

THE SPIRIT OF 1791.

CHARLES A. O'NEILL'S ABLE ADDRESS

Before the New York Gaelic Union—How Ireland's Sons Fought for Freedom.

THE following able address was recently delivered by Hon. Charles O'Neill before the Gaelic Union of New York:

This is an age of "Centennials." In our own beloved country, we have celebrated, during the past decade, the surrender of Yorktown, which signalled the overthrow of British power in America, followed by the establishment of the United States Constitution and the inauguration of the first President of this glorious Republic. France is also celebrating her memorable centennial in the "Fall of the Bastille," the key of which hangs in the tomb of Washington at Mount Vernon. I propose to speak to-night on one of Ireland's Centennials—that of 1791.

Let us first take a glance at the state of Europe at that time. The closing years of the Eighteenth Century were full of stirring events and astonishing revolutions, social and political. The character of European society and institutions was undergoing a great change. A spirit of unrest pervaded all classes. The world beheld the spectacle of the Emperors of Russia and Austria in league with the King of Prussia to keep France a monarchy. George the Third was "King of Great Britain," and the unfortunate Louis the Sixteenth was still the nominal King of France, while Pius the Sixth wore the tiara of the Pope. The Belgian towns were in open revolt against Austria. The German countries were entangled with their thirty-eight feudal despots, with pedantic and obsolete forms. The German people had no country, for there was no strong hand. Chaos reigned in France. The nobility were leaving the country. The untamed populace were endeavoring to frame systems of government for themselves and their posterity. The wildest and cruelest schemes were advocated. The dismemberment of unhappy Poland had nearly been commenced.

Across the Atlantic, free institutions had been founded and enjoyed for many years. Each of the American Colonies had been a separate and independent, owing allegiance to the English Crown alone. Each had its own Legislature and Supreme Court, with a full jury system. The American Revolution was a spontaneous revolt against English domination. George Washington was, at this era, the President of the United States, and was wisely advocating those principles of neutrality and non-intervention in the affairs of other countries which have contributed in no small degree to the lasting prosperity of this Republic.

From the time of William of Orange, England had been governed by an oligarchy composed of the aristocratic families who were the real movers of the so-called English "revolution" of 1688. England, then, no doubt, was badly governed. Corruption prevailed to an extent unparalleled even in the history of modern politics. England had lost an empire in the West, but she had gained another in the East. In that empire she had displayed all the arts of corruption, and enforced all the system of cruelty and oppression which have ever disgraced her record. The trial of Warren Hastings, and his impeachment by Edmund Burke in the name not merely of India but of all humanity, was filling the halls of Westminster; England, evidently, was badly governed; then what must we say of Ireland? Her people had been oppressed for centuries—denied the protection of the law of their birth. Doomed to exile, extermination, or perpetual slavery, they were hated and misrepresented by those sent to keep them in servile subjection. From the year of the violation of the Treaty of Limerick to 1782, the history of the people of Ireland is simply a blank, covering the long night of the Penal Laws.

The year 1791 marks a new era in Irish history. From that time dates the establishment of a patriotic Press and a patriotic society. Henceforth agitation among the entire people of Ireland was to be forever kept up. No hope of reform or regeneration should be expected in an assembly constituted as was the Irish Parliament of that period. No redress of grievances could be secured from the ignorant and bigoted land owners who ruled in Parliament, or from the historically bigoted and insane King of England. To the millions of oppressed Catholics the so-called Charter of Irish Freedom, wrung from England in 1782, was an idle and meaningless document. Its declaration that the people of Ireland were henceforth to be bound only by the laws enacted by the King of England and the Irish Parliament gave no relief or encouragement, for that Parliament was composed exclusively of Protestant members, elected by Protestant voters. The few patriots of that time fought their battles in the Irish House of Commons, and, therefore, no results.

The usual corruption and crimes of the "Castle" party, under the administration of the Earl of Westmoreland, were going on when there appeared, in June, 1791, in the city of Dublin, a paper headed with these ominous words: "Idem sentire, dicere, agere." "To think, to speak, to act together is one—the same."

The intricate problems of government were discussed in a masterly style, and foreshadowed the establishment of the society of the "United Irishmen," and outlined the principles which should be aimed at. The writer said, Let its name be the "Irish Brotherhood"—a beautiful and expressive idea.

In the city of Belfast, in 1791, a pamphlet signed "A Northern Whig," was addressed to the Dissenters of Ireland—a manly appeal to that sect to forget all former feuds, to consolidate the entire strength of the nation and to form in the future but one people.

Theodore Wolfe Tone was the writer of this pamphlet. The warm hand of fellowship was generously extended by an Irish Protestant to the Catholics of Ireland. A month later, in the city of

Belfast, in October, 1791, was founded the Society of the "United Irishmen." Its original name was Samuel Neill; its organizer was Wolfe Tone. Its first meeting was held on the 18th of October, with a membership of only twenty. On the 9th of November the first meeting of the Dublin branch of the Society was held, the chairman being the Hon. Simon Butler; its secretary was James Napper Tandy. The political significance of the founding of this Society was very great. The Catholics, at that time, had no legal rights, and were only tolerated. In the ranks of the Volunteers of 1782 the Catholics were not admitted.

The United Irish Society went back to first principles. The newspapers of the Society were the Northern Star, in Belfast, and the Press, in Dublin. The Star was established in January, 1792. Twelve Presbyterian patriots subscribed £250 each to start the paper. The editor was Samuel Neilson; Russell and Sampson were contributors. The Press was issued in September, 1791, and continued till March of '92. Peter Finerty was the publisher. All the prominent members of the Society contributed articles—O'Connor, Emmet, Sampson, Dr. Drennan. It is also known that the "Bard of Erin"—Tom Moore and Robert Emmet were heard through its pages. Both journals shared the same fate; their offices were broken into and destroyed by government ruffians, and their editors and publishers were fined and imprisoned.

On the 13th of December, 1792, was issued the celebrated address of the United Irish Society, at Dublin, to the Volunteers. William Drennan was Chairman, and Archibald Hamilton Rowan was Secretary of the meeting. Old memories were revived, and the "Volunteers" were again summoned to arms, in spite of police and proclamations. "Universal Emancipation and Parliamentary Reform" were the watchwords. A month later, an address issued to the Irish Nation, in which the people were warned "not to abuse the present precious moment by a credulous commitment of their judgment and senses to the direction of others by an idol and idiot gaze on what may be going on in Parliament."

The Convention of the Irish Catholics of Ireland, held in the city of Dublin, in December, 1792, was a startling innovation. Each County was represented by two or more delegates. It was, in fact, a self-constituted Parliament, and was denounced as "dangerous and unconstitutional." A most humble and loyal address to the King was prepared and sent direct to the throne by the hands of the General Committee. The insults of the past had so touched even the most loyal of the Catholics that the Castle officials were reigned in the matter. The Irish House of Commons had, in February, 1792, rejected the petition of the Catholics. But times had changed. The French Revolution and the declaration of war by France against England in January and February of 1793, had caused the Castle officials to pause. The "Catholic Relief Bill" of April 9th, 1793, was not the free act of the Irish Parliament—but a concession extorted by alarm. As usual, the relief bill was followed by a coercion bill. At the same session was passed "the Convention Act" which forbade the election or appointment of assemblies to petition King or Parliament for an alteration of matters established by law or for the redress of grievances in Church and State; and which made the holding of such meetings or the giving of notices in relation to the same high misdemeanors. Free speech in Ireland was strangled by that bill. It met O'Neill on the field of Clontarf and crushed him. The relations between the United Irish Society and the government of France will always afford to the historian and the patriot an interesting subject of investigation. The people of the world had been roused by the events in France; their hopes were raised and visions of equality of all men floated before their eyes. The astounding victories of the French revolutionary forces in the effete monarchies of Europe were omens of joy to the oppressed of all lands, especially to the people of Ireland. The Reign of Terror, which broiled over Paris, from the Spring of 1793 till the summer of 1794, when Robespierre fell, divided the Catholic party in Ireland, but the restoration of order in France, and the coercion of the Irish people by the Government induced the Executive Committee of the Society to seek assistance from France. The arrest of the Rev. William Jackson, a clergyman of the Established Church, in 1791, and his trial, a year later, disclosed to the people the intentions of the French Government toward Ireland. In the summer of 1795, Wolfe Tone landed on American soil, sought the French Ambassador, Citizen Adet, and never rested until he secured a letter to the French Government recommending his memorial on Irish affairs. In May, 1796, Lord Edward Fitzgerald and Arthur O'Connor were appointed agents of the Society, to negotiate a treaty between the French Government and the Irish Republic. Tone had arrived in France in February 1796, and had, amid discouragements of every kind, finally prevailed upon the French Government to invade Ireland.

The New Chapel of Notre Dame.

Mr. J. O. Gratton, who was a student of the famous sculptor, M. Hebert, whose model for the Maitland statue in Place d'Armes Square was accepted, has just finished a sculptural group, in wood, for the newly erected chapel in the Church of Notre Dame. The group represents the "Kiss of Judas," and it will be placed at the entrance to the chapel. The pose has been copied from a well-known group in one of the churches in Rome. The work has been very artistically executed from both a physiological and anatomical point of view, and reflects great credit upon the sculptor. Mr. Gratton is engaged upon another group, representing the *Kiss of Judas*, which is to be placed in the same chapel.

Less than 800 persons own half the soil of Ireland.

The world's passenger cars can seat 1,500,000 people.

Memphis dealers were indicted for selling cigarettes to boys under 18 years.

ST. PATRICK'S NEW PASTOR.

REV. FATHER JOHN QUINLIVAN, S.S.

A Short Sketch of Father Dowd's Successor—A Holy and Energetic Priest.

Upon the Rev. John Quinlivan, S.S., who for several years has been one of the *sagaxus* of St. Patrick's, has fallen the honor, and at the same time the burden of becoming the successor to the late lamented Father Dowd, as principal priest of that well-known Irish Catholic parish. The responsibility attached to the dignity is no light one, especially in view of the great administrative abilities for which the late pastor rendered himself conspicuous, not to speak of the many accomplishments which he possessed in so superlative a degree, and the half century of splendid sacerdotal work which he so zealously performed. But it may safely be predicted that in Father Quinlivan the lately deceased pastor of the leading Irish Church in Montreal will not be unworthily succeeded. Born in Stratford, Ont., on September 17th, 1846, Father Quinlivan is hardly yet in the prime of life. His father, as his patronymic would indicate, was a native of the Emerald Isle; his mother was Scotch. He received his early education in that part of Canada, and made his classical studies in the school of the Basiliad Fathers, Toronto. Having graduated with high honors there, he came to Montreal to study philosophy at the Seminary of St. Sulpice. On completing his course there, he studied the science of sciences, theology, for a period of four

years if dying must the Irish heart die with it? Oh! Irishmen and women, let thoughts of home—the sweet memories of childhood days, awaken you from the apathetic influence or sleep of indifference that is causing you to drift away from poor Erin—to leave her as you have left your homes. Don't let it be said that we desert the ship to-day, because there is no one to guide us through the shoals.

It may be said that Ireland's exiles are as patriotic to-day as ever, but it is that class of patriotism that must die with the man—honest, no doubt, but unsustained. 'Tis not by crawling on the slimy steps of the English throne, or parading in green in American streets, that Irish independence can be obtained. No, let the tongue rest, but let the heart work!

As bad as the present situation is, there is still hope that a great and glorious "New Ireland" can be built on the ruins of the old, and, though I am not a believer in "pen is mightier than the sword" style of men or things, yet I believe that the future of Ireland depends upon her writers; 'tis for them to sow the seed, others to reap the harvest.

Irish literature was never in a more deplorable condition; the cause is known, but what's the cure? Is there an Irish writer to-day, he is warped up in webs of French finances, measuring serials for England's organs, or dictating or directing the future of this great country through "leaders" in the great dailies, or jotting down songs by camp fires in distant backwoods, who does not feel the present condition of his country's shame, or who does not at some moment of his life write the name of his country with yearning pride?

It is to the vast army of brilliant Irish



REV. JOHN QUINLIVAN, S.S.

years in the Grand Seminary on Sherbrooke street, after which he went to the principal seminarian institutions of the Sulpician Order in Paris to render himself still more proficient in the study of sacred lore. Failing health, however, compelled him to return to Montreal not long afterwards, where he was ordained by his Grace Archbishop Fabre, and he entered the Grand Seminary, this time as a professor. His principal parochial work has been performed in connection with St. Patrick's church, where the late Father Dowd found in him a capable assistant in the financial administration of the affairs of the parish. Father Quinlivan is of that retiring disposition which is characteristic of the profound scholar. He is an earnest, zealous and indefatigable worker, but takes great care to be unostentatious in his energy. He is affable in manner and kindly in disposition; and while his pulpit oratory is of the elate and quietly eloquent order, it is marked by the earnestness and logic which never fail to carry conviction to the listeners. The elevation of Father Quinlivan to the position he now occupies is another illustration of those words in the Magnificat: "et exaltavit humiles." The TRUE WITNESS heartily congratulates him upon the well merited dignity that has been conferred upon him, and hopes that Providence will vouchsafe to him many long years in which to carry on successfully the great mission that has been entrusted to him.

IRISH LITERATURE.

An Eloquent and Pathetic Appeal in Favor of Its Re-creation.

GOD help the country whose literature is dead or dying; for there cannot be a more pitiable object than a country without a heart, a land whose people are dead to all the beauties of nature and the influence of heavenly light. Such may be said of modern Ireland—the poor, heart-broken Ireland of to-day, whose only claim to worldly attention seems to be the continual eruption of volcanoes of treachery and corruption, the lava of which only destroys the budding hopes of the patriot hearts.

God forbid the day should come that Irishmen and women could forget the claims that Ireland has upon them, and yet it would seem that every glory she possessed is allowed to grow dim, aye, fade, by pure indifference. Has the day come when alien influences can banish thoughts of home from the Irish heart? Or what is the terrible disease that is fast cankering the Irish heart? It is indifference, born of despair? Is there such a thing as despair to-day in the heart that has suffered for over seven centuries? Has there been any portion of Ireland washed away by the wild sea that surrounds it, or does not the sun shine upon her emerald slopes as brightly as it did in the days that are gone? Does change of scenery, of atmosphere, of circumstance change the Irish heart? The Irish

writers that this humble letter is directed. Though it is unfortunately necessary to till in foreign fields, even so seed that can bear us but bitter tears, we should not forget the duty we owe to the old land far away in the sea—"tis the duty the child owes to the parent. What is wanted at the present day to raise our country's drooping head is the concentration of Irish thought into some great chime, where its influence will have effect. How many beautiful stories and poems and brilliant essays are lost to the purpose, that, like sweet flowers in the desert, never go further than the isolated journals they appear in, and Irish type is too rusty to print them. We want an Irish literary union, not a one horse affair, but a purely literary box into which every Irish writer can drop his or her heart's best thoughts, where they may be preserved and used to Ireland's benefit. We want another "New Ireland," with its great hearts and brilliant heads; some source of exchange other than the present unappreciable one. How painful of divinity, and what a grand state of affairs it would be, if the poems and essays of all Irish and Irish-American scattered over these States were collected and distributed amongst our poor people at home, to send as a New Year's greeting—the song of an Irish thrush in a foreign wood. It would bring out the smouldering flame from the heart of genius, it would create a great Irish literature, a grand Irish library that would sow the seeds of a greater race, build up a grander country, and show the world that the Irish heart's fountain pen was not run dry.

—New York Daily News.

Church of the Sacred Heart.

The Rev. Father Adam, lately cure of Hochelaga, has been promoted to be cure of the Church of the Sacred Heart in this city. He has taken official charge of his new parish. Before his departure from Hochelaga he was the object of a very flattering demonstration on the part of his parishioners. He was presented with an address expressing their gratitude for his zealous spiritual services amongst them, and with a large number of valuable gifts. Another address was handed to him by the members of the municipal council of Maisonneuve, accompanied with several handsome presents. The Rev. Father, who was deeply moved, expressed his profound gratitude at these words of esteem, and assured those present that he would always bear in mind the event of that day. He will be succeeded in Hochelaga by the Abbe Brissette, of Point St. Charles. The Rev. Father Dubuc, who has retired from the pastorate of the Church of the Sacred Heart, was also the recipient of an address and a number of presents from his former parishioners, by whom he is universally loved. Though he has retired from the charge of the Church of the Sacred Heart, he will continue to reside in the parish which has become so endeared to him, and he will devote most of his time to looking after the spiritual interests of the children, amongst whom he has always been a great favorite.

THE LIBERATOR.

DANIEL O'CONNELL'S FIRST AND LAST SPEECHES.

A Most Interesting and Historical Document—A Roll of Ireland's Great Emancipator.

WHEN the great O'Connell returned to Ireland from his studies at the French College of St. Omers, in 1793, he found the Catholics about to receive the first slight relaxation from the severity of the old penal laws in the bill of that year which permitted Catholics to purchase property, to educate their children, to vote on property qualification, and to enter some of the professions under certain restrictions. The future leader of Ireland embraced the opportunity thus presented by undertaking the study of law. He was admitted at the age of twenty-three in the memorable and tear-stained year of 1798. The disadvantages under which he labored were many and manifold, but he triumphed over every obstacle by his genius and awe-inspiring personality. The infamous Act of Union was about to be perpetrated as a condition of surrendering their Parliament, but they indignantly rejected the unpatriotic condition. O'Connell was one of the foremost to denounce it. At a public meeting in Dublin Royal Exchange he made his maiden speech on the subject. In the course of his eloquent appeal he said:

"Sir, it is my settled sentiment, and I am satisfied it is the sentiment not only of every man who now hears me, but of the Catholic people of Ireland, that if our opposition to this injurious, insulting, ruinous and hated measure were to draw upon us the revival of the whole penal code, in its most satanic form, we would boldly, cheerfully and unanimously endure it, sooner than withhold that opposition, and sooner throw ourselves once more on the kindness of our Protestant brethren, than give our assent for one moment to the political murder of our country."

"Yes, I know, although exclusive advantages may be, and are, held out to the Irish Catholic to seduce him from the duty he owes his country, that the Catholics of Ireland still remember they have a country, and that they never will accept of any advantage as a set which would debase them and their Protestant countrymen as a people."

This speech was followed by peals of approbation. It is replete with genuine patriotism, sound philosophy and political foresight. Whilst he was speaking Major Sir, with a file of military, entered the meeting, grounded their arms with a mighty crash, but did not intimidate the bravery of that heart which never yet knew fear. The Major demanded to see the resolutions, which, being acceded to, he did not think proper to interfere. The noble stand taken by the young orator on that occasion marked him as a coming man in the destinies of Ireland, and was the beginning of his unexampled public career so familiar to students of Irish history.

ADDRESS TO O'CONNELL AND HIS REPLY.

For the St. Patrick's Day Number of "The True Witness."

To the Editor of THE TRUE WITNESS.

SIR,—I have been frequently asked by friends to publish the last address presented to O'Connell on earth and his reply thereto. This solemn event took place in Paris, March, 1847. THE TRUE WITNESS, under its present cultured editor, is the best channel to convey such a precious document to all lovers of the great Irish tribune. I believe, I am one of ten thousand of my countrymen in possession of this beautiful address at the present day. Such being my belief, I shall be pleased, if you send it broadcast through your truly Catholic medium, as a precious relic for every Irish household on the North American Continent.—K.

MONTALEMBERT AND O'CONNELL.

On Sunday, 27th March, 1847, the members of the Electoral Committee, instituted for the defence of religious freedom, waited on O'Connell, who was passing through Paris on his last living journey, to tender to him their respected sympathy. At their head were the Marquis de Barthelemy, peer of France; Viscount de Falloux, Count de Brest, and Messrs. Chappier and DuRozier, deputies; the Marquis de Damierre; Messrs. Lenormand and Mauvais, members of the Institute; Baron de Montigny, judge of the Royal Court; Viscount de Bonneuil, president of the Petition Committee; Messrs. Desous and Veillat, editors of the Univers; &c., &c. When all the members were introduced into the saloon of O'Connell, the President of the Committee (Count de Montalembert) addressed him in the following terms:—

"SIR, AND ILLUSTRIOUS FRIEND,—When I had the pleasure of seeing you for the first time, sixteen years ago, in your castle of Durrannyne, on the shores of the Atlantic, the Revolution of July had just taken place, and your solicitude was already ardently directed towards the future stability of religion in France. I heard with respect your wishes and your lessons. You then pointed out to us the course we should pursue, and the rules we should follow, in order to emancipate the Church from the temporal yoke by legal and civil means, and at the same time, to separate religion from all political causes. I am glad to have in my power to show you that your lessons have fructified amongst us. I am come to present to you the men who in France have enrolled themselves as the first soldiers under a banner you were the first to unfurl, and which will now endure for ever. We are all your children, or rather your pupils; you are our master, our model, our glorious preceptor. It is for that reason we are come to tender you the affectionate and respectful homage we owe to the man of the age, who has done most for the dignity and liberty

"of mankind, and especially for the political instruction of Catholic nations. We admire in you the man who has accomplished the noblest achievement that can be given to man to conceive in this world—the man who, without shedding a drop of blood, has reconquered the nationality of his country, and the political rights of 8,000,000 Catholics. We are come to salute in you the Liberator of Ireland—of that nation which has always excited in France internal feelings. But you are not only the man of one nation, you are the man of all Christendom. Your glory is not only Irish, it is Catholic. Wherever Catholics begin anew to practice civic virtues, and to devote themselves to the conquest of their levitative rights, after God, it is your work. Wherever religion tends to emancipate itself from the thraldom in which several generations of sophists and legislators have placed it, to you, after God, it is indebted. May that thought fortify you, revive you in your infirmities, and console you in the affliction with which your patriotic heart is now overwhelmed. The wishes of Catholic France, will accompany you in your pilgrimage to Rome. The day of your meeting with Pius IX.—when the greatest and most illustrious Christian of our age shall kneel at the feet of a Pontiff who recalls to our recollection the most brilliant period of the Church, will be a truly momentous event in the history of our time. If in that instant of supreme emotion, your heart entertain a thought not absorbed by Ireland and Rome, remember us; the homage of the affection, respect, and devotion of the Catholics of France for the Chief of the Church could not be better placed than on the lips of the Catholic Liberator of Ireland."

The following was O'Connell's reply:—

"GENTLEMEN.—Sickness and emotion close my mouth. I would require the eloquence of your president to express to you all my gratitude. But it is impossible for me to say what I feel. Know simply that I regard this demonstration on your part as one of the most significant events of my life."

BRAVERY HONORED.

PATRICK SANSFIELD AND ROBERT EMMET.

Ireland Recognizes the Service that the Hero of the Battle of Boyne Rendered Her—Thomas Moore's Tribute to the Patriot Emmet.

Statues to the two distinguished patriotic Irishmen are to be erected in Ireland—the one very soon, the other at, it is to be hoped, no very distant date, says an English exchange.

Patrick Sansfield, Earl of Lucan, well deserves to be commemorated by all who honor bravery, combined with the most devoted fidelity to a sinking cause. In all history, ancient or modern, there has never appeared a nobler hero than Sansfield. At the memorable Battle of the Boyne he fought against the Dutch invader with indomitable courage. At Aughrin he would have won the day were it not for the vanity of the gallant St. Ruth, who was killed without having communicated to Sansfield the plan of action. At Limerick, which heroic city will ever be identified with his fame, he gained immortal laurels, and proved that, even in defeat, a brave and honorable soldier may be a great man.

His daring exploits in the glorious defence of Limerick are among the brightest chapters in the military history of Ireland, while his refusal to take advantage of the arrival of the French auxiliary after he had signed the (too soon violated) treaty is a splendid memento of his stainless honor. It will soon be two centuries since Limerick fell, after a noble struggle, and it is more than full time that the statue of the chief of her brave defenders should be raised by the nation for whose liberty he fought.

His record would prove how deeply he loved his native country, for, though some seem to doubt that he uttered, when mortally wounded on Lander's plain, the memorable words: "Oh, that this blood was shed for Ireland!" there is no reason to doubt their authenticity. It is admitted that he died in a few days at an adjoining village of fever, caused by the wound. It is well the Irish people should honor the memory of one who shares with Brian and Owen Roe O'Neill so much of Ireland's military fame.

"Hurrah! for the men who kept Limerick's wall. Hurrah! for brave Sansfield, the bravest of all."

Robert Emmet, too, is about to be similarly honored. It was seventy-six years later since on the 20th of September, 1803, that enthusiastic patriot gave up his young life for Ireland. He expressed the hope that honors should not be paid to him until better times arrived. Better, far better times have come. Creed now makes no man the serf of a other. There is no disobedience to Emmet's last injunctions in now paying homage to those virtues which have excited the admiration even of the enemies of the land for which Emmet died.

No man ever more closely attracted the love of those around him than the young martyr of 1803. "Were I," says Moore (who knew Emmet well), "to number the men among all I have ever known who appeared to me to combine in the greatest degree pure moral worth with intellectual power, I should, amongst the highest of the few, place Robert Emmet." This is high praise, but it is not more than, by universal testimony, was well deserved.

Emmet was not wise—that is, of course, admitted—but Ireland will honor him as one who loved her and died for her freedom.

"The night dew that falls though in silence it creeps. Shall brighten with verdure the grave where he sleeps; And the tear that we shed, though in secret it rolls. Shall long keep his memory green in our souls."

The shop department of the world's fair is to have a space 9,000 feet. In other words it will cover 45,000 pairs