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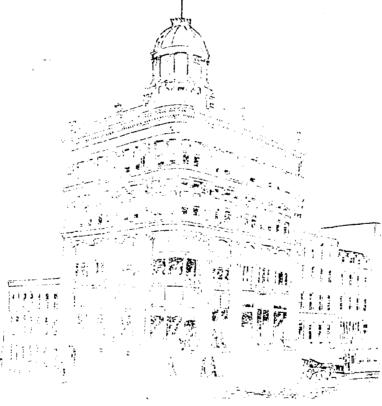
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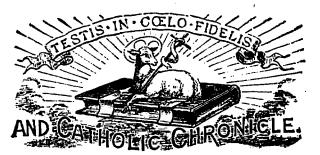
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## ST. PATRICK'S DAY

A \* Twelve \* Month's \* Retrospect.

## THE IRISH CAUSE TO-DAY.

MANY CHANGES SINCE THE 17th MARCH, 1891

## National × Prospects × for × the × Future.

over Christendom, so is their National anniversary, as it were, the day that marks the closing of one and the opening of another year for a people. Upon alone. Looking around to-day and conthat occasion it is customary to glance juring up memories of the past, he might back over the twelve months just clapsed, say, with Oliver Wendell Holmes :to examine what has been done by the Race, in the social, moral, political, national and religious spheres; to recall the names and deeds of those fellowcountrymen whom it pleased God to summon to another life during the year gone past; to draw lessons of warning from the mistakes and examples for practice from the worthy deeds that mark that period of time; to contemplate the present in all its phases; to look forward to the future, and finally to encomage each other in everything that might tend towards national advance ment and consequently future triumph. Since the last celebration of St. Pa-(ri k's Day many changes have taken Place: Death's Angel has been busy, and Jallen upon several prominent figures in b the great wor'd of public life; the aspect of the Irish National cause has had seyeral and some material mutations; clouds collected upon the horizon which are, thank God, being rapidly broken up to-day; divisions rent the patriotic ranks. which are gradually but surely being comented; and on the whole, the prospect

This time twelve months there was a suspense; it would seem as if Erin were a marked out by Heaven to be the ceaseless victim of misfortunes and explatiots. The experience of history had longht us that each time, after unheard of struggles and sacrifices, when she was waim sight of the promised land, like the wandering Israelites of old, she was destined to return into the desert of her troubles and to suffer anew the privations of suspense, and thirst for the long expected draughts of Freedom. But with the Manna of Faith the Almighty has ever fed her children in the wilderacs. I their misery, and although their hances from O'Conneil down, for different rossons, like Moses might not be given the joy of personally leading them. into the land of Liberry, still that All Wise Providence has ever awaiting them a the lature some commander destined turness in triumph the Jordan of their

for Ireland's future seems much brighter,

more promising, than it was a year ago.

Dirkly, then, as the tempest lowered in 1544, the sky of 1892 is becoming clear and hopeful. Divisions are gradually disappearing, troubles are growing less daily. Already, and that but the other i day, did an important English constituency speak, with no uncertain sound, in t favor of Home Rule for Ireland. The prospects of a coming general election is cheering to the lovers of the old land. by the light of experience there can be little doubt but that a giant stride is soon to be made in the Home Rule cause. There is quite a change in the personnet of that party which has done so much, in so few years, for the advancement of Irish interests. The once potent leader , and mighty organizer is to-day a conspicuous figure on the page of history; many of his friends, allies, supporters have either gone over to the silent majority, or have left the arena of public life. Conspicuous amongst the members of the Irish party, and now more conspicuous by his absence, was the vener- change—to the victory of Home Rule in congregate in any number, no matter in faith and fatherland. On every pillar a master of the art to interpret. Mr.

O NCE again has the 17th of March, able O'Gorman Mahon. John Pope the Irish national day, come Hennessy is another of the prominent around. As the First of January political magnets who has paid nature's is the beginning of the New Year all last debt and quit the field of life. Of all the men who played conspicuously in tne Irish Drama, from 1840 till to day,

Sir Charles Gavan Duffy remains almost

"I feel like one who treads alone Whose joys have fled, and friends are dead, And all but he departed."

There is one, an illustrious son of the Church, a light,-and not the least one —in the evening sky of our century, a man who, although not an Irishman, has been a most powerful friend of the old land and a potent advocate of her cause, —the now immortal and ever to be Ismented Cardinal Manning, Catholic Ireland owes him a deep debt of gratitude, and green shall be his memory in the hearts of our people, and frequent the prayers that shall ascend from a grateful race, for his eternal glory and happiness. It would be unfair to skip in his passage the shadow of his wing has of that grand apostie of all the noblest principles that our Holy Church! professes and inculcates. It would be impossible for us to go over, in the short space at our disposal, the names and deeds of the prominent members of the Church and the conspicuous Irishmer, who, during the year just elapsed, have disappeared from the scene; but there is one whom Montreal can never forget, whose labors in the "fold of Christ" were great and fruitful, whose Irish nationalism was of the stern, faithful fee ing of dread, of deep anxiety over and undying stamp. Needless, almost, cause was menaced with a blow that St. Patrick's, the Reverend Father Dowd. seemed only the more terrible in the It is not necessary to relate the events of his life; they are impressed upon the memories of the people, and have been recorded in all their beautiful and edifybroad Dominion. When we entered St. Patrick's Church to attend the celebration of the Adorable Sacrifice. we instinctively felt that, amidst all the pomp of ceremony and glory of decoration, there was a vacant chair, that in the harmonic swell of hymns blending with peal of organ, there was a voice silent forever more. How many St. Patrick's Days had be not filled Ithat seat; on how many an anniversary of the national festival did not his accents blend in prayer, or canticle, or awaken the echoes of the familiar temple with his earnest appeals! In the words of the greatest of all Irish Canadian poets we can but say of Father

> Where shall we find his equal? Where? Naught can availhim now but prayer." Miserere Domine.

In the records of the last year we find the deaths of several prominent Irishmenacing encouragement is augmenting | men of Montreal, men, who, in their respective spheres, were an honor to our race and a loss to the community. But while the Messanger of Death darted hither and thither, cutting on all sides, there was another Spirit abroad in the land-the guardian Angel of our nation-If the signs of the times are to be read ality. Under its direction we have seen the great progress made by Irishmen in Canada. Their influence in the higher spheres is daily and perceptibly augmenting, and they are gradually and surely becoming a powerful factor in the great composition of Cahada's future. May the 17th March, 1893 dawn upon a people still further advanced along the highway that we have so successfully trod since 1891! May the annals of the coming year contain as few as possible of our good Irish names upon the death enthusiastic Teuton bard; and similarly happily suggestive of the twin causes page! May the writer of next year's retrospect be able to point to a still greater of the Emerald Isle that wherever they sons and daughters of the Emerald Isle intricacies of vocalization which required

Ireland and the complete enfranchise what part of the habitable globe it may

TRUE WITNESS we have undertaken se-Catechism clases and has brightened their | hue. Indeed the supply of the prospects, warmed their fervor, and illumined their studies. We are grateful to seemed inexhaustible. A large number all our readers and patrons for the en of store-windows throughout the city couragement they have given us-still were gaily decorated with Irish national more deeply thank ul to those who have emblems, and the green and gold flag, given tangible evidence of their renewed | with the harp and the shamrock, flutterconfidence in co-operating with us in our | ed in the breeze from many a house-top. efforts to build up a really good and great | The procession was in every way a splen-Catholic newspaper for our country. We did success. The richly caparisoned

ment of a long-suffering and patient na- be, there also will be found the Church of ners and streamers could be seen. The God. The ardor of their patriotism lends | choir gallery was magnificently decora-Each one in this world judges the ge. sublimity to their faith, and the anniverneral progress from its effects upon his sary of their patron saint is consequently individual prospects; on that principle with them a double celebration-religiit may be pardonable for us to glance, for ous and national. All round the earth a short moment, at the advancement to-day there is a vast chain of loving made by the TRUE WITNESS since last St. hearts which throbs in patriotic uni-Patrick's Day. Not only has our circul- son; and Montreal forms one of the ation augmented, but the approval, ex- largest links in that golden chain. From pressed in correspondence from all sides, any early hour in the morning the Irish upon the tone and programme of their people were astir. The whole city may organ, should suffice to encourage us for fairly be said to have worn a holiday asthe coming year, and to cheer us along the | pect. As the nour for the assembling of course of purely Catholic journalism the processionists arrived the streets which we have adopted. Besides the through which it had been arranged that they should pass, were thronged with veral publications and foremost amongst | thousands of men, women and children, them The Sunbeam. Like a ray of light most of them wearing sprigs of shamfrom a glowing source that little paper rock, green ribbons, and other garmenhas fallen among the children of the tary embellishment of the same immortal

have not the slightest fear for the future; steeds pranced gracefully along, with

Chosen leaf of bard and chief



THE PREACHER OF THE DAY,

The Reverend Father Fahey, of St. Patrick's, the eloquent preacher of the day, is yet in the prime of life, full of vigor, energy, eloquence and patriotism. He was born in the Cuy of Quebec, thirty-six years ago. He is of Irish parentage; therefore a thorough Irishman in sentence and true Canadian in principle. He made a brilliant classical course at St. Mary's Jesuit College, Montreal, whence he passed to the Sulpician Sentinary of the Montreal College. There, after a full theological course, he was ordain-sel priest on the 20m March 1880. During seven years Father Fahey was attached to the Point St. Charles mission. In 1887 he was removed to the parish of Dundee, and during three years he ministered, as pastor, to the spiritual wants of the good people of that district. In 1890 he was recalled to Montreal and his since been attached to St. Patrick's Church in this city. Since the day of his ordination, Father Fahey has exhibited untring devotion in the cause of the Aurch Incly and in country he has been noted for his unceasing exertions in the spiritual interests of the fathful confided to his care. His his unceasing exertions in the spiritual inferests of the faithful confided to his care. His varied in the pulpit has ever been eloquently and effectively raised to warn, counsel and guide, to instruct, encourage and evangelize. The glowing sermon, replete with sentiments of priestly devotion and patrione tervor, which we give below, nitrors in liself the mild of the man. The young orator has yet, we trust, many long years of usefulness before him in the fields of Catnolic labor—years which we hope will be marked with booth, channels only example.

ing details by every journal in this mission—the advocacy of Irish rights gold lace so profusely worn, glittering in and privileges, and the defence of Catho- the sunlight with dazzling brilliance

> this year the best and completest St. Patrick's Day special that has ever been produced in Canada.

> In Montreal the great festival was celebrated with the customary patriotic and religious fervor. The annual recurrence of St. Patrick's Day is always eagerly looked forward to by the Irishmen of the eloquent and soul-stirring sermons, a by well-known orators are delivered-ad-

with this number do we set out upon our their beautifully-uniformed riders, the Cheer after theer went up as the bands The grand celebration of St. Patrick's passed by playing national airs that re-Day, this year, augurs well for the future called to the throngs which lined the of our people in this city and all over route the memories of the reverent and Canada. The religious fervor in the faithful nation from which they sprung Church, the patriotic emulation in the -her joys and her sorrows, her hopes out-door demonstration, the splendid ar- and her aspirations, her chequered past rangements of the concerts, the calm, and bright future. The utmost enthupractical and honest tone of the addressiasm prevailed, and it is not too much ses, the refined and elevating spirit of the to say that notwithstanding the vast entertainments, are so many indices of crowds who occupied the streets and the improvement, progress and great hope, sidewalks, the demonstration was one of Before giving the following reports of the the most orderly that has ever been held day's proceedings we desire to thank the in this city. Grand Mass was, as usual, different gentlemen who furnished us celebrated in St. Patrick's Church, in with the programmes, notes, or contri- which every available space was occubutions, thereby enabling us to present | pied, hundreds having been unable to obtain admission.

The various societies mustered on Craig street shortly after nine o'clock, and proceeded to St. Patrick's Church.

THE INTERIOR OF THE CHURCH.

The interior of St. Patrick's Church was very handsomely decorated, and city, and no pains are spared to give to great credit is due to Mr. S. Young, the the occasion all the celat which can be sexton, for the taste he displayed in arimparted to it by gorgeous religious rites, | ranging the embellishments. On the Epistle side of the altar was a green brilliant pageant parading the principal harp, six feet in height, lighted up by a streets, concerts in the evening, in which number of green lamps, placed at short songs and airs redolent of the dear old intervals over the whole frame. On the land beyond the sea form the chief items Gospel side was a large green Celtic on the programme, and at which addresses cross, similarly illuminated. The Archbishop's throne was neatly decked with dresses in which all the glories of Ire- both the Papal and the Irish colors. land's magnificent past and hopeful High above the sanctuary was a crown, present are set forth in ornate language. from which depended wide streamers, in Where'r the German tongue is spoken, the hues of which the Pontifical and the there you'll hear of fatherland," sings an | Hibernian colors were also intermingled, it may be said of the sons and daughters | which are so dear to the hearts of the difficult production bristling with all the

the same combination of decorative ban. ted with bunting of the prevailing tints, and on the front of it was the following inscription :- "Harp of Erin, send forth His praises."

As the grand marshal, Alderman his seat about half past ten o'clock, the organ pealed forth the inspiring stmins of "St. Patrick's Day." As soon as the members of the various societies had arrived and taken their seats His Grace Archbishop Fabre, in his gorgeous vestments, slowly emerged from the sacristy followed by a long train of priests and choir-boys. His Grace pontificated at the Grand Mass, the assistant priest being the Very Rev. Vicar-General Marechal, with the Rev. Father Donnelly, of St. Anthony's, and the Rev Father Lonergan, of St. Bridget's, as Deacons of Honor; Rev. Father Dolan as Deacon of the Mass and Rev. Father Clarke as Sub-deacon of the Mass. The Master of Ceremonies was Rev. Father Perrin; and Mr. Redihan was thurifer; Messrs. Murray and Harold, acolytes; Mr. Skelly, candle-bearer; Mr. Gallon, cross-bearer, and Mr. Dollard, mitrebearer. Amongst the clergy present in the sanctuary were Rev. Fathers Quinlivan, Toupin, James Callaghan, of St. Patrick's; Salmon, O'Donnell, of St. Mary's: O'Meara, Casey, and Therien, of St. Gabriels; Portier, Lelandais, Laliberte, Denis, of the Montreal College; Bourgeois, C. S. V., Cote des Neiges; Latraverse; Delinelle, chaplain of the Good Shepherd; Foley, and Beaubien, Sault an Recollet; De Foiville, Lassiseraye. cure of Lake St. Francis; Rioux, C.S. S.R., of St. Anne's; De Repentigny, of St. Cunegonde.

#### ST. PATRICK'S CHOIR.

In the midst of the great gathering of associations and societies which entered the portals of St. Patrick's Church on St. Patrick's Day, none are descrying of more praise for the earnest manner in which they discharged the duties devolving upon them than the members of St. l'atrick's Choir. This valuable association is slowly moving towards the completion of a period of existence embracing two generations, and its members. the greater number of whom have been born on the banks of the St. Lawrence, yet nevertheless deem it consistent with their loyalty and devotion to Canada that at frequent intervals during the year, and more especially on the 17th of March, they should wear the garments and symbols of the nationality of their fathers, as well as sing and chant in sareligious and national celebrations. Upon entering the stately old edifice the grand organ was heard pealing forth in thunder tones its vigorons tribute to Ireland's patron Saint, St. Patrick. The ever inspiring "St. Patrick's Day"-The unjestic air, "let Erin remember the days of old," followed in the softest whispers by many of those sad strains which characterize a number of the Irish talented and energetic director of the choir Prof. J. A. Fowler was occupying his seat before the manuals. The musical portion of the service con-

sisted of the Kyrie, Gloria and Credo by celebrated Nini. The manuscript of which Prof. Fowler seemed during a visit to sunny Italy and also the beautiful and prayerful Sanctus and Agnus Dei of Mercadante. The chorus was the of the choir gallery since the memorable celebrations of the O'Connell centenary and under the guidance of the director and leader performed highly creditable work-more particularly in the Gloria and Credo when the volume of sound was really grand. Throughout the entire service the choral singing was skilful and reflected the greatest credit upon the members. The orchestra was of larger proportions than usually heard in St. Patrick's, and under the calm supervision of Gruenwald, did most effective work. The solo parts were entrusted to such able amateurs as Messrs. John Rowan, J. P. Hammill, E. Hewitt, E. F. Casey and H. M. Bolger. The burden of the solo parts fell to Mr. John Rowan, who possesses a rich sympathetic tenor voice which he uses with all the wisdom and cleverness of an artist. At the Offertory Mr. James F. Egan rendered with orchestral accompaniment the bass solo, Neukomu's "Conprina Hoc Deus" a most

Egan, although a resident of the West is well-known to the worshippers at St. Patrick's and highly esteemed by the members of the choir as an artist of a high order. He fully sustained that reputation by the manner in which he used his powerful and melodious voice. Mr. P. F. McCaffery wields the baton with all Patrick Kennedy, M.P.P., marched up to the precision of an accomplished leader, and assisted Prof. Fowler in conducting one of the most artistic musical services ever rendered by the choir for many

Prof. Fowler is to be congratulated for the efficiency displayed by the choir. He has spared no effort in the desire to develop not only the resources necessary for the discharge of the functions associated with the regular services of the Church, but he has likewise entered into the work of assisting National Societies and charitable organizations in promoting their objects. He is a veritable "Father to the Choir" in a social sense, dispensing that true and unostentatious hospitality which has served in such a great measure to create a spirit of unity and good-fellowship among the members. Prof. Fowler has now completed his 25th year as director of the choir and it would be most opportune for the parishioners to act in conjunction with the past and present members of the Choir in the endeavor to give some testimony of their appreciation for a "Silver Jubilee" for service of such a high order as Prof. Fowler may justly lay claim to in the ranks of St. Patrick's Congregation.

Officers of the Choir:—A. G. Grant, honorary president; Robert Warren; president; G. A. Carpenter, honorarysecretary; P. F. McCaffrey, assistantconductor; Prof. J. A. Fowler, organist and conductor.

#### THE SERMON.

The sermon was preached by the Rev. Father Fahey, who spoke as follows :—

"This is the day which the Lord hath made, let us rejoice and exult therein. Ps. 150th.

Most Reverend Archbishop, Rev. Clergy, . Dear Brethren :- At the sight of this vast, most pious and respectable congregation, composed of our most beloved and esteemed Archbishop, his respected clergy, and you, dear brathren, the worthy sons of Erin; on beholding this beautifully decorated temple, its ornamented altars and its ministers in gorgeous array, I ask myself, what calls. forth this magnificent display? This morning, the atmosphere re-school our national airs, emblematic of victory, and unfurled to the breeze, you proudly carried your patriotic and religious bancred and national song. That the mem- ners; on your bosoms you lovingly wear bers of St. Patrick's Choir have been the green immortal shamrock, indicathe pioneers in the good work is tive of your belief in the triune God, amply verified by a glance at the and why this manifestation of joy. early history of the musical portion of our | Because to-day we commemorate the anniversary of an immortal hero; a conqueror, not of earthly domains nor of perishable treasures, but of immortal souls, because Holy Mother the church chants to-day the praises of one of her most exalted saints, whose successful career and zeal for the glory of God is unrivalled in the annals of ecclesiastical history; because to day, we, the sons of Erin, in an especial manner, celebrate melodies gave the assurance that the the feast of the greatest of benefactors, one who procured for us a gift, compared with which, all earthly treasures are insignificant. What is this gift; divine faith. That faith which has baffled the tempests of ages; that faith which indissolubly unites us to the true church, which settles all our doubts, sustains us in the sufferings of life, justifies us at the hour of death, that faith without which, says the Apostle, it is imposlargest which has occupied the precincts sible to please God. Let others then boast of their royal birth, of being the children of the great men of the earth; we will glory in being the dutiful children of the church, because we thus walk in the path of salvation, which is that of faith accompanied by good works, adds the Apostle St. James. Who is this. conqueror, apostle, and benefactor?

#### ST. PATRICK,

the glorious patron of Ireland. Can we not, therefore, most justly rejoice to day in our saint, who has brought us out of the land of Egypt into the land of Canaan, who withdrew., us from the darkness of error to the bright light of Christianity. In the words, therefore, of my text, let us exult, for this is the day which. the Lord hath made. Let our prayers like the inceuse which ascends before God's altars, soar aloft to day before the throne of St. Patrick in Heaven, thanking God, the giver of all good gifts. through his instrumentality for this incomparable boon, beseeching him that Almighty God may not only preserve

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FOUR.]

BEN HEBER (THE HILL OF HOWTH) | total abstinance brings in its train he ( BY RICHARD DALTON WILLIAMS.)

I rambled away, on a festival day,
From vanity, glare, and noise,
To caim my soul, warre the wavelets roll,
In solitude's holy Joys.
By the lonely cliffs, whence the white gull starts,
Where the causering sea-plaks blow,
And the Irish rose, on the purple quartz
Bends over the waves below.
Where the ramaline chogs, and the samphire
swings.

swings,
And the long laminaria trails,
And the sea-bird springs on his snowy wings
To blend with the distant sails.

I leaned on a rock, and the cool waves there Plash'd on the shingles round;
And the breath of nature iff ed my hair—
Bear-God'how the accor' Thy child is fair!—
And a gush of memory, t ars, and pray'r
My spirit a moment drawn'd.
I bowed me down to the rappling wave—
For a swiit satiglided near,
And the spray, as it felt upon pebble and shell,
Received, it may be a tear

For well I remember the festal days
On this shore, that Hy-Brassil seemed—
The friends I trusted, the dreams I dream'd,
Perchance a dream of a land redeem'd,
Perchance 'iwas a dream of love.
When first I trod on this breezy sod
To me it was holy ground,
For genus and beauty—rays of God—
Like a swarm of stars shone round.

Well! well! I have learned rude lessons since then.
In the's disenchanted hall.
I have scanned the motives and ways of men,
And the skeleton grins thro' all.
Of the great heart-treasure of hope and trust,
I exulted mine own
Remains, in this down-trod temple of dust,
But faith in God alone.

I have seen too off the domino torn And the mask from the face of men,
To have aught save a smile of tranguil scorn
For and I believed in then
Myday is dark as the night with woes,
And my dreams are of hattles lost,
Ofeclipse, phantoms wreeks, and foes,
And of extles tempest tost.

No more, no more! on this dreary shore I'll hear a c otna—song;
With the early dead is my lonely bed—
You shall not call me long;
I fade away to a home of clay,
With not one dream initialed;
My wreathless brow in the dust I bow,
My heart and harp are stilled.

Oh, would I might rest when my soul departs;
Where the cut-tering seas, links blow,
And the Irish rose, on the purple quarts,
Proops over the waves move—
Where the crystals gream in the caves about,
Like virtue in manione soils,
And the Victor Sea, with a thunder-shout,
Thro' the breach in the rock-wait rolls.

#### BOURGET COLLEGE.

### THE STUDENTS

Literary Entertainment on Monday Evening, the 11th March.

brated; but in our institutions of education the young generation is taught to have many the dealy and artistional many the dealy and artistical production of the second secon look upon this day as one of reagious as well as national importance. The students of the Bourget College, Rigard. P.Q., gave on Monday night, a splended entertainment. The codege band furnished the music and it was of high order. The principal feature of the evening was an original Trish drama, in four acts, entitled "More sinned against than sinning." The following is the cast of characters:

old sod Balz ce, a remnant
Of the Empire J Rancourt,
Bergsant Snipes D A. Kennedy,
John Jameson Louis Larche,
Andy,
Tom, Smugglers, J H, Decocnie,
Joe, J John Wylie, ..Dan. Conway,

Between the acts the evening was enenlivened with well executed gymmastic believing age, when faith and religion the dram dis personna:-

features, dramatic and musical of the learned and crudite publications dealing one of great interest. Mr. I. Pellerin, plause, programme were, still the event of the with the Redeemer and His saving doc- recited, with emotion and eloquence expressed has strong approval of these. The complaint of very many unbelievers, tions he gave evidence of a rich, deep, patriotic events in the homes of education. After appealing to the young had not the will to believe. They powerful voice. His singing is simply taining a two hours and a half as any tion. After appealing to the young had not the will to believe. Why? He splendid. We doubt not but that a pro- of them had encoyed for a long time. men to study the great deeds of the Cer- would reserve this question for a future tic race and to strive, in after life, tal discourse. There could be only one Faith emulate the examples set by the good since it was founded upon truch, upon and great, he gave a rapid glance at God's own Word; and truth was one and the story of Ireland's past, her success and reverses and then gave vent to sentiments of strong Canadian patriotism. A union of races, aiding each other in the struggle for Canada's future greatness; a union of hearts upon this free soil, where we enjoy that Home Rule for which the old land so yearns and so suffers; such a union did he edvocate. In his peropation, the eloquent gentleman, stirred into flame every ember of patriotic emotion in the breasts of his bearers. The splended entertainment closed with "St. Patrick's Day," by the College band.

#### ST. PATRICK'S T. A. & B. SO-CIETY.

Monthly Meeting on Sunday - Address by Rev. Father Elllott, C.P.

The monthly meeting of the St. Patrick's T. A. & B. Society was held on Sunday afternoon, after vespers. The meeting was opened with religious exercises in St. Patrick's church. The attendance of members and friends of the society was very large. Rev. Father Elliott, C.P., one of the band of missionaries from New York, who are to open a four week's mission in St. Patrick's parish, beginning next Sunday, and who preached at the So'clock Mass, profitted

spoke at considerable length of the still greater spiritual fruits of sobriety, and arged a strong spirit of fellowship among the members, which would make them not only be united together in mutual support, but, if properly understood, would make them real missionaries to to 16 persons. The business meeting was presided over by Hon. Senator Murphy. The minutes and reports were submitted by the secretary, Mr. J. J. Costigan, and several new members were admitted. Notices of motion of certain changes in the constitution were given by Mr. Jas. Tiernay and Mr. J. H. Feeley. The secretary announced the death which occurred on Saturday, of Mr. Andrew Emerson, who was for over fifty years a faithful member of the society, and the chair-man paid a feeling tribute to the deceas ed. Resolutions of condolence were adopted, on motion of Mr. A. Martin, seconded by Mr. A. Brogan. Short addreses were delivered Mr. P. Doyle, Mr. M. Sharkey, Mr. J. H. Feeley and Mr. J. J. Physical address. A meeting of the com-Ryan and others. A meeting of the com-

mittee of management was held subsequently, Mr. A. Brogan in the chair. A special general meeting of the so-ciety will be held on the 22nd inst. to nominate officers for the ensuing year. The annual meeting will be held on the

#### ONE FAITH, ONE CHURCH.

Eloquent Discourse by Father Gaffre, O P., in the Church of Notre Dame On Sunday last, in the Church of Notre Dame, the Rev. Father Gaffre, O.P., the loquent Dominican preacher from St. Hyacinthe, delivered the second of his Lenten course of sermons on the sulject: "One God, One Faith, One Church." He treated of "Faith;" and his masterly discourse was listened by a congregation which tilled the vast editice in every ST. PATRICK'S DAY CELEBRATED BY available part, a large number of persons being obliged to remain standing owing to the impossibility of obtaining seats. At the outset he strongly ant-A Splendid Musical, Dramatic and madverted upon the indifference display ed by many Catholics in regard to the study of the scripture and of the works written by Christian master-minds up in the Word of God. He particularly con-Not only in the outside world is the demned the practice of leaving the universary of Ireland's patron saint color. meniture. Only a few days previously he was in the home of a Canadian Catholic family, the head of which was a practical and devoted member of the imrch, and a man of cultivated tastes He saw one of these ornamental Bibles on the table and being somewhat curious as to what portion of it were generally opened for perusal, he turned over the over and saw, from the appearance of the leaves, that only certain pages had been read. Were these the pages in which Christ expounded His sublime principles of morality? Were they the Gospel of St. Luke, or of St. Matthew, or of St. John the Evangelist? No. They were pages of the Old Testament on which were recorded facts relating to the manners of the ancient Jews-facts which could not be read about with edification, and which had evidently been After the speech of the evening, a works as Renan's impious "Lite of chestra gave a selection of Irish airs artableau vivant of St. Patrick was present-christ" or Strauss's blasphemous book ranged by Baffe. This was followed by ed, an admirable piece of scenic display. On the same subject, instead of to Das a Mount St. Louis Quartet "Killiarney." Attrative and entertaining as a time panloup's "Life of Christ," and other! absointe. The Catholic's faith rested upon an immutable truth, which was the foundation upon which the Church securely rested. Protestants did not possess the Faith. Their religion was a matter of personal impression, individual emotion, individual judgment. The impressions, emotions, and judgments of some of them with regard to religion were the exact opposites of those of others; and as truth could not contradict itself, their beliefs could not be true. The supreme act of Faith was the sub-mission of the reason to God. "Be ye therefore perfect, as your Heavenly Father is perfect." The perfect man, from the natural point of view, was he who gave up his reason to be illuminated with the sacred light of faith. "He who wished to follow Christ must renounce himself." What was meant by himself? Was it not man's innermost being, man's reason? Self-renunciation, then-the

### ARE YOU DEAF

renunciation of reason itself—was a con-

dition of faith. Father Tissot closed a keenly, logical and eloquent discourse

by appealing to Catholibs to show their

gratitude for the priceless geft of faith

by leading lives conformable to the will of God as made known through Christ,

His S∘n.

## MOUNT ST. LOUIS INSTITUTE.

The Pupils Celebrate St. Patrick's Day on Monday, the 11th.

At half-past three on Monday after-Cal aghan, Therien, Nolin, S.J., and several other prominent ecclesiastics.

The following was the splendid programme-a real literary and musical menu-that the Brothers and pupils presented. Great credit should be given the committee of arrangements for the efficient manner in which every detail was carried out, and Professor McGuirk deserves the hignest praise for the delicious and well chosen selections that his fine orchestra discoursed during the afternoon.

The first item was an "Andante Master M. Warrington. The poem was might be styled,-for his example of de-

He referred to the Irish statestory. men, orators and poets and pictured the scenes that the story of the old hand has indebtedly impressed upon every Insh Col. Francis T. Colby and Peter Miller, of mind. Over Europe he traced the career of the Irish soldier, and showed how the Paquet and Harbour. There will be a O'D annell's of Spain and the McMahons special religious service held in Notre good things they enjoyed, and lessen the number of victims of drink. During the mission he and his fellow-priests of the Panist order would not overlook the cause of temperance, but would do all they could to promote it. He hade the members persevere in their pledge and cave them his by the purity of the members persevere in their pledge and cave them his his home they could be and the proven abroad that were they only free at home they could build up and defined at home they could noon the hall of the Mount St. Louis of France and the Dil oos of Austria had Dame church by His Grace Archbishop College was thrown open, and about eight proven abroad that were they only free | Fubre, during the holding of the convenmembers persevere in their pledge and gave them his blessing. After the sermon Rev. J. A. McCallen, rev. president of the society, administered the pledges to 16 persons. The business meeting was presided over by Hon. Senator Murphy. Mrs. Curran. Amongst the members of of ruces upon Canadian soil, and the duty the clergy were Fathers Donnelly, Luke we have to inculeate into the new genhis peroration, our great Irish-Catholic or itor touched every chord in the heart and his breath seemed to stir up the waters of patriotic feeling, till they swelled beyond their confines and overflowed. It was really a glorious tribute: to the old land, a beautiful and well-deserved compliment to the Christian Brothers of Mount St. Louis, and a fitting conclusion to one of the neat st, most appropriate and eloquent St. Patrick's Day addresses ever delivered in Montreal. Mr. Curran resumed his seat amidst loud applause.

Waltz," by Larne, rendered in superb style by the students composing the Mount St. Louis band. This was followed by a gem-like recitation-a poem thanks to the orator of the evening. In composed by Mr. James Donnelly (now a so doing Mr. Foran said that Mr. Curran member of the order), for the occasion, had also to be thanked for the continued and delivered in admirable style by and eloquent speech that his whole life

HON. E. J. FLYNN. Commissioner of Crown Lands and Irish-Catholle Representative in the Quebec Cabinet.

accompanied with a beautiful bouquet votion to the old land and fidelity to the which reflected no credit upon them, presented to the hidy mayoress. Then new, of constant love of and labor to came a solo, "Trois Fleurs," sung in his Irish fellow-countrymen, might be more than ordinary good style. After called a perjetual sermon on patriotism. sought for out of idle curiosity. How an overture by the orchestra the drama, Mr. Foran expressed his pleasure and differently would a novel by Dumas fits, "Prince of Arragon," was placed upon bearing that beautiful poem of his Zola, Oueda, or Daudet have been treat- the boards and acted in a spirited and friend, James Donnelly (Brother Romus). ed! This was a rationalistic and un promising manner. The following were

After the curtain fell for the last time splendid. We doubt not but that a pro- of them had enjoyed for a long time. mising future awaits Mr. Cumingham in event of the afternoon, the address by

#### MR. J. J. CURRAN, Q.C., M.P.

On coming forward, Mr. Curran was received with a hearty welcome. He opened by the statement that he did not intend intruding a lengthy speech upon the audience since the students had so well done their parts and the entertainment had been so successful. He con- Preparing for the Annual Convention gratulated the good Brothers, directors of the Institute, upon the magnificent display that their pupils had made and congratulated the pupils upon having such masters to guide them and such a attention, in terms of eloquence which Canadian students upon this occasion;

hearing that beautiful poem of his "L'Irlande," delivered in French, by exercises by the students, and choice more act, entitled "The old Landlord." The characters were:—

Mr. Oldren's Lohn Mesorley, Graphy Blomespan, his servant Lohn Corners (Alberto) Listed Bancourt, Sammon, Framers (Listed Bancourt, Cammon), Framers (Listed Banc French Canadian, in honor of Ireland's Pair in Saint. He said that upon the sky peared a galaxy of poets,—the first star in that constellation is certainly the fattres.

never to part;
O write not his epitaph—let it be graven.
By grantude deep on each patriot heart. Graffin he might hide his identity under upon the "Prince of Arragon," the ore the garb and name of a Christian Brother, but he cond I never efface from the scroll of Canadian literature the name of James Donnelly. These it-The next feature in the programme was marks were received with great ap-

The Mayor then presented, in the occasion was the able and cloquent ad trines. They always took care to read another of Mr. James Donnelly's poems name of the audience, the vote of that ks dress delivered by Mr. H. J. Cloran, B.C., only those works which dealt with the "L'Irfunde." Then came Mr. A. G.Cam thus moved, and a ter a selection from L.D., of Montreal. Mr. Cleran complingative side. Addressing himself to ningham's "Will-of the Wisp," in which the band—the playing of the Irish thus moved, and a ter a selection from their successful entertainment, and then that it was essentially an act of the will. that he was recalled. In both his selections are their successful entertainment, and then that it was essentially an act of the will. about as pleasant, instructive and enter-

Rev. Brother Stephen and all his good the domain of song. The well-trained Brothers deserve the highest praise for choir of the Institute gave in first class the manner in which they have com-for it was the evidence of the good musics that the Christian Brothers of the Mount at training of the pupis-came the St. Louis Institute may receive all the encouragement they deserve; and to their grand college we say Esta Perpetua, and to themselves, in their noble work, we say—" God speed you?"

#### CATHOLIC ORDER OF FOR-ESTERS.

Which Will be Held in Montreal.

The ninth annual convention of the Catholic Order of Foresters is to be held in Montreal, commencing probably on noble institution wherein to receive their June 7 next, and arrangement have al early training. Then Mr. Curran drew ready been completed with the several railway and steamboat companies for he so well commands, to the significance largely reduced fares for delegates atof the union of the Irish and French tending the convention from the United States and Canada. It is expected that he hoped that when St. Jean Baptiste Day is very large number of desegates will would come around that, as to night, attend the convention and make their the same two elements would be found headquarters at the St. Lawrence Hall side by side, shoulder to shoulder, emulating the example of all good Canadians gaged. The business meetings will be and practising in youth what in after life held in the hall of Cabinet de lecture they should follow out—namely, a union Paroissial. A very large number of a new method, will be pieuse to send into parof races upon our glorious soil. Catholic elergymen are expected to be ticulars free. Address Reaucher Clifeton, 8 Sheher of powerful eloquence, present from the United States, and Shepherd's Place, Kennington Park, London, by his short stay of twenty-four hours in the city, on his way to Ottawa, to address the society. After a brief review of the temporal advantages which deep pathos and elegant diction, the among delegates already named to come s E, England.

young people the records of a grand his- | Kerschau, John Bednoiz, Ludger and Drolet of Kankakee; Rev. Fathers

A Touching Scene that has Become Historical.

ME evening before his death, while the workeren were busy with the scaffold, a young lady was ushered into his dungeon. It was the girl whom he so fondly loved, and who had now come to bid him her eternal farewell. He was leaning, in a melancholy mood, against the window-frame of his prison, and the heavy clanking of his irons smote dismaily on her heart. The interview was bitterly affecting, and melted even the callous soul of the jailer. As for Emmet, he wept and spoke little; but, as he pressed his betoved in silence to his bosom, his countenance betrayed his emotions. In a low voice, half-choked by anguish, he besought her n t to forget him; he reminded her of their former happiness, of the long past days of their childhood, and concluded by requesting her sometimes to visit the scenes where their infancy was spent, and, though the world might repeat his name with scorn, to cling to his memory with effection. At this very instant the evening bell pealed from the neighboring church. Eannet started at the sound! and as he felt that this was the last time that he should ever hear its dismal echoes, he folded his beloved still closer to his heart, and bent over her shrinking form with eyes streaming with affection. The turnkey entered at that moment; ashamed at his weakness, he dashed the rising drop from his eye, and a frown again lowe ed on his countenance. The man, meanwhile, approached to tear the ady from his embraces. Overcome by his fee ings, he could make no resistance; but as he gloomily released her from his hold, gave her a little miniature of himsell, and, with this parting token of attachment, he imprinted the last kisses of a dying man upon her lips. On gaining the door she turned round, as if to gaze once more on the object of her Saturday evenings; "An effort to shorten widowed love. He caught her eye as she the hours of work for clerks and others retired-it was but for a moment; the dungton door swing back upon its evenings is most commendable. Many binges; and as it closed after her, in- lose their health by such prolonged hours formed him too surely that they had met of labor, and are little fit for Sunday for the last time on earth.

Oh! co'd is the grave where he silently slumhers. Where naught but the wild-bird his requiem

ings; e sad let the minstrel-boy breathe the wild Sings;
There sad let the minstrel-boy breathe the wild mumbers
Of greet o'er the plaintive harp's sorrowing string.
Calm, ca.m, is his sleep, and unsulfied his

In the shade of the laurels his martyrdom won, And long let his name be emblazon'd in story— Green Isle of the ocean't thy patriot son,

Oh, sweet be his rest, while in sorrow we wait And mourn o'er his fate in our tremulous songs! Green Erin! oh, soft let thy bards proudly hail

him
As the hero who bled for thy desolate wrongs;
Twine, twine the sad harp with cypress and willow, That shade with their foliage, his mouldering urn Bedewed with the tear drops that bathe his cold

pillow, Where sleeps the lone relics of him whom we mourn.

Or the Tragram perfume of the wild heather biossom

But his spirit has fled to a happer heaven—where the hight shades of heroes meet ed. They are very old and said to be the style of the time of Louis XIV. There

sweet harp of my country! let thy sorrowing Breathe o'et the cold grave of him whom we  $\frac{\mathrm{Weep}_{s}}{\mathrm{A}\ \mathrm{Lot}\ \mathrm{natiow}\ \mathrm{with\ music flie}\ \mathrm{spot}\ \mathrm{where}\ \mathrm{he}\ \mathrm{slum-}$ 

And wake with wild authorn of grief o'er his in the meantime they will be curefully sleep Then cam be his rest-let him dwell In his The the shade of the laurels his martyrdom

won; On! long shall his name be recorded in story, Green Island or song, as thy patriot son,

#### ADARE. (GY GERALD GRIFFIN.)

Oh, sweet Adare, oh, lovely vale.
Oh, soft restrat of syrvan splendour!
Not softmer sun cor morning gare.
Eventated it seems more softy tender.
How shall I tell the shousand charms,
Without by Ventant bosond dweining,
Who halled in nature's fostering arms,
Soft peace abides and joy exceiting!

Ye inorning airs, now sweet at dawn The stundering boughs your songs awaken, Or larger o'er the stical tawn With odour of the match thaken. Thou rising situ, now rienty gleams, Thy single from her Knoekaern' moun'aln VAVIng Woods and bottoding street And many a grove and grancing fountain.

Ye clouds of noon, how freshly there,
When stimmer nears the open meadows,
O'et parched hill and valley tair.
All coulty he your veiting shadows.
Ye rolling shades and vapours gray.
Slow accepting o'er the gonden neaven,
How soil ye sent the eye of day.
And wrenche how taken become And wreathe the dasky brow of even.

In sweet Ad are the joeund spring
His notes of outrous joy is breathing,
The wind bir is en the woodland sing.
There wild flowers in the value are breathing.
There winds the Mogalities stiver clear,
America directions os sweetly flowing,
There triagrant in the early year,
Wild roses on the banks are blowing.

The wild duck seeks the sedgy bank Or dives beneath the gatslening billow, Where graceful droop and citistering dank Theoster begin and useting willow; The nawthern seems the leafy date, In thicket fone messing is belong. And sweet along the centerly was welling. 

#### DEAFNESS ABSOLUTELY CURED.

A Gentleman who cured himself of Deafness and Noises in the Head of 14 years standing by

Luminous paint is popular in Ger

#### RELIGIOUS NEWS ITEMS.

The Church in South Africa is making wonderful strides. It is hoped the Holy See will soon establish a South African hierarchy.

There are 800 Catholic Truth societies already established throughout the country. The number should be increased two-fold during next year.

A leading and popular Portuguese actress, Lucinda Simones, has recently abandoned the stage and entered a convent of the Sisters of Charity.

There are forty-two head centres in the League of the Sacred Heart, forty nine thousand five hundred and one local centres, and a membership of twenty million.

As a result of the influenza, several of the most important archiepiscopal Sees in Europe are vacant. Among them are Westminster, Amiens, Toledo, Genoa, Venice, Milan and Bascharist.

A statute of St. John the Baptist, imported from Lyons, France, costing \$500, and recently placed in the Church of St. Jean Baptiste, Marquette, Wis., was blessed on Feb. 28, by Rt. Rev. Bishop Vertin. Our missionaries in setting foot on the

Japanese soil, after nearly three centuries of exile, found a compact and solid nucleus of 10,000 Catholics as a solid foundation for the church they had come to rebuild. Rev. Father Ryan, for several years

stationed in Loyola College, Baltimore, has resigned from the Society of Jesus on account of ill health, and has been appointed rector of the Cathedral, To-

Rev. J. C. K. Latlamme, D. D., of the Seminary of Quebec, Canada, has been appointed Bishop of Chicoutimi, succeeding Bishop Begin, who was lately ap-pointed coadjutor to Cardinal Taschereau of the Archdiocese of Quebec.

The authorities of Georgetown College at Washington, D.C., have purchased the at washington, DAC, have purchased the valuable library of the late Dr. John Gilmary Shea. The collection contains 10,000 or 12,000 books and a large number of very valuable manuscripts. These books will be kept separate from these previously belonging to the college ibrary and will be known as the Shea collection. They will arrive in about two months.

Bishop McQuaid, of Rochester, has written as follows to the committee of elergymen who are endeavoring to secure horter hous for clerks and others on in our large establishments on Saturday duties from fatigue and exhaustion. I trust that you will meet with deserved success in your philanthropical work."

Rt. Rev. Bishop Ludden of Syraense, N.Y., in his Lental Pastoral makes some severe strictures upon dancing. Among other things he says: " Dancing is not in itself an evil, and cannot be universally condemned as such. But since it is most certainly a profane and dangerous amusement, because of its accompanyng lashions, forms and familiarities, the Church forbids it in connection with any Christian, charitable or Catholic name. And no society honored with the name of Catholic can honestly or lawfully bring the name into dishonor by connecting it with a ball or dance."

Rev. C. H. Colton, pastor of St. Stephen's Church, New York, lately received a splendid set of vestments from Mis. Theodore Havemeyer, the wife of the wealthy sugar refiner, as a token of With naught but the verdure that decks his her regard for the church, which her and springs through the damp sod that father, the late Consul-General of Austria attended Mee Hammer Covers his breast, tria, attended. Mrs. Havemeyer found the vestments in an out-of-the way place hossom in the blaze of his glory, ch, there let him rest! In Paris recently, and it cost her \$1,300 to get them and \$700 to have them cleanis so much gold on the front and back of the garments that they are too heavy for comfort and can almost standalone. The dazziing vestments will be worn for the first time by Father Colton and the celebrant of the Mass on Easter Sunday, and

#### Special Notice.

kept in the rectory.

McIntosh, Williams & Co., are introducing a new article for coverlits that will give a brightness to bedrooms, that so many housewives prefer to the whitemess of counterpanes so generally used. As these covers are light, wear well, and are attractive to the eye, they will doubttess command a large sale, especially as they are being placed on sile at economical prices.

#### It Leads the Leaders.

The foremost medicine of the day, Burdock Blood Bitters, is purely vegetable compound possessing perfect regulating powers over all the organs of the system and controlling their secretions. It so purifies the blood that it cares all blood burnors and its passessing periest regulating powers over all the organs of the system and controlling their secretions. It is opartifies the blood that it cures all blood humors and diseases from a common pumple to the worst scrottnots sore, and this combined with its unit valled regulating, cleansing and parifying influence on the secretions of the t-ver, kudneys, nowels and skin, render it un quant das a cure for all diseases of the kern From one to two bottles will cure boits, pumples, blotches, nettle rash, seart, tetter, and att the simple forms of stin disease. From two four bottles will cure sait rhum or eczema, shingles, crysipelas, ulcers, alscesses, running sores, and all skin eraptions. It is noticeable that sufferers from skin diseases are nearly always aggravated by intolerable tiching, but this quickly subsides on the removal of the disease by B.B.B. Passing on to graver yet prevalent diseases such as serotulous swellings, humors and scrottina, we have undoubted proofs that from three to six bottles used internally and by outward application (diluted if the skin is broken) to the affected parts, will effect a cure. The great mission of B.B.B. Is for regulate the liver, kidneys, bowels and blood, to correct acidity and wrong action of the stomech and to open the studeways of the system to carry off all clogged and impure secretions, allowing mature thus to aid recovery and remove without hair bad blood, liver compount, billiousness, dyspepsia, sick headache, dropsy, rheimatism and every species of disease arising from disarder of the liver, kidneys, howels, stomach and blood.

We guarantecevery battle of R.B.B. Should any person be dissatisfied after using first bottle we will refund the money on application, personally or by letter. We will also be giad to send testimonals and haorimation proving the effects of B.B.B. in the above named diseases on application to T. Milbara & Co., Toronto, Ont.

Norway has a water-proof paper church.

#### Pleasant as Syrup.

Mr. Douglas Ford, Toronto, Ont., states that Milburn's Coal Liver Oil Equation with Wild Cherry Bark is free from objectomatole taste, being almost as pieasona as syrup, with for coughs and coids it gives complete mais laction, acting promptly even in obstinate cases.



ALD, P. KENNEDY, M.P.P.

#### SOME OF OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

ALD, P. KENNEDY, M.P.P. Local Representative of Montreal Centre, and Grand Marshal of the St. Patrick's Day Demonstration—1892.

Ald. P. Kennedy, recently elected to the Local Legislature, by Montreal Centre, was chosen as Grand Marshal, for the out-door demonstration on St. Patrick's Day, 1892. He has been twelve years an active member of the Montreal City Council and his life is one that can be written in two words, "honesty and stendiastness."

delivered the St. Patrick's night address at the Windsor Hall, for the Young Men's Catholic Society. Mr. Quigley was hom in New Castle, New Brunster and Here's to the land of our thoughts and wick. He received his education at St. Michael's College, Chatham—the splendid institution founded by the venerable Bishop Rogers. In Harvard and Boston Universitieshe completed his course and studied law under the famous Richard H. Dana. He is the recepient of the degree of Doctor of Letters (D. Litt.) from Laval University; and he is the only best work ever penned in the English It is a real master-piece-complete, exhaustive, lucid and irrefutable. In fact we would only hope that, through the book and its increased circulation, Mr. Quig'ey's name might become familiar in every Catholic household in 'n Cara 'a.

#### HON, JOHN COSTIGAN,

Mondo of Inland Revenue. The present Minister of Inland Revenue, the Hon, John Costigar, is the Irish Catholic representative in the Do-minion Cabinet. He was born at St. Nicholas, P.Q., on the 1st February 1835. and is consequently in his tifty-seventh year. He was educated at Ste. Ann's College. In 1855 he married Miss Ryan of Victoria, N. B. He sat in the N. B. Local Legislature from 1861 to 1866 At contesteration he was returned for the Commons, and he has ever since been elected by either acclamation or large metratics. He was sworn member of the Privy Conneil and appointed Minister of Inland Revenue in 1882. Since then he has held the same office and has succeeded, as more of his predecessors ever did, in gaining the universal esteem and affection of the officials under him. His name has been connected so intimately with all great Irish and Catholic public in ovennents in Canada that it is unnecessary for us to go over them here. It was ne who in 1872/73-74 and 75, moved resolution and address, fought, in every way and with every just means at his sharped the battle of the New Brunswick.

3-Song. "Embens or Erin" L.P. Morgan.

4-Song. "Snow Storm"

J. Anautord.

6-Quintette "The Fly" A. Harriord.

7-Recitation. "The Pedier"

A. Harriord.

6-Quintette "The Fly" R. Breman, R. Brown, P. Plood,

1. Smythe

7-Recitation. "Caoch the Pupils of the Prizes presented by Mr. T. Moore.

8-Song. "Embens or Erin"

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J. Leanum Pupils

6-Quintette "The Fly" R. Breman, R. Brown, P. Plood,

1. Smythe

9-Contest in Mental Archimete for two Prizes presented by Mr. T. Moore.

10-Recttation. "Caoch the Pupils of the Pup contederation he was returned for the way and with every just means at his slisposal, the battle of the New Brunswick Catholic schools. In 1877 he brought the tamous O'Donoghue matter before the House. He was the prime mover in the great Home Rule Resolutions that had such a potent effect upon the Irish cause

MR.J.J. CURRAN, Q.C., M.P., Member for Montreal Centre, and Irish-Catholic Representative in the House of Commons.

venue.

at home. In giving the portraits of a few

leading Irishmen-with the speakers on

St. Patrick's Day-we could not omit

that of the Hon, John Costigan, His

position, his eminent services, and his

genuine Irish-Catholic sentiments forbid

that, in this occasion, we should issue

our number without a word of remem-

brance for the Minister of Inland Re-

As far as Mr. J. J. Curran is concerned it would seem almost superfluous to add anything to what is widely known, all giver Canada, and even in the neighboring Republic, of his history, his position, his talents and his energetic efforts for the well-being of all Canadians in general, and of the hish-Catholics in particular. There is not a city nor a hamlet in Canada that his name is not a household word amongst its inhabitants. A son of the soil, of Irish descent, he is a true Canadian in every sense, and the type of a genuine, whole souled, noble Celt.

HON. EDMUND J. FLYNN, Q.C., L L.D.

The Irish-Catholic representative in the new Quebec Cabinet is one of the Lands. He was born at Perce, in Gaspe, where for two generations his ancestors educated at the Quebec Seminary, and at Laval University. Mr. Flynn is now in his forty-fourth year. He took the degree of Master in laws (LLL) in 1873, and Doctor-in law (L.L.D.) in 1878. He was professor of Roman Law since 1874. The fine entertainment.

From 1879 to 1882 he was Commissioner

The evening's programme commenced From 1879 to 1882 he was Commissioner of Crown Lands for the Province of Que-ben: Commissioner of Railways from

distasteful to him; yet the public need him, and he sacrifices that ease and quiet, so congenial to a scholar and lover of professional work, for the sake of principle, country and popular interests. Twice did he decline places in the Cab-inet, because that he did not deem the ministry of the day had the confidence of the people. Mr. Flynn is as purely disinterested a politician as stands in Canada to-day, He married Miss Cote, daughter of editor of Le Journal de Queec, and niece of the late Hon. Joseph Couchon. They had eleven children, of whom nine are still living. Mr. Flynn is an honor to the Irish blood and a credit to the French strain that are his. of characters:-He is in the prime of life, and it is to be hoped that he has long years of usefulness still before him,—such do we hope for the country's sake and for the sake of our Irish Catholic element in Canada.

#### ST. ANN'S SCHOOL.

Brother Arnold's Boys Imyon Grand St. Patrick's Day Celebration.

At two o'clock on Wednesday afternoon the St. Ann's Young Men's Hall, on Ottawa street, was thronged with an eager andience, come to listen to the exquisite St. Patrick's Day concert given DR. RICHARD F. QUIGLEY-Ph. D., by the pupils of St. Ann's School, assisted by members of the St. Ann's Young The subject of this sketch is the cloquent and learned gentleman who delivered the St. Patrick's night address seen. We'll did Brother Arnold chose

our dreams, Here's to the sky that bends o'er

Here's to her hills, to her lakes and her And here's to the Future before her!

There were present the parents of the students in great numbers, and their faces glowed with a two-fold joy, the enfrom Lavar Chrystelly, and the state only living layman who ever received from Rome the degree of Doctor of Pailosophy (Ph. D.) Mr. Quigley practices play in St. John, New Brunswick, and, if the state of the second state of th rumor speaks true, is probably within others in the front seats were the good dishort distance of a seat upon the Bench rector—Rev. Bro. Arnold, the Rev. clergy in the courts of his native province, of St. Ann's and a number of prominent

However this clever young man is better known today on account of his literary works. Amongst these away in the Catholic Young Men's Society, and a first ranks is his recently published number of prominent citizens. There volume entitled, "Mary, the mother of were nearly a thousand in all present. To Cmist." This is beyond all question, the comment upon the details of the programme would be superfluous. It itself basis work ever permet in the Blessed standard the subject of the Blessed straight and the immaculate Conception. It is a real master-piece—complete, exclasses, between the songs and recitations, is a good one. It gives the young folks who have received their "rewards" a chance to enjoy their laurels amidst song and music, and it affords those who are awaiting their "Testimonials" op portunity of anticipating their enviable triumphs-that are the sweeter for having been delayed. Too much praise cannot be given to Brother Arm It and his

assistants; their work is a noble one and		
is being nobly done. We will now give		
the programme in full. It is a pity that		
space would not permit us to give the		
prize list; but we hope to be able in an		
other number to publish it.		
PROGRAMME.		
1-Chorus" Erin We'll See"		
2-Recitation		
2-Recitation Masters G Gilligan, P. Moore and		
E. Kennedy		
3-Song" Emblems of Erin"		

assistants; their work is a noble one and

God Save Ireland.

During the course of the proceedings Rev. Brother Arnold called upon Mr J. K. Foran, editor of THE TRUE WITNESS, to address the audience. Mr. Foran did so with a will, and delivered the most rousing St. Patrick's Day speech of his life. He contrasted the scene before him with the hedge-schools of former days; he pointed out to the students the numberless glorious advantages they emoyed contrasted with the disadvantages under which our forefathers labored. The address was one of encouragement to the institution and the pupils, and will be long remembered in St. Ann's school by young and old.

#### YOUNG TRISHMEN'S L. & B. A.

A Rousing Irish Drama, "Rory O'More" -The 17th Worthlly Celebrated.

On St. Patrick's evening, notwithstandng the great number of concerts going on in different quarters of the city, the Queen's Theatre was the centre of great attraction, and the Young frishmen's Literary and Benefit Association deserves all praise for the fine style in which they presented that splendid Irish Drama, Rory O'More."

We must compliment in a special most brilliant public men in Canada: the manner the Stage director, Mr. J. E. Hon, E. J. Flynn, Commissioner of Crown Rowan. The scenery was of first order Rowan. The scenery was of first order and the costumes rich and appropriate; tice." The admission is free; and the society also the mechanical management of the expects all its friends and wel-wishers to atlived. His father was of Irish descent stage was faultless. A great deal of the and his mother of Norman. He was credit is due to Mr. J. J. Collins, the energetic Master of Properties. It would be a great omission were we to neglect saying a special word about Prof. Cavallo, and his splendid orchestra. The music was in accordance with the rest of

with an address from Mr. W. J. Murphy, the President of the Association. Mr. 1881 to 1885, and Solicitor-General from 1885 till 1887. To-day, in the new De Boucherville Government, Mr. Flynn holds his old office in the Crown Lands Department Training the Interest that he takes in the flourishing association over which he presides. He Department. He is a man of studious expressed great pleasure on seeing so edition, edited by Dickenson; by mail, and public life seems name friends of the association and 45c. W. Street, 29 Bleury St. 33-tf

lovers of Irish drama present upon the night of the national festival. He spoke encouragingly of the advancement that the society was making and the promise of still greater progress in the tuture that they experienced. His patriotic remarks were worthy of the occasion, and served the purpose of an appropriate and elegant prologue to the drama. Every-one, who has read Irish history and Irish legends, knows the romantic story of "Rory O'More and Kathleen Bawn." Unnecessary to give any details of the play; suffice it to say that every part was well taken and that the success was complete. The following is the cast

1	Rory O'MoreJas. E. Rowan DeLacyEd. Tobin
.	DeLacy Ed. Tobin
.	Scrubbs ,Jrs. McManon
١.	De Weiskin J. J. Griffi hs
. '	Cotonel Thunder J. P. O'Connor
	Shaun DhuA. Cotter
	Solomon
	Bid Jones M. Flood
	Pterre
	Kathl en Miss Cassie Foley
	Mary O'More Mis. Minule Yearman
٠.	Mary O'More Miss Minute Newman Widow O'More Miss Julia Newman Netty Miss Belta Foley
	Nelly Miss Belta Foley

### Yeomen, Smugglers, Peasants, etc.

THE LEO CLUB. A Grand St. Patrick's Day Matince.

The members of the "Leo Club" gave a lively and interesting entertainment in the Armory Hall, in the afternoon of St. The Rev. Father James Callaghan, the spiritual director, is to be congratulated upon his successful celebration of the

#### PATRICK SARSFIELD.

A SOLDIER WITHOUT FEAR.

What Historian Writes of His Ances try and His Early Training.

"The names of a nation's heroes are written in the hearts of its people. For them there may be no tombs in the nisles of the cathedral, no records in the public libraries, no statues in the street; but their memories are cherished none the less lovingly in the traditions of the country-side, the legends of the chimney corner, above all, in the ballad poetry. Of a people like the Irish, whose popular favorites have found themselves almost invariably opposed to the dominant power, this is essentially true, and of no Irishman is it more true than of that soldier, without fear and without reproach, Patrick, called the Earlof Lucan.' This is the opening paragraph of an absorbing article by Frederick Dixon in a recent number of Temple Bar, entitled "Sarstield, a Jacobite Rapparee." The article occupies thirty-five pages of the magazine, and is, so far as we know, the former were settling their differences, best and most exhaustive account that which they did harmless enough, the has yet been published of the great Irish- latter engaged in a fight upon their own man. "No life of him," says the writer, exists. His story, such as is known of it, Patrick's Day. The seats were all full must be gleaned from a hundred casual and the audience was most enthusiastic. references in books which, for the most references in books which, for the most part, rest in thickening dust of some uncarci-for shelf. Even when all is told it consists of little more than the record National festival. The "Killarney Min- of some half score of years of brilliant istrels" willlong be remembered in Mont-real. Mr. R. B. Milloy, the stage-man-or across a stormy sky, now heading the

of all his enormites. From a couple of casual references, however, in the dairy of Narcissus Luttrell, it is evident that, in one respect at any rate; he had no difficulty in conforming to the customs of the age. The great fair at Smithfield, originated by the prior at St Bartholomew's, was then in all its glory. In the year 1681, among its manifold attrac-tions, in the shape of dwarfs and giants, of strong men and fat women, of strolling players and itinerant ballard mongers was a certain big Irishman, who, Lord Grey facetiously declared, would make a swinging evidence. The jest was carried to Sarsfield. He declared that his nation was insulted, and sent a cartel to the offender. Someone, however, interfered to spoil the sport. The challenger was laid by the heels; and though he escaped from the roundhouse, no more was heard of the business. This was in September; three months later he was more fortunate. His young kinsman, Lord Kinsale, had a quarrel with Lord Newburg. A meeting was arranged be-tween them. Their seconds were Mr. Kerk and Captain Sarstield. Now it was one of the extraordinary laws of those affairs of honor that not only the principals but their friends enjoyed the right to kill each other. Whilst, therefore, the account, with the result that Sarsfield had to be taken home badly hurt."

Such was the even tenor of Sarsfield's life till the Monmouth rebellion against James, whose side he had espoused, brought practical soldiering. He was at Sedgemoore with his guards, and, hurled from his saidle, hy senseless on the ground, and was left for dead by his troopers as they drew sullenly off before the pikes and scythe blades of Monmouth's uncouth rebels. Soon after, his elder brother dying without an heir, Sarsfield became lord of the manor of Lucan. He was now a colonel, and his wife was

"As soon as the King (James) was fairly gone (from England)," observed Mr. Dixon sgain, "William assumed the reins of government. His first thought was for the Pacification of the country. One of James' last acts was to give vent to malice by disbanding his army. His Irish troops were now prowling about the metropolis in a state bordering upon starvation. They were at once collected, disarmed shipped across the channel. Sarsfield himself William made an effort to secure in his own service. If peace was to be maintained in Ireland, it was necessary to find an enemy of influence and authority to negotiate with Tyrcon nel. The delicate and confidential mis sion was offered to Sarsfield. He at once declined it. He was ready, he told Wilham, to serve against the King of France, but he would be no party to depriving the lawful sovereign of any part of his inheritance: The two men separated with mutual respect, the one to continue his quest of an ambassador, the other to tollow his old master into exile."

#### CORRESPONDENCE.

Edifying Sight at St. Mary's Church. To the Editor of THE TRUE WITNESS.

DEAR SIR,—As you have been so kind, since recently occupying the editorial chair of Montreal's good old Catholic weekly newspaper, to humbly appeal to all our Catholic societies for encouragement, by furnishing you with any items of interest as to their doings, would you please permit me to offer you my first essay at writing a church item, and if unfortunately, it should not suit, well, just kindly look it over, before consigning were flashing over Europe—from Most it to the waste-paper basket, and make cow to Madrid—in every quarrel save something out of it yourself. At 7.30 their own. But if the allusions to Sars-Mass on last Sunday, in St. Mary's church, field in the "dry-as-dust" books are few and far between, there exists another grand, noble and consoling sight was witthrough the vast congregation, when the St. Mary's Court of Catholic Order of Foresters marched up the centre aisle, and were welcomed and immediately invited to seats in the sanctuary, by the kind pastor, which large though it is, was filled to its utmost. Before the surprise had time to pass away, it was again increased, when the Young Ladies' Sodality, known as the Children of Mary, were seen tiling out of the sacristy, two deep, all wearing long white ribbon sushes over the right shoulder, and walked reverently to seats provided for them in the middle aisle. During the holy sacritice of the Mass, the pleasant feeling aroused was not allowed to cease, for the dear little school girls of St. John's Academy next the presbytery, which is under the care and management of the good Congregation Nuns, were stationed in the organ gallery, and under the direction of their new music teacher, Sister St. Felix, rendered some beautiful singing specialy for the occasion: a hymn to St. Josef h, and the lovely hymn, "O Mother Mary, we turn to thee, etc." were sent rolling down sweetly, and touched the hearts of all present. Then the great congregation understood it all, when the Catholic Foresters were seen taking position on the very altar steps to receive Holy Communion in a body, after which the celebrant, Father Salmon, advanced to the altar railing, and gave the same grand and sublime consulation to the Children of Mary in a body also. Shortly before the close of the Mass, Father Salmon ascended the pulpit, and after some choice words of welcome and congratulation, said: The sight we have before us this morn. ing is one worthy the angels to contemplate." He explained some of the benefits attached to the society of Foresters, and did not forget the good C.M.B.A. either, being spiritual adviser of St. Mary's Branch himself. He was delighted with the fine showing of the Children of Mary, who are doing so much good by practical example in St. Mary's parish. He is also proud of St. Mary's Young Men's Society, which he has just organized and taken under his care. He has secured the eloquent preacher, Rev. Father Gregory O'Bryne, J., to preach a mission for one week for the whole parish, which he opened on last Sunday evening. I am afraid it is taking too much advantage of your kind offer to the societies, to ask for so much space, and respectfully apologize.

Yours truly, F. C. L.

Ministers, Lawyers, Teachers, and others whose occupation gives but little exercise, should use Carter's Little Liver Pills for torpid liver and biffousness. One is a dose. Try them.

THE BURIAL. (BY THOMAS DAVIS.) [Written on the funeral of the Rev. P. J. Tyrral, P. P., of Luck; one of those indicted with O Connell in the Government prosecutions of 1843.] Why rings the knell of the funeral bell from a hundred village abrines?
Through broad Fingall, where hasten all those long and ordered lines?
With tear and sigh they're passing by,—the matron and the maid
Has a here died—is a nation's pride in that cold coffin laid?
With frown and curse, behind the bearse, dark men go tramping on—
Has a tyrant died, that they cannot hide their wrath till the rites are done? THE CHAURT.

"Unulu! slais! high on the wind,
There's a nome for the slave where no fetters
can bind,
Woo. woe to his slayers " comes wildly along,
With the tramping of feet and the funeral song
And now more clear,
It swells on the ear;
Breathe low, and listen, 'tis solemn to hear. " Utulu! while! wall for the dead.

Green grow the grave of Fingall on his head;

And spring flowers blossom, ere elsewhere appearing.

And shamrocks grow thick on the Martyr for

Erin.
Ululu! while! soft fall the dew
On the feet and the head of the martyr'd and

For a while they tread In silent dread—
Then muttering and meaning go the crowd,
Surging and swaying like mountain cloud,
And sgain the wall comes fearfully loud.

THE CHAUNT.

"Ulule ! ululu ! kind was his heart! Walk slower, walk slower, too soon we shall part. he faithful and plous, the Priest of the Lord, His pligrimage over, he has his reward. By the bed of the sick, lowly kneeling. To God with the raised cross appealing— He seems still to kneel, and he seems still to

pray, And the sins of the dying seem passing away.

"In the prisoner's cell, and the cabin so dreary, Our constant on wher, he never grew weary; But he's gone to his rest.
And he's now with the blest,
Where tyrant and traitor no longer molest—
Ululu! wiels! was! for the dead!
Ululu! wiels! here is his bed."

Short was the ritual, simple the prayer, Newp was the silence and every head bare; The Priest alone standing, they knelt all around,
Myriads on myriads, like rocks on the ground,
Myriads on myriads, like rocks on the ground,
Kneeling and motionless—" Dust unto dust,"—
" He died as becometh the faithful and just—
Placing in God his reliance and trust;"

Kneeling and motionless—"ashes to ashes"—Hollow the clay on the coffin-lid dashes; Kneeling and motionless, wildly they pray. But they pray in their souls, for no gesture have they—Stern and standing—oh! look at them now, Like trees to one tempest the multitude bow; Like the swell of the ocean is rising their yow;

THE VOW.

"We have bent and borne, though we saw him torn from his home by the tyrant's crew— And we bent and bore, when he came once more, though suffering had pierced him through more, though suffering man provided through:
and now he is laid beyond our aid, because to reising true— martyr'd man—the tyrant's ban, the plous patriot siew.

"And shall we bear and bend forever— And shall no time our bondage sever, And shall we kneel, but battle never, For our own soll?

"And shall our tyrants sa'ely reign On thrones built up of slaves and slain, And nought to us and ours remain But chains and toil?

"No! round this grave our eath we plight, To waich, and labour, and unite, Till banded be the nation's might, Its spirit steeled,

"And then, collecting all our force, We'll cross oppression in its course, And die-or all our rights enforces, On battle field."

Like an chbing sea that will come again, Slowly retired that host of men; Methinks they'll keep some o'her day The oath they swore on the martyr's clay!

CAOCH THE PIPER. BY JOHN KEEGAN.

One winter's day, long, long ago,
When I was a little fellow,
A piper wandered to our door.
Grey-hended, blind, and yellow—
And, oh! how glad was my young heart,
Though earth and sky look'd dreary—
To see the stranger and his dag—
Poor "Pinch" and Caoch O'Leary.

And when he stoked away his "bag," Cross-barr'd with green and yellow, I thought and said, "in Ireland's ground, There's not so fine a fellow." And Fineen Burke and Shane Magee, And File, Kate, and Mary, Rushed in, with pratting haste to " see," And " welcome" Caoch O'Leary.

And when he stowed away his "bag."

Oh! God be with those happy times, Oh! God be with my childhood, When I, bare-headed, roamed all day Bird-nesting in the wild wood. I'll not forget those sunny hours, However years may vary; I'll not forget my early friends, Nor honest Caoch O'Leary.

Poor Caoch and "Pinch" slept well that night, And in the morning early He called me up to hear him play "The wind that shakes the barley." And then he stroked my flaxen hair, And cried. "God mark my deary," And how I wept when he said "Tarewell, And think of Caoch O'Leary." And seasons came and went, and still Old Caoch was not forgotten, Although I thought him "dead and gone" And in the cold clay rotten; And often when I walked and danced With Elly, Kate, and Mary, We spoke of childhood's rosy hours, And prayed for Caoch O'Leary.

Well-twenty summers had gone past And June's red sun was sinking, When I, a man, sat by my door, Of twenty sad things thinking.

A little dog came up the way, His gait was slow and weary, And at his tall a lame man limped— 'Twas'' Pinch' and Caoch O'Leary!

Old Caoch! but ah! how woe-begone! His form is bowed and bending.
His fieshless hands are stiff and wan,
Ay—Time is even blending
The colours of his threadbare "bag"—
And "Pinch" is twice as hairy.
And "thin-spare" as when first I saw
Himself and Cauch O'Leary.

"God's blessing here," the wanderer cried,
"Far, far, be hell's black viper;
Doss anybody hereabouts
Remember Canch the Piper?"
With swelling heart I grasped his hand;
The old man murmured "denry!
Are you the silky-headed child,
That lov'd poor Cauch O'Leary?"

"Yes, yes," I said—the wanderer wept
As if his heart was brenking—
"And where a vale machree," he sobbed,
"Is all the merry-making
I found here twenty years ago?"—
"My tale," I sighed, "might weary,
Enough to say—there's none but me
To welcome Caoch O'Leary."

"Vo, vo, vo!" the old man cried,
And wrung his bands in sorrow,
"Pray lend me in asthore machee,
And I'll go home to morrow.
My 'peace is made'—I'll calmly leave.
This world so cold and direary,
And you shall keep my pipes and dog.
And pray for Caoch O'Leary."

With "Pinch," I watched his bed that night;
Next day his wish was granted;
He died—and Father James was brought,
And the Requiem Mass was chanted.
The neighbours came;—we dug his grave,
Near Elly, Kate, and Mary,
And there he sleeps his last sweet sleep.
God rest you! Caoch O'Leary.

London has 4,000 letter carriers.



Member for Montreal Centre, and Irish Catholic Representative in House of Commons.

ager, and Mr. A. F. Kernan, the accom- charge of the Life's Guards against the plished accompanist, should feel proud levies of 'King Monmouth,' now inspirthey appeared some weeks ago in that role.

#### The Shamrock Bazaar.

The Shamrock Bazaar will be finally wound up next Saturday evening when the drawing takes place in the Victoria | tage. Rifles Armory. Amongst the latest do-nations may be mentioned two gifts received from Messrs, H. & A. Allan and the Canada Snipping Company, through Mr. F. J. Hart. They consist of two cabin passages from Montreal to Liverpool and return, by the Allan and Beaver line of steamships respectively, and will go to swell the already large list of big prizes. Lieut.-Col. Henshaw, on his return home, also added fifty dollars to the funds of the bazaar. The work of coltecting the money has taken up quite a lot of time, on account of so many tickets having been sold in places at a dis tance, such as Toronto, Kingston, Ottawa, etc. The drawing of the Tombola will be entirely in the hands of gentlemen whose personal interest lie apart from the Lacrosse Association.

#### Shamrock Lacrosse Club.

The recently elected officers of this club were installed last Thursday evening. When the new president had taken the chair and the incoming secretary had relieved his predecessor of his onerous duties, some regular routine business was gone through and a number of new names added to the membership roll. No action has as yet been taken by the club regarding their position on the League question, and it is probable that the new executive will be empowered to take such steps as they may consider best in the interests of the club and against the invader"; and he witnessed most equitable and just in regard to all.

#### C. A. C. Free Lecture. On Wednesday evening, the 23d March, in

the hall under the Church of the Gesu, a lecture will be delivered before he members of the "Catholic Association of Canada," by Mr. J. K. Foran, Editor of the THUR WITNESS

#### The Jesuits' Church.

A retreat for English-speaking women began at the Church of the Gesti on Tuesday morning last at Do'clock. It closes on Saturday. There are two sermons dally, one at 9 a.m and the other at three o'clock in the afternoon. The religious exercises are being largely attended. The exercises of the Novena of St. Francis Xavier, which has just closed in this church, was very numerously attended. The Rev Father Pichon, S.J., was the preacher.

over the result of their efforts. It would ing his wild Irishmen to stand firm be impossible to point to any one item against the disciplined battalions of Wilin the programme that was more perfect | h.m. of glorious memory; now a lieutenthan another. In fact each succeeding ant of the hunchbackeddwarf of France; feature was a fresh surprise and even the "Three Little Curly Headed Coons," splushed cottages of Neerwinden, one of were as new and original as when first that company of Irishmen whose swords quarry tage. The appearance of Sarsfield's name in Irish ballad poetry is not merely casual, it occurs again and again. Even after the layse of two centuries village minstress still chant his praises, just as the political organizations adopt his name as synonymous of all that is best and purest in patriotism." The De Sarshelds came into Ireland with Stronghow. "But," says Mr. Dixon, "if Sarstield's ancestry on his fither's side was one of pure Norman origin, not less pure was his lineage through his mother from the old Celtic race. Herself a daughter of the famous Rory, Rory of the Hills, Annie O'More could trace back her descent to a period long before the name of Butler or Fitzgerald had been heard in Ireland; when the Dillons were still soldiers in Aquitaine, and the Rourkes had not yet taken ship at the bidding of Rollo, the Viking, for the invasion of Normandy. Lugad was his ancestor, and Conall Carnach, and so back to that dim vista before the Christian era, when Conor MacNessa ruled, at Emania, over the wild tribesmen of Uladh." The records of this early years, it appears, have apparently perished. He was educated in a French military academy; and when he was old enough he received his first commission—a pair of colors in the regiment of Monmouth, then in the pay of France. "He served in the English contingent of the French army, in that wonderful war where the grandson of William the Silent loosed the ocean the art of fighting as practised by those giants of the century-Vauban, Turenne and the great Conde; and when, on the cessation of hostilities, the brigade was broken up, he came over to London with sufficient interest to obtain a commission in the Life guards."

"For the next seven or eight years," says Mr. Dixon, "he lived about the court, fulfilling his military duties, and acquiring a knowledge of affairs which afterwards gave him some pre-eminence among his more provincial countrymen. He mounted his guards, rode by the royal carriage when the King went in state to Westminster or the city, and took his turn as escort of the treasure disputches from the capital to the ports. For the rest, he was at liberty to mingle with the gay crowd that thronged the corridors of the palace, to laugh at the latest epigrum of Rochester's, or to listen to the newest piece of scandal about the maids of honor. Of his life at this period we can glean little information, a fact doubt we should have had the full tale

## St. Patrick's Day.

THE SERMON.

[CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.]

but in the words of the Apostle daily increase it in our souls. And St. Patrick enthroned to-day in glory, and who lovingly looks down upon his Irish children dispersed throughout the world, will hearken to our prayers and most certainly obtain our laudable request. You are acquainted with the early life of St. Patrick. Captured at the age of 16, he was landed on the western shores of Ireland, sold as a slave and consigned by a pagan master to be a herdsman. Six years he thus spent in exile, when finally, he stole away to his native land, France. Oh what joy must have inundated that juvenile soul. Once more, young Patrick is under the parental roof; once more he freely breathes the air of liberty; once more, he is in the tender embraces of fond parents, and encircled by the comforts of home. Patrick can now sweetly repose his weary head, for he is no longer exposed to the inclement seasons of mountain tops and valleys deep. But be-hold one night during his peaceful slum-ber, in him was verified the history of Ruth. In the 16 v. 1 c. of the book of Ruth, we read that Noemi with her husband, in consequence of fam-ine, retired from Bethelem to Moah, a fertile country, where her husband died, her two sons joining in marriage with women of that country. During her sojourn therein, her two som also died, leaving her most despondent and friendless. She therefore resolved to return to

#### HER NATIVE LAND,

upon which Providence had abundantly lavished his choicest blessings. But, pre-vious to her departure, she admonished her caughters-in-law to also return to the land of their fathers. But one of them, Ruth, found the idea of separation so In accents of love, Ruth therefore exclaiment: "Noemi, No! I cannot abandon thee, I cannot consent to relinquish thee, but, I will go with thee, remain with thee, and thy people shall be my people." St. Patrick tells us, that one night in his dreams, he heard the sound of wailing voices carried across the seas of the Western Ocean and which said. "O youth! O man of God, return once more and remain with us." This was the voice of the Irish and Patrick replied, yes. dear Ireland, I will go to thee, remain with thee and thy reople shall be my people. No sooner said than done. Patrick is now filled with the spirit of sacrifice. He now voluntarily leaves a noble father and two her whom he tenderiy loved. He recounces his wealth and social position, which assured unto him a brilliant career; he leaves his native land where civilization and Christianity eminently flourished, and embraces in exchange an uncultured and idolatrous people. Like his Divine Mas-ter, he beholds the hatvest is ripe, but the labourers few. He therefore makes the necessary preparation, and, after being stocked with knowledge, imbued with piety and invested with jurisdiction, like a Goliath, he goes forth, lands on the shores of Ireland and engages in the battle. But what a peculiar battle. No blood is spilt, no hearts are grieved, no tears are shed, no sorrow experienced. The Irish did not murder the prophets sent to them nor stone them to death like other nations. St. Patrick's arrival assumed more the nature of an

resembance, the sun, the source of light itself, as ever proceeded from the per-and life. The Irish were not an unedu-verted ingenuity of man,"—Burke. By and life. The Irish were not an uneduonce it dawned upon Ireland, behold the alacrity with which it spread. Like the melting of the snow at the appearance of the spring sun, so did idolatry vanish preaching of St. Patrick. the mystery of the Trinity, the Incarnation of Christ, the Maternity of Mary, than they opened their famished hearts to his teaching. They cast aside their superstitions practices, they trampled Blessed are you, when they shall revile under foot their idols; their temples, once the scenes of empty sacrifices, now resound with the praises of the one true they shall pessess the land." Wheever God. In a word, they made his doctrines | imagined that Joseph was to save Egypt the leading feature of their lives. Every day beheld an increase in their ranks. Rich and poor, pliterate and educated. all submitted to the sweet yoke of the to Egypt as a slave, cast into prison and gospel, for St. Patrick's prayers daily ascended to the throne of grace, his austerities fertilized the land and God faith. In effect wherever they go, they gave the increase. Moses struck the rock plant the cross of Christ. in the desert and suddenly gushed forth the waters of salvation. St. Patrick pro-claimed the name of Christ throughout the land and the Irish retained him as their King. Whence came this instantaneous transformation. Because their hearts were not corrupted by vice; morality they cultivated. Ireland is the conversion to the labors of one man. St. Patr ck found her pagan, he left her christian. So true it is that

#### THE CATHOLIC CHURCH

is the mother of civilization, by virtue of that Jower which she received from Christ, der Founder, "Go ye forth and Church preaches unadulterated the doctrine of (hrist; she procures unto man the means of sanctification in her sacraand sanctity is always with her.

vents and monasteries, as it were, magically spring up in all directions. Churches are crected to the glory of God. Young men and women abandon the world with its pleasures, may, what is most dear to them, their parents, and consecrate themselves to God in the practice of every virtue. So numerously and rapidly they increase, that Ireland became too limited for their apostolic zeal. They sally forth, and useless to relate, for you already know it, they evangelized the various parts of Europe. In a word, Ireland becomes the mother of the Western monks. What body outside the Catholic Church could present such a spectacle to the world. The nations of the earth, in admiration at the lustre of sanctity and learning that adorned her brow, united in styling her the isle of saints and doctors. But Providence had ordained that she should become an island of martyns. The frish not only speedily received the faith, but the same and t they preciously preserved it. It unbloody was St. Patrick's conquest of Ireland, oh! how copiously flowed the blood of his children in defence of their faith. No nation ever endured as much as freland for her faith, in the pinnacle of her glory as in the vale of her humiliations. In the ninth century the Danes invaled the land. It was a war against faith and nationality. It was a struggle of

#### HEROIC COURAGE

for 300 years; not withstanding she came forth victorious, and, if covered with wounds, one thing she preserved in-tact, the faith of St. Patrick. The year 1172 beheld the downfall of Irish liberty, when Henry II invaded Ireland. From this period, she gradually dwindled, till finally Henry VIII entirely usurped her rights and proclaimed himself King of Ireland. With him came forth a new persecution, a reformation engendered in lust, brought forth in hypocrisy and per-tidy, cherished and fed by plunder and devastation. Terrible are the sufferings which Ireland endured for her faith during his reign, heart-rending, their simple narrative. Never did Irish generosity appear to greater advantage or shine more brilliantly. True it is, Rome affecting that she could not consent to it, experienced three centuries of bloody persecution, but were they uninterrupted : No, years intervened, allowing time to recuperate. Not so with Ireland. For two centuries all the instruments of torture were employed, even poverty with ail its bitterness, exile with all its sorrows, may death itself. Their churches he piltaged and burnt. Their priests he hunted like wolves and set the same price upon them as upon the beasts of the field. Death it was to harbour a priest, death it was to preach their religion, death to teach in a Cathohe school. The wife was encouraged to betray her husband, the child to disown its parents. Raise your eyes towards the scaffold and what prolonged sufferings! tio down to the prison cells, what untold distress! The sight of an entire nation suffering the agonies of a prolonged martrydom, and an impoverished and degraded people rejecting the allurements of apostacy were heretofore unknown to the world. Henry VIII stripped the Irish of all their possessions; but their faith he could not take away, because apostates the Irish would not become Let us pass by the barbarous doings of THE TYRANT CROMWELL:

let us glide by the reign of the proffigate Elizabeth who scruptiously followed in the footsteps of her lustful father. Her name will go down to pesterity, steeped in bloodshed, stained by robbery and sacrilege. But in the midst of this wholesale communications of the sacrilege. wholesale corruption—as pure as the lily, as bright as the sun-shone forth m the hearts of the Irish, the undying Faith ovation. The Irish received him like a friend, with open arms. True it is the penal laws, "which were a machine of wise and elaborate contrivance, full of cated people. History assures us that this inhuman code, the Irish were desthey were versed in various branches of poiled of civil and religious liberty. But countries for 400 years, but it also mistress notwithstanding her every enclaimed years for its diffusion. But, deavour by constitutional means to obtam her liberty. Ireland's destiny seems to be to suffer on the cross. Greatness and grandeur are not proofs of God's affection. If ever there was one that Ged loved as a Son, was it not He, who sooner did St. Patrick expound to them | had no where to lay His head. If we wish therefore to reign with Christ in Heaven, we must suffer with Him here below. "Biessed then" says Christ, "are they that mourn for they shall be comforted. and persecute you, for Heaven shall be your reward. Blessed are the meek for and Israel from the sufferings of famine and to become the Saviour of his people; Yet he was sold by his brethren, carried there left to die. In the designs of God,

#### THE IRISH HAVE THEIR FAULTS

and it is not my intention to palliate them; but what people loves and respects their religion and priests more than the Irish? Who exceeds them in generosity towards their churches? Who morality they cultivated. Ireland is the equals them in their firm adherence to only country on record that owes her their faith? None! Now it is contended by some that this firm adherence to their faith, was owing to their hatred of the English. True, it is, the Irish could not have been in ecstasies with a tyrannical government that most unjustly despoiled them of all they possessed, even life itself; but hatred of the English was not their motive for adhering to teach all nations. As my father sent their fuith. First of all, they belonged ne, so also I send you." The Catholic to a religion that taught them to forgive their enemies, nay more, to pray for their persecutors. Secondly, more passions than one, exist in the human ments, and success always crowns her heart. Where is ambition, where is love endeavours, because the spirit of truth of money, of country, of parents, where and sanctity is always with her. "I is love of self-preservation, all of which will send you the Paraclete, the Spirit are equally influential over man's heart of Truth." says Christ; "He will These then were the inducements held teach you all things and will remain out to the Irish, if they would do one with you all cays even to the consum-mation of time." In effect, beheld the too family attached to the tombiners

vail, says Christ. Where then will you find the solution of their tenacious perseverance? In the grace of God which was infused into their souls. You will find it in the spirit of St. Patrick which animated them and which covered the

land with saints and martyrs. And is this love of religion abating? No; the same fidelity to our holy religion, the same desire for the spreading of our holy faith still animates the Irish of the nineteenth century, so much so, that the Irish are by excellence, the

FAITHFUL CHILDREN of the Church. And I feel confident, after all I have witnessed to-day in this temple, that the spirit of Faith is as deeply implanted in the Irish heart at moment as ever it has been since the time of the glorious Saint whose anniversary you so worthily celebrate.

Keep that light of your Faith. It is a "God Save Ireland" went up to Henyen Keep that light of your Faith. It is a heritage from your forefathers, it is the teacon-light upon the cliffs of Eternity, men had reason to be proud of the past guiding your national bark, buffetted by the waves of sorrow and the tempests of ord of centuries of heroic struggles persecution, through the darkness of this world's troubles, to the shores of earthly triumph, and still better to the haven of endless happiness. For that two-fold happy consummation do I pray this day: to see Ireland assume her rightful position amongst the nations, and to behold her children, ever faithful to the teachings of St. Patrick, rising higher and higher in the atmosphere of virtue land, and every succeeding St. Patrick's and holy perfection, and finally—in the endlessness of God's glory—enjoying with their patron saint, the undying reward dinarily, and by processions, meetings, that our Lord has promised to "the good banquets, concerts, etc., they proclaimed and faithful servant," in the mansions of His Father.

#### THE PROCESSION.

It was about half-past twelve when

felt that no amount of additional speeches could add force to what they had just listened to and impart further interest in the proceedings.

Mr. Carran, whose appearance at the window was greeted with loud applause, said that as president of the St. Patrick's Society, he felt justified in congratulating all present upon the grand demonstration in which they had taken partone of the grandest demonstrations that had been held in the streets of Montreal in bonor of the dear old land (cheers). On that day, not merely in the Dominion of Canada, where they enjoyed the privileges and blessings of constitutional government, but everywhere throughout the whole civilized world, history of their land, which was the recagainst misgovernment and persecution. They could now look forward with con Day their hearts beat with renewed force, their blood stirred faster than orto the world their undying allegiance to the cause of their country's freedom. (Loud applause.) He had but one more word to add. Since the previous St. Patrick's Day they had lost one of the the vast congregation left St. Patrick's greatest Irishmen on this continent—the Shurch; and it took over half an hour to late father Dowd. He trusted that they get the procession into marching order, would all show their appreciation of his the delay being principally due to the services to the cause of the Irish people immense throng of people who crowded in this city by subscribing a large fund to St. Alexander, Lagauchetiere, and to erect to his memory a monument Hermine streets, Beaver Hall Hill, and which should perpetude his name in our Victoria square. The number of persons midst: and he had no doubt that if all

HON. JOHN COSTIGAN.

Minister of Inland Revenue and Irlsh-Catholic Representative in the Dominion Cabinet.

been if the weather had not been as it be completed by this time twelve as forcible as it was elegant unfolded the friend, with open arms. True it is the wise and elaborate contrivance, full of RELIGION OF THE RUSH

was not the degrading paganism of Greece, for, in their ignorance of the ment and degradation of a people and people in the streets, wearing sprigs of separated and went in groups there waris. True it is the warmen were a machine of was, quite mild and spring-like, the sun months. (Applause.)

As soon as the completed by the time there was constant was degant innoided the warmen as the was degant innoided the warmen as the complete by the sun months. (Applause.)

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As soon as the complete by the sun months. (Applause.)

and held up models for the practice.

Compared with last year, there were more there would be no more specches they of a younger Ireland in a newer cauntry. He spoke of the national color, the true God, they worshipped his nearest the debasement in them of human nature shannrocks and flowers which betoken one ways; and St. Patrick's Day proces ed their nationality; but the number of sion of 1892 became a memory-a those who took part in the procession pleasant memory-of the past. was perhaps somewhat smaller. The banners were especially admired for their beauty both of workman-hip and knowledge. Previous to its introduction were they despoiled of their faith? their beauty both of workmanship and to Ireland, christianity reigned in other Never! Even to day is Ireland her own design. Conspicuous amongst the processionists were the youthful members of the Leo Club, of which the Rev. James Callaghan is the director. In their handsome insignia, and riding on horseback, they formed an interesting spectage of any Society.

St. Anthony Young Men's Society.

The congregation of St. Anthony, not members of any Society.

The congregation of St. Anthony and Men's Society. tacle as they passed along. The members of St. Patrick's Young Men's The St. Gabriel Total Abstinence and Benefit Society. Society truned out in very large numbers and made an imposing display. The Irish jaunting-car which has come t; be an essential adjunct to the St. Pat rick's Day procession was in evi dence, bearing on each of its sideseats three comely youths in genuine Lish costume, and four of them carrying formidable Irish pikes, which recalled to the on-lookers the days of '98, of which, it was obvious, none of those present "feared to speak." route already noted was paraded, and several of the houses along the streets had Irish national bunting displayed, There were three grand triumphal arches -one at St. Mary's Hall, another at Mr. P. Wright's establishment on Notre Dame street east, and the third at Papineau square. Alderman Kennedy was cheered at several points, and his late political opponent, Mayor McShane, who was in a carriage at the rear of the procession, received a few similarly compli

> mentary recognitions. Great credit is due to the marshals of the different societies for their successful efforts in preserving order, especially Mr. William Davis, of St. Patrick's Society; Mr. John Dwyer, of the Irish Catholic Benevolent Society; Mr. Thomas Sharkey, of St. Patrick's Total Abstinence & Benefit Society; Mr. Patrick O'Brien, of St. Ann's Young Men's Society; and Mr. Patrick Kennedy, of St. Mary's Young Men's Society.

#### MR. CURRAN'S ADDRESS.

marvelous results of St. Patrick's preaching. St. Patrick's preaching. From a vast wilderness, Ireland is converted into a garden of Eden. Con- which, the gates of Hell shall not pre- character that when the eloquent gentle- The bill, he said, was certainly void of Hely Cress tell a tale of varished."

"and you will much a nigot. The description of the eloquent ruins of Mousster inches the eloquent ruins of Mousster in the House of To day the eloquent ruins of Mousster in the House of To day the eloquent ruins of Mousster in the House of Commons by the leader, Mr. Balfour. Commons by the leader, Mr. Balfour. The bill, he said, was certainly void of Hely Cress tell a tale of varished warned is to be forearmed."

#### The following was the ORDER OF PROCESSION.

Ald P. Kennedy, M. L. A., marshaf-in-chief. The Hackmen's Union and Benefit Society mounted.
The congregation of St. Anthony, not member-

mients
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Society,
The St. Bridget's Banner,
Band and Banner,
The St. Patrick's Society,
The Mayor and Invited guests,
The Clergy.

#### The Day in Grenville. The day was celebrated with great

ceremony at the little parish Church of Grenville, Quebec. Solemn High Mass was commenced at 1030, the celebrant brings the present pastor, Rev. A. A Labelle. At the conclusion of the first Gospel, Rev. M. L. Shea, of Lucolle, ascended the pulpit and delivered an elequent panegyrie on Ireland's Great Saint, preacher defineated the sad havor the the Church of God, he referred to that heartless Tories" committed amongst After going over the appointed route the religious communities in Ireland, the procession quietly dispersed in front. The undestructability of the Church is of St. Patrick's Hall, on McGill street. A here again manifest, said he; "for to day large crowd congregated in the street be- lafter centuries of bloody and relentless low, anxious to hear the speeches which | persecution, the lamp of faith burns as it has hitherto been customary to deliver | brightly as the first mement it was from one of the windows of the building. They were somewhat disappointed this year, as one speech was delivered. This, however, was made by Mr. J. J. Curam, Q.C., M.P., and though brief was of mention of the frish shores by St. Patrick:" He also took occasion to express his delight at the extremely hostile reception given to the Irish local government bill introduced in the House of the control of the property of the control of the property of the property of the control of the property of the control of the ment it was brought to the Irish shores by St. Patrick:" He also took occasion to express his delight at the extremely hostile reception given to the Irish beauty of the property of the pr

man concluded his hearers must have all strength, and characterised by Mr. Morley as one of "the rottenest reeds, speeches could add force to what they the Irish minority had ever leaned on for the retention of privileges."

The religious festival being over, the pastor had a treat for his numerous friends in the shape of a sumptuous repast that will not soon be forgotten by those who partook of the pleasure attending it.

#### ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY.

Grand Programme-Eloquent Speecht by Sir John Thompson.

Special interest was attached to the concert of St. Patrick's Society this year on account of the announcement that Sir John Thompson, the Minister of Justice, would be the chief speaker there. The Academic Hall, in the basement of the Church of the Gesu, was filled in every part. The president, Mr. J. J. Curran, Q.C., M.P., occupied the chair. The programme, as will be seen, was a very happily selected one, and the vocal and instrumental talent was of a uperior class.

### PROGRAMME-PART I.

PART II.

PART II.

1. Song ... "The Song My Mother Sang," (Specially composed for Mrs. Bergeron, by Madame P'Angelis Waters.)

2. Song ... H. C. St. Pherre, Esq. Q.C.

3. Song—" Neath the Wild Western Prairle," Linwood ... Miss Graham Address ... Hon. Str John Thompson, M. P.

4. Song—" The Kerry Dance," ... Molloy Miss Robenstein.

5. Song—" The Lost Chord," ... Sullivan Mr. A. G. Cunnugham

6. Song (Comite)—" Job Lets," ... Mr. Holland

7. Irish dig ... Masters T. & E. McCrea Prof. A. P. McGuirk, Pianist.

#### Sir John Thompson's Speech.

On coming forward the Minister of one of the finest and grandest St. Patrick's day addresses ever heard in this city. Sir John's calm manner is at once suggestive of confidence, his dignified bearing is in accordance with the exanited rank he occupies in the eye of the Canadian public, and his fervor and sin very effective, and the applause was or enchained until the end, save when the feelings grow too intense and must be relieved in bursts of applause.

Sir John opened by expressing his plea-sure on being present, to take part in the day's ce'ebration, with his fellow-coun-

trymen and co-religionists of this great

commercial metropo is. He thanked Mr. Curran and the St. Patrick's society

for having conferred upon him the honor

of delivering the address upon this grand old national anniversary. Pleased, he was sure, as the people of Montreal were to listen to him upon this occasion, still he felt that to impose a lengthy address upon them, and thereby delay the enjoyment of the harmonic Irish songs and airs, which they loved so much, would be unjust—and as Minister of Justice he could not afford to act unjustly, no matter how great the temptation, especially on a St. Patrick's Night. Therefore he would not detain who turned out to witness the procession was no doubt larger than it would have take the project up, the monument would subject of the evening, and in language green that is so peculiar to all sea-girth lands and to Ireland in particular, as emblematic of the unfading verdure of Celtic patriotism, of Hibernian love of native find. If the Irish people had one thing more than another that they could justly and proudly boast it is their steadfastness to their Faith. It is a remarkable fact that the more a trath is crushed the more it will survive; the more midely a belief is dashed to the ground the greater the elasticity with which it small that our friends across the way endorsed rebound. And again it is a note-worthy fact that the more a nationality is oppressed the more strongly it resists and the more enduring it becomes. No Faith ever underwent such tests as that of the Christian, from the days of the Roman Emperors down through the ages, mighty arms and giant influences were raised to crush it; but from its very cradle the infant Church overthrew the Emperors | need never expect, from that source atand their empires, the idols and their altars. In no land, as in Ireland, (except perhaps in Poland), was a people ever subjected to such cruel persecutions, and all on account of that immortal Faith that St. Patrick planted upon the soil of old Erin. But despite the darkness of the penal days, in defiance of the barbarism of one invader and the more savage civilization of another, notwithstanding cannon and sword, the iron limits of the Pale or the fearful enactments of coercive legislators, the spirit of Faith survived, and has been the talisman of Ireland's perseverance and will yet be the guiding star of her oltimate triumph. spoke, when he said: "they have asser-After encouraging the children of old Ireland, in Canada, to be true to that Faith and to preserve it here, in a land of happiness, plenty and religious toleration, just as their for fathers retained it ness, we have not been schooled in that in the land of persecution and sorrow, the speaker turned to the second consideration of the evening, namely, the learning and knowledge of the Irish and their success in every department and work of life. Having spoken of the In scathing language the reverend numberless martyrs that Erin gave to army of missionaries that went forth, not only to evangelize, but to teach in every branch and department of know- dicale. The scoffer is generally the sufedge, sacred and profane, the peoples of herer in the long run; while the one Europe. From the Isles of Iona to the heights of Bobbio, go where you will and you find traces of Irish learning surviving the lapses of ages. From those rained abbeys, once the toci of education these monks and scholars went out to en-

lighten the darkness of distant centuries.

glory. But not only in remote times did Ireland's sons rise high in the eyes of nations. Her warriors dazzled the gaze of Europe by the daring and valor of their Europe by the uniting and valor of their achievements, over the mist of years we behold still the gleam of Sarstield's sabre, Brian's sword, and the vision of the Red Hand of Ulster. As we come down to modern days the same spirits of chivatry and of instruction seem to cling to the race. Looking at contemporaneous history, in Europe, in American, in Oscanica, everywhere, and in every walk of life, in commerce as in statesmanship, Ireland has given her models to the world. It is for us in Canada, then, to emulate, as far as in us lies, the example and principles of those great lights in the history of Erin. In this country we enjoy that constitutional government for which they have so long struggled; here we have all the liberties that our forefathers prayed, suffered, fought and died for; in Canada every man—irrespective of creed or nationality—has a home in which contentment and peace may smile and where he can be as independent as a king, if he but makes use of the gifts God gave him and directs them in a proper channel here the industrious need never fail, and poverty-above all such as Ireland once enew-can never haunt us. Living then in this grand land of the future all must strive, by word and by example to prove ourselves worthy of the benefits bestowed upon us, and to show to the world that were Irishmen at home as unshackled as they are here, the darker pages of her

history need never have been written.

After again thanking the audience for their attention and marked appreciation, and the society for the honor conferred upon him, and wishing them heartily all success and prosperity in the future, Sir John Thompson closed his magnificent speech, and resumed his seat amidst rounds of continued applause.

#### ST. MARY'S STUDENTS.

In was on St. Patrick's Eve that the festival was celebrated by the students of St. Mary's College. In the hall, underneath the Jesuits' Church, a most successful dramatic entertainment was given by the students. The play was entitled "The Conversion of Ireland," which was made up of somes desembled was made up of somes desembled. Justice was received with a perfect ova-tion. It was a few minutes before the applause subsided, and then the eloquent and distinguished speaker commenced the Rector. It was a very skilfully conthe Rector. It was a very skilfully constructed as well as being ably written, and showed that Father Drummond is a playwrighter of conspicuous ability. The acting was very creditable, each of the boys filling his role with admirable hiscanadian public, and his fervor and sin-cerity spring from warm feelings and deep earnestness. At once he commands the attention of his audience and holds of epichained notify the analysis and holds. A.P. McGuirk, and appropriately meratoriously. Mr. Cunningham's splen-did vocal contributions were charming: in the extreme. The following is the cast of characters:—

"THE CONVERSION OF IRELAND," Scenes dramatized from the Life and Legends of St. Pa'rick, by the Rev. Lewis Datimmond, S.J.

by the Rev. Lewis Drummond, S.J.

DRAMATIS PERSON.E.

Patrick, first a captive, afterwards a bishop and the apostle of Ireland. Jos. McEnemy Laeghaire, Monarch of all Irestand. Arthur Magnire Lagna, son of the preceding. Dunstan Gray Micho, one of the King's
Farmers. Adolphe Girardot. Molaga, King's Chief Counsellor. Walter Klernars Erc, young Chieffain. Harry Clarke Mael, Arch. Druid. Frank Leverty Lochu, Druid. Frank Leverty Lochu, Druid. Frank Perry Priests, Druids, etc., etc.

To be followed by the laughable sketch

To be followed by the laughable sketch "BOX AND COX."

### THE "DAILY WITNESS"

On St. Patrick's Day Celebration. Some time ago, when THE TRUE WIT-NESS changed its editorial management, we stated that it was our trust that no line should ever be written by us that might grate upon the most delicate feelings of anyone; the abacrity with which our contemporary, the Daily Witness, copied that editorial seems to indicate our course and would imitate that spiritof kindly and cosmopolitan feeling which should reign in Canada. But, alis! the two columns of mean satire and petty irony in which that organs attempted to describe the St. Patrick's Day celebration, tell too plainly that we least, to behold the finer and more delicate feelings, that should animate every race and creed in this new country, rise above the spirit of initional intolerance and religious bigotry. The writer of that report has made a grand mistake when he addressed himself thus to the intelligent, noble-spirited and really patriotic people of Canada. He imagines that vulgarity is wit and that vituperation is reasoning. He is of that class of writers of whom Junius tion without proof, declamation without argument, and violent censure without dignity or moderation." Thank goodclass, nor have we been educated to insult the feelings of our countrymen. If we have no good to say of them, we can let them pass in silence; if we cannot unfold to the world their brighter characteristics we are not base enough to seize upon the minor blemishes-real or imaginary-in order to hold them up to riscoffed at can afford to move quietly along, leaving to time his vindication and to human generosity his revenge. Scratch a Russian" said Napoleon, and you wid find a Tartar,"-" scratch a writer of that calibre, we say, "and you will find a higot," We re-

### ILLUSTRATED

In presenting the readers of The True Witness with a special St. Patrick's Day number, we have sought to make it as thorough an Irish Literary edition as has been ever published in Canada. Whether we have succeeded or not remains for our triends to judge. In designing our cover we looked more to simplicity and appropriateness than to complication or profusion of subject. In the centre is the figure of a Celtic Bard, seated as Ossian is pictured by Barry, with the national Harp upon his knee, and a garland of shanrocks around him. In the upper left hand corner is a faithful picture of St. Pa rick's Church, Montreal; the good old temple that for long years has held so many Irish Catholic worshippers upon the anniversaries of Irelate's Patron Saint. On either side, at the hottom, are allegorical scenes. In one we present a Guebre Tower, a relic of Celtic greatness, an emblem of the stability and antiquity of the race; in the distance, the "Sunburst" of Ireland's glory, the orb of day rising from out the mists of centuries and flashing its morning beams of glory upon the monument-crowned land of our forefathers. In the other we behold the Celtic Cross and Faith clinging to it-just as the spirit of Ireland's nationhood twined itself around the emblem of Redemption. Near at hand is the "weeping willow," token of the torrents of tears shed by the children of the "Ancient Race." Finally, along the horizon, in the background, appear the ruins of Cashel -that " Cashel of the Kings," where Ireland's monarchs held court in the days of her greatnessthat Cashel, in the crozier of whose Archbishop to-day is the episcopal staff that St. Patrick held as he traversed the land, spreading the Gospel of Christ and chasing,-like tonds and snakes-the evil spirits of paganism from the shores of

In this illustrated cover alone there is subject matter for deep reflection. Thoughts of Ireland's vanished greatness, of her glorious traditions, of her antiquity, of her rained shrines and shattered monuments, of her music and song, of her learning and genius, of her future hopes: thoughts of our own dear shrine, the aisles of which, each St. Patrick's Day, are througed with a thousand memories of the good and the faithful who have "fought the good fight" and are now enjoying their eternal reward; thoughts worthy of the occasion are suggested by these few green tracings which we present to our readers and which we beg of them to study and meditate apon.

#### RELIGION A NECESSITY.

A Man Must Have Christian Faith to be Happy Says Father Doyle.

In the course of a most interesting lecture by the Rev A. P. Doyle, the clo quent Paulist Father, delivered in the Church of Our Lady of Victory, New York City, he said:

"Man has been so constituted by his Creator that he must have religion. He ward beyond the grave is a most sa'utary one. Education may, indeed, polish, as it were, a man's heart, but something more is wanted. Without religion man breaks her rudder, and so, tossed hither and thither upon the great deep, she at fatst goes down a helpless wreck, or is dashed to pieces against the rocks. Again, education in the hands of an un scrupulous man is simply a means of further evil. Religion then is a positive

incressity. " As I wander in the old world through the magnificent temples of devotion reared to the worship of the great God and coming back pass through this City of Churches, I cannot help feeling that religion is an absolute essential in our existences. All thoughtful men will ask themselves 'Where did I come from? Whither am I going? What is to be my destiny? Man feels within him an instinctive knowledge that he is something better than a clock or a watch, which may be wound up until it stops, something better than a mere brute beast. How then shall be obtain a greater fund of information in this matter. Only by God's revealed truth, as it is untolded for our instruction in R.I.P.His Holy Word and taught by the Cath olic Church. Religion is a reasonable thing. God would not ask a man to fly like a bird, because we chain the directory in the drug store that it may not be taken away. A copy of God's Word was too valuable to be lost in those days when all books had to be written by hand, and there was no such thing as printing. So a law was made that a copy of the Scriptures should be fastened to a desk in the church in order that the people might come and read for themselves the Word of Life. Therefore, it is untrue that Martin Lather ever gave the Scriptures to the people. Why, I can Scriptures to the people. Why, I can show you right here in the City of New York a copy of the Scripture in the German language published on the very day on which Maran Luther was born."

#### A Glowing Tribute.

[From the Richmond Guardian ]

"The best meeting of the campaign was that held at Windsor Mills on Saturday night. It was called by Mr. Denison's friends, but being in the Conservative stronghold they took nothing whatever by it. Mr. J. J. Curran, M.P. for Montreal Centre, was there, and gave a magnificent speech; it was literally a roasting lance of the same pious purpose.

of the Mercierite party, and so delighted the Windsor folk that the audience got almost wild with the excitement. The large McCabe Hall was filled, so that every person present was in a sweltering state before the meeting came to a close. The great Irish tribune met with such a flattering reception, and his speechesboth in English and in French-were so applanded, as must have told heavily in the augmentation of the Conservative votes. There was a large number of electors from Brompton, St. Francis Xavier, St. George, Melbourne, and Richmond present, who came chiefly to hear Mr. Curran. The hon, gentleman came at great personal inconvenience, and the thanks of the electors are due to him for responding to the invitation addressed to him. He is a magnetic man, and made troops of friends.'

It is pleasant for us to find that Irish talent is appreciated and that in the political, as well as the social, legal, commercial and ecclesiastical spheres, our nationality is coming to the front.

#### THOSE INDECENT POSTERS

sentations.

What the Archbishop's Paper says Concerning These Immoral Repre-

The current issue of La Semaine Religieuse contains the following article, entitled "Montreal's Shame; An outrage upon Morals": There is not a father of a family, to whatever religion he may belong,—provided he has a reeling of his duties and of the protective role entrusted to him by Providence,who does not carefully forbid improper pictures and immoral books from entering his house. He does not want the cyes of his children and his own to be offended and soiled by this unwholesome contact. He wants their modesty, that delicate flower which a simple breath can tarnish, to be respected Nevertheless, what do we see in passing through the streets of Montreal? Everywhere are displayed on the walls, in places where most people pass, impure placards in high colors, representing in full size persons scantily clad, with insinuating smiles and in postures condemned by the most elementary propriety; and in front of those placards stand young men and children, attracted by the seduction of evil and the temptation of vice. A little further on, in the windows of bar-rooms, the same pictures, or others still more risque offend the eyes Honest women and well-bred young girls east down their eyes, but the multiplicity of those sad pictures imposes itself upon them, and little by little, the eye, without complacently resting upon them, does not avoid them as it should. Modesty has been hurt, and there is a first stain on that virtue which has been so justly called the brightest ornament of youth. Is there a remedy for such a state of things Assuredry. The municipal laws provide for the removal of the dirt in the streets with a view to public health. The moral health, which is much more important, requires the removal of that filth which can soil the eyes. Puero debelur reve rentia, said a Latin poet, before the com-ing of the Saviour. Will the municipal authorities lack the respect due to childhood and to youth? We trust the con trary; they would be failing in their mission if they remain inactive in face of the arready too great evil resulting from the scandalous placarding of those sad invitations to more shameful disorders.

### OBITUARY.

Darragh.

At River Beaudette, on Friday of last week, there passed over to the silent mawas called into this world that he might bearn to know God here and be happy O'Reilly, wife of James Darragh. The with Him forever hereafter. It is in the imman heart that all the great schemes of wickedness or good arise, and the Crown Point, N.Y., on February 10, 1861, thought of a God who will punish or 1e- removed there with her parents in .871 was married to James Darragh, on Feb raary 9, 1880, and died on March 4, 1892. She was the mother of seven children, six girls and one boy, of whom the boy may be likened to the ship which goes to and two girls preceded her to the grave sea, splendid in all her appointments, but Of the four surviving daughters, the eldest is ten, while the youngest is but two years of age. Since it was God's will to remove the wife and mother at such an early age, triends have a great consolation in knowing that He took her in the holy seas in of Lent, when the faithful, instead of being occupied with di-sipation and amusement, will be engaged in prayer, penance and the receiving of the sacraments, thereby gaining innumerable indulgences, all which can be applied to the benefit of our departed friends. A death under such circumstances can only be regretted as a momentary separation. The large concourse of people, upwards of sixty vehices, in attendance at the funeral was a testimonial of the esteem in which Mrs. Darragh was held by all in the community. Her remains were, on Monday, March 7, confined to their last resting place at St. Telesphore, to await a glorious resurrection. We cordially extend our heartfest sympathy to the bereaved relatives in their sad affliction.-

#### Young Irishmen's L. & B.

Society. Mr. R. Lennen, the popular ex-president of the Young Irishmen's Literary and Benefit society, has been presented by the members of the society, prior to his departure for Colorado, with a gold chain and locket, accompanied by an address. After the presentation "Ou guest" and a number of other compli mentary toasts were proposed and res ponded to, the proceedings being enliv ened with songs, dances, etc.

### St, Peter's Cathedral.

A short time ago the Rev. Cure Piche, of Lachine, announced to his parishioners that a collection would be taken up, the proceeds to be devoted to the completion of St. Peter's Cathedral. The reverend cure added that he would personally double whatever amount his congregation would subscribe. The result this wasthat the collection netted \$140.50, and the Rev. Cure Piche has consequently forwarded \$281 to the archiepiscopal palace. A large number of quarry-owners at d building contractors are presenting loads of stone to be used in further-

#### RICHARD BRINDSLEY SHERIDAN

A SKETCH OF HIS LIFE.

A Great Irishman—Orator, Actor, Dramatic Author and Litterateur.

N every branch of literature Irishmen have filled prominent parts since the days of Charles I., and the English language would be shorn of an enormous part of its wealth were the works of Irishmen stricken from it. It would be worthy of note, too, that in any classification of prominent men in almost every branch of culture Irish names will be found in abundance near the heads of each list. Look through the names of l the so-called English orators, or dramatists, or satrists, or poets, or historians, or novelists, and among the formost the names of men of Irish birth or race are sure to be found. Burke, Grattan, O'Connell, Sheridan, Congreve, Swift. Francis, Moore, Usher, Lanigan, Lecky, Goldsmith, Maria Edgworth, are among the greatest names in their various interrupted to display itself for at least the English language since Shakespeare. seven generations, and which is, perhaps. the most conspicuous instance of hereditary genius in modern times.

tained a place on the stage and in literature, and may safely be called one of the brightest comedies in the English language. Sir Lucius O'Trigger and Sir Anthony Absolute have since become as familiar as Falstaff or Othello, yet the play, through some defects of stage adaption, was coldly received at first. Sheridan saw its defects and recast it into the shape it now has, and in its altered condition it at once became a success and secured its author a handsome profit. A farce, "The Scheming Lieutenant. was his next production, after which Sheridan applied himself to writing a comic opera. The "Duenna," which was the result, is unquestionably the best of its class that had yet appeared in English, and it ran for ninetyfive nights on the stage at Covent Garden. Sheridan's career was now assured and he was enabled to become manager of the greatest theatre in London, Drury Lane, on the retirement of Garrick. Sheridan was only twenty-four at the time, and his business capacity or training was not such as to insure him success in his new capacity. He made money rapidly, but spent it faster, and he was never able to escape the embarclasses during the times whose lists are rassments of debt during his future life. closed, and where the prizes have been The burthen, however, hung lightly on awarded by the judgment of posterity. him for many years, and his manage-Let us seak of Richard Brindsley Sheriment was helped by the production of Let us seak of Richard Brindsley Sheri-dan the most brilliant member of a family the "School for Scaudal," which, take it which brilliant talent has continued un- all in all, is probably the best comody in

The "Critic or Rehearsal" was written shortly after the "School for Scandal, and in its line is scarcely inferior to it. To the average reader of English his- Sheridan's recklessness and negligence tory the Sheridan who swayed the House in money matters, however, only in-of Commons at a time when that body creased with every fresh success. The

HON. SIR JOHN THOMPSON, K.C.M.G., Q.C.

THE HON, SIR JOHN SPARROW DAVID THOMPSON, Minister of Justice and leader of the Government in the House of Commons, is a son of the late John Sparrow Thompson, of Waterford, Ireland. Sir John was born in Halifax, N.S., on the 10th November, 1841, and is consequently in his forty-eighth year. He was educated at the Common Scotch and Free Church Academy in his native town. He was called to the Bar in 1865 and appointed Q.C. in 1879. In 1870 he married Miss Affleck, daughter of Captain Affleck, of Halifax. He has been an Alderman, and Chairman of the School Commissioners in Halifax. He occupied the positions of Attorney-General, and later on of Premier of Nova Scotia. In 1882 he was appointed Judge of the Supreme Court of his Province. That high position he resigned in 1885 to enter the political arena, and to assume the office of Minister of Justice. Since that day he has been marked as "the coming man" in Canada. He has been the inspiring spirit in all our great moves, political and national, since that day. He was offered the Premiership of the Dominion, on the death of Sir John A. Macdonald, but he magnanimously declined the honor, while accepting the burden of the work. He is a practical and exemplary Catholic and a glory to his creed and nationality.

was an oligarchy of wealthy men, almost as completely as Ward McAllister's Four Hundred of New York—the Sheridan on up in despair. Sheridan only laughed tries offered to him, appears as a wealthy tract him from the highest departments of political life. The man whose denunciation of a Governor-General of India, or defence of the liberty of Ireland against dramas, proposed to use the cellars under Pitt, were among the historic events of the theatre for warehousing wines Sheri-England, is hardly thought as one who had to earn his livelihood by his pen, and whose ancestral influence in those days of pocket boroughs and close corporations was simply nothing. Yet so it was. Sheridan's only inheritance was his na tive talent, and influential connections he had absolutely none at his start in life. His family since has never lacked the last of these worldly advantages, but it is to the reputation won by him that they owe them alone. Sheridan's father, Thomas Sheridan,

a generation earlier. At the time of Richard's birth, in 1751, he was manager lament in 1780. of the Dublin Theatre Royal, and his son was born in the Irish netropolis. His mother, who, before her marriage had been a Miss Chamberlayne, was a writer of plays and novels of considerable merit, and thus talent was the boy's schooling he received from a private schoolmaster, Sam Whyte, who also numbered at a later date Tom Moore among his pupils. The Sheridaus however, soon removed to England where Richard got the rest of his schooling at Harrow, but was not able to enter either of the universities through lack of fortune. Richard, after leaving Harrow, led for a time a life of amusement in his father's house and entered the Middle Temple to study law. He made a romantic marriage at an early age, however, with a professional singer, Miss Linley, and finding himself under the necessity of making a living he took to play writing as the most available source

terms of easy familiarity with the Regent at his growing embarrassment. Michael of England and his nobles, who picked Kelly, another trish play-writer, was asnis own post among the various minis- sociated with him in the management, and various were his efforts to keep his aristocrat of distinguished talents, who brilliant employer to the straight track had no cares of private business to dis- of business. The latter paid off his remonstrances with wit instead of reforms. When Kelly, who had a trick of adapting foreign airs to English words in his dan suggested as a sign, " Michael Kelly Composer of Wines and Importer of Music," and left the indignant author to worry out other sources of income unhelped.

Sheridan, however, though negligent of his business affairs, found time for trying his hand in politics. His reputation as a man of talent was well known, and some of his noble friends offered him a reat in Parliament. In the eighteenth century the majority of the English, and, for that matter, the Irish, boroughs were regarded had been an actor and teacher of elocution both in London and Dublin. He magnates as absolutely as their houses or was one of the cronics of Dr. Johnson at cattle. The electors were only a handthe Turk's Head, as his grandfather, a ful, and they invariably voted as their talented but poverty stricken schoolmas- landlord directed. Sheridan was offered ter, had been of the greater genius, Swift, the seat for Stafford, in the English

Though Thomas Sheridan had be in a teacher of elocution of national repute, it seems he had never given such attention to his brilliant son's training in that line. His first speech in Parliament was a flat failure, and he was urged by many inheritance from either parent. His first of his friends to retire from a field for which he was evidently untitted by nature. Sheridan himself knew better what was in him, and he set himself to cure his defects as a speaker with an industry which was in striking contrast with his negligence in livancial affairs. It was not long before the young Irish theatre manager began to be recognized as one of the first speakers in Parliament. When the celebrated impeachment of Warren Hastings. Governor General of British India, for high crimes in office, was resolved upon, Sheridan, was chosen one of the managers of the prosecution, along with Burke and Charles James Fox. Burke's opening speech is known to every student of the English language, and yet Sheridan's, which followed

tings towards the Downger Princesses or Bejums of Oudk, was generally pronounced to be the noblest oratorical effort of the prosecution. It was in great part. spoken extempore, and has been so im-perfectly reported that it is practically lost to us, but the effect which it produced on those who heard it was such as lud never been known in England before. Sheridan was offered a thousand pounds for the copyright of the speech within twenty-four hours after its delivery, if he would only correct its report for the press. But fatigue and the unfortunate habit of prograstination were the record of his greatest speech, which Byron declared the finest in the English

culmination of Sheridan's career as an orator, though he still continued to hold a foremost place among the Parliamentary speakers to the end of his life. Offcul nosts were showered thick upon him. He was made Under Secretary of State in 1782, when but little over thirty, and subsequently he became Secretary of the Treasury and Treasurer of the Navy. He might have become Chancellor of the Exchequer or Prime Minister but for his indifference to personal ambition and his distaste for business application. It is to his honor, however, that in the Honse of Commons, though a friend of the Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV., and a member of the Ministry, he almost invariably supported the cause of political liberty. His speech in Parliament in defence of the liberty of the press is a striking proof of his personal independence. Though not as devoted a patriot as Burke, he also supported the right of Ireland to self-government and the eman cipation of the Catholic population. The Sheridans, though they had conformed century, and though several had been so common among Irish Protestants of the last century. They may have lacked

While Sheridan was devoting himself to public affairs, his priva e fortunes, as might be expected, suffered. His father died the year of the Hastings impeachment and the affairs at the theatre, Sheridan's sole property, fell into hopeless embarrasments. Ten years later he wrote two new plays, "Pizarro" and "The Stranger," which hepped him to stay off debtors for a while. Michael Kelly tells us that the first was actually unfinished when the play was presented on the stage, and that the last act was only written by snatches in the promptor's room while Mrs. Siddons and Charles Kemble were actually playing the earlier ones. Sheridan's fus cinating manners helped to tide affairs along even under such circumstances, but the end was inevitable in a business point. A fire broke out and destroyed the theatre, and Sheridan was unable to rebuild it, and had to sell out all his rights for a sum which was promptly absorbed by his creditors. From that time his official employments and the royalties on his plays were his only dependence and they proved inadequate to re-lieve him from the load of debt which his own carelesness had allowed to necumulate around him. Sheridan, fact, fived at the same rate as the wealthy peers with whom he associated, but with out the means of meeting such expense as they possessed. That the embarass ments consequent on this course of life affected him deeply, despite all the careless wit which he never ceased to display, is certain. "I am like that old clock," he once remarked to a friend in Parijament; "I am only good to mark the pa-sage of time." His wife died in 1792, leaving him several children, and he married again, but his latter years added nothing to the real work which had given such brilliant promise in his early life. The years subsequent to 1798, when his play of "Pizarro" appeared, were marked by no new literary work. Hecontinued to maintain bis reputation as a Parliamentary orator but his influence in politics even had passed away, and it 1807 he lost his seat in Parliament. His death took place in 1816, and a public funeral and a grave in Westminster Abbey testified that his former services were still remembered. His sneeches which were published in 1798, and his dramatic works are, however, the most last ing monument to Thomas Brindsley Sheridan, and they will preserve his name as long as the language exists His life was subsequently written by Thomas Moore, who knew Sheridan well, and has rendered ample justice to the brilliant genius of his friend. It has been preserved among his descendants, who still continue to display them in widely separate fields.

#### Useful Hints and Suggestions

Take a sunbath for rheumatism. Never set coal oil near butter or lard. Try a wet towel to the back of the neck when sleepless.

To make cod liver oil palatable take it in tomato catsup.

A hot, strong lemonade taking at bedtime will break up a cold.

If camphor gum is placed with silver it will prevent the ware from tarnishing. The juice of half a lemon in half a glass of water is a safe remedy for headache.

Try a hot, dry flaunel over the seat of

neuralgic pain and renew it frequently. Half a cupful of butter weighs about a quarter of a pound, two cupfuls a pound. To freshen leather chair seats, rub them over with the well-beaten white of an egg.

Madagascar people work twenty-live days in a year, and make enough then to support them in idleness the rest of the time.

By a recent appliance to kitchen ranges the refuse from the kitchen in thoroughly dried, covered with charcoal and used

The fibrous covering of coconnuts is used extensively in making ropes and

A national association has been organ-The first essay was a masterpiece, after an adjournment, and which dealt ized in New York to extend the indust-The Rivals," which has ever since re- with the rapacity and cruelty of Has- rial scheme of profit-sharing.

"THE BRIGADE" AT FONTENOY.

Few and stern were our words,

And some were girding swords.

Where the Lee or Shannon flows ;

Loud swells the charging trumpel-

God of buttles—God of vengeance

There are stains to wash away—

In the best blood of the Briton,

Plunge deep the fiery rowels

Down, chivalry of Ireland,

Tis a voice from our own land-

Guide to-day the patriot's brand;

There are memories to destroy,

In a thousand recking flanks-

Down on the British ranks-

Now shall their serried columns

While rose the cry of joy-

To conquer or to die.

To-day at Fontency.

( BY BARTHOLOMEW DOWLING.)

By our camp fires rose a murmur, At the dawning of the day, And the tread of many footsteps Spoke the advent of the fray; And as we took our places, While some were tightening horse-girths, Illa trumpet blast was sounded Our footmen to array-The willing steed has bounded, Impatient for the fray— The green Lag is unfolded, language, has been lost forever. The impeachment of Hastings was the Heaven speed dear Ireland's banner To-day at Fontency." We looked upon that banner, And the memory arose Of our homes and perished kindred, We looked upon that banner, And we swore to God on high To smite to-day the Saxon's might—

Beneath our sabres reel-Through their ranks, then, with the warto the State Church in the seventeenth Through their bosoms with the steel! engaged in its ministry, never showed any of the bigoted intolerance that was With one shout for good King Louis,

And the fair land of the vine, Like the wrathful Alpine tempest, the high faith of martys, but they had We swept upon their linenone of the malice of persecutors, and the Then rang along the battle-field foes of the Catholic Church and the Irish Triumpment our hurrah, And as we smote them down, still cheernation were alike distasteful to all of

> "Erin Slanthagal go bragh." As prized as is the blessing From an aged father's tips-As welcome as the haven To the tempest driven ship-As dear as to the lover The smile of gentle maid-Is this day of long-sought vengeance To the swords of the Brigade.

See their shattered forces flying, A broken routed line-See England, what brave laurels For your brow to-day we twine. Oh! thrice blessed the hour that witnessed

The Briton turn to flee From the chivalry of Erin, And France's "flear de lis."

As we lay beside our camp fires, When the sun had passed away, And thought upon our brethern; Who had perished in the fray-We prayed to God to grant us, And then we'd die with joy, One day upon our own dear land Like this at Fontenoy.

IRISH NATIONAL HYMN.

(BY JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN.)

O, Ireland! Ancient Ireland!
Ancient! yet forever young!
Thou our mother, home and sireland
Thou at length hast found a tongue,
Proudly thou, at length,
Resistest in triumphant strength.
Thy flag of freedom floats unfurled!
And as that mighty God existeth!
Who giveth victory when and where He
listeth,
Thou yet shalt wake and shake the nations of
the world.

For this dull world still slumbers Weetless of its wants or loves,
Though, like Galileo, numbers
Cry atoud, "It moves! it moves!"
In a midolight dream,
Drifts it down l'inne's wreckful stream,
All march, but lew descry the goal,
O, freland! belt thy high duty
To teach the world the might of Moral Beauty,
And stamp God's limage truly on the struggling
soul.

Strong in thy self-reliance,
Not in idle threat or boast,
Hast thou hurled thy flerce defiance
At the haughty Saxon host—
Thou hast claimed, in sight
Of high Heaven, thy long-lost right.
Upon thy hills—along thy plains—
In the green bosom of thy valleys,
The new-born soul of holy freedom railies,
And catls on thee to trample down in dust thy
chains!

Deep, saith the Eastern story,
Burns in Iran's mines a gem,
For its dazzing hues and glory
Worth a Sultan's diadem.
But from human eyes
Hidden there it ever lies!
The aye-travailing Gnomes glone,
Who toil to form the mountain's treasure,
May gaze and gloat with pleasure without measure Upon the lustrious beauty of that wonder-

So is it with a nation
Which would win for its rich dower
That bright pearl, Self-Liberation—
It must labour hour by hour.
Strangers who travail
To lay bare the genn, shall fall;
Within itself, must grow, must glow
Within the depths of its own bosont.
Must flower in living might, must broadly
blossom,
The hopes that shall be born ere Freedom's Tree
can blow.

stone,

Go on, then, all rejoiceful!
March on thy career unbowed!
IRELAND! let thy noble, voiceful
Spirit cry to God aloud!
Man will bid thee speed
God will ald thee in thy need—
The Time, the Hour, the Power are near—
Be sure thou soon shalt form the vanguard
Of that illustrious band whom Heaven and
Man goard! Man guard! Man guard!

id these words come from one whom some
have called a Secr.

For His Namo's Sake.

Four sisters of the community of St. Anne de Lachine, Sisters Winnifred, Rogation, M. Jeane Damascene and Antonia, left last week for the far away missions of Victoria and Alaska. All four are young sisters, the youngest being only eighteen.

Archiepiscopal Appoint. ments.

His Grace the Archbishop of Montreal has made the following appointments of vicars :- Mr. O. Lachapelle to St. Charles, A. Mganan to Mile End, G. Clairoux to St. Louis de Montreal, and V. Desliaies to St. Paul de Joliette.

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THURSDAY,...MARCH 17, 1862.



ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

The Irish Race holds jubilee to-day All over the civilize I world, wheresoever pulchre of her liberty, will command her an Irish Exile is to be found, there is joy and expectation upon this anniversary. In the valleys that nestle in the Laurentians, and along the slopes through which the Ottawa sweeps, afar where Saskatchewan and Asseniboine rush through the tions. From this City of Montreal to the served through all dangers, trials and extreme ends of the habitable globe; by misfortunes for long centuries, and position to which his talents and industry the Hudson, that resechoes the silvery which to-day she holds as the grand words of Daniel Dougherty; by the Miss | talisman of her future-both herebelow sissippi, the Father of Waters; by the and there above with her Patren Saint.  $\textbf{Miss}ouri, \text{ that wails its eternal} \ | requirm \left[ -\text{Children of St. Patrick} \right] \text{ sons of Erm} :$ for the immortal Meagher; down uncler descendants of the "Ancient Celtie the giant Andes, beneath which the Oran- | Race," keep. oh! keep forever intact oco and the Amazon sweep; across the that light of your Faith, and, to use a furrowed face of the Atlantic; in Paris, | comparis a familiar but true, it will be the city of the world, where collect the your salvation. Take the fiery pidar of descendants of Limerick's heroes; by the [Captive Israe] it will cheer the desert of ruddy rolling. Rhine, and over the Alsgorisoriow and guide you one day to the pine passes; in Spain the chivalrie; in bland your promised Freedom. Italy the fair; in Rome - grand old Rome-that is dearer still by the treas THE SPIRIT OF THE NATION. sured graves of Irish chiefs upon her Jeniculum -- in Rome that contains the heart of O'Connell; in all lands and onder all skies the children of the Irish | a galaxy of talent appeared suddenly to Race hold jubited to-day !

"And why is it thus" asks the stranger. It is because that ancient land, after sitting like a wid wed queen, in the shadow of her Round Towers, after beholding divisions at home and hostility abroad, combined for long ages against her peace, happiness and glory, at list has commenced to look up; because, she, the "Niobe of the Isles," has begunto cast off the garments of sorrow and to assume the vestments of joy; because the smile removes the tear, and the shadows. although they have not wholly vanished. are golden, like the flush of the dawn upon the eastern hills; because through the clouds of ages silver shafts of light are piercing and the wail of grief is re-

placed by the chant of hope. Many are the titles Ireland has re- life and works of, that sweetest of all the ceived; and amongst them she has been poets, DENIS FLORENCE MCCARTHY; toas far as this three is concerned, in the batch of room wall with language of Dr. Johnson, she was in ages ! gone past, "the quiet home of Sanctity and Learning." Her Druidism was even holy when compared to the paganism of LADY WILDE, and the third Miss MARY voice was heard but once or twice, yet other nations; while they adored their gods amidst debauchery and crime, I'es known to the world, but their beautiful perfection of melody. land's white-robed Druid stood in the sacred grove and pointed to the heaven of the ancient Celt. And the day came others-and they are but stray beams when the Sun of Redemption flashed over Golgotha; its rays penetrated the Bool of literary studight that touched groves where the Druids taught the mysticism of the stars, they descended into the depths of the catacombs, they sketches. tipped with splendor the Round Towers and crowned these storied works of a buried time with the light of heaven. In was born in Cork in 1795. He was eduthe hands of St. Patrick those beams cated for the priesthood, but the delicate Tara, the great apostle explained the centered Trinity College as an out penthe touch of the crozier of St. Patrick a stream of religion gushed from the bosom of the Island. At first it came slowly meandering along then leaping in cascades from the hills of time; now gliding under the shadow of a cloud of centuries, now gleaming out in the splendor of a grand emancipation. Into every land it went, it followed the sons of Erin all over the earth, and wheresoever they are to be found that stream of Faith has bathed them and their adopted country in a sea of imperishable glory. Well, well did Ireland deserve the title of the "Isle of saints and marryrs;" and meet is it that with due religious fervor the sens of Erin should celebrate the anniversary of St. Patrick's glorious pa-sage from the nacks of the Church Cork, the scenery of which he has des-Mil tant, to the joys of the Church Triumphant in Heaven. From that celestial palace, over its ivory battlements, he

they may be ever the faithful custodians of that sacred deposit which he left their fathers and which they must transmit as a glorious heritage to their children. First Saint of the "Isle of Saints," we beg of thee, upon this thy glorious feast day, to watch over the Irish race, to inspire them with courage, to keep alive the flame of their Faith; we pray thee to look down of Ireland's most promising young poets. upon the Old Land, to guide her and support her as she treads the via Dolorosa of the centuries, bearing the burden of the world's iniquities and ascending the rough path towards the explation of the crimes of all nations!

We are at present in the midst of the the lenten season; in a few weeks we expect the glorious feast of Easter, when penitential garbs and signs of sorrow tation and contrition shall be replaced by songe of jubilation and hosannas of triumph. So is it with Ireland; the lenten season, of seven hundred years of sorrow and persecution, is passing away; the Easter of her national triumph is at hand :-that Easter morning when "the Angel of Freedom" will come down and, rolling away the stone from the seto arise to a glorious resurrection. And, then, in the Fires of Freedom's Pentecost. with divers tongues, her sons will go forth, as their forefathers did of old, and

In 1842, when Davis, Dillon, and Daffy established the famous Dublin NARON. emerge from obscurity and to span the sky of Irish literature. In that gierious "mirky-way" the orbs that shone most conspicuously were the poets of the time. During five or six years the columns of that wonderful journal teemed with songs. ballads and poems of the liveliest, most patriotic or most pathetic kinds. Davis styled the prose articles of his paper, "The Voice of the Nation;" and the poetical contributions, "The Spirit of the Nation." In this St. Patrick's Day number of The True Witness we give several gems taken from that glorious collection. We do not pretend to present our readers with the best samples from those well-known Irish bards; but we give some of their less frequently quoted productions. A few weeks ago we dedicated a special editoral to the Egetch of poor, noble, gifted THOMAS DAVIS; as to "Mary " "Spakanza" and | whose "Coach the Piper" we give in this "Eva," we need but state that the first tyrics and national songs have endeared their names to the Irish race. Of the sebeted at hip-hazard from out a full the Listory of Ireland during the forties-we will here give a few short

#### ARREMOVIC JOSEPH CALLANAN

were carried into Ireland; and she was state of his health and his restless spirit ripe to receive them. With the triune impelled him to relinguish his prospects leaf—the shannock—on the heigh s of hin the clerical profession. In 1820 he mystery of all mysteries. As when Moses sioner, with the intention of studying struck the rock in the desert, with a for the bar; but he renounced that idea wand, and the waters poured out, so at after two years. In 1823 he became an assistant in the school of Dr. Maginn, in Cork, and through Maginn's introduction he became a contributor to "Blackwood's Magazine." During six years he spent his time rambling through the country, cobecting old Irish ballads and legends, and in giving them a new dress in a new tongue. In the spring of 1829 he became | fresh in the minds of the people to-day a tutor in an Irish family living at Lisbon, and died there on the 19th September of that year, in the 34th of his age.

Such is a brief account of the short and peculiar career of the sweet bard of the "Recluse of Inchidony," the tender poet of "Gougaune Barra."

#### MR. B. SIMMONS

was born at Kilworth, in the county of cribed with such pleasing fidelity. He obtained a position in the Excise office, London, which he held till his death. looks down with loving encouragement | He died on the 21st July 1850, in Actor upon the discensive and the street, coays the leading and was parted to the still survives that mighty secret organization, which have been performed by Saints of the collection to the still survives that mighty secret organization, which have been performed by Saints of the still survives that mighty secret organization, which have been performed by Saints of the still survives that mighty secret organization, which have been performed by Saints of the still survives that mighty secret organization, which have been performed by Saints of the still survives that mighty secret organization, which have been performed by Saints of the still survives that mighty secret organization are still survives to still survives that mighty secret organization are still survives to still survives that mighty secret organization are still survives to still survives to still survives that mighty secret organization are still survives to still su sorrows and trials, all persecutions and lowing. For many years he was a con-

theme of Napoleon, excels all our great | Nation." poets, Byron's lines on the subject are

#### EIGHARD DALTON WHALIAMS

was born at the foct of the Divil's Bit mountain in the county of Tipperary. He was educated in the Catholic college of Carlow, where be gave early promise of his genius as a poet. He wrote with equal facility upon all subjects, whether they were grave or gay-pathetic or humorous; his sympathies were large enough to enable him to portray every shall disappear, and the hymns of lamen- human passion and affection. There was a giant strength in him, and yet a sweet native gracefulness. After he left college he became a medical student; his beautiful ballad on the "Dying Girl" was composed after a visit to the hospitals. He came to America in 1850, and became professor of Belles Lettres in the Mobile College, Alabama; he married, and in 1862 he died of consumption. The Irish-American soldiers in a New Hampshire regiment erected a very beautiful monument over the dead poet.

#### BARTHOLEMEN DOWLING

that Faith, which she received in the to the Treasurer of the Corporation of Celt is pulsing with pleasant anticipath the hands of St. Patrick, which she pre- Fontency." He emigrated to the United states in 1851, and soon attained that so justly entitled him. Beyond a few exquisite balaids and one or two thoroughly. patrictic poems in is little known in maist be brought to relit.

#### JAMES CLABIANT MANGAN

was born in Dublin in 1803 and died there in 1849. For more than twenty years be had been a contributor to a'm st every periodical or magazine in Ireland. He had a sad and strange career. His existence became dissipated tir he was taken from a gainst in a mean street is: Dablia to the Meatic hospital, where he diel after a week's iliness. Among the poets of Ireland Mangan deeidedry recupies one of the highest places. As a translator lae was inimitable: Le translated from the Irish. French, German, Spanish, Italian, Danish and Oriental languages, with the idiomatic expressions which are peculiar to the pactry of each country. His original poems exibit the vigor of his style and vividness of fancy, and enbody every form of grace and dignity in the wonderous flow and charming melody of his versification. A suitable monument now marks the resting place of this sad but patriotic son of Song. Of

#### DR. DRENNAN,

all we can say is that his few poems attracted very much attention and especially the one we publish, "Erin." Of his life we know but little and that little is of no interest to the public. One poet and an frish one at that.

#### JOHN KEEGAN,

number is just as little known as many was a Miss Ellen Dowling, the second another tender child of the muses, whose EVA KELLEY. Little of their lives is heard, even these few times, in all its

#### MARTIN MIDERMORE

was the author of several locantiful lyrics and amongst them the sample we publish, "The Coolun," and his "Poor Exiles far Away." These poetns hear the tions have been lost to us, and so little is so much to the "Spirit of the Nation."

#### OUR ALD GRITTEIN

is better known as a dramatic writer Charity;" "Matt Hyland;" "Orange and Green," and other touching poems deserve to be ranked with the most renowned of Celtic writers in verse. His life was an interesting, instructive and exemplary one. He died a Christian Brother

THOMAS D'ARCY M'GEE'S poems and lite need no comment nor elaboration from us. His name, as an orator, historian and statesman is, as as when he was in the hey-day of his brilliant career; his poems are as widely read and as deeply admired as when the shocking news of his sad fate convulsed to its innermost depths every honest and generous soul on two continents. No greater, no more lasting monument than that mansoleum of song, built by his own hands, each stone of which is an Irish poem, could be raised to his

#### SHE CHARLES GAVAN DUFFY'S

to its lastre. Patriot at home, statestortures the pure Faith that he brought tributor of lyrical poems to the magazines habors—under the snows of many win- and which wields an influence incalcu- lives but even by their very relics when Great Britain has 180,000 landlords.

them long centuries ago, and he prayathat and annuals. Blackwood, whose pages he t rs-in the cause that was dear to his able for evil, is again making its arm felt dead. Of course we expect and are not

tory of Erin is to be found in the ballads, are watching each other with eagle eyes. the world over, and for all time.

hand when the literature of that golden exist. We are a cosmopolitan people, models for their imitation and examples, contented Europe. Irish literature, still be is one of the fer their practice, all actions or as the many "Hoden Genes" that's me day trons that are elevating and worthy of admiration in the lives of Lie land's Great Dead. May the day soon down where. We redien very often that the none of that "little sprig of green," nor is it the "Voice of the Nation" whiche hear? Catholic press, in speaking of zealors astonishing that the Irish exice should chanting its pean of triumph after cent in issignances of our Church, of devoted long for a binacion these elequent shruls turies of mistorture; and when "The anothely priests, unitotecrtain sisters in the far off his native land, Spirit of the Nation" was tower about the different religious communities. Moore, in one of its general melodies like Bartho di's statue, on the timeshow, whose efforts in the fields of charlty and presents us the Snamnock as, the token of a new word, perfect in its proper mercy are remarkable, sayle these wordly of love, valor and wit; the three grand tions, solid in its foundation, majestic in Tabo ers in the "Lord's vineyard," er- character sixes of the true Trishman, its appearance, with its index finger thusiases. Now we object to the term. Undying love of nome, unflinehing valor piercing the coulds of heaven, and the for many good reasons, and amongst in the lace of dangers, and genuine electric spark from its summit shodding cothers that in applying it to such persons, wit seem to be a combination peculiarly a radiance upon the hits and valleys is places them on a level with those ees Certic. where, we trust in God, Freedom will centric and families resiters who, seized is vet walk eternal v.

#### CANADA AND EUROPE.

A wise man of old advised a person who was constantly complaining about could we apply that term to the priests his troubles, and miseries, to go abroad and nuns who, in causes such as the one for a day, to enter into every house along that beckoned him to martyrdom and the way, to speak to each one he met, and to ask about their happiness. The sorrow-haunted creature followed the for the cause of Christ and of suffering advice, and returned home at night con- humanity? Truly there is a certain vinced that, not only he was not the only celestial enthusiasm about them; but it miserable being on earth, but that everyone he spoke to had troubles and lied by those who see nothing beyond a misfortunes far surpassing his little blind momentary impulse in such lives. difficulties. And he learned to look upon the bright side of the picture and to be thankful for the many blessings ven and hear the inaudible," we might Howth to the mouth of the Shannon, thing certain, however, he was a real over and above his fedow-creatures, that had been showered upon him. A nation tread of the Catholic missionary in is but the aggregate of individuals, and sorsequently the same advice might be fittingly as p'ied to a people who complain about the little dawbacks and at mid night, she moves through cloisters porty obsia les that arise upon the e emitry's pathway, while seemingly obavious of the exceptional blessings of skirts the environs of the battle-field seekpeace, contentment, prespenty, hearth ing for some dying soul to cheer or some and national vigor that the Almighty is suffering body to alleviate. There is daily showering upon treir land. It we, in Canada today, desire to thoroughly in the glow of those eyes and in the and justly appreciate the grand and pallor of that cheek. glorious country in which our happy for The mere word enthusiasm suggests stamp of a muster-hand; it is unfor is east, let us for a moment ascend the the idea of an impulse that does not me tanate that so many of kindred product locights and look down thom a world, in cessarily originate in reflection. But recorded of the writers who commitmed with plagues, swept by faming crushed years even, of fasting, penance, mortificaby to ranny, conversed with earthquakes. Itom and prayer that constitute the noviwars and memored with national chaos; cation it is to leave all worldly things aside then let us look at the broad pranties, and to take up the cross and follow Christ, than as a poet; yet his "Sister of rich mountains, mighty streams, infind we cease to regard the animating spirit seas, fertile valleys, flourishing cities, contented people, educational instituand learn the worth of such a home for powerful from long contact with sufferour future. Look abroad over Europe to- ings and patient work, how poor that day. The iron grasp of despotism crushes pyrotechnic enthusiasm of the fitful adthe Russian serf, and while famine's gaunt | vocate of a new-fangled creed or some sudskeleton shadows his footsteps and chases | denly developed notion! The latter is fearful existence. The fell spirit of want and the ghost of famine stalk hand-inhand over the fields of Hungary, and a noble race is reduced to the extremes of poverty, misery and desolation. In Germany the genuis of Socialism is ubiquitous, it breathes beneath the shadow of the palaces, and moves openly and loudvoiced along the public squares of Berlin; monarchs feel for their sceptres and grope for their crowns, standing armies are no security against internal revolts, order to cast discredit upon our Church, name requires no words from us to add and the most humble working; in Canada its teachings, or its ministers. History, is a king compared to the Kings, Emper-

thus speaks of him: "Simmons, on the portant part of the "Spirit of the cesses of the mountains, its slenths the world disputing these historical inci-Fatcher of Saltoun spoke truly when the vengeance of a Brabetta of Inter- but the Church is so very careful, bad; Scott's poor; Wordsworth's weak; he said-"Give me the making of a laken, the extravagant enthusiasm of a that no Saint is canonized without Lockhart and Simmons may be bracketed nation's ballads, and I care not who Lolla Montes, or the higher and more a therough examination of all the pros as equal; their's are rich, true, strong." makes its laws." The poems of a people dignified wickedness of a Mazzini or a and cons, and no miracle is recognized His early death closed the career of one form the reflection of their wants and Mamiani. Even in the neighboring Re- unless it is, beyond the shadow of all aspirations, and the truest history of public has it penetrated. In England doubt, substantiated. Consequently the their feelings. The story of Ire and's society is convulsed and threatened by sneers and denials of the unbelieving fall taith, of her struggles, of her sorrows, another danger; the 12th of this month harm'essly upon the cause of Truth, her years of resistance to foreign in has the day marked, when half a million. However, the unscrupulous have another vasion, her centuries of combat against miners will go upon a gigantic strike, method, and one more dangerous and the hordes of her enemies,-then of her and tudy five millions of people will be more difficult to combat. They publish partial triumphs, her hours of appoach, thrown out of employment. All over pretended faith cures, and hear say miring greatness, her wonderful hopes that the continent armies and navies are acles, said to have been performed by ages of tyranny could not crush, her openly or secretly being prepared for members of the Catholic clergy generundying Faith that no human power any coming emergency; instruments of ally in out of the way places, and then a could extinguish,-the story of all these war are being improved and rendered few weeks later on, "show up" the supand a thousand other epochs in the his more deadly and destructive; diplomits posed impostors. This plan is on a par

they bring me gifts." We hope and pray that the day is at | Here in Canada none of those evils fairs of life. era in Irish history will be studied more living in peace and free from all national generally, when "The Spirit" and "The calamities. Let our readers reflect upon Voice of the Nation" will be found in the the two pictures and fill in the details hands of our young generation. There that our rough sketches have left incom- on the hil. Tara St. Patrick explained to is something rich, grand, noble in the plete. The more they contemplate the the first Irish converts how there could tell to the listening nations the story of was a native of Limerick, and was clerk literature of Ireland. In order to have situation the more grateful will they be be Three Divine Persons in one Godthat exalted idea of old Erm's glory and come that they are living in a land like the Shamrock was used as an illustraewan and Assemboine rush through the chart of each days of her sunshine and greatness, from that city, when he wrote his "Brigade at worth, we must rescue from oblivion the this—a and that is rapidly rising to her thou, hence it is the national leaf. That deeds of her heroes, the words of her rightful position amongst the nations, snamrock is also emblematic of the orators, the songs of her poets, the learns becoming queen of this western world. Unity and Trinity of God's Churching of her ecclesiastics, the statesman, home of good principles, and refuge, in Midant upon Earth, Suffering in Purship of her patriots; in a word, we must the near atture, for millions of the optimatory. Triamphant in Heaven, yet all never cease to hold up to our youth, as pressed children of over-crowded and discons Church; again of the true Chris-

#### ENTHUSIASTS.

for the moment, with a certain, ideal, goto their a tractic but evanescent entires ; just to shout their sentiments, from the housetops. Would we style the immortal. Father Damien a mere enthusiast? Or eternal glory, have given up all earthly hopes and joys to lay down their lives is not in this sense that the term is ap-

Were we to harken, and "could we but lean our ears against the air of healands where the foot of white man had never before left, an impress; we might detect the rostle of the nam's gown, as, to pray for smill humanity, or as sle walks the corridors of the hospitals, or

of the religious as other than a ho'y zeal. him from his peaceful home, the dark like the rocket that goes up with a hiss abysses of Siberian mines await to re- and flare, floshes for a moment in the ceive his shattered frame, and to engulf darkness of the sky and, bursting, disfor ever his few lingering moments of a appears, leaving no trace of its brilliancy behind; the former is like the celestral orb, moving regularly and effectively through the realms of space, keeping ever within its own orbit, and performing its glorious part, without change and | \$1,00. without cessation, in the universal movement of God's mighty works.

These reflections suggest another train of thought out of which arises the ungenerous and take methods which certain enemies of Catholicity employ in confirms in thousands of instances the licensed. man abroad, journalist, essayist, his- ors or Czars of the old world. In Italy fact that wel-authenticated minacles

enriched by some of his finest productions, youth. His poems form a very im- in the streets of the cities and in the resources of the cities and in the resources of the cities and in the resources. hounds are following their victims with dents and ridiculing these sacred facts: with the "ex-priest" method of attack lyrics and poems of her bards and poets, and behind the mask of a court smile upon Catholicity. We would advise To that group of brilliant and versatile are hiding the gein of dis rust; crowned those who delight in such subterfuges to writers, whose productions constitute heads are visiting each other, and re- beware how they play with double-edged 'The Spirit of the Nation," an undying peating in their hearts that expression too's, "Honesty is the best policy "debt of gratitude is due by the Irish race of Virgil: "I fear the Greeks even when an adage that applies as truthfully in matters of religion as in the ordinary af-

#### THE SHAMROCK.

Emblem of the Unity and Trimty: tian Soirst-Futh, Hope and Charity combined; also of Irish patriotism, consisting of devotion to Cood, Country and I Race. It is no wonder that we are proud-

Oh! the Shamrock, the Shamrock! Chosen leaf of bard and chief, Old Erm's native Snamreck!

#### IRISH CARICATURE. No more fitting time than the present,

and no more appropriate occasion than

the issuing of our St. Patrick's Day number, to appeal to the national pride of Irishmen upon this continent, against that mockery of our race "the Irish Caricaturist." In this new world we are judged by our qualities of heart and mend, and our national characteristics, as exhibited in our daily lives. As to our ancestors, traditions and history, they are judged by what we represent them to be. You might travel Ireland, from Lough-Foyle to Tramore, from the Hill of distinguish, amidst all other sounds, the and we defy you to find, in any grade of Irish Society, an original for the "stage Trishman" of our day. We appeal as strongly as our powers will permit, tothe hishmen in this country, in the name of all they hold most sweed, to frown down, now and forever, that libel upon the memories of our saints, heroes, mators and poets, that perpetuated insult to the feelings of all worthy sons of old Erin. Have we not something more something more than a fitful enthusiasia elevating in our glorious past to unfold for the amusement and edification of the world? Let our Irish societies, in their entertainments, carefully avoid such features of the programme; let no Irishman ever counten once by his presence, or ensome one or other of is parts, blasted when we consider the long months, the courage by his applause those acted lies, these public insu ts; let us rather parade something truthful, real and elevatingby training, conversed with earthquases, physical and social, threatened with class of those whose heaven-directed vertice bistory of our great ones, whose deeds in camp, court, cabinet, council and church, are carved upon the shaft of Ireland's Nationhood! The feeling that animated Prof. Ingram, as he penned the " Memory of the Dead," should crush tions, sacred shrines of Faith, the peace, practice through sacrifice. Contrasted out that miscrab'e spirit of low caricacontentment and tranquility of Canada, with this inspiration, more radiant and ture, and awaken aspirations such as his,

when singing: "Then, here's their memory-may it be For us a guiding light, To cheer our strife for liberty, And teach us to unite."

### Acknowledgement.

Mr. John O'Hart, author of the "Irish Pedigrees" and the "Landed Gentry when Cromwell came to Ireland," acknowledges with many thanks the receipt of £5, 11.0, sterling, subscriptions towards the O'Hart Testimonial Fund, namely :-Hon. Edward Murphy, \$25.00; Anthony Brognn, Esq., \$1.00; D. Macdonald, Esq.

O for the gift to rise in full degree, Not like the showy tungus of a night, But fed with soft delays, a branching tree!

Let others leap straight to the forest crown! Slow growth, cool sup, and temperate air for and strength to stand when all the woods are down. — $Edmand\ Gosse$ .

\_\_\_\_ Battimore compels all plumbers to be

Great Britain has 202,300 acres of or-

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Before the New York Gælie Union-How Ireland's Sons Fought for Freedom.

oHE following able address was re-cently delivered by Hon, Charles O'Neill before the Gadie Union of

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

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 Popes. The Belgian towns were in open revolt against Austria. The German countries were cursed with their thirtyeight local feudal despots, with pedantic and obsolete forms. The German people had no country, for there was no strong hand. Cases reigned in France. The mobility were leaving the country. The untrained populace were endeavoring to frame systems of government for themselves and their posterity. The wildest and cradest schemes were advocated. The dismemberment of unhappy Poland cla ready been commenced

Acress the Atlantic, free institutions incl been tounded and enjoyed for many years. Each of the American Colonie mis been separate and independent, ow ing a cgiance to the English Crown a one. Lach had its own Legislature and surreme Court, with a full jury systens. The American Revolution was a spentaneous revolt against English domination, George Washington was, at this cra, the President of the United States, and was wisely advocating those principles of neutrality and nonintervention in the affairs of other countries which have contributed in no small degree to the lasting prosperity of this Re

From the time of William of Orange. England had been goverened by an oligarchy composed of the aristocratic famliles who were the real movers of the so-called English "revolution" of 1688. England, then, no-doubt, was hadly governed. Corruption prevailed to an extent unparalelled even in the history of modern politics. England had lost an empire in the West, but she has 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 dis-graced her record. The trial of Warren Hastings, and his impeachment by Ed mund 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 Her people has been oppressed for centuries—denied the protection of the land of their birth. Doomed to exile, extermination, or practical slavery, they were hated and mis represented by those sent to keep them in service 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 torever kept up. No hope of re-torm or regeneration should be expected in an assembly constinted as was the hish 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 higoted and insane King of England. To the millions of oppressed Cubolies the so-called Charter of Irish treedom, wrong 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 administra-tion 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-s manly appeal to that sect to forget all former fends, 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 Memphis dealers were indicted for so Ireland. A month later, in the city of ing cigarettes to boys under 18 years.

Belfast, in October, 1791, was f-unded the Society of the "United Ir shmen." Its originat r was Samuel Notion; 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 signifi-cance 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 ad-

The United Irish Society went back to first principals. 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 Samuel Neilson; Russel and Sampson were contributors. The Press was issued in September, 1791, and continued till March of '98. Peter Finerty was the publisher. All the prominent members of the Society contributed articles—that of 1791.

Let us first tabout. were heard through its pages. Both jour-nals shared the same fate; their offices were broken into and destroyed by goverement ruffians; and their editors and publishers were fined and imprisoned.

On the 13th of December, 1792, was is sued the celebrated address of the United Irish Society, at Dublin, to the Volun-teers. William Dreunan was Chairm in, and Archiba'd Hamilton Rowan was Se cretary 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 Reorm" were the watchwords. A month liter, an address issued to the Irish Nation, in which the people were warned not to abuse the present precious moment by a credulous committal of their judgment and senses to the direction of others by an idol and idiot gaze on what may begoing on in Parliament." The Convention of the Lay Catholics of

Ireland, held in the city of Dublin, in

December 3rd, 1792, was a starting in-

novation. Each County was represented

by two or more delegates. It was, in fact, a self-constituted Parliament, and was denounced as "dangerous and un-constitutional." A most numble and loyal address to the King was prepared 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 ignored 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 officia's to pause. The "Catholic Rehef 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 tollowed 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'Connell on the field of Clontarf and crushed him. The relations between the United Ireland Society and the government of France will always afford to the historian and the patriot an interest-ing 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 tile French revoluti mary fo ces in the effete monarchies of Europe were omens of joy to the oppressed of all lands, e-pecially to the people of Ireland. The Reign of Terror, which brooded over Paris, from the Spring of 1793 till the Sammer 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 '; 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 loward 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 etter to the French Government recommonding his memorial on Irish affairs. In May, 1796, Lord Edward Fitzgerald and Arthur O'Connor were appointed a zents 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

Mr. J. O. Gratton, who was a student of the famous sculptor, M. Hebert, whose model for the Maisonneuve statue in lace d'Armes Square was accepted, has just finished a sculptural group, in wood, for the newly erected chapel in the Church of Notre Danie. 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 wellknown group in one of the churches in The work has been very artistically executed from both a physiological and anatomical point of view, and relects great credit upon the sculptor. Mr. Gratton is engaged upon another group, representing the *Ecce Homo*, which is to be placed in the same chapel.

thing as despair to-day in the heart that 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 sell

#### 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 soggarths aroon of St. Patrick's, has fallen the honor, and at the same time the burlen of becoming the successor to the late lamented Father Dowd, as principal priest of that well-known Irish Catholic parish. The responsibility attached to he dignity is no light one, especially in view of the great administrative abilities for which the late pastor rendered him-self conspicuous, not to speak of the many accomplishments which be poshalf century of splendid sacerdotal work Quinlivan the lately deceased pastor of the leading Irish Church in Montreal the seed, others to reap the harvest, will not be unworthily succeeded. Born frish literature was never in a in Strathford, Ont., on September the 17th, 1846, Father Quinlivan is hardly yet in the prime of life. His father, as is patronymic would indicate, was a native of the Emerald Isle; his mother Seminary of St. Sulpice. On completing life write the name of his country with his course there, he studied the science yearning pride?

tongue if dying must the Irish heart die with it? Oh! Irishmen and women, let thoughts of home, the sweet memorics 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

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 un-substantial. Tis not by erawling 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 As bad as the present situation is, there

still hope that a great and glorious New Ireland" can be built on the ruins sessed in so superlative a degree, and the of the old, and, though I am not a half century of splendid sacerdotal work; believer in "pen is mightier than the which he so zealously performed. But it sword " style of men or things, yet I be may safely be predicted that in Father lieve that the future of Ireland depends upon her writers; 'tis for them to sow

Irish literature was never in a more leplorable condition; the cause is known but what's the cure? Is there an Irish writer to-day, be he warped up in webs of French finances, measuring serials for England's organs, or dictating or directwas Scotch. He received his early edu-cation in that part of Canada, and made his classical studies in the school of the or jotting down songs by camp fires in Basilian Fathers, Toronto. Having gradistant backwoods, who does not feel the duated with high honors there, he came present condition of his country's shame. to Montreal to study philosophy at the or who does not at some moment of his

of sciences, theology, for a period of four | It is to the vast army of brilliant Irish



years in the Grand Seminary on Sher- writers that this humble letter is directed brooke street, after which he went to the principal seminarien institutions of the Sulpician Order in Paris to render himself tiring disposition which is characteristic of the profound scholar. He is an earnest, zealous and indefatigable worker, but takes great care to be unostentations in his energy. He is affable in manner and kindly in disposition; and while his | benefit. the earnestness and logicality which 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 congratu lates 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.

OD 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 inture and the influence of heavenly light. Such may be said of modern Ireand-the poor, heart-broken Ireland of to-day, whose only claim to wordly attention seems to be the continual eruption of volcances of treachery and corraption, the lava of which only destroys the hadding 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, tade, 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 Itish heart? It it indiffer ence, born of despair? Is there such a

ins suffered for over seven centuries

Has there been any portion of Ireland

washed away by the wild sea that sur-

rounds 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

till in forcian fields, even sow seed that can bear us but bitter tears, we should still more proficient in the study of not forget the duty we owe to the old sacred lore. Failing health, ho vever, land far away in the sen—'tis the duty compelled him to return to Montreal not the child owes to the parent. What is long afterwards, where he was ordained by his Grace Archbishop Fabre, and be entered the Grand Seminary, this contration of Irish thought into some time as a professor. His principal great channe' where its influence will parochial work has been performed in connection with St. Patrick's church, and poems and brilliant essays are lost where the late Father Dowd found in to the purpose, that, like sweet flowers him a capable assistant in the financial in the desert, never go further than the living station of the officer of the isolated journals they appear in and Irish administration of the affairs of the isolated journals they appear in, and Irish parish. Father Quinlivan is of that rettype is too rusty to print them. We want an Irish literary union, not a one horse affair, but a purely literary box in-to 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 Irepulpit oratory is of the chaste and pland," with its great hearts and brilliant quietly cloquent order, it is marked by heads; some source of exchange other heads; some source of exchange other than the present unappreciable one. never fail to carry conviction to the How brimful of dev tion, and what a grand state of affairs it would be, if the poems and essays of all Irish and Irish-Americans scattered over these States were collected and distributed amongst our poor people at home, to send New Year's greeting—the song of an Irish thrush in a foreign wood. It would bring out the smouldering geme from the heart of genins, 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!

Though it is unfortunately necessary to

-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 pre sented 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 pastorship 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 le has always been a great favorite.

#### THE LIBERATOR.

DANIEL O'CONNELL'S FIRST AND LAST SPEECHES.

Most Interesting and Historical Document-A Relie of Ireland's Great Emancipator.

THEN the great O'Connell returned to Ireland from his studies at the French College of St. Omars in 1703, 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 Catholies to purchase property, to educate their children, to vote on property quali-fication, 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 manifest, but he triumphed over every obstacle by his genus and awe-inspiring personality. The infamous Act of Union was about to be perpetrated. Catholics were offered full emancipation as a condition of sur rendering their Parliament, but they inlignantly 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 frebud, that if our opposition to this injurious, insulting, rainous and hated measure were to draw upon us the revival of the whole penal code, in its most satanic form, we would boldly, cheer-'fully and unanimously endure it, sooner than withhold that opposition and somer 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 ad-' vantages may be, and are, held out to the Irish Catholic to seduce him from the duty he ow, s his country, that the Catholics of Ireland still remember they have a country, and that they 'never will accept of any advantage as a sect which would debase them and their Protestant countrymen as a peo

This speech was followed by peals of approbation. It is replete with genuine patriotism, sound philosophy and political foresight. Whilst he was speaking Major Sirr, 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 de-manded to see the resolutions, which, being acceded to, he did not hink pro-per to interfere. The noble stand taken by the young orator on that occasion marked him as a coming man in the destinics 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.

place in Paris, March, 1847. 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 treedom, waited on O'Connell, who was pass ing 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 Buetrebarbes, and Messrs. Chappier and DuRozier, deputies; the Marquis de Dampierre Messrs, Lenormant and Manyais, mem bers of the Institute; Baron de Montigny judge of the Royal Court; Viceunt de Bonneuil, president of the Petition Committee; Messrs. Decous and Veuillot, edi tors 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 Darrynane, on the shores of the Atlantic, the Revolution of July had just taken place, and your solici-tude was already ardently directed towards the future stability of religion in France. I heard with respect your wishes and your lessons. You ther 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 it 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

ical 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 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 fraternal 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 levislative rights, after God, it is your work. Wherever religion tends to emancipate itself from the thraldon in which several generations of sophists and legists 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 pilgramage 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 enter-tain 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 bet-

of mankind, and especially for the polit-

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 de-monstration on your part as one of the most significant events of my life."

ter placed than on the lips of the Ca'holic Liberator of Ireland."

#### BRAVERY HONORED.

PATRICK SARSFIELD 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 patritic 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 Sarsfield, Earl of Lucan, well leserves 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 Sara-field. At the memorable Battle of the Boyne he fought against the Dutch in-vader with indomitable courage. At-Aughrim he would have won the day were it not for the vanity of the gallant. St. Ruth, who was killed without having communicated to Sarsfield the plan of action. At Limerick, which historic city will ever be identified with his fame, he gained immortal laurels, and proved that, even in defeat, a brave and honorabl soldier may be a gr at man,

Sir,—I have been frequently asked by friends to publish the last address presented to O'Connell on earth and his restricted to O'Connell on earth and his restricted. sented to O'Connell on earth and his re-ply thereto. This solemn event took tage of the arrival of the French auxil-THE TRUE (art. a after he had signed the (too soon WITNESS, under its present cultured edi- violated) treaty is a splendid memento tor, is the best channel to convey such a of his stainless honor. It will soon be precious document to all lovers of the two centuries since Limerick fell, after a great Irish tribune. I believe, I am one noble struggle, and it is more than full noble struggle, and it is more than full out of ten thousand of my countrymen in time that the statue of the chief of her possession of this beautiful address at the brave defenders should be raised by the nation for whose liberty he fought.

His last recorded words prove how deeply he loved his native country, for, though some seem to doubt that he uttered, when mortally wounded on Landen'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. Hurral I for brave Sarsfield, 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 pressed 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 nother. There is no disobedience to Emmet's last injunctions in now paying homage to those virtues which have e storted 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 1808. "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

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

The shop department of the world's fair is to have a space \$1,000 feet Into other words it will cover 45,000 pains to

THE CELTS. (BY THOMAS D'ARCY MCGEE.)

Long, long ago, beyond the misty space
Of twice a thousand years;
In Erin old there dwelt a mighty race,
Tailor than Roman spears;
Like oaks and towers they had a giant grace,
Were fleet as deers,
With winds and waves they made their
'biding place,
These western shepherd seers.

Their Ocean-God was Man-a-ma, M'Lir, Anert Ocean-God was Mana-ana, M'Lir,
Whose angry lips.
In their white loam, full often would inter
Whole fleets of ships;
Corman their Day-God, and their Thunderer
Made morning and eclipse;
Bride was their Queen of song, and unto her
They prayed with firestonehed lips.

Great were their deeds, their passions, and

Great were their deeds, their passions, and their sports;
With chy and stone
They piled on strath and shore those mystic forts.
Not yet derthrown;
On calra-crowned hulls they held their councilecourts;
While youths alone.
With giant dogs explored the cik resorts,
And brought them down

Of these was Fin, the father of the Bard, Whose ancient song
Over the clamour of all change is heard,
Sweet-voic'd and strong.
Fin once O'erthold Grames, the golden-hair'd,
The fleet and young;
From her the lovely, and from him the fear'd,
The primal poet sprung

Ossian! two thousand years of mist and

change
surround thy hand—
Thy Finian heroes now no longer range
The hills of fame.
The very name of Fin and Gaul sound
stringe—
Yet thing the same—
By misseal'd lake and descerated grange—
Remans, and shall temain!

The Druid's altar and the Druid's creed We scarce can trace
There is not left an undisputed deed
Of all your race,
Save your majestic song, which hath their

Save your majestle song, which have con-speed, And strength and grace; In that sole song, they live and love, and It bears them on thro' space.

Oh, inspir'd giant! shall we e'er behold Theorems time,
One fit to speak your spirit on the wold,
Or seize your rlyme?
One pupit of the past, as mighty sould
As in the prime.
Were the fond, fair, and beautiful, and bold—
They, of your song sublime?

### THOMAS DAVIS.

A SKETCH OF THE "MINSTREL OF MALLOW."

One of the Founders of the "Dublin Nation "-Poet, Essayist, Historian and Patriot

ARLYLE, in his Essay on Burns. has said, "The inventor of a somening-jenny is pretry sure of his reward in his own day; but the writer of a true poem, like the apostle of a true religion, is nearly as sure of the centrary." This remark can be applied with singular appropriateness to Thomas Davis: but that postlumous retribution which Carlyle regarded as an aggrevation of the injustice has not come yet. Forty-three years have passed away since Thomas Davis died, and no biography of him has een given to the world. Great men have in all ages experienced ingratitude and neglect from their country, but eventually there came atonement, or "posthumous retribution," as Carlyle termed it. in the form of monuments, biographies. and such like stones, instead of bread but why it has been delayed in Davis' case is not easy to determine. It is this obsence of any form of biography that use induced the present writer to pen this sketch, which may fill the gap until a biography more worthy of the man is

14, 1814. Davis was not an I ish name but lost, arrangements were immediately Welsh; his father, James Thomas Davis a surgeon in the Royal Artillery, and Acting Deputy-Ins; ector of Hospitals in the Peninsula, was the representative of a Buckinghamshire family, originally from Wales, and married a lady who inherited old Irish blood, both of the Norman and Celtie stock. This lady's family was a branch of the Atkins, of Firville, in the county of Cork, sharing also the blood of the O'Sullivans. His father died at Exeter, in 1814, the year in which his son Thomas was born at Mallow. whither the family had gone to reside.

The boyhood of Thomas Davis appears to have been marked by peculiarities which have distinguished the youth of high and chiva rous character, and the nearly all poets and thinkers. He was shy, retiring, unready and self-abs abed; he was, in fact, a dull child. He could young Irishmen, who were afterwards scarcely be taught his letters and it is christened Young Ireland. 'their bond scarcely be taught his letters, and it is stated that when he had grown up, if of mion was their pro-d attachment to you asked him the day of the month he | their friend. It is very safe to say, that could not tell you. He did not take part in the outdoor games to boys of his grandeur of his aims, to his noble toleage, and was sometimes seen sitting in in a drawing-room as if he were in a dream, when other young people were enjoying themselves.

After preliminary schooling at home, Trinity College. Here he was chiefly noted as a steady reader, and it was remarked afterwards with wonder how little impression he made on his fellow students, some of the most brilliant of them, it is said, entertained a lively con- pose." tempt for the silent devotirer of books, who never competed for the social or rhetorical success so dear to Irishmen. But his friends of those early days state. that his character and temper underwent a remarkable change after a year or two he became frank and winning. His col lege career was solid and respectable rather than brilliant; though he won a silver medal for ethics in an unusually severe examination; mathematics and Lords-By a Graduate of Dublin Univer-

ciety after his call, was of opinion that up to this period he had not yet felt any sympathy with Irish Nationality. He described him as being more like a young Englishman than an Irishman. He was always at work, and was distinguished by broad, massive, and robust qualities, rather than the brighter and more brilliant characteristics of his nation.

In 1840 he was elected anditor of the College Historical Society, its highest executive office; but some of his as-ociates of that time confessed afterwards. not without self-reproach, that even then he was not understood or appreciated. The society, which was founded by E1- be next; the intervals will be two mund Burke nearly a century before, | months. did not at this time meet within the col lege which gave it a name, but in Radley's Hotel, Dame street, and here a number of young men, who afterwards became distinguished in various departments of public life, were attracting andiences by their vehement eloquence, Isaac Butt, Thomas Wallis, and Thomas McNevin were amongst them. Moldyn says of Davis at this time: "He was as delightful a young man as it was possible to meet with in any country. He was much more joyous than when he became immersed in practical politics. His good spirits did not seem, however, so much the consequence of youth and health as his moral nature. His cheerfulness or manentation. For writing for its own pected citizen of Dublin). His acquaintwas less the result of temperament than of his sanguine philosophy, and of his wholesome happy life. The sources of enjoyment were abundant to a man of ment or warning,—he said in the fewest spend in the society of this elegant lady ment or warning.—he said in the fewest spend in the society of this elegant lady his large faculties, highly cultivated, poshim with vigor and energy."

The Repeal Association, headed by O'Connell, was then holding sway in Ire-land; but it was an exclusively Catholic body, and not until 1841, when Davis joined it, were there any Protestants imongst them. The accession of Davis caused other young men to join the Association, and it had the effect of conciliating the Protestants by divesting the agitation of a certain suspicion of sectari-nism, which, though disavowed by O'Connell, was naturally connected with

This was practically the first step in public affe taken by Davis, and his influence began to be felt in the Repeal Association; he plunged into politics with all the tervor of his disposition, and although he and his party, for he had come to have followers were fully alive to the fact that the liberties of the country would have to be tought for, they by yally supported O'Connel. The need of a journal that could act as a guide to the country in the period through which it was passing became evident to these young men, and the Nation was projected.

The history of the founding of this paper has often been told, and briefly, it is this: Davis and his triend, John Bake Dalon, had for some time in their minds the idea of a literary and political journal of the highest class, that would till the want just mentaged; and Mr. (now Sir) Charles Gavan Duffy, being, then in Dab in, on business connected with a provincial newspaper of which he was elitor in Belfast, was introduced in the Hal, of the Four Courts, by Dision to Davis, and the three proceeded to take a walk together. They strilled along the mays that they found themselves in the Promix park, and having convers diabout the state and prospects of the country. the natter of the new-paper was discussed; they were scated on a rule leach, under an elustree, and facing Kilmaintam.

Having decided on the character of the proposed paper, many names, were suggested and rejected, Davistina'ly suggesting the name of The Nation. This name was regarded as both happy and significant,-they desired to make Ireland a nation, and the name would be a fitting Thomas Osborne Davis was born at preliate to the attempt. This was in Mallow, in the county of Cork, October July, 1842. No time was allowed to be begun, a prospectus was drawn up (the materials for it, nothing was uone about of thorough rest and relixation. If ther spirit, dear 0 magh, is hovering near, drawn up by Davis in Belfast, in August, preparation, and death cut short his Doffy from his house in Baggot-street. Warm, warm on the wings of our love and drawn up by Davis in Belfast, in August, preparation, and death cut short his Shorily afterwards he sent a note to 1842 and, and a flourish of trumpets. In a letter to John Mitchel, dated Duffy from his house in Baggot-street. the first number appeared on the 15th 4 October, 1842. The muse of Clarence Mangan haifed its appearance in glowing verses, and Mitchel in his Last Conquest informs us that " for three years, it next to O'Connell, the strongest power in Ireland on the national side." "What-"Whatever," he adds, " was done, throughout the whole movement, to win Protestant support, was the work of Davis. His genius, his percect unselfishness, his accomplishments, his cordial manner, his dash and impetus of his writings, soon brought around him a gifted circle of to the personal influence of Davis, to the rance, to his zeat, and the loving trust which all generous natures were constrained to place in him, they were indebted for their fate; pining captivity, long exile, death in mad-houses, he was sent up to Dab'in and entered foreign graves. Yes, to them and hundreds more he was indeed a Fate; and there is not one amongst them still alive but blesses the memory of the friend who first filled their sou's with the pas-

sion of a great ambition and a lofty pur-Of this paper, which wielded no small influence on the destinies of the country Charles Gavan Duffy was, at the propo sition of Davis and Dillon, installed editor. But the principal writing was done by Davis. Duffy is described by John at college; from being cold and retiring Mitchel, in his Last Conquest, as having "good literary talent, great ambition, abundant vanity, but defective education. Dillon," he adds, "was a man of higher mark and greater acquirement: but both these were indolent; and, in modern history were his favorite studies, fact, Davis took upon himself the burden and he graduated with distinction in of the labor." It was a herculean task 1835. About this time he made his first he set himself, but he did not flinch; appearance as an author, with a pamph- the amount of work he got through at let entitled The Reform of the House of this time is incalculable, and he would heap work on his friends, Pigot and Hudsity, Dublin, 1837. This pamphlet, which | son, in a most surprising manner. Here advocated an elected Upper House, was is an extract from one of his letters to written in a style wholly wanting the John Pigot: "Here are two fairy tales. color and animation which characterized Here is an air for you to criticise. By his latter writings. In 1838, being then the way, as Hudson will be leaving town, four-and-twenty, he was called to the I want you to read the music of the Bar; but his was not a nature fitted for fourth and fifth numbers of the Spirit; forensic warfare, and Mitchell, in his Last Conquest, tells us that "he was a Vochd, Dalcais, Contented I Am, and the wards you when in familiar conversa-

p-operation from his fellow-workers. the speeches of Irish orators (to which series he contributed Curran's Speeches, carefully edited, with a very good memoir), and the Spirit and Voice of the Nation, were all his own ideas, and writing to his friend John Pigot, 17th of February, 1845, he says, "Madden's Grattan is out, and is the best specimen of printing ever seen in Dublin. Half of the Sheii is in type, and my Curran will

This will give some idea of the quantity of work he got through; all the labor connected with the getting out of the numerous volumes that appeared at

to say-and be always had something to possible words, which always struck of literature left to which the reader can be referred; "but there is enough," says can the best of readers do with the supremest writer, though he lived to the I so is of the oak's timber, not of its loss of its immediate influence or the events of his time and on the souls of his contemporaries by guidance and example—that is the true bereavement: come will be suffering from and explathis poems are the outcome of genius; ed of Thomas Davis. the simple pouring out of a mind filled with the true poetic feeling, without any straining after effect, or obscuring of his | between O'Connell and Davis, which had meaning in mystic phraseology. Poetry with him was a passion, not a fashion. from O'Connell, "He (O'Connell) was It was not till after the establishment of very wrath," says Davis, writing to The scene is beside where the Avonmore the Nation teat he turned to poetry, and Pigot, "at the tone of the Nation of then only at the earnest request of his Saturday, where I treated him as an triends win telt sure that he had the gift equal." The truth of the matter was triends who telt sure that he had the gift equal." although he had written nothing of the that O'Connell had grown jealous of the kind, not even schoolboy verses; but Peta nawitus non jit, the time cashel for men who worked on it, and he began to some poet who sound awake the people to enthusiasm and inflame them with a heroic love of country, and the Lament for the Death of Owen Roe O'Neili ap-peared. Then came the Men of Topperary, and the Vow of Topperary, to both of which his triend Wil iam Elaot Hudson we to music. His Fontenoy is con- working for the eads for which it had sidered to be his finest poem; but of his been established. The question of pieces not exclusive'y national, nothing Catholic education was aimost the only can exceed in sweetness and pathos My Grave, of which I cannot refrain from quoting the concluding verse:

quoting the concincing verse;

son an Irish green full side,
On an opening hawn—but not too wide;
For I love the drup of the wetted trees—
I love not the gales, but a gentle breeze
To irishen the druf; put no tombstone there,
But green sods decked with dasses fair,
Nor sids too deep; but so that the dew,
The matted grass-roots may trickle through—
By my epitapa wild on my councity's mind,
He see wil his country and love in is knal.
On I twere merry unto the grave to go.
If one were sure to be barried so."

In addition to his labors on the Nation, he also undertook to write a memoir of Wolfe Tone for the Library of Ireland; but beyond the gathering of hear of it, said he did not need holi-7th July, 1845, he says, referring to the saying thathe was not very well, but that memoir of Tone, "What between the Nation, and the bigots, and the quantity of exercise needed to keep me in health, there is small chance of my writing at all for the series, though I would greatly

Again writing to Mitchel, he says:

RAGGOT-STREET, September 6, 45. My DEAR MITCHEL: -C. G. D. told me you had heard many particulars as to Wolfe Tometrom, the Rev. Mr. Thackeray, of Pandalk, Would you spare an hour to put them, down. especially anything as to his manner and views of future events in Ireland? Mr. Thack-eray kindly answered my note, but seems to distrust his memory.

Trule yours Thomas theres P.S.-The sooner I hear, the better.

The meaning of this postscript is clear, -ten days later Thomas Dayis was dead. It was towards the end of 1842, that Mitchel fast met Davis, and a warm intimacy sprang up between them which death alone severed. Davis it was, who first encouraged Mitchel in his writings, and arged him to write that life of Aodh O'Neill, which is one of the most admirable works that gifted author produced. and has a new charm for the reader on each perusal. Sometimes Mitchel would continue an article in the Nation, that Davis left unfinished, and then Davis, with that perfect unselfishness and gencrosity which was such an endearing trait in his character, would regret that real grief for the loss of one who was the he bal not left the writing of the whole article to Mitchel, and afterwards, when he collected those articles of his own, It was at once resolved to give him a and republished them in the Nation, public funeral, and on the day his reover his own initials, he was careful to: exclude Mitchel's portions, although a vain man would have left all in, and taken to himself the honor of the more brilliant writing of his colleague. Those articles appeared signed T. D., and his poetic non-de-plume was always "The Celt." His personal appearance, is thus His personal appearance, is thus described by one who knew him intimately at the time: "a man of middle public bodies sent deputations; and an stature, strongly, but not coarsely built, with a complexion to which habitual exercise, for he was a great walker, and a tear shall I shed in the memory of that habitual temperance, gave a healthy noble youth," said O'Connell; " but how glow. A broad brow and strong jaw stamped his face with a character of power, but except when it was lighted by thought or feeling, it was plain and even rugged. His carriage was not Last Conquest, tells us that "he was a mere silent student till his twenty-lifth year." Daniel Owen Maddyn, who first met him in the College Historical So-

Roving, as I have a weakness for the as a student is apt to do. His glance was frank and direct as a sunbeam, he words. Am I not imposing work enough on you?" But he met with a staunch had a cordial and winning laugh, the prevailing expression of his face was open The Library of Ireland; collections of and genial, and his voice had tones of sympathy, which went straight to the heart."

Matchel says, in his Last Conquest :

"His figure was not tail, out compact and active. He walked last, and with his head held slightly forward, as is the wont of eager and impulsive characters. But he was no mere revolutionist. In the antiquarian re-unions at the academy, none was heard with more respect; in the gay drawing-rooms of Duolin, none was a more welcome guest. He laughed seldom, but heartily. He had not time to marry; but he loved passionately, as such men must, and over his early grave a fair woman shed tears."

Of this love episole in his life, but little is known, and only once in his let-lers to his friend, John Pigot, does no this period, was his. "He was so bisy." allude to it, and then in half jest. "I says Mitchel, in his Last Conquest, "sup- wish I was in love, but I cannot find any plying information and suggestions to one glorious enough;" this is all be ever his fellow-laborers that he had no leasure wrote or said about it that we can find. to apply himself to regular literary labor. Some time in 1844 he became engaged and, as for his editorial articles, he often to a lady whose remarkable beauty, wrote them with a pencil, using for a great intellectual gifts, and noble chardes, the top of his hat."

great intellectual gifts, and noble chardes, the top of his hat." Those editoria, articles were always was Miss Annie Hutton, daughter of an short but pithy, going at once to the sub- English gentleman then residing in Dubsake he cared nothing, and what he had above with, and introduction into this family was one of the happiest events in say in the shape of course, encourage his life, and many pleasant hours did he whom he hoped to make his wife. Writdone in a hurry, the printer's boy wait, rowed a lot of my collection of Irish mg for copy," there is no masterpiece Airs, and the lady whose name you Airs, and the lady whose name you wrote so flippantly sings the Bonny Cuckoo. Are you very vain for all this? his friend Wallis, "to make men love him, and guess at him—and what more love and he proposed for her; she returned his love, and they were to have been married; but death came with age of Sophocles or Goethe. The true cruel suddenness, and carried him off, and this so effected her health, which acoms, or of the flowers at its base. The had always been delicate, that she never recovered the shock, and she died, unmarried, on the 7th of June, 1853, at the early age of twenty-eight.

Sarrah Curran will ever be rememberone which possibly many generations to ed as the betrothed of Emmet; let his tory likewise ever treasure and preserve ing, consciously or unconsciously." But the name of Annie Hutton, the betroth

> Oa the 27th of May, 1845, a violent scene occurred at the Repeal Association the effect of alienating the Nation partly growing power of the Nation, and the fear that the sceptre which he had so long wielded was passing from him, and he thought that by picking a quarrel with them, be would be asserting his suffremacy in the Association; but they did not want to usurp his authority, they only desired to see the Association subject now discussed in Conciliation Hall. Repeal had taken a back seat from the time O'Connell was released from prison, and Davis saw too well that his dreams of years were to be dissipated, and though he never relaxed his exertions the disappointment preyed upon He still continued his labors the Nation office, and towards the end of summer, 1845, was the only one left at the post, the others, including Duffy, had gone to take a well-carned holiday and when Duffy, who was first to return, wanted to relieve him at his post to enable him to take a rest, he would not he would be all right in a few days; "the tone of the letter was so careless and unconcerned that Duffy attached no importance to it; but had he known that the writer of it was tossing on a bed of fever, he would have been filled with wellgrounded alarm, for his constitution was in no condition to wrestle successfully with typhus fever, worn out as he was with over-work and disappointments. All too soon the end came, and on the morning of Tuesday, the 16th of September, 1845 he died in the arms of his faithful servant Neville, at the early age of thirtyone. Three years incessant labor and excitement, operating on an ardent temperament and unresting brain, had done their work; disappointment and despondency, too, had their share in wearing down his frame. He saw the powerful organization in which he had trusted gradually weakening, and lowering its tone; but it was happy for him that he passed away before the famine had desolated Ireland, before the exodus of her people to America, the splitting up of

parties, and the imprisonment and scattering of his triends. The genuine sorrow which pervaded the country when the news of his death became known cannot be described: it was no mere conventional sorrow, passing away before the subject of it is cold, but best liked and most geneally admired and looked up to of the men of his day. mains were faid in the family yaelt, in Mount Jerome Cemetery, the streets of Dublin presented an imposing spectacle all the members of the Eighty-Two Chib the Corporation of Dutlin, and the members of the Repeal Association took part in the funeral procession. The Royal Irish Academy, the Archaeological Society, and the various other societies and eye-witness states that he never saw more strong men shedding tears, "Many vain are words or tears when such a national calamity affects the country." Duffy, who almost idolized Davis, seemed for a time bewildered and stunned by the blow. Mac Nevin never recovered himself, but, drifting aimlessly about, even-

Irishmen who ever breathed; and whose An Adventurous Franco-Irishman loss, it is not too much to say, can be seen and felt in Ireland even to day. Speculating upon what might have been, is ever a fruitless task; but one cannot help thinking that had Thomas Davis lived the destines of Ireland might have been different. But the destines of countries, as well as of men, are in the hands of an all-seeing Providence, so let us

"In His decisions rest Secure, whate'er He gives, He gives the best.'

Charles Gavin Duffy, writing in July 1866, says of Davis: "It never has been my good fortune to meet so noble a human creature ; so variously gifted, so unaffectedly just, generous, and upright soutterly without selfishness, and with-out vanity; and I never expect to meet France that intense feeling of king worsuch another."

The Warder, a Dublin newspaper, and a bitter antagonist of his views, wrote thus when he died: "With a scholarship star of "Bonnie Charlie," the last of the in general literature, as well as in history and in politics, the extent of which was absolutely prodigious, Mr. Davis combined the finest and the noblest natural endowments of mind and disposition; he was a constant, carnest, and guilelessly started for the independence of Ireland. honest laborer in the cause of his choice and in its service he lavished, with the unreserve of conscious genius, the inex-haustible resources of his accomplished and powerful intellect. He was undebased by the scheming of ambition, untainted by the rancor of faction; and if we pass by the error of a wrongly chosen cause. he was entitled truly to the noble name of patriot. Young though he died, his sessing, withal, a body which supplied home to the root of the question; his him with vigor and energy."

The Repeal Association, headed by this kind of writing was nearly always admirers were of all parties, and in none had he an enemy."

I cannot more fittingly conclude this sketch than with the lines of John Fisher Murray to the memory of Davis.

"Heavy and quick my sorrows fall
For him who strove with might and main
To leave a lesson for its all,
How we might live mor live in vain.
O'er thy grave.
Thy spirit dwelleth in the air;
Thy passonate love, thy purpose brave,
Thy hope assured, thy promise fair.
Generous and wise, farewell!—Forego
Tears for the glorious dead and gone;
His tears, if tears are his, still flow
For cowards and slaves living on."
Dublin, Ireland.
P. A. LILLARD. Jublin, Ireland. P. A. LILLARD,

#### THE COOLUN.

(BY MARTIN MCDERMOTT.)

[The Coolun is the name of one of the most can ful or ancient, metodies; the Avonmore bean tful of ancient metodic is the Munster Blackwater.]

Tis the spring of the year, and the day's near And an old woman sits with a boy on ha 

The calm, glassy river, That's sliding and goding all peacefully on.

Come, gramny," the boy says, "you'll sing the, I know; the I know; The heatiful Codun, so sweet and so low; For I love its suit tones more than black-bird

or thrush, Though often the tears in a shower will gush From my eyes when I hear it. Dear granny, say why, When my heart's full of pleasure, 1 sob and 1

To hear the Sweet Coolun-The heautiful Coolan-

An angel first sang it above in the sky ? " And she sings, and he listens; but many years pass.
And the old woman sleeps 'neath the chape! yard grass; And a couple are seated upon the same stone, Where the boy sat and listened so off to the

'Tis the boy—'tis the man, and he says while he sighs.
To the girl at his side with the love-streaming

eyes,
"Oh! sing me sweet Oonagh,
My beautiful Oonagh,
Oh! sing me the Coolun," he says and he sighs, "That air, Ma Stor, brings back the days of my youth. That flowed like the river there, sunny and of Ireland; but beyond the gathering of hear of it, said he did not need helismooth! smooth! Smooth! And it brings back the old woman, kindly and

our sighs— Oh! sing me the Coolun, The beautiful Coolin!" 4s't the dew or a tear-drop is moistening his

There's a change on the scene, far more grand, far less fair— By the broad roiling Hudson are seated the pair; And the dark hemioek-fir waves its branches

And the dark hemock-fit waves its branches above;
As they sigh for their land, as they marmur invertove;
Hush-the heart hath been touched, and its musical strings
Vibrate into song—'tis the Coolan she sings—
The home-sighing Cootun—
The well of all memory's deep-flowing springs.

They think of the bright stream they sat down beside, When he was a bridegroom and she was a bride; The pulses of youth seem to throb in the Strain— strain— Old faces, long vanished, look kindly again— Kind votces float round them, and grand hills are near, Their less have not touched, ah, this many a

And, as ceases the Coolun, The home-loving Coolun, Not the air, but their native land faints on the

Long in silence they weep, with hand clasped in handin hand—
Then to God send up prayers for the far-off old land: And while grateful to Him for the blessings He They know 'tis His hand that with-holdeth For the Exile and Christian must evermore For the home upon earth and the home in the

skySo they sing the sweet Coolun,
The sorrowful Coolun,
That murmurs of both homes—they sing and they sigh!

Heaven bless thee, Old Bard, in whose bosom Emotions that into such melody burst! Re thy grave ever green !-may the softest of showers And brightest of beams nurse its grass and its

flowersoff, be it moist with the tear-drops of lave,
d may angels watch round thee, for ever above!
Old bard of the Coolun,

The beautiful Coolun, solbing, like Erie, with sorrow and

It is not theory but fact—that Hood's Sar-saparilla makes the weak strong. A fair trial will convince you of its merit.

A hoy who speaks five languages has been appointed interpreter at Castle Garden, New York, but he only gets a salary of \$3 a week.

It is now conceded by all who use it that Luby's Parisian Hair Renewer possesses the real properties of restoring gray hair to its natural color without any Injurious effect whatever. A few applications as an ordinary dressing, after which once a week will suffice, In large bottles, fifty cents. For sale by all chemists.

BY EUGENE DAVIS.

LARGE majority of the Irish who made France the hand of their adoption were by education and tradition more royalist than the royalists themselves. They had a chivalrous, but a no less absurd notion of the loyalty they owed to the persons of kings and princes. At home some of these brave men had fought in Limerick and at Aughrim, in defence of an Anglo-Saxon churl who was struggling to regain his erown. Despite the final overthrow of James, Irishmen still ching to the Jacoship which is even still a predominant characteristic of the Irish gentry and Jacobite pretenders, sank behind the horizon, the Hibernians in France transferred their undivided allegiance to the Thus the devotion of the Irish to the Jacobites on the one hand, and to the Bourbons on the other, was in every sense of the word a thankless as well as a profitless one-so far as the realization of their country's national hopes was concerned. Yet, when the Bourbon tlag fell begrimed with dust and blood in the awful revolution try cataclysm of '93, these men of Irish blood or origin clung race on other occasions, they had the peculiar misfortune of linking their destinies with those of a losing cause. And they paid the penalty of their devotion in death; for hundreds of Franco-Irishmen, like Dillon and others, died under the blade of the guillotine shouting, "Vire le Roi!" Their descendants in France to-day still believe in the chimera of loyalty. The Revolution in that country has made but very few Irish proselytes--not, perhaps, because the Irish loved liberty less than the French, but because revolution in France often meant atheism; and the Irish who were and are intensely Catholic, were unable to join hands with men whose gospel was the Encyclopælia of Voltaire or Diderot. Nevertheless, there have been and there are exceptions; and one of these latterday exceptions is no less a personage than Monsieur Michael Morphy, who was one of the leading lights of the Boulangist movement in Paris. Mr. Morphy, or "Citizen Morphy," as he prefers to be called, comes from a father and mother who were born in the county Kerry. Michael himself saw the light, very appropriately, in the revolutionary heart of Paris, on the slopes of republican Montmartre, some twenty-seven or eight years ago. Morphy, the father, was an artisan, and during his residence in Ireland was a member of the Irish Republican Brotherhood, which had been at that ime established under the auspices of Head Centre Stephens. - Boston Pil.t.

#### ISABELLA, THE CATHOLIC.

The following bitter, from the very Reerend Bishop Brennan, of Dalles, Texas, has been forwarded to the Editor of THE There Witness for publication. Although so many miles of country separites us from our co-religionists in the fur South, still that Catholic spirit, which is universal the world over, makes as one, and we rejoice to learn that our Texas friends are thinking of ruising a statue to the memory of one of the most glorious monarchs that ever sat upon a Catholic throne :-

DALLAS, Texas, Feb. 19, 1892.

Mrs. Clare Hanson Mohun: DEAR MADAM-The project of raising a greatest of spanish Sovereigns and the noblest of EuropeanQueens since the days of the saintly Blanche of Castile, Invites endorsement and merits encouragement. Be pleased to accept my endorsement and do me thehonor of noting my encouragement of a nurvey swiftly and martis encotragement. Be pleased to accept my endorsement and do the thehonor of noting my endorsement and do the thehonor of noting my encotragement of a purpose so worthy and so trately. No fitting commemoration of America's discovery could there be without due honor paid the illustrious Queen, under whose auspices a New World was thrown open to hampered and harrassed humankind. Meet 1841, that in the willing hands of the Christian Ladies of this Christian land should be placed the charge of pepetuating the memory of this gracious sovereign, the model of madenhood, the exemplar of witchood, the glory of moherhood. Her madenhood was so exquisite inits incomparable loveliness, that Instorian and romanest exhaust the repertories of an extinciant and acquiseemt purassology to depict the legatics and glories of that fascinating period in a charming and emobling life. Her womanhood was radient with virtue, with virtue's sweetest graces and virtue's happiest trainiphs. Of historic record is it, that Queen Isabeta was nowise influenced by evil example which alleded her lender and generous soul, the contiguity of vice exciting her profoundest sorrow for its ravages, sympathy for its victims, abhorence of its enormalies, In the very mosts of moral contagion, she led a lite of purity grassallable and of homes most admirable. Hence she was beloved of the children of men. That quality of hers, which, methinks, should make her blessed and venerated of American womanhood, was her exalted and unfailing moral contrage, sustaining her spirit in the darkest hour of adversity, ga hering light from within to dispel the darkness and gloom without.

Raise, then, in memory of this peerless, crowhed and sceptered Daughter of mankind, a Statue bespeaking not alone admiration for her worth, but determination to follow tha hiessed and benefits of makind, a Statue bespeaking not alone admiration for her worth, but determination to follow tha hiessed and benefits and benefits of the professional benefits and benefits of makind, a Statue b

istance, however marked, and with steps, owever fattering, the virtues that brightened, lessed and beatified her life and reign. I am, dear Madam.

Very sincerely and respectfully, {THOMAS FRANCIS BRENNAN, Bisnop of Dallas.

Dr. T. A. Slocum's

OXYGENIZED EMULSION OF PURE COD LIVER OIL. If you have a wasting away of Flesh--Use it. For sale by all druggists, 35 cents not bottle cents per bottle.

Recent improvements in wire-drawing have made it possible to draw platinum and silver into wire that is finer than human hair.

Prompt relief in sick headache, dizziness nausea, constipation, pain in the side, guaran-teed to those using Carter's Little Liver Pills. One a dose. Small price. Small dose. Small \_\_\_\_

Holloway's Ointment and Pills.—Re-liable Remedies.—In wounds, bruises, sprains, glandular swellings, enlarged veins, accraige pains and rhoumatism, the application of in 8 southing Ointment to the affected parts not only gives the greatest ease, but likewise cares the complaint. The Pills main assist in loanishing the tendency to rheumatism and similar painted disorders, whilst the Omiment cures the local aliment. The Pills remove the constitutional disturbance and regulate every impaired function of every organ throughout impaired function of every organ throughout the human body. The cure is neither tempor-ary nor superficial, but permanent and com-plete, and the disease rarely recurs, so peried-has been the purification performed by these searching yet harmless preparations.

THE VALE OF SHANGANAIL [BY DENIS FLORENCE MCCARTHY.]

When I have knelt in the temple of duty, Worshipping honor and valor and beauty— When, like a brave man, in fearless resistance, I have fought the good fight on the field of ex-Is ence. When a home I have won in the conflict of With Truth for my armor and Thought for my

sabre, Be that home a calm home where my old age may rally, A home full of peace in this sweet pleasant

waters of vales is the Vale of Shanganah! Swedest of vales is the Vale of Shanganah! May the accents of love, like the droppings Manna, Fall swed on my heart in the Vale of Shan-ganah!

Fair is this isle—this dear child of the ocean— Nurtured with more than a mother's devotion; For see! in what rich robes has nature arrayed her. From the waves of the west to the cliffs of Ben Heber,
By Glengariff's lone islets—Loch Lene's fairy

By Glengariff's lone islets—Leen Lene's larry water,
So lovely was each, that then matchiess I thought her;
But I feel, as I stray through each sweet-scent-ed variey,
Less wild but more fair is this soft verdant valley!
Sweetest of vales is the Vale of Shanganah!
No wide-spreading prairie—no Indian Savannah.

So dear to the eye as the Vale of Shanganah! How pleased, how delighted, the rapt eye re-

on the picture of beauty this valley discloses, From the margin of silver, whereon the blue Dolh glance like the eyes of the ocean foams daughter, To where, with the red clouds of morning com-

tull' Golden Spears 'o'er the mountains are shining, With the bue of their heather, as sunlight ad-

vances. Like purple dags furled round the staffs of the lances! Sweetest of vales is the Vale of Shanganah! Greenest of vales is the Vale of Shanganah! No hands far away by the calm Susquehannan, So tranquil and fair as the Vale of Shangan-

But here, even hear, the lone heart, were benighted,
No beauty could reach it, If love did not light it;
'Its this makes the earth, oh! what mortal can
doubt it!
A garden with it—but a desert without it!
With the loved one, whose feelings instinctive—

with the lov'd one, whose feelings instinctively teach her.
That goodness of heart makes the beauty of feature.
How glad, through this vale, would I float down line's river.

Trie's river, Enjoying God's bounty, and blessing the Giver! Sweet st the vales is the Vale of Shanganah! Greenest the vales is the Vale of Shanganah! May the accents of love, like the droppings of Manna. Fall sweet on my heart is the Vale of Shan-ganah!

CLANE.

#### AN INTERESTING PAPER

By Rey. Canon Sherlock, before the Kil dare Archaeological Society.

Rev. Gentleman said:

The present bridges of Clane and Millicent are at or near the site of two ancient fords. From the former of these Clane derived one of its names, Clane-Ath-the meadow of the ford. The other gave its name to Castle-size. The name of Castlesize as given in old maps is Casan size, and the word Castle has been erroneously substituted for Casan, there never baving been a castle at the spot. Casan in Irish means a path, and points to the existence of a ford or of a path down to the river, which at no remote period was marked by stepping stones. "Size," the second part of the name, has, I think, in course of time come to take the place of Soillse, which means light. Thus the original form of the name was, I believe Casan Soillse—the path of the light—either be-

the same locality we have Bella villa or Ballybibbe (known to hunting men), the townland of the tree, recording some ancient tree which on that spot used in pagan days to be an object of veneration or worship. Near Clane we have Loughanure, "the hollow of the yew tree." the cross roads, a little on this side of Mount Armstrong, there is a placecalled Boherhole, which means Boher-coll "the road of the hazel tree;" Boher, a road, taking its meaning from "bo," a cow. Duars, or Derry, near Turnings fox cover, shows that there was once an oak wood there. Where the ground slopes just beyoud the back gate of Castlesize there is a marshy piece of ground still called by the country-people "the moncen," or "the little bog," and half-way from Clane to Firmont cross roads there is a well called Toberna Mona, "the well of the little bog." In Clane itself we have the Butterstream and Butterstream Commons-butter being the same as bather or bother, and the whole meaning, road stream "-as the "Butter Mountains" near Blessington are so called from the bother or road that runs over them. Near Dighy's Bridge, on the grand canal, there is a very small townland called Aghipundeen, pronounced by the country people Apoggeen, means "Paddy's plot" or "Paddy's ford." About two miles out of Clane we have Ballingappah, "the townland laid out for a tillage plot," and next it Ballinabooley, or the dairy townland." Then we have Carrigeen, Capdoo, Killeenmore, Monteena-lasingh, Randoon, all Irish names with meanings. As for Sallins, Mr. Joyce informs me that lifty years ago old people said that Sallins was "Sailin," "little local peculiarity answering to this it may | selves. perhaps be derived from Saileach, a

place where sallows or willows grow, or even from sallagh, a dirty or miry place. As there used to be a small stream that came out from the lower grounds of Kenliffstown and ran to the river, and mention is made in an old document give ng the boundaries of Naas of "the Fourd of Sallins."

There are few ancient remains in this district. Some forty or lifty years ago there existed what was called St. Brid-gid's chair and thimble, besides a stone said to bear the imprints of her feet a little way above the head of the millrace at Clane, where there is now a disused quarry, but the stones were quarried a generation ago. I imagine from the description that it may have been an old cromlech. The well which springs eside the chair, and was known as St. Brigid's well still sends a tiny flow down to the river. On the banks of the Butlarge block of stone with a hollow cut in ts upper side. It is, what is called Bullan or Rock basin, of which there are many in Ireland, and was doubtless used in pagan worship an offering of milk or meal being deposited in this bowl. People call it awart stone, and say that you have never been in Clane unless you have sat upon it, which looks like a tradition of its having been used in some site of initiation, perhaps for Baptism in Christian times. Not far from this stone behind the mill at Clane there is a large moat or tumulus covered with trees, and close to this is a Sunday well. For the legend in connexion with this tumulus and the stone basin, I must refer you to Dr. Comerford.

Coming now to Christian times I suppose you all know that in the sixth century St. Ailba, Bishop of Ferns, founded an abbey here, and when leaving the place gave up his cell to St. Senchell the Elder, whom it made its first abbott. It is supposed that the old parish church of Clane now disused marks the place where the Celtic monastery stood. chief event in its history was the holding of a synod in A. D., 1162. Shortly after this the district was divided among the followers of Strongbow, and the native chiefs were dispossessed and driven away. The natural result of this would be the ruin of the Celtic abbey, of which we hear no more. If we try to picture the old monastry as it stood in the days of its prosperity we may imagine a space almost identical with the present graveyard of the old church surrounded by a cashel or wall of stones, or perhaps of a wooden stockade. Within this stood the original cell or hut of St. Ailba, and near it the church and the ceils of the clergy and monks grouped around it. Clane was almost exempt from the raids of the Danes, who are only recorded to have plundered it once, on which occasion the natives rallied and pursued and inflicted signal slaugh-ter upon them. Probably for this reason no round tower nor any other stone After a short preface to his lecture, the | building was erected here in those days. The church and monastery were, no loubt, constructed of wattles plastered

over with clay and with thatched roofs. We are not to imagine from this that hey are necessarily inferior to buildings in other countries though it was often called, in the middle ages, "Opus Scoti-cum" the Irish style. In France such work was called "Opus Gallicum" in contradistinction to stone work which was Roman. The buildings at Glastonbury, in Somersetshire, as they existed in British Church were, according to tradition, of wood. That the style admitted of no little cost and splendor is evident from the fact that when King Henry II. was in Dublin in 1171 he caused a Royal J. T. Murray, performed their allotted Palace to be erected for him with excel- tasks with credit. But the vocal gem of lent workmanship, of smoothed wattles after the manner of Ireland. There is also a description given of St. Bridget's Hollinshead's singing of "Kathleen Mayourneen," her sweet and well-trained Church, at Kildare from which we have form of the name was, I beneve, casan Soilise—the path of the light—either hecause there was a ford across the river or a path leading down to it, where a light used to be shown to guide travellers on dark and stormy nights when the stream was in flood and dangerous. Many fords in different parts of the country notes in the district, and in nearly every instance the propriety of the country notes in the district, and in nearly every instance the propriety of the country the same means again in Clon-gowes, the meandow of the same means again in Clon-gowes, the meandow of the same means again in Clon-gowes, the meandow of the same means again in Clon-gowes, the meandow of the same means again in Clon-gowes, the meandow of the same means again in Clon-gowes, the meandow of the same means again in Clon-gowes, the meandow of the same means again in Clon-gowes, the meandow of the same and a wonderful sense of the exquisite works of Celtic art in those days, both in paintings and in clon-gowes, the meandow of the same and a wonderful sense of the exquisite works of Celtic art in those days, both in paintings and in clon-gowes, the meandow of the same and a wonderful sense of the exquisite works of Celtic art in those days, both in paintings and in clon-gowes, the meandow of the same part in the church, and was decreased to the church,

Nevertheless, such buildings would fall an easy prey to the ravages of war, and neglect inevitable in troublous times would suffice to reduce them to ruin and decay, so that we need not wonder that they speedily disappeard. It is possible, indeed, that an ancient Buptismul font, which was found some years since built in the wall of the old churchtower at Clane, is really a relic of the old Celtic church. It has been removed, redressed, and handsomely mounted in the new Church of St. Michael's and All 20. Recitation. Miss Euphemia Allan. "Dear Hearts"

A neels

Miss Hollinshead. Celtic church. It has been removed, re-

We have, however, an interesting memorial of the Celtic age in the lands. which from the endowment of Heweston's School, go by the name of Betaghs

The ancient Irish princes and chiefs founded numerous biatachs or houses of hospitality, and endowed them with lands which were called Ballybetaghs. The keepers of these houses were called Betachs and were sometimes laymen, sometimes ecclesiastics. They were amply endowed with gifts of land, cattle and sheep for the public entertainment of travellers, strangers, rich and poor. Continued on 12th page.

#### ECONOMY THE BASIS OF ALL WEALTH.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN requiring anything in the shape of Dry Goods or Gents' Furnishings, can save money and time by going at once to the well known house of J. S. Flynn, who has always on hand the latest novelties at bottom Sal," a heel or angle, but as there is no prices. Kindly call and see for your-

JOHN S. FLYNN.

#### ST. PATRICK'S

Catholic Young Mon's Society. The vast Windsor Hall was packed to the doors by an appreciative audience, who went to enjoy the splendid or atorial vocal and instrumental treat which the Rev. James Callaghan, the indefatigable spiritual director of St. Patrick's Young Men's Society had provided for them. Everything went off successfully, and the applause which greeted Dr. Onig'ey's majestic periods, in his powerful speech, was at times deafening. It was agreed by all present that it was one of the most -"Erin-Go-Bragh"-was a sort of fantasia on Irish airs, and was very well received, as, indeed, it deserved to be. fail to evoke a responsive echo in the heart. The opening address, by the president of the society. Mr. J. J. Ryan,

leges we accord to the children of other lands, the people of other nationalities, and we only ask from them, on this our festive day, the same concession. But, if these privileges-he would not call them rights, for none dispute them-belong especially to us,upon this occasion, none the less potent is the fact that they entail duties of no ordinary character. It becomes our duty to do honor to this day in a worthy and a fitting manner; to show to the world that the love of our race and the land of our fathers is green in our hearts; to unfold to the peoples of other nationalities the masterly efforts of genuine rhetoric that grandeurs and beauties that adorn and they had ever listened to. The overture sparkle upon the sky of Irish history: and above all, to foster in our own breasts and in those of the younger terstream, nearly opposite the ruins of the abbey at Clane, there is a genuine relic of pre Christian times. This is a large block of sterne with the ruins od fatherland in which they had first avenues of continues. generation the flame of religious devoheard those tuneful melodies, with their privileges we must assume those duties; quaint pathetic minor tones that never if we enjoy the one we must perform the other; if we desire that no power should ever deprive us of the former, we must entrench ourselves behind the fortificawas graceful and to the point. In the recitation, "The Sprig of Green," Mr. L. McDonald earned deserved applause, as fervent orator developed with a did also Mr. Turcot in his motto song, power that was magical and an effect Mr. Thomas Raynold in his violin solos, that must be lasting. In his peroration a Cavatina from Raff and "St. Patrick's Dr. Quigley rose high into the realm of Day." Mrs. Florence Harris Humphries sublime rhetoric, yet that rhetoric that and Miss Euphemie Allan won golden is allied to pure philosophy and real paopinions for their excellent recitations, triotic common sense. At the close of Miss Myrne Allan, Miss Florence Withel!, his splendid effort it might be said that Miss Martha O'Brien, Mr. F. J. McKenna, Signor Gagetti, Mr. J. P. McAnally, Mr. Arthur Nicholson, Mr. F. Bntler, Mr. F. Holland, Mr. R. B. Milloy, Mr. P. stride into the foremost rank of Canada's most gifted speakers.



DR, R. F. QUIGLEY, Ph.D., D.Litt., B.A.

Hunt, Mr. S. R. Smith, G. Hanratty and

24. Artistic Dancing
Mr. J. P. MacAnally.

Dr. Quigley's Address, On coming forward the orator of the evening was loudly applauded. He opened by expressing the gratificationhe felt at the unexpected honor conferred upon him, by the director and members of the "Catholic Young Men's Society" in asking him to deliver the St. Patrick's speech on this occasion. Ow-Quigley, after an exordium ex-abrupto, dealt eloquently and powerfully with his chosen subject, "Our Privileges and Duties." He pointed out that it is our privilege to love and respect the land of our forefathers; to feel proud of the deeds of our heroes, the glories of our orators, the songs of our poets, the genius of our race as emphasized in every page of Irish history, to admire the sterling qualities of those children of the "ancient race" who preserved through all dangers and obstacles the pure faith that St. Patrick brought to

#### ERIN. (BY DR. DRENNAN.)

When Erin first rose from the dark swelling flood, God bless'd the green island, and saw it was good; The em'raid of Europe, it sparkled and shone, In the ring of the World, the most precious stone.
In her sun, in her soil, in her station thrice blest,
With her back towards Britain, her face to the West,
Erin stands proudly insular, on her steep shore,
And strikes her high harp 'mid the ocean's deep roar.

But when its soft tones seem to mourn and to The dark chain of silence is thrown o'er the At the thought of the past the tears gush from her eyes, And the pulse of her heart makes her white bosom rise. O! sons of green Erin, lament o'er the time, When religion was war, and our country erime, "When man, in God's image, inverted his plan And moulded his God in the Image of man.

When the intirest of state wrought the genera woe. The stranger a friend, and the native a foe; While the mother rejoie'd o'er her ch.ldren op And clasp'd the invader more close to her

When with pale for the body and pale for the Sont, Church and state joined in compact to conque the whole; And, as Shannon was stained with Milesian blood. Ey'd each other askance and pronounced it was

By the growns that ascend from your fore-fathers' grave,
For their country thus left to the brute and the slave, Drive the Demon of Bigotry home to his den, And where Britain made brates now let Erin make men, Let my sons like the leaves of the Shamrock unite, A partition of sects from one footstalk of right, Give each his full share of the earth and the sky, Nor fatten the slave where the serpent would

Alas! for poor Erin that some are still seen, Who would due the grass red from their hatred Who would dye the grass red from their hatred to green;
Yet, oh! when you're up and they're down, let them live,
Then yield them that mercy which they would not give.
Arm of Erin be strong! but be gentle as brave!
And uplified to strike, be still ready to save!
Let no feeling of vengeance presume to defile
The cause of, or men of, the Emerald Isle.

The cause it is good, and the men they are true And the green shall outlive both the Orange and Blue! And the triumphs of Erin her daughters shall Ing to the length of the programme, Dr. With the full swelling chest, and the lair flowing hair,
Their bosom heaves high for the worthy and
brave,
But no coward shall rest in that soft-swelling

wave; Men of Erin! awake, and make haste to the blest: Rise-Arch of the Ocean, and Queen of the West!

#### To Preach in Quebec.

The Rev. Father McCallen, S.S., of St. Patrick's, left on Wednesday for Quebec, where he will deliver the St. Patrick's Day sermon to-day. The Irish people of Quebec will have a rare treat from the them. Amongst many others these are eloquent preacher; we wish them a suc-some of our privileges. Similar privileges cessful celebration.

GOUGAUNE BARRA.

(BY IEREMIAN JOSEPH CALLANAN.)

There is a green island in lone Gougaune Burra, Where Allua of song rushes forth as an arrow; In deep valled Desmond—a thousand wild In deep valled Desmond—a thousand wild fountains. Come down to that lake from their home in the mountains. There grows the wild ash, and a time stricken

willow
Looks chidingly down on the mirth of the
billow;
As, like some gay child that sad moultor scorning, It lightly laughs back to the laugh of the morning.

And its zone of dark hills-oh! to see them all bright'ning,
When the tempest flings out its red banner of lightning,
And the waters rush down, 'mid the thunder's deep rattle, Like clans from their hills at the voice of the

battle; And brightly the fire-crested billows are gleaming, d wildly from Mullagh the eagles are And which from Mullagh the eagus are screaming,
Oh! where is the dwelling in valley or highland, So meet for a bard as this ione little island?

How oft when the summer sun rested on Clara, And lit the dark heath on the hills of Ivera, Hav- I sought, thee, sweet spot, from my home by the ocean. And trod all thy wilds with a minstrel's devotion, And thought of thy bards, when assembling logether, In the cleit of thy rocks, on the depth of thy healber: They fied from the Saxon's dark bondage and

And woke their last song by the rush of thy

High sons of the lyre, oh! how proud was the feeling, To think while alone through that solltude stealing, Though lottler minstrels green Erin can num-I only awoke your wild harp from its slumber,
And iningled once more with the voice of those
foundains
The songs even echo forgot on the mountains;
And glean'd each grey legend, that darkly was
sleeping
Where the mist and the rain o'er their beauty
were creeping.

Least bard of the hills! were it mine to inherit The fire of thy imp and the wing of thy spirit, With the wrongs which like thee to our coun-try have bound me, Did your mantle of song fling its radiance around me, Still, still in those wilds might young liberty rally, rally, d send her strong shout over mountain and valley. The star of the west might yet rise in its glory. And the land that was darkest be brightest in

I, too, shall be gone ;-but my name shall be spoken, When Erin awakes, and her fetters are broken; Some minstrel will come, in the summer eve's

gleaning,
When freedom's young light on his spirit is
beaming,
And hend o'er my grave with a tear of emotion
Where calm Avon-Buce seeks the Kisses of the orenn, Or plant a wild wreath, from the banks of that O'er the heart, and the harp, that are sleeping forever!

#### ST. ANN'S YOUNG MEN'S SOCIETY,

Grand National Entertainment at the Academy of Music.

The members of St. At n's Young Men's Society gave a grand Itish National en tertainment in the Academy of Music, which was filled to overflowing with a fashionable and appreciative audience. The principal item on the programme of the evening was the presentation of a revised and improved version of the well known patriotic Irish drama entitled "Robert Emmet: the Martyr of Irish Liberty." It had been specially arranged for the society, and was produced by its dramatic section. The able manner in which these gentleman acquitted themselves in their respective parts reflects the highest credit upon them. Dramatic ability of a high order was displayed, and the scenes and other mechanical de tails were arranged in a way which disclosed intimate acquaintance with the details of stage technique. The following

CAST OF CHARACTERS. 

Associate Judges (A. Thompson Daly, Son Foreman of the Jury Thos. Dillon Sheriff of Dublin Edward Lynch Executioner P. O'Brien Soldiers, Emmet's Colleagues, People, Jury, etc.

The popular "Irish National Minstrels" gave a number of choice vocal and musical gems--songs and ballads of the beloved motherland whose national festival was being honored, and the celebrated Canadian Mandolin Club centributed several of their beautiful selections. The following is the programme:--

IRISH NATIONAL MINSTRELS Members of the Company, Members of the Company,
Interlocutor, W. E. Finn,
END MEN.
G. P. Holland, E. Carroll, P. Burns, F. Drew,
A. F. Nicholson, T. Jones,
FIRST TENORS.
J. J. Rowan, J. Morgan, W. P. Clancy,
W. Murphy, F. Butler.

SECOND TENORS.
T. C. Emblem, R. Hilliard, J. Quinn, J. Flynn, E. O'Shea.

J. Fiynn, E. O'Shea.

FIRST BASSOS.
E. Quinn, M. Mullarky, W. J. McCaffrey,
M. O'Brien, T. Lane.

SECOND BASSOS.
M. J. Quinn, J. Murray,
A. McKeown, C. Smith.
Musical Director C. Button Musical Director, - P. Shea. Stage Manager, - J. J. Gethings. Stage Manager,

#### ST. MARY'S

Catholic Young Men's Society.

The doors of St. Mary's Hall were open at 7 30 St. Patrick's evening, and an eager and enthusiastic audience crowded in to attend the first annual concert to be carried by the young society of St. Mary's Catholic young men. It is customary to give praise to the musical director and accompanist; but in the present case it is through no mere matter of four that we mention with particular emphasis the names of Prof. Ja es Wilson and Mr. E. Brennan. They gave, in more senses than one, a real tone of genuine melody to the grand entertainment. Before passing to the rich programme of the evening we must state that if the St. Mary's Young Men's Society is to-day started and on a solid and lasting basis, the greater portion of the credit is due to the Rev. J. J. Salmon, parish priest of St. Mary's. With the energy characteristic of him, with that untiring devotion to the cause dear to his heart, and towards the flock whose happy lot it has been to have him as spiritual shepherd, Father Salmon has performed mirac'es for the advancement, temporal and spiritual, of his congregation. The officers of this young and hopeful society are :- Rev. J. J. Salmon, Spiritual Director; Alex. Bannerman, honorary president; Thos. Bannerman, president; W. J. Egan. 1st vice-president; J. Traynor, 2nd vice-president; E. J. Hunt, recording secretary; N. J. McIlhone, corresponding secretary; J. Jones, treasurer; J. P. Molone, collecting treasurer; P. Hunt, Librarian J. Murray Morbud Librarian; J. Murray, Marshal.

The following was the programme

presented :-PART I.

Opening remarks ...... By the President Mr. T. Bannerman. 1. Chorus-" Let Erin Remember." ......

St. Mary's Choir. 2. Song-"Irish Through and Through."

Master Willie Kennedy. 

Mr. E. Brennan. 

O'Bryne, S.J. PART II. 6. Chorus-"Harvest Moon." ..... White St. Mary's Chair.
7. Song—"The Minstrel Boy."

Mr. C. Smith. 

9. Violin solo—"Garryowen.".... Vieux'emps Mr. Jas. Wilson. 

11. Solo and chorus- "God Save Ireland." St. Mary's Choir.

As will be seen by the programme, the ppening address was made by the President, Mr. T. Bannerman, It was a joyous occasion for him and the society, the first important step upon the highway of its promising career. Mr. Bannerman's neat address was replete with good wishes and eloquent of hope for the future prosperity

of the Association.
As to the Rev. Father O'Bryne's lecture, the name of the gifted lecturer suffices to the hame of the given leads to the tell that it was a splendid treat. But as Demosthenes' great rival said of that mighty orator, after repeating his speech "for the Crown," and hearing it praised, we can say of Father O'Bryne: "Oh, but you should have heard the man himself," Not only heard him and be transported, in imagination to Ireland, but have seen he panoramic views of the Old Land that he so eloquently described. "God speed" St. Mary's Young Men and their society, "God bless" their good and kind director, Father Salmon, for the work he

### INNISHOWEN.

(By Sir Charles Gavan Duffy )

God bless the grey mountains of dark Donegal, God bless Royal Alleach, the pride of them all; For she alls evermore like a Queen on her throne, And miles on the valleys of Green Innishowen, And fair are the valleys of Green Innishowen, And hardy the fishers that call them their

A race that nor traitor nor coward bave Enjoy the fair valleys of Green Innishowen.

Oh! simple and bold are the bosoms they bear, Like the bills that with slience and nature they ire; ir God, who hath planted their home near Breath'd His spirit abroad upon fair Innish-

owen,
Then praise to our Father for wild Innishowen. Where flercely for ever the surges are thrown—
Nor weather nor fortune a tempest hath blown
Could shake the strong bosoms of brave In-

See the bountiful Couldn't careering along— A type of their manhood as stately and strong— On the weary for ever its tide is bestown, So they share with the stranger in fair I unish-owen. owen, God guard the kind homesteads of fair In-nt-howen, Which manhood and virtue have chos'n for their own; Not long shall that nation in slavery groan, That rears the tall peasants of fair Innish-

Like that oak of St. Bride which nor Devil nor Dane,
Could ever uproot—that is ever the same,
They have come by the creed and the cause of
their own,
Through the midnight of danger in true Innishowen.
Then shout for the glories of old Innishowen,
The stronghold that foemen have never o'srthrown.

The soul and the spirit, the blood and the bone.
That guard the green valleys of true Innishowen. Nor purer of old was the tongue of the Gnel, When the charging aboo made the foreigner

quall; Than it gladdens the stranger in welcome's soft tone, In the home-loving cabins of kind Innishowen. Oh! flourish ye homestends of kind. Innish-

owen, Where seeds of a people's redemption, are sown; Right soon shall the fruit of that sowing have grown. To bless the kind homesteads of green in-

When they tell us the tale of a spell-stricken hand
All entranced, with their bridles and broadswords in hand,
Who awalt but the word to give Erin her own.
They can read you that riddle in proud Innish.

owell.

Hurra for the Spaemen of proud Innishowen!
Long live the wild Serror stout Innishowen!
May Mary, our mother, be deat to their moan
Who lote not the promise of promi Innian
owen:

 ST. PATRICK'S DAY AND WHAT IT

Loved music of St. Patrick's Day, Borne to us on the vernal breeze, It comes with many a thrilling lay From that green Isle beyond the seas!

It speaks to us in strains sublime Of sainted Erin's elder day, 1t brings us in this northern clime Those well-loved scenes so far away.

As ln a dream before us stand The shades that haunt our History's page, The dauntless chiefs of native land, Heroes of many a by-gone age

You silken Sun-burst's folds that waved Krom castled keep in days of yore. The standard of the men that braved The forman's might from shore to shore, The old monastic ruins weird and gray,

The mystic Round Towers, relies of the past, That speak the glories of a vanish'd day, And o'er our land poetic sludows cast. One hallow'd day in every passing year,

The Irish heart to faith and country true, Calls up these glories of our uncient race, And fondly turns, dear native land, to you! J. A. S.

MONTREAL, March 12, 1892.

Sister Mary Baptist, known in the world as Miss Mary Anne Ronayne, died on Feb. 11, at the Ursuline Convent, Blackrock, Cork. A Catholic Club.

A preliminary meeting was held in the town of Cavan on the 3d inst. to take steps to form a Catholic Club. The Rev. J. Flood, C. C., presided. A subscription list was opened, £40 subscribed, and the entrusted to Father Flood.

#### An Appointment.

Bishop McCarthy, of Cloyne, has appointed the Rev. John O'Keefe, of Aghada, pastor of Meelin, in succession to the Rev. M. O'Keefe, transferred to Church-town; and the Rev. James Green, of Rathcormac, pastor of Castlemagner, in succession to the Rev. P. M. Doyle (de-

His Grace the Archbishop of Dublin performed the solemn ceremony of ordination at Holy Cross College, Cloncliffe, on Sunday morning, Feb. 7, at eight o'clock. Mr. Lawless, of Armagh, was the young gentleman ordained. His Grace was assisted by several clergy men. including the dean and the rector of the college, Monsignor Fitzpatrick.

#### Medals and Money.

The Board of Trade of London has awarded brouze medals for gallantry in aving life at sea, and a sum of £2 each, to Damel Oprey, Edward Clarke, Henry Taylor, Robert Taylor and Thomas West. a fisherman of Killough, in recognition of their services in rescuing Bernard Oprey, of the fishing boat A'examler of Belfast, which capsized while making for Killough, on Dec. 17.

#### A Rallway Strike.

As a protest against the action of Mr. Murphy, the contractor of the work on the new Baltimore and Skibbereen Extension Railway, in discharging Mr. Gregory, the engineer, on Feb. 9, toe entire force on the line, about 600 men. went on strike the next morning. Mr. Gregory advised the men to return to work, but they refused. They also de-clined after receiving an offer of an in-crease of Is. 6d, per week in their wages.

#### Fishermen's League.

Limerick, to establish a Fishermen's land about thirty-live years age. She League, with the object of protecting had been elected for two successive the salmen fisheries of the Shannon and terms to the position of Rev. Mother of the interests of the men engaged in the St. Mary's Convent-an unusual honor. industry. Resolutions calling for reform were adopted, and the several speakers complained strongly of the mismanagement of the Board of Conservators.

#### Prosecution.

It is stated that the Government intends to prosecute Mr. James Gilhooly, M. P. for West Cork, for a speech which he delivered recently at Golcen, on a local landlord and tenant dispute. A special police notetaker was sent to the meeting and a full report of Mr. Gil-hooly's speech was laid before the authorities with the result, it is believed, that a Crimes Act prosecution has been ordered for intimidation.

#### A Memorial Window

A very handsome memorial stained glass window has lately been erected in the Catholic Church of Kilsaren, in commemoration of the late Ludy Constance Bellingham, daughter of Earl of Gains borough, and wife of Sir Henry Belling ham, Bart. Messrs. Eardley and Powell, Dublin, carried out the work in a most satisfactory manner. A brass tablet beneath the window bears an appropriate inscription.

#### A Dead Nun.

The death is announced of Sister Mary Stanishus Ryan, of the Presentation, Convent, Ballingarry after a long and painful illness, borne with remarkable miscenery and attractions of the county, patience. She was in the thirty-sixth With this view an influential meeting year of herage and twelth of he profession. Her funeral took place from the by Guiffin, chief engineer of the South convent charel with a solemn Mass of Clare Railway, proposed a scheme for Requiem. The celebrant was the Rev. T. J. Ryan, O. M. I. (brother of deceased); deacon, the Rev. M. Barry, of Gurtnahoe; views of the district. Mr. Moore, mansubdeacon, the Rev. J. Meagher, chaplain of the convent; master of ceremonies, the Rev. W. Downey, of Ballingarry.

#### An Interesting Coremony.

An interesting ceremony took place on Tues lay evening, February 9th, at the Griffin was appointed secretary and Young Men's Society in Cork. The ap-Colonel Oakes president of the associapointment of the Most Rev. Dr. Sheehan to the See of Waterford and Lismore, creating a vacancy in the office of the President of the society, the committee unanimously selected the Rev. Father Hallinan to fill that onerous position. Father Hallinan has been a most consistent friend of the society, his lectures being always attended by large gather ings of the members and their friends, and received by them with genuine en-

A Settlement Comming.

About six years ago, four or five ten-

of Carravillus, on the southern part of Lough, Lea Mountain, between Bailieborough and Kingscourt were evicted. They took forcible possession, however, and remained in their holdings up to the present. The estate passed into the Court of Chancery last year, and an arbitrator was sent to make terms with the tenants. Two, Patrick Curtis and Richard Clarke, refused to arbitrate, and were imprisoned in Dundalk jail, by order of Judge Monroe. Their case is in the way of being settled.

#### Rallway Meeting.

The half-yearly meeting of the Midland Great Western Railway Company was held on Tuesday at the Broadstone ter-minus, Co. of Galway. Sir Ralph Cusack, chairman of the company, who presided, said that the working of the past year showed an increase of over £5,000 in the receipts of the line, but passenger and cattle traffic showed a decrease. The chairman referred to the progress made with the construction of the Galway and Clifden, and of the Killala Light Railway. He animadverted upon the land lords of Mayo and Galway counties, who were trying to extract the extreme penny for their lands taken up for the light ailway lines, though they had promised the late Chief Secretary to give it for nothing. A dividend at the rate of 5 per cent, on the ordinary share capital was declared. The meeting passed a resolution approving of the bill for the company to acquire the Athenry and Ennis line on the same terms as announced at the former meetings.

#### A Circular Letter.

A circular letter was read in the Belfast Catholic churches on Sunday February 7, from the Most Rev. Dr. McAlister, in reerence to the educational question and the importance of Catholic parents sending their children to Catholic schools. His Lordship asked the clergy to exhort appointing of a provisional committee the congregation to keep their children away from the Protestant schools in the city, as he understood some were being sent there, and this he considered a violation of the Church precept, involving serious responsibilities as regards the Sacraments.

#### Requiem Mass

A Pontifical Mass of Requiem was celebrated in the Cathedral, Dublin, recently, for the repose of the soul of the late Cardinal Simeoni, Archbishop Wa'sh was the celebrant; Mrg. Fitzpatrick, V.G., president of Clomiffe College, assistant priest; Mr. Farrell, dea-con; Mr. Connell, sub-deacon; the Rev. Charles Ridgeway, master of ceremonies. Canon Frisker and Canon O'Donnell were the assistants at the throne. Bishop Donnedy, of Canea, delivered the panegyric. Besides those mentioned, there vere also present three archbishops, ten bishops and a large number of priests.

#### "Carrick-on-Sule For Ever."

The Carriek-on-Suir correspondent of the Irish Times reports a case in which a shocking state of things in Carrick Work house was revealed. William McGrath, an army pensioner and night male nurse. was prosecuted for drunkenness and in subordination. It appeared that he was drunk at night while in charge of a ward of sixteen sick persons, some of whom were in a dying condition. He was senteneed to two months' imprisonment. . ! female nurse, in charge of the same ward in the daytime, left the workhouse at night by scaling the wall, returning it the morning, and was found drunk at her post. She was sentenced to fourteen days' imprisonment.

#### Died in New Zealand.

The Rev. Mother Regis died on December 15th at St. Mary's Star of the Sea Orphunge, Consonby, New Zealand A public meeting was held on Sunday evening, February 7th, in the Town Hall, born in Drogheda, and went to New Zeatintee. During the past three years she acted as President of St. Mary's Orphanage. The Rev. Mother Regis was greatly be-loved. Not only was she remarkable for her piety, learning, and skill as a teacher time after making her yows she was apin schools of the Order, but she had an excellent administrative ability.

#### Evicted.

Captain Croker, sub-sheriff of Clare, exicted from Lord Leconfield's estate, near Dramoland, Newmarket on-Fergus. on February 7, Michel McMahon, of Bailynaciaggy. He owed £855, or two and one half years' rent. The doors of the house was barricaded, but with this exception there was no resistance offered the sheriff, who was accompanied by a protective force of police under District Inspector Rainsford. On the return of the party, after possession had been taken, it was found that the gate on the avenne, with the pierbeads, and other large-tones, some of enormous weight had been thrown across the avenue in such a way as to effectually block all progress and it was a considerable time before the obstructions were removed.

#### Tourists in Clare

For some time a strong feeling has ex isted in Clare that steps should be taken to make known to the Irish-American, English, and Scotch tourists the beauti-With this view an influential meeting was beld at Kilkee, on Feb. 10. Bever Clare Railway, proposed a scheme for ager in Ireland for Messrs. Cook and the first time a few days previous, and Company, and Mr. Farnham, of Messis. Thom, offered their full co-operation, adding that the system of pictorial guides and advertising proved most success.ul in England and Scotland. Mr tion. Branches were formed at Kılrush. Miltown-Malbay, Ennis and Lisdoon varon. A subscription list was opened and a generous sum subscribed.

#### Important Judgment.

Judgment was delivered in the Queen's Bench Division, on Monday, February 8, in the important licensing case of Smith versus Chairman and Justices of County Cavan. The point at issue was whether the magistrates at Licensing Sessions could take into consideration the number of existing public houses when granting ants on the Davis estate in the townland a transfer or renewal of a license. The could not overrule the decision in Clith eroe's case, pronounced by the same throwing the occupants into the sea. court which, prior to the Judicature Act, They managed to get hold of the keel, possessed all the powers now exercised by the Court of Appeal. A mandamus came to their aid and succeeded in dragvould therefore issue to guash the decision of the magistrates.

#### Took The Vett.

Miss Mary Ryan took the white veil at the Convent of Mercy, Clonmel, on February 17, and will be known in re-ligion as Sister Mary John. Father Sheehan, P.P., of Cahir, officiated, assisted by Fathers Power and H. Egan. Sister Mary John is a daughter of Gerald Ryan, of Coolagh, Killenaule.

#### An Habeas Corpus.

An application was made to the Queen's Bench Division, Dublin, on the 18th ult., on behalf of Mary Anne Kinney, residing near Bessbrook, county Armagh to make absolute a conditional order for a *habras corpus*, commanding the Rev. Charles Quian, P.P., of Mullaghglass, to restore to her the custody of her two children, Patrick and Edward, aged re spectively five and a half, and three and a half years. The Court at the close of he arguments made absolute the condi-

#### A Collector-General Dead.

Edward Thomas Kennedy, LL.D., B.L. Collector-General of Rates, died after a prolonged illness, at Dublin, on Feb. 16. He was a scholar of considerable attainments. Fond of athletics, he was a good promoters of the Metropolitan Regatta. Dr. Kennedy was married to Miss Davis, daughter of the Senior Taxing Master in Chancery. He was appointed to the office in 1883 succeeding John Byrne, having been previously Registrar of Petty Sessions Clerk in Ireland.

At a meeting of the Clonakilty Board of Guardians, on February 19, the clerk reported that during the week the bailitls, accompanied by the police, evicted several laborers for non-payment of rent of three cottages in Rosscarbery district. One named Donovan who was earning 14s a week, owed £3 and was imable to pay anything. At the time of the eviction the family was eating dry potatoes. The wife fainted and had to get relief from the redeving officer, and the proceedings had to be abandoned. Five eviction notices were received at the suit of Ludy Boyle against tenants in Barryroe district.

#### Death of a Priest

The death occurred on the 19th ult. of the Rev. T. J. Murphy, P.P., of Dromintee and Jonesboro'. Father Murphy was born in Johnstown, Cooley, Co. Louth, about sixty-five years ago. After his primary education he attended a classical school in Dundalk, thence he proceeded to Carlow, Armagh and Maynooth. He was a man of pre-eminent talent, and was always first in his classes. abilities secured for him a place on the used by a man who was engaged repair-Dunboyne establishment, Maynooth, and ling the organ. None of the property dewhile there he maintained his superiority among his coilege mates. He was, after his ordination, appointed to a cur-acy in Cookstown, Co. Tyrone, and subsequently was transferred to Drozheda, under the primacy of Dr. Dixon, Thence he went to D race, and about ten years ago, on the death of Father Patrick Kieran, P. P., he was appointed by the late Primate, Dr. McGettigan, to the pastoral charge of Jonesboro' and Drom-

#### Death of a Nun.

Mother Alice, of the Bon Secours Con vent. Tralee, died on Feb. 7, surrounded by her devoted community. She was known in the world as Miss M. A. Young, of Aughrim, County Wicklow, and entered the Congregation of the Bons Secours about thirty years ago. A short pointed assistant mother of novices During the Siege of Paris she attended the sick amid the terrors of war and the horrors of the Commune. For two years she was stationed in Lendon, and in her works of mercy and charity came in contact with the afflicted of every class. From London she was transferred to Dublin to fill the position of assistant Mother Superior. Nine years later she was sent as Superioress of a new branch of her Order in Tralec, and under her fostering care and able management a beautiful spacious convent was built, the community of which have been ministeing to poor and rich without religious distinction ever since. Three of a Family Mad.

Sergeant Molloy and Constables Murray, McMackin and McGuinness, of the Newtowncumingham station, brought Mary, the wife, and Catherine and Eliza Sweeny, daughters of James Sweeny, of the Grange, Burt, before William Ewing and Samuel Motherwell, justices of the county, at Burt recently, charged with being dangerous lunatics. Mrs. Sweeny been twice before in the asylum, and lately again became dangerous and unmanageable, and wandered abroad giving trouble and annoyance at funerals and other solemn services. Towards her husband she was particularly unkind and frequently threatened him with bodily injury. Catherine Sweeny, 23 years of age, only became demented for since then her friends were obliged to tie her with ropes. The police had con-siderable trouble in bringing her up for medical examination. Edza, aged 17, has only been a few weeks ailing. She contracted influenza, and from that mania developed. She has on severa occasions attempted to burn her clothing and other articles, and also showed a fondness for wandering along the rail-

Five Fishermen Drowned. Five tishermen were drowned on Feb 15 off Newcastle, and five others had a

way track. Warrants were made out, and all three were lodged in Letter-

kenny Asylum.

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lines, a heavy squal upset the boat, when Rooney and his crew gallantly ging them into his boat. Fearing that the small craft would swamp with so many on board, Rooney threw what tish he had caught overboard, and succeeded in reaching Newcastle Harbor about 11 o'clock. The rescued crew were greatly exhausted, and were taken at once to their homes. McVeigh's boat not having returned with the other two, it was thought she had made for another port, and telegrams were despatched during the day to different towns along the coast, but no trace of her could be found. The next morning the sad news was received that the five men on board had been drowned. Their names are Patrick McVeigh and his two sons, and John McClelland and John McClean.

#### Rowdy Soldiers

Enniskillen was kept in a state of disorder on the night of February 18, owing to the rowdy conduct of some men of the Royal North Lancashire Regiment. So great was the terror among the publichouse keepers that several of them closed their places. The soldiers fought amongst themselves and abused and insulted men and women. A serious row took place in a public house in High Street between a civilian and the soldiers four of the latter being taken to the barracks on ali-fours, followed by large crowds. Public houses were entered and bottles of ale and porter taken by force, and drink was called for and drunk without payment being tendered. Nothing but abuse and four language was given when settlement was demanded. The pickets made numerous arrests before the disturbance ended.

#### A Church Damaged.

Shortly after 10 o'clock A. M., on Feb. 12, smoke was observed issuing from the Catholich church at Kilmore, and soon afterwards it was discovered that the organ and loft were on fire. In a few minutes every one in the village who could be of any service was fighting the flames. The organ was the principal seat of the fire, and to it the efforts of the villagers were directed. Soon after a piece of the ceiting burst, and thus the laths were exposed. They quickly ignited, and from them flames reached the rafters. Frank Cousins and Mr. Stafford got on the roof and cans of water were handed up to them, which they poured on the barning mass. Both men were nearly overpowered by the smoke, but yet worked bravely on, and at length succeeded in quenching the fire. As the water began to take effect, the smoke in creased and rolled in volumes through the church and around the altar. As a result all the decorations around the cornices and pillars were completely effaced and the altar was somewhat damaged The fire is believed to have originated through the bursting of a paralline lamp stroyed was insured.

### Liberal Bequests.

The will of the late Joseph Cartan, of Drogheda, was recently filed. Deceased left numerous and generous sums to charitable institutions, bequeathing to Archbishop McGettigan, of Armagh, or his successor (who is Archbishop Legue), £200; to the Very Rev. Archdeacon Murphy, P. P., of St. Peter's parish, Drogheda, for erecting a new church, £100; to the Superior of the Sisters of Mercy, Ardee, £50, for charities; to the Superior of the Poor Clares, Newry, £100, for charities; to the Superior of the Sisters of Charity, Drogheda, £100, for charities; to Dean Birmingham, of Carrickmacross £50, for a religious mission for Carrickmacross; and also £50 to help build St. loseph's Church, Carrickmacross; to St. Vincent de Paul Society, Dundalk, £50 for the poor; to St. Vincent de Paul Society, Drogheda, £50 for the poor; to Bishop Donnelly and Dean Birmingham, £500, for the purpose of founding in Carrickmacross a relinious society known as the Roman Catholic Nuns; to the Deat and Damb Institution of St. Joseph's, labra, Dublin, £50; to St. Bridget's Or phanage, Dublin, £50; to the Orphanage of the Vincentian Fathers, Dublin, £50; to the A-sociation for the Propagation of the Catholic Church, £25; to the Sisters of Mercy, Dundalk, £25, in aid of the Orphanage; to the Poor Clares, Dublin, £25, for the support of their orphange; to the Rev. Thomas Tauffe, P.P., £50, for the poor of his parish; to the Cierical Parochial Fund of Dundark, £25. A large sum is also left as an offering for Masses for the souls of the deceased and numerous relatives.

#### To O'Connell's Memory.

Canon Brosnan, with characteristic Irish enthusiasm and hopefulness, is prosecuting with ardor his pet project, the completion of the handsome church he is erecting in memory of Daniel O'Con-nell, his illustrious fellow countryman, to whom not only Irish Catholies, but Catholics in Great Bruain as well, owe un immense debt of gratitude, which could be repaid in no better way than in relping to finish this beautiful edifice in Cahireiveen, the birthplace of the Liberator. Canon Brosnan's energetic curate Rev. C. McCarthy, who has been in Belfast collecting funds for this purpose, with the permission of the Most Rev. Dr. Mc-Adster, and the generous sympathy and active co-operation of the priests of that diocese, appealed from the pulpit of St. Patrick's Church to the Catholics of that city, who gave freely and abundantly. He had been deeply impressed with the indelity, generosity, thoroughness and fortitude of the people of the Northern capital.

#### Waterford Bishop.

It is very unusual, and indeed we might say unprecedented, to find thesermon of a Catholic Bishop quoted pretty fully and quoted approvingly by a Non-comformist, or indeed any purely Pro-testant religious journal. We draw attention to this circumstance as one of the times and as indicative of the better attitude which is being assumed towards | your order now.

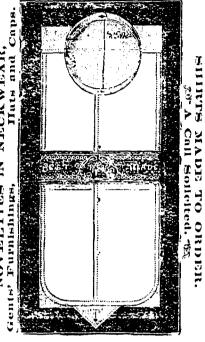
magistrates had held that they could, and had refused to grant a transfer, holding that Clitheroe's case, in which it was decided that the magistrates could not take this matter into consideration, had been everyidden by the decision of Sharres.

The speech of Dr. Sheehan, the new Bishop of Wat erford, in which he specially recognizes Veigh. The crew in Murphy's boat consideration of Sharres wisted of himself. I Murphy H Murphy and from the Protestants of Cork has been overridden by the decision of Sharpe versus Wakefield in the House of Lords. The court now unanimously decided that they, being a court of lirst instance, could not overrule the decision in Clist. language should be used by a Catholic street. Bishop in regard to Irish Protestantism is of a more exclusive and intolerant character than anything to be found ever in the countries that originated the Re formation, such as Germany and England Brotherly love and Christian sympathy seem still to be a power in the land Though it is often not very apparent, it is existant for all that, and we heartily recognize its manifestation in the pages of the Independent.

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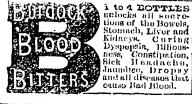
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Be

Ca

is an old Castle hungs over the sea,— ring through ages, all wrecked though This living through ages, it be, it be, it be, it be, it be, it be.

There's a soul in the ruin that never shall die, there's a soul in the ruin that never shall die, and the very clings round it as fondly as I. And the very clings of that river pass on, the river tribute they hear to that Castle so lone, their tribute they hear to that Castle so lone, their tribute they hear to that Castle so lone, from the sky, from the sky.

For he loves the dear ruin as fondly as I.

Right grand is the freedom which dwells on

Right Spate the Spate for the hand of the stranger can fetter it not; for the hand of that Castle its day-spring has the strength of the ruin looks out as of old; The street told and the ruin looks out as of old; And the siver—the river no tyrant could tame, And the river—the river no tyrant could tame, and the river—the river no tyrant could tame, sweep, ho dly along, without terror or shanne; sweep, ho dly along, without terror or shanne; sweep, ho dly along, with a Castle so stately and yet light, and sings her own love-song as grandly as I.

And sings her own love-song as grandly as I.

How weight on those waters the shadows must

And the dream of the past through the waiting winds moan, with the twine round the ruin as if 'twere 'You are always hard I among the state only one winds moan, with the ruin as if 'twere 'You are always hard I among the state of the state

There is an old Castle hangs over the sea, And ages of glory yet, yet shall it see, And twill smile to the river, and smile to the sky. And smile to the free land when long years go

ing And smile to the free land when long years go by;
And condren will listen with rapturous face,
And condren will listen with rapturous face,
To the names and the legends that hallow the
place,
when some minstrel of Erin, in wandering
nigh,
Shall sing that dear Castle more grandly than I.

## IN AFTER WEARY YEARS.

By Most Rev. CORNELIUS O'BRIEN, D.D., Archbishop of Halifax.

CHAPTER VIII.-Continued.

wealthy drover, and now the shrill treble feign d to belong to them; but his pleasing naturers and ready wit made him papular everywhere, and a few well-timed questions generally gained him more or less information.

1 Whon left to themselves Morgan and Lorenzo, "attention was turned to the notice."

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The lower part is formed of immense blocks of stone, with a lining of cemented t- brick. The shape is circular; the upper a sword : hence the name of Castel San sepulchre.

The Castel, or fort, is situated on the right bank of the Tiber, not far from the foot of the Vatican hill. A covered way leads from it to the Vatican Palace. Before the invention of the muderous war instruments of recent years, the war instruments of recent years, the Castel could offer a stubbern resistance and during some of the troubles in the Middle Ages it afforded a safe asylum to the Popes. The encoure around about it is fortified with wal's and bastions forming a series of outer forts, well meanined with cannon. Commanding as it does the bridge of San Angelo and the river, it would be a strong point during a civic outbreak.

As the two friends sat on this historic around, exerging decomply on the yellow.

As the two friends sat on this historic ground gazing dreamity on the yellow Tiber that ran swiftly past, they spoke of many things. Lorenzo, who was more fully acquainted with Italian history and popular legends than Morgan,

the Castel and its past story.
"Now," said Morgan, "tell me just how the present army organization began. I know in a general way, of course,

but I want more particulars."
"They are easily given, Morgan.
When the Pope had to leave Rome in When the Pope had to leave Rome in 1818 everything was turned upside down. These revolutionists are great fellows at pulling to pieces; they beat the rappickers in that respect. In a very short time they managed to disorganize everything. Antonel and Rossi could build up, and would have huilt up, a great and progressive government, if those redhanded villains had remained quiet."

"True, Lorenzo: but the object of the

time they managed to disorganize everything. Antoneli and Rossi could build up, and would have built up, a great and progressive government, if those relations had remained quiet."

"True, Lorenzo; but the object of the good of the people?"

"Of that you may be quite sure; what they wanted was to dethrone the Pope to overthrow religion, and to rule over the masses. They caused Rossi to be assassianted on the steps of the Cancelleira, and besieged the Pope in the Quirinut. This is enough to show what their designs were. Well, the army of France scattered the revolutionary hordes, and Pius 1X. returned. He found everything unhinged and an enormous debt, but not of his own contracting. Antonelli, whose name will go down to all time in Church history as the most able and heroic of statesmen, set to work to bring order out of the chaos. The different depurtments of the public service wore organized, the debt raid off, and the taxes lightened."

De Charette, the popular lieutenant, was the ideal of a noble soldier. Handsome and strongly built, the blue-gray Zonave the ideal of a noble soldier. Handsome and strongly built, the blue-gray Zonave the ideal of a noble soldier. Handsome and strongly built, the blue-gray Zonave the ideal of a noble soldier. Handsome and strongly built, the blue-gray Zonave and Industry the blue-gray Zonave and Industry the samil cap lent an air of strength and in strength and strongly built, the blue-gray Zonave and Industry the blue-gray Zonave and Industry the blue-gray Zonave and Industry and the gallant soldier.

SCOTITE SCOUNTS them up, become its lighten and in the fight, he was a meek and devout worshipper in the Church. Some Cathelio vanue and strongly built th

"How different from other coun ries!" interrupted Morgan; "taxes are generally increased, and public debts rarely diminish. Yet people cry out against the government of the Pope. What do they mean? Is not that government the best under which a people, for the smallest amount of taxes, enjoy the largest | yellow. Still, it has great memories." share of temporal blessings happily sub-ordinated to eternal felicity? We boast, and with some show of reason, too, that under the British Empire we are free. Our young Dominion secures many advantages to its citizens, but often British freedom is more theoretic than practical. nder the Pope, however, there is liberty in its fullest and most legitimate sense, with light taxes and an extinguished

"Do not get excited, Morgan; you will scarcely convert the prejudiced Mow weem.

When the moonlight falls o'er them as still as a dream, a dream, and the star-beams awake, at the close of the And the star-beams awake, at the close of the day, to gaze on a river eternal as they!

To gaze on a river eternal as they! ernment of the Pope let it be what it will, simply because it is the government of the Pope. Why, some of government of the Pope let it be what much. the gloom, the lorms of the mighty arise from the principle of arguing—viz., to oppose her I have often pictured her to myself,

these people. Many of them do not merit your reproaches; they are blinded by the atmosphere of prejudice that was thrown round their cradies. Living in Italy, you cannot understand how much these people have to contend against. I have personal friends who, before they became acquainted with me had the most absurd notions about say. Catholies. As for a Catholic priest, they almost expected to see his brow adorned

"Well, let them use their reason a little. After they became acquainted with you they learned that your religion was quite different from what it had been represented; they thus learned, too, that their own could only be justified in the supposition that yours was what Peppe, being dismissed, trudged off, they had been taught. If revelation is and soon might be heard imitating, for to be accepted, it must have remained the benefit of his comrades, the conver- pure always; hence, our religion could

wearing smil-woman. So quickly a Protestant. It he falls from the of a scooning small manner of the pass from one charant manner of the will become an infidel; he is and naction another that any one standing quick enough to see that if there be any outside of the room would never suspect true religion it must be oms; but Englishmen are duller. They are imposed that there was but one aspy; but in his upon by an easily discovered shem. As daily rounds be did not scruple to find for the Scotch, the Calvinistic principle

whose or sess innormation.

The Whom left to themselves Morgan and to the military. At the Congress in Lorenzo resumed their interrupted conrestation. They were seated on a grassy mound that overlooked the bastion of the first towards the river. Castel San Angelo was then the chief fort in or around Rome. It is the huge mausoleum which the Emperor Hadrian leaft to hold his mortal clay after death. built to hold his mortal clay after death. divined the plots of the revolutionists, and sought to form a force sufficient to keep order within the Roman States. Lamoriciere, a man who had distinguishpart is more modern, having been built and himself in Algiers, a true soldier and during the Middle Ages. Beneath are a Christian, placed his honorable sword strong vaults for the storage of munitions of war. Aloft, on a high pedestal diers on the plan of the Algerian Zou-rising from the centre of the building, is a bronze statue of St. Michael sheathing a bronze statue of St. Michael sheathing Pimodan were the fathers of the present Angelo. It is related in history that, Pontifical army. You know how persons Angelo. It is related in history that, during a plague in Rome, Pope St. from all countries flocked to range them-Gregory the Great was heading a solemn procession from St. John Latern to St. Ireland sent her brigade, and slashing Peter's. All were imploring God, with fellows they were. France, Bergium, and tears and peniter tial cries, to stay the workings of His wrath. When opposite this spot, St. Michael appeared in the air, sheathing a sword, and the joyons words of the Region Cell floated through the could not save the integrity of the Region Cell floated through the of the Regina Call floated through the could not save the integrity of the Ponatmosphere. Immediately the plague tifical States. Pimodan lost his life on ceased, and in commemoration of this the field; Lumoriciere is since dead, but event the bronze figure of St. Michael their work lives. Our present Colonel has long surmounted the once pagan attention of the considering and surmounted the once pagan attention of the considering and attention of the considering attention

of life. It was a miniature of the Church. had been giving him some details about the Castel and its past story.

Nobles and peasants stood side by side in the Castel and its past story.

Now," said Morgan, "tell me just the same line with those of humble birth. It was not an uncommon sight to see a captain and a private arm in arm; this would be a seven days' wonder in England, but here it never excited surprise. Perhaps the private was, in civic life, higher in the social scale than his captain; perhaps they were brothers, or intimate friends who had left a pleasant home to serve the cause of the Holy Sec. De Charette, the popular lieutenant, was the ideal of a noble soldier. Handsome

there is as much water as there is in this whole river. In many places it is miles in width. I used to read so much about the Tiber in the classics that I imagined it must be larger than the St. Lawrence. Actually I was disgusted when I first looked upon it-it was so narrow and

"When I stand gazing on the river," half-soli oquized Lorenzo, "I always seem to be trying to catch something that flees from my mind. It seems to me that I used once, long ago, to gaze upon a great, wide river, but I can recalt nothing distinctly. Perhaps it was only some mountain torrent that appeared mighty to the young mind,"

"That may be, Lorenzo, for size is but relative: however, I trust you will one day look on our noble St. Lawrence. What a consolation you would be to that poor Mrs. Barton about whom I told you! am sure she would love you very

"Well, I think it would be mutual; even now I almost look upon her as a sitting near her door holding the cap of her lost son. What a sad lot hers must have been? the only marks in her quiet life are these sorrowful anniversaries. Her grief has grown into her existence, and will never depart."

"Unless her son returns," said Mor-

"Ah! it is scarcely possible after so many years; but she still hopes, you

Yes, and it seems to me, at times, that she must be right.'

There was but one reservation between hese two friends: Lorenzo had never told Morgan about the photograph given him by his father, of a fair young child. Often he was on the point of doing it, but Morgan's grave manner made him half-ashamed to speak of what appeared so trifling. He was on the point or speaking now, but the drum called them to their quarters.

(To be continued.) [This story can be had in book form from J. Murphy & Co., Baltimore, or Knowie's book store, Halifax, N.S.]

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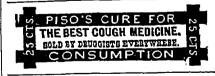
"When I was 14 years of age I had a severe attack of rheumatism, and after I recovered had to go on crutches. A year later, scrofula, in the form of white swellings, appeared on various parts of my body, and for 11 years I was an invalid, being conflued to my bed 6 years. In that time ten or eleven sores apeared and broke, causing me great pain and suffering. I feared I never should get well.

"Early in 1886 I went to Chicago to visit a sister, but was confined to my bed most of the time I was there. In July I read a book, 'A Day with a Circus,' in which were statements of cures by Hood's Sarsaparilla. I was so impressed with the success of this medicine that I decided to try it. To my great gratification the sores soon decreased, and I began to feel better and in a short time I was up and out of doors. I continued to take Hood's Sarsaparilla for about a year, when, having used six bottles, I had become so fully released from the disease that I went to work for the Flint & Walling Mfg. Co., and since then

HAVE NOT LOST A SINGLE DAY on account of sickness. I believe the disease is expelled frommy system. I always feel well, amin good spirits and have a good appetite. I am now 27 years of age and can walk as well as any one, except that one limb is a little shorter than the other, owing to the loss of hone, and the sores formerly on my right leg. To my friends my recovery seems almost miraculous, and I think Hood's Sarsaparilla is the king of medicines." WILLIAM A. LEHR, 9 N. Railroad St., Kendaliville, Ind.

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A Reverend Recommends It. III PARE CITY, Utah, June, 1889.

I had been ill for eighteen months with weak-I had been ill for eighteen months with weak-ness and terrible nervousness when I com-menced taking your medicine, Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic; and I often pray for Pastor Koe-nig, as I think I could not have lived without this medicine. The people here have seen the good which I derived from it, and Rev. Father Galligan recommends it so highly that it is now Galligan recommendation getting very popular.

JULIA AGNES BYRNE.

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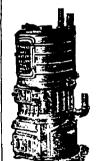
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### CLANE.

Continued from ninth page.

The efficial in charge of these houses required labourers to cultivate the grounds and tend the cattle, and these were, no doubt, slaves attached to the Even in much later ages they seem to have passed with the land-whenever these changed bands, and they are call d Beiages. In this name Beiaghstown stid attached to particular lands at Clane we have indication of one of those ancient Irish churitable endow ments given by some Celtre Chief, and it is a saible that the townlands of Ballinagappab and Ballinabooley which imme-

of these section of trial charitable enables meths given by some Celtro United and its persible that the townlands of Ballimagnaphs and Ballimasogly which immediately adjoin may have been also chief-lands, the one appropriated to tringe the person of the

Lett in pawn was a princess her conrage She imagined that when disc as ered all sorts of punishment would be tafficted for her andacity. At length however, by promises and gitts her fears were overcome, and she consented. The tight chosen for the escape was dark and stormy, and a wild, blinding snow storm made all traveling dangerous. Notwith standing this, it was decided to proceed; the maid was introduced into the closter, exchanged clothing with the princess and took her place. A carriage was in waiting, and the princess and her rescuers the through the serio, traversed the Alpine passes, and crossing the Austrian frontier found herself at last in safety, and was shortly afterwirds marsprang Charles Edward, afterwards sprang Charles Edward, afterwards known as the Young Pret 1990, born in Rome towards the close of 1720.

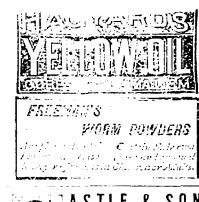
### ANCIENT TRISH COSTUMES.

How Our Forefathers Dressed; Signs of an Advanced Civilization.

It was, perhaps, the most graceful ever worn -light-fitting truis, or trousers; a time, or e -at, thickly platted and fitting tlabily ( and  $\alpha$ large flowing mande, with a hood. The humb I r class were only one color, but the nobility and learned orders were garments of various colors. No garb was so calculated to show off the proportions of the human form. Geraldus Cambrensis has given, in his most unfriendly tone, a description of the dress of the Trish In his time. From his account we gather that they were woolen clothes, mostly black, because the sheep of the country were principal ly of that color. They were a large muntle, in some instances, called a canabhas or filleadh. More generally used as mantles of a moderate size, closely hooded, which spread below the e now, those garmen's were composed of small pieces of paren-colored cloth, varied and Beneath the mantle the rest of the body was enveloped in "woolen failins" or phalanges instead of a cloak; or else breeches and stockings were worn, generally of a piece and usually dyed of some color. The great malority of the people were no covering upon their heads, but permitted the hair to grow in such a manner that it became matted and was capable of resisting a powerful blow, according to the testimony of the English annalists; but in this point of neglect of using a head-dress we think that their veracity is not to be trusted, for the field that the canabhas had a hood formed typing it; is evident enough that it was used for a covering for the head; and historical record informs us that, for long after the period of the No men invision of freimed, the hood of a cloak was the head-dress usually adopted in the most civilized nation of the times. There is other evidence to show that the Irish people were not only not barbarous in their fashion of costume, but even tastefully in it to a degree. Linen, which was a rarily in most countries at the time, was more generally worn than in regulated according to the rank of the wearer,

any other nation in Europe. Trinkets and jeweiry, of exquisite finish, were in use among the higher classes. In the minth century there are records to show that the mative princes were pearls behind their ears. King Brian, on being created Ard Righ, offered a collar of gold upon the altur at Armah. Modern fashion has gone back through the intervening centuries, to take as the model for an ornament of dress the design of some Celite workman in his Irish land. British royally has estimated the Tarabrouch as an exquisite production of art, worthy to grace the first personage in the wealthiest court in the world. Yet centuries before the Norman raid, such classy gathered the fold of saffron tunic and canabhas around the form of Irishman and maiden. Righ and Tansit wore them beside yet Patrick stood at Tana to quench the light of idolatrous worship forever in our land. It is only reasonable to believe that a people among whom such tasteful and costly ornaments were by no means rare, would i of have been at the cost of such skill in the manufacture and modeling of an acpendage to a costume which was itself barbarous and ungraceful. Upon this point the prejudices of the foreigner, Barry, led him into a description which hardly bears the test of trial by collateral faces.

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E. F. E. ROY, Secretary Department of Public Works, ? Ottawa, 22nd Feb., 1892.

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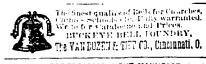
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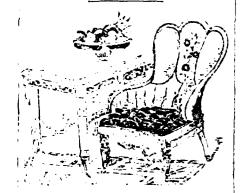
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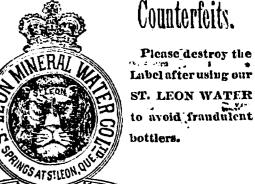
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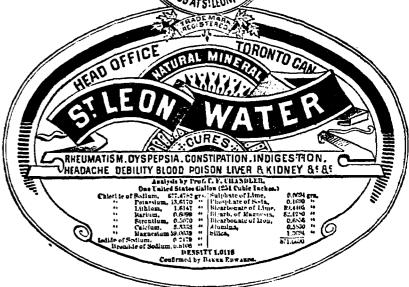
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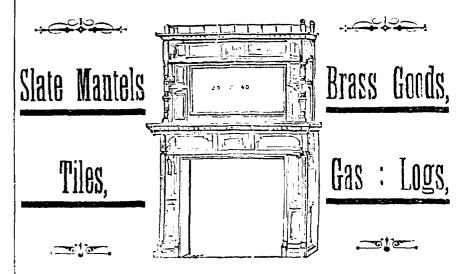


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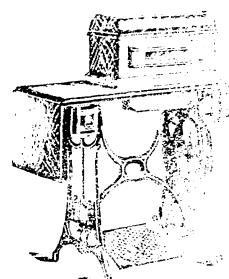
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