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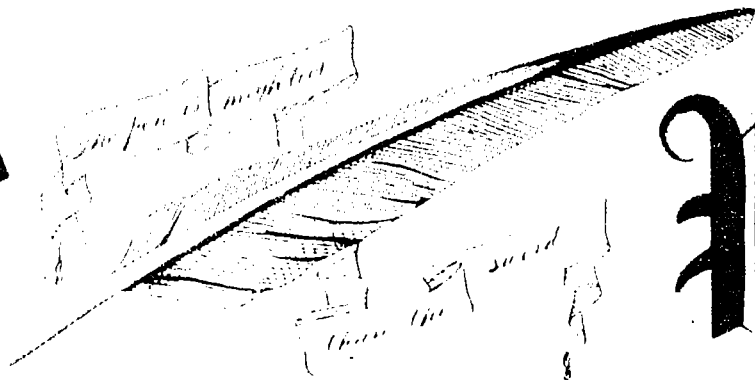
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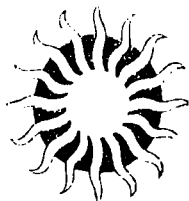
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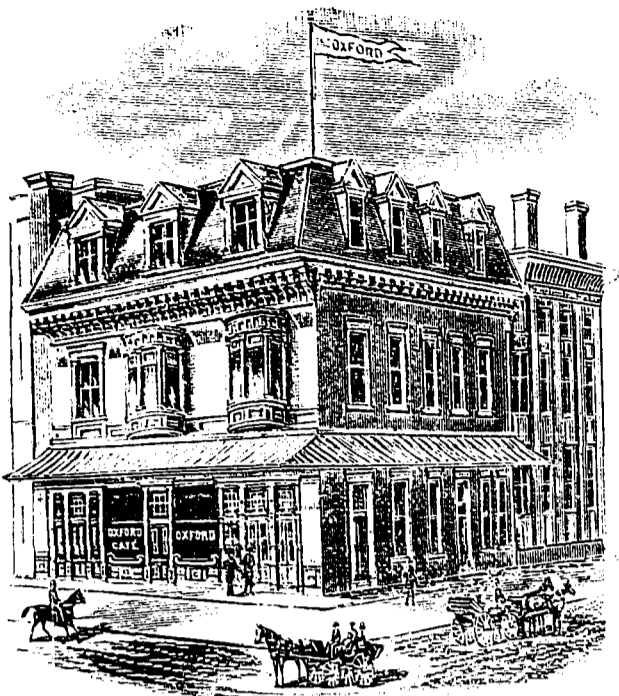
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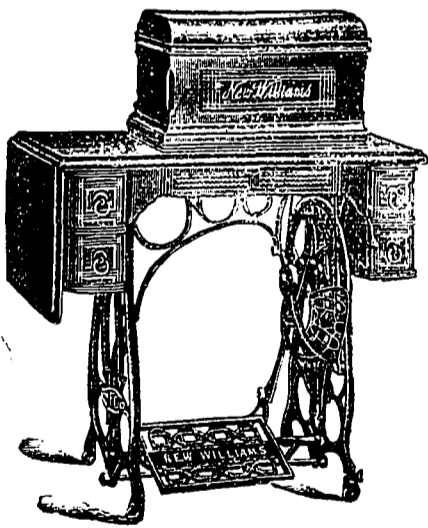
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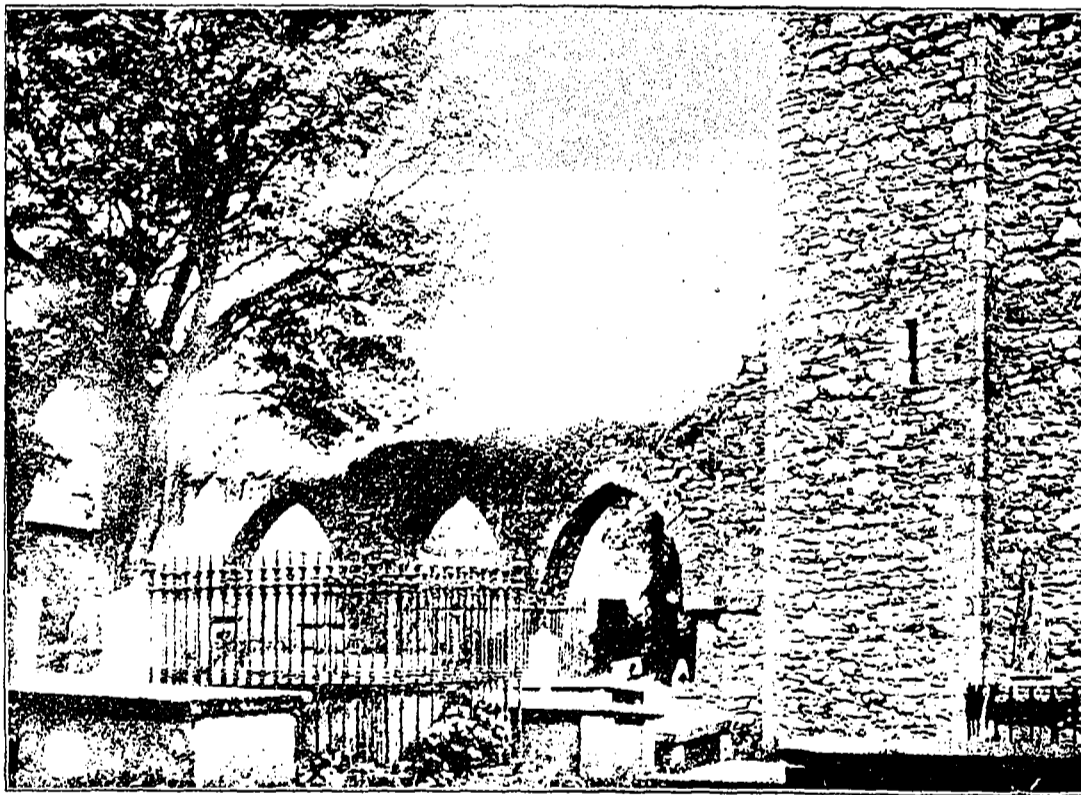
"Wishing-cap, Wishing-cap, let us away,
To walk in the cloisters, at close of day,
Once trod by friars of orders gray,
In Norman Selskar's renown'd abbaye,
And Carmen's ancient town;
For I would kneel at my mother's grave,
Where the plummy churchyard clus wave,
And the old war-walls look down."

—T. D. McGee.

AS THE leading events of that thrilling period of 1798 seem to have focused around the old Abbey of Selskar, or to have radiated out from that centre in various directions over the island, so we will attempt to cluster about the picture of those historic and memory-haunted ruins a brief enumeration of the acts of heroism that a hundred long years cannot obliterate. We take the list as alphabetically given in Mr. James Haughton's "Centennial Memorial," the fuller history of the Rebellion, with the causes which led up to it, and the effects which followed in its wake, we reserve for another page.

LOCATION AND DATE OF THE PRINCIPAL EVENTS OF THE REVOLUTION.

Autrim, June 7.
Ardee, Co. Louth, July 14.
Arklow, June 9; loss, English, 200; Irish, 500; drawn battle; Rev. Gen. Murphy killed.
Barrettstown, May 24.
Baltinglass, Co. Wicklow, May 24.
Blessington, May 25.
Ballinahinch, Co. Down, June 12.
Borris, Co. Carlow, June 13.
Ballygullen, July 3; 80 Irish killed; English loss slight.
Ballyrahn Hill, July 2; 72 English killed.
Ballycanew, Wexford, June 1.
Carlow, May 25, where 400 Irish were killed or burned to death in their houses.
Carnew, Co. Wicklow, massacre of 36 Irish week before insurrection; town taken by the Irish June 7; the Ancient British Cavalry killed a man by the Irish, June 29.
Castlecomer, Kilkenny, June 23; loss,



ST. SELSKAR ABBEY, WEXFORD.

Irish 70, English 100.
Clough, Co. Wexford, June 4.
Clonard, Co. Meath, July 11.
Carberry, Kildare, July 11.
Dunboyne, May 24.
Dunlaven, May 25, where 30 yeomen suspected of being United Irishmen, were massacred.
Enniscorthy, May 28; killed, English 90, Irish 100; retaken by the English June 21.
Foke's Mill, Wexford, June 20; loss, English 500, Irish 250.
Gilbet Rath, Curragh of Kildare, June 4, where 300 Irish troops were massacred after surrendering.
Gorey, June 4, 13 and 22.
Goesbridge, Kilkenny, June 23, Fourth

Dragoon Guards nearly wiped out by the Irish.
Hacketstown, June 25.
Harrow, Co. Wexford, May 26, where the Wexford insurrection was started by Rev. John Murphy, curate of Boulevogue.
Johnstown, Kildare, July 12.
Kilcullen, Co. Kildare, May 24.
Kilmarthomas Hill, Co. Wexford, May 26.
Killane and Kiledmond, June 13, English defeated.
Lusk, Co. Dublin, May 24.
Lacken Hill, June 19.
Monastereven, Co. Kildare, May 24.
Mountpleasant, Wexford, June 17.
Mayglass, Co. Wexford; massacre of unarmed people by the English, May 30,

Naas, May 24; killed, Irish 100, English 52; Irish defeated.

Newtownbarry, Wexford, June 2.
New Ross, June 5; most important battle of Revolution; 5,000 killed and wounded on both sides; the English were twice driven from the town, but finally succeeded in defeating the Irish.

Ovildstown, Co. Kildare, May 25.
Oulart Hill, May 27; the North Cork Militia, except a sergeant and two privates, annihilated by the patriots.

Prosperous, Co. Kildare, May 24.
Portaferry, Co. Down, June 10.

Rathfarnham, Co. Dublin, May 24.

Rathangan, Co. Kildare, May 24.

Randalstown, Co. Antrim, June 7.

Swords, Co. Dublin, May 24.

Santry, Co. Dublin, May 24.

Slane, Co. Meath, May 24.

Stainfield, Co. Down, June 9.

Scullogue, massacre of 184 English prisoners by Irish deserters from Ross.

Scollagh Gap, June 26.

Tallagh, Co. Dublin, May 24.

Tara Hill, Co. Meath, May 26.

Three Rocks, Co. Wexford, May 30.

Tubberneering, Wex., June 4, 100 English killed.

Timahoe, Kildare, June 24.

Tinehealy, June 16.

Vinegar Hill, June 21; the Irish, having no ammunition, were defeated with great loss.

The English slaughtered thousands of women and children after the Irish retreated.

Wexford, May 30, taken by the patriots; June 22, surrendered back to the English,

whose first act was to burn the insurgent hospital, 160 wounded men perishing in the flames.

"THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD."

Wonderful the power, sometimes, of one song. Wolfe has become immortal on account of the "Burial of Sir John Moore," Gray's fame is almost entirely due to his "Elegy in a Churchyard," Rouget Delisle shall go down to posterity embalmed in the imperishable strains of the "Marsaillaise." There lives to-day a man, who is a

professor in Trinity College, Dublin, and who is a solid "loyalist," an opponent of the Home Rule cause, and yet whose name shall live in the patriotic literature of Ireland as long as the "Memory of the Dead" shall be played or sung. The *Chicago Citizen*, speaking of him some time ago, said: "The aged poet may pass into oblivion; but the fiery gospel of his rebel muse will forever illumine the name and the fame of John Kells Ingram." No matter how he may have survived the grand enthusiasm of other days, he certainly has given to the Irish race the most national and soul-stirring song that was ever penned by man or sung by patriot. At this particular period in the critical moment in Ireland's prospects, and in this centennial year of enthusiastic celebration, there are a few stanzas that will not only bear reproduction, but which alone should suffice to rescue the name of Ingram from oblivion and preserve it green (for the sake of his song) in every Irish heart.

"Who fears to speak of Ninety-Eight?
Who blushes at the name?
When cowards mock the patriot's fate
Who hangs his head for shame?
He's all a knave or half a slave
Who slights his country thus;
But a true man, like you, man,
Will fill your glass with us.

"We drink the memory of the brave,
The faithful and the few—
Some lie far off beyond the wave,
Some sleep in Ireland, too;
All, all are gone—but still lives on
The fame of those who died;
All true men, like you, men,
Remember them with pride."

"Then here's their memory—may it be
For us a guiding light,
To cheer our strife for liberty,
And teach us to unite!
Through good and ill, be Ireland's still,
Though sad as their your fate;
And true men, be you, men,
Like those of Ninety-Eight."

THE REBELLION OF 1798.

ITS CAUSES AND CONSEQUENCES.

The Irish Rebellion of 1798 was a political, or rather, a national movement, and not, as many seek to impress on us, a religious uprising. It is true that, if success had crowned the efforts of the patriots of that day, the Roman Catholics would have reaped the greater share of benefits, because they were deprived, by the existing state of things, of more privileges and liberties than were their Protestant neighbors. But history is there to show, beyond all manner of doubt, that the leaders—either with voice, or pen, or sword—were members of some non-Catholic denomination. Of course, the Catholics were so far ostracized that they could not possibly

rise to the important and influential level of leadership; yet, if the sole question had been one of religion, we would not have, to-day, to record the extraordinary deeds and sacrifices of the great Irish Protestants who organized, devoted themselves, and led in the Insurrection. It is, therefore, from a national rather than a religious standpoint that impartiality must approach the study of that period.

Let us take a rapid glance at some of the important events which led up to the Rebellion! Be it remembered that a spirit of Liberty was abroad amongst the nations, and a wave of revolution was sweeping over the civilized world. Italy had, like its own Vesuvius, been in a state of political eruption; Austria was trembling under the pressure of insurrectionary princi-

ple the Irish Parliament. One of the most conspicuous delegates was Harvey, the Protestant Bishop of Derry, and Earl of Bristol. He was an Englishman by birth, a peer of England, a man of great wealth, and of extraordinary erudition. He became the hero of the Irish nation, on account of his mighty struggles for parliamentary independence. In the assembly were also the learned Dr. O'Leary, the Catholic controversialist, who was received, as was Bishop Harvey, with boundless enthusiasm. The courtly and polished Earl of Charlemont was also among the delegates.

The choice of president lay between the Bishop of Derry and Charlemont. "Unfortunately for Ireland, the assembly elected Charlemont." Grattan advocated the latter's cause, while

Orange party of the North. Lord Chancellor Fitzgibbon brought in his Convention Act, which forbade any bodies in future to meet by delegation. Tone, in 1793, brought about a combination of Catholics, Presbyterians and liberal Protestants, which at once became formidable. An association of "National Guards" was formed, which assumed a green uniform with buttons bearing the harp without a crown. This body terrified the Government. It was neither Catholic nor Protestant; it was composed of all sects that were in favor of the march of Liberty in Europe. The leaders were men of rank and fortune. Amongst them were Hamilton Rowan, Dr. William Drennan, Hon. Simon Butler, James Napper Tandy, Hutton, Tone, Neilson, Russell and others. Butler and Drennan were prosecuted on the charge of inciting to rebellion, and Napper Tandy escaped to France.

On account of the menacing state of Europe and the unrest at home, the Government decided to accord certain concessions to the Catholics, and, in 1793, Lord Westmoreland, the Lord Lieutenant, proposed, in his speech from the Throne, to consider the Catholic claims. Although men of all parties and creeds were pleased, a set of unfortunate resolutions were passed by a small Orange lodge, the purport of which was the extermination of the Catholics. While, at any other time, these insane resolutions would not have been considered as serious, the then terrorized state of the country lent them undeserved importance, and, as a matter of self-preservation, the society of United Irishmen was formed for mutual safety.

In 1793 nineteen proprietors of the *Northern Star*, chiefly Protestant and Presbyterian, were arrested in Belfast for republican articles that appeared in their paper. They came to Dublin; and to show how thoroughly united the sects were, each was bailed by a Catholic and a Protestant.

COERCION SUPPLANTS CONCILIATION.

At first the British Government seemed favorable towards Grattan's famous resolution for parliamentary reform and emancipation, and the United Irishmen were jubilant. But the reverses of the French army on the continent changed the British policy. Arms bills, alien bills, and coercion acts sprang fungus-like into existence. Neither Protestants nor Catholics suspected Pitt's great scheme of setting them fighting with each other in order to destroy their parliamentary power.

We will not enter into the details of the organizing of the Peep-of-Day-Boys and of the Defenders. The meeting of these two antagonistic elements, on the 21st September, 1795, at Portadown, and the bloody battle which ensued, may be considered the origin of that very anti-Irish, anti-national, suicidal enmity between the Orangemen of the North and the Catholics of the South. No person of consequence, of the Protestant faith, joined the former; and no person of repute, even to-day, is anxious to see a perpetuation of that insane antagonism. It was then that commenced the dreadful system, described by Grattan



ADMINISTERING THE FIRST OATH OF UNITED IRISHMEN.

ples; America had but recently awakened from the quiet of slumber in the arms of nature, to assume the attitude of a young giantess in the Western hemisphere; France was rocked by the earthquake of her great revolution, and the Reign of Terror had deluged the country in blood, until there remained not a mountain top for the Ark of Liberty to rest upon. This all-pervading influence was felt in Ireland, and men of thought and men of action, beholding the chains of bondage snapped in every direction, naturally wished to secure for their country the glorious benefits of a similar freedom.

As early as 1782 and 1783 a spirit of reform was awakened. William Pitt, the younger, was then its apostle in England, and in Ireland its apostle was Flood. The volunteer associations of Ireland held a convention in Dublin, on the 10th December, 1783, for the purpose of securing a reform of

Flood sided with the Bishop. The convention, therefore, opened with a kind of natural division, which proved destructive to its existence, and which defeated the object of its formation. The English Government saw in this division its chance of success, and it resolved to separate the volunteers from the Parliament, and then to wipe out the strength of the one and the independence of the other.

THE CONVENTION OF 1792.

The thin edge of the wedge had been inserted, and the process of widening the gap and multiplying the divisions went on. Needless to rehearse all the details of contention, plans frustrated, and brilliant efforts rendered abortive during the succeeding decade. The Catholic convention organized in 1792 brought about a very unreasonable, but none the less natural, opposition on the part of the

as "persecution conceived in the bitterness of barbarity; carried on with the most ferocious barbarity, by a banditti, who, being of the religion of the State, had committed the most horrid murders." At the assizes of 1796 over one hundred of these persons were put on trial for murder and house-breaking. Despite the charges of judges and evidence of witnesses, *not one was convicted.*

EVENTS MOVE RAPIDLY.

Wolfe Tone, for two years, with his coolness and penetration, held the United Irishmen in check and fortified their cause by preventing individuals from performing any acts of rashness. Grattan, Ponsonby and Flood resigned their seats in Parliament, when it became manifest that Beresford, Lord Clare and Lord Camden had determined upon wiping out every vestige of Irish liberty. War was declared upon all societies and organizations. Hamilton Rowan was arrested and tried for sedition; and despite his masterly defence by Curran, he was convicted and sentenced to imprisonment. The story of his escape would be too long for our present purpose. Suffice to say that this was the first of that long series of unjust prosecutions, which culminated in the open rebellion to which the people were goaded by the Government. The various classes in Ireland had had a taste of liberty and a ray of hope, and they were determined not to forego, without a struggle, the realization of their dreams.

In 1794 Rev. Mr. Jackson, a Protestant clergyman, reached London, charged by the French directorate with an important mission. He met an old friend, Mr. Cockayne, and freely told him of his business. Cockayne immediately gave information to the Government. Pitt then ordered him to accompany the unfortunate Mr. Jackson to Ireland, and to communi-



LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD.

cate to him all he observed. This was the beginning of a system of espionage that produced more informers, spies, traitors, villains and cold-blooded, oath-dealing murders than ever the annals of any struggle on earth could present. Possibly this



WOLFE TONE.

vile system contributed more to the misery of Ireland and the eternal disgrace of those who made use of it than all the coercion acts and military depredations combined.

A BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF THE REBELLION.

We have dwelt principally on the causes that led up to the Rebellion of 1798, because they are too often ignored in accounts of that period, while every one of our readers is familiar with the principal actors and the leading events of the insurrection itself.

Tone's expatriation to America, Pitt's encouragement of the Orangemen, the formation of the Yeomanry, Tone's visit to France and his brother's mission to Ireland, the French expedition, its arrival at Bantry Bay and its return, Lord Edward Fitzgerald's plans and his appointment as chief of the United Irishmen, Macneven's career, the roles played by Arthur and Roger O'Connor, the deeds of Reynolds the traitor, the seizure at Oliver Bond's, the escape of Lord Edward, the arrest of Emmet, Macneven, Caldwell and others, the betrayal and judicial murder of the Sheares, the arrest and death of Lord Edward, the martial law with accompanying military atrocities, the actual insurrection, the battles of Carlow, Tara, Ovidstown and Gorey, the massacre on the Curragh of Kildare, the battle of Enniscorthy, the temporary triumph of the United army, the battles of Forth and New Ross, the burning Scholabogue Barn, the butcheries at Dixon and Wexford, the battle of Vinegar Hill, the betrayals, the battles in the mountains, the terrible vengeance of the soldiery, the capitulation, the broken promises of the victorious red coats, the infamous tribunal, the trials

and executions, the treatment of the State prisoners, Bond's reprieve, Tone's continued exertions, the Texel expedition, Tone's last expedition, General Humbert's success, the battle of Castlebar, Humbert's mistakes, the capture of Tone's squadron, the trial and condemnation of that leading character, Curran's efforts on his behalf, the mysterious death, the end of the Insurrection—all these events would furnish subject matter for a dozen volumes.

To-day Irishmen the world over, and all genuine lovers of liberty, commemorate the hundredth anniversary of that memorable event, because it was one of the most determined efforts, under most adverse circumstances, ever made by a nation to secure the rights and privileges that civilization accords to even the humblest races on earth.

Let us now recall a few of the leading characters of the time; tell the story of some of the principal events, and cull a few flowers of the literature of the period to deck the brows of the dead patriots.

THE LEADERS OF '98.

A FEW SHORT BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

WOLFE TONE.

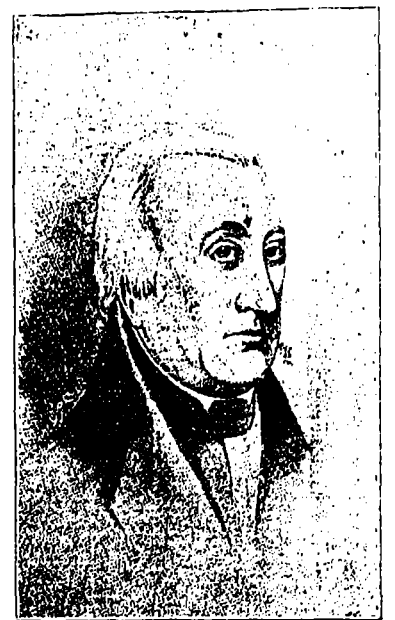
Theobald Wolfe Tone, the founder of the Society of United Irishmen, was born in Stafford street, Dublin, in 1763. His object in founding the society was to bring about a combination of all creeds and classes for the purpose of throwing off the British yoke, and putting an end to the divisions amongst the people by re-

ligious feuds. Having visited New York, he proceeded to France, obtained aid from the French Republic, holding the rank of general in an expedition sent to assist the insurrection in Ireland. The French warship which carried Tone was attacked by several battle-ships, and fighting only ceased as the vessel sank, Having been "tried" by court-martial, Tone was sentenced to be hanged. He, however met his death in a mysterious manner in his cell at Arbor Hill military prison, November 19, 1798. His remains were interred at Bodenstown, near Naas. Perhaps the finest tribute ever paid to the memory of Tone is that which the gifted and patriotic Thomas Davis wrote, in 1844—nearly half a century after the death of the renowned leader.

STONE'S GRAVE.

In Bodenstown Churchyard there is a green grave,
And wildly around it the winter winds rave
Small shelter, I ween, are the ruin'd wal'
there,
When the storm sweeps down on the plain
of Kildare.
Once I lay on that sod—it lies over Wolfe
Tone—
And thought how he perished in prison alone,
His friends unavenged, and his country un-
freed—
"Oh, bitter," I said, "is the patriot's meed."

I was woken from my dream by the voices and
tread
Of a band, who came into the home of the
dead;
They carried no corpse, and they carried no
stone,
And they stopp'd when they came to the
grave of Wolfe Tone.
There were students and peasants, the wis-
and the brave,
And an old man who knew him, from cradle
to grave,
And children who thought me hard-hearted;
for they,
On that sanctified sod were forbidden to play—



NAPPER TANDY.

But the old man, who saw I was mourning
there, said,
"We come, sir, to weep where young Wolfe
Tone is laid,
And we're going to raise him a monument,
too,—
A plain one, yet fit for the simple and true."

In Bodenstown Churchyard there is a green
grave,
And freely around it let winter winds rave,—
Far better they suit him—the ruin and
gloom,
Till Ireland, a nation, can build him a tomb

LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD.

In Ireland they always call him "Lord Edward." There is no other Lord Edward for them. His picture, with that of Robert Emmet, hangs among the colored effigies of the saints on every cabin wall and grows browner with the turf smoke. There it is, the irresistibly gay, roguish, tender face as we view it in Hunt's portrait.

The Fitzgeralds are the noblest line in Ireland. Sprung from an Italian ancestry, they had come to be merged in the Normans by the time they landed on the Irish shores with Strongbow, and, fostered on the milk of Irish mothers and born into the dewy Irish country, they became more Irish than the Irish themselves.

Lord Edward was a member of the Irish Parliament, and losing faith in constitutional methods, joined the United Irishmen. The Government strained every effort to secure his arrest, and succeeded in capturing him on May 21st, 1798. Lord Edward engaged, single-handed, three of the officers sent to arrest him, and had almost succeeded in despatching them when he was treacherously shot by Major Sirr. He died on the 4th of June from the effects of his wounds.

ARTHUR O'CONNOR.

Arthur O'Connor, a prominent United Irishman, and also a general in the French service, was born near Bandon, July 4, 1763. He was educated in Trinity College, Dublin, and called to the Irish Bar in 1788, but never practised. He entered Parliament in 1791, and the next year delivered such an able speech on Indian affairs that



GENERAL HUMBERT.

Pitt offered him a Government position, which he, of course, refused. He attached himself to the popular party led by Grattan, and joined in the demand for Catholic Emancipation. He died April 25, 1852.



ROBERT EMMET.

MICHAEL DWYER.

Michael Dwyer, the hero of Wicklow, was one of the most daring of the insurgent leaders, who fought the English forces for five years, successfully evading all attempts to capture him. In 1803 he received a captain's commission from Robert Emmet, and marshalled the Wicklow men to take part in the rising of that year. He finally consented to surrender on honorable conditions, but Dwyer, like every Irishman who depended on English truth, found himself betrayed by the Lord Lieutenant of the period and exiled to Australia. He died in 1814. His remains lie in a graveyard in a suburb of Sydney, N.S.W., Australia.

"Fill'd with patriot zeal and fire—
He fought like bravest of the brave;
Betray'd, like many of his race,
The exile's fate he had to face;
In far Australia, Michael Dwyer
Has found a lonely grave!"

JOHN AND HENRY SHEARS.

The brothers John and Henry Sheares were gentlemen of high character and attainments, who took up the direction of the preparations for the rising in 1798 on the arrest of the Leinster leaders. Their betrayal and murder forms one of the basest chapters in the history of English perfidy in Ireland. A Kildare militia captain, at the instance of Castlereagh, visited Sheares' house, dined with the

family, caressed the children, and, while showing every indication of friendship and patriotism, secured materials which enabled him the following day to swear away the lives of his hosts and ruin their home. The brothers were "tried" in the usual British fashion on the 12th July and executed at Newgate on the 14th July, 1798.

"He sat at their table, he broke of their bread,
He fondled their children, this chief of the band;
He gathered each word that the patriots said,
To fashion the weapon for tyranny's hand,
While the fond brothers clasp the hand of that asp,
And look on those features whose friendship appears,
In his blackness of heart plays the traitor his part,
And dooms to the gallows the two noble Sheares."

ROBERT EMMET.

THE YOUTHFUL HERO-MARTYR.

In all Irish history there is no name which touches the Irish heart like that of Robert Emmet. In his character there is such a rare combination of admirable qualities, and in his history there are so many of the elements of romance, that the man stands before our mental vision as a peculiarly noble and loveable being, with claims upon our sympathies that are absolutely without a parallel.

The events of 1798 had a powerful effect on the feelings of the enthusias-

tic young patriot, and he was not free of active participation with the leaders of the movement in Dublin. The failure of the insurrection did not discourage him—he felt that the people had not lost heart and that the fighting spirit was all rife amongst them. He accordingly elaborated another plan for the liberation of his country, and the date of the rising was fixed for the 23rd May, 1803, but the arrangements miscarried in nearly every particular, and the insurgents were dispersed. For more than a month after the failure of his attempted insurrection he evaded the host of British spies and bloodhounds employed to hunt him to the death, but, at length, on the 25th August, he was arrested, and on the 19th September put on his trial, charged with high treason. His memorable speech on this occasion was one of the most splendid and powerful effusions of impassioned eloquence and patriotic devotion which ever fell, impromptu, from the lips of man. He was executed on the following day, 20th September, 1803.

PERORATION OF EMMET'S SPEECH FROM THE DOCK.

Let no man dare, when I am dead, to charge me with dishonor; let no man attain my memory, by believing that I could have engaged in any cause but that of my country's liberty and independence; or that I could have become the pliant minion of power, in the oppression and misery of my country. * * * Am I to be loaded with calumny, and not suffered to resent it? No; God forbid!

(Here Lord Norbury told Mr. Emmet that his sentiments and language disgraced his family and his education, but more particularly his father, Dr. Emmet, who was a man, if alive, who would not countenance such opinions.

To which Mr. Emmet replied:—
If the spirit of the illustrious dead participate in the concerns and cares of those who were ever dear to them in this transitory life, oh! ever



HENRY GRATTAN.

dear and venerated shade of my departed father, look down with scrutiny upon the conduct of your suffering son, and see if I have, even for a moment, deviated from those principles of morality and patriotism which it



MR. WM RAWLEY.

was your care to instil into my youthful mind, and for which I am now about to offer up my life. My Lords, you are impatient for the sacrifice. The blood which you seek is not congealed by the artificial terrors which surround your victim—it circulate warmly and untrifled through the channels which God created for noble purposes, but which you are now bent on to destroy, for purposes so grievous that they cry to heaven. Be yet patient! I have but a few words to say. I am going to my cold and silent grave—my lamp of life is nearly extinguished—my race is run—the grave opens to receive me, and I sink into its bosom. I have but one request to ask at my departure from this world, it is—THE CHARITY OF ITS SILENCE. Let no man write my epitaph; for as no man who knows my motives dare now vindicate them, let not prejudice or ignor-



MR. B. FEENEY.

ance asperse them. Let them and me rest in obscurity and peace; and my tomb remain uninscribed, and my memory in oblivion until other times and other men can do justice to my character. When my country takes her place among the nations of the earth, *then*, and *not till then*, let my epitaph be written. I have done.

GENERAL HUBERT.

General Humbert, with his French expedition of 1,000 men, 1,000 spare rifles and a few pieces of artillery, landed at Killala on August 22, and captured that town. He also took the town of Ballina, and then made a forced march of fifteen hours on Castlebar, where, with his small force of 700 French soldiers and as many raw Irish recruits, he defeated the English under General Lake, whose forces amounted to over 6,000 men. He also defeated Colonel Vereker, Sep-

these goaded the people on to rebellion, and the cry, "Remember Orr," became the watchword of the national party.

Dr. Drennan, the author of this ballad, was one of the most gifted of that day. He was tried for being a United Irishman in 1794—but he escaped the fate of the martyred patriots. This ballad was sung in the streets of every town in Ireland in 1798:

Here our murdered brother lies;
Wake him not with women's cries;
Mourn the way that manhood ought;
Sit in silent trance of thought.

Write his merits on your mind;
Morals pure and manners kind;
In his head, as on a hill,
Virtue plac'd a citadel.

Why cut off in palmy youth?
Truth he spoke, and acted truth.
Countrymen, UNITE, he cried,
And died—for what his Saviour died.

* * *

Hapless Nation—hapless Land,
Heap of uncementing sand!



MR. JOS. O'BRIEN.

1798." Carroll Malone's "The Croppy Boy," which has been sung and recited a million times, and has furnished the artist's brush with a most graphic subject; Tom Moore's "Lament for Grattan," who died in 1820; and scores of other similarly applicable productions. But we prefer to give what is not known, and what was written and sung by the people of 1798. The following is a fair sample. For brevity sake we omit the introduction to this ballad:

Oh, Arthur McCoy was no braggart,
No bibbler, nor blustering clown,
Fore the club of an ale-house to swagger,
Or drag his coat-tail through the town;
But a veteran, stern and steady,
Who felt for his land and her ills;
In the hour of her need ever ready
To shoulder a pike for the hills.

(Concluded on page 9.)



FATHER JOHN MURPHY LEADING THE IRISH FORCES AT VINEGAR HILL.

tember 5, but was captured three days later at Ballinamuck, being surrounded by 30,000 English soldiers. The French were allowed to embark for France, but the Irish were all unmercifully slaughtered. Matthew Tone, brother of Wolfe Tone, and Bartholomew Teeling, who accompanied the French, were executed in Dublin.

WAKE OF WILLIAM ORR.

A BALLAD OF 1798 BY DR. DRENNAN.

The case of William Orr, a young Presbyterian farmer of Antrim, involves one of the most ruthless acts of tyranny that preceded the insurrection of 1798. He was tried for having administered the United Irish oath to a soldier named Whitty. Whitty, himself, admitted that all the evidence brought against Orr was false. He was twice reprieved, and just as the commutation was expected, *he was ordered for execution.* Deeds such as

Crumbled by a foreign weight;
And by worse—domestic hate.

God of Mercy! God of Peace!
Make the mad confusion cease;
O'er the mental chaos move;
Through it speak the light of love.

* * *

Here we watch our brother sleep;
Watch with us, but do not weep;
Watch with us through dead of night,
But expect the morning light.

Conquer fortune—persevere!
Lo! it breaks, the morning clear!
The cheerful Cock awakes the skies,
THE DAY IS COME—ARISE! ARISE!

ARTHUR MCCOY.

AN OLD STREET BALLAD—1798.

There are scores of poems and songs referring to the 1798 days that we could reproduce, but they are mostly written by poets of the mid-century, and our readers are well acquainted with them. As for example, Frazer's "Edward Molloy, a reminiscence of



MR. A. THOMPSON.



= The Pen =

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FRIDAY, JUNE 24, 1898.

THE '98 CENTENNIAL.

THE PEN enters this week upon the second half of its first year, and already it has a glorious opportunity of performing, in a special manner, the principal duty of its mission. A literary and historical publication that aims at the cementing of all the elements that constitute our Canadian nationality cannot do so in a more



MR. E. HALLEY.

telling way than by reviving, at each great national celebration, the glories of the literature and the sacred memories in the history of each particular race. By thus bringing out all that is good, honorable, praise-



DR. E. J. C. KENNEDY.

worthy and remarkable in the annals of each people, we stimulate the coming generation to emulate the greatness of their ancestors, and to develop, in this new land, a spirit of tolerance and mutual respect—even mutual admiration.

The splendid efforts of the Irishmen of Montreal to organize a worthy celebration of the hundredth anniversary of the 1798 Insurrection has furnished us with a fitting opportunity of commencing our work. The illustrations and portraits on the pages of this issue speak most eloquently of the past, while the features—all familiar—of the men who have been amongst the most active in preparing this celebration, will tell a story of patriotism that has survived the mutations of one hundred years.

Without wishing to individualize, nor to detract one iota from the credit due to all who have labored so successfully in organizing what will be the most important commemoration of '98 on this continent, we may say that the officers and members of the Ancient Order of Hibernians and those of the Young Irishmen's Literary and Benefit Association have taken the initiative, and have played a most conspicuous part. The Ancient Order of Hibernians is rapidly becoming a power in Canada, and all the world over; based upon principles that are at once patriotic and tolerant,

it cannot fail, in the future, to advance the cause of Irishmen, both at home and abroad. The Rebellion of 1798 was the outcome of generations of suffering on the one hand, and of heartless misgovernment on the other. It is a remarkable fact that nearly all the great leaders, the moving spirits of that day, were members of some Protestant church; yet they pleaded, fought, suffered and even died for the cause of their Catholic fellow-countrymen. The unfortunate termination of the whole movement may be principally ascribed to the ignorant and blind fanaticism displayed by certain bigoted factionists. The rise of Orangeism and then its misguided course brought into existence the determined organization of the Defenders and subsequently the United Irishmen. As in 1798 the misfortunes of Ireland were the direct result of the antagonism between the Orange and Green, so in 1898 should the dawning of a happier day and a more prosperous future be heralded in by the blending of these colors, the sinking of animosities, the burying of fratricidal divisions.

As 1798 beheld the extinction of Ireland's hopes and the ruin of her liberty, so may 1898 witness the passing away of the last cloud upon the horizon and the commencement of a century of peace, prosperity and political emancipation. The eloquence

of Grattan, the genius of Tone, the heroism of Lord Edward, the sacrifice of Emmet, the hundred and one memories of that fearful struggle survive through the lapse of a whole century, and gratitude alone would demand, at the hands of Ireland's sons, the tribute which they pay, this year, to the departed greatness and patriotism of those lovers of Liberty.

One hundred years ago the seed of Freedom was sown in a soil made fertile by the blood of martyrs, and the powerful tree that has sprung up has developed its proportions, extended its branches, shot deep its roots into the earth, until it now appears before the world an object of admiration and of study—sheltering the hopes of a nation and protecting the rights of a people, despite the tempests that swept over its head. When that day comes—and it is surely at hand, if the signs of history's teaching are to be credited—when the night of Ireland's sorrows shall vanish, and the *sunburst* of her future greatness shall flash forth, when the smile shall remove the tear, and silver shafts of light shall pierce the blackness of the years, when the spirit of Liberty will descend, and, like the Angel of the Resurrection, roll away the stone from the tomb of a nation's Freedom; when that day comes, may the Almighty raise up a glorious poet from the race, cleanse his lips as He did those of Isaiah, fill his bosom with inspirations, like unto those of the Royal Prophet, that while he is praising the God of nations, he may worthily chant a *Te Deum* of gratitude for Ireland's rejuvenated nationality.



MR. F. MCCABE.

From Ninety-Eight to Ninety-Eight,
Has Erin watch'd for morning's
light;
Oh! May this year, this glorious date,
Behold the passing of her night!

THE ST. JEAN BAPTISTE.

To-day, the 24th June, the feast of Saint John the Baptist, is one of the principal religious festivals of the year, and, at the same time, the national day of our French Canadian fellow-citizens. Apart from the religious ceremonies of the occasion, there is national jubilation. As we celebrate, this year, the hundredth anniversary of the Irish Rebellion of 1798, it is well that we should recall the fact of France, and Frenchmen having assisted the Irish people in that desperate struggle for liberty. To General Humbert and his brave following—therefore to the French nation—Ireland owed a debt of great gratitude. The French helped the Irish at Castlebar, even as the Irish helped the French at Fontenoy. In presenting a picture of our popular and able Mayor—Mr. Prefontaine—we must recall the kindnesses showered upon Irish immigrants by French-Canadians of the past, and it is but just to point to Montreal's Chief Magistrate—whose election was not only by acclamation, but by the universal will and desire of all sections of the community—as one of the leading lights in the atmosphere of public life, a man of energy, talent, devotedness, impartiality and honor, a type of his race and a living illustration of the finest characteristics of his people.

The breezes that fan the brow of Mount Royal to-day bestir the folds of a banner upon which we read the triple motto, "*Nos Institutions, notre Langue et nos Lois.*" The Institutions, Laws and Language of the pioneer race of Canada. As we gaze aloft at that



MR. F. J. CURRAN.

standard we are impelled to cry out: "Institutions, religious, educational and benevolent, that dot our land, like stars in yonder concave of a summer night, we salute you! Laws that have come to us, from the early days of the Romans, leaping in cascades down

the hills of time, from Ulpian to Justinian, to Constantine, to Theodosius, to Louis the Great, to Napoleon, until flowing into the reservoir of our splendid code, have become the Laws of Québec—Laws of our Province, we salute you! Language, sweet, charming, rhythmical and beautiful; language of Bossuet, Massillon, Fenelon and Bourdaloue; language of Racine, Corneille, Moliere and Lamartine; language of Laval, de Maisonneuve, Cartier and de Plessis; language first spoken by white man upon the shores of St. Lawrence,—we salute you!

As the Ottawa and St. Lawrence flow side by side and finally blend in a giant flood, so the languages of England and France roll along together, down the slopes of our history, and unite in a mighty stream that flows into the ocean of our Canadian nationality. English is to-day the *commercial language* of the world; all over that vast empire, upon which the sun never sets, it is spoken in the marts of trade and on the decks of the vessels that plough the four oceans of the globe. But if such is the case, none the less truly can it be said that French is the *diplomatic language par excellence* of the universe. It was, it is, and it shall be the language of letters, of arts, of sciences, of diplomacy. Go into the *salons* of London, and every educated man is conversant with French; see our Governors-General, they are only fitted for their position when they have acquired the French language. Go unto the piazzas of Rome, the boulevards

of Vienna, the bazaars of Constantinople, penetrate into the Orient, until you stop at the very walls of Teheran, and you have a passport in the French language; everywhere is it spoken. Follow the march of progress that moves to the setting sun; go knock at the barrier of the Rockies, and if a voice from beyond replies it will be in the French language. Ascend into the North, go walk in the footsteps of the Esquimaux missionary, and there, under the prismatic fringes of the Aurora Borealis, you will be understood in the language of France. Descend southward, and in the lowlands of Louisiana you will hear the tongue of the French spoken to-day, by the broad Mississippi, as for ages it has been spoken on the historic banks of the Seine. In its universality is its life, and in its own beauties and perfections is its future imperishability.

Let us suppose, for a moment, that in an evil hour it were effaced! The moment the Language would disappear, the Laws would follow in its wake; the moment the Laws were no more, the Institutions, religious and national, of our Province, would be at the mercy of a tempest that would soon shake them to their very foundations. The grand bulwarks that preserve and guard those sacred Institutions are the Laws of our Province, and the permanent existence of those Laws depends upon the preservation and propagation of the French Language.

In the realms of art, science and letters, French-Canadians are working



MR. R. PREFONTAINE, MAYOR OF MONTREAL.

unperceived by the mass of their Canadian fellow-countrymen of other origins. Like the ocean mites they are building up the coral foundations of what yet will be the most flourishing islands in the sea of Canadian history. All praise to them; all thanks to them; all honor to them upon the occasion of their national festival! May their banner long wave over the land that they love, and beneath its folds may prosperity and happiness encompass their future! From the fullness of our heart we wish them joy upon their festal day, and to their Language we say, "may the echos of our hills never cease to repeat your classic tones!"—to their Laws we say, "may you ever flow, in all your justice and perfections, to fertilize the history of our land!"—to their Institutions—and ours—we say, "may your numbers augment, may your influence increase; *Esto perpetua; Soyez éternelles*; may no Marius ever weep amongst your ruins!"

ORANGE AND GREEN.

(By Gerald Griffin.)

A STORY ILLUSTRATIVE OF 1798.

The colors adopted by the '98 Centenary Celebration Committee of Montreal are Orange and Green—a combination that recalls the sad results of the terrible antagonism, one hundred years ago, between the followers of these two colors, and which



MR. M. PHELAN.

should teach the true and patriotic men of our day how much peace, happiness and national prosperity would spring from the effacing, forever, of that antagonism. The follow-



A GROUP OF THE '98 CENTENNIAL DELEGATES.

FROM THE VARIOUS NATIONAL AND BENEVOLENT SOCIETIES OF MONTREAL TO THE CELEBRATION COMMITTEE.

Photo taken by P. J. Gordon.

ing story, in the form of a ballad, will teach a lesson, which, we trust in God, will be taken to heart :

The night was falling dreary,
In merry Bandon town,
When in his cottage weary,
An Orangeman lay down.
The summer sun in splendor
Had set upon the vale,
And shouts of "No surrender!"
Arose upon the gale.

* * *

In mighty chorus meeting,
A hundred voices join,
And sife and drum were beating
The *Battle of the Boyne*

Ha! tow'rd his cottage hieing,
What form is speeding now,
From yonder thicket flying
With blood upon his brow?
"Hide—hide me, worthy stranger,
Though green my color be,
And in the day of danger,
May heaven remember thee!

"In yonder vale contending
Alone against that crew,
My life and limbs defending,
An Orangeman I slew.
Hark! hear the fearful warning,
There's death in every tone—
O, save my life till morning,
And heaven prolong your own!"

The Orange heart was melted
In pity to the Green;

He heard the tale and felt it
His very soul within.
"Dread not that angry warning,
Though death be in its toils—
I'll save your life till morning,
Or I will lose my own."

Now, round his lowly dwelling
The angry torrent press'd,
A hundred voices swelling,
The Orangemen addressed—
"Arise, arise, and follow
The chase along the plain!
In yonder stony hollow
Your only son is slain!"

* * *

He seeks the righted stranger,
In covert where he lay—
"Arise!" he said, "all danger
Is gone and past away!

"I had a son—one only,
One loved as my life,
Thy hand has left me lonely
In that accursed strife.
I pledged my word to save thee
Until the storm should cease!
I kept the pledge I gave thee—
Arise, and go in peace!"

The stranger soon departed,
From that unhappy vale;
The father, broken-hearted,
Lay brooding over that tale.
Full twenty summers after
To silver turned his beard;
And yet the sound of laughter
From him was never heard.

The night was falling dreary,
In merry Wexford town,
When in his cabin weary,
A peasant laid him down.
And many a voice was singing
Along the summer vale,
And Wexford town was ringing
With shouts of "Granna Uile."

* * *

In mighty chorus meeting,
Loud voices filled the town,
And sife and drum were beating—
"Down Orangemen, lie down!"

Hark! 'mid the stirring clangor
That woke the echoes there,
Loud voices, high in auger,
Rise on the evening air.
Like billows of the ocean,
He sees them hurry on—
And, 'mid the wild commotion,
An Orangeman alone.

"My hair," he said, "is hoary,
And feeble is my hand,
And I could tell a story
Would shame your cruel hand—
Full twenty years and over
Have changed my heart and brow,
And I am grown a lover
Of peace and concord now.

"It was not thus I greeted
Your brother of the Green,
When fainting and defeated
I freely took him in.

I pledged my word to save him
From vengeance rushing on,
I kept the pledge I gave him,
Though he had killed my son."

That aged peasant heard him,
And knew him as he stood;
Remembrance kindly stirr'd him,
And tender gratitude,
With gushing tears of pleasure,
He pierced the listening train,
"I'm here to pay the measure
Of kindness back again."

* * *

"The hand that would offend thee,
My being first must end;
I'm living to defend thee
My savior and my friend!"

He said, and slowly turning,
Address'd the wondering crowd,
With fervent spirit burning,
He told the tale aloud.
Now pressed the warm beholders,
Their aged foe to greet;
They raised him on their shoulders
And chaired him through the street.

As he had saved that stranger
From peril scowling dim,
So in the day of danger
Did Heav'n remember him.
By joyous crowds attended,
The worthy pair were seen,
And their flags that day were blended,
OF ORANGE AND OF GREEN!

OUR PORTRAITS.

We give our readers a few portraits of some of the officers and promoters of the '98 Centennial celebration. Our space will not permit of any lengthy biographies. However, we may state that

MR. WILLIAM RAWLEY, who is the chairman of the Celebration Committee, is a native of Montreal, an active worker in all Irish movements, and one who imbibed his principles of nationalism from William Smith O'Brien, when he visited Canada in 1850. Mr. Rawley is President of the County Board A.O.H., and delegate to the great convention to be held on next Monday at Trenton, New Jersey.

MR. BERNARD FEENEY, the Corresponding Secretary of the '98 Celebration Committee, is one of Montreal's most prominent Irishmen. He is a Colonel of the Uniformed Hibernian Knights, and a charter member of Division No. 1, A.O.H. He has ever taken a most active part in all labor and national movements. He was twice District Master Workman and twice delegate to the General Assembly of the Trades and Labor Council. In fact, he is one of the most popular Irishmen and most incessant workers of the day. ☐

MR. JOSEPH O'BRIEN, the Grand Marshal of the '98 celebration, is one of the real old Celtic stock, a man whose personal career, as well as his ancestral associations, make him in every sense worthy of the honorable office he holds, and render him in every way calculated to perform the difficult duties of the post with success. He has been twice president of the Young Irishmen's Literary and Benefit Association, and has held, during eighteen years, nearly every office in the Association. His mother's uncle was one of the patriots who fought at the great battle of Vinegar Hill, and Mr. O'Brien is, therefore, closely associated with the events commemorated this year.

DR. E. J. C. KENNEDY, the popular president of St. Patrick's Society, was born in Montreal and educated by the Christian Brothers of St. Ann's School. After a very brilliant classical course in the Montreal College and Felt's College School, he graduated at Laval University in 1889. Immediately on his admission to the medical profession he was appointed house doctor at Longue Pointe. In December of the same year he resigned and proceeded to France where in Paris he spent a full year under Professors Charcot and Patein. He then went to Germany and entered the University at Berlin, where he devoted two years to the study of pathology and bacteriology in the laboratories of Professors Koch and Virchow. In 1892 he entered the Royal Sevon Hospital in Dresden as internal assistant. He returned to Montreal the following spring. He was one of the

organizers of the American Medical Society of Berlin, and is at present attending physician to the Hotel Dieu, Montreal.

MR. EDWARD HALLEY is, perhaps, the most widely known Young Irishman in Montreal. He has been recently chosen as 1st Vice-President of the Celebration Committee. Mr. Halley has been more than once president of the Young Irishmen's Literary and Benefit Association. On the occasion of the great convention of Irishmen, from all the world over, held in Dublin, in September, 1896, Mr. Halley was the delegate sent over by the various national societies of Montreal. He has always been conspicuous in every movement of importance to Irishmen in Canada.

MR. FRANK J. CURRAN, B.C.L., who is 2nd Vice-President of the Celebration Committee, is a rising and popular young barrister of Montreal. He is a son of Hon. Judge Curran, of the Superior Court Bench, and has evidently inherited the patriotic fervor and universally recognized eloquence of his father. He has taken an active part in this organization, and has won high praise for his calm judgment, clear foresight and mastership of details. Mr. Curran has an evidently bright future awaiting him in the profession of his choice,—and we are confident that the path he walks will lead, for him, as it did for those of an older generation, to some high post of honor and distinction.

MR. MARTIN PHELAN who has been chosen Honorary President of the Celebration Committee, is an old and popular resident of Montreal. He was born at Ballyedmond, Queen's County, Ireland, in 1848. He came to Canada in 1875, and has since been one of the most respected merchants of this city. As an evidence of the esteem in which he is held by his fellow-countrymen, we might say that he was elected as one of the syndicate of St. Anthony's Church; president of Division No. 5, A.O.H.; is a leading

member of the C.M.B.A.; an honorary member of St. Anthony's Y.M.S.; a justice of the peace since 1877, and has held many other important offices of trust and honor.

MR. FRANCIS McCABE, the energetic and painstaking Recording Secretary of the '98 Celebration Committee, is a native of Montreal, of Irish parentage, and one of the most highly respected of our citizens, both in national and business circles. He is a gentleman whose motto would seem to be "work without ostentation." In fact, while he has ever been among the most active and attentive in various movements for the benefit of his fellow-countrymen, he has so far managed to keep himself behind the scenes. But the force of circumstances and his real merit have brought him forward on this occasion, much to the advantage of all concerned in the celebration.

MR. ANDREW THOMPSON is yet a young man, but one who has a bright future before him. He is treasurer of the '98 Celebration Committee. He has been nine years a member of St. Ann's Young Men's Society, and has held office for eight years in the same association. At present he is their financial secretary. Energy, devotedness and patriotic perseverance, are his leading characteristics.

THE LEADERS OF '98.

(Continued from Page 5.)

While he knelt with a Christian demeanor,
To his priest, or his Maker alone,
He scorned the vile slave, or retainer,
That crouched round the castle, or throne,
The Tudor—The Guelph, The Pretender,
Were tyrants, alike, branch and stem;
But who'd free our fair land, and defend her,
A nation, were monarchs to him.

And this faith in good works he attested,
When Tone linked the true hearts, and
brave,
Every bellow of danger he breasted,—
His sword-flash, the crest of the wave;
A standard he captured at Gorey,
A sword-cut and ball through the thigh,
Were among the momentoes of glory
Recorded as Arthur McCoy.

RESTORES GRAY HAIR TO ITS NATURAL COLOR.
STRENGTHENS AND BEAUTIFYS THE HAIR.
CURES DANDRUFF AND ITCHING OF THE SCALP.
KEEPS THE HAIR MOIST AND THE HEAD COOL.
IS NOT A DYE, BUT RESTORES THE HAIR NATURALLY.

LUBY'S

FOR THE HAIR.

IS A DELIGHTFUL DRESSING FOR LADIES' HAIR.
RECOMMENDS ITSELF, ONE TRIAL IS CONVINCING.
IS THE BEST HAIR PREPARATION IN THE MARKET.
IMMEDIATELY ARRESTS THE FALLING OF HAIR.
DOES NOT SOIL THE PILLOWSLIPS OR HEAD-DRESS.

PARISIAN HAIR RENEWER.

Sold by all Chemists and Perfumers, 50 cents a Bottle.

PRINCIPAL LABORATORY, RUE VIVIENNE, ROUEN, FRANCE.

R. J. Devins, GENERAL AGENT, MONTREAL.

Long the quest of the law and its beagles,
His covert the cane and the tree;
Though his home was the home of the eagle
His soul was the soul of the free.
No toil, no defeat could enslave it,
No franchise, no "Amnesty Bill,"
No lord, but the Maker who gave it,
Could curb the high pride of his will.

With the gloom of defeat ever laden—
Seldom seen at the hurling or dance,
Where, through blushes, the eye of the
maiden
Looks out for her lover's advance;
And whenever he stood to behold it,
A curl of the lip or a sigh,
Was the silent reproach that unfolded
The feelings of Arthur McCoy.

For it told him of freedom o'er shades
That the iron had entered their veins—
When beauty bears manhood degraded—
And manhood's contented with chains.
Yet he loved that fair race as a martyr,
And if his own death could recall
The blessings of liberty's charter,
His bosom had bled for them all.

And he died for his love—I remember,
On a mound by the Shannon's blue wave,
On a dark snowy eve in December,
I knelt at the patriot's grave.
The aged were all heavy-hearted,—
No cheek in the churchyard was dry:
The Sun of our hills had departed—
God rest you, old Arthur McCoy!

THE MONTREAL CELEBRATION.

THE LINE OF MARCH.

The procession will form on Haymarket Square, and proceed by way of William, Colborne, Wellington, McCord and Notre Dame streets to St. Lambert Hill, thence by St. Lawrence and St. Catherine streets to Park avenue and the Exhibition Grounds.

THE ORDER OF PROCESSION.

Marshal-in-Chief.
Fourteen Mounted Aids.
Band and Flag.
Hibernian Knights of Montreal.
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A.O.H., Division No. 1.
A.O.H., Division No. 2.

A.O.H., Division No. 3.
 A.O.H., Division No. 4.
 A.O.H., Division No. 5.
 A.O.H. Delegates from Sherbrooke,
 P.Q.
 Band and Flag.
 St. Anthony's Young Men's Society.
 Band and Flag.
 St. Gabriel's T. A. & B. Society.
 North End '98 Club.
 Band and Flag.
 Hibernians from Ottawa.
 Band and Banner.
 Hibernians from Quebec.
 Hibernians from Kingston.
 Band and Flag.
 St. Mary Young Men's Society.
 '98 Club.
 Band and Flag.
 Young Irishmen's Society, Kingston.
 Band and Flag.
 St. Ann's Young Men's Society.
 '98 Club.
 Band and Flag.
 Young Irishmen's L. & B. Association
 Band and Flag.
 St. Patrick's '98 Club.
 Irish National Alliance.
 Band and Flag.
 Irish Catholic Benefit Association.
 Band and Flag.
 St. Patrick's T. A. & B. Society.
 '98 Club of Quebec.
 Catholic Sailors.
 St. Patrick's National Society.
 Band and Flag.
 Mayor and Invited Guests.
 Centenary '98 Committee, composed
 of Delegates from the various
 Irish Societies.

THE DELEGATES

FROM THE VARIOUS SOCIETIES OF
 THE '98 CELEBRATION COMMITTEE.

St. Patrick's National Society—William
 Keys, D. Gallagher, J. Foley, S. Fitzpatrick,
 Hon. Dr. Guerin.
 St. Patrick's T. A. & B. Society—J. H.
 Kelly, P. Doyle, J. J. Costigan.
 Irish Catholic Benefit Society—J. Dwyer,
 D. O'Neill, M. Roach, T. Kinsella.
 Young Irishmen's L. & B. Society—J.
 McMahon, J. J. McLean, W. P. Stanton, P.
 S. McCaffrey, Jos. O'Brien.
 Division No. 1 A. O. Hibernians—M.
 Birmingham, John Lavelle, L. P. O'Brien
 B. Feeney, J. Dodd.
 St. Patrick's '98 Club—F. Curran, P. J.
 Gordon, F. Collins, E. Halley.
 Shamrock Athletic Association—T. But-
 ler, Wm. Stafford, W. T. Lunny, R. S.
 Kelly, E. Quinn.
 St. Ann's Young Men's Society—D. J.
 O'Neill, A. Thompson, Thos. Conway, Thos.
 O'Connell, W. Quinn.
 St. Ann's T. A. & B. Society—J. Kil-
 feather, Thos. Rodgers, Jas. Brady, Thos.
 Quinn, James Doolin.
 Division No. 3, A. O. Hibernians—B.
 Wall, P. Carroll, W. Rawley, P. J. Counol-
 ly, M. Fogarty.
 St. Ann's '98 Club—J. Coffey, F. Dolan,
 J. Hussy.
 St. Ann's Cadets—Captain Hogan, Pri-
 vate Flynn.
 St. Gabriel's T. A. & B. Society—P. Po-
 lan, P. O'Brien, H. McGee, M. M. McCar-
 thy, P. Monahan.
 St. Gabriel's '98 Club—M. J. Connors, D.
 McCarthy, J. Ryan, H. Dunphy.
 Division No. 2, A.O.H.—F. J. Tierney, F.
 McCabe, J. McGuinn, T. N. Smith, M. A.
 Daly.
 Hibernian Knights, Uniformed Rank, A.O.
 H.—A. J. McCracken, T. Heaney, M.
 Tracey, P. Kane, W. Milloy.
 Division No. 5, A.O.H.—M. Phelan, J.
 McCarry, M. Hickey, John J. McCarry, Jas.
 McNichol.

St. Mary's Young Men's Society—John
 O'Neill, J. Heffernan, P. H. Burns.
 Division No. 4, A.O.H.—H. T. Kearns, P.
 J. Finn, F. J. Tomilty, John Traynor, F.
 Geehan.
 North End '98 Club—P. Cutler, S. Carroll,
 J. B. Lane, W. D. Burns, M. J. Duggan.
 William O'Brien Association—M. J. Doyle,
 L. Brophy, John Kennedy, H. J. Hummell,
 J. O'Connor.
 Irish National Alliance Association—W.
 Gleason, R. Keys, E. O'Reilly, J. J. O'Con-
 nor, J. White.

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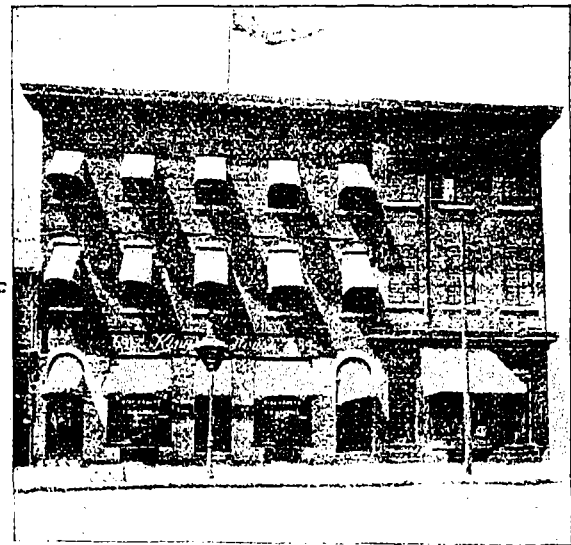
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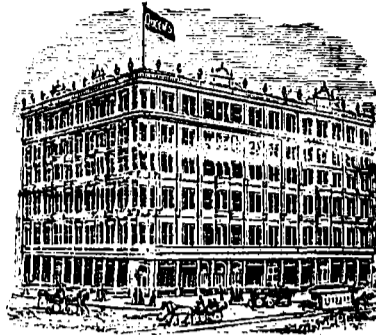
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Total Assets	\$200,694,441
Surplus Reserve Fund	\$16,195,926
Net surplus, after setting aside the above	17,176,105
Total	33,372,031
Paid for Insurance in Force	\$77,029,925
Gain in Insurance in Force during 1897	50,204,277

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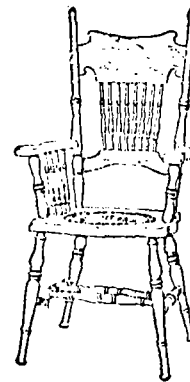
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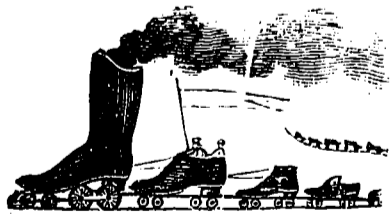
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