkable book," as one that may "prove to be the most famous of the season." We herein agree with the learned Doctor; it is a very remarkable book, smartly not to say slipantly written, and showing on the part of the writer much keenness of observation, great powers of description, combined with most revolting egotism, and disregard for decency.

Something in this favor we would say if we could,

but we confess that honestly we cannot do so. We regret that it was ever published, and we hope that it may soon be forgotten.

If the book be a remarkable book, what shall we say of the author. In all the romances we have ever read, we never came across anything so sensational, so incredible as the story she tells us of her life and adventures. One day an outcast in the streets of New York, sitting desolate on a little trunk which contained all her worldly effects, c. xviii., p. 60; the next day we find her, p. 61, the petted inmate of a luxurious home, having in a manner been adopted by Judge —, and about to be married to a wealthy gentleman from Chili—a Mr. Eckel. The marriage was not very happy; Mr. Eckel lost his fortune, but through the talent for intrigue of his wife got a situation in the Custom House which he also lost, and died utterly destitute. Whereupon, though we are not told whence she obtained the funds, the widow started for Paris, and at once took a prominent position there, in the fashionable world. In a word, in the record of her life, as laid before the public herself, we meet with changes of fortune and strange vicissitudes such as we remember to have read of in the wonderful story of Gil Blas. And yet, and here is the mystery, the story is in its main features true. Yes; the salons of the most opulent, of the most extravagant, the most exclusive aristocracy in the world, were thrown open to a daughter of Maria Monk, a drunken prostitute, who died the victim of debauchery, a raving maniac, in the cells of a convict prison in the United States.—There is the fact, and the nineteenth century has no more startling and inexplicable fact to show. How the high born ladies and gentlemen in whose salons she was a favored guest; how a Comtesse de Montalembert and others will relish the publication to the world of this fact; how far M. Le Comte de Laferriers will feel flattered by the publication of his confidential and affectionate correspondence—the effusions of a gushing heart—with the daughter of Maria Monk, we have yet to learn.—The book, if admitted within the precincts of the faubourg St. Germain, will create a sensation; for Mrs. Eckel whilst in Paris, always carefully concealed her origin from the world; and when about, as she expected to be married to an old nobleman whom her charms had smitten—and it being necessary for her to produce a certificate of birth, before the marriage would be valid according to French law, she scrupled not to give a false name to her mother, so as to hide her true origin. To us it seems that, unless the author had the permission of Mde. de Montalembert, of the Comte de La Ferriere, and others whose letters she produces, to publish their correspondence, she has sinned most grievously against the laws of hospitality. But we will pass from the author's social, to her religious, experiences.

These also are varied and startling. Our author was an infidel, believing in nothing except spiritism, and mediums whom it was her habit to consult in all emergencies. For the Catholic religion she had a great antipathy. She resolved however to give it a trial, and to test some of its doctrines—the "Invocation of Saints" in particular. So one day she knelt before a statue of St. Genevieve and prayed,—

"I will try you good saint. . . . I knelt down by the railing and implored Saint Genevieve to intercede for me, that I might be presented at court, that I might have plenty of money, and that the first men of the empire might be at my feet."—p. 94.

After this she forms an acquaintance with some Religious; is much impressed by what she saw and heard amongst them; and finally at Christmas of 1867, was received into the Church, and made her first Communion, when she again prayed for the conversion of relatives; that a Mr. Dix might be her friend; that a Mr. Reynolds might stop abusing her; for future happiness, and that she might have it in her power to help the poor. She implored also the B. Virgin to procure for her that she might marry Laferriere, who, it seems, had a daughter by a first marriage, living, and who was not willing to contract a fresh union during his daughter's life time. Our author has visions and dreams, in one of which strange figures of arithmetic were shown to her, bearing some mystic allusion to the desired marriage with Laferriere. For some time longer Mrs. Eckel remained in Paris, visiting hospitals, and nursing the poor of a morning, and in the evening assisting at balls, and the opera. Finally she returned to the United States, and there carried out a long and cherished project of building a chapel to St. Genevieve.—Here we must stop, and refer our readers to the book itself for further information. Lest however Protestants from its perusal, should be led to believe that Mrs. Eckel's favorite method of learning God's will, is approved of by the Church and is common amongst Catholics, we must notice with strong reprobation a practise in which she commonly indulges—that of divination by means of the Bible. This practise, like that of the *Sortes Virgilianae*, consists in opening the Bible at random, and taking the first words which meet the eye as expressing the divine will; and to this practise it seems that in all emergencies Mrs. Eckel still resorts. For instance; having set her heart on having her chapel opened on the 17th of July, and Father Bapst preferring to postpone the ceremony until the 21st, she was in distress and sought to know what was God's will in the matter. So opening her Bible, the first verse on which her eye fell was—*Haggai II. 1.*

"In the seventh month, the one and twentieth day of the month, came the word of the Lord." From whence she concluded that it was God's will that the first Mass should be said in the new chapel, not on the 17th, but on the 21st of the month.

We regret that we cannot speak in terms of laudation of the work of a lady, and above all of a convert to the Catholic Church. Still we feel that we only give utterance to our honest and deliberate convictions, when we repeat that its perusal has inspired us with a strong feeling of repugnance to the book, and great regret that it should ever have been published by one calling herself a Catholic. It is in short a book which we cannot recommend any father of a Catholic family to admit within his house.

A WINDFALL FOR PROTESTANTISM.

As a set-off to the conversion of Lord Ripon, Protestants can now boast of a signal triumph of divine grace in their favor, in the case of a *quondam* Romish priest, the Rev. Mr. Gerdemann, lately pastor of a Catholic church in Philadelphia. This precious convert by ways inscrutable, has been brought to a "knowledge of the truth," &c., &c., and his eyes have been opened to the corruptions of Rome, more especially in the matter of Papal Infallibility. In this doctrine he could not believe so he Protested, and at once ran away with a pretty girl, organist of the church, swindling his people; who had been unfortunate enough to trust him out of a large sum of money, variously estimated at from \$40,000 to \$50,000. Of such stuff are all your converts from the Romish priesthood to the Holy Protecting Faith. *Ex uno disce omnes.*

The singular thing is that the discovery of the falsity of the doctrine of Papal Infallibility should have brought about the immediate elopement of the interesting convert with a good looking Protestant girl; but as to the swindling transactions, it would appear that he had long carried on the game, whilst still outwardly professing belief in the corrupt doctrines of the Papal Church, from whose yoke he has been at last delivered by the Gospel truth. The man it seems was engaged in building a new church; and so got his parishioners to deposit their savings with him at interest, to be employed for that purpose. With the funds so obtained he speculated in rail-road stocks, and real estate, till the "truth as it is," &c., burst upon him; when he ran away, as stated above, with the pretty organist, leaving his parishioners to whistle for their money, and many of them spoiled of the earnings of years of toil. The Bishop of the diocese has, however, it is said, undertaken to see them reimbursed.

There will be rejoicing in Exeter Hall over this blow to Rome—a blow from which the Scarlet Woman of Babylon can never expect to recover.—At the next meeting of the *French Canadian Missionary Society* also, we may expect to hear this triumph of the true faith, and joyful delivery of a soul from the snares of the same unmentionable female who sits on seven hills, celebrated with all the pomp of that maudlin eloquence for which its orators are so famous. We can only offer our sincere congratulations to our friends on the precious catch they have made of a convert worthy of a place alongside of the other converted priests of whom they are so proud.

Already we see that the evangelical Protestants of Philadelphia have taken their interesting convert from Romanism by the hand, and acknowledged him as one of their own; for Gerdemann having been arrested on the charge of embezzlement, the leading members of the Young Men's Christian Association at once came forward to bail him out in the sum of \$10,000.

FREEMASONRY.

A great meeting of Freemasons was held the other day in England, wherent of course the Marquis of Ripon was dealt some hard blows. The intolerance of Popery was of course denounced; and it was, though perhaps unintentionally, clearly shown that Freemasonry is not only incompatible with Romanism, but with Christianity, considered as a supernatural revelation, binding on all men, and outside of whose pale there can be no salvation.

Freemasonry is, and by its supporters it boasts, that it is, "a religion"—different from, therefore hostile to, the Christian religion. Its mission is, so avows the *Pall Mall Gazette*, one of its apologetists—"To erect a new state of things on the broad basis of humanity, overriding all barriers of religion, nation, and society."

A religion in which Jew, Mahomedan, and Pagan may all take part; but in which, therefore, Christians whose religion is essentially an exclusive and intolerant religion, can take no part. The Christian God is a jealous God, and can brook no rival.

"Freemasonry was of itself a religion of good works, and asked for no priestly intermediary between a man and his Maker." Thus was it defined by a high authority calling himself Grand Deacon in the craft, at the meeting above alluded to. Freemasonry is a religion which, unlike the Christian religion, acknowledges no mediator betwixt God and man, but opens its arms in comprehensive embrace to all men: to Hindoo and Parsee; to Jew and Mahomedan; to infidels and Freethinkers: to the Indians of North America, who worshipped the Great Spirit on their native prairie; to all the enemies of Christianity who spurn the Cross, and special work of Christ, as an interposing of a third party betwixt man and his Maker. This, according to Lord Leigh, is the Freemason religion.

And it is just because of this, because Freemasonry is, or at all events professes to be a religion, that no Catholic, that no true Christian who holds that there is no salvation except in the name of Christ, and who therefore must deem it sacrilege to hold any semblance of religious communication with men who reject that name, can be a Freemason. Christianity and Freemasonry are incompatible by the showing of the friends of the latter; by the simple fact that Freemasonry calls itself a religion, and that every religion which is not distinctively Christian, is anti-Christian.

HOW RELIGIOUS LIBERTY IS VINDICATED IN SWITZERLAND.

Our readers know that from Switzerland the Catholic clergy have been expelled, and their churches handed over to Protestants, and apostates from the Church. The people, however, remain firmly attached to their true pastors, and reject with scorn the services of the wretches who have been obtruded upon them; and the consequences are thus described in a paragraph which we clip from the *Toronto Globe*:—

"Nevertheless, he retains his love for his priest, and sends for him whenever a child is to be baptised or a person wishes the last offices of the church. He regards the new priest as an assassin, unable to administer these sacraments. "The expelled clergy hover around the frontier in order to readily respond to such calls. They answer them, however, with some risk. The frontier is studded with Swiss gendarmes, who have

orders to arrest any banished priest who returns. The result is that the ex-vicars skulk into and out of Berne in disguise. Occasionally they are recognized and pursued. Recently one of them, attired in straw hat and rough blouse, visited an old parishioner upon his death bed, administered the sacraments, and started home. Two gendarmes recognized him. The chase began. The priest made good time, but the bullets of the gendarmes were too quick for him. Fear of being hit made him stop on the very bank of the river Doubs, which forms the frontier. The officers came up and seized him. He broke away and plunged into the stream. It was deep and he could not swim. He was drowning in a very matter of fact way when the gendarmes fished him out and carried him, damp and dripping to the Prefect. It happened, however, that the part of the Doubs whence he was taken is French waters. He was therefore restored to French soil. So the case stands to-day. The new priests are ministering to their turbulent flocks with revolvers, and the old ones are scurrying through the Canton with gendarmes at their heels."

A FRANK CONFESSION.

The Naples correspondent of the *London Times*, under date Oct. 7, frankly admits that, "as at present administered, justice in Italy is a farce, and encouragement of crime."

When to this we add the heavy and ever increasing load of taxation beneath which the people of Italian Peninsula groan, and a fast accumulating national debt which promises to culminate in national bankruptcy, we shall have summed up the blessings which the Revolution, and the rule of Victor Emmanuel have conferred upon a united and regenerated Italy.

DEATH OF MDE. ELIZABETH BOOTH.

We find announced in our French contemporaries, the death, at St. Anne Bout de l'ise, of a good Christian wife and mother, Mde. Elizabeth Booth, wife of M. Joseph Lamarche, and mother of the Rev. Chanoine Lamarche, of the Cathedral of Montreal. The deceased was in her 68th year, and is sincerely regretted by all who knew her.—R. I. P.

ROSA D'ERINA, (ROSE OF ERIN), "IRELAND'S QUEEN OF SONG."

SHORT SKETCH OF THE ARTISTIC CAREER OF THIS HIGHLY GIFTED ARTISTE.

The Irish race at home and abroad have good reason to be proud of the highly gifted and versatile young Lady who is so well entitled to be called Erin's Prima Donna. It is no exaggeration to state, that, for great versatility of talent, and genuine musical genius, no Musical *Artiste* on this Continent can at all compete with Mlle. Rosa D'Erina. Born in the city of St. Patrick, Armagh, Ireland, on the feast of the great St. Laurence O'Toole (her illustrious namesake) in 1850, we find our young musician at the early age of 12 years appointed Organist and principal *Vocaliste* of St. Patrick's Cathedral, Armagh, by the illustrious Joseph Dixon, Archbishop of Armagh and Primate of All Ireland. His Grace took the deepest interest in the education and musical training of "Rose of Erin," who had the great happiness of being six years a child of the Sacred Heart and of Mary at Mount St. Catherine's Convent, Armagh. Remaining attached to the Cathedral of Armagh for a few years during which time she received musical instruction from the best Professors, we find her in 1865 performing the music of Ireland in the Dublin Exhibition that year to thousands of delighted listeners. An incident occurred on the great festival, 15th August of that year, when the young Prima Donna attracted such immense numbers by her exquisite rendition of Moore's *Immortal Melodies*, that several valuable instruments which stood in the great Music Hall were much injured, and which caused an *Ulake* to be issued by Brady, the Chancellor's son, that the glorious voice of the young Prima Donna should be silent, and only with Piano or Organ would she be allowed to give the gay or sad music of her native Land.

Rosa D'Erina's fame was now so great that the late Very Rev. Dr. Spratt, successor to Father Mathew, appointed her Organist and principal Soprano *Vocaliste* of the Carmelite Church, Dublin, the first and most celebrated for Music in Ireland's Capital, and whilst here she taught and trained that great Choir which included Fathers Doyle and Moore, in the sublime compositions of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Weber, Gounod, and numerous other great composers, and at intervals gave Grand Concerts in various parts of Ireland. Her name and fame had now reached to "La Belle France" and Rosa D'Erina was invited by a Committee of French gentlemen of Irish descent headed by the late illustrious Count O'Kelly of La Reole, Bordeaux, to represent the music of Ireland at the great Paris Exposition in the same way as Patti was to represent Italy. Here at the greatest World's fair perhaps ever seen on this earth, our young Irish Prima Donna during upwards of 200 days performed the Music and Melodies of Ireland to immense audiences and before the peoples of all every nation in the world. Rosa D'Erina had the distinguished honor of receiving the marked compliments of the Empress Eugenie whilst at Paris and of being invited as a guest to the Tuilleries.

We must not omit to record the very early manifestations of talent exhibited by the young Prima Donna. When not more than ten years of age her lamented father (a sterling patriot and a true Irishman) laid a wager with a friend that "Rosa" could not be puzzled in the entire School Dictionary, the little dark-eyed daughter, nobly won the wager for her father. Whilst an *enfant du Sacre Cœur* she was three consecutive years *head of the school*, always elected by the pupils and approved by the Ladies of the Sacred Heart.

A remarkable incident occurred illustrating the early taste and talent evinced by Ireland's Prima Donna for the Musical and Dramatic Art. One day she was left in charge of the school whilst the Sisters were at Devotions, and all the pupils with one voice cried out "Oh! Rosa sing and Act for us," after a careful guard had been placed to look out for the approach of the Ladies, Rosa mounted the platform of the school, and gave a grand operatic scene with appropriate gestures, and the whole school children were transfixed with astonishment even to the "Watchful Guard," who forgetting her duty for a moment, was surprised by the sudden entrance of the good nuns who found our young Prima Donna enacting "*Joan of Arc*."

But "Rosheen na nann" (Rose of the songs) as some of the good old Irish people loved to call her, was too great a favorite with the Nuns and the pupils to be chided for this exhibition of musical and dramatic talent, on the contrary so great a favorite was she that every one vied with each other to encourage the great gifts and talents she so pre-eminently possessed.

During Rosa's stay in Paris she had a busy and anxious student life of it. Studying from six in the morning till twelve, then off to the French Conservatory of Music till six in the evening, all day studying diction &c., to the various masters who trained for the operatic stage. But her great favorite master was Duprez, he was well known and recognized twenty years ago as the greatest Tenor in the World. Under the guidance of this great and

good man Rosa's progress was truly wonderful, and at her Concert, in the Grand Hotel, under the patronage of the English and American Ambassadors so delighted was he with his favorite pupil's performance that he gave audible expression to his delight even with tears in his eyes. Such is the intensity of feeling of the true Master towards his worthy pupil.

After a nearly two year's residence in the then capital of the civilized world, Paris, she took her "*nom de chanoine*," (Rosa D'Erina) instead of her natal name, Rose O'Toole, and accepted an engagement at the Royal Gallery of Illustration, Regent St., London. Here Mlle. Rosa performed during the theatrical year of 40 weeks winning the highest encomiums not only for her rare musical attainments, but also for her admirable representation of the various characters entrusted to her in the Opera. At the Christmas of '70, Mlle. Rosa took her departure from London, and made a Concert Tour of Ireland. She was truly described by the *Dublin Freeman* (the first Musical Authority in Ireland "as the truest and best living interpreter of the Magic Music of her own native land."

"Rose of Erin" was everywhere received with the utmost enthusiasm, and in her own native city of Armagh she was literally taken up on the peoples shoulders and carried in triumph through the streets from the Cathedral. In the autumn of '70, Mlle. Rosa sailed for America accompanied by her guardian and manager, Mr. P. C. MacCourt, who for more than a dozen years has guided and cared her every movement, and who has devoted all his time and talents during this long period to the Education and training of one who is at once an honor to him and to Ireland.

Mlle. Rosa gave a series of Grand Concerts at Steinway Hall New York in conjunction with various local Churches, and charities, and on the National Festival, 17th March, '71, gave "An Irish Evening with the Poets and Bards of Erin," for the Benefit of the National Cathedral of St. Patrick, Armagh, Ireland. This performance was pronounced by the *New York Herald* as the most appropriate and excellent performance ever given in that city on Ireland's Patron Saint's Day.

The great success attending this performance induced Mlle. Rosa to project her now celebrated "Musical Evenings," which she has given in the States and Canada for the last three years with the most magnificent success, *musically, artistically and monetarily.*

The charm of this entertainment consists in the fact of its great originality and marvellous musical illustrations, embracing every style from Sacred to Serio-Comic, and including the greatest names of our musical composers.

FATHER TOM BURKE'S GREAT LECTURE ON THE NATIONAL MUSIC OF IRELAND.—But it is in her latest *Role* that "Rose of Erin" has given the most indisputable proofs of her varied talents in the recent production of her great speciality, viz.: Father Burke's Lecture, read and illustrated by her in the most magnificent style ever given by any Lady *Artiste* in this city. The enthusiastic audiences that greeted her first performances, testified that their hearts had been moved by the exquisite rendition of the gifted child of song, in her wonderfully majestic interpretation of the grand old melodies of Ireland, or in the moving pathos of the sad and sorrowful airs of the "Dear Old Land." As one of our contemporaries truly stated "Father Tom Burke's Great Lecture on the National Music of Ireland as read and illustrated by Rosa D'Erina, is one of the grandest pieces yet put before the public," and with her splendid majestic appearance, and magnificent green and gold Irish Poplin robe, "looked, as the *New York Herald* described her, like an allegory of her country."

Possessing a most agreeable and thorough Celtic face and of fine conversational powers, Rosa D'Erina may be described as a universal favorite, and as a Lady is unsurpassed for her sterling accomplishments, and genuine common sense. During her residence in London, England, she was honoured by H. R. H. the Princess of Wales at Marlboro House by a "Command" (the highest honour given to an *Artiste* by royalty) to give one of her MATINEE'S MUSICALS in presence of the *elite* of English society. Mlle. Rosa was honored similarly at Dublin by the Lord and Lady Lieutenant, also by the Duke of Leinster, the Marquis of Kildare, the Earl of Kenmare, Lord O'Neill, and more recently at Ottawa by Lord and Lady Dufferin.

Of easy and winning manner and without that hauteur which so many *Artistes* put on; "Rosa D'Erina may be justly described as a genuine *Irish Lady*, gifted with the most delightful talents ready witted and above all an honor to her race at home and abroad.

Mlle. Rosa is about to leave for a grand Tour of the States, and we can heartily commend her to our brethren of the press as a great *Artiste*—indeed without a compeer, and as a Lady who everywhere has been delighted to honour the House of God by her presence there and in singing the glorious music of the Catholic Church, in the grandest style we have ever heard. Both as Organist & Vocalist she may be truly described as a "Musical Miracle."

We may state in conclusion Rosa D'Erina is entitled to the greatest respect for her numerous charities, for whenever opportunity offers she is only too happy to give one of her grand "Musical Evenings" for any church requiring aid, or any charitable Institution requiring help. We wish her every success, and God's blessing on her journeyings.

ROSA D'ERINA AT THE MECHANICS' HALL.

On Tuesday and Wednesday evenings of last week very enthusiastic audiences greeted Erin's Prima Donna at the Mechanics' Hall. The occasion being the re-delivery by Rosa D'Erina of Father Tom Burke's great lecture on the "National Music of Ireland."

The announcement of such an entertainment should ensure a crowded house in any part of the civilized world, and more especially so, when such an *artiste* as Mlle. D'Erina was the fair lecturer. If the great Dominican himself had been present at the Mechanics Hall last week we have no doubt he would have been delighted to hear one of Erin's daughters received with such enthusiasm, as only he himself had before been the recipient of, from an Irish-American audience. One could hardly tell which to admire most—music, singing or reading, as Mlle. D'Erina is so perfectly *au fait* with any and all of them. Moore's Irish Melodies have never been rendered in more exquisite style than they were on this occasion. "When through life unluckiest we rove," "Dear harp of my country" and "Rich and Rare" were sung at intervals during the first part of the lecture in such a manner that those only who have heard the fair singer can form the remotest idea of the grandeur of their delivery. In the second and concluding portion of the lecture, "The valley lay smiling before me," "The Minstrel Boy" and "The Harp that once" were exquisitely delivered; but it was in the singing of that grand martial air "O'Donnell Aboo" that Mlle. D'Erina brought down the house, the applause continuing for several minutes.

Mlle. D'Erina also played several Irish airs on the organ and on the pianoforte, arranged by herself, which were exceedingly good.

On the second night the audience were if possible more enthusiastic than on the previous evening, and all were of one opinion that this lecture, illustrated by Mlle. D'Erina, is one of the grandest pieces yet put on the stage. The dress worn by the prima donna on this occasion was of green Irish poplin; trimmed with lace, and was specially manufactured for her by Messrs. Pim Bros. of Dublin. The *Hibernian Independent* Band attended