

TALKS TO GALIC STUDENTS.

GO SAORHAY DIA EIRE.

"God Save Ireland," transcribed by Mr. James C. Mangan, of the Montreal Gaelic Society.

Go hard air chran na sgalan
Chrochu an thriur. bvi grastha lan
Le namhaid doiltha bolbha nmbloch
Agh ead der suas go teann
Les an inchean o' gach clann
Agus ead der gam aegla dian d n
crad.

Go saorhay Dia Eire ghair na laochra
Go saorhay Dia Eire ghair siad aroan
Bvi ar mbas air sgalan ard,
No i g-cath air wagh an air,
O; is cuma mas dum Eireann titim
duinn.

Giy aneasg a namhaid cruinn
D: cirgh suas a misneach dun
Mar bvi cuimvin air cairdiv vfad s
a' ngar.
Air na millium fior is teann.
Thar byfaige voir na d-teann.
As in Eirinn namv, air cairdiv ta is
fearr.

Go saorhay Dia Eire ghair siad go
h-uavreath.
Go saorhay Dia Eire ghair siad aroan
Bvi ar mbas air sgalan ard,
No i g-cath air wagh an air,
O; is cuma mas dum Eireann titim
duinn.

Grapaid suas an staighre garv,
Lavail a n gulye go h-ard is goirid
Nuair bvi curtha teud na sacsan uim
a mulin,
A-g-cois sgalaín na bpian,
Do plogadar le cion,
Do chreideav thir is saoine fior
do n bofuin.

Go saorhay Dia Eire ghuid siad le
aird guth,
Go saorhay Dia Eire ghuid siad aroan
Bvi ar mbas air sgalan ard,
No i g-cath air wagh an air,
O; is cuma mas dum Eireann titim
duinn.

Tré gach am a ta le teachd,
Beiv meawair ghium is ceart,
Air io-bhairt na fhear g-calma dum ar
tir,
S caithfidh dul air aghaly an troid,
Hi a h-inthus no grod,
Go n-deun famuid ar n-oilean aird is
saor.

Go saorhay Dia Eire dermid go h-
uavreath.
Go saorhay Dia Eire dermid aroan,
Bvi ar m-bas air sgalan ard,
No i g-cath air wagh an air,
O; is cuma mas dum Eireann titim
duinn.

The regular weekly meeting of the Montreal Gaelic Society was held in their rooms on Monday evening, the attendance being very large, the progress made since the class was organized, is something phenomenal. This is notably true of the Irish-Canadian pupils, who seem to make more progress than the Old Country element.

Mr. John P. O'Brien, 149 St. Georges street, is at present leading the class, and was highly complimented by President Lavelle, on the earnestness manifested by him to learn the language of his fathers. Mr. J. S. Fitzpatrick is a good second, while Mr. B. Feeney, unquestionably holds third place.

On Monday evening a juvenile class was organized, it was an absolute necessity, because the teachers do not want to retard the progress of pupils who are already well under way, by keeping them in the same class as beginners.

The Knights of Columbus' class will in the course of a few months be fully competent to compete with any class in America. The Sir Knights are making rapid progress with the Hon. Justice Doherty leading. Mr. J. C. Mangan is to be congratulated on the success of this class.

The ladies' class must not be forgotten. They are hard and sincere workers in the great Gaelic revival just now taking place all over the world, and the Montreal ladies should feel proud of having such an able executive at their head. Miss Stafford deserves great credit and though the number of pupils attending is small, these classes are always attended with a vim and determination worthy of the daughters of the Gael.

The project of establishing a Gaelic chair in the Catholic High School should meet with the approbation of every sincere lover of Ireland. This is the day dream of the members of the Montreal Gaelic Society, and should meet with the warm sympathy of every member of the A. O. H. in the Province. It is an old Irish motto. Those who are not with us are against us. And the action which the County Board will take on the matter will be watched with interest. So far they have been very lukewarm in support of the local classes. Now is the time to prove their sincerity on this very important matter, and show their devotion to the cause.

CONNAUGHT RANGER

The usual weekly meeting of the Ladies' Gaelic class took place on Thursday evening. In a very short time a larger class room will be needed, as so many are profiting by

Kelly, Burke and Shea.

With introductory Notes by DR. WILLIAM HENRY DRUMMOND, MONTREAL.

WRITTEN FOR THE "TRUE WITNESS" BY SPECIAL REQUEST.

Here and there, in the great mass of Irish literature, will occasionally occur one line, one passage, or even an entire verse; simple, perhaps, in thought and language, but so "true to type," and "racy of the soil," or people, that it will at once arrest attention, and command the admiration of every student and lover of Irish character. To illustrate my meaning, I may be pardoned if I quote from Davis in the "Lament for Eoghan Ruadh":

"Sure we never won a battle; 'twas Owen won them all!"

And Duffy in "The Rapparees":

"O! never fear for Ireland, for she has soldiers still;
While Rory's boys are in the wood, and Remy's on the hill;
And never had poor Ireland more loyal hearts than these—
May God be kind and good to them, the faithful Rapparees!
The fearless Rapparees!
The jewel were you, Rory, with your Irish Rapparees!"

Note how deliciously Irish is the terminal line. Again: McGee, when he says:

"Where'er I turned, some emblem still
Roused consciousness upon my track;
Some hill was like an Irish hill;
Some wild bird's whistle called me back."

Lavelle also shows the Celtic master hand in "The County of Mayo," when he exclaims:

"Tis my grief that Patrick Loughlin is not Earl of Irrull still,
And that Brian Duff no longer rules as Lord upon the hill,
And that Colonel Hugh MacGrady should be lying dead and low,
And I sailing, sailing swiftly from the County of Mayo!"

Boyle O'Reilly, too, in "My Native Land," when he utters with all the fervor of his strong soul these words:

"My first dear love, all dearer for thy grief!
My land that has no peer in all the sea
For verdure, vale, or river, flower, or leaf—
If first to no man else, thou'rt first to me."

But for an absolutely perfect study of the Irishman transplanted to the United States, I have never yet seen anything to surpass the verses entitled "Kelly, Burke and Shea," written by Joseph I. C. Clarke, an Irish-American journalist, and which poem first appeared in the New York Sun. We can imagine the scene. Three Irishmen, Kelly, Burke and Shea, have met for the purpose of having a drink and smoke together, and Shea, who is known as "the scholar," has begun to read from a newspaper the account of the Maine disaster, which has just occurred in the harbor of Havana. Shea is evidently an Irishman of the calm, studious and careful type, and apparently begins at the beginning, namely, the head-lines, but, with true Irish anxiety, his companions wish at once to ascertain whether any of their friends or countrymen have suffered death or injury by the explosion, for both men cry aloud with one voice: "Read out the names," and when Shea has gone over the list, they learn that among the dead are clansmen of their own—Kelly, Burke and Shea—and this disc very leads to many interesting reminiscences of the "fighting race."

Every incident and recollection is in ensely Irish. Witness for instance, in the second verse: "Wherever there's Kellys there's trouble," said Burke; the former gentleman accepts the implied compliment, and adds a little more on his own account and that of the Kelly family in question, which, Hibernian-like, offends Burke, who exclaims "and do we fail short?" Then Shea, unwilling to allow the Kellys and Burkes the entire monopoly of the subject, takes a hand in the game, and recalls memories of the American civil war and the charge up Mary's heights. The scene is then changed to Vinegar Hill, where the poet very delicately dyes the insurgents' pike with Hessian instead of Saxon or yeoman blood. And soon the effect of three or four good "stiff" toasts become apparent, for now Shea, who is well versed in the history of "The Brigade," sees passing before his mental vision, as in a haze, the fields of Fontenoy, Ramilies, Cremona, Lille and Ghent, where Celtic steel hewed down the ranks of many a brave army, but his voice sinks as he tells of Waterloo and Dargai. However, Irish-Americans tho' they be, they cannot refuse a tribute of admiration for the gallant soldiers of their race, no matter upon what field, or for what cause their blood is spilt. "Well, here's to good, honest fightin' blood,"

"O! the fightin' races don't die out,
For love is first in their hearts no doubt."

Primarily they fall in love, this being the first instinct; get married; another generation; then "off to the wars," leaving the young Kellys et al to grow up and follow in the footsteps of their fathers. The name of the Archangel is Michael, and he wears a sword; two good proofs of his nationality, and proud he must be when the battle-dead are mustered from every land, for there they stand, the Kellys, Burkes and Sheas, three deep, extending from

Jehosaphat, and all headed, of course, in the right direction, (thigun thu) namely, the Golden Gate, and the final toast is a general paean of rejoicing, which is most fervently Celtic, and characteristic to an Irish degree: "Well, here's thank God for the race and the sod," said Kelly and Burke and Shea.

KELLY, BURKE AND SHEA.

BY JOSEPH I. C. CLARKE.

"Read out the names!" and Burke sat back,
And Kelly drooped his head,
While Shea—they call him scholar Jack—
Went down the list of the dead,
Officers, seamen, gunners, marines,
The crew of the gig and the yawl,
The bearded man, and the lad in his teens,
Carpenters, coal-passers, all.
Then, shaking the ashes from out of his pipe,
Said Burke in an off-hand way,
"We're all in the dead-man's list, by cripes!
Kelly and Burke and Shea!"
"Well, here's to the Maine,
And I'm sorry for Spain,"
Said Kelly and Burke and Shea.

"Wherever there's Kellys, there's trouble," said Burke,
"Wherever fightin' the game,"
"Or a spice of danger in grown-man's work,"
Said Kelly, "You'll find my name."
"And do we fall short?" said Burke, getting mad,
"When its touch and go for life?"
"Its thirty odd years," said Shea, "bedad,
Since I charged to drum and fife
Up Mary's heights, and my old canteen
Stopt a rebel ball on its way!
There were blossoms of blood on our sprigs of green,
Kelly, and Burke and Shea,
But the dead didn't brag. Well, here's to the flag,"
Said Kelly and Burke and Shea.

"I wish 'twas in Ireland, for there's the place,"
Said Burke, "that we'd die by right
In the cradle of our soldier's race,
Af'er one good stand up fight.
My grandfather fell at Vinegar Hill,
And fightin' was not his trade.
But his rusty pike's in the cabin still,
With Hessian blood on the blade."
Aye! aye! said Kelly, the pikes were great
When the word was clear the way.
We were thick on the roll in ninety-eight,
Kelly and Burke and Shea."
Well, here's to the pike, and the sword, and the like,
Said Kelly and Burke and Shea.

And Shea, the scholar, with rising joy,
Said, "We were at Ramilies,
We left our bones at Fontenoy.
And up in the Pyrenees,
Before Dunkirk, on Landen's plain,
Cremona, Lille, and Ghent,
We're all over Austria, France and Spain,
Wherever they pitched a tent.
We've died for England from Waterloo
To Egypt and Dargai,
And still there's enough of a corps or crew,
Or Kelly and Burke and Shea."
Well! "He's to good honest fightin' blood,"
Said Kelly and Burke and Shea.

"Oh! the fightin' races don't die out,
If they seldom die in bed,
For love is first in their hearts, no doubt,
Said Burke; then Kelly said;
"When Michael, the Irish Archangel, stands—
The angel with the sword.
And the battle dead from a hundred lands
Are ranged in one big horde,
Our line, that for Gabriel's trumpet waits,
Will stretch three deep that day,
From Jehosaphat to the golden gates,
Kelly and Burke and Shea."
Well! "Here's thank God for the race and the sod!"
Said Kelly and Burke and Shea.

on the fidelity of the Celtic Irish race in their prolonged struggle in defence of faith and fatherland.

On hundreds of French-Canadian breasts were hung the mystic Shamrock, or bunch of green ribbon in testimony of their sympathy with their fellow Irish citizens. Among the auspicious arches should be mentioned that erected by Deputy Chief Walsh, and the one made by the officers of the Emmet Club. It would however take a column to specify all the erections and displays made for the occasion.

The bells of St. Patrick, which had received their baptismal rites the Sunday previous, rang out their joyous notes for the first time on the 17th, and gladdened all Irish hearts by their sweet peals.

St. Patrick's Day of '99 has come and gone and has left pleasant and fruitful memories behind it in Quebec.

WM. ELLISON.

DEATH OF MATHEW WALSH.

It is with sincere regret that we chronicle the death of Mr. Matthew Walsh, who was for many years a prominent parishioner of St. Mary's parish, and well and favorably known

in commercial and society circles of this city. The sad event occurred on Friday, the 17th inst. at his residence, 288 Logan's Park, West.

Deceased was born in Rosemount, Ireland, 71 years ago, and was for over forty years engaged in the furniture business in Montreal, retiring from active life five years ago. He was connected with the principal societies of St. Mary's Parish, and was for many years president of St. Vincent de Paul Society. A widow, six sons and three daughters survive him, amongst whom are Mr. J. C. Walsh, secretary of the Bar of Montreal, and Rev. Sister St. Joseph, of Cleveland, Ohio.

The funeral took place on Sunday afternoon, and was attended by a very large number of sympathizing friends. The solemn Requiem service which had to be deferred on account of the exercises of the Forty Hours Devotion, then being held in St. Patrick's Church, was chanted on Wednesday morning at 8 o'clock.—R.I.P.

At a regular meeting of the St. Ann's T. A. and B. Society, a vote of condolence was passed to the family of the late Brother member Patrick Campbell.

A WORD ABOUT THE PROTESTANT PRESS.

Below we give two communications which contain striking lessons for thoughtful and self-respecting Irish Catholics. The Gazette is one of the Protestant newspapers of Montreal which has done some service in the way of chronicling events that have taken place in the circles of Irish Catholics with that measure of impartiality, which could be expected from a Protestant newspaper. The "True Witness" has endeavored to show the necessity there is for Irish Catholics and Catholics speaking the English language, in this city, and in the Province of Quebec, to support it, in its endeavor to champion their cause.

It has also appealed to Irishmen, both in office and in the ranks of our Catholic societies, national, benevolent, temperance and quasi-insurance, to give it the exclusive right of publishing notes of their proceedings, instead of giving them to the Protestant press, which have no sympathy with their aims and objects.

For some reason we cannot perhaps appreciate there are a few members of our Catholic societies who seem inclined to give these notes to the Protestant press. The position of our correspondent whose communication was refused publication should be a warning to them. The Irish Catholics of Montreal should realize, even at this late day, that the "True Witness" is the only newspaper upon which they can rely when their interests are at stake; and we say, without any fear of being charged with egotism that were it not for the "True Witness" weekly issue the path of the Irish Catholics in Montreal would be a more difficult one to tread.

We speak thus plainly because the present management is earnestly desirous to extend the usefulness of the "True Witness," to further increase its size, which is now 12 pages, and also if possible to make it a daily visitor to Irish Catholic homes.

The subscription price is lower than any other Catholic newspaper on this continent, and there can be no excuse for Irish Catholics from a financial point of view, not to support it.

The following are the communications referred to—

To the Editor of the Gazette
Sir,—In reference to the remarks in this morning's Gazette, regarding St. Patrick's Day and Irishmen, I write to deny the insinuation it contained.

The Irish of to-day have as great reverence for St. Patrick as their ancestors had; not as an exterminator of reptiles, as you say, but as the Holy Apostle of Christianity; and they consider the shamrock not as an interesting weed, but as the symbol St. Patrick made use of to explain the mystery of the Trinity.

There was a time in Montreal, when, to cast a slur as you have done on Irishmen, would not be allowed. It is a contemptible calumny on St. Patrick to put him down as a whiskey drinker, and to say that the secret of the average Irishman's veneration for him is to be found in that fact. I think the author of that article is a fanatic and not fit to be on the staff of a journal calling itself respectable.

To the Editor of the "True Witness":

Dear Sir,—This is a copy of a letter which was sent to the Gazette last Friday noon, in reference to an article which appeared in that journal on St. Patrick's Day, which very likely you have seen. They were to publish the letter but they did not. I appeal to you as the only Catholic paper in Montreal. I thought you would have referred to it in last week's "True Witness." The Gazette had no excuse to say I had written on both sides of the paper, as my letter was in regular form. The letter was sent by a messenger to the Gazette office, and he saw Mr. White, who promised to explain how the article in question appeared, and also to discharge the man who wrote it.
J. E. M.

We would remind J. E. M., that the "True Witness" is printed on Thursday evening, each week. It was therefore impossible to refer to the Gazette's article in the last issue.

ST. ANTHONY'S YOUNG MEN.

St. Anthony's Catholic Young Men's Society, will hold a progressive Euchre Party on Friday, April 7th, in St. Anthony's Hall. Special prizes will be presented to the winners.

Toothache stopped in two minutes with Dr. Adams' Toothache Gum. 10 cents.

Prudence is common sense well trained in the art of manner, of the crimination, and of address.