

## LAST OF THE "TRACTARIANS"

Passing of Henry Bedford, for Fifty Years Professor at All Hallows' College, Dublin.

The death of Henry Bedford, one of the last of the converts of the Tractarian movement and for fifty years engaged as a professor at All Hallows' College, Dublin, elicits a noble tribute to a remarkable man in the columns of the Dublin Freeman. Mr. Bedford is known to many in this country as well as in Ireland who were students at All Hallows' during the past half century. He was ninety years of age and was in many ways a unique character. He united the character of an exemplary member of a religious community with that of a layman in outdoor dress and general appearance.

Mr. Bedford was born in the city of London in the year 1816, as he liked to put it, the year after the Battle of Waterloo. Long before he completed his school studies he intended to become a clergyman of the Church of England, to which his family belonged. With that intention, in 1835, he went to Cambridge, where he made some of the most lasting friendships of his life, and, after an exceptionally distinguished career, took the degree of M.A. Having taken Orders and served for some time as a curate in the diocese of London, he received sole charge of a church in that city. There he soon became known as one of the most pleasing writers and effective preachers in the High Church Party, which was then the active party in the Church of England. His political principles were also, it would seem, rather high at the time, as he was once officially complimented by the Court for an eloquent sermon preached on the occasion of the death of Queen Caroline. Other eloquent sermons in the very advanced High Church direction of the day brought him the reverse of compliments in many quarters, and brought out his unquestionably remarkable power of repartee. Of all the time, including the active part he took in the Tractarian movement, indeed, generally speaking of his work as an Anglican clergyman, he rarely spoke, and when he did, only with great reserve.

His account of his conversion was very simple. He had preached what was considered an advanced "Puseyite" sermon, and as such came to be much talked of. Upon which he was summoned by the Bishop of London to give his own account of the matter, with the result that he was ordered to give no further public expression to such views as long as he held the position he then did in the diocese. Much perplexed, as those views were the result of long reading and reflection and known to be held by some of the most eminent Anglican Churchmen of the day, he went to seek counsel from his old friend "Oakley"—as, University fashion, he always called him. This was the subsequently celebrated genial Canon Oakley of Bayswater. From him, he said, "I expected much sympathy as well as good counsel. But he simply told me that, as he had become a Catholic, he did not consider he was a proper person to give one in my position the kind of advice I wanted. Soon after I was a Catholic myself." That was in 1851, eight years after his Anglican ordination. At first he was quite unsettled as to his future career, even as to immediate occupation. He was most anxious to give his life directly and indirectly to the service of the Church he had entered; all the more that he never married. Owing to a natural defect in his right hand, he could not be ordained priest. Cardinal Wiseman, it appears, was willing to ordain him deacon. But, all things considered, he thought it better to decline the offer, and never received any Catholic Orders. After a short time, as a temporary arrangement, he went to live with his friend "Oakley," who was now in charge of the Bayswater Mission, and was able to find him much useful occupation in connection with the church choir, schools, and other details of missionary work. While so engaged he became acquainted with Dr. Moriarty, (subsequently Bishop of Kerry) and at the time President of All Hallows' College, Dublin. At Dr. Moriarty's invitation he went to Ireland in 1852 on a visit to the College, and there remained as one of its young Community of Directors. Remaining there in that capacity, he was given to understand, meant from a worldly point of view a life of wholly unremunerative labor, with no chance of any form of social advancement; with even no security for life's future maintenance, as the institution at that time was in a very precarious condition, and, unlike its other members, he had not even the social se-

curity of Holy Orders. But from the first, he used to say, he felt his life's work lay there. And there as it proved, he lived out his long life of active, effective work as Professor of Natural Science, treasurer and one of the College Directors.

When Holy Thompson, with other London literateurs, had projected a series of Lives of Modern Saints suited to modern tastes and needs, he was entrusted with the life of St. Vincent de Paul, with special instructions to make it readable and practical. The work he produced, perhaps the best written, certainly the most interesting of the series, is still in general circulation. Through a great part of his life, having had private means left him by his family, he was a generous, usually anonymous, contributor to public and private charities, mainly in the country of his adoption. To these he was equally generous with personal service of time and labor. For many years on the Dublin Committee of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith he was one of the most constant of its members in attendance at its meetings; at times also lending literary assistance of a kind then much needed, but not easily procured. When, about thirty years ago, Mrs. Woodcock and other Dublin ladies set on foot a movement for the higher education of Catholic young women, he was one of the first they looked to for help in opening the first course of lectures. Old readers of the Irish Monthly, Irish Ecclesiastical Record, and above all, the London Month, knew much by no means all of what he did for Catholic periodical literature.

## Irish Christian Brothers in Rome

Rome, June 15.—On Sunday afternoon the Irish Christian Brothers in Rome, who are making such efforts to stem the movement of proselytism in this centre of Catholicity, held a distribution of prizes. The Rev. Father De Mandato, of the Society of Jesus, who is also striving in a like direction, presided, and, after a brief discourse, delivered the prizes to the scholars of the evening school, whose studies lie chiefly in the acquisition of foreign languages—English, French and German. Specimens of their achievements were given, and, although the difficulties of acquiring the more delicate accents which distinguish the speech of natives to the several languages were absent, yet these languages were sufficiently understandable as spoken by those Italian boys. The discourse of Father De Mandato, in which he referred to the feast of the day, Pentecost, when the strangers in Jerusalem heard the Apostles speak in their own different languages, was most happily applied to the display made by these boys, whose speech made for unity and charity and their consequent blessings.

## The Power of Drink—A Five Act Tragedy.

The other day we ran across the following drama in outline in one of our exchanges. It is a drama that often has been enacted, not, alas, on the mimic stage, but on the real stage of life:—

Act the first—A young man starting off from home; parents and sisters weeping to have him go. Wagon rising over the hill. Farewell kiss flung back. Ring the bell and let the curtain fall.

Act the second—The marriage altar. Music on the organ. Bright lights. Long white veil trailing through the aisle. Prayer and congratulations, and exclamations of "How well she looks!"

Act the third—A woman waiting for staggering steps. Old garments stuck in the broken window panes. Marks of hardship on her face. The biting of nails of bloodless fingers. Neglect, cruelty and despair. Ring the bell and let the curtain drop.

Act the fourth—Three graves in a dark place—grave of the child who died for lack of medicine, grave of the wife who died of a broken heart, grave of the man who died with dissipation.

Act the fifth—A destroyed soul's eternity. No light. No hope. We close our eyes to this last act of the tragedy. Quick! quick! ring the bell and let the curtain drop.

Young man, just entering upon the stage of life, what think you of this drama? Will you be the actor in such a tragedy as this? If you shudder and say no, then shun the saloon. Shun the paths that lead to drink and dissipation. Be a temperance man. Be a total abstainer. Instead of wrecking your own life and the lives of others, resolve to be a decent Christian man. The first place may be for you the first step toward a besotted life. It may be for you the beginning of such a tragedy as that outlined so forcibly here.

## "MEAGHER OF THE SWORD."

Monument Unveiled at Helena, Mont., to Irish Soldier and Patriot.

(Catholic Universe.)

A bronze statue to the memory of Thomas Francis Meagher, patriot, orator and journalist, was unveiled in the square of the capital at Helena, Mont., July 4. Col. John F. Finerty, of Chicago, delivered the oration of the occasion.

The career of the gallant Irish soldier who is thus commemorated in the land for which he fought reads like a tale of adventure. He was born in Waterford, Ireland, August 3, 1823. His father, Thomas Meagher, was a merchant who had made a fortune in the Newfoundland trade, had been mayor of his city, and represented it in parliament for several years. At the age of nine the boy Thomas was sent to the Jesuit College of Clongowes Wood, County Kildare, where he remained six years, and then entered Stonyhurst College near Preston, England, also conducted by the Jesuits.

When Meagher returned to Ireland Daniel O'Connell was at the height of his power and fame. His first important speech was made when he was 23. This was delivered at Conciliation Hall in Dublin, February 16, 1846, and attracted the attention of O'Connell himself. Others took notice of the young man, and soon after Meagher formed an alliance with William Smith O'Brien, brother to the Earl of Inchiquin, who had become a co-leader with O'Connell in 1844. He soon became one of the leaders of the Young Ireland party, whose object was to obtain Irish independence by force of arms, and rallied the young men of the "repeal association" to his standard.

The tone of the Young Ireland party, both in prose and poetry, was at this time romantic and warlike, and O'Connell, who desired to get rid of them as obstructionists, is credited with having approved the famous peace resolutions which were brought before a meeting in Conciliation Hall declaring in effect that under no circumstances would the Irish people resort to physical force, and that the greatest of sublimity blessings was not worth the shedding of a single drop of human blood.

Daniel O'Connell himself was not present when the resolutions were presented by his son, John O'Connell, who had a feud with the Young Ireland party. It was in the debate which followed that Meagher made the speech which won him fame and name, attracted the attention of statesmen and writers in Europe and America, and caused William Makepeace Thackeray, writing for London Punch, to christen him "Meagher of the Sword."

Soon after there was formed the Irish confederation, with O'Brien as its chief, and in this society Meagher, with such men as Colonel Michael Doherty, Thomas D'Arcy McGee, John Mitchell and the late Judge Richard O'Gorman, of New York, worked consistently until 1848.

Then came the famine and William Smith O'Brien's appeal to arms. The rebellion was crushed almost before it had begun. In 1848 Meagher went to Paris with an address to the provisional government of France from the Irish tricolor, making a most fiery patriotic address. On March 21 Meagher was arrested, charged with sedition, and bailed to appear at the court of the Queen's Bench. After the passage of the treason-felony act he was arrested again, and in October, 1848, convicted of treason and sentenced to death. So were William Smith O'Brien, Terence Bellew McManus, Patrick O'Donoghue and some other leaders—all condemned to be hanged, drawn and quartered. These sentences were commuted to banishment and transportation beyond the seas, and Meagher was taken on July 9, 1849, to Van Diemen's Land, now known as Tasmania. In 1852 he escaped and sought refuge in this country. He had married Miss Bennett of Hobart Town, Tasmania, and she, unable to follow him, went to his father's home in Waterford, where a son was born to her. She died soon after the birth of the boy.

Meagher's arrival in this country was welcomed by his compatriots, and he almost immediately started on a lecture tour.

When Sumter was fired on Meagher abandoned his profession, organized a company of zouaves and attached them to the Sixty-ninth New York Regiment, then commanded by Col. Michael Corcoran. At the first battle of Bull Run he was acting major of his regiment and his horse was shot under him. When his three months service had expired he returned to New York and organized

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three Irish regiments, the Sixty-ninth, Sixty-third and Eighty-eighth. These, supplemented afterwards by the Twenty-eighth Massachusetts and One Hundred and Sixteenth Pennsylvania, became the famous Irish Brigade of the army of the Potomac, with Brigadier-General Thomas Francis Meagher in command.

General Meagher became secretary of the territory of Montana in 1865 and closely following his assumption of the duties of his position Governor Sydney Edgerton left the territory, General Meagher becoming governor pro tempore. The hostile attitude of the Indians caused the general to take precautions for the protection of the settlers. He raised a company of settlers and started for Fort Benton to secure arms and ammunition. On the night of July 1, 1867, he went to call upon John T. Duran, pilot of the steamer G. A. Thompson, then at Fort Benton. In the darkness he missed his footing, fell into the Missouri river and was drowned. His body was never recovered.

Five feet ten, broad shouldered, thin-framed, military in bearing, eyes a brilliant blue, hair dark, mustache heavy, featured marked and massive, ruddy of complexion, a sweet singer, a fine horseman, an accomplished athlete, the physical characteristics of the man well seconded his mental equipment.

## SURGERY IN REMOTE COUNTRY DISTRICTS

(American Medicine.)

In the city, with numerous hospitals, surgical assistants, trained nurses, and all the armamentarium which the modern hospital affords, we are prone to assume that only with such conveniences can clean surgery be done; in fact, that no surgery is being done save in well appointed places. That the facilities which hospitals and trained assistants afford give us the desirable condition no one will, of course, gainsay; but that they are absolutely essential to aseptic surgery will be disputed, and correctly, by many country doctors. We forget that many parts of our country are far removed from any of the conveniences deemed necessary for successful surgical work. What shall the country physician do, when called as he often is, into remote districts to find a patient desperately ill from an affliction demanding surgical interference? Distance, time, poverty, and prejudice on the part of the patient dispel all thoughts of a hospital. Illustrative of the difficulties met and the success achieved, a few words quoted from a Southern practitioner of known veracity may not prove amiss. He says:

"In modern surgery the first step in any operation is, of course, asepsis. With abundance of trained assistants and a small brigade of nurses, in a well appointed hospital it is a simple matter to be clean. But in the country, in a small farmhouse or cabin, with only surface water and kitchen utensils on the one hand, and rage, dirt, cowbells, and a desperately ill patient on the other, what would our city surgeon and his trained assistants do? One would be safe in saying he would be more confused and less able to apply his presumably more extensive knowledge than his country brother, who

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has never had the pleasure of hospital facilities nor trained help, but has invariably had to depend on such facilities as his own ingenuity could devise, and with the help of those who, perhaps, have never before seen an operation. But even under these adverse circumstances we can do clean and successful surgery, and it is being done daily by the bright, active country doctors, and many lives are being saved."

Concerning his method of preparation and adaptation of means to an end, we quote further, as follows:

"By carefully scrubbing the floor and walls with soap and water, then a strong carbolic or corrosive solution, with all furniture removed and windows open, it is possible to convert a dirty room into a place in which clean surgery can be done. Boil the necessary sheets, towels, basins, instruments, cotton, gauze, and suture and ligature material. Water previously boiled is poured while hot into clean jars or pitchers and allowed to cool. The hands are sterilized in the usual way, and the operating table, improvised by placing a door, shutter or wide board on barrels, chairs or benches, is covered with boiled wet sheets. Small tables benches or chairs are likewise covered and serve as a place for instruments, dressings, etc. The patient is shaved and scrubbed in the usual way, placed upon the operating table and the field of operation surrounded by boiled, though wet, towels or sheets. The instruments, dressings, ligature and suture material are covered by sterile towels. The entire time necessary for such preparation should not exceed two hours, and in very urgent cases, and with intelligent though untrained assistance may be done in half this time. Under these apparently adverse circumstances the writer has repeatedly opened up the shoulder, knee and ankle joints, the skull cavity, and the abdomen without a single instance of infection."

When we remember that such practical and successful work is being done, especially in sparsely settled portions of country, by scores of bright, careful and energetic men, it should divest us of some of our preconceived ideas about the absolute necessity for hospital facilities in doing successful aseptic surgical work. Hospital conveniences are necessary for the refinements of surgery; but for practical, urgent, and life-saving surgery their necessity has not yet become absolute. The country doctor yet plays an important role in surgical work, and it is not probable that this will become less in the future. It is often quoted of the elder Gross that he always felt like taking off his hat in the presence of the country doctor—the broadest, most resourceful and most useful of medical men.

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## THE FALL

By Julia Caro

"Look, Fraulein, look! same one we met that afternoon at Fiesole when I wanted to run up and down the old Roman theatre—told me it was not dignified—he—don't you recall it?—caught for me the little white darting in and out of so that I might see the handkerchief, Fraulein! you recall him, Fraulein!—way, he never gave me a handkerchief, and it was on which we had my initial—dared at the Bon Marche. 'How I chatter on, you don't be cross to-day, lie—cause I am so happy. Fraulein, look! look! The and what a beautiful proof you know that you admit I was more classical even than Walden's Adonis, which you me to admire so much! Oh, I'm afraid I shall see him again.'"

The young girl sank back with a sigh of smothered grief. The train was on from Florence to Rome, stopped at Orvieto long enough for several passengers to alight, whom was the handsome young man referred to by the girl. After a moment she looked at the window again. "Fraulein, I believe he has missed us," she pulled up her companion with great noise, to call attention to that young traveller who was his hat gracefully and saluted with evident delight. In a few minutes the train was on its way to sight ascending slope in the direction of the cathedral.

Again Monica Meredith, saracinesca of the railway carriage, regretted that they had not gone to Orvieto before hurried to Rome. She fell into a doze and did not take into her account Fraulein Altenburg, her companion who was arranging some round her prim neck. Fraulein's eyes were closed. She was bringing up children alone, times pursued by the father, derided the Great—and indulged was not consistent with the task. So, though she really charged in her own grim, cautious way, Monica dreamed of dreams without any confidence alone. Her mother had been many years, and her father had been his home in America, a descendant of European capitalists with only child.

Alexis Thorndyke, the hero young girl's reverie, pursued by, carrying a most unbecoming case, all unconscious of his superiority to Thorndyke. He was thinking of Monica, became so absorbed that he had come to Italy to study literature. "There is no use," he told himself, "I've lost interest—I care whether Orvieto's cathedral is one of the noblest churches in this country or not. And as for the Signorini family—oh, why didn't I stay on the train! If I had only had an inkling that she was so close! It's all over now. I'm out of patience myself!" and he threw a coin of deformed beggar with more intention than charity. In a moment he was alone. She, that unknown, always soothed and uplifted him, went on musing. "If she would give a thought to me, I would be worthy of a girl like there is not a face in the pain of the old masters that I like as hers—and she is a saint, too. What was the little secret told for her at Fiesole compared to the sacrifices I would make for her? At the opportunity were given. He took out a filmy handkerchief and looked at the initials. "M. M.," I wonder what they mean. That is the only clue I have except that the Gorgon Fraulein told me that they should very likely go to Rome upon quite Florence. I must get out of here. I shall have no peace until I reach Rome, where I hope to find her in some of the churches or

It was time for the eight o'clock train at the Pension B— in Florence, attached to the Palazzo Regional in Rome. At each platform there was an individual bottle of wine, more or less empty, and the owner's fork to identify the property. Several dishes were set at regular intervals on the long table. The guests