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Michael Strogoff,

OR, THE COURIER OF THE CZAR.

By Jules Verne.

CHAPTER I.

"Sire, a fresh despatch." "Whence?" "From Tomsk."

"The traitor, Ivan Ogareff, are there no tidings of him?" "None," replied General Kissoff.

"Even should it be only a wild goose chase," said Alcide Jolivet to himself, "it may be worth powder and shot."

The Sea of Kara to Behring's Straits. It is divided into several governments or provinces, those of Tobolsk, Yeniseisk, Irkutsk, Omsk, and Yakutsk; contains two districts, Okhotsk, and Kamschatka; and possesses two countries, now under the Muscovite dominion—that of the Kirghiz and that of the Tshouktsches.

done an exile, schemes such as those of Ivan Ogareff, could never have been realized. A few moments passed, during which he was silent, then approaching the Czar, he had thrown himself into an arm-chair.

against the Muscovite dominion. The present chief, Fozar Khan followed the steps of his predecessors. The Khanat of Bokhara extends from the north to south, between the thirty-seventh and forty-first parallels, and from east to west between the sixty-first and sixty-sixth degrees of longitude; that is, over a space of nearly ten thousand square leagues.

Michael Strogoft wore; a handsome military uniform, something resembling that of a light cavalry officer in the field—boots, spurs, half-tightly-fitting trousers, brown pelisse, trimmed with fur and ornamented with yellow braid. On his breast glittered a cross and medals.

Michael Strogoft belonged to the special corps of the Czar's courtiers, ranking as an officer among those wicked men. His most discernible characteristic—particularly in his walk, his face, in the whole man, and which the Czar perceived at a glance—was, that he was "a fulfiller of orders." He, therefore, possessed one of the most servicable qualities in Russia—one which the celebrated novelist, Tourgueneff, says, "will lead to the highest positions in the Muscovite Empire."

In short, if any one could accomplish this journey from Moscow to Irkutsk, across the rebellious country, surmount obstacles, and brave perils of all sorts, Michael Strogoft was the man.

A circumstance especially favorable to the success of his plans was, that he was thoroughly acquainted with the country which he was about to traverse, and understood its different dialects—not only from having travelled there before, but because he was of Siberian origin.

His father—old Peter Strogoft, dead ten years since—inhabited the town of Omsk, situated in the government of the same name; and his mother, Marfa Strogoft, lived there still. There amid the wild steppes of the provinces of Omsk and Tobolsk, he had the famous hunters brought up his son Michael to endure hardships. Peter Strogoft was a huntsman by profession. Summer and Winter—in the burning heat, as well as when the cold was sometimes fifty degrees below zero—he scoured the frozen plains, the thickets of birch and larch, the pine forests; setting traps; watching for small game with his gun; and for large game with the spear or knife. The large game was nothing less than the Siberian bear, a formidable and ferocious animal in size equaling his fellow of the frozen sea. Peter Strogoft had killed more than thirty-nine bears—that is to say, the fourth had fallen under his blows; and according to Russian legends, most huntsmen who have been lucky enough to kill the thirty-ninth bear, have succumbed to the fortieth.

Peter Strogoft had, however, past the fatal number without even a scratch. From that time, his son Michael, aged eleven years, never failed to accompany him to the hunt, carrying the magazine, or spear, ready to come to the aid of his father, who was armed only with a knife. When he was fourteen, Michael Strogoft had killed his first bear, quite alone; that was nothing; but after stripping it, he dragged the gigantic animal's skin to his father's house, many versts distant, thus exhibiting remarkable strength in a boy so young.

This style of life was of great benefit to him, and when he arrived at manhood he could bear any amount of cold, heat, hunger, thirst, or fatigue. Like the Yakout of the northern country, he was made of iron. He could go four-and-twenty hours without eating, ten nights without sleeping, and could make himself a shelter in the open steppe, where others would have frozen to death. Gifted with marvelous acuteness, guided by the instinct of the Delaware of North America, over the white plain, when every object was hidden in mist, or even in higher latitudes, where the polar night is prolonged for many days, he could find his way when others would have had no idea whether to direct their steps. All his father's secrets were known to him. He had learned to read almost imperceptible signs, the forms of icicles, the appearance of the small branches of trees, mists rising far away on the horizon, vague sounds in the air, distant reports, the flight of birds through the foggy atmosphere, a thousand circumstances which are so many words to those who can decipher them. Moreover, tempered by snow like a Damascus blade in the waters of Syria, he had a frame of iron, as General Kiseoff had said, and what was no less true, a heart of gold.

The only sentiment of love felt by Michael Strogoft was that which he entertained for his mother, the aged Marfa, who could never be induced to leave the house of the Strogofts, at Omsk, on the banks of the Istish, where the old huntsman and she had lived so long together. When her son left her, he went away with a full heart, but promising to come and see her whenever he could possibly do so; and this promise he had always religiously kept.

When Michael was twenty it was decided that he should enter the personal service of the Emperor of Russia, in the corps of the courtiers of the Czar. The hardy, intelligent, zealous, well-conducted young Siberian first distinguished himself especially in a journey to the Caucasus, through the midst of a difficult country, ravaged by some restless successors of Schamyl; and later, in an important mission to Petropolowski, in Kamtschatka, the extreme limit of Asiatic Russia. During these long journeys he displayed such marvelous coolness, prudence and courage, as to gain him the approbation and protection of his chief, who rapidly advanced him in his profession.

The furloughs which were his due after these distant missions, although he might be separated from her by thousands of versts, and winter had rendered the roads almost impassable, he has never failed to devote to his old mother. Having been much employed in the south of the empire, he had not seen old Marfa for three years—three ages! The first time in his life he had been so long absent from her. Now, however, in a few days he would obtain his furlough, and he had accordingly already made preparations for departure for Omsk, when the events which have been related, occurred. Michael Strogoft was therefore introduced into the Czar's presence in complete ignorance of what the Emperor expected from him.

The Czar, apparently satisfied with his scrutiny, went to his bureau, and motioning to a Chief of Police to seat himself, dictated, in a low voice, a letter of not more than a few lines. The letter penned, the Czar re-read it attentively, and then signed it, preceding his name with these words, "Byt po somon," which signifying "So be it," constitutes the decisive formula of the Russian emperors.

The letter was placed in an envelope, which was sealed with the imperial arms.

The Czar, rising, told Michael Strogoft to draw near.

Michael advanced a few steps, and then stood motionless ready to answer.

The Czar again looked him full in the face, and their eyes met. Then in an abrupt tone: "Thy name?" he asked.

"Here is a letter which I charge thee Michael Strogoft to deliver into the hands of the Grand Duke, and to no other but him." "I will deliver it, sire." "The Grand Duke is at Irkutsk." "I will go to Irkutsk." "Thou wilt have to traverse a rebellious country, invaded by Tartars, whose interest it will be to intercept this letter." "I will traverse it." "Above all, beware of the traitor, Ivan Ogaréff, who will perhaps meet thee on the way." "I will beware of him."

"Wilt thou pass through Omsk?" "Sire, that is my route." "If thou dost see thy mother, there will be the risk of being recognized. Thou must not see her!" Michael Strogoft hesitated a moment.

"I will not see her," said he. "Swear to me, that nothing will make thee acknowledge who thou art, nor whither thou art going." "I swear it." "Michael Strogoft," continued the Czar, giving the letter to the young courier, "take this letter; on it depends the safety of all Siberia, and perhaps the life of my brother, the Grand Duke." "This letter shall be delivered to His Highness, the Grand Duke." "Thou wilt pass, whatever happens?" "I shall pass, or they shall kill me!" "I want thee to live!" "I shall live, and I shall pass," answered Michael Strogoft.

The Czar appeared satisfied with Strogoft's calm and simple answer. "Go, then, Michael Strogoft," said he, "go for God, for Russia, for my brother, and for myself." The courier having saluted his sovereign, immediately left the imperial cabinet, and, in a few minutes, the New Palace.

"You made a good choice there, General," said the Czar. "I think so, sire," replied General Kiseoff; "and Your Majesty may be sure that Michael Strogoft will do all that a man can do." "He is indeed a man," said the Czar.

The distance between Moscow and Irkutsk, about to be traversed by Michael Strogoft, was five thousand two hundred versts. Before the telegraph wire extended from the Ural Mountains to the eastern frontier of Siberia, the dispatch service was performed by couriers, those who traveled the most rapidly taking eighteen days to get from Moscow to Irkutsk. But this was the exception, and the journey through Asiatic Russia usually occupied from four to five weeks, even though every available means of transport was placed at the disposal of the Czar's messengers.

Michael Strogoft was a man who feared neither frost nor snow. He would have preferred travelling during the severe Winter season, in order that he might perform the whole distance by sleighs. At that period of the year the difficulties which all other means of locomotion present are greatly diminished, the wide steppes being levelled by snow, while there are no rivers to cross, but simple sheets of glass, over which the sleigh glides rapidly and easily.

Perhaps certain natural phenomena are most to be feared at that time, such as long continuing and dense fogs, excessive cold, fearfully heavy snow storms, which sometimes envelop whole caravans and cause their destruction. Hungry wolves also roam over the plain in thousands. But it would have been better for Michael Strogoft to face these risks; for during the Winter the Tartar invaders would have been stationed in the towns, their marauding bands would not be overrunning the steppes, any movement of the troops would have been impracticable, and he could consequently have more easily performed his journey. But it was not in his power to choose either his own weather or his own time. Whatever were the circumstances, he must accept them and set out.

Such were the difficulties which Michael Strogoft boldly confronted and prepared to encounter.

A crowd of travelers had collected at the Moscow station. The stations on the Russian railroads are much used as places for meeting, not only by those who are about to proceed by the train, but by friends who come to see them off. It indeed resembles, from the variety of characters assembled, a small News Exchange.

The train in which Michael took his place was to set him down at Nijni-Novgorod. There terminated, at that time, the iron road which, uniting Moscow and St. Petersburg, will eventually continue to the Russian frontier. It was a journey of about four hundred versts, and the train would accomplish it in ten hours. Once arrived at Nijni-Novgorod, Strogoft would, according to circumstances, either take the land route or the steamer on the Volga, so as to reach the Ural Mountains as soon as possible.

Michael Strogoft encoined himself in his corner, like a worthy citizen whose affairs go well with him, and who endeavors to kill time by sleep.

Nevertheless, as he was not alone in his compartment, he slept with one eye open, and listened with both his ears.

In fact, the rumor of the rising of the Kirghiz hordes, and of the Tartar invasion, had transpired in some degree. The occupants of the carriage, whom chance had made his travelling companions, discussed the subject, though with that caution which has become habitual among Russians, who know that spies are ever on the watch for any reasonable expressions which may be uttered.

These travelers, as well as the larger number of persons in the train, were merchants on their way to the celebrated fair of Nijni-Novgorod. A very mixed assembly, composed of Jews, Turks, Cossacks, Russians, Georgians, Kalmucks, and others, but nearly all speaking the national tongue.

They disclosed the pros and cons of the serious events which were taking place beyond the Ural, and those merchants seemed to fear lest the government should be led to take restrictive measures, especially in the provinces bordering on the frontier—measures from which trade would certainly suffer.

It must be confessed that those selfish individuals thought only of the war, that is to say, the suppression of the revolt and the struggle against the invasion, from the single point of view of their threatened interests. The presence of a private soldier, clad in his uniform—and the importance of a uniform in Russia is great—would have certainly been enough to restrain the merchants' tongues. But in the compartment occupied by Michael Strogoft, there was no one who could even be suspected of being a military man, and the Czar's courier was not the person to betray himself. He listened, then.

"They say that caravan tents are up," remarked a Persian, known by his cap of Australasia fur, and his ample brown robe, worn threadbare by use.

THE SUSPENDED BANK.

The True Position of the Mechanics' Bank—Statement of a Director of Molsons' Bank—A Letter from Mr. Meunier, Cashier of the "Mechanics' Bank."

The suspension of the Mechanics' Bank Wednesday afternoon, caused alarm among the working classes of citizens, who are unfortunately for themselves the only heavy sufferers, for as stated in our six o'clock edition yesterday, the total of the liabilities is not large, being officially estimated at \$547,238.71, and the effect of the suspension upon financial circles generally will not be important. No large business firms dealt in the Bank, and none of the monetary institutions are interested to any considerable extent.

Several conflicting statements were current on the streets Wednesday evening concerning the causes of suspension, and accordingly we withheld publication of full particulars until the actual position of affairs could be ascertained.

THE IMMEDIATE CAUSE. Of the Bank having to close its doors was the action of Molsons' Bank yesterday in declining to honor the settlement cheques bearing the name of the Mechanics' Bank, which cheques, as will be seen in what follows, the Molsons' Bank was at liberty to adopt at any time during the past three years. It will be remembered that during the autumn of 1875 this same Mechanics' Bank, through some mismanagement, was compelled to suspend payment, and on the 15th December, of that year, the Molsons' Bank agreed to advance \$125,000 to enable the Mechanics' Bank to resume business, and shortly afterwards operations were commenced by the latter, and have been continued with the assistance of the said loan ever since.

It was, however, no written agreement, it seems, between the two institutions as to the term of the loan, and hence the ability of Molsons' Bank to cause suspension at any time—strange as it may appear. In 1876 an Act was passed in Parliament, authorizing the reduction of the nominal value of the shares to 60 per cent, and issue of \$300,000 preferential stock, which should bear interest at 4 per cent, to be a first charge on the savings. Accordingly, at the shareholders' meeting in July following, the capital stock was reduced, and preferential shares issued, and since that time, it is stated, the bank has earned sufficient to pay interest on the loans from the Molsons' Bank and on the preferential stock taken up, and leave a balance at credit of profit and loss account. At the last annual meeting of the Bank, in July last, the statement then presented, showed the earnings of the year, after paying interest on preference stock, to be \$2,800, which was transferred to the profit and loss account, making the total credit \$15,733.19.

THE INDEBTEDNESS TO THE MOLSONS' BANK has been gradually reduced, and, it is stated, to the satisfaction of the Directors and Cashier of Molsons' Bank; but the latter gentleman denies the statement appearing in to-day's Gazette that the cheques of the Mechanics' Bank were refused acceptance without any warning or explanation to the officials of the Mechanics' Bank. Mr. Angus, of the Bank of Montreal, as well as the City Treasurer, also stopped the receipt of Mechanics' Bank bills yesterday afternoon, but so far as can be ascertained this morning, the position of the suspended bank was no worse, and some reports make it better than at any previous period since its re-organization, and the directors were, no doubt, unprepared for the course adopted by Molsons' Bank. According to the monthly statement for April of the Mechanics' Bank, published in the Canada Gazette of Saturday last, the assets, \$721,155.04, exceed the liabilities by \$173,917, exclusive of the capital paid up, \$194,704. Against the circulation and deposits, amounting to \$420,000, the cash reserve is only \$8,000, but it must be remembered that the bank kept its reserve with the Molsons and the settlements were made by cheque on the latter institution. The circulation of the bank was large considering the nature of the business, and constituted an element of some danger, but the proceeds of the circulation, we are informed, were used for the purpose of reducing the loan from the Molsons' and saving the interest on that account.

THE DIRECTORS OF THE BANK are Messrs. C. J. Brydges, President; Walter Shanley, Vice-President; John McDougall and Samuel Waddell. The authorized capital of the bank is \$1,000,000; subscribed capital, \$243,374; paid-up capital, \$194,704; circulation, \$168,132; Dominion Government deposits, \$2,026; other deposits on demand, \$230,352; after notice, \$21,158; due other banks, \$12,829; total liabilities, \$547,238.

The President of the Bank is now in Manitoba, but his return home is expected soon, and it is said that it is only a question of time when the deposits in the Savings Department will be paid in full, and pending further developments, holders of bills should not part with them at any large discount. Further particulars will appear in our later editions.

The following written notice is posted up on the closed door of the Bank this (Thursday) morning: "In consequence of the difficulty of realizing the assets of the Bank, owing to the pressure of the times, it has become necessary for the protection of all interests, and pending the preparation of a complete statement of affairs, to suspend payment for the present." (Signed.)

"W. SHANLEY," "Vice-President."

On further enquiry it appears that when the Mechanics' Bank was in distress a little over three years ago, the required pecuniary assistance was granted by the Bank of Montreal on certain conditions, one being that the bank should be secured by the Molsons' Bank. It now transpires that the advance had been secured longer than the time originally specified, and the Molsons' Bank, it is further stated, had been carrying about \$190,000 for the Mechanics' Bank for several months past, but with the understanding that the liability would be reduced to a reasonable extent every month. Up to within a few days of the suspension \$40,000 had been received on account of the possible reduction of the indebtedness to the Molsons' Bank by \$70,000, but immediately after placing that amount to the credit of the Mechanics' Bank, the Molsons Bank was asked to honor cheques to the extent of about \$20,000, and on enquiry \$15,000 more were discovered to be out, making a total of \$35,000, against the \$40,000 which had just been paid on the indebtedness. Therefore the refusal of the cheques by the Molsons' Bank on Wednesday could not have been without mature consideration. The circulation of the Mechanics' Bank has been about trebled since the beginning of 1877, and demand deposits in the same period have increased fully \$100,000. The following statement was written yesterday for publication by a Director of Molsons' Bank:—"Instead of the facts being as stated in the Gazette this morning, the Molsons' Bank has treated the Mechanics' Bank with the greatest and prolonged forbearance. The Molsons' Bank

has many months past advanced to it a larger sum than promised at the time of the reorganization (\$125,000), and with a good deal to spare. It is that during the past few weeks the honoring of the settlement cheques of the Mechanics' Bank was a matter of daily consideration, and on several occasions special meetings of the Board had been called to sanction their being honored, as the amount exceeded the sum the cashier was authorized to accept. They (the Mechanics' Bank) knew from our communications made to them, both written and verbal, during the past six months, that they were in daily peril. As long ago as December last, the Mechanics' Bank was advised to make arrangements elsewhere, as the Molsons' Bank would not be bound to carry them on; everything depended upon the prudence of the management."

The following letter has also been handed to us for publication:—

THE MECHANICS' BANK, 25, MONTRÉAL, MAY 29, 1879.

C. J. Brydges, President. Walter Shanley, Vice-President. F. Wolferstan Thomas, Esq. DEAR SIR,—I desire to remove an impression that I am told prevails in some quarters that the Molsons' Bank has acted unparitly and harshly towards this Bank.

As a matter of fact, I must bear sincere testimony to the general leniency and fair treatment the Molsons' Bank has received from the Molsons' Bank. We have been very often, during the past three years, indebted to you for timely assistance and advice, and your refusal of cheques yesterday was a surprise to me and the Board. I cannot say, taking a calm view of the whole subject, that I can blame your Board, as business men, for taking that course.

Yours obedient servant, J. H. MEUNIER, Cashier.

VICÉ-REGAL MOVEMENTS. Visit to the Convent of the Sacred Heart, Saint-Jacques Belles.

At about 2:45 p.m. 27th ult., the Governor-General, Princess Louise and suite arrived at the main entrance of the Convent of the Sacred Heart at the Back River, and were received by His Lordship Bishop Fabre, Canon Morcan, Sister Domingue, Mother Superiress, and other Sisters of the Convent, as well as several of the Montreal clergy. It was evident without much oratory that His Excellency and his Royal wife were welcome, and so they passed into the principal hall of the building, where the pupils were drawn up on either side, all dressed in white, presenting a very fine appearance. The way in which the interior was decorated was a marvel to behold, and seemed to please the distinguished visitors very much. Motions were placed on the walls; wreaths of flowers and suitable emblems pleased the eye wherever it travelled. The more advanced musical pupils sang the National Anthem, the harp and piano being the instruments used in accompaniment. Miss Sheridan, of Toronto, then read the following address:

To His Excellency the Right Honourable Sir John Douglas Sutherland Campbell, Knight of the Thistle, Knight Grand Cross of the Most Honourable Order of St. Michael and St. George, Marquis of Lorne, Governor-General of the Dominion of Canada, etc., etc.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR EXCELLENCY.—The winds are yet wafting over the Atlantic sounds of the rejoicings with which, yesterday, a loyal and devoted nation saluted for the sixtieth time the birthday of its beloved Queen. Those sounds of rejoicing travelling with increase to the distant boundaries of Canada have there met responsive reverberations thrilling every grateful heart proud to own the sway of our Most Gracious Queen.

Our convent halls are not silent while human acclamations loud, and the booming of cannon and martial music are heard throughout the land. Our hearts have exulted, too, and our voices have awakened anthems not less glorious than any heard on these shores. With good reason may we indulge the outburst of delight; for, if there be one earnest desire cherished by the people of our country, it is that which would claim the boon of our august Sovereign's presence, for a while at least, in these her Western domains. The hope few venture indeed to foster; so far would its fulfilment seem to exceed every reasonable desire; and yet we almost behold its realization to-day in the presence of the noble, the royal rulers who came to us as the special envoys of our dearly cherished Queen. In the gentle Princess who here graciously accompanies your Excellency we love to trace the counterpart of those elevated and womanly virtues which have so long circled Victoria's name with an aureole all its own.

Our homage we refer to your Excellency as to the worthy representative of regal qualities that have won for the reign of Her Gracious Majesty a place apart in history and most brilliant annals. Therefore, it is not just that our gladness should redouble on this occasion when our peaceful cloisters are thus honored by guests whose presence thrills every fibre in our loyal hearts? The future, the present and the past seem to unite in throwing their varied charms around this auspicious hour. The present, because of its own plenitude of enthusiasm and happiness; the past, for "Noble names when nobly borne Live within a nation's heart;" and a single glance at Your Excellency's career shows this double nobility still further enhanced by all the lustre which genius and science can impart. It suffices, also, to convince us of the predilection Your Excellency ever entertained for abodes like this, devoted to the sacred cause of education. The future affords a not less glowing vista; it tells us how Your Excellency appreciates his own momentous destiny, conscious that—"Shrined within his 'mighty' domain, Other names than his 'have part."

thank you for the beautiful reception accorded us to-day, and in the few words I will utter I will speak in English for our special reason, which, perhaps, you will readily guess. I will not say it is because I would not be quite as much at home speaking in French, although you have your suspicions upon that score too, but because a great French King once said that English was the language in which the birds usually spoke.

At the reception to-day a bird has played a great part. I will hardly be totally unable to use any phrases which will at all equal the grace of those used in the beautiful dialogue, which I believe have been composed by one of the sisters here to whom you look with reverence, and which has been so excellently interpreted by you. Although my words to you on this occasion will be brief, they will be hearty. I assure you we are most grateful for the great preparation and care bestowed on the arrangements for our reception, and we have already seen that you here learn labor which will give you occupation, that in course of time and during your life will, I assure you, be of the greatest assistance to you, for, after all, what is a woman's life unless she has much occupation, and what home can be happy without it? The ceremony to-day has been graced and dignified by the presence of the Lord Bishop, to whose fatherly care you owe so much; and it has also been dignified by the presence of the Minister of Militia and Defence, who has control over the troops which made such a fine display on Montreal on the Queen's birthday, and the thunder of whose distant cannon might even have been heard here. I can only thank you most heartily, and assure you that we appreciate very much all the care you have taken in preparing for our reception to-day, and we rejoice to see that in this house the principles inculcated are the fear and love of God, and loyalty to our sovereign the Queen. I am asked by the Princess particularly to thank you for the beautiful cushion which the young ladies have been so good as to present to her. The Princess then walked round the room, and addressed a few kind words to the pupils.

The party next proceeded to the chapel, dormitories, dining-room, all over the convent in fact, and were delighted with what they saw; everything was in such perfect order. As they passed the Elementary school, on their way out, they were presented with another bouquet by the teachers of English literature, representing the rose and the thistle interlaced.

A QUICK BLOW IN THE FACE, AND WHAT IT COST.

The following correspondence explains itself:— To the Editor of the TRUE WITNESS and Post.

Sir,—A letter to me from Captain Irvine, 22nd Infantry, Fort Griffin, Texas, contains the following, which by publication in your journal, might catch the eye of some relation of poor McCaffrey. Respectfully yours, GEORGE ILES, Cashier.

"Charles J. McCaffrey, private in the 22nd Infantry, U. S. Army, was shot on 24th April at Fort Griffin, Texas, by Capt. S. H. Lincoln, of the 10th Infantry, for a blow in the face. McCaffrey died the day following. Lincoln was arrested by the civil authorities, tried for murder, and acquitted May 17th." McCaffrey was a native of Burlington, Vermont, and while employed at St. Lawrence Hall in this city last year made many friends, by his admirable character and pleasing manners. McCaffrey has a brother who is, or is about to become, a priest in Canada, and should this sad news catch his eye, he may receive full information by addressing Captain J. B. Irvine, 22nd Infantry, Fort Griffin, Texas.

Mr. Costigan, M. P. The Times' special correspondence from Ottawa yesterday contained an intimation that Mr. Costigan, M. P. for Victoria, N. B., had left the capital en route for Winnipeg, the probability being that he will permanently settle here. At Costigan has been so many years in public life that a brief sketch of his career will, no doubt, prove of interest. Mr. Costigan was born at St. Nicholas, Que., in 1835, and educated at St. John's College. For some time he acted as Registrar of Deeds for Victoria, was a Judge of the Court of Common Pleas of New Brunswick, and sat for his present constituency in the New Brunswick Assembly from 1861 to 1866, when he was defeated. At Confederation he was returned to the House of Commons and has since been re-elected at each election. Mr. Costigan is a Conservative and has generally voted with Sir John Macdonald. In 1872 he moved for an address of the Commons, praying the Governor-General to disallow the New Brunswick School Act, on the ground that it was unjust and caused uneasiness among the Roman Catholic population. In 1873 he moved and succeeded in carrying a resolution that the Government should advise the Governor-General to disallow the acts previously referred to. In 1874 he moved for an address to the Queen, praying for the amending of the British North America Act of 1867, so that every religious denomination in New Brunswick might continue to enjoy all such rights with regard to their schools as they had before the passage of the Act. This motion was opposed by Mr. Mackenzie's Government and withdrawn. In 1875 he moved praying that the B. N. A. Act be so amended as to give the Roman Catholics of New Brunswick the same rights as to separate schools as are enjoyed by the Roman Catholic minority of Ontario and the Protestant minority of Quebec, which was carried after amendment. In 1877 he moved for an enquiry into the case of Professor O'Donohue. Mr. Costigan is looked upon as a representative Irish Catholic and his name has been freely mentioned as the probable successor to the Hon. John O'Connor, should that gentleman retire from the Cabinet.—Winnipeg Times.

The Indian! Our neighbors across the river find their hands full of trouble in the treatment of the Indian tribes. We feel bound to say that our mode of treatment of the Indians is better than theirs. "Sitting Bull," who caused such a commotion on their Western frontier, when driven away from his reservations, came into our country, and became a tractable being. Everywhere our Indian policy has proved a success, while the American has produced jarring, trouble and bloodshed. The Indians may not be as enlightened as our citizens, but we should treat them as human beings. But there are some things which we should drive out from our borders. When diseases show themselves, they should be exterminated. There is nothing that can effect this so promptly as Dr. HENRICK'S SUGAR-COATED PILLS. At the first approach of sickness, use them and they will remove the intruders. They cannot be excelled. Try them at once.

The True Witness AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE, A WEEKLY EDITION OF THE "EVENING POST" IS PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY, 761 CRAIG STREET, MONTREAL.

By M. C. MULLIN & CO., Proprietors. Terms (by Mail) \$1.50 per Annum in Advance City (Delivered) \$2.00

NOTICE. Subscribers should notice the date on the label attached to their paper, as it marks the expiration of their term of subscription.

Special Notice. Subscribers, when writing to this office, will kindly date their letters from the postoffice at which they receive the TRUE WITNESS.

Mr. John Cass, 565 Sussex Street, Ottawa, has been appointed our Agent for that city. He is authorized to solicit and collect subscriptions.

The "TRUE WITNESS" Weekly Edition of the Montreal "Evening Post" is the cheapest Catholic Weekly in the World. Subscription for it, only \$1.50 a year, or \$1.00 per eight months.

The Montreal "EVENING POST" is one of the Cheapest Dailies on this Continent, and those who desire the Latest News, Market Reports and Current Events daily should subscribe for it.

Notice. Mr. JAMES LYON has been appointed agent for the EVENING POST and True Witness for Whiting and Duffin's Creek.

St. Patrick's "Protestantism." The continuation of Bishop Donnelly's lecture on "St. Patrick's 'Protestantism,'" will be published in next week's TRUE WITNESS.

Typhoid Fever Among Swine. Typhoid fever has been found among swine in the Western part of the United States. It has been known to exist for a long time, and it is known to have originated in the manner in which the swine of the Western States are fed.

Vice-Chancellor Blake. The Toronto Tribune authoritatively denies the charge made against Vice-Chancellor Blake. The Tribune denies the charge on the authority of the lady to whom the insult was alleged to have been given.

The "Irish Canadian." We have more than once found it necessary to stand by the Irish Canadian, but a time is coming when we must take exception to the course it has pursued of late.

only 'crime' is that they support those who have been their best friends. The Irish Canadian writes harshly of Bishop O'Brien because that gentleman spoke highly of the Hon. Mr. Fraser, and we do not see how Bishop O'Brien could have done otherwise.

During the reign of Her Majesty the 24th of May will always be honored in the Dominion with becoming demonstrations of loyalty. Her Majesty is personally popular, and this fact alone has attracted towards her the personal good will of her subjects in every quarter of the globe.

The Marble Temple. The New York Herald of 26th ult., devotes six columns of closely printed matter to the celebration of the opening of the Catholic Cathedral in New York on Sunday.

Independence in Politics. The Mail admits that a spirit of independence pervades the political atmosphere to an extent never known in Canada before. This is an important admission, and one on which the country may well be congratulated.

Orangeism in Ontario. Politics have very little to do with the Ontario elections. The question of "which is the best party for the Province" has been overshadowed by the question of Orange incorporation and Catholic representation.

The Monks' Controversy. The Irish people all over the world have honored the memory of Tom Moore. In New York a statue, erected to the memory of the poet, was unveiled, while from San Francisco to New Orleans, and from New Orleans to Quebec, the telegrams tell us that demonstrations have been held in all the great centres of public life.

The Orange organization was represented in the procession that received the Marquis of Lorne in Kingston! What Lord Elgin, the Prince of Wales and Lord Dufferin shunned the Marquis of Lorne, does not, it appears, object to!

This may be possible. They joined the society in ignorance of its true history, and with no desire, perhaps, of opposing the civil and religious liberty of their Catholic neighbors.

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Ministers of the Crown. The Hamilton Times thinks it odd that the Hon. Mr. Mackenzie Bowell should be "expected" to attend a "grand celebration" of the "glorious Twelfth," which is to take place at Goderich, Ont.

Affairs in Ottawa. Like the people of Montreal, the people of Ottawa have an understanding, between the different national elements which go to make up the population, that a French Canadian Catholic and an English Protestant shall represent the Capital in the Dominion.

FAITHFUL TO DEATH. J. T. Morey's Watchman Stabbed and Left for Dead in a Burning Building. About two a. m. last Saturday Sub-Constables Gravel and Beauregard, of Jurors station, while on duty at that hour noticed smoke issuing from Mr. J. T. Morey's livery stables.

STAGGERED AND FELL. This appeal induced him to put forth almost superhuman exertions, and by an incredible effort of his concentrated strength forced the barrier, and found himself in the interior of the burning building.

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story—they never forget. Appeal to their love for Ireland, and they will climb the slopes of a thousand Fredericksburgs; touch that sentiment which is the ruling passion of every Irishman's life, and they will repeat history anew and prove what men can do who love their native land.

Sub-Constable Gayton took charge of him and proceeded to bathe, his wounds to remove the congealed blood. The laying of his lacerated brow with the cool water effected a semi-restoration of his senses, and while he lay in half-conscious condition he muttered, "ONLY PREVENTED THEM."

FURTHER PARTICULARS. A Post reporter called on Mr. Morey this morning in order, if possible, to discover if that gentleman had obtained any information with regard to the fire.

Inspection of Canadian Cattle. By Order-in-Council passed by His Excellency the Governor-General-in-Council, 21st of May, 1879, the following regulations will be enforced to prevent infectious or contagious diseases in animals which are being shipped for exportation.

EVERY MOTHER WHO REGARDS THE LIFE and health of her child, should possess MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP. It is an old and well tried remedy. It relieves the child from pain, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, cures wind colic, regulates the stomach and bowels, and giving rest and health to the child, comforts the mother.

ONE OF THE SYMPTOMS OF THE PRESENCE OF worms in the child's system is a dush on one cheek. When the parent believes that her child is thus troubled, she should buy a box of BROWN'S VERMIFUGE COMETS or Worm Lozenges, and give them at once. They will drive out the worms if they are there.

EPHRAIM'S COCOA—GREATFUL AND COMFORTING. By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well selected cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills.

Special Notice. We print to-day in our advertising columns recommendations of the most celebrated living pianists and musicians in regard to the New York Weber Piano, which for perfection of tone, and grandeur and nobility, are said to be unapproached by any maker. The Weber Piano is a masterpiece of art, and its sound is a delight to the ear.

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ANOTHER GRAND LECTURE BY REV. FATHER GRAHAM. "OLD EUROPE AND YOUNG AMERICA."

The following lecture was delivered, on Tuesday night, in St. Gabriel's Hall, Point St. Charles, by the Rev. Father Graham. The lecture is instructive and amusing, and like all Father Graham undertakes, it is full of point and eloquence.

This is the Age of Boasting and False Pretences. Not only are all the necessities of life adulterated, but principles that have stood the test of the worst epochs are becoming tainted with the dry rot of modern materialism. Men who have inherited the genius of Balaam's Ass—Carlyle, for instance, cry out, warn, menace and prophecy, mysteriously profound and far reaching into the palpably obscure; but who puts derrick and pulley to ear and moves that immense phenomenon of the Nineteenth Century in the direction of the Prophet's oracles? Alas! no one, for darkness intellectual and much groping after we know not what characterizes our times.

The Lane of the age is cowardice, especially moral. Of physical there is no lack, but moral cowardice is of worse consequence. Look at the nations of the earth, and if you do not despise your kind, then you are a Jew, as Jack Falstaff said, "an 'Ebrew Jew.'" There is France, with her forty millions of people who think one way, and a Government of two dozen of free-thinkers who think the other way, and the two dozen rogues have so throttled the forty millions true men, that they scream with fright and cover on their knees, abject and trembling. What a noble forty millions of sheep! Then look at Italy with her thirty millions of inhabitants, of whom five hundred thousand are voters. These voters elect to Chambers, numbering, perhaps, three or four hundred souls. Five hundred thousand and three hundred *Mazziniani* and *Carbonari*, forcing nearly thirty millions of Italians to the wall with contemptuous kicks and cuffs! O sublime people! O majesty of humanity! what an ennobling spectacle! And Germany, and Russia, and the United States, with its fraudulent President, and all the rest of them; truly a magnificent augury and portrait of a splendid future! Petitions are humbly presented; deputations cringingly approach thrones; even the three jailors of Teutyl street, like Diogenes rolling his Tub, consider themselves "at the present occasion, when a crisis has arrived to be wanting in their duty if they did not solemnly protest against" or "emphatically endorse" something or other, and so the millions fawn and crawl and play sycophant at the portals of kings who are usurpers and statesmen who are enemies of God and man. (Applause.) For my part, I am of opinion that lightning is more efficacious in the Nineteenth century than talk. It is not very singular, though, that the highest refinement always travels hand in hand with the most brutal barbarism? Look at the ages of Pericles, Augustus, Napoleon, Prester John and Rutherford D. Hayes! (Laughter.)

The only real manhood of our times has been displayed by the Zulus. (Laughter.) A poor African tribe, fighting for Lares and Penates, for home and the graves of their fathers, have done what Napoleon never achieved; they have defeated the troops of Britain in four pitched battles. It was this officer's fault and that commissariat blunder, but the truth is, it was the Zulus' fault, and nothing else. The losing horse blames the saddle. It is no small thing to lift Africa into the region of heroism and to prove that a colored skin may cover a manly soul and a dauntless heart. (Hear! hear!)

In treating of "Young America" I have a purpose in view to which I ask your careful attention. We have boundless territory, majestic rivers, great lakes, immense forests, bright skies, with every resource that goes to build up a prosperous future for this continent, but all these things will be vain if we have not true manhood and virtue. Let us wisely learn from the sad experience of European countries, and avoid in time the rocks upon which the old world communities have been dashed to pieces. I am encouraged to think that a few remarks touching the causes of the insecurity and trouble across the sea may not be unheeded by the "Young America" before me this evening.

I shall speak, then, of those causes in the first place. Afterwards, I shall furnish an example illustrating the tendencies of bad principles. Then I shall try to present to your consideration a few portraits of the elements which should not enter into that restless, mischievous, thoughtless, brilliant, acute generations commonly called Young America. Let me here make a single remark. We hear often of Young France, Young Italy, Young Germany, Young Russia, but we must take care and not confound Young America with those people. The virtues and faults of young America proceed largely from an exuberance of Liberty and are rather of social than political significance, while Young anything across the ocean means grips, paws, moonlight fitting, or Hadjiaras of false prophets, shots from behind hedges and a strong conspiring to break through that divinity which, if he may believe Shakespeare, doth hedge kings. Passante, Hede!, and that Russian fellow whose name is hidden in a dense, impenetrable jungle of consonants, —he who greatly immortalized himself by missing Alexander four times,—Mazzini, Garibaldi, Bradburgh & Co., these are the gods of Young Europe. So, I will not degrade Young America by comparing him with the Knight of the torch and dagger. Our Young America is at present in a transitive state, and may be made powerful in good or evil according as he becomes imbued with true or false principles. And that a word in season may not be wanting to him within the limits of our little world of Montreal, I have ventured to address you to-night.

Before going further, let me say that we are too fond of attributing reality to such mere abstractions as "humanity," "nature," "society," &c., and yielding to the fatal delusion that it is upon the great mass outside of ourselves that the future depends and not upon our individual selves. Society, for instance, is made up of individuals, and the physical and moral plane of society must necessarily depend upon the physical and moral condition of the individual. It is a huge mistake to imagine that society is a body independent of individual effort,—that it is a sentient, intelligent something, sufficient for itself and elevated about ourselves and our neighbors. Society is an idea derived from the aggregation of individuals; independent of the individual can never be, for, remove the individual and there is and can be no society. These remarks are trite and commonplace enough, but, ladies and gentlemen, the very search of common sense is to analyze and attain a clear idea of commonplace terms. You have all heard of the philosopher who was so absorbed in his contemplation of the stars that he fell into a ditch. Men are oftentimes scanning the heavens for truth whilst that beautiful divinity is sitting at their feet.

Moore.

Poor Erin! there she lay, her spirit crushed, Her best and bravest children dead or vanquish'd...

last year there were (by report of the Commissioner of Federal taxes) smoked 1,905,063 cigars and 25,312,433 pounds of tobacco...

AGRICULTURAL.

Formation and Management of Gardens.

It often happens that seeds are planted in a fresh-dug soil, and the above change in the properties of the seed takes place, but the earth not being pressed upon it, are buried too deeply...

shavings, covered with soil, are of great advantage to potatoes. Wood ashes, leached or unleached, may be used with decided benefit...

LETTER FROM WEBER & CO.

TO THE PUBLIC.

Some time ago a letter appeared in the Canadian papers, over the name of Albert Weber, of New York City, to the people of the Dominion of Canada...

In conclusion, we would say to the people of Canada that in order to meet a constantly increasing demand for our Pianos...

WEBER & CO.

Kingston, Ont. P.S.—To the people of Montreal we would say we have removed our Montreal Branch to our new premises, No. 303 Notre Dame street...

PREMIUMS!

The True Witness For 1879.

PRIZES FOR EVERYBODY

The TRUE WITNESS is the weekly edition of the EVENING POST. It is now in its twenty-eighth year, and has been recently enlarged and reduced in price from \$2.00 to \$1.50 a year...

HOME READING.

Fire-side Sparks.

Headquarters—A pillow. A vane fowl—a weathercock. It's a good artist who can draw pny.

Erskine puzzled the wits of his acquaintance by inscribing on a tea chest the words, "Tu doces." It was some time before they found out the wit of this literal translation...

The latest sweet thing in verdicts has been returned by a coroner's jury at Tunbridge Wells: "The child was suffocated, but there is no evidence to show that the suffocation was before or after death."

Two geese were recently drawn by the rapids above Niagara, over the falls. They soon appeared in the stream below and swam leisurely to the shore. These fowl are tough enough to put on a boarding-house table.

Sir Richard Jebb, the physician, was very rough and harsh in his manners. He said to a patient to whom he had been unparadoxically rude, "Sir, it is my way." "Then," replied the patient, pointing to the door, "I beg you will also make that your way."

President Lincoln once listened patiently while a friend read a long manuscript to him, and then asked: "What do you think of it?" "How will it take?" The President reflected a little while, and then answered: "Well, for people who like that kind of thing, I think that is just about the kind of thing they'd like."

There can no longer be any doubt that the breed of ghosts is running down and out. There was a time within the memory of many a grandmother when a ghost had some style about him, as well as considerable individuality.

There is some truth in this. There is seldom any need for pushing and crowding in Protestant churches. Mothers do not leave impatient little children at home in order to attend "service," and fathers and brothers, with that impatience which is one of the dearest prerogatives of men, are not waiting for breakfast in order to attend "service" themselves.

Fastidious Catholics should remember that it is not recorded that Our Lord ever shrank from the redness or uncouthness of the poor; and when He told us that we should always have them with us, he did not make a proviso regarding their dress or manners.

Amongst the religious sects registered in England at the close of the year were the following: "Baptized Believers," "Believers in Christ," "Believers in Divine Visitation of Joanna Southcote, Prophetess of Exeter," "Christians owning no name but the Lord Jesus," "Christians who object to be otherwise designated," "Christian Eliasites," "Conventuals," "Christian Testators," "Christian Israelites," "Glasites," "Gloria Band," "Hallelujah Band," "Humanitarians," "Baptist members of the Church of England," "Protestants adhering to Articles 1 to 18, but rejecting Ritual," "Recreative Religionists," and "Seventh Day Baptists."

Wine and Tobacco.—Hard times! No wonder there should be. In the United States

CHILD-LIFE.

A child's mirth is easily aroused. How still is the house when the little ones are all fast asleep and their patterling feet are silent.

A NEW TABLE DELICACY.—Mr. J. G. Wood recently delivered the first of a series of lectures on natural science in Dr. Channing Pearce's Geological Museum, Brixton Rise.

WHAT TO TEACH BOYS.—A philosopher has said that true education for boys is to teach them what they ought to know when they become men.

Anything, which, being added to the soil, directly or indirectly promotes the growth of plants, is a manure. Manures directly assist vegetable growth, either by entering into the composition of plants, by absorbing and retaining moisture from the atmosphere, or by absorbing from it nutritive gases.

MANURES. As different plants appropriate different substances, the rotation of crops has considerable influence in retaining the fertility of the soil.

There are but few gardens in our country that would not be materially benefited by being thoroughly underdrained with round, brick tiles, two or three inches in diameter, laid say three feet deep.

ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM.—Is the great modern remedy for Coughs, Colds, Consumption Asthma, Croup and Bronchitis. It is recommended by Physicians everywhere, who are acquainted with its great usefulness.

MISSIONARIES IN FOREIGN LANDS find the Pain-Killer a powerful auxiliary in introducing the Gospel to the heathen; with it they heal their sick, and so gain the confidence of the poor people.

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CULTIVATING THE SOIL.

The surface of the soil cannot be too frequently stirred. "If I had to preach a sermon on horticulture," says Downing, "I should take this for my text: 'STIR THE SOIL.'" As soon as the plants are well above the ground, they should be thinned out, so as not to interfere with each others' growth.

PREPARING MANURE FOR HOT-BEDS. Fresh stable manure, in which there is plenty of litter, is most suited for this purpose. There should be at least one-third litter in the heap.

TRANSPLANTING. In transplanting, the main points to be regarded are, care in taking up the plants so as to avoid injury to the roots, planting firmly so as to enable the plant to take a secure hold of the soil, reducing the top to prevent evaporation, and shading to prevent the hot sun from withering and blighting the leaves.

WATERING. The best time to water plants is at sunrise, or in the evening, and always use rain water when it is to be had.

ROTATION OF CROPS. As different plants appropriate different substances, the rotation of crops has considerable influence in retaining the fertility of the soil.

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EXPLANATORY NOTES.

Read and Carefully Note the Following Items: The subjoined table shows the name and cash price of the article, and gives the number of names sent in at the regular price of \$2.00 a year that will secure any Premium article.

TABLE OF PREMIUMS. For subscribers to the TRUE WITNESS. Open to all. No competition.

Table with 3 columns: NAME OF PREMIUM ARTICLES, Price, No. of Subscribers with Price.

N.B.—Having secured from Messrs. D. & J. Sadler & Co. a large quantity of the latest Catholic publications, we can now offer them as inducements to subscribers at their list prices, for which see advertisement in another column.

\$9 A DAY TO AGENTS.—Something new. Unique free. Address, RUTLAND Co., Box 1120, Montreal, Que., 20-1.

The Loretto Convent

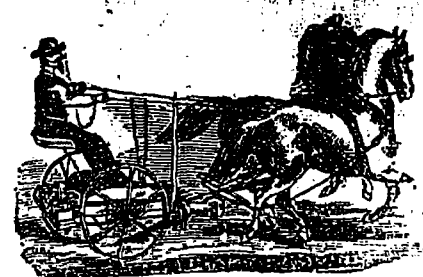
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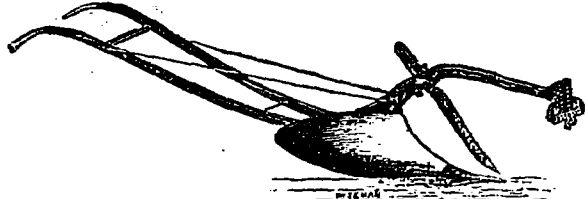
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THE MOORE CENTENARY.

How the 100th Anniversary of Erin's Bard was celebrated - The Merit - Eloquent Address of E. C. Monk, Esq. - Mr. W. O. Farmer's Poem - The Day is elsewhere.

It is to be regretted that a larger audience did not attend the Moore celebration at the Mechanics' Hall on the 28th ult. Considering the circumstances, the number present was comparatively small, though the entertainment was good enough to attract. The reserve seats were, however, all occupied. The celebration was held under the auspices of the Catholic Young Men's Society of this city - a Society which is deserving of great credit for its energy and devotion.

The chair was occupied by Mr. Thomas Fox, President of the Society, and on the platform were the Chaplain, Rev. Father Callaghan, of St. Patrick's Church; Wm. Wilson, Esq., President of St. Patrick's National Association; Messrs. Alexander Bryson, L. P. B. Society; J. Kidner, St. George's Society; Dr. Sheridan, St. Patrick's Society; Mr. Kelly, St. Bridge's Society; J. D. Quinn, St. Ann's Total Abstinence and Beneficial Society; L. Quinn, St. Gabriel's Y. M. C. & B. Society; Samuel Cross, St. Patrick's Y. M. C. & B. Society; John Davey, Y. I. L. & B. Society.

The Chairman in his introductory remarks said they were assembled to celebrate the memory of Ireland's illustrious poet, Tom Moore, of whom she might well be proud. Moore was just, copious, florid and original in his writings, his genius was imperishable, his fame was in every land and his name would never die. The Catholic Young Men's Society had years ago taken Moore for their patron and he would take the present opportunity of thanking the St. Patrick's and other Irish societies for conceding them the honor of celebrating the centenary of Ireland's national poet. He (the Chairman) would not detain the audience by a lengthy speech, full justice would be done Moore to-night in the address of Mr. E. C. Monk. (Applause.)

The Chairman then introduced Mr. P. P. McCaffrey, who recited the following Poem:-

Well may Erin's Genius smile Blandly on her own Great Isle - On this fete, eventful day - Well may she smile and say - Pride of power that power we find In supremacy of mind - Mind that triumphs when unpurged - Might and mightier that might! Let us and the mists of time, Radiant, mentally sublime, Does that Genius lift her head, Honor'd hues she ruddy shed, During ages she alone In all Christendom was known, Learning's lamp to oil and trim, When his raptur'd spirit flew, When barbarian darkness closed Round the nations unpossessed, When the Mandarins, unurged, Waved distant o'er the world, And the Christian fabric seemed Doomed, no more to be redeemed, Grand was Erin's nation then - Famed for wit, and wit and pen, Famed her island, free from taint, Home of scholar, sage and saint - Of the brave who feared the breath Of dishonor more than death; Of tried probity and truth, Woman chaste and high-souled youth, Sons of Brian Boru's old domain, Who prized virtue more than gold; Of tried hearts, to sacrifice dear, Valiant hearts that knew no fear, Who, that Lincoln's name he saved, All his legions' horrors braved - Long in check the foe man held, And his fierce assaults repelled, All that fell by treason's hand, Won - not victory - but disgrace; While the Celt, robbed of success, Saved his honor prize not less, Of the Fountains' Brigs, Whose impetuous charge dismayed - Who, with right vengeance flushed, England's chieftains crushed; Of proud barons from Oshann down, Crowned in glory and renown. But no bard of hers before Was able but to sing Moore's Every chord that thrills the heart Has vibrated to his art; Freedom, at his bidding, wakes, And the bond that binds breaks; Love of country has his song, Heralding with trumpet tongue That the blood of Erin's veins serves But to brace a nation's nerve; That a people's hopes, when just, Though deferred, yet conquer must, Rising, Phoenix like, on high From the dust of ages past; In his "Lulla Lookh" reflected show, It is in fancy's warmest glow, All the East's most precious eyes - Wealth of woodland, flower and skies - All its luxuries and ease, The most stupitious treat to please. Erin in "Ave's Vale," To exultant can never fall, Here, in native grace she's seen, Pride of tourist nature's queen; Here, all sense of pain is gone, And the world's sweetest feelings - hushed - Poets dream their brightest dreams - "North the spell of rippling streams - South by some most sweet notes, Fresh from feathered minstrel throats - Bessed by skies whose blushing hues Charm the most untrite muse; Here, the bard's harmonious theme, Ever found its ripe supreme - Whether back in Tara's Halls, Ireland's greatness he recalls, A once named by his song, Gives her harp ensouled so long, "Telling, in ennobling strains, How our brave shores were won, Through the darkest storms that blow, The "Invader" doom was sealed, And the sun of Danish might, In never ending night, When the bard's heart was not fled, As the "Minstrel Boy" attired In the arm's his father bore, Bears them to the wars more, And a long a long a long, peeps, Where the soul of bravery leads? Could the patriot's pulse impeach, In more withering, blundering, And these are the words of our bard, His long-suffering native land, When Court beauties, to beguile, On him came his most ardent smile, And the honors of his praise, Lent a perfume to his lays - When, as hero of their toasts, He was named by the song, Would his muse in scenes of bliss So elysian, grow remiss - From the tower Courts take wing, As if from the bard's strings, And in solitude give vent To Lerne's sad lament - Till, over Western prairies swept Singers' legends and their wept, And thro' him each rivet-stroke Dealt her chains, rude echoes woke. But when from the battle's strike And the fends of public life, To more genial haunts he hies - To domestic peace and joys - Does Wit's golden lining show, Through the darkest storms that blow, Here, the heart, and not the lip, "Tis that profers friendship's grip, Faint, here, to magic spell, And thro' his heart, and weeps so well, When his theme is Erin's fair, World renowned for virtues rare, Feels for his heart, and weeps so well, Queenly mien and pride of race, Deep affections warm his lay - All its sweet strains inspire, Could the sorrows of the breast Be more feelingly expressed - Or more hope, love and grief, Find in nobler lay relief, Than in the poet's "Wit's Maid," Who laments her lover's shades, In that tender lay of love, That has melted friend and foe - She is far from the land, Lay that sympathy 'll command, Long as virtue's plighted love Is engraven upon the heart, Or one loyal heart's beat, Breathes to feel as Emmet felt, Who, before he'd live a slave, Freedom's sacred days of grace, In the name of his cause, For his country's rights and laws! Moore's, too, was that golden trait - Magnanimity that soard Heavenward from the grovelling horde Of base sectaries - a courage When new-born heroes were, 'Gainst the social structure dash'd - Into fulfilful lay'sh'd By the blustering breath of knaves

Whom intolerance rules as slaves, Trampling conscience without shame, To their sacred names, Not one line in all be traced, From this cause need be replaced, To their sacred names, Claim that trait - and Christians should! May then memory fondly guard Erin's own, immortal bard - Moore's name - long Moore's long Serve as synonym for song; Be the festal fire all chaste - On his country's altars placed - Where to burn and feed the flame Of the Green Isles bardic fame, Till she stands forth proudly free - Free, as Destiny's decree - First in learning, arms and mirth, 'Midst the nations of the earth!

Mr. Oscar Martel next appeared in a violin solo, "St. Patrick's Day," of Vieuxtemps, and surely woke up some melodious sounds from the instrument, if ever man did. Miss Florence Leduc sang "The Last Breeze of Summer," Moore's best song, in a beautiful style, and Mr. A. Hagan, followed in Henry W. Longfellow's famous song, "The Bridge," doing it ample justice, with his fine bass voice. This was followed by Madame Chatterton-Bolter's fantasia on the harp of Irish melodies. Mr. R. H. Carré sang another of Moore's songs, and Madame Oscar Martel came next with the beautiful thrilling air of "Kathleen Mavourneen."

All the singers were encoored and applauded, but the very wise practice was adopted of not responding to them. Thus ended the first part of the musical programme after which Mr. E. C. Monk came forward amidst the applause of the audience as the speaker of the occasion. Mr. Monk has a good presence, rich mellow voice, splendid elocutionary powers, and in fact is a first rate speaker, the only pity being that we do not hear him oftener. He said: Mr. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN - Surrounded as I am this evening by so many representatives of the intellect and eloquence of Erin, is it not natural that I should ask myself to what I owe the privilege, the honor of addressing you upon an occasion such as this. Not being quite an Irishman myself, it may be that the praises of one of Ireland's most cherished and most distinguished sons, were believed to sound if possible more in partially merited from the lips of one, who being no fellow-countryman of his, loved and honored the nationality, admired the patriotism and worshipped the poetic genius of the immortal Thomas Moore! Be that, however, as it may; on this, the centenary of his birthday, with the memories of a hundred years clustering around his loved, familiar name, need I tell you, ladies and gentlemen, that I feel proud in striving, however inadequately, to evoke, or rather, to recall emotions connected with the greatest of lyric poets who have done honor to that land, emphatically termed the "land of song," and over whose ashes some of the most precious tears of Ireland have been shed. This Moore's centenary, this celebration, this gathering to-night, affords indubitable proof that gratitude, patriotism and the power to recognize and honor genius, when applied to high and noble purposes, and qualities with which the Irish race stand pre-eminently endowed. (Cheers.) True, all civilized nations and nationalities, both in Europe and America, have, and have had their centennials, commemorating the renown of their illustrious dead; but when may I ask, in this brilliant constellation, can we find a star that has shone more softly and yet brilliantly in its national firmament than the one whose existence we have united to celebrate to-day. Others may have shone with more dazzling brilliancy - may have exercised greater influence upon the intellectual and political destinies of mankind, but the productions of none have exhibited greater sympathy with the poetical elements of human character, or with the national sentiments and opinions of his countrymen. None can lay claim to so eminent a distinction in the literature of lyrics as is to be found in his melodies! Has the land of the sun ever shone so brightly upon the children of the north, or the sweets of Asia been poured forth, or been more gorgeously and profusely displayed to the delighted senses of Europe, than in his "Lulla Lookh"?

Merely refer, ladies and gentlemen, to these prominent productions at this stage as being of a character to claim our admiration, at the mere mention of the name of Moore. Who, indeed, has not dwelt with rapture on the melody of his inspired muse? Who has not gathered wisdom and discrimination from his wit? Who has not been enthralled by the charms of his sentiment, enrobed in the lovely drapery of his brilliant fancy? Who has not felt his joys and his sorrows expressed, his enthusiasm fired, by that genius breathing the inspiration of heroic song in the hearts of the children of Erin. Bards, orators and critics of every clime have for half a century, at least, made Moore the theme of their poetry, their oratory and criticism. How difficult for me, then, ladies and gentlemen, to express a thought upon a subject such as this without its seeming devoid of originality, and the very language in which I clothe it, free from the taint of plagiarism, from not only the train of reflection, but the very mode of expression of those who have gone before me. The fault, however, is scarcely mine. It is the glory of the subject that has shod its effulgence over the life and character of Erin's bard that deprives me of the hope, the possibility (with my mind, imbued as it is with the written memorials of the glorious dead) of avoiding the footsteps of those whose pleasing duty it has been, in years gone by, to travel the path I follow so cheerfully to-night. Let us, however, ladies and gentlemen, before entering more particularly upon the glories of Moore as a poet, a patriot and an Irishman, wander back to the earlier history of Ireland's minstrelsy, merely glancing at the stores which she possesses, not only in the cabinet of the antiquarian, but chiefly in the memory of her people, handed down from father to son in one unbroken wreath of song. It is that deathless love of song alone that preserved the relics of Erin's bardic muse from the withering hand of time, the torch of war, and the stifling influences of adverse fortune. (Applause.)

From the hymns of St. Columba to the dreary allegory of the proscribed poets of the penal days, her people have always loved and admired their old ballads. They have been true to this ballad-verse in the days of her distress as in those of her glory. But though at the close of the last century Erin was, as in the best of times, the mother of patriotic bards, her melodies had been silenced, her music had shrunk back into comparative oblivion, and unless some inspired genius had flashed his rays over the surrounding gloom, that innate love of song might have languished for years to come. The old ballads of England and Spain narrowly escaped the withering blight of years. Scott was but just in time to save the relics of the minstrelsy of the Border, and to Moore - who breathed into the almost lifeless form of Erin's muse the magical inspiration of his genius - may safely be attributed the glory of having opened a new mine of melody to the world by raising his national music from the tomb. Addressing, as I have the honor of doing this evening, an audience to whom the works and memory of Moore belong, as a precious legacy from their fathers - a cher-

ished heirloom of the past - it were useless for me, ladies and gentlemen, to dwell too minutely upon the minor details of a life which has imprinted itself so vividly upon the public mind, which has exercised so potent an influence upon the political condition of his countrymen, and which has so notoriously lent its charm to the social, the musical, the literary circles of this century. A hundred years ago was born in Dublin from comparatively obscure parents, the illustrious poet whose centenary his fellow-countrymen the world over have united to do homage to-day! From the ballads of his childhood he must have gathered his first inspirations of poetry, since he tells us that he rhymed in his nursery. Of his religion little more need be said at present than to quote his own words in speaking of his Catholic convictions: - "I was born and bred in the faith of my fathers and in that faith I intend to die!" Educated at Mr. Whyte's school until he entered Dublin University, he was one of the first Catholics to whom the portals of this celebrated institution were thrown open. There, among his beloved friends, were Sir Robert Emmet, John Sheehy and Edward Hudson. They were Protestants, but all were Irishmen! Working for what they believed a sacred cause, and desiring to hate each other on account of creed! (Cheers.) It was while passing through college with literary renown that he received the famous summons from the University authorities to appear as a witness before the Court of Visitors in connection with the "United Irishmen," and the history of his share in this visitation not only gives us a picture of the poet and patriot at eighteen, but takes us back to those troubled times when an Irishman could hardly love his country or his faith without making himself a rebel! The exciting scenes and personal associations of this period of Moore's life inspired, he has frequently told us, some of the most brilliant effusions of his genius - some of the first conceptions that later found heroic embodiment in his immortal lyrics. Having obtained his degree in 1799, he proceeded to London to enter for the Bar at the Middle Temple, and to publish, as he did in the following year, a translation of the "Odes of Anacreon," upon which he had bestowed much study during the latter years of his college life. Flashed by the success which attended this first important effort, is it surprising that Coke, Littleton and Blackstone engaged but little the attention of the youthful poet, and that the dull technicalities of law were abandoned for the boundless fields of poetry and music in which he subsequently revelled with such success? He was never called to the Bar, and in 1802 published, under the name of Thomas Little, his "Juvenile Poems," a work which has been severely, and no doubt justly, condemned by moralists, and over which a veil of indulgence may charitably be thrown, on account of the youth and impetuosity of its author. The appointment of Moore, late in 1803, as Registrar of the Court of Admiralty at Bermuda (an ungenial position which he accepted in order to be able to contribute more generously to the support of his parents), shows us his dependent position at the age of four and twenty, and his intense affection for his family. It was during this term of office that he visited the United States and that "Canada of ours," leaving as souvenirs of his passage the famous "Canadian Boat Song," inspired by the magnificent scenery of our St. Lawrence:

"Fairly as follows the evening chime Our voices keep time and our oars keep time, Soon as the winds on the shore grow dim, We'll sing at St. Ann's our parting hymn. How brothers row, the stream runs fast, The rapids are near and the daylight's past." (Cheers.) These verses so familiar to us all, were harmonized from a song of the old Canadian voyageurs, of which Moore himself, writing years after tells us - "I have heard this simple air with a pleasure which the finest compositions of the first masters have never given me, and now there is not a note of it which does not recall to my memory the dip of our oars in the St. Lawrence - the light of our burnt down the rapids, and all those now and fanciful impressions to which my heart was alive during the whole of this interesting voyage." His impressions of the United States were less favorable, but he little supposed then that before four score years had passed, the slavery that he so warmly denominated would be abolished, - that the country would contain fifty millions of inhabitants, of whom fully fifteen millions are of Irish birth or Irish blood; nor could he have suspected that his own melodies would be as familiarly sung along the rivers and over the prairies of the new world, as they are in Ireland at the present day. In 1806 he was again in London, wrote his travels in America, and it was shortly after this time that the publication of the greatest work of his life - the Irish Melodies - was projected. Compared with the national lyrics of any other people or age, these immortal melodies are unique. Analyse the lyric poetry, the lays, the odes of any other country, ancient or modern, and none will embody so many characteristics of a nation, its scenery, its manners, its legends, its glories, wedded to music familiar by its antiquity and pathos as it was the cause of Irish Catholicism that inspired Moore in his felicitous selection of his oriental Lulla Lookh; the thought occurred to me, he says, of founding a story on the fierce struggle maintained between the ancient fire worshippers of Persia and their haughty Moslem masters. The cause of intolerance was again my inspiring theme, and the spirit that has spoken in the melodies of Ireland, soon found itself at home in the East. Lulla Lookh, rich with its most brilliant creations, beauty of language and tenderness of feeling, - replete with strains of patriotic ardor, and flights of fancy that were the true property of Moore, enchanted, even dazzled the senses of its readers, in an age (when as Lord Jeffrey expressed it), men would as little think of sitting down to a whole epic, as to a whole ode. It is to be regretted, ladies and gentlemen, that in a hurried sketch such as this, so many glories, so many gems were remained untouched, but, on behalf of "Captain Rock" and "an Irish gentleman in search of a religion," I may be allowed to crave your indulgence for a moment more of want of patriotism, to those who have taunted him with swearing from the faith of his fathers - turn over the pages of these works, every line of which is pregnant with love of country and fidelity to creed, and tell us then if he has not been true to Ireland in the hour of her sorrow, and to his religion in her day of trial. Of Moore, as an historian, may I not say that he was an un-fitted as he was for the drudgery of the law; both were fields of intellect, walks almost the opposite of those he loved to tread; perhaps loquacious for the imaginative tendencies of his mind, and alien to the effusions of genius I have attempted to signalize this evening. Why, ladies and gentlemen, to do justice to the memory of Moore would require eloquence far superior to my own, and I must have either time nor ability to express. We must estimate him by the opinions of his contemporaries, Grant, Sheridan, Canning, O'Connell, Curran, Plunkett, Shiel, Dr. Doyle, Rogers, Campbell, and last, but certainly not least, Byron, who, in the dedication of "The

Go, plead for the land that first cradled thy name, And bright o'er the flood of her tears and her blood, Let the rainbow of hope be her Wellington's name." (Cheers.) He who had strongly opposed emancipation favored it in 1829, and verified Moore's prediction uttered years before. O'Connell, the great champion who aroused, organized and led the mighty moral forces that wrested from a powerful government this acknowledgment of a nation's rights, found in the Bard of Erin an eloquent ally - breathing faith and hope "Like the bright lamp that shone in Kildare's holy fane." The nations have fallen, and thou still art young, Thy sun is but rising when others have set; And though slavery's cloud o'er thy morning may hang, The full noon of freedom shall beam round thee yet. Erin, oh Erin! though long in the shade - Thy star will shine out when the proudest shall fade!

Almost innumerable, ladies and gentlemen, are the typical specimens of his patriotic lyrics. The song of Erin's glory or the wail of her sorrows touch his readers' soul incessantly with all the magic of true genius! "Oh for the sword of former times!" "The Minstrel Boy," "Forget not the field," "Though dark are our sorrows." Yes! All, all these passionate effusions of love of his native land, seem concentrated in his touching melody, "Remember thee, yes, while there's life in this heart, I shall never forget thee, all love as thou art, More dear in this sorrow, thy gloom and thy showers, Than the rest of the world in its sunniest hours. Wert thou that I wished thee, great, glorious and free, First flower of the earth and first gem of the sea, I might hail thee with prouder and happier brow, But oh! could I love thee more deeply than now!" His legendary and scenic lyrics, many of them political in their tendencies, and surpassing most of the melodies, if not in graphic power, at least in softness and tender association, what we unconsciously back to the scenes and picturesque localities which he describes. Oh! for the genius, the heart, the soul that could inspire, - the voice, the pen that could express the "Meeting of the Waters," and "The Vale of Avon," "She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps," and

"When he who adores thee has left but the name, Of his faith and his sorrows behind, Oh! say, wilt thou weep when they darken the time, Or a life that for thee was resigned." "The home," the domestic, the conjugal affections find also their places in the melodies. In childhood we are charmed by their sweet sounds, in manhood we are thrilled by their inspirations and pathos, and in old age they recall to memory the simplest and most beautiful pleasures of the past. Every line that he wrote glows and sparkles, and it would seem, to quote the words of Sheridan, as if his very spirit, drawn from the sun, continually fluttered with fond aspirations to regain that native source of life and heat." Who, but the husband of the accomplished Miss Dyke, could have clothed his fondness for his wife in the beautiful and now familiar lines:-

"Believe me, if all those endearing young charms Which I gaze on so fondly to-day Were to change by to-morrow and fleet in my arms Like fairy gifts fading away, Thou wouldst still be adored as this moment thou art, Let thy loveliness fade as it will, And around the dear ruin each wish of my heart Would enwreath itself verdantly still." "The Last Rose of Summer" alone would have immortalized its earthly creator. It has even been culled by foreign hands to add luster to musical wreaths that lacked it; and when, in Vienna, the thunders of applause greeted the most touching scene of Plotow's "Martha," it was but another unconscious tribute to the genius that inspired later:-

"Dear harp of my country, farewell to thy numbers, This sweet wreath of song is the last we shall go wreath with the sunshine of fame on thy stumbers, Till touched by some hand less unworthy than mine, If the pulse of the patriot, soldier or lover Have throbb'd at our lay, 'Tis thy glory alone, 'Twas but as the wind passing heedlessly over, And all the wild sweetness I wanted was thy own." The melodies, as some one said in a recent number of the Dublin Review, have not stirred up rebellion or forced hills through Parliament, but like the sunshine and shower of Ireland herself they have quickened the good seeds in millions of hearts, and prepared a whole generation of thinking men and sensitive women to speak the right words and do the right thing when the moment came. They have been translated into almost every civilized tongue, and beautifully rendered in Irish by the illustrious Dr. McHale, Archbishop of Tuam, whose life reaches back to Moore's early boyhood, and who at four score years and ten, is still able to join with us to-day. There can be no doubt that it was the cause of Irish Catholicism that inspired Moore in his felicitous selection of his oriental Lulla Lookh; the thought occurred to me, he says, of founding a story on the fierce struggle maintained between the ancient fire worshippers of Persia and their haughty Moslem masters. The cause of intolerance was again my inspiring theme, and the spirit that has spoken in the melodies of Ireland, soon found itself at home in the East. Lulla Lookh, rich with its most brilliant creations, beauty of language and tenderness of feeling, - replete with strains of patriotic ardor, and flights of fancy that were the true property of Moore, enchanted, even dazzled the senses of its readers, in an age (when as Lord Jeffrey expressed it), men would as little think of sitting down to a whole epic, as to a whole ode. It is to be regretted, ladies and gentlemen, that in a hurried sketch such as this, so many glories, so many gems were remained untouched, but, on behalf of "Captain Rock" and "an Irish gentleman in search of a religion," I may be allowed to crave your indulgence for a moment more of want of patriotism, to those who have taunted him with swearing from the faith of his fathers - turn over the pages of these works, every line of which is pregnant with love of country and fidelity to creed, and tell us then if he has not been true to Ireland in the hour of her sorrow, and to his religion in her day of trial. Of Moore, as an historian, may I not say that he was an unfitted as he was for the drudgery of the law; both were fields of intellect, walks almost the opposite of those he loved to tread; perhaps loquacious for the imaginative tendencies of his mind, and alien to the effusions of genius I have attempted to signalize this evening. Why, ladies and gentlemen, to do justice to the memory of Moore would require eloquence far superior to my own, and I must have either time nor ability to express. We must estimate him by the opinions of his contemporaries, Grant, Sheridan, Canning, O'Connell, Curran, Plunkett, Shiel, Dr. Doyle, Rogers, Campbell, and last, but certainly not least, Byron, who, in the dedication of "The

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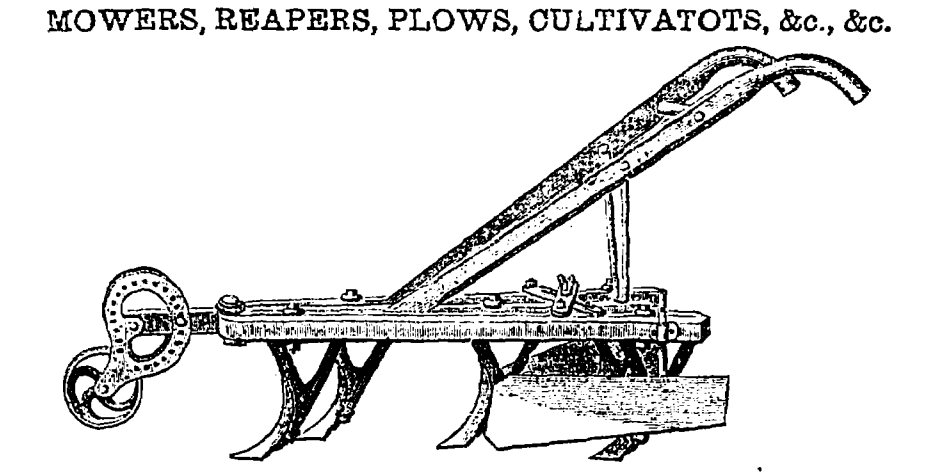
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