

1906.
LIMITED
1906.
LE
ing
oppers,
ale on
growing
quality,
each
critical
ar move-
aintiest
nt, fresh
rae.
e in neat
al. 12c
very fine
trimmed
with
40c
awn frill,
Spe-
19c
ot if you
y lawn,
describes
75c
ly
the year,
present
pieces
benefit.
eta, Chil-
larly
all 5-1-2
ecial
28c
LIMITED
Montreal
N
y
le
ing.
Fun!
t
ENTS
ENTS
ices.
K. C.
Railway Bldg
el. Main 2784.
Chaurin,
St. James St.
A. Ducloux, K. C.
in.

The True



Witness

Gardien de la Salle
de Lecture
Feb 19 1906
Assemblée Legislative

Vol. LVI. No. 7

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, JULY 19, 1906

PRICE FIVE CENTS

The Shannon and Its Shrines.

Close by Castle Island, once the stronghold of the MacDermot, whose frowning fortress is still well preserved, is "Trinity Island," long associated with the religious history of Ireland, as the scene of a Columban monastery, and later the site of an Abbey of the Canons of St. Norbert. Here were written the famous "Annals of Lough Key." This important manuscript disappeared in 1592, and was considered one of Ireland's lost literary treasures till the year 1766, when by chance it was again brought to light. Its records commence with the year 1014, and are continued till the year 1590. The last Abbot of Trinity Island, Owen O'Malkerman, shared the fate of the Abbot of Boyle on the scabbard of Galway's Green, Dublin, 1584. Not far from Boyle lies Kilronan, the last resting-place of Carolan, the last of the Irish bards.

The great waterway of Ireland becomes at Carrick-on-Shannon, somewhat contracted in its proportions, and assumes the characteristics of an inland river, by no means devoid of natural beauty. The flow of the Shannon at this point is slow, but the stream is of very considerable depth. To the right, as we descend from Carrick, lies the County Roscommon, and to the left the County Leitrim. On the riverside of the latter, about three miles distant from Carrick-on-Shannon, is situated Jamestown, formerly one of the fortified towns of the Shannon. Traces of its ramparts and fortifications, with an ancient gateway, still remain. The town is named from James I. of England, whose reign and that of his predecessor, it is needless to recall—have supplied many an forgotten chapter to the history of Connacht. Close by is Derrycarney, remarkable as the Ford of the Shannon, where an engagement took place between James II. and William. A small grassy mound, still called "James's Heap," marks the spot, and, probably, too, tells the grave of many an Irishman who fell in the ranks of the hapless Stuart King.

A mile onward we pass the village Drumna, the natural attractions of the little hamlet being greatly increased by the woodlands of the fine demesne of Mount Campbell. This portion of the Shannon must prove a surprise to many, from the contrast it presents in its scenery with many other stretches of the river. In the distance, on either side, the prospect is closed by gently undulating hills, once, no doubt, clothed with forests, but which now give place to pasture lands, diversified here and there by patchwork spots of tillage. Although not the most northern Lough Bodarig may be called the upper lake of the Shannon.

It is entered about two miles below Drumna. Dromod lies to the left on the Elphin side. This and the adjoining lake, Lough Boffin, from the number of creeks and bays that indent their shores, and the wooded promontories and undulating character of the whole surroundings, form one of the most interesting and striking phases of the Shannon's scenery. The beautiful demesne of Derrycarney at the connecting point between the lakes gives a great charm to the prospect from the extent and variety of its woodlands and plantations. Passing from Lough Boffin to Lough Forbes, the scene of bleakness becomes wilder. The environs of the river here gradually partake of the character of the canal scenery of Holland or Northern Belgium. The riversides are literally fringed with forests of reeds, which impart a strange feathery beauty when disturbed by the motion of the water or swept by the winds from across the brownish moorlands that spread away from either bank.

Lough Forbes, whilst one of the smaller lakes of the Shannon, is a splendid sheet of water. Its shores are exquisitely varied, the background of hills on every side being well planted and very picturesque in outline. Along the east bank extends the fine demesne of Castle Forbes, the residence of the Earl of Granard, adjacent to which is the manor-town of Newcastles. Just as many of our Irish lakes are connected with the legendary memories of some of our Irish patrons, Lough

Forbes is peculiarly associated with that of St. Barry. From the lake a view is obtained of the Seven Churches of Kilbarry, the monastic foundation of this Celtic saint. The oratory of St. Barry is most interesting, and dates from the sixth century; the termon or boundary mark of the monastic lands indicates by its distance from the Abbey how extensive were the possessions of this early monastery.

At Tarmonbarry, the river becomes very narrow and swift in its course, passing with great rapidity and violence beneath the bridge of Tarmonbarry, again pursuing its winding way through sedged banks till Lanesborough is reached. These desolate plains, of which a more extensive view is obtained from some of the heights upon either side, were in ancient times clothed with forests of oak and pine. Several feet below the surface trunks and roots of these trees of immense growth are still discovered. Frequently stray bones or even entire skeletons of the mammoth elk are here found, a species of mammalia long since extinct.

Leaving Lanesborough, we traverse Lough Ree, "the Lake of Kings," before we reach Athlone, the most important station of the Upper Shannon. The entire length of this lake is 15 miles. Lough Ree is one of the most interesting of the Irish lakes. Of the twenty-seven islands scattered over its bosom, there are several closely bound up with the military and religious history of the country. It is the central point of Ireland, dividing the ancient Kingdoms of Meath and Connacht, and when we think of the eventful days of old, we can easily conjecture how many thrilling episodes took place on the banks of Lough Ree. The annals of the Shannon rival the story of the Rhine. It, too, was the border river—the Rubicon—across whose waters envious looks of greed and vengeance were often cast, and whose banks were too often made the theatre of those deadly conflicts which blot the pages of our history.

Of the chief Kingdoms of Ireland, two principalities converged here. On the Leinster bank was the Princedom of Teffa, where the Foxes and the O'Breens held sway. Opposite, on the Connacht shore, lay the Princedom of Hymany, extending from Roscommon to Athlone, usually called the O'Kelly country. The promontory of Rinduin, on which stood the Castle, Priory and fortifications of St. John's, is one of the most striking points of interest on Lough Ree. A causeway connects it with the mainland. In Celtic times a monastic establishment was founded here, called "St. John's House," which was superseded by a Norman Priory and Castle of the military Order of the Cross Bearers during the thirteenth century.

Iniscleraun, commonly styled "Quaker Island," is still older in the way of memories. This was the home of the Boadicea of Connacht—Queen Maeve—of poetic and prehistoric fame. In the after days of Christianity the island became the home of St. Diarmid, the preceptor of St. Kiernan, of Clonmacnoise. As was wont with the saints of those times, he built seven churches on his Island Settlement, the ruins of which may still be seen.

Inisbofin Island has a specially Irish interest. Its monastery was founded by St. Riach, nephew of St. Patrick. He is said to have been the great Apostle's secretary. His lifetime carries us back to 450. This must, therefore, have been the site of the first Irish monastery, and the parent house of the hundreds of those which afterwards became so famous as to merit for Ireland the title of "Islands of Saints and Scholars."

A mile nearer to the Longford shore is the Island of All Saints, where the "Annals of All Saints" were written. This remarkable spot continued to be a home of religious down to the seventeenth century. It was last occupied by a community of nuns well remembered in Ireland's chequered story—the "Poor Clares." The largest island enclosed in the waters of Lough Ree is called Inis-Aingin, or Inis-Hare Island. On it, we are told, St. Kiernan, erected his first church and cell before he proceeded to found his celebrated monastery, Clonmacnoise.

To touch on the history of the numerous islands that stud Lough Ree would involve a task too vast for our purpose.

With the student of Celtic lore, the name of each will in itself furnish a key to many incidental gleanings of Irish history. In the story of almost every one of them, as well as a religious moral, there is some tragic or romantic episode to be found, bespeaking the "tears and smiles" which characterize our national annals from first to last. The view from Roscommon shore gives the most favorable impression of Lough Ree. To the north arises the mountain of Slieve Bawn, northeast the Iron Mountain, while the Curlew range pencils the far horizon in striking and varied outlines. The Keeper Hills and the peaks of the Slieve Bloom Mountains close the prospect on the south. Much of the immediate surroundings of the lake are finely wooded, especially on the Leinster shore, where the undulating character of the scenery is excessively charming in its effects.

Athlone, in addition to its topographical fame as the centre of Ireland, has many other interesting associations connected with it. The origin of its name takes us back to a remote period in our national history. It is told that in the days of Conn of the Hundred Battles, who flourished about the year 130, a house of entertainment—or "Tyosda," as it was called—was kept close by a ford on the River Shannon, whose waters are now spanned by the Bridge of Athlone. The hospitable proprietor's name was Luan, which, being familiarly coupled with the Celtic word "Ath," meaning ford, gave rise to the name of the place, Athlone, or "The Ford of Luan." From the position of Athlone, as guarding the pass between two divisional Kingdoms of Ireland—Leinster and Connacht—it was from memorial times a point of military defence. The original fortress was, no doubt, a Dun or Cathair of earthwork disposed in the manner of so many of those forts to be met with in Ireland. The importance of Athlone at a very early period made it the centre of many religious foundations, around which a population quickly gathered and built their homes. The present Athlone, like so many of our Irish cities and towns, owes its origin to the monasteries whose sites lay on its river banks.

Fidelity to Mass Under Difficuly

In the "God's acre" of a small town in the Midlands, England, are the graves side by side of a brother and sister. Owing to circumstances which they could not change, they had lived seven miles from a church, and yet never had been absent from Sunday Mass. From childhood to old age, summer and winter alike, had they gladly tramped, every Sunday morning, their 14 miles, seven in and seven out, to hear Holy Mass. Moreover, every first Sunday of the month they walked in fasting, so as to go to Holy Communion; nor did they break their fast till half way back on the road home, when sitting down beside a spring, they would eat the bread they had brought with them from home, and drink from the bubbling spring. A few hundred yards from their halting place was a Protestant nobleman's house; and they always prayed as they passed it, for the conversion of the family to the Catholic faith. The years came and went, and the answer to the prayers came, as come it always will to prayer. The aged couple, brother and sister, have gone to their reward; the once Protestant nobleman's family is now Catholic, and a beautiful Catholic Church has been built within a stone's throw of the spot where the good Catholic old man and woman were wont to break their fast after Holy Communion.

Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial is prepared from drugs known to the profession as thoroughly reliable for the cure of cholera, dysentery, diarrhoea, griping pains and summer complaints. It has been used successfully by medical practitioners for a number of years with gratifying results. If suffering from any summer complaint it is just the medicine that will cure you. Try a bottle. It sells for 25 cents.

Davitt's Last Letter.

The following is Michael Davitt's last letter to the Melbourne Advocate, Australia:

Aalkey, Ireland, April 3, 1906.

Practically speaking, Ireland may be said to enjoy at present an atmosphere of unruffled calm. There are neither angry words above nor troublesome currents below the surface of our existence. In one respect at least this is a satisfactory condition of things. It offers both the new Government and the Irish Parliamentary Party a most useful, because necessary, opportunity for thinking and planning out what is best to be done, and how best to do it, in the fulfilment of those promises of needed reform in administration, and in other matters which are to be preliminary to "the greater reform" which the country has been led to believe is in the contemplation of the Campbell-Bannerman Ministry to carry out when "an opportune occasion" arises.

Possibly some of your readers may be tempted to say that situations like this have arisen in Ireland before, and have passed away without the realization of the National hopes which helped to create the popular quietude of the period. That is true; and there are many among us here at home who think, from the lessons of past experience, that a condition of things less satisfactory to our rulers, and more troublesome politically, would constitute the large expediency, and be more helpful in the task of bridging them to a sense of their obligations. But, be that as it may, this is how we stand at the present juncture.

THE DEFEAT OF THE BALFOUR GOVERNMENT.

The country appears to think that we have some compensation for our peaceful disposition just now in the overwhelming defeat of the anti-Home Rule Unionists at the recent general election, this feeling arising, doubtless, from the reflection that the overthrow of an enemy is the likely prelude to the enjoyment of the fruits of the victory gained in making him bite the dust of defeat.

We are yet in some doubt as to what the promised preliminary reforms in administration are to be. Inquiries are, it is said, being made into the working of various Castle Boards, while an urgent investigation into the machinery and labors of the Agricultural Department of Ireland is actually proceeding by way of special commission. All this may lead to something serviceable to the country; but this by no means follows as a necessary consequence of the search after facts, figures, extravagances, and abuses known to be lurking behind the officialdom of the anti-Irish bureau on Cork Hill, Dublin. We have had Commissions and inquiries galore in the past, and it invariably happened that the "practical" results therefrom were, in fact, no results at all.

James Bryce, our new chief secretary, may, however, be unlike his predecessors, Tory and Liberal, in his official temperament and resolution. He is an able man in every sense, full of ripened experience in public life; a warm sympathizer with racial Nationalism everywhere; a progressive reformer; a writer and an authority of acknowledged eminence on international systems, and a fearless and outspoken Home Ruler. He is also of the Celtic stock, a mixture of the Scottish and Irish brands, and as well informed upon Irish problems and Ireland's history as any man in public life. All these are qualities and equipments which ought to go to the making of an efficient ruler. There are, however, as we know, limitations to the accomplishments of the most gifted of politicians. It sometimes happens, and not infrequently, that a preponderance of excellent qualities in some statesmen only tends to render all the more conspicuous the want of some one capacity which might outweigh them all in the trying ordeal of administrative responsibility.

The Irish Chief Secretaryship is the first post of Cabinet responsibility

A Tonic - Laxative.

Abbey's Effer- vescent Salt

Nature's remedy for tired, fagged-out, run-down man or woman. It cleanses the stomach, quickens the liver's action and leaves no astringent after effects.

which Mr. Bryce has yet held, despite his long lease of public life, and, as is well known, it is probably the most arduous and exacting position within the whole range of British Ministerial duties. He has, therefore, to win his spurs as a ruler in a post which has been the ruin, or unmaking, of the reputations of many gifted and ambitious statesmen, and he certainly sets out on this hazardous path with the good wishes of all his friends and of many of his political opponents who know and admire his many most admirable qualities.

His Under-Secretary, or, rather, the Under-Secretary to the Castle system of Irish government, is now the well-known Sir Antony MacDonnell. In one respect this famous official is the exact reverse of Mr. Bryce. He has never been a politician. His whole life has been spent in India, where he earned the reputation of being a most able and successful administrator. He may be said to be one among the best men that have passed through one of the worst possible schools for the training of ruling statesmen—the arbitrary and anti-constitutional system of official autocracy known as "the model" government of India by England. It is a system the antithesis of popular or democratic rule. Every Governor, or Deputy-Governor is necessarily a despot, armed with powers which owe no explanation or ultimate responsibility in their exercise to the people governed. Despotisms are not all alike, it is true. There are good, bad and indifferent samples of the article, as in other systems; but they are, from the point of view of just and national rule, all bad alike, the "good" being, paradoxically, probably the worst of the species.

SIR ANTONY MACDONNELL.

Sir Antony is a Catholic and a Mayo man. He is, I believe, a Liberal, but I am not aware of his ever having declared himself a Home Ruler. The general opinion prevalent as to his views and plans about Ireland credits him with being ambitious to render some useful and conspicuous service to his native country, as a rounding off addition to the fame of his Indian official career. His appointment to the Under Secretaryship was the work of the late Unionist Government, on the suggestion, it is said, of King Edward. This may be fact or fiction. Rumor has repeatedly asserted it, and many gullible Nationalists have been induced thereby to jump to the very ridiculous conclusions as to the "promise" thus "conveyed" to the people of Ireland that Home Rule was "on the way." Of course, it is, on the way. But unless it comes from other motives and through other causes than those of an alleged Royal favor, and of Sir Antony MacDonnell's labors or zeal, no person living in Ireland to-day will ever witness its arrival.

I have no intention or wish to be unfair to the Under Secretary, nor to create any prejudice against his name or motives by written or spoken word. I believe him to be sincere, well-meaning, and earnest in a desire to benefit Ireland according to his lights and ideas; but I am convinced that his appointment to his present post by George Wyndham and Arthur Balfour was made for the purpose of defeating Home Rule. The notorious Wyndham-MacDonnell policy and programme of 1904-5 had no other political object than this, and though these Unionist enemies have gone, and most of their political projects have been frustrated, the policy and purpose associated with the names of the late Chief Secretary and of the present Under Secretary are left behind as a sinister legacy in the person of Sir Antony MacDonnell, and in the increased power and prestige attached to his name and position through the revelations

which followed the sensational resignation of George Wyndham last year.

THE WYNDHAM MACDONNELL POLICY.

This Wyndham-MacDonnell policy was one of political subterfuge, an expedient peculiar to all systems of government which proceed upon the plan and principle of withholding as long as possible, and by every available means, a reform which must necessarily substitute, when it comes national for alien rule. Gerald Balfour named a similar plan as that of "killing Home Rule with kindness." Sir Antony MacDonnell might slightly amend this political nomenclature by calling it "the killing of Irish National Government with Catholics and gifts." The Under Secretary plan, according to a widespread belief, consists mainly of a desire to fill the posts of Castle Government with men who will represent the Catholic faith of Ireland in their religious convictions, in the belief that such a recognition of a creed so long banned and officially boycotted by English rulers, in a Catholic country, will gradually reconcile popular feeling and sentiment to the amended laws and administration of these rulers. Other and more useful reforms are included in this plan, such as a reform of primary and University education, a co-ordination of Castle Boards, and the creation of some Irish control over the expenditure of our taxes on the public service and needs of the country.

Rumor declares, with persistency too, that Sir Antony and his scheme hold the field at the present time against Mr. Bryce and his pronounced pro-National and Home Rule declarations and wishes. We are, therefore, anxious and expectant as to the actual truth of the statements which affirm this to be the case. The developments that may follow, while, perhaps, not wholly injurious to our National cause and hopes, are sure to add to the ever-varying interests and complexities of what is known to the world of Australasia as the Irish question.

MICHAEL DAVITT.

P.S.—I hope my friends among "Advocate" readers will pardon my long silence in a correspondence that has continued—with occasional breaks—during 23 years. Having just completed my 60th year, I cannot expect to continue what has been, to me, an agreeable means of intercourse for a further quarter of a century. But as long as my old friend Joseph Winter requests these letters, the talks about Ireland to her friends at the Antipodes will go on.—M. D.

Distinguished Sulpician Dies After Operation.

Very Rev. Daniel Maher, one of the most distinguished members of the Order of St. Sulpice in the United States, and until recently president of the St. John's (Boston) Ecclesiastical Seminary, is dead after an operation for brain tumor.

About three weeks ago Father Maher, who was affected with a tumor on the brain, was operated on by Dr. Harvey Cushing, assisted by the hospital staff. The patient had suffered intensely from headaches, which were relieved.

Father Maher was well known in Baltimore, being at one time a teacher of theology and philosophy at St. Mary's Seminary. He was a native of Altoona, Pa., and received his preliminary education at St. Charles' College, Ellicott City, and later attended the Seminary of St. Sulpice at Paris. He afterwards received the degree of doctor of philosophy at the American College in Rome.